

Unmasking True Love

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Hot candlewax and cold steam Two different things

That blends together like sugar and tea

When your cold kiss hits my hot lips

My angry fire dies down

And the world will never defeat

Hot candlewax and cold steam

Every word oozed out of the singer like honey hitting a spoon, as she mesmerized the crowd in that penthouse with her angelic voice that was only accentuated by hair white as snow, but skin as young as a freshly bloomed rose and hazel colored eyes that was covered by a 24 karat ruby red mask. The way her hands moved around the piano she was playing was just as beautiful as the silk dress of a mixed color of jade, indigo, and crimson that accentuated her curves.

This was all but a typical night for Lacey Lindenberg, working effortlessly yet flawlessly to please the people that surrounded her with her beautiful voice and piano playing. This was her career, and in a way this was all that her life meant, making people happy through song and leaving her own happiness in the back-burner. The song she had been performing had already been made popular by a country music band based in Texas, and her version was just released to radio where ironically was making a hit for itself, especially for a debut American single by an established female Jazz singer in Italy.

That's why she was here, in Biloxi, Mississippi at the Beau Rivage, for a private party celebrating

Mardi Gras. She was not alone though, as she was with a family member who had business dealing with her own career.

“I gotta take a drink break, but we got songs on the stereo for you, I'll be back in a few.” Lacey announced as she rose from the piano bench to make her way to the nearest bar.

Lacey isn't a drinker of the alcoholic sort, so the bartender mixed her an alcohol-free cocktail which she began to drink as she sat on the stool. Unbeknownst right next to her stood a figure, in a 24k gold mask, around her age if not older, bringing out an intimidating presence. But upon looking at him, she knew there was something more to him than at first sight.

“That song has been part of my teenage life, yet hearing it from you, I think you did it better than they did,” the man said as he turned to her direction and looked at her.

“Surprisingly, the band themselves, would actually agree with you on that statement, the lead singer told me the same thing,” Lacey replied after taking a drink, “Although I think this will probably be the only American hit I'll be able to get.”

“You shouldn't put yourself down like that, especially not after a lot of people including myself are willing to follow and believe in you,” the gentleman took his drink and then began to offer his hand “my apologies for not introducing myself to you, I'm Radney, Radney Simmons.”

Initially she took his surprisingly gentle hand but then realized something, “Wait a minute, you're Radney Simmons?”

Radney chuckled “Am I famous or something?”

“No it's just that you are one of the people my cousin Alice was supposed to meet, about building a casino in Long Beach.” Lacey clarified upon recovering from the brief shock.

“Well that is true, either my boss or I was supposed to meet with somebody about that. Tell you what, I know my boss ain't far from me so I'll take you to where he is and maybe we'll find out something together how's that sound?” Radney offered as he began to finish his drink.

Lacey agreed and joined him on the pathway to a booth that seated both Radney's boss and a woman wrapped around him that appeared to be his wife. Alvin Canup was the man's name, a loyal friend and Radney's guardian ever since he was a child, and similar to Radney's occupation, he was head to a accounting/financial firm called Canup Financial.

“Well well Radney, look at the arm candy wrapped around you, you lucky dog,” Alvin was not even drunk, yet already willing to make some nutty-ass statements.

“Yeah Alvin, well this arm candy around me also happens to be the cousin of the lady we were supposed to be meeting with tonight, have you run into her yet?” Radney replied without hesitation.

“I thought she would be with you, you're the one who has a passion for not drinking,” Alvin replied while beginning to pour another glass of red wine.

Turning to Lacey, Radney asked “Well maybe you can help us out, do you by chance remember what mask she was supposed to be wearing?”

“Just a stereotypical one with purple, green, and yellow feathers,” Lacey replied knowing that would not offer much help, especially since half the room had that type of mask on.

“Well let's try this, what was the color of her dress?” Radney questioned.

“Oh hers is emerald green with the same type of fabric as mine.” Lacey replied while hoping that answer was better than the last one.

“Well luckily the lighting in here looks good so hopefully we'll be able to find her here,” Radney said in a more hopeful tone “but for right now, I think your break is up, don't worry I'll keep on looking.”

Lacey nodded as she made her way back to the piano and proceeded to play some more songs that would be her final set of the evening.

In the meantime, Radney proceeded to look for a woman in a silk green dress, getting into the type of character he was born to be. He may look like a man with plenty of friends, but he is alone in the world being made into an image through circumstances that were of no fault of his own.

Most of his actions that make him a loner though are more subtle than obvious. For example, if he were to be with friends for dinner, he would give his order and then head outside and wait until the dinner was prepped and finished then he would not hesitate to converse with said friends while eating his meal. Tonight was no different, for a crowd of people in masks partying like there was no tomorrow, he felt comfortably alone knowing his longtime friend since childhood, Alvin Canup was there.

Speaking of Alvin, here he came with wife in arm, obviously to tell him some news on Alice Lindenberg.

“Obviously, you have something to tell me?” Radney began the conversation

“Yeah our friend, Alice Lindenberg, turns out she's with Louise,” Alvin replied with a sober sounding voice even after Radney could tell he was on drink number three, “which I find odd because from what the casino head honcho told me she’s supposed to have a husband in Venice.”

“Well that's first time I heard about the husband part, but my main question is how you were able to find that out?” Radney asked knowing he had a pretty good idea at what the answer would be.

“Well not 30 minutes after you and Lacey left to go look for Alice, Louise called me from her cell and told me where she was and who she was,” Alvin and Radney began walking back to his booth “her exact words were, 'I just picked up this frisky girl in an emerald green dress and I'm gonna make her feel good'.” The way Alvin did his butch girl voice made Radney chuckle a little.

That was Louise Bishop for you, a friend of Radney, who was old as Alvin and just as caring and nurturing to the young man. A Gothic tomboy lesbian at heart, her career was not the same as Alvin or Radney, but just as equally important. She was one of south Mississippi's top crime scene cleaners, cleaning up after an investigations finish.

Naturally you would think that people like her would be looked down upon especially in Mississippi, but the truth was, since she wasn't hurting nobody or bothering nobody, then she would be okay in some circles especially in the circle of Radney and Alvin. People who did look down on her though, knew to stay away from her after she killed an anti-gay freak in self-defense a few years ago. She didn't waste that type of opportunity to live a promiscuous lifestyle, picking girls up ranging from curious to flat-out gay like she was.

Taking the new information to Lacey, Radney silently mouthed to her during the middle of the performance that her cousin was found, and she had nodded in acknowledgment. Radney decided he would ask her to dance after she got done singing, doing something completely different than a loner would ever do—allowing a strange new, albeit beautiful woman into his arms.

“Who knew your boss was such an easy drunk to work with,” said Lacey while flawlessly moving with Radney on the dance floor.

“Yeah he has to be, especially around me because he knows I have issues with people who drink,” Radney replied while taking control of the dance that revolved a smooth jazz instrumental.

Not long after Lacey got finished with her final set, Alvin was at a point where he wanted to go to the hotel room arranged for him and sleep off the alcohol. So by accompanying Radney in taking Alvin to his hotel room, the message was relayed to Lacey about what happened to her cousin Alice. What made it ironic was that while on the flight from Charlotte, NC to Gulfport, Alice had come out to Lacey in telling her that she was starting to have bi-sexual tendencies. No one in her family knew about this, just Lacey, which in a way explained to both Alvin and Radney why Alice would decide to cheat on her husband.

Upon taking Alvin and his wife to the Beau Rivage suite, Radney and Lacey knew the night was still young. So at Radney's offer, they had agreed to dance a few and get to know each other. Few songs in thirty minutes later, they had a lot in common than they thought possible.

Next song on the DJ's playlist was a country song, that a few years ago had made history as being the first ever country single to debut at Number One on Billboard. But even that fact was overshadowed by the fact that this song struck a deeper chord at Radney and Lacey could tell.

"I hate to be intruding, but this song pains you, I can tell," Lacey lifted his chin away so his eyes could get away from her breasts. Perverted as that may be, Lacey had a good feeling that this was not what Radney would normally do.

"It does pain me, the song came around at the anniversary of my father's death, which was twenty two years ago. A drunk driver left my mother without a husband and me without a real father for awhile." Being the gentlemen that Radley was raised to be, he kept his eyes on hers as he told her that deep dark secret.

"Oh goodness, I'm sorry, that's horrible," Lacey said as she put the pieces together as to why he did not like people drinking.

"In a way, I guess that still has an effect on me, even on the aftermath." It was explained to her how not 3 years after that accident, his mother was able to find love again and although he gained a stepfather who loved him and cared for him like a normal father would, the trauma still affected him to the point where throughout all his life he never opened up to anybody fully.

Matter of fact the only people he was able to really open up with and fully trust was his boss Alvin because he was his father boss too, also an accountant, and throughout his school life Alvin taught him everything that his father was also taught. The resulting teachings ended Radney up with a CPA certification which that alone would send to work in anyplace in the world but he chose to stay in Biloxi and stay with Canup Financial as a way of payback.

“Your boss is a good man, Radney, you've been raised by the best,” Lacey replied as they proceeded to sit down and order a few more special drinks.

“He's not the only one who raised me,” Radney said whilst hoping Lacey would know who he was talking about.

“You don't mean?” Lacey asked not doing very well to hide the shock forming at her face.

Radney began to tell her about his very close relationship with Louise Bishop, not long after his mother got left a widow from that accident, it was left abundantly clear that Radney would not grow up to be a normal child. Sure enough, as he got older, he was never one to play with children neither in his local cul-de-sac nor at his school. But around the sixth grade a new neighbor had moved in right next door to him, that neighbor was Louise Bishop, and around that time she was beginning to take her job as a Crime Scene Cleaner. Automatically Radney could tell that she was a lady out of the normal element, yet upon Louise volunteering to watch over him while his mother went out to look for a husband, Radney ironically felt very safe when she was with her.

“Even after I gained a stepfather, I still hung out with her every chance that I got, and funny enough who knew that a butch girl like her would make a guy like me happy still to this day.” Radney said even throughout a sensual dance tune that was cooking through the speakers.

“Think you can still explain to me how she was out of her element in your state, this is Mississippi we're talking about remember?” Lacey held her own to the surprisingly professional movements that Radney was exhibiting throughout the dance floor.

He began to explain to her how the fact that Louise never had a husband or children for that matter, word came around through the neighborhood that not only would she come home in either her car with a passenger of the female type with her, or with another car in tow following Louise. She had a tendency to keep that quiet even around Radney. Ironically Louise had a bedroom window that faced Radney's bedroom window, and one night Louise's bedroom light was still on even throughout her having sex with another female. Radney's bedroom window had blinds on it that were closed that night but had cracked a part of it open without Louise knowing that he had done so.

“Not long after that incident, like what a real man would do, I came clean about watching her, and I told her that not only did it not bother me but I embraced her for doing so.” Radney said, and Lacey could tell it cemented both of their friendship.

“And how rude of me, I'm dancing with a perfect gentleman like yourself, and I've not told you about

myself yet,” Lacey interjected as the stereo began to crank out a U2 dance song.

“I'd imagine your life is better than mine, but for right now, let us dance because this is my song.” Radney replied because it was one of his all time favorites.

The song contained a heavy driving guitar sound, with fast pounding drums, the content itself contained what one would initially think heartbreak, but Radney knew the real truth behind this song and that's why he liked it.

Louise had taught Radney how to dance to this song, how to make it sensual and how this all together could turn a girl on. Thank God the DJ was easy to bribe. Lacey didn't care though; she was most focused on the fact that the way they were moving felt like they were dancing on air.

The final verse from the song talked about how the traitor of Jesus Christ would commit suicide after a severe homicidal depression, Radney was lip-syncing throughout the entire song, and when it came to sing the final verse, he sang along with his real voice. 'He has such a good voice' Lacey thought while swept away by his sensual dance moves. The dance began to get even fast pace as it reached the end, by the time it got finished, Lacey, in such a rush, was sad to hear it end.

But Radney would not let it end as he began to grow bold and started to kiss her passionately. The kiss felt right, like they knew each other for quite a long time despite only meeting tonight.

“I think I'd like to get to know you better,” Lacey said after breaking the kiss.

Radney knew what she was talking about “Your bedroom or mine?”

“Let's take your room, because I'm sharing a suite with my cousin,” Lacey replied as both she and Radney began to leave for his room. Radney tucked Lacey's hand in the crook of his elbow, kissed her quickly on the lips and swept them towards the elevators.

The elevator dinged, the doors opened and found Lacey nervously playing with her gorgeous dress and Radney flicking the room key card in between his fingers. Deep breaths from both and they stepped out of the lift, Radney quickly moving down the hall, finding his room and opening the door with a finesse that surprised Lacey. Holding the door open with one hand, the other snakes around Lacey's waist, Radney pulls her in close and kisses her with the same passion that took their breath away on the dance floor.

“I know we’ve only just met, but I feel a connection with you I’ve not felt with any other woman I had the intention to bed. Lacey, if you don’t feel the same way, please tell me now and I’ll escort you to your suite,” Radney says, holding a scorching gaze with Lacey as she reaches up to cup his face with her hands.

“I feel the same way, Radney. Please, make love to me?”

In a quick flourish, Radney swept both of them inside, locking the door and adding the ‘do not disturb’ hang tag in an afterthought, showing her the plush bathroom, mini bar, and balcony view of the Mardi Gras revelers several stories below, while he prepared two drinks—non-alcoholic of course.

“This is a spectacular view you have,” Lacey murmured, feeling the revelry from down below all the way up here. “But there’s another view I’d like to have instead,” she said, looking at Radney from her sexy eyelashes. Taking the drink he made, putting it on the table beside them, she started to take off her ruby mask but Radney stopped her.

“Humor me, tonight. Let’s leave the masks on,” he explained, “I already know you’re beautiful, those eyes have been gazing up at me all night and entrancing me from the stage while your lush lips have swayed my lonesome heart with enchanting songs. We’ll take them off later,” Radney quickly seals Lacey’s response in with a kiss, moving his mouth hard against her, parting Lacey’s lips and slipping his tongue between them.

Unable to do anything more than mewl, Lacey sinks into his strong embrace, enjoying his hand on her lower back guiding her back inside to perch on the edge of the bed. They left the balcony doors open since it’s a nice and surprisingly warm Mississippi night, and the sounds of the ongoing party below can be heard inside, Radney kisses down Lacey’s neck, slipping off the straps of her gown.

Moving his hands to her back, deftly finding the zipper while continuing to kiss and caress a very relaxed Lacey. The lyrics from earlier come back to her, *hot candlewax and cold steam*, feeling the sizzle as his lips touch each new inch of exposed skin. Radney finally reaches the end of the zip, pushing the straps and dress down to pool around Lacey’s waist, revealing a strapless, sexy bra and matching lace bikini panties.

Words fail to grace his lips as he drinks in the gorgeous view laying down on his hotel room’s bed, so Radney gently pushes her to lay back pulling her dress all the way off and drapes it on a nearby chair. Kneeling before Lacey, he pulls off her heels, massaging her toes, heel, and arch as he resumes undressing her.

Lacey can’t help but lay back; white-blond hair spreading out on the bed sheets, eyes closed

enjoying the feeling of Radney's fingers dancing along her skin. He works up her ankles, calves, gently tickling the back of her knees garnering a timid giggle from her, and up to the juncture of her thighs. Finally, he finds words and gently instructs her to keep her eyes closed and mask on. She silently wonders why, only to squeal and realize what he wanted to do—*when your cold kiss hits my hot lips*—as Radney's tongue and lips touch her moist mound.

Feeling his equally passionate kiss to her nether lips through her surely-soaked undergarments sends a ripple through her body and Lacey bites her lip to keep from moaning too loud. He was following her not-so-silent directions perfectly, doing what he was needed to keep those mewls, groans, squeals, and unbelievably sexy moans coming from Lacey.

With the same inherent deft he showed earlier, he divested Lacey of her lacy underwear, slipping them off her shaky legs. Radney stands up to shed his own clothing as Lacey breathes deep, gazing at him beneath fluttering eyelids, taking in the view she couldn't believe was hers for the night. Beneath his once crisp, now wrinkled dress shirt, undone slacks, and silk boxers—now all pooled at his bare feet—lay her version of a Roman god.

She crooked her finger at him as she rolled over onto hands and knees, crawling up to the headboard, releasing the clasp on her bra and brushing it off the bed with increasing need, Lacey whispered, "Come take me now, Radney."

Not one to ignore a lady's wishes, Radney quickly sheathed him in her warm wetness, and together they uttered a groan, finally joined together—*blending together like sugar and tea*.

Gone was the slow and sensual love in an instant, feeding off each other's need for physical love, screwing hard and fast. Radney enjoyed the scene in front of him, his personal sex kitten, released from the chains society set for them both. Lacey responded in equal abundance, moaning little bits of "Oooh!" and "Oh my," flipping her hair to the side, resting her head on the side as the mask kept sliding from her face with each in thrust from behind.

Fed up with the obstruction of her view, Lacey took the damned thing off her face and it fell to rest on the floor with the rest of her discarded garments. Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Lacey reached underneath her swaying breasts, past her tingling hard nipples to tweak and rub the pleasure nub, moaning at the heightened sensation.

Radney followed Lacey's lead, getting rid of his mask as well. Eyes of hazel and green met, no longer hindered by festive masks. In an effort to stave off his approaching release, he pulled out of her tight and wet glove and rolled Lacey onto her back. Before the pout became firmly etched on her face, he joined her back on cloud nine. Now face to face with his Venus, the Roman equivalent of Aphrodite,

they recaptured each other's lips with muffled moans, battling tongues, and resumed driving hard and fast towards a mutual climax.

Lacey's hands roamed all over his well-kept body, through the smattering of chest hair, down his muscular arms, and holding his hands which were firmly grasped on her hips. Moving her body to match his thrusts, bucking up as he drove down, mewling as the head hit that sweet spot deep inside, and inwardly marveling at how they fit each other so perfectly.

Lost in the sensations, Lacey couldn't hold on any longer, and she flung herself over the precipice, flinging her head back exposing a delicious span of her throat. Radney kissed and suckled the flushed expanse of skin, fondling a particularly lucky nipple to keep Lacey's orgasm running hard and long. In the midst of all this, he found his own release, giving into the unbelievably tight squeezes of her perfect pussy around his hard cock. He let go of hot spurts that felt like liquid fire into her core and slowly but surely, they came down from the intensity of it all.

Heavy pants, sweaty bodies, and the smell of sex permeated the hotel room. Radney collapsed next to Lacey, both moaning when his soft cock left her pussy's warm confines. Lacey shivered and instinctly snuggled deep into his chest, listening to his strong heart slow down, and matching hers to his.

Licking her lips and taking a deep breath, Lacey says, "Not to be a complete downer, but I should probably call Alice or at least text her and let her know I'm not going back to the suite tonight. I mean, if that's okay with you?" she asks, looking to Radney who smiles and nods at that delightful idea.

"Then while you make that call, I'll go draw a hot bath for us and you come join me when you're ready," he replies giving her a quick, sensual kiss, before sliding out of bed. Lacey watches his firm ass twitch as he walks away from her towards the bathroom.

"Don't take too long, beautiful," he calls out, "or I'll get wrinkled and lonely without you!" Lacey giggles, fumbling through her small clutch looking for her phone. Chuckling even louder at the volume of missed calls and frantic texts from Alice, she quickly texts her cousin telling her only the necessary details, and makes her way to meet her Roman god, the man she unmasked in the most delightful way. Meanwhile, Radney was busy thinking the same about Lacey—a goddess in his eyes, and the only woman to make him fall in love at first sight.