

Assignment: Cowboy

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

[Synopsis: A mind controller goes after an assassin.]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Assignment: Cowboy (Second Chance)

An Institute Story

by Wrestlr

"I've never met a mind controller," he said. "Uh, before now, I mean."

I shrugged, said, "It's a living."

He eyed me skeptically. "And people pay you? For that, I mean. Controlling minds?"

"Sure. People will pay for almost anything," I said. "You'd be amazed," even though I knew he probably wouldn't. "Mostly it's politicians who need a few of their colleagues to change their votes. And sometimes, of course, there are the less ethical assignments."

I left that comment hanging in the air between us, establishing us as kindred spirits. Men with secrets.

We were sitting here in this dark bar. Josie's. So dim and smoky you could barely see more than ten feet. A dive on the south side of town. Most folks don't come to Josie's. Certainly not good law-abiding folks. The place is always packed, though. Josie's is a hangout for lowlife and scum, and this city has plenty of both, if you know which rocks to look under. Offer a little incentive, like stopping short of breaking a jaw or two, and people in the know fall all over themselves telling you which

rocks. They said to look in Josie's, tonight.

The Cowboy, they called him, on account of that black cowboy hat he always wore. Ex-Navy SEAL. Hit man. Assassin. General gun for hire and all-around killing machine. But just a killer--not a thief or a thug. Word was, the Cowboy had principles. Funny thing, that--he'd kill, but he wouldn't steal. He was proud of that distinction. I could feel it when I first got inside his head a few minutes earlier. But he'd done something he deeply regretted--I could feel that too. He'd violated that principle and wished like hell he could undo what he'd done.

Word on the street was, he crossed Mr. Johannsen. Johannsen's people had hired the Cowboy for a routine hit. But, seems the Cowboy found something at the scene, something he decided to take with him after all. Something Mr. Johannsen wanted back. Johannsen had connections with the Institute--he called them, and they handed us the job of getting that something back.

Don't call Johannsen a "crime lord." He's a "businessman." There's a difference. His business just happens to be on the wrong side of the law. But a businessman has to watch out for his investments.

Not many guys come into Josie's wearing a black cowboy hat. The Cowboy's trademark. Yep, this was my guy. When we got the tip, I hustled my ass over to Josie's. The Cowboy was sitting at the bar, alone. You could tell by looking at him he was a cut above most of the lowlife in there. He bathed regularly, for one thing. He was younger than I expected for another, not bad-looking, probably still had all his teeth.

It was still early, so the place was only half-full, plenty of open seats up at the bar. There was an empty stool beside him. I parked my ass on it and ordered a drink. No Institute logo on my clothes--I was undercover.

The Colonel always said I lacked "subtlety"; tonight, I'd show him subtlety.

When I first sat down next to the Cowboy, Wendy had just stepped onstage and into the spotlight, just warming up. A familiar country song barreled out of the jukebox. Something sad. A woman's voice--her lover done her wrong. Good old Patsy Kline. Wendy wore her usual outfit: cowboy boots, spurs, jeans, gunfighter's holster belt, a lariat. She was just starting her dance, getting the crowd all worked up, blond hair swinging this way, bare breasts swinging that. Wendy is what you call "hot," practically "incendiary." You didn't have to be a mind reader to know the man sitting beside me was on fire. He was gaping open-mouthed at her and nursing a concealed hard-on already. She looks like an angel, moves like an angel, and half the guys there would give their right nut for five minutes in bed with her. If I'd peeked into the Cowboy's head right then, I'd have probably caught him thinking about doing things to her that would have made even me blush. Hell, every man in that bar except me was already breathing heavy, and Wendy and Patsy hadn't even made it to the first chorus yet. Too bad Wendy just wasn't my type. I stay away from women. Especially beautiful women packing a loaded .45 in their holster belts.

I sat there next to him. Watched him watching Wendy. He nursed a beer, obviously waiting for someone. A contact? Business to be conducted? He had to know Johannsen had people scouring the city for him. So far, he'd done everything right--changed his habits and schedule, cut his hair and dyed it a different color, stayed in anonymous public places. Something brought him to this dive for a reason. I had a job to do, but I was wondering if I should care about that reason. Probably not. Whatever it was, it must have been really important to bring him out of hiding and into Josie's.

I called the bartender, Josie, over and ordered another drink. One for the man beside me too. Scotch. A better grade than Josie normally served unless you asked for it, and I made a point of asking for it. He had eyed me suspiciously--he didn't know me from Adam. But he thanked me for the drink, and gradually we got to talking. I said, "By the way, my name is--" and told him my name. Not my real name, of course. He grinned and said, "Glad to meet you. So what do you do?" I noted his practiced ease as he evaded giving me his name, deflecting the conversational attention back to me. He didn't lie, didn't give me some phony name. The Cowboy is honest. That's part of his rep too. One hundred percent honest. Which was why Johannsen and his people were so surprised when the Cowboy walked away with something of theirs. Something they wanted back. It must have been worth a fortune. Too good for even a straight-arrow killer like the Cowboy to pass up. He had gotten careless on his way out--a security camera caught a quick glimpse of him leaving with the satchel under his arm. That, and taking the satchel in the first place, were the only mistakes the Cowboy had ever made, the only blemishes on a spotless record.

Maybe he deserved another chance, but he wasn't going to get one. Worse, Johannsen wanted him alive. That's why he called the Institute and that's why they assigned me, rather than just turning the Colonel loose to do what he does best. But Johannsen wasn't the forgiving type--that would be bad for business. He wanted the Cowboy delivered alive, but the odds were against the Cowboy staying that way.

The Cowboy reminded me of me. Similar ideals. We had honesty in common. If I had found that satchel full of money and diamonds, would I have given in to the temptation to take it? Would I have regretted it almost immediately too?

I reminded myself this man beside me was just a paycheck waiting to be

cashied.

When he asked what I did, I told him the truth. I control minds--I just didn't tell him I was on the clock. Wouldn't have made any difference. I said, "Are you ready to go?"

The Cowboy, he looked at me, confused, trying to think it over. Something must have been nagging at him, but maybe he couldn't quite follow his thoughts through. Couldn't focus on his objection. So he nodded. I knew he would. With my Talent, I'm *very* persuasive.

The parking lot was dark. That Josie, she never was much for lighting, and the people who came here liked that just fine. The parking lot was empty of people too.

"What the *fuck* am I doing?" he muttered breathlessly.

My hold was slipping. I pushed him up against a neighboring truck, moved in close, quickly, before he could react. The Cowboy was a former Navy SEAL. Late twenties. Kept himself in top condition. He could probably put me in traction for a very long time if he got his head clear. But he didn't stand a chance against me. All I needed was a quick distraction.

I moved in close and kissed him. Close enough to feel that Wendy-induced hard-on of his press against my thigh. That distracted him, all right. He sputtered and tried to push me away. "I--I'm--!" *Straight*, his thoughts practically yelled at me.

"Not tonight, you're not," I said, all confidence. It worked. I was in deep now. I felt his confusion. He couldn't figure this out. He didn't push me away. I wouldn't let him. I gave that hard-on of his a gentle squeeze, then pulled away. "Take me back to your place."

"Okay," he said meekly, losing a fight he hadn't even known he was in.

I followed him to his car. A brand-new Jaguar. Still had the dealership sticker in the window. A car like this? It's not subtle. This was the kind of car a man like the Cowboy would dream of buying himself on his way to the city limits as he skipped town, planning never to come back. Hell, he should have already been gone, past tense, and he knew it. This guy was still young but he wasn't stupid. He knew how these things worked. Something made him take this reckless chance. At least he knew enough to have stashed his new car in an abandoned parking complex two blocks over.

I drove. Hell, I'm gay, but I'm a guy, and I wasn't going to pass up the change to drive this juiced-up hard-on on wheels. German engineering at its finest. Too bad the Institute wouldn't let me keep the car.

I drove because, sometimes, this mind-trick thing I do, it makes guys zone out. Last thing I needed was for Cowboy to zone out on me while we were flying down the highway at nearly double the speed limit. I had to shake his shoulder a couple of times en route as it was. "Stay with me, Cowboy," I barked. If he wondered how I knew his code name, it didn't seem to register. Or maybe when a guy wears a cowboy hat, everybody calls him "Cowboy."

I drove to the hotel he named. It was on the north side of town, the respectable part. Not quite the rolling hills where the rich folks lived, but damned close. Probably the last place anyone would think to look for a hired gun on the run. I pulled up out front, tossed the keys to the eager young valet. Checked out valet-boy's great legs disappearing into his snug shorts. I winked and he grinned. I pocketed the claim check stub. Followed the Cowboy up to his room.

Billy. The Cowboy's name was Billy. A small fact I pulled out of his head. I didn't much care. I kept telling myself I didn't much care. I knew I'd probably never see him again. But every now and then I liked to remind myself that these were still people. People with hopes and dreams. Billy here probably dreamed of starting himself a nice, respectable life somewhere, a life that didn't involve taking other people's lives. Well, in that case, he shouldn't have taken from Mr. Johannsen.

Nice room. Huge. Almost a suite. Had its own little living area and a separate bedroom. Definitely high-class. A lot better than the places the Colonel and I usually bunked on our assignments. Expensive. More of Mr. Johannsen's money gone.

I told Cowboy to have a seat on the couch. I hit the mini-bar and poured us a couple of drinks. Some brand of scotch so high-class I'd never even heard of it.

We had a little time. I handed Cowboy his drink and sat down beside him, sipping my own. Smooth--really smooth. The liquor didn't just let itself get swallowed--no, it caressed my throat, made love to it all the way to my stomach. High-class the whole way.

Up close, in good lighting, the Cowboy was a fine-looking man. You could tell from the way he wore his clothes he had a good body under there. Kept himself in top shape. Late twenties, but not too late. Dark-haired. Good-looking. Maybe his nose being a bit too large for the rest of his face kept him from being classically handsome, but I wasn't complaining. Not at all.

I finished my scotch. "On your feet. Take off your clothes," I told him.

He blinked at me. "Huh?" he said, but I was already inside his head. He

stood up and started to strip. Probably didn't understand why, but did what I told him anyway. Like I said, he never stood a chance against me.

Off came the black leather jacket. The shoulder holster and pistol. The smaller pistol strapped to his forearm. The belt. Shoes. Not Italian leather--no, he wore the more practical kind of boots you wear when you might have to kick the shit out of somebody, which in the Cowboy's line of work probably happened a lot. The pistol tucked in the back of his pants.

Off came his expensive white shirt and undershirt. Damn fine torso--wide shoulders, tapering V-shape down to a trim waist, not a hair on his chest, oblong nipples, muscled but not overblown, the kind of body that comes from fighting for a living, not shoving iron weights around in a gym. I've got a good body myself, but the Cowboy?--if my concentration slipped, he'd probably be able to tear me in two with his bare hands.

He put his hands on his pants and paused, glancing at me.

I nudged him, said, "Go ahead."

He unsnapped his black slacks. Unzipped. Shoved them to his ankles. Snug black briefs. He stepped out of his pants. He hopped a little on one foot as he wrestled off that first sock, which made me grin. He was steadier for the other sock. Hooked his thumbs in the elastic waistband of his briefs and rolled them down to his feet. Naked now except for his black cowboy hat, and reaching for it. "Leave your hat on," I told him.

He stood there, looking vaguely embarrassed as I surveyed his body, appraising it like a jeweler. I smiled--I liked what I saw. Damn sexy. His cock was semi-erect. I nodded at it. "Stroke it," I said. He looked at me funny, but his right hand wrapped around it, a familiar old friend, and

started doing that familiar old dance, a man bringing himself to hardness.

His cock looked to be six and a half inches, the foreskin already skinned back, the head large, purple, shiny. This would be easier if he was horny, distracted.

I patted the couch seat beside me, and he sat down again. I leaned in and kissed him, tasting the booze on his breath, the smoky air of Josie's clinging to his skin. After a moment and another nudge, he found himself kissing me back. He was pretty good at it too.

I pulled away. We were both breathless after that kiss. I put my hand on the back of his head, applied a little pressure to aim it toward my crotch. His eyes flickered uncertainly. He stammered, "I don't--I don't--" Then, nearly whispering: "I don't know what to do. I've never--not with a guy ..."

"Tonight," I assured him as his nose rubbed alongside my zipper, "you'll know exactly what to do."

His cowboy hat brim hit my hip and his hat toppled off into the floor. He mouthed my cock through my jeans. My rod was hard, had been since the first moment I walked over to him at the bar and touched his mind with mine. His mouth found the swollen ridge of my cock through the fabric and he cupped with his lips. I unsnapped my jeans as his mouth massaged my dick through the fabric. I had to push his head out of the way to unzip, and his mouth zeroed right back in once I parted the flaps of my fly. I wasn't wearing underwear. His tongue probed inside my pants and found my pubes and the base of my erection.

I wiggled my jeans down a bit and pulled out my cock. A moment of confusion played across his face as he wondered why he was doing this. I smirked and whispered, "Suck it," and he did.

He gagged almost immediately but came off it coughing. He caught his breath and went back to work. Definitely an amateur at handling this kind of weapon. But he threw himself enthusiastically into the inevitable. A few instructions from me, and he was administering a perfectly passable first suck-job on my rod.

I told him to stand up and bend over the arm of the couch. I picked up his cowboy hat and plopped it firmly down on his head. I brought the supplies I would need. A condom and a travel packet of lube. I dug them out of my pocket and dropped them onto the couch cushion beside him--so he would see and understand what was coming.

With what was going to happen to the Cowboy here, I decided it didn't matter if we sent him off walking a little funny. The minute the Cowboy fucked up that job for Johannsen, he was on borrowed time.

I pulled my shoes and pants off. Shirt too. I picked up the condom, tore open the packet, rolled it on. Maybe the Cowboy was a short-timer, but I planned on living a good, long time. I was generous with the lube. I figured a condemned man had the right to a last night of pleasure.

The Cowboy--Billy--didn't understand why. All he knew was he wanted my cock inside him more than he had ever wanted anything else in his life. More than that bicycle when he was eight. More than getting into the SEALS program. More than the satchel full of Johannsen's money and diamonds he took from his target's place three days ago.

Entering him from behind, I kept pushing more and more of my throbbing cock up his ass. So tight--so hot. His head was buzzing with ecstasy. It was the least I could do for him. I shoved my dick in deeper, deeper. He whimpered and squirmed with the bliss of it. Too bad we didn't have much time left.

My pubes scraped his ass. I was all the way in. He moaned something like, "*Ahhhhh-yeeee*," when he realized he had my entire pole up his ass.

He settled into practically purring as I fucked him. He was bent over the arm of the couch, gripping it, legs spread. I fucked him, slow and relentless as a summer storm, finding ways to push buttons he didn't know he had. His cock was hard too and oozing. Instead of jacking off, though, he held on tightly to the arm of the couch, against the buffeting I was giving his ass.

I kept pounding at his ass. I was tireless. I wanted nothing more than to fuck him all night long, but we didn't have that much time. I was making sure Cowboy had never felt anything so intense and wonderful in his whole life. His eyes, when he tipped his head back toward me for a kiss, were glazed. He was totally consumed by the fuck.

Right on cue, the door opened, and the Colonel walked in.

"Who the fuck is--" Cowboy snapped, nearly breaking away before I clamped down on his thoughts and got his head calmed down again.

I murmured in his ear as I kept driving myself in and out of his ass, "That, my friend, is the Colonel."

The Cowboy understood what that meant. The Cowboy was a killer with a good rep, but the Colonel was a legend. Cowboy's eyes widened and his body stiffened, starting to panic. "Easy, baby," I cooed. "Easy. Too late for that. Just relax." *Damn!*--It took me nearly fifteen seconds to get his thoughts fuzzed out and get him lost in the fuck sensations again!

The Colonel had followed us from the bar, given me the half-hour head start I always asked for. He acted like he'd seen it all before--mostly because he had. He gathered up the Cowboy's clothes and weapons. "He

give you any trouble?" the Colonel asked absently.

"Naw," I panted between fuck-strokes. "Came along--quiet as--a lamb." I patted Cowboy's shoulder. "Isn't that right, Billy?"

A nudge from me and he obediently gasped out, "Yessir!"

"Our boy packed himself a regular arsenal," the Colonel mused. He parked himself in a chair and started searching through the Cowboy's pants pockets.

"Try the--scotch," I panted to the Colonel, fucking Cowboy harder, faster. "I--recommend--it."

The Colonel tossed Cowboy's pants at my feet and said to me, "You find it yet?"

"Of course." I plucked the Cowboy's hat from his head, tossed it to the Colonel. "Inside lining," I rasped.

The Colonel dug inside the hat and pulled out a small key on a green plastic tab. He picked up his phone and dialed the rendezvous number, gave them the hotel name and room number. "Ten minutes," he said to me, pocketing his phone again. Plenty of time.

My nuts ached. My breath came fast and hard. Cowboy's cock was stiff as steel and kept bobbing and slapping against his tight abs as I fucked him. I reached inside his head and gave him a good jolt. He couldn't take it anymore--without either of us touching his cock, he blew. His cock went from drooling pre-cum to pulsing and throbbing and spurting rope after rope across the couch. Cowboy howled as his entire body convulsed under me.

At that moment, I sank my cock in him to the hilt and spewed my spunk deep in his ass. Pleasure exploded throughout my body. I held on to Cowboy's hips for dear life as I rode him through my orgasm. I nearly blacked out from the intensity.

When the moment released its grip on us, Cowboy just fell face-first across the couch, totally drained. My dick dislodged from his ass with a "Pop!" I stepped back, still panting, barely able to stand, and pulled off the full condom. I dropped it in a waste basket for the housekeeping staff to deal with.

We were almost out of time. I pulled my clothes on. "Stand up," I told Cowboy, and he did, a good marionette, expression still dazed. "Get your pants on." He reached toward the floor for his clothes. "Just your pants." He pulled on his black pants. "Put your hands behind your back, please. That's a good boy." He did what I told him, docile as a kitten. The Colonel tossed me a pair of handcuffs, and I snapped them around the Cowboy's wrists.

A coded knock on the door. The Colonel, hand hovering over the pistol he concealed, the casualness of a born killer, went to the door. After checking he opened it and three men entered. Stone, Johannsen's right-hand man, and two thugs.

"That him?" Stone said.

"Yup," I said, pushing the cowboy hat down on Billy's passive head.

Stone turned "You find it?"

The Colonel tossed Stone the key on the green plastic tab.

"What's this?" Stone said, snagging it in mid-air.

Stone's head swiveled back to me when I said, "Bus station on Main Street. He swapped tabs on the key, so invert the numbers."

The tab read "72," but the stolen satchel was in Number 27 instead. Clever, Cowboy, clever.

I said, "It's all there, except for what he used to pay for this hotel room and that Jaguar."

Stone looked at the Colonel. "Jaguar?"

The Colonel tossed him the valet receipt. "Downstairs in the parking deck."

Damn, I'd have liked to keep that car, but you don't cross a man like Johannsen lightly, and we couldn't risk Cowboy here snapping out of it later and spilling the beans about his Jag. Oh, well. "Don't forget to tip the valet," I said, remembering that smile and those snug shorts.

Stone looked at the keys. "I think this concludes our arrangement," he said and gestured at one of his thugs. Thug opened a mobile phone and said a few words into it. "My associate," Stone said, "is authorizing the transfer now. The agreed-upon funds will be in the Institute's account within ten minutes."

I took a little peek in his thoughts--he was telling the truth. I nodded, so imperceptibly that only the Colonel saw it. If I hadn't given him confirmation, the Colonel would have perforated the lot of them. And deadly as the Cowboy's rep was, the Colonel was even deadlier. They'd have been dead before they even saw him draw his guns. You don't cross the Institute, and you definitely don't cross the Colonel.

"We'll take over from here," Stone said, and the other thug grabbed

Cowboy by the arm.

"This mind-zap I put on him," I told Other Thug, knowing Stone was listening. "ought to keep him cooperative for another half-hour, more or less." Other Thug recoiled as if I had live snakes growing out of my head. I get that reaction a lot. Like his mind would be worth controlling. I said, "So you might want to have him secured by then." Because a pro like the Cowboy could probably take these two goons apart even with his hands cuffed behind his back once he started thinking clearly again, sore ass and all.

I hadn't lied--just exaggerated a bit. My mind-zap would probably wear off in more like twenty minutes. The Colonel did not seem to notice the exaggeration.

Maybe a little of Billy's principles had rubbed off on me. Maybe Billy would find himself with a little ten-minute window of opportunity there before they expected him to wake up. What he did with that window would be entirely up to him.

Stone and company hustled Cowboy away. Wherever they were taking him, I knew they planned it to be a one-way trip. *Bye, Billy*, I thought to myself, *it was fun and you were a great fuck, but you fucked up--whether you pay your debt or run, I wish you better luck next life.*

The Colonel gathered up Cowboy's arsenal, readying to leave, leaving the rest of Cowboy's clothes for the housekeeping staff to handle. "You did good again," he muttered at me, "but--*damn!*--do you plan on fucking each and every damned one of them?"

I shrugged and grinned. We'd had this conversation before, many times. "Only the ones I like," I said. "Now, you got a new assignment for me?"
