

Laura
S. Fox

No Complications



Love is acceptance

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By

Laura S. Fox

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M/M Erotica

Intended for Mature Audiences Only

This book contains graphic depictions of sexual intercourse, strong language, and it is not meant for readers who are less than 18 years of age.

Chapter One

“You want what?!” Conner looked at the man sitting across from the table like he was seeing him for the first time in his life.

“You heard me,” the blond grabbed his beer bottle and took another gulp to hide his discomfort.

“Since when do you swing both ways?” Conner continued to express his disbelief. “And I thought I knew you! We’ve been friends since we were five!”

“It’s just a phase I’m going through,” the other man shrugged.

“Blake, you’re to get married ... when? Next year?”

“Yeah, and?”

“And it’s not a good time to let your soon to be fiancée know that you like fucking guys, too!”

“Keep your fucking voice down, Conner,” Blake hissed. “I’m telling you this shit as a friend, not for the entire world to know!”

“And because I can help you, right?” a vague smile fleeted on Conner’s lips, while he started to eye his friend like he was suddenly seeing him in a whole different light.

“Stop checking me out, you creep,” Blake threw him a venomous look.

“Oh, but you have such gorgeous green eyes ... and your pouty lips are just so cute,” Conner teased and burst into laughter seeing his friend’s eyes growing wide. “Just trying to picture you with a cock in your...”

“I’m not doing stuff like that, idiot!” Blake barked. “And I’m not into guys the same way you are, pervert!”

“Oh, so the same rule – blonde, petite, big boobs – applies? Instead of tall, dark, handsome, like me?” Conner faked disappointment.

Blake’s frown was speaking volumes. Conner had to admit that his friend was a looker. With ash blonde hair, deep green eyes, high cheekbones and a sexy pout, he could easily pose for fashion magazines. The only thing that had always been irking Blake was that he was shorter than Conner, by missing just a tiny bit to make the six feet mark. And that had always been a reason for Conner to tease Blake since he was towering over him at six point four. However, Conner had never thought of Blake ‘that way’ until his sudden confession, that particular Sunday afternoon, while enjoying a beer together.

“Alright, I get you, no boobs,” Conner offered a truce. As much fun was to tease Blake, he was curious about his friend’s request. “So, how can I help?”

“You run an escort service. Get me one of your guys, so I can use him as a regular until I’m done with this.”

“Done with this? Blake, this is not a phase, man,” Conner turned serious. “It’s who you are.”

The blond snorted. “What do you know?”

“I’m bi, of course I know.”

“I have no idea how Petra can put up with all this shit from you,” Blake shook his head.

“We have an open relationship. I found myself a good woman. And I have no problem with her bringing her female friends home.”

“Yeah, ‘cause two pussies are better than one,” the blond smiled thinly.

Conner stared at his friend for a while, pondering. Finally, he spoke. “So, are you looking for what? A top? A bottom? Versatile?” he fished for info.

Blake pursed his lips and looked at Conner like he was out of his mind. “I want a bottom. I told you I don’t do stuff like that.”

“Oh, the denial ...” Conner snickered, but a kick under the table made him regret it. “Alright, alright, let’s go to my place.”

“Why?” Blake became suddenly apprehensive.

“No worries, your cherry is safe with me,” Conner offered mockingly. “Do you want others to see us checking naked guys on my laptop and commenting on their particular skills?”

“Joker,” Blake murmured while getting up and throwing a few bills on the table.

“That’s quite a tip there,” Conner commented. There was no secret that the guy was loaded, but still, that was too much.

“The waitress was nice,” Blake shrugged, and they left together, heading for Conner’s apartment.

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“What about him?” Conner clicked on another picture.

“No,” the other man said curtly.

“I am running out of blonds, you know,” Conner scratched his eyebrow. “I’m beginning to think you just wanted to see the nudes so you can jerk off at home.”

That comment earned him a punch on the shoulder. “Hey, that hurt!” he rubbed his arm.

“Give me that,” Blake took the laptop from his friend’s hands and started browsing through the models with an unreadable look on his face. Conner lay back and relaxed while studying the man’s face. Blake, bisexual? Who would have thought?

“That’s the guy I want,” the blond pointed out and handed back the laptop.

“Really?” Conner threw him a strange look. “He’s a brunet, not a blond.”

“Yes.”

“He is taller than you.”

“Yes, but not by much.” Blake’s voice was becoming irritated.

“He is versatile.”

“I’m the one paying; I suppose he won’t jump me when I’m not looking. Do you have any other things to say? His mouth seems too large, his hairdo is too emo, he looks too goofy ... is he retarded?”

“If you don’t like him, why do you want him? And stop being a prick, he is a nice guy; he is not retarded.”

“I was just trying to make a point. I want him, end of discussion.”

“Blake, not him,” Conner’s voice suddenly turned serious.

“Why? Are you fucking him?” the other man became restless.

“No, I did once ... but that’s not the point.”

“Checking the merchandise?”

“Something like that.” Conner stopped for a second like he was pondering what to say next. “He is already fully booked, that’s all.”

“No, that’s not all,” Blake stared at his friend, eyes half-hooded. “What’s his story?”

“You don’t want him, Blake. He’s not exactly a professional. He’s in this for the money. Just temporarily.”

Blake snorted. “Aren’t they all? What makes this one special?”

“Just drop it,” Conner turned serious. “You want a pro because you want no complications, right?”

“Of course I want no complications. But I want him. Whatever the others are paying, I can pay double.”

“That’s not ...”

“Alright, triple,” Blake added.

“Blake, man. Trey is not like that. I hooked him up with some older guys so he can pay some debts. Those are gentlemen; they’re treating him right. You, on the other hand ...”

“What about me?” Blake bared his teeth in a snarl.

Conner sighed. “I told you, he’s a nice guy. And you haven’t seen all my boys. Just browse around a bit more; you’ll change your mind.”

The tension in his friend's jaw was telling Conner otherwise.

"You shouldn't have put him up here, if not available," Blake murmured to himself, but took his friend's advice and started looking. It did not take him long, and he slammed shut the laptop, startling Conner.

"Some help you were ..." he commented and rose to his feet, ready to leave.

"Why the fuck are you behaving like a spoiled brat?" Conner asked, following him to the door.

"Who do you think you are to tell me who should I fuck?" Blake exploded, making the other man raise his hands in surrender.

"I'm telling you nothing. Just that the man is not available."

"Then make him available. Call me," Blake walked out without even saying goodbye, letting his friend wonder what that was all about.

## Chapter Two

“Hey, Trey, how are you man?” Conner picked up the phone. “Go ahead. Come on; you know you can tell me. Another? Well ... what kind of mess are you in?” his voice became serious.

Conner pondered for a second while listening to the other man over the phone. “There may be an opportunity, but ... Yes, I have someone. He’s loaded. Just that he is a prick. And a total brat. Sorry, all the fine gentlemen are taken right now.”

He let the other think over his next reply. When the answer finally came, he sighed. “Let’s go for a trial period, alright? No, I am not protecting you. I am just telling you what to expect. If he’s an asshole, I’ll find someone else for you. I’ll talk to him, yes. And Trey, take care, ok?”

The conversation over, he quickly called Blake. “Hey, Blake, are you still interested in Trey? Don’t be an ass; I’m talking about Trey, the guy from my agency you wanted to fuck. Yes, he’s available now. We’ll go to his place tomorrow. No, that is not a standard procedure; I just want to make sure you’re going to behave. No, I am not playing Super Nanny. I’ll call you. Yeah, I’m the idiot, bye, asshole.”

Maybe it was not such a bad idea, after all, Conner mused. Trey could use the cash ... and Blake had plenty. It was a win-win situation for everybody. Plus, it was going to be a pleasure to overcharge Blake just as a penalty for his bratty behavior.

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Blake looked quite smashing, in his blue-gray suit, but he also seemed a bit stiff, which made Conner laugh. Maybe the guy was not ready to admit it, but he was nervous about meeting Trey.

“Where are the flowers?” he asked, opening his arms wide.

The comical look on Blake’s face was priceless. Conner patted his shoulder. “Just pulling your leg, man. What’s that? A gift?”

“A phone. For him,” the blond said curtly, pushing Conner aside, and climbing in his friend’s sports car.

“He’s not that poor, Blake; he has a phone.”

“He’ll only talk to me on this one. I suppose he is discreet, right?”

“Of course, this is not a business for chatty guys. And he won’t tell anyone about you, don’t worry.”

“He’ll like this phone. It’s the latest model,” Blake spoke through his teeth, visibly annoyed with Conner.

“Oh, so it is a gift after all. You want to impress him,” Conner nudged him in the ribs playfully, before igniting the engine.

“Just drive,” Blake commanded, exasperated, and Conner decided there was plenty of time later to tease his friend some more.

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Trey hated it. The last phone call he had received had made his blood run cold. He had to get the money and fast. After all, it was not that bad, he tried to tell himself. Conner had always been considerate of him, picking the right clients for him. If it had not been for Conner ... Trey shuddered at a distant memory.

Now he only had to make nice with the new guy and talk to Conner about an advance payment. Taking a final look around his small apartment, he decided there was nothing more he could do. He just had to keep his nerves in check and make the guy like him. Nervously, he stole a quick glance in the hallway mirror. What if the guy wasn't going to like him? He was too skinny, too lanky, too pale ... to be liked by a rich guy at least. Alright, Trey, enough talking to yourself, it will be fine.

The doorbell made him jump to his feet. Drawing a long deep breath, he went to the door to welcome his guests.

As always, Conner embraced him and kissed him on the lips. Even if they had only been together once, it was a habit Trey didn't mind. Conner was a good guy. He turned to the other guy, to greet him. Offering his hand, he spoke.

“You must be Blake.”

“Of course, who else?” the perfect man in the perfect suit almost snapped at him, avoiding Trey's stretched hand on purpose.

He withdrew his hand, stealing a quick glance in Conner's direction, who just shrugged. The guest was a very handsome man, a bit shorter than Trey, with nice blond hair and expressive green eyes, but his attitude was nothing to write home about. Trey was starting to understand Conner's warning; but he was not going to lose the fat check the man represented, just because this Blake guy was apparently an asshole.

A small pink bag was pushed into his chest. “This is for you,” the man said curtly and entered the apartment like it was his place as soon as Trey grabbed hold of the bag.

“One word from you and he's out,” Conner whispered from behind while closing the door. Trey threw a thankful look behind and whispered back. “It's ok; I'm not scared.”

“What are you two doing?” Blake's voice made both of them hurry, like on cue.

“Please, take a ...” Trey's words died on his lips, “... seat.” The guest was already installed on the couch, the same morose look on his beautiful face.

“Check the bag,” the man instructed, and Trey obeyed.

“Wow, thank you. These cost a lot.”

The man waved his hand like it was nothing. “You have my number there. You'll only talk to me. Once we're through, the phone belongs to you, and you can do whatever you want with it.”



Trey almost felt compelled to say 'Yes, sir', but resumed to nodding. The man was apparently used to ordering people around, young as he was.

"Can I get you guys something to drink?" Trey offered, wanting to dissipate the strange tension he felt building in the room for reasons he could not fathom.

"Conner was just leaving," Blake spoke again.

"No, I was not," Conner sternly denied, earning a murderous look from the man seated on the couch.

Except for a few grunts, Blake spoke very little for the time Conner remained. After a bit of chatting, Trey made a small nod to Conner, and the man rose to leave.

"Well, I'll leave you two birdies alone now, I got business to do," he said.

"It was about time," Blake commented under his breath.

Conner chose to ignore him this time around. "Bye, Blake. See you tomorrow?"

"Yeah," the other responded while tapping his foot unconsciously.

Conner was so curious about what was going to happen, but he had to refrain for the time being. He had never seen Blake so worked up before. The man was not the sweetest person on earth, but this time, Conner could bet one month's money on the fact that Blake was even more of an asshole, just because he had seen his friend kissing Trey at the door. He was going to ask about that, just to make the man spit fire. The guy was just too easy to tease, ever since Conner had been made privy of Blake's little secret.

Trey pushed him gently towards the door. Apparently, Blake was not the only one barely waiting for Conner to be out the door.

"Call me if he's a bother, ok?" he said, and Trey nodded.

"Don't worry. And he's your friend, even if he's a tough cookie. So I trust him implicitly."

"You should stop that."

"What?"

"Trusting people implicitly."

"You're probably right," Trey nodded. Yes, that might have been the source of his current predicament. Trusting too much.

"So, take care, alright?"

"Yes, dad. Now please go, before he starts spitting fire."

Conner laughed. "That's exactly how I am picturing him, too. Talk to you on the phone, bye, Trey."

With Conner out the door, Trey was as ready as he could be to face his new client. The man was standing so still, it caused Trey goosebumps.

He sat next to the man and touched his shoulder gently. The blond turned and looked at him. It was a look Trey could not read. But the man was there for one thing, and Trey could work with that. So his right hand traveled around the man's neck, caressing his nape, while his left started pulling slowly at his tie.

"May I take your jacket?" he asked politely, and the man nodded, letting Trey help him out.

The brunet rose and placed the jacket neatly over the back of a chair. Turning to his guest, he could not help but notice how gorgeous the man was. Even if a bit shorter in height than Trey, he had a stronger frame, and it looked like Mother Nature had gone the extra mile with this one. As Blake unconsciously licked his lips, Trey felt the familiar heat pooling in his groin. This job had its perks, but finding sexual pleasure for himself was not always one of them; things were looking good, this time around.

He knelt in front of the man, carefully unbuckling his belt, unaware of the scrutiny he was subjected to, as well.

Blake loved what he saw. The website photos, no matter how professional, did not do the guy justice. He had the bluest eyes he had ever seen, and the dark hair made a nice contrast against the white skin. His mouth did seem a bit large, indeed, but each time the man smiled, there were cute dimples on his cheeks that made Blake want nothing but to dip his tongue in just to feel how it was like. This Trey guy was not the type Blake would have typically gone for, but, from the moment he had seen him, he wanted to know him. Conner's initial resistance had only made him want the guy more.

Blake mused for a while, as the man was struggling with his pants. It was the smile. Trey's face seemed all a smile; what reason had he to smile? Blake felt angry almost all the time. He had to know how Trey could smile like that. But it was more than that. When he had checked the guy's nude pictures, he had been taken aback by the look of absolute surrender in those blue eyes, as he was arching his back, exposing his ass to the camera, watching over his shoulder, like he was about to be taken by a lover from behind. It had been that look Blake instantly wanted to see, and also the number one reason why he had found the rest of the sexy guys on Conner's website to look fake and uninteresting.

Trey finally found what he was looking for, as he triumphantly took Blake's organ out. The man was already fully erect, which Trey was ready to take that as a compliment, seeing that he had done nothing so far. He licked his lips, prepared to offer the man a bit of oral satisfaction before moving forward, but strong hands stopped him, keeping his head in place.

"No," the man spoke curtly.

Trey raised his eyes questioningly.

"I'm not interested in oral, I get enough of it from women," Blake explained. "Only anal. Undress."

This time, the command was not snappy or cold as the ones before. It had certain warmth in it, and Trey felt a tremble of anticipation coursing through his body and pooling in his lower belly. He rose to his feet and took off his t-shirt. He was not that crazy about his own body, but, apparently, it was enough for him to make it in this line of business, and it had proven satisfactory in attracting

generous clients on more than a few occasions. Trey vaguely pondered what Blake would think of him once he was naked, but chased away his doubts. Conner had been clear about the man wanting him.

Blake let his eyes wander over Trey's body. Definitely, not the type he would have gone for; but he was rock hard nonetheless. He quickly shed his clothes, remaining naked as well, and noticed with satisfaction the look of lust in Trey's beautiful eyes. He knew he had a great looking body; he had received plenty of compliments from both genders to know that. Now all he wanted to find out was how his golden skin was going to look against Trey's white one.

He made Trey turn and pushed gently against the small of his back. "Bedroom?" he asked, and Trey took the lead.

The brunet climbed the bed on his fours, and Blake felt a rush, seeing Trey offering himself like that. He followed immediately, installing himself between the man's legs and pushing them apart for better access.

"Hey, man, not cool," Trey warned, and Blake stopped.

"What?" he said irritated.

"Top drawer, on the left. You'll find there everything you need."

Blake rose quickly to retrieve condoms and lube. He dropped the pack of condoms next to him after picking one. Trey heard the foil being ripped and tensed for a second. He knew nothing of the man's habits in bed, unlike his other clients. He had to relax. The guy seemed horny, which meant it might hurt.

"Could you pass me the lube?" he asked.

"No," was the laconic answer.

Then he felt fingers coated with lotion probing slowly, gently, at his entrance. The man was apparently taking his time getting him ready, and Trey was thankful. He braced himself nonetheless, as he felt the blunt head pushing against his hole.

Blake entered the man with ease. It was just a sign that he had done a good job preparing the guy. Or that the guy's hole was well used. He grimaced at the thought. Conner had said Trey was only working with some older dudes. That was not an image to behold when he was about to fuck the guy.

Trey drew a long sigh once Blake was fully sheathed inside him. The man might be an asshole, but he was obviously considerate in bed. He felt his butt cheeks spread a bit wider, then the man withdrawing a bit to adjust his rhythm.

Trey felt his toes curling. The man was skilled. He was hitting just at the right angle, brushing over Trey's prostate over and over again, without hurrying. He had to admit that he was expecting some roughness at least. On the contrary, Blake was taking his time, and he was doing everything right. No longer able to restrain himself, he moaned into the pillow.

Blake felt his breath hitching in his chest. The guy was seemingly enjoying the fucking, bucking his ass now against Blake's cock, emitting all kinds of sounds. Did he genuinely love it or was he too practiced in encouraging his clients to flatter their egos?

"Look at me," he asked in a throaty voice.

The brunet turned his head over his shoulder, to stare at Blake, his eyes misty with lust, his lips parted. Their eyes locked and Blake increased the rhythm, while Trey sneaked a hand between his legs to start pumping his own cock. He came first while looking into the man's eyes, triggering the other's release, who grunted and stilled, letting his head back and finally breaking eye contact.

Blake slumped himself next to Trey, who was relaxing now, breathing heavily. It had been better than expected, for the both of them.

"So, was it good?" Trey eventually asked, as soon as both managed to breathe normally again.

"Do you have to ask?"

Blake suddenly seemed to be back to his usual snappy self.

"My bad," Trey shrugged it off. At least, the man was good in bed, and that was a bonus. He rose, feeling in terrible need of a shower.

"Where are you going?" Blake caught his arm.

"I need to wash. Want to let you first?" he questioned.

"Let's go together," the man hopped from the bed, and circled Trey's waist with one arm, as they headed towards the bathroom.

"I have to warn you; there is not a lot of room in there."

"Let's just be quick about it; I want to go again."

"Again?"

"Surprised?"

"Well, a bit."

"Of course, you are used to old guys who can barely get it up once."

Trey frowned for a second. It was like the man was trying to do everything in his power to be insufferable.

"For the record, they are not that old."

"Older than me, that's all I need to know."

"This does not make you automatically better," Trey spoke, a bit annoyed.

"In bed? Of course, it does," Blake snorted, as Trey was adjusting the water so they could wash.

The blond stepped into the shower and let himself be washed by efficient hands. Trey was good. He was exactly what he needed at the moment. Stepping out to dry himself, he watched the brunet as he was soaping his ass quickly and he couldn't resist. He got closer and grabbed a firm buttock, squeezing it in his supple fingers, feeling his erection renewing. Trey stopped, a bit startled.

"Just a second and I'll be out too," he whispered, and their eyes locked again.

For a moment, Trey felt like the man was about to reach out and kiss him. But it must have been an illusion. Blake withdrew.

"Alright. Just be fast about it."

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A bit more relaxed now, Blake made for a stunning view, stretched on Trey's ordinary sheets. The man looked entirely out of place in the modestly appointed room. Even in naked form, he looked luxurious, or better said, a luxury Trey felt he could not ... should not afford. Climbing on the bed, making his way between the man's muscular, supple thighs, he slowly grabbed the half erect organ and started pumping it slowly, with studied moves.

"Enough," came the plea. "Ride me," the order followed, and Trey straddled the beautiful male in his bed – the youngest, the most beautiful? The brunet could think of many comparison lists ending up with Blake on top, but he could care less about them right now.

He rose to grab the supplies spread on the coverlet, next to the bed, when his hand was captured by the firm grip he was now growing accustomed to.

"We need those," he explained, smiling.

The small frown on Blake's forehead was followed by another short order. "Hurry." It looked like the guy was used to frowning a lot.

Carefully, he prepared himself and Blake again, rolling the rubber on the now stiff cock that was obviously itching for some action. He eased himself slowly into that glorious hardness, letting out a small moan. His job was not to enjoy it, but there he was, wanting nothing but to forget, for a few moments at least, about the mess he was in, about the things he had to do, and even about the money he was going to receive, payment for his services. It was, for now, all about pleasure, and it was not often for Trey to get it while offering others the release they were after.

Blake was staring at the man on top of him, fascinated. His hands traveled to steady and help the moving hips while absorbing the look of absolute surrender etched on the beautiful face. The man started riding him, slowly, tentatively, at first, only to transform his moves into unapologetic ones, up and down, up and down, causing Blake to grunt with satisfaction each time Trey was impaled on his cock to the hilt.

He couldn't understand why Conner had been so fussy about everything. The man was made for this ... through his haze of arousal, denial rose. No, not for whoring; he was made for cock. A lover, someone who could take care of him, that was probably what Trey needed. But instead, he was indeed whoring for money. A convenient situation for Blake who had money and a relentless need to fuck. No complications.

His hands rose to touch the man's hardened nipples. As on cue, Trey released an anguished cry. Blake suddenly grabbed his neck, causing him to fall forward. No longer resisting the languorous torture of Trey's skilled moves, he gripped the slender body tightly and started pounding him from beneath.

It was over too soon, Blake could tell. But he could not have kept it in, even if he had wanted to. Trey dismounted him, and carefully retrieved the used condom from the spent cock. As he walked towards the bathroom to throw the condom away, Blake couldn't help but notice that the man was still hard. He massaged his balls, squeezing them. There was still enough inside him. Trey was not going to be left unsatisfied.

When Trey got back, he witnessed Blake on his feet, focused on making himself hard again, a still wrapped condom in his teeth. He could not help it. It was just too damn funny.

"What?" the condom dropped to the floor, and Trey bit the inside of his cheeks to force his laughter down.

"Nothing. Again?"

"Yeah. Now give me another condom," Blake demanded, and Trey came next to him, taking the matters literally into his hands.

It was nice to be tended to like this. It was part of the deal, but it still felt nice. Blake hated bitchy guys who always expected to be served. One on one, that was what he liked. But feeling empowered like this, serviced by skilled, efficient hands, it was something new and thrilling to the core. He could understand why Conner liked his employee so much and why the guy had only gentlemen as regulars. Trey was a giver.

Trey placed himself on his fours, offering his ass again, grabbing a pillow to squeeze into his arms, prepared again for the invasion.

"No," he heard from behind.

"Well?" he asked half turning and smiling. "Changed your mind about getting a blowjob?"

"No, I want you on your back," Blake explained, and Trey obeyed, changing his position and parting his legs to allow the man quick access.

He was still a bit stretched from the prior activities, so Blake slid in with ease. Trey let out a moan. Yes, the man was now hitting him exactly there. The best position, but he could not have asked for it. Males wanting to dominate in bed usually wanted him on his fours.

He languidly opened his eyes to look at Blake. The man's face was all a frown. His body was saying that he was enjoying the act tremendously, but his face was telling a different story. Trey felt suddenly disheartened. He wanted his clients to appreciate him, not only because they represented a source of income, and Trey's continuous aimed to please attitude was a guarantee of that, but also because Trey felt it was something anyone needed from another person.

He acted on instinct. He grabbed Blake's head between his hands and closed the distance between them, planting his lips on the man's mouth. He felt resistance, but he used his ass muscles to clamp down on the man's erection, while he kissed him.

Blake was taken aback. He felt his cock squeezed deliciously, while a hot tongue was reaching inside his mouth, daring him. One hand unconsciously reached for the man's dark long strands. He used it to pull the man back. Confused blues stared into his eyes. Usually, he would just say something harsh and leave it at that. But he couldn't, so he bent his head and kissed back, forcefully, angrily, not without thinking that this was happening just because this new guy was too good in the sack to refuse him such a small pleasure.

This time, Blake didn't hurry towards his own release. It would have been hard anyway with his ball sack finally reaching the end of its contents. His cock grazed slowly, torturously over Trey's prostate, making the man moan into the kiss. It felt dizzying, to make the other melt into his arms like this. Especially since it was meant to be nothing else but sex for money.

He eventually released Trey from his grip, satisfied to see swollen, bruised lips.

"Make yourself come," he demanded, and let himself back, so he could rest his hands on the man's bent knees and move slowly while watching him pumping his cock with that look of absolute surrender in beautiful eyes.

As Trey vocalized his release, Blake took the cue to speed up. It was exciting to be kept there, on the verge of release, only to postpone it until the right moment. But the delicious grip engulfing his organ was too much, as the man's cock was spitting precious fluid all across his abs and chest, so Blake came with a low, masculine growl, sweat pouring on his forehead, due to the exertion.

He slumped next to Trey, this time wonderfully spent to the core. Again, he let the man take off his condom, and he simply drifted into sleep.

Trey murmured under his breath, hearing the soft snoring. "You gotta be kidding me ...," but he was too satisfied to care. He took out a blanket and tucked the blond in. "Here you are, baby," he commented with a chuckle, knowing that the man could not hear him.

This time, he took a long, unhurried shower. He didn't mind having Blake as a regular. According to Conner, the guy was loaded; plus, what Conner hadn't said was that the man was great in bed. A brief thought picturing the two men together made him shake his head; he seriously doubted those two were in that kind of relationship. What use would have had Blake for Trey then? Conner was a handful between the sheets, from what he could recall.

This brought him to another question. The guy looked like he could have plenty of action in bed, from both men and women. Even without the money, his looks were enough. He was an asshole, but still, Trey had no doubts many would have let it slide just to get their hands on him. So why was Blake so adamant about fucking a male escort? Conner had mentioned that the guy had insisted on having him. Trey had never thought of himself as something special. He knew he was kind of cute, in that puppy sort of way, but sexy ... that was debatable. Guys he had been with always praised him for his bed manners, but that only happened after knowing and fucking him for a while. Men liked him; men befriended him; men paid for his body; men did not fall head over heels for him

from the first glance. He looked like he could raise a particular kind of interest in a certain gorgeous blond, now sleeping in his bed. That was weird.

He dried himself carefully, taking the time to make sure his hair didn't remain damp. In the bedroom, Blake was still soundly asleep. Trey took another blanket and climbed into bed, too. It was late, and he could use some shut-eye, too, after being so thoroughly fucked by his new client. If Blake was to wake up and want another round, Trey was confident the man was not going to shy away from waking him up for that.

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It was already morning when Trey finally woke up, only to find the place next to him empty. He must have been out to the world, not to hear the other waking up, dressing up and walking out the door.

He went to make some coffee, needing his bitter fix so he could function. He had classes, and he did not want to skip them again. His eyes fell on the cash on the small table in the living room. A neatly folded paper was placed next to the money. Trey hesitantly took the note first.

I enjoyed fucking you last night. I'll call you.

Short and sweet, Trey mused and started counting the money. That was one, two ... what the hell? Three thousand for one night? The man must have been out of his mind. He sat gingerly on the sofa. That must have been a mistake. Maybe it had been too dark when Blake left, and he had just failed to count the money correctly.

He picked the new expensive phone and fiddled with it. Was it alright to call the man when he had said in his note that he was going to do that? So far, the man had seemed very touchy about ... almost everything, except sex. However, Trey was not going to wait. He didn't want Blake to think about him as some greedy slut. So he called.

"Hi, it's Trey from ... last night," he started.

"I know," the reply was associated with an exasperated sigh. "Don't you think I have your number listed?"

Trey had no idea how to respond to that. Although what Blake was saying was obvious, it was still rude of him to say it. He was almost tempted to keep the cash and tell the guy off, but that was not like him.

"You paid me too much. And I thought you would give the money to Conner," he said instead.

"I talked to Conner. I'll pay you directly. You can ask him," the voice at the other end was getting more and more annoyed. "And I paid you exactly what was due."

"Really? Three grand?" Trey expressed his doubts directly.

"Yes."

"You must be shitting me ..."



“How cheap are you selling yourself to let some old dudes fuck you?” Blake’s voice was lower and almost sounded dangerous.

“None of your business,” Trey replied shortly, feeling his cheeks ablaze.

“I don’t care anyway. Three times, three grand. Are we finished now? Any other questions?”

“No.”

The conversation was over without even a formal goodbye from either part. Trey stared at the phone, feeling a bit dazed. And stupid. If the man wanted to throw money out the window for a fuck, well, it was his choice. Now he had three thousand on his hands, and he could weather some storms for the time being.

He searched for his old phone and made the call.

“I have some money,” he said laconically.

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“So, how was it?” Conner asked with a broad grin, while elegantly cutting his steak. He did not bring the perfect morsel to his mouth, waiting for Blake to speak.

“None of your business,” the blond echoed the words heard from someone else, earlier that day.

“That good, huh?” Conner studied his fork for a second and popped the piece of steak into his mouth, expressing immediate satisfaction at the flavor hitting his taste buds.

In front of him, Blake was fiddling with the fish on his plate, apparently not in the mood for eating.

“How much do the others pay for Trey’s services?” he asked, and Conner quirked an eyebrow.

“Why do you ask?”

“I need to know.”

“That is not something I talk about. It’s confidential.”

“It is obviously not enough for what he needs the money for.”

Conner didn’t comment and waited patiently for Blake to continue.

“What does he need money for? Tuition?”

“I don’t think it’s that simple. I don’t know actually. He doesn’t talk about it. And you should keep out of it, too,” Conner warned.

“What’s your educated guess, then?” Blake continued, ignoring his friend’s warning.

“He most probably owes money to some dangerous people. But, really, Blake, he has always been clear to me that he can handle it. And he knows I’m his friend.”

“If you’re his friend,” Blake accentuated the last word with vague distaste in his voice, “why don’t you help him pay those guys and be done with it?”

“Earth to Blake ... man, are you even listening to what I’m saying? Trey doesn’t want that kind of help. That’s why I offered him the possibility to work for me. From his point of view, that’s the only honest way to do it.”

“Of course, whoring,” Blake commented, dropping his fork in distaste on the platter with a loud sound.

“You should have ordered the steak. It’s delicious,” Conner gestured towards him with his utensil on which another morsel of meat was impaled.

Blake didn’t care much about changing the subject. “Conner, what’s the deal with him? He barely has a bed, yet, from what you’re telling me, he swallows money like a bottomless pit.”

Conner shrugged. “It seems to be complicated. When I met him, he was quite desperate. Trust me, whoring, as you put it, is an option for now. Plus, I run a clean business. It’s not like he’s selling himself on the streets. I pick good clients for him. They pay him more than decently. That’s all you need to know,” he added, pointing again with the fork.

“But it’s still not enough.”

“Apparently not. Look, Blake, he was tending tables in bars. This is much better, financially speaking. And he doesn’t complain. Why are you so upset about this?”

The blond just shrugged. “Just curious, that’s all.”

“Just curious ...” the other echoed his words, showing he was not buying it. “Trey’s a big boy. He knows what he’s doing. I told him to come to me if things get out of hand. Until then, why don’t you leave him to do as he likes and just enjoy the ride?”

Blake looked straight into his friend’s eyes. “You are trying to protect him. From me.”

“Good point,” Conner murmured, after an initial moment of surprise. Blake was shrewd like that. He should have known it.

“Why?” Blake pushed his plate to the side, so he could place his elbows on the table and cross his fingers.

Conner sighed. “He’s just 20. He’s just a kid. He doesn’t need complications.”

“I don’t want complications, either.”

“You tend to get involved. That’s ... how should I say it? It’s one thing to leave a generous tip, and another to try and solve another person’s problems. He ... may just fall for you.”

“Oh,” Blake seemed to ponder over his friend’s words. “When you two fucked ... what happened?”

“Well ... I guess he was a bit taken aback when I told him I was just scouting new guys for my agency. He seemed a bit depressed even. But since I offered him the opportunity to solve his problems, I suppose he forgave me. We’re friends. Just friends. I still get the feeling he might have wanted more, even after just one night.”

“So he’s a clingy, needy bitch ... is this what you are trying to tell me?” Blake’s jaw hardened.

Conner grimaced at the choice of words. “Not in so many ugly words, but yes. He’s like a lost puppy when it comes to closeness. Physical and emotional. You saw him how he is during sex. Unguarded. He lets too much in.”

“Nice pun,” Blake commented, watching his friend through half hooded eyes. “What if he falls for one of the older dudes who fuck him?”

“Not a chance,” Conner seemed certain. “They’re married guys.”

“And why is that important?”

“Trey would never wreck a home. He would not even hurt a fly. He would not hurt anyone, except himself.”

Blake tsked, shaking his head. “Should I continue to fuck him, then?”

“Do as you wish. I warned you,” Conner shrugged.

“Then, yes, I will. Especially since, for some reason, this gets on your nerves”, the blond smiled, showing his teeth. He was just fishing for info. It was not like he was going to do as Conner said, ever.

Chapter Three

The dining room was filled with formal conversation and the faint sound of silver against crystal, as the Everton family was gathered around the table, discussing the latest preparations for the soon to take place engagement. The Lyttons were present with their daughter who kept her blond head straight, watching her future fiancée through long, discreetly enhanced by mascara, lashes.

“So, Blake, have you thought about it?”

The blond raised his head, surprised with the question.

“About what?”

He was trying his best to be polite. His petite girlfriend was leaning towards him, but without touching.

“Besides Conner, who of your close friends will be present to the engagement party?”

“I don’t ...” he searched for a reply that would not sound snappy.

“Amelia, dear, let him be,” his mother intervened. “Men don’t know a thing about parties. We have the guest list ready. If it had been for us, we would have left that uncouth man off the list, too.”

“Mother, Conner is my childhood friend, and the best I have,” Blake intervened in a cold tone.

His mother grimaced, but quickly covered her expression with a fake smile. “He used to be such a lovely boy. That was, until his parents got divorced. Uh, and what an ugly divorce that was”, she shook her aristocratic head in displeasure.

Blake pretended to check his phone. “If I shall be excused,” he rose, almost abruptly. “I have some business to attend to.”

“On Saturday night?” his mother expressed her indignation.

“Let the boy be,” his father’s baritone like voice intervened. “Men must make money, even if it’s Saturday night. Do you know, Amelia, that when Blake turned 21, I gave him 500,000 dollars and he turned them into ten folds that amount in just one year? He has a nose for money, my son”, the man added with pride in his voice.

“Dear, please, stop talking about cash at the dinner table,” Gloria Everton warned her husband. “It’s bad taste.”

“What?” the man feigned surprise. “Everyone likes money!”

Another cold look from his wife silenced him. Blake said his goodbyes and leaned to place a quick peck on Amelia’s cheek.

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Out of the house, he pulled at his tie. It was so hard to breathe in that stuffed atmosphere. It was too perfect. The house, the money, his soon to be fiancée. On the surface. He hated everything. He wanted to take that perfection and trample it underneath his feet.

He took his phone out to make a call. Blowing off some steam was exactly what he needed.

“Are you home?” he asked curtly. “I’m on my way.”

Maybe his sports car was too gaudy for a student populated neighborhood, like the one Trey’s apartment was located in, so he chose to park it at a hotel nearby. It served to have connections in all places. Also, a bit of walking in the fresh evening air was not that bad, either.

The door to the apartment complex was wide open, so he started climbing the stairs two by two. He was feeling a bit giddy with the idea of leaving a fancy dinner with his family just to go and fuck the brains out of a male escort who was bending over for money. The illicit air of the entire affair was helping him breathe. No, even more; it was helping him feel.

Lost in his thoughts, he didn’t notice the other man coming down the stairs.

“Hey, watch it,” an unpleasant voice startled him, as he almost bumped into the stranger.

He stopped for a second to stare at the guy. He was a bit on the shorter side in height, and there was something slimy and unpleasant about him, despite his face not being ugly. There was also something familiar about him Blake could not put his finger on.

“Whatever,” the man spat, seeing that Blake was not going to apologize, and was just standing there to stare. He walked away.

An unpleasant taste crept into Blake’s mouth. He just realized he was already on Trey’s floor. He stared after the man for a few seconds, waiting for him to exit the building.

He knocked just one time, and the door opened fast. Trey was completely naked, except for a small towel wrapped around his waist. He looked like he was just out of the shower. The small expression of surprise on his face was not lost on Blake. Trey was expecting someone else. Probably the guy who had just gone down the stairs, returning for some unfinished business. He quirked an eyebrow. He didn’t like this. Had Conner said anything about a boyfriend?

“Hi, Blake. Come in,” Trey’s face turned all into a smile.

He didn’t reply or return the greeting. He was not there to exchange pleasantries. However, his desire was now a bit waned, so he closed the door behind him a bit too loudly, making Trey jump and turn to stare at him, wide eyed.

“Just for the record, I don’t enjoy sloppy seconds.”

Trey’s smile faded. “Trust me, you could not be further from the truth.”

“Who was that?” Blake threw his jacket on the sofa and took off his tie with nervous gestures.

“None of your fucking business,” Trey crossed his arms across his chest.

It was hard taking a stand when all he wore was a tiny towel. But he continued. “You know that I have other clients, besides you. And, since you like coming here whenever you feel like it, without a schedule, some mishaps may just happen.”

“Was that a client?” Blake questioned, while continuing to take off his clothes, with short, efficient moves.

The distaste lacing the word ‘that’ was too obvious to ignore.

“No,” Trey said curtly.

“Boyfriend?”

“No.”

“Then why were you taking a shower?”

“For you,” Trey felt tempted to add the word ‘idiot’ but refrained.

Completely naked, Blake hooked his fingers into Trey’s towel, making it fall and fold on the floor. “So, is your ass clean and ready?”

Trey didn’t respond, letting Blake grab his buttocks and knead them in earnest. He let his hands fall on the sculpted shoulders and whispered into Blake’s ear. “For the record, Blake, everyone I have sex with wears condoms, so you do not have to worry about sloppy seconds.”

“It was a figure of speech. I don’t like you loosened up by another just when I want to fuck you.”

Their bodies were practically glued together now, and for an outsider, they would have looked like two lovers enjoying the closeness.

“Ha, no worries there. I guess it’s the other way around. If there’s one who’s going to make me loose, that will be you.”

“Me?” Blake feigned surprise, although he had been complemented on his size before. He was not monstrous, but he was not average, either.

“Yeah, you. You’re the biggest I’ve ever had.”

“Turn around and bend over,” Blake commanded and Trey did exactly as he said without even a small sign of rebellion. The unpleasant thought of Trey being too used to bending over for random guys made the bad taste return in Blake’s mouth.

He pushed the thought away, as the creamy ass presented itself, and Trey was bending over the sofa. The guy was even willing to up the ante a little, as he grabbed his buttocks with his hands to push them apart and present his puckered hole, visibly tight and untouched. Blake grunted.

“Where is the damn lube?”

“Exactly where it was last time,” came the retort, and Blake felt his lips twitch in a small smile. Maybe using that snappy mouth was not a bad idea after all. But no, Blake wasn’t into receiving oral from guys.

He went quickly to the bedroom to withdraw the supplies. This time, he was fast, putting on the condom and applying lube on himself and just a dab on Trey's hole, as he was waiting patiently with his ass in the air. This time, Trey would feel him a little more, he thought as he pushed into the inviting heat and made the man wince.

"Hey, watch out," Trey hissed, but Blake was already fully sheathed inside him.

"What?" Blake feigned innocence. "Afraid of getting loose?"

"Don't just ram it in next time," Trey warned, visibly annoyed.

Blake withdrew completely and noticed the sudden tension in Trey's shoulders. The brunet turned to look at him, now distressed. He pushed him back, then he took the lube and this time coated his fingers to prepare the other more carefully.

"Better, hun?" he joked, as he felt Trey's ass moving like a strange animal against his curled fingers. The guy enjoyed it so much it made Blake's balls hurt a little.

"Yes, thank you," Trey whispered, and there was no sarcasm there, no irony. He was simply grateful.

Pushing inside again, Blake felt his desire soaring. It was not going to be about Trey's satisfaction this time. He was too much in need this time around. So he imposed a speedy rhythm, feeling his balls constricting fast, as Trey's ass muscles undulated around him, squeezing him heavenly and making him spurt within just a few minutes.

He could barely stand up as he withdrew. He had obviously gone for too long without any action. Luckily, he was a quick retriever.

Trey stood up, and slumped next to Blake on the sofa, breathing deeply. His nicely shaped serpent was resting against his thigh, only half erect. Blake gestured towards it.

"Sorry about that. I just needed it fast."

Trey did not suppress his surprise. "What do you mean? I am the one here for you so you can get your rocks off, not the other way around."

"Are you always like this?" Blake commented, while taking off his rubber and tying it with dexterous fingers. He pushed Trey back as the guy wanted to stand up. "I know how to throw away a condom, you don't always have to do everything."

"So," he demanded upon returning to his seat.

"So?" Trey mirrored the question.

"Do you always ignore your own needs like this? Or is just a thing with clients?"

Trey seemed to ponder for a bit. "I don't know," he shrugged, but he was visibly a bit embarrassed.

"On the other hand, it probably keeps you going, since I'm paying you for each time. My each time," Blake tried to yank the man's chain a little.

“Hey,” Trey’s cheeks turned ablaze. “You decided that, not me! I told you it was too much!”

“You’re blushing,” Blake remarked, and that earned him a furious look. “You don’t blush when it’s about sex. You can probably do the kinkiest stuff without batting an eye. But when it’s about money ...”

Trey rose with a huff. Blake stopped him by grabbing his wrist. “What’s the deal, Trey?” he asked, gently this time. “What do you spend money on? Obviously not on furniture,” he gestured around with his head. “Are you going to an expensive school?”

“No, just the community college,” Trey sat down, bringing his knees together.

“So, why are you doing this?”

“Should I tell you again that it’s none of your business?”

“Trey, if you’re on the bad side of a loan shark or ...”

“I’m not,” Trey cut him off. “Look, you’re here to enjoy yourself, not to hear about my problems.”

“True,” Blake admitted. “Doesn’t it bother you to whore yourself?”

Trey’s beautiful blue eyes stared directly into Blake’s greens. “No. It’s not like I’m selling myself for crack on the streets. I’m making some guys happy for a few fleeting moments. What’s wrong with that?”

His voice sounded strange, like it was about to break. Blake’s face hardened. “Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

With that, he pulled the other man towards him, closed his eyes and kissed him. Yes, he was happy when he was with Trey, fucking him, kissing him, watching him smile. Maybe, in his naiveté, Trey was right. It was nice to take a break from life, and just enjoy another person’s body, even if it was against a fee. But it still made him angry that Trey didn’t care to admit that the idea was actually horrifying for him, that he chose to smile and send everything to the back of his mind, instead of ... Instead of what? Facing the situation? The man was young. What could he do to make that kind of money otherwise? Conner had clearly said that the man had been desperate when they met.

It all boiled down to one thing; the man Trey was giving the money to. Blake had no idea why he cared.

“Tell me what you like,” Trey asked with a smile, interrupting the kiss.

“Why?” Blake put himself on guard.

“So I can make you feel better. You just look so angry all the time. Do you enjoy having your nipples sucked? To be licked from head to toes? Maybe biting?” Trey angled his head and bit a sweaty shoulder playfully.

Blake pushed him back. “No, just fucking.”

Trey smiled again. “You’re a bit odd, you know?”



“Yes, I know.”

Blake rose and took Trey with him, only to push him back again with his back against the sofa, and his long pale limbs parted. “Stay like this, I want to fuck you again.”

“You’re sure you don’t want to take this to the bedroom?” the brunet asked, but complied.

“I like a bit of variety,” Blake spoke while letting him slide in, with a fresh condom on, and Trey’s ass thoroughly lubed.

“What’s next? The kitchen floor?” Trey bit his lips as Blake pushed and hit exactly at the right angle, making him pant.

“Trey, that’s hardly a kitchen, I doubt it would be viable,” the blond chided and started pounding him.

As Trey was comfortably seated, he reached for Blake and dragged the man into a kiss. It felt good; it was all that mattered.

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Trey was spent but in a good way. He could say Blake was a nice diversion in his life, although he doubted the man could understand that. He watched Blake as he was fiddling with his pants, and saw him scoop a thick wad of bills from there.

“Haven’t you heard of plastic?” he questioned, feeling a bit of unease witnessing the actual act of getting paid for his services. Memories came uninvited. Conner liked keeping things clean, and it was like he had a real salary. Apparently, this guy had other ideas.

Blake didn’t care to answer. He counted quickly the money and placed them on the table, next to the sofa both had abused for the night.

“Are you leaving already?” Trey asked without even thinking. He stopped dead in his tracks. What was wrong with him? The guy was just a client, not his boyfriend.

“Do you want me to stay and cuddle?” Blake asked, smiling, and Trey felt his stomach making somersaults. It was the first time to see the man smiling. Gorgeous was too small a word to describe him, with his face lit up like that. “Sorry, not my type of entertainment,” he added, but Trey could almost sense the hesitation between the two phrases. “And I doubt my balls and your ass can take any more abuse.”

Trey had lost count how many times they had done it. Blake really had staying power, or he was just not doing anything between their encounters. He had not met anyone so hungry for sex before Blake.

The man was dressed up and ready to leave. Trey felt a hand caressing his head briefly. “Sleep tight,” he heard and, as he drifted off to sleep, he could not stop thinking of Blake’s panty dropping smile.

Chapter Four

Blake didn't care about a schedule. That was keeping him on his toes, as he hated being placed in a situation where he had to say 'no'. It had not happened, but that didn't put Trey at ease. Tonight, he was going to be out with one of his clients, so he decided to leave the phone given by Blake at home. He was not in the mood to offer explanations about why he had two phones to Mr. Adamo. Not that the man would have cared, but Trey hated awkward situations.

The door to the limo opened before him. He was thankful for the good suit Conner had offered him, precisely for such situations. Mr. Adamo liked taking him out whenever he was visiting, and Trey usually looked forward to these occasions. For some strange reason, not tonight.

He climbed inside and greeted Mr. Adamo. In his fifties, with grey hair, the man was still looking green for his age. He was always considerate and polite, and Trey liked him, although he hated the idea of what the man was doing when away from his family. He was not the one to judge though as he was, apparently, an enabler for the man's vice.

"You look nice, Trey," the man complimented him, and they kissed briefly. "You know how this works, right, Trey? I will just tell everyone you're one of my nephews, a distant one."

"If I may ask, sir," Trey asked, "why do you want me to accompany you to these business dinners?"

"It pleases me to take you out. Plus, I want to treat you to something nice once in a while. Let me have this pleasure," the man caressed the youngster's cheek.

His hand traveled to Trey's nape, squeezing a bit. "Until we get there, you know what I like," the man's voice dropped to a whisper, as the privacy divider was raised to make sure the driver was not going to be made privy of what was going to happen on the backseat.

Trey was proficient at that. As he sucked down on the man's half erect member, he thought of how much Blake would enjoy it, if he would just let him do it. Mr. Adamo was always quiet during the act, but his hand was keeping his head, dictating a certain rhythm until the viscous liquid was released into Trey's mouth.

Discreetly, he pulled out, taking a paper tissue from his pocket and spitting the content there. Mr. Adamo's hand continued to caress his hair. He turned to arrange the man's pants.

"You never swallow," the older man remarked.

"Not my speed," Trey replied, a bit embarrassed.

"Don't worry, everyone's entitled to their quirks," the man placed a quick peck on the lips that had been wrapped around his cock just earlier.

He joined the man, letting him walk in front, as they entered the fancy restaurant Mr. Adamo was going to meet his business partners. He was busy adjusting his clothes for some invisible wrinkles

when he suddenly felt a bit strange. He raised his eyes to clash with a pair of greens, staring at him with a mix of surprise and vague disgust.

Quickly noticing the petite blonde with her elegant hand wrapped around Blake's arm, he averted his eyes and hurried to catch up with Mr. Adamo, who was already stealing a glance behind to see what was keeping him.

From all the places in the city, Blake had to be there! Trey felt a bit ill to the stomach. Why did he care? Blake knew he had other clients to tend to, yet, he could not suppress the embarrassment he felt when thinking of the blond judging him.

He excused himself, to use the men's room as soon as they were seated, after greeting everyone. Mr. Adamo did not pay any attention to him and waved his hand to let him know it was alright.

Keeping his hands against the sink, Trey stared at his own reflection in the mirror. He had to keep his shit together. The last thing he needed was to care. There was just too much going on in his shitty life as it was. If he was starting to develop a conscience about how bad it was that he was sucking cock for money, it was not going to end well.

The door opened and closed and Trey found himself staring at Blake. He did not say a word, trying to pass by the blond, but the man simply placed himself in the way.

"What the hell, man," he said between his teeth. "We're not supposed to be seen talking. And you're here with your girl!"

"What, two guys cannot casually talk when meeting in a restaurant?" was the reply, but Trey already knew Blake well enough to tell that the man was angrier than his usual angry self.

"Not in the men's room, where anyone can come in."

Blake leaned towards him suddenly, grabbing him by the neck, trying to kiss him. Trey pushed him back violently.

"Are you fucking insane? I've just sucked off that guy!"

Blake's face darkened. He took a step back. "Well, then, make sure you have nothing stuck in your teeth," he threw his insult over his shoulder, as he turned on his heels and left.

Trey felt like heaving. He could not recall the last time he had been so categorical with someone who was not ... He could no longer keep it inside. Pushing the door to one stall, he bent over and threw up whatever contents he had in his stomach.

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Blake was livid. Seeing Trey at the restaurant had been a surprise. He had watched the man and seized the opportunity to go after him. He had mumbled an apology to Amelia and hurried to the men's room. He could not say what he exactly wanted from that. Knowing Trey was fucked by others was one thing; seeing him now in the company of one of those 'others' was completely different. He had felt his palms curling into fists and his jaw hardening.

And Trey's reaction ... He, who was always so tame and ready to please ... It had not been only unexpected; it had punched him right in the gut. And Trey's admittance at having had sucked the man's cock made his stomach turn into knots. To think that he had been about to kiss that filthy mouth!

But he knew what he had to do. Instead of returning to the table, he went outside. Taking out his phone, he called Conner.

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The evening went like in a daze for Trey. He could barely pay attention to what was said at the table. He smiled and nodded politely, but that was all he could do. He was mortified over what had just happened. How could he talk to Blake like that? How could he just spit in the man's face, even if it was the truth? Unconsciously, he grabbed his temples. Blake was going to walk away. It was nonsense, but it was happening. For some reason, the man was willing to cross the boundaries that should have been there for everyone's safety.

Back in the limo, Mr. Adamo shook his shoulder gently. "What is wrong, Trey?"

"Nothing," he blinked, confused. "Some stomach ache, I guess."

"You should take care of yourself more," the man said in a paternal voice but stopped when his phone rang.

"Yes, oh, hello Conner, he is here with me. Yes, we had a lovely evening, and we were just heading back to the hotel."

Trey became tense right away. Conner? Conner never called his clients when they were having fun with the boys. What had he done? What had Blake done?

"Oh, I see," the man frowned. "Jerry? Is he waiting for me? Then all is well, I think. Have a nice evening, too, Conner. Always a pleasure doing business with you."

Mr. Adamo threw Trey a strange look, and the brunet blanched. "What is it?" he asked, although he could guess at least some part of it.

"If I had known this would be our last time together, I wouldn't have taken you to a business dinner," the man said with regret in his voice, while caressing Trey's cheek.

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He felt catatonic as he got out of the limo. He had made Blake mad, and with a snap of his fingers, the man had pissed on all his efforts to keep his life glued together. Conner was pulling him out, and there could only be one explanation for that.

He was close to the entrance when he felt pulled back by strong hands and guided towards the shiny red sports car parked just a few feet away. He tried to push against his assailant, but even in the faint light of the street, the look in malevolent green eyes told him that he should play nice. Within seconds, he was installed on the dead man's seat, and the car took off in a blaze of deafening noise.

He stared at Blake's profile. The man was beyond angry; he was mad. Crazy. The car screeched and turned, taking them out of the city, and Trey felt fear pooling in his chest, almost making it impossible to breathe.

When the car stopped, Trey realized they were out in the wild, on the edge of a cliff, not close enough to be dangerous, but close enough to be intimidating. Blake killed the engine and then turned towards him.

"Where did you suck him off? In the car?" he asked, and Trey just nodded.

Blake snapped open his pants, taking his limp organ out. "Come now, if you need to feed your oral fixation, be my guest." He was continuing to stare at Trey, challenging him.

"Don't be absurd. You know it's not about ..."

"Come suck me off. Is it about money? Of course, it is. You make people happy for money? Make me happy. Whatever he paid, I'll pay double. More, I don't care, name your price!"

"You don't want this," Trey shook his head. "You're not even ten percent hard."

Blake breathed deeply.

"You destroyed my life," Trey said, defeated. "You made Conner pull me out. Why, Blake?" he asked, pain obvious in his voice.

"I destroyed nothing. You'll no longer have that guy as a client. Or other guys."

"Yes, exactly. Without their money ..." Trey shook his head, and let it fall into his palms. "Just take me back, somewhere I can walk home from."

"No."

"Alright," Trey said with a sigh and made a move to open the door. Blake's grip stopped him.

"I spoke to Conner to cancel your regulars. You'll only have me, and I'll make sure to compensate for the damage."

Trey's look of stupefaction could not be described into words. "Why?" he mumbled.

"I've just realized that I don't like sharing."

For the first time that night, Trey relaxed. "Really? You're not making fun of me?"

"Yes, I'm the biggest comedian of our times," Blake commented, not releasing Trey from his grip. "I'm serious, now come suck my cock."

"But ..."

"No 'buts', get to work," he commanded, and Trey, still dazed with Blake's confession, bent slowly to take the limp organ in his mouth.

He started working on it; slowly and quickly the member began to grow in his mouth. Gripping it tightly from the base, he began to apply the necessary suction to make sure it was going to expand to its entire length. For a guy not enjoying oral, Blake was quite responsive.

He withdrew to lick the head with circulatory moves of his tongue when Blake pulled him up. They stared for a brief second at one another.

“Did you swallow?” Blake asked bleakly.

“No, I never ...” Trey didn’t have time to respond, as he was pushed back in the place, Blake taking his cock and stuffing it in his mouth, this time on his own accord.

“From now on, you will,” Blake ordered curtly and started imposing his rhythm while pushing the dark head down.

He could feel Trey’s soft lips and tongue lavishing his cock with expert strokes. He could hear the man’s labored breathing, as he was forced to swallow the organ up to the hilt. He should have taught that smart mouth a lesson from the start. Now, it just felt empowering to feel the hot cavern doing all kinds of marvelous things to his member, and knowing that it was all his, at least for the time being.

He felt his ball sack constricting, but he didn’t warn Trey. He just kept him there, grunting and enjoying the tremble in the slender body as the man was now swallowing his load. Trey finally withdrew, coughing a little, and staring at Blake in disbelief.

Still exhilarated by the experience, Blake lazily threw his handkerchief at the brunet.

“Here. It’s good to know you’re a great cocksucker.” For some reason, he wanted to yank the brunet’s chain some more.

Without a sound, Trey took the handkerchief and patted his lips. He could not help grimacing at the aftertaste lingering on his tongue. Still, he hadn’t mind Blake blowing off some steam like that, even if he hadn’t deserved that retribution.

“So you do enjoy oral after all?” he turned towards Blake, with the same smile on his face.

“How can you smile when I insult you like a jerk?” Blake stared at him, with half-hooded eyes.

Trey shrugged. “I’ve seen and heard worse. I guess I have tough skin.”

“No, you don’t,” Blake whispered, caressing the soft lips briefly. Trey turned away, to stare out the window at nothing. It was good when Blake got all bossy and obnoxious, after all. For some reason, it felt unsettling to hear his voice turn to a gentle whisper, like that.

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They almost said nothing to each other on their way back. Blake parked his car right in front of Trey’s apartment complex, this time, hurrying to follow the other man up the stairs to his humble shelter.

“Aren’t you afraid it would get stolen?” Trey asked.

“It’s not that kind of neighborhood, and you know it. What, afraid that your neighbors may start gossiping about your rich boyfriend?”

“You’re not my boyfriend, and you know it,” Trey mirrored his words.

The light bitterness in those words was not missed. Blake just pushed Trey inside, as soon as the door to the apartment was open. He turned the man towards him and kissed him, using one foot to slam shut the door behind them.

Trey stopped him. “I need to brush my teeth,” he said laconically, and Blake let him, not without a bit of reluctance.

He headed straight for the bedroom, leaving clothes everywhere in his path. He wanted nothing but to slump on Trey’s bed, smell the freshly washed sheets, and shut down the world for a minute.

There he was, he pondered. The thing Conner had spoken about. Trey had transformed from cheerful to depressed, as soon as Blake had gotten a little close. It unnerved him to no end how Trey had not been phased, not even a bit, as he had said how he was going to use him, as he had insulted him. Apparently, it was gentleness Trey could not stand too well.

Trey was completely naked when he got back, a few drops of water hanging on his hair, a sign that he had thoroughly washed his face, as well. Blake could not say it in the dim light if his eyes seemed a little puffy, or it was just his imagination. When Trey climbed into the bed, he was all a smile again. He was the one to initiate the kiss this time, and Blake relished in the feeling of sensing mint and hotness and that particular taste that was Trey, as he used one hand to travel across the man’s back, resting just above the cleft of his ass.

“We have to talk business,” he slowly interrupted the kiss, despite feeling his manhood stirring.

“Oh,” Trey cast his eyes down.

“How much do you need?” he asked bluntly.

“Just talk to Conner, he will tell you how much the others pay if you insist on booking me completely.”

“Leave Conner out of this. How much do you need?” he insisted, a bit annoyed this time.

“That is not ...” Trey trailed, with a frown on his face.

“Are you stupid?” Blake was getting more and more annoyed with the man’s reluctance.

“Fine! 50!” Trey turned his back and sat angrily on the edge of the bed, away from Blake. His shoulders were tense, and he was keeping his head down.

Blake reached him from behind. His hands traveled on the shoulder blades, resting on the man’s neck, circling it and caressing his Adam’s apple, as it bobbed up and down nervously.

“Good. When do you need it the fastest?”

“When can you ...”

“Trey,” Blake warned.

“By the end of the week,” he whispered, wanting nothing but to make himself little. Was it possible? To solve all the shit in his life so simply? He wanted to believe.

“Alright,” Blake said. “I suppose you want them all bills.”

Trey nodded feebly.

“You’ll have it all,” Blake pulled him into his embrace, nuzzling the guy’s nape, in a sudden need to manifest his affection. It always felt good to solve others’ problems. Trey turned to kiss him, long and hungrily.

“What do you want in return?” Trey finally let him breathe a little.

Blake caressed the graceful back slowly. “I want something.”

Trey’s smile returned. “Alright, shoot,” he chuckled at his bad pun.

“I want,” Blake drew him closer, making Trey straddle him, “to do it without the rubber.”

Trey froze in his arms. “Blake, seriously, you’re talking to a prostitute here. I have been fucked by dozens of men ...”

“Conner said they weren’t that many,” Blake felt his blood running cold.

“He has no idea,” Trey laughed, but there was no trace of humor in his voice.

“Are you sick or something?” the blond continued, his voice dropping to freezing temperature.

“No, I am getting myself tested regularly now,” Trey rose from his lap and stood aside. “Especially since I started working for Conner.”

“So, let’s just get tested together,” Blake asked, relief clear in his voice. “What are you scaring me for, idiot?” he took a pillow and smacked Trey upside the head, so forcefully that it made the man double over.

With murder in his eyes, Trey grabbed another pillow and hit him in the face. Soon enough, the room was filled with feathers everywhere, and they were both laughing hysterically. Trey was the first to give up.

“No more, please, I yield!” he squealed, as Blake got on top of him and bent to kiss him.

It was the sweetest kiss they had ever shared, for some reason. Trey was staring at Blake with shiny eyes.

“Thank you, Blake,” he murmured. “You have no idea ...”

“Are you going to tell me what this is all about?” Blake asked gently.

“No,” Trey’s face fell.

“Then hush,” Blake urged and returned to kissing him.

Chapter Five

He had so much to study he had no idea where to begin. He chose the small kitchen table to spread all the books and started reading. He had a lot on his mind now that he could hardly focus. For some reason, Blake was saving him, and he had no idea how to be grateful for it. Since that night, with the promise, he could hardly get any sleep. The blond had not called ever since, either, and that was making him nervous. He could have asked Conner, but the situation was already awkward, as it was.

When he heard the phone, he jumped to his feet, but immediately got disappointed. It wasn't the phone he had gotten from Blake ringing, but his old one, which could only mean one thing.

"Yes," he answered. "Listen, I may be able to pay for everything. Yes, the entire sum. That is none of your business. Don't come tonight; I have a ton to study. Bye."

His stomach was all knots. Calling Blake to ask for the money was not something he could do. Like on cue, a knock on the door broke the silence. He hurried to the door and smiled seeing the person there.

"Hi, Blake," he caught the man's hand and pulled him inside. He was forcefully embraced and kissed.

"Hi, Trey," came the breathed reply and Trey laughed.

"What?" the blond squeezed him hard, a bit annoyed.

"Grumpy blondie knows how to say 'hello', what a change," Trey pushed against his chest playfully. "I thought you were just going to come in and say 'let's fuck' or something."

Blake used one hand to cup Trey's butt through the tight jeans he was wearing and kissed him quick. "Later, hun, now we have some business to clear."

Only then Trey noticed the black bag the man was holding. As he let go of Blake, the blond pulled the bag zipper to show him the contents.

"Do you want to count it?" the blond asked playfully.

Trey was feeling a bit sick to the stomach. Blake or his family had probably worked hard for that money, and he was going to ... He shook his head.

"What's the matter?" Blake mistook his change of mood for something else. "Do you need more?"

"No, oh my God, no, sorry, it's just ..." he trailed off.

Blake pulled back the zipper and handed the bag to Trey. "As long as you don't talk about it, I cannot help you more," he said coldly. "I just want to know one thing. Will it be over?"

"Yes," he replied, but deep down in his heart, he didn't know.

“Alright, if you say so,” Blake shook his head, well aware of the hesitation in Trey’s voice. “So, I was thinking,” he changed the subject, “when it’s a good time for you to go get tested? Since maybe you have classes in the morning.”

“Oh, on Monday morning, I think. But we will need to wait for the results,” he warned.

“When have you gotten tested last time?” Blake inquired.

“Two or three months ago,” Trey offered the answer.

“I so wish to fuck you raw,” Blake whispered into his ear, pulling him again into his tight embrace.

“No, Blake,” Trey struggled, but he felt his knees buckling under him.

“I know, I know,” the blond was annoyed. “What were you doing?”

“I was studying, but you know you’re always welcome,” Trey didn’t let him go.

“Then I should get going,” Blake slowly released him from his arms.

“Sorry about this,” Trey apologized.

“Oh, I would have stayed, but there is nothing to do around here,” Blake shrugged.

“You would have stayed?” Trey was staring at Blake like there was suddenly something growing from the man’s head.

“Yes, and wait for you to finish,” Blake continued, matter-of-factly.

Trey laughed and kissed Blake quickly. “Gosh, you’re such boyfriend material, underneath all this bad guy pose of yours. Your girlfriend is so lucky,” he blurted out without even thinking.

Blake became rigid in an instant. “No, she’s not.”

“Sorry,” Trey cast his eyes down. “That came out wrong.”

The blond turned to leave but stopped after just one step. “Why don’t you have a boyfriend to take care of you, Trey?”

Again, he had that unreadable face. Trey crossed his arms over his chest. “I’m damaged goods, haven’t you noticed?” he smiled, cocking his head to one side, but his eyes were sad.

Blake nodded, pensively.

“Can I ask you something, Blake?”

“Go ahead.”

“Why me?”

“I have no idea,” the answer came with a shrug. “It was enough to take a look at you in those pictures Conner had, and I felt the need to have you.”

“That’s ... nice,” Trey admitted, feeling his heart twitching painfully.

“It was ... your smile,” Blake added. “What makes you smile so often, Trey?”

“I don’t know. Maybe because I know crying doesn’t help.”

“And smiling does?”

“Well, it helped me meet you,” Trey stared directly into Blake’s beautiful green eyes and found a sudden understanding there, something that had never been there before.

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Handing out the bag full of cash, he said nothing.

“Are you telling me it’s all here?” the man tried to look inside.

“Yes, now get out,” he whispered, wanting nothing but to crawl underneath a blanket and sleep until he could forget everything he had to do to get to this point in his life.

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It was the phone again, that woke him up.

“Blake?” he asked sleepily.

“Yes, who else?” the chirpy voice at the end of the line drummed against his confused brain. “Rise and shine, today we’re going to the clinic to get tested.”

“Oh, don’t tell me you’re a morning person, so annoying,” he mumbled, as he was getting off the bed, and searching for his way to the bathroom.

A laugh was the only answer.

“I’ll text you the exact address. Sorry, but you’ll have to find your means of transportation.”

“I’ll be there, don’t worry,” he said and victoriously grabbed his toothbrush.

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The part with the intimate questions was what Trey hated most when getting tested. He knew he was in for a lecturing anyway, although he had played safe for the last couple of years. What was even worse was to have Blake in the same room, answering the same questions. For some reason, the doctor found nothing out of the ordinary to talk to both of them at the same time.

“Your tests will be processed in a few days. After the first examination, you both seem fine,” the doctor looked through his glasses, and Trey made himself little in the chair.

“So, Blake, let’s start with you. How many sex partners have you had during the last year?”

“One,” the blond answered calmly.

Trey stared at him in disbelief. He wanted so much to kick the man in the shin for that blatant lie. They weren’t supposed to lie to people wearing white coats!

“Trey, you?”

“Over 20,” he almost whispered, wanting nothing but for the ground to open up and swallow him.

“Same-sex partners?”

Again, the question was aimed at him.

“Yes, only same-sex partners.”

At least, he could say he had used protection, although the doctor did frown when hearing he had used no protection for oral sex.

It was like Blake was not even present for the doctor. He got a good lecture, as always, but, fortunately, it was over, and they were soon out the door.

Outside, in the open air, he gathered the guts to ask.

“One? Really, Blake? Why did you lie?”

The blond stared at him, annoyed. “I didn’t lie, idiot. I’ve only had sex with you.”

“You’re not having sex with your girlfriend?” Trey still couldn’t believe.

“No.”

“But you’re good at fucking men! You could not fuck me so ...” he was lost for words.

“Are you asking me if I fucked other guys? Yes, plenty, but not during the last year!” Blake snapped. “And really, over 20, Trey? I should be the one to ask you!”

“Well, you know what I do for a living! Why is that such a surprise?” he snapped back.

He was invited to get in the car with a simple gesture.

“Alright,” he spoke first, while Blake revved the engine, “let’s chill. I’m a slut, and you’re a saint. Let’s leave it at that.”

“You’re not a slut,” Blake said through his teeth while navigating with skill through the city maze.

“Well, I’m sorry to break it to you, but I am. This is how things are. If you no longer want to go bareback, just say so.”

“Are you fucking others besides me, right now?” Sarcasm was lacing Blake’s words.

“No, you know that, what the hell!”

“Are you going to whore yourself again, now that you solved that money issue you do not talk about?” he inquired.

“No!” Trey yelled from the top of his lungs, realizing for the first time that it was possible for him just to stop doing that.

“Do you promise?”

“Yes!”

He placed his hands on the dashboard, heaving. The car engine died.

“See, you’re not a slut,” Blake spoke gently.

He felt light on his feet as he got out of the car, and walked towards the entrance to his apartment building. If he had been a girl, he would have surely cried.

As he opened the door, he stopped dead in his tracks. He turned towards Blake, trying to push the guy out, but the smug smile on the blond’s face made him turn again.

“What ...” his eyes were wandering from one corner to another, not understanding what he was seeing.

An enormous HDTV was the centerpiece of his modest living room, and a larger, leather sofa had taken the place of his old couch. There was new carpeting, and only the walls had remained the same.

Behind him, Blake was continuing to smile.

“What did you do with my furniture?”

“Is this the first thing that crossed your mind?” Blake slapped him on the back, to wake him up. “I want to stick around even when you’re busy, and I cannot do that if there is nothing to do. Now you have cable, and I also brought over my favorite consoles.”

“Don’t tell me you replaced the bed,” he hurried to the bedroom.

“Well, yes, I hate falling off the bed whenever I turn, but this is the biggest size that could fit in.”

“This all happened while we were at the clinic?” Trey shook his head.

“Yes, money is good to get people do what you want.”

“Well, it surely is,” he jumped directly into the man’s arms. “You’re crazy, you know that?” he said through the kisses.

He was happy for the first time in his life. He was not going to sell himself anymore. Blake was his last client, for as long as the man wanted. He squeezed the man in his arms; how long was that going to be?

## Chapter Six

When Blake got back with their results in his hand, he was just stepping out of the shower. The look in the man’s eyes told him everything, with no need for words. He was soon pressed against the bed, with the blond on top of him, who was struggling to get out of his clothes.

“Only lube,” Blake stopped to say, and Trey’s hand blindly searched for the needed supply.

He had no idea how Blake got inside him so fast. The man groaned and hissed at the tightness. His rhythm was a mess, just like his kisses, but Trey didn’t mind. He kissed back and held Blake close, relishing in the sensation of having someone else so close to him. In many years, it was for the first

time that he felt something akin to genuine affection, even if it was lust, in its purest form, on Blake's part.

Hold yourself together, Trey, he told himself, fighting hard the waves threatening to burst out of his chest. He was not worthy enough to fall in love; maybe one day, but not right now.

As Blake spent himself with a low victorious growl inside him, he let pleasure wash over him, as well.

"You came without touching yourself?" Blake asked through labored breaths as he lay beside him.

"I guess so," he smiled.

"So, ever happened before?" the man continued his inquiry while touching his belly, and playing with Trey's sperm.

"When I was very, very young," Trey admitted.

"Great!" Blake bent to kiss him. "Glad to see that I'm not the only one enjoying it."

"With you, I always do," Trey admitted, caressing the man's chest.

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It was nice watching Blake playing his war games on the console, whenever he took a break from his studying. It felt almost domestic, and, even if it was not going to last, Trey was thankful. His heart did twitch painfully each time he thought about the moment when they would have to say goodbye, but he could not let his heart win this time. When Blake was going to walk away, he was going to repeat his thanks and keep the memories forever.

Happiness was not his to last, it seemed, as a loud rap on the door made him jump to his feet. He threw a nervous look in Blake's direction, but the man seemed too engulfed in his game to notice.

With his heart heavy, he opened the door, knowing well who was behind it. It was going to happen sooner or later, and Blake had to learn the naked truth at some point.

The man pushed him aside, as he entered. He whistled appreciatively.

"Cocksucking does pay off these days, it seems," he commented.

"What's going on?" Blake was on his feet in an instant, his nostrils flaring, while staring at the intruder.

"This is my brother, Jim," Trey gestured in defeat, not mentioning Blake's name on purpose. "Jim, as you can see, I'm with a client, so please ..."

"What? Leave?" the man let himself slump on the sofa, and stared shamelessly at Blake, measuring him up.

Blake felt his hands curling into fists on their own accord. It was the man from that day, and now he understood why his face seemed familiar. He had almost the same blue eyes, but while Trey's were

always so expressive and filled with emotions, this guy's were cold and empty. Blake vaguely thought the man to be an addict.

"You should go," he replied in Trey's stead.

"You the sponsor?" the man gestured while reaching for a pack of cigarettes in his leather jacket. "Trey, matches!" he barked.

"Trey, stay where you are. Your brother was just leaving," Blake warned him.

"Come on, man, why are you like that?" the man opened his arms, with a fake smile plastered all over his face. "You're fucking my brother, so, in this day and age, we're practically family."

"I don't think so. Get out," Blake gestured towards the door, his arms crossed over his chest now, so he could fight the temptation to take the man through the door.

"Trey!" the man's smile faded. "You let him talk to your big brother like that?"

Trey cast his eyes down.

"Fine!" the man rose. He stopped in front of Trey on his way to the door. "You little cunt ..." he whispered menacingly. "Who will you be crawling back to, when he kicks you to the curb? Because they always do, you know that."

"Just go, Jim," Trey begged. "We'll talk on the phone, ok?"

With Jim gone, Trey was still keeping his head down. He could feel Blake's heavy stare on his shoulders.

"So, you let him talk to you like that?" Blake eventually inquired, obviously seething with rage.

"You don't understand; he's my brother."

Trey turned to get back to the kitchen to study. He felt like his entire energy had been drawn from his body.

"You're not turning your back on this," Blake warned. "You come here and speak, now."

The brunet did not fight him. With slouched shoulders, he sat on the sofa, waiting for Blake to take a seat, too. The blond preferred to stand.

"He took care of me," Trey started to speak.

"Were you two orphans?"

"Not quite. Not legally, I guess. Dad went out one day to never come back, and mom ... well, she just went slowly mad."

It was obvious that Trey found it difficult to talk about his family, but Blake felt he had to know. He was entitled to know!

"Things got shittier after dad left. We weren't rich, or something, don't get me wrong, but I thought us to be normal, even living in a trailer park and all."

“How old were you?”

“Almost 14. Jim was 17. Anyways, it was awful, and I thought about getting a job. But Jim had other ideas. He’s always been the clever one. He told me that I could bust my ass off, and still not get enough so we could all eat, me, mom and him. He told me there was an easier way.”

Trey stopped for a second and sighed. “He knew a guy who knew a guy ... however, he hooked me up with a man.”

“Your brother was your pimp?”

“More like a manager,” Trey laughed humorlessly. “That was what he said. He used to say that I got what some guys needed and that it was easy cash. And plenty.”

Blake was starting to feel his adrenaline spiking again.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Trey continued. “I don’t try to pose as a victim. I knew what I was doing.”

“Like hell you did,” Blake uttered through his teeth.

“My first client. Gregory,” Trey mused. “He looked old to me at that time, but he was just in his 30s. He had plenty of money, at least by our trailer trash standards. He was good to me. When he touched me for the first time, he was so gentle. I liked it. I enjoyed it. I was at an age my hormones were starting to rage, so I loved what he did to me. I loved him.”

Trey’s beautiful eyes stared at Blake as if they were challenging him. “It didn’t last long, though. He was a contractor at a construction site nearby. When his work was finished, he left. I cried when he did. I thought he was the love of my life. Jim told me that there would be others and that crying won’t solve a damn thing.”

“And were there others?”

“Many,” Trey fiddled with his fingers, frowning for a second. “Not all as good as Gregory, not all as generous. Jim was getting frustrated, told me some nasty things. When he beat the shit out of me the first time, I cried. But that didn’t stop him. So I stopped crying at some point. I started finding clients on my own. As long as I gave my brother money, he was happy, and I was off the hook.”

“Your mother ... all this time ... did she ...?” Blake felt words growing thick and slimy in his mouth.

“She had no idea what was happening. She passed away right after I turned 16. Jim took to gambling then. He started running wild. I mean wilder than before. But we had our moments. When he won, he took me out. We used to go to fancy restaurants, or what we thought to be fancy restaurants, and order expensive items off the menu. Those were the times when I did not have to chase after clients, so there were good times in many ways. But they never lasted.”

The brunet took a break, staring bleakly at his hands. “One day, he got in a real mess. He had to pay back a lot of money to some guys. I cruised the streets for weeks, then, just to make enough cash. I accepted everything. I guess in the end I was lucky I did not get any serious disease. But I was starting to be old enough to care. I saved my brother back then, but I was scared that I would end up dead in some back alley, or sick.”

“You’re giving money to your brother for his gambling debts?”

“Yes. I mean, not anymore. With the money you gave me, I hope he’s never going to ask again. Because I have no intention to sell myself anymore. I told him before. When I met Conner, I was quite serious about it. Even if Jim came to tell me how he allowed me to go to school, how he was good to me, I didn’t want to do it anymore. I told him so. We fought, he yelled, he cried, and in the end, he begged. So we settled that if I can get him enough money to pay back all his debts, he would quit. He would leave me alone. So Conner offered me a job, and I took it. From there, I guess you know everything.”

He let his head rest on his knees, to avoid Blake’s blank stare.

“He won’t let you off the hook, you know,” the blond finally spoke. “He will try to take advantage of you like he has done so many times before.”

“I won’t let him anymore. I did enough. You helped me, and I promised you. Ever since I’ve started working for Conner, a few months ago, I planned to quit. You made it happen much faster. For that, I’m grateful, and I’m yours forever,” Trey continued.

Blake felt his throat getting suddenly dry. Trey stared at him. “I didn’t mean it like that!” he raised his hands. “I mean, for as long as you want me. You can use me ...”

It was too much to take in. Without a word, Blake grabbed his jacket and went out the door.

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Conner was waiting for him at the door.

“What’s burning?” his lifetime friend inquired, and let him enter.

“Trey.”

“Well, I know he’s hot, but is he on fire?” Conner joked, but that didn’t reach Blake.

“How much do you know?”

“About what?” Conner tried to keep his cool.

“About Trey, don’t play the fool, Conner,” Blake hissed.

“Take a seat, man, you’re making me nervous.”

Blake eventually sat, but he set on the edge of the sofa like he was ready to bolt out the door in an instant.

“He used to sell himself. He wants out after paying some old debts. I try to help him. In short, that’s it.”

“Really?”

“He didn’t go into details. But I know a pro when I see one. I just didn’t feel the need to tell you that. The man has the right to start all over again.”

“That wouldn’t have stopped me from fucking him.”

“Of course not. But I didn’t want you to treat him like trash,” Conner stared directly into Blake’s eyes.

“Me?!” Blake stared at his friend, obviously affronted. “You told me a completely different thing the other time when I asked you why you didn’t want me hooked up with Trey!”

“Have you seen yourself in the mirror during the past three years, Blake?” Conner continued. “Since you’ve turned 21 and your papa gave you loads of cash to play with. You’re hot and cold from one moment to another; there’s no way for anyone to understand you.”

Blake pursed his lips in annoyance.

“I’ve always been your friend, and I’ll always be. But you pushed me away. What? Did you join the secret services? You’ve come to see me only on Sundays like I was your fucking grandma sent to the retirement home.”

Blake’s eyes widened. That was not something he expected from his longtime friend.

“I got involved in some bad shit,” he eventually murmured. “I got out, about a year ago. I tried to stay away from everything, but there it was, just that one thing I could not lock away behind me forever.”

“What thing?”

“Take a wild guess,” Blake demanded coldly.

“Fucking men?” Conner waited for the confirmation.

The blond smiled thinly. “Yes, fucking men.”

Conner shook his head. “I just cannot get my head around what you could do in secrecy for so many years, without telling me. And what does that have to do with having sex with men?”

“It’s a long story. Complicated, too. I will tell it to you, one day. This thing with sex? It was just a side dish. But it stuck, so I need to get it out of my system.”

“By fucking Trey?”

“Yes, by fucking Trey,” Blake admitted.

Conner sighed. “You and Trey, man, you two are fucked up. Badly.”

“Yes, I guess ... birds of a feather ...”

“Did you whore yourself?”

“Conner, sometimes I really think you’re an idiot.”

“Just yanking your chain. You’re so serious right now; it makes my hair stand on end. So, what did you do? Did you sell drugs?”

“No, just a lot of bad, bad things.”

Conner let his friend gather his thoughts. “So, what brought you here? You could not be so surprised with Trey’s resume, so to speak.”

Blake shook his head while staring at an invisible point on the wall, behind Conner. “No, that’s not it,” he finally admitted. “Trey ... he said something that made me realize ...” he trailed.

Now Conner’s curiosity was seriously piqued. “What?”

Blake frowned as if in thought. “I want it. I want what he offers. I don’t want a perfect life. I don’t want a perfect wife. And I cannot work this god damn thing out of my system!”

“What you’re saying, man? The engagement party is a week away,” Conner spoke.

“Don’t you think I know?” Blake said with obvious bitterness in his voice. “But I want something now so badly, and it feels like I’ve never wanted anything else as much as this.”

“Something or someone?” Conner questioned, realizing well enough where the talk was going.

“I want a deviant, a fuck up, someone just like me.”

“Jeesh, Blake, you sound like you think fucking a guy is the worst thing a man can do.”

“And isn’t it?”

“You’re forgetting who you’re talking to. What’s next? Do you intend to grab a sign reading ‘Homosexuality is a sin’ and roam the streets to repent?”

“I have no such intentions. But this is what stands between me and the right path. And it’s not sexual.”

“Is it not?” Conner crossed his fingers, with an amused expression on his face.

“I mean, not just sexual. When I first fucked a man, I felt empowered. It was like I was asserting complete dominance over someone. Someone just like me. It was like a drug. Better. Exhilarating.”

“That’s just what sex does.”

“No,” Blake shook his head with determination. “I had plenty of sex with women before that. Women are soft, pliant; you must treat them with care.”

“Fucking a man doesn’t mean that you’re allowed to be an asshole in bed.”

“I’m not an animal, don’t be an idiot,” Blake spat. “I just felt something, on a deeper level, like I could ... give and take ... as much as I wanted. No questions asked. No feelings involved. I could just be free.”

This time, Conner nodded in agreement. “I just don’t understand, Blake. I’ve been your friend since forever, you’ve always known I was bi, yet ... how come ...”

“I don’t know. I thought I was straight. After that, after I started fucking guys, I just locked that part of my life away from anyone I knew.”

He chuckled, but with no trace of humor in his voice, he continued. "Imagine that. Screwing men by night, screwing men over by day. What a life."

Before Conner could intervene, he added. "And now here comes Trey. And he should be perfect for getting my rocks off. And he is. But he is more, and I really have no idea if I can handle this."

"Blake, man, think long and hard about it. Don't screw things up," his friend warned.

"Long and hard, you say? Nice choice of words. So, you are basically telling me to tie things up nicely, get married and all that jazz."

"No, quite the opposite. I am telling you to not screw things up for you, to start with. Don't force yourself to live a lie. It's not like you to do that."

To his surprise, Blake didn't say anything back. The blond just stared at his friend, with the acute sensation that Conner was indeed, much smarter than he had ever known the guy to be.

## Chapter Seven

Trey was trying to sleep. He had managed to drive Blake away with his stupid confession. Clingy little bitch, he reprimanded himself. Now, Blake was probably gone for good. Which meant one thing; that the time had come for Trey to start a new life. It was what he had wanted for so long. It felt wrong, like there was a massive rock pressed against his chest, knocking the air out of his lungs, while a small voice was whispering: You could have kept him a little longer.

Hearing the front door almost made him jump. He dared not hope, but the bedroom door opened, letting inside the man who had come to mean to him much more than he had ever wanted. For long seconds, they just stared into each other's eyes, saying nothing.

"I'm about to get engaged," Blake was the first to break the silence.

Trey nodded. It was not like he hadn't guessed as much, after seeing Blake with that beautiful petite blonde at the restaurant, that day.

Blake lay on the bed, next to Trey, and the brunet rose to help him out of his shoes.

The blond caught Trey in his arms and dragged him next to him, gluing the lithe body against his, as they lay on one side, like spoons in a drawer.

"I just want to sleep tonight, Trey," his voice sounded like coming from far away, or as if he was suddenly older.

The only response from Trey's part was to capture Blake's hands into his and squeeze them tight.

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The first rays of sun made him blink. He felt Blake's arm still wrapped around him, and it felt good. It was not going to last, but it felt good. He hadn't expected the man to come back after his stupid, ill-placed confession; yet, he was next to him, and, even without many words, he knew Blake needed him, more than just sexually, a first for Trey.

He slowly took the muscular arm and placed it on the bed. Blake was still sleeping soundly. There was no need to wake him up. But he was barely at the bedroom door when the man called in a hoarse, sleepy voice.

"Trey!"

"I'm just going to make coffee."

"Come back here," the blond commanded, and it was something so compelling in his voice, besides the obvious command, which made Trey turn and climb back in the bed, next to Blake.

The man carded his fingers through Trey's hair. The brunet giggled but stopped seeing the severe look in Blake's eyes.

“What?” he asked.

“I fucked a lot of men,” Blake uttered. “No one like you, though.”

“Like me, how? Skinny, emo, stupid?” Trey tried to joke.

“No,” Blake ignored his attempt to humor. “Someone I want to spend time with.”

Trey gulped. What was Blake trying to say? He felt his eyes suddenly getting all stinky. He laughed it off.

“You obviously need a cup of joe,” he nudged the blond playfully in the ribs.

“I’m serious,” the man captured his arms and dragged him towards his hard chest. “It’s not just the sex. It has never happened to me.”

“C’mon, Blake,” Trey avoided the look in the man’s eyes. “What can a rich dude like you have in common with trailer trash like me?”

“My financial situation or yours is not important.”

“Yes, it is,” Trey felt his jaw hardening. “It played an important role in how we met. You and me, we’re from different worlds. We cannot even be friends.”

“Don’t say that,” the blond squeezed him harder.

“I have to since it looks like you need a wakeup call.”

“Why? Because I am telling you the truth? Why are you pushing me away? After what you said? That you’ll be mine forever?”

“It was just a figure of speech, it came out wrong!” the brunet tried to struggle against the strong hands keeping him. Finally, Blake let go, but it could easily be read in his eyes how hurt he was by Trey’s words.

Trey could not stand seeing Blake so dejected. He calmed down. “Look, Blake, could you just imagine me hanging out with you and your friends?”

“I don’t have friends, except Conner. And he knows you. Even more, than I want you two to know each other.”

Trey threw him an incredulous look. How could the blond be so miffed at his best friend for something so little?

“Alright. Then just imagine me at the dinner table, with your family. Trey, your mom or pops will ask, what do you do for a living? Well, madam, sir, I used to be a whore, until your son was generous enough to hand over his or your hard earned money so I could repay my brother’s gamble debts and I could stop sucking cock. Oh, dear, what a nice conversation we have and what a fine young man our son brought home!”

Trey's tirade did not seem to faze Blake at all. "My family thinks Conner is a sinner worthy of rotting in hell, and they only suspect what he does for a living. I didn't tell them, in case you're asking," the blond shrugged.

Trey seemed a bit taken aback. Eventually, he continued. "You have a lovely girl. She will give you everything you want. You'll live in a perfect house, have a perfect life, perfect kids, and one day you will look back and say 'Gosh, I'm so glad I didn't make that mistake when I was young and stupid.' See, Blake?"

The man's face was a frown. "Perfect?" he laughed softly. "Let me tell you something, Trey. I fucking hate everything that's perfect. It gets on my nerves. You say that my girl will give me everything I want? Well, highly un-fucking-likely. 'Cause you see, Trey, I very much want to pound your ass, and I don't think she'll agree."

"Blake, you're taking this too far. Don't break her heart. I'm indebted to you, and all I can give you is right now."

"Indebted?" Blake quirked an eyebrow. "How many fucks do I get? Oh, well, I think it's easy to do the math. 50 times, right?"

"Don't be like this; it's not like I'm counting," Trey got defensive.

"Well, I will. I just need to make sure I spread them evenly so they will last," the blond sneered.

"It's not just the money; god damn it, idiot!" Trey yelled. "It's what you did for me; that cannot be repaid."

"Ah, so you see, it's more between us than money and sex."

"Alright!" Trey agreed, exasperated. "So, what do you want, Blake?"

The simple question gave the blond pause. He'd been too busy to find arguments for his position that he'd given little thought to the most important thing. Trey continued in his stead.

"Don't ruin your chance at having a happy life. Do you want to be a two-timing asshole? Fuck me behind your wife's back? Become like the other guys seeking Conner's boys and their services? My services? I will just taint you ..."

Blake now started to laugh. A low, ugly laugh, bordering a bit on hysteria. "Taint me? Who, you? You're just a nice guy who got fucked over by his life and his own family. Me, on the other hand ... Do you have the slightest idea who I am? What I am?"

Trey stared at the man, obviously confused. "You come from money, from a good family, you're not supposed to mingle with trash like me ..."

"Do you know how much those 50 grand I gave you mean to me?"

"It's still a lot, even for someone rich," Trey felt indignant.

"Nah, it's not much."

"You needed time to get the money, don't lie, Blake."

“It’s probably what I could spend on casual clothes in a month alone, if I so wanted,” the blond continued, ignoring Trey’s arguments. “I don’t care about money. I used to. I worshipped money. The more, the better, never enough. That was my credo. My father gave me half a million on my 21st birthday. He told me to give it back with interest. And I did.”

Blake’s eyes were empty, as he was taking his trip back in time. “You think I’m all clean and dry? The half a million my father gave me ... I turned that money into 5 million. In just one year.”

Trey’s jaw dropped. His mind was reeling, just from hearing the numbers. He caught his head in his hands.

“Oh my god! You’re a drug dealer!”

“Jeesh, Trey, you and Conner are like peas in a pod ... I didn’t do or sell any drugs, people!”

“But ... so much money ...” Trey did not even dare to take another guess.

“I used to be a con artist. I could swindle money from anyone, from the richest to the poorest. It’s amazing what a respectable façade can do to people’s trust. They believe anything, while you show them just a bit of money. I told them about deals that were too good to miss. At times, it almost made me laugh seeing how far they were willing to go, to make money. Of course, every time, I was the one making money, and they were the ones who got screwed.”

“It’s a good thing that you were an artist,” Trey mumbled the stupidest thing that crossed his mind.

Blake threw him a strange look. “You are a bit slow, aren’t you?”

“Sorry,” Trey waved his hand. “It’s just too much to take in. Were you ever caught?”

“Obviously not, as you can see I’m not in jail. I got good coverage,” Blake shrugged.

“But you said that you ‘used to’ ...”

“Well, I got a wakeup call one day. Do you know who are the best clients from a con artist’s point of view?”

Trey shook his head.

“The ones you can go back to and squeeze for another round. The believers. One foot in the grave and they would still believe you, while you handle them the shovel to dig up the hole.”

The brunet felt restless.

“You’re not like that,” he shook his head. “You’re a good guy.”

“The hell I am,” Blake spoke with disgust in his voice, and Trey realized, for the first time that maybe the man was angry all the time because he was angry at himself. “You’re a believer, too. You think your brother will stop gambling. Breaking news, Trey. He won’t.”

“So, what happened?” the brunet asked.

“About one year ago, I went to see one of these believers, an old lady. She had a couple of nice properties. One of them I managed to sell, without giving her a dime. I was going after the other. It was her home, but she was so gullible, it made me laugh.”

Trey was staring at the blond wide-eyed.

Blake shrugged. “The market was still good if you knew what strings to pull. I was looking at a huge return on investment for every house I could steal from these people. When I went to see the old lady, there was a woman who answered the door. She didn’t look too well, but I didn’t pay much attention to her. I learned from her that the old lady I was looking for had passed away. The woman was her daughter. She told me that her mother had started to worry that she would not see the money from the property she sold.”

The blond took a small break, remembering the scene, replaying it in front of his eyes. “I was immediately starting to assure her that the money was going to come, and I was even about to begin testing the waters with the daughter when a boy came in the room. In a wheelchair. The woman caressed the boy and said a few words to him. ‘He is ill’, she told me. Do you have any idea what Blount disease is, Trey?”

“It’s something about bones ... I think,” Trey said, unconvinced.

“You seem to be more knowledgeable than me. I had no idea about it, at that time. The old lady needed the money so the kid could get surgery. The woman told me she had no insurance. She started to cry, telling me about her miserable life. Usually, I would have been bored to death. But, this time, I just couldn’t stop looking at the boy’s legs. They were covered by a small blanket, but they still looked strange. I ... I don’t know. I suddenly felt like I could not breathe. The woman asked me ... imagine that ... if she could try to sell the house, she was living with her son. I bade her farewell and left. One week later, I was back to her with the money I took for the first property and something on top. After that ... well, I guess that was not the only drama I caused. But I was too scared to find out.”

“What did you do?”

“I stopped. I never used my real name, and I kept all the shit far away from home. Still, there would be some areas in our lovely country where I would not dare stepping foot again.”

Trey closed the distance between them and placed a hand on Blake’s shoulder.

“I’m giving money to charity. I’m helping people when I can. But going back ... that I cannot do. Call me a coward, Trey, but I won’t go back.”

“It’s called self-preservation. It’s normal,” Trey squeezed his arm in sympathy.

“Yeah, right,” Blake murmured. “It’s good not having to face the consequences of your actions. Only that is not.”

“The fact that you are conflicted over this is important. It means that you are still a good person. Hey, you’re saving me from being a prostitute,” Trey smiled.

“By paying you to have sex with me. You do not see the point, do you?” Blake felt frustrated. “This is why I do not want my perfect wife, and life, and kids!”

“You’re thinking too much. Yes, what you did was wrong, but you stopped. I want to stop too. Millions never stop. The father who goes home drunk and beats his wife and kids. The politician who embezzles money, to live a life of luxury. The so-called financial expert who is stealing from his clients. Should I continue? Wake up and turn the TV on! The world is filled with people who never stop!”

Trey stopped for a second, feeling a bit too worked up about everything. “You see, Blake, you are entitled to have a life, and a wife, and everything. Tell me, the money you have now, are they obtained through honest means?”

“Yes.”

“Well, see? And you’re calling me stupid. Yes, I get it, this does not make you a saint, but, if you were one, you should have been a man of faith or something. You’re just human; there is nothing wrong with that! Do I need to say more?”

“There is one thing. It was during that time that I started having sex with men. I cannot leave that behind,” Blake threw Trey a meaningful look. “There was one guy at this party ... good looking, charm oozing out of his pores. We talked and got along just fine. When he made a move on me, I was surprised. I told him I was not gay and he laughed. He said something like ‘Sugar, anyone is for the right amount of cash’. I made a disgusted look, and I wanted to leave, but he stopped me and said that I could top. He challenged me, asked me if I would have done it for one million. The sum gave me pause. ‘So, you see, you are considering it’, he said. And he laughed.”

“Did he give you one million?” Trey’s eyes were big as saucers.

Blake stared back. “Funny, Trey. Of course not. It was just about proving a point. So I ended in bed with him that night. Fucked his brains out. His confidence made me want to teach him a lesson. But, as inexperienced as I was at having sex with guys, he seemed genuinely impressed with me. That worked wonders for my ego. Not that I needed that. I was walking on cloud number nine, and making money as I was breathing.”

Trey was watching the blond, his mouth agape. “And until then, never ...”

“No, never,” Blake pursed his lips in annoyance. “I had girls jumping my bones all the time. I had no eyes to see guys. But once I started seeing them ... I don’t know. I feel nothing for Amelia. Not an ounce in my body wants to fuck her. And she is exactly like any other girl I’ve ever taken to bed. She’s beautiful, smart, and even very understanding with the likes of me.”

Trey cast his eyes down. “Doesn’t she ... suspect anything?”

Blake shrugged. “I guess she feels a bit awkward about everything. We are to get engaged, and we have not even kissed properly.”

“And are you going through with it? With the engagement, I mean?” the brunet asked.

“I have no idea what to do,” Blake said with remorse in his voice. “I wish I had more time to think about it. But even that is hard. I cannot think straight when I’m with you,” he added and looked Trey square in the eyes. “Tell me, in all honesty, do you think I should marry Amelia?”

“I am in no position to tell you what you should do,” Trey squirmed in his place.

“Do you want me?” Blake asked solemnly.

Trey’s eyes grew wide. “I ...” he trailed off.

“It’s just a simple question. Yes or no?”

Trey hesitated. He had no right. “No,” he said slowly, but he looked at his hands, instead of looking at Blake.

“I see,” the blond said coldly. “How about telling it while looking me in the eye?”

Trey felt very hot all of a sudden. He tried to look up at the other, but his eyes had a way of sliding to one side.

“Say it,” the man demanded.

He was suddenly grabbed by his shoulders. He bit his bottom lip hard.

“Are you afraid of what it would mean to me if you admit it?” Blake asked, a bit gentler this time. Trey nodded.

“Of course I want you,” the brunet breathed out. “Hell, I would have wanted much less, let alone you. I’m afraid that ...”

“Stop fretting over it,” Blake demanded while dragging Trey into his arms and kissing his forehead. “I want you, too. I will call off the engagement. Let the shit storm break loose; I don’t care.”

You say so now, Trey thought, but he let himself embraced. Blake was a grown up after all. If he was willing to fuck up now for Trey’s sake, he was responsible for it. He tried to ignore the little voice in his head telling him he was not worthy of the man’s interest. Blake was obviously not in love with his girlfriend. If one day, he was going to fall in love with another woman, he was free to go. That was all Trey could do, and he was going to be thankful for the time spent together.

He embraced the man back, and soft lips found their pair in a long, tender kiss. As he was carefully placed on the bed, and Blake was entering him with a small grunt, he let himself feel happy.

Chapter Eight

“I am sorry, dad, but I am not going to go through with the engagement,” Blake said while fiddling with his bourbon glass.

“What?!” the man boomed, slamming his palm against the desk. “What’s gotten into you all of a sudden? Is this your idea of a joke?”

“It is no joke. I met someone else, and I don’t intend to go through with this charade,” he did not even flinch while watching his parent getting angrier and angrier with his words.

“Some floozy! How can you have met someone better than Amelia? She’s perfect!” the old man expressed his indignation, as his grey mustache trembled. “What is it, son? What does this damsel have that Amelia doesn’t?”

Blake almost felt like laughing. Placing Trey next to Amelia could not handle any comparison. But he would have picked Trey any friggin’ second, so his father could feel free to bark at the wrong tree all he wanted.

“Look, son,” the old man calmed down a little and took a seat, seeing that Blake preferred to remain silent. “This ... woman. Keep her. If she’s sleeping with a man who is about to get engaged, she’s surely no good woman. She will leave you for some other guy, some day. Don’t screw your chances with Amelia over a fling.”

“Are you telling me I should keep a mistress even before getting married?” Blake sneered.

“A lot of men have mistresses,” the old man shrugged. “Don’t tell me you were born yesterday. Amelia is the right woman for you.”

“No, she is the right woman for your company, isn’t she, dad?” Blake spoke, feeling suddenly detached and light as if an immense weight was lifted from his shoulders. “Why do you want me to be married to a woman I do not love? Why do you want me to be unhappy?”

“Blake, there is more to life than being in love. This is a toy for young men to play with. Keep your mistress for that. Amelia ...”

“I really cannot believe you,” Blake shook his head. “Is this how things are between you and mom?”

His old man looked sideways, pursing his lips.

“Oh, don’t tell me ...” the blond murmured. “Have you always been in love with nothing but money, dad?”

“There is nothing wrong with liking money,” the man spoke sharply. “It’s given you a good life, offered you everything you’ve ever wanted.”

Blake shook his head. “Except love. Tell me, have you ever been proud of me, except for the times when I made money?”

“You are a good son, Blake. I and your mother care about you very much. We care about your future. And your future is Amelia.”

“No, she’s not,” Blake said determinedly and placed the untouched drink on his father’s mahogany desk. “It’s my life, and I decide what to do with it.”

He turned and left, trying to ignore his father’s threats.

“This is not finished, young man! You will not be calling off any engagement!”

He slammed the door shut behind him and almost crashed into his mother.

“What is happening?” the woman asked a bit hysterical. She had obviously eavesdropped until then.

“I think you know exactly what, mom,” Blake embraced her shortly and placed a quick peck on her cheek, grimacing a little at the thick layer of foundation powder getting in contact with his lips. “See to father. He is a bit nervous.”

“Blake! Blake!” his mother called after him, but he started descending the stairs, two by two, wanting nothing but to get out of there fast.

The atmosphere in that house had always been too stuffed. No wonder he constantly felt as if he could not breathe.

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He knew he had to call Amelia and explain everything to her directly. But first he had to let his parents break the news to her parents, or, otherwise, they were never going to forgive him. At least, that he could do. He was going to let them a few hours, after which he was going to meet her and take the bull by the horns. He was not afraid of screams and tears; it was quite obvious the woman was as much into him as he was into her.

He felt like a million dollars as he climbed the stairs to Trey’s apartment. As he pushed through the door, however, his expression changed.

The room looked as if it had just been vandalized. The large TV had its screen broken, and the leather sofa was turned upside down. He did not register much, as his eyes set on Trey’s brother, Jim, punching and hitting the brunet with his fists like Trey was nothing but a puppet.

Trey was not even crying, as he was just trying to dodge his brother’s attacks, curling himself in a ball at the man’s feet. Blake saw red in front of his eyes. He caught the man’s fist, as Jim was about to hit Trey in the head again.

The man turned to face Blake with blood in his eyes. He tried to punch the blond, too, but a well-placed fist sent him flying and landing on the floor.

Blake grabbed blindly at Trey to pull him up and close to his body. The brunet pushed against him, though.

“Leave, Blake, leave,” he begged, and Blake’s eyes turned into slits, seeing his lover’s split lip and black eye.

“Like hell, I will,” he hissed and turned towards Jim.

He froze as he saw the gun in the man’s hand.

There was blood on Jim’s lips and teeth, as he smiled like a mad man.

“Not such a big shot, now, huh? Give me all your fucking money!”

“Take it easy,” Blake warned, as he moved slowly to shield Trey behind him, without losing eye contact with the pistol. “You don’t want to hurt anyone.”

Looking down the barrel of a gun like that was strange. It was as if the small dark tunnel was expanding, like a black hole, capable of swallowing up lives. Blake kept his cool though. He just had to wait for the right opportunity, a bit of hesitation or distraction in the deranged man in front of him. Jim was gesturing with the other hand.

“Give me your money! Now!”

“I don’t have much on me,” Blake raised his hands, trying to calm down the assailant. “I could sign you a check if you want.”

“No fucking check! How stupid do you think I am?”

Pretty stupid, Blake thought, as Jim lowered the gun for a fraction of a second, and the window of opportunity finally presented itself. He struck the man’s hand hard, hoping that he would drop the gun. But Jim just yelled, and after a short moment of surprise and confusion tried to point the gun at Blake again.

The blond did not wait; he kicked Jim again. The sound made his heart stop. He felt, as if in slow motion, as something hard, unyielding, of scorching heat, was going through his left thigh. He fell to the ground, hearing Trey’s screams fading away. It was a pain so vivid, so raw, that he almost fainted. Through blurred eyes, he saw Jim running for the door. He closed his eyelids. Trey would be safe.

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The light was a little too bright. He opened his eyes with great difficulty. Staring around, he noticed nothing familiar. He raised one hand and stared at it; then he tried to move. His left leg was completely numb; then he remembered.

“Trey,” he called hoarsely.

A woman in white hurried by his side.

“Is there ... anyone here?” he asked. “To see me? A young guy, black hair, blue eyes ...”

The nurse shook her head. “Mr. Everton, your family will be here soon. You will be just fine.”

He wanted to ask more questions, but she slowly pushed him back on the pillows, and he felt too exhausted to insist. Where was Trey?

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When he woke up again, he saw his mother's worried face coming into his view.

"Blake, dear, what happened to you?" she asked alarmed, and he smiled at her. It had been a while since she had shown so much concern for his well being.

"He got shot," he heard his father's stern voice. "We will have a serious talk after you get better, young man."

"Where is Trey?" he asked.

"Who's Trey?" his mother asked.

"A ... friend," he said hesitantly. He had to know if Trey was around.

"I will go search for him," his father promised, and something made him think it was not at all a good idea for his father to do that.

Everything afterward was just simple chatting that Blake paid little to no attention. He knew his parents meant well, but he wanted to see just one person.

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Trey felt exhausted after recounting, for the umpteenth time, the recent events, in front of a police officer. He'd been taken to the precinct, to answer all the questions. He had no intention to turn on his brother; but this time, Jim had gone too far. Dispassionately, Trey offered them all the information they wanted on the places Jim could still be hiding. It was time for his brother to pay; if he had hurt just Trey, nothing would have happened. But the man dared to hurt Blake, and that was something Trey could not allow to happen again.

He had already packed his things. He still had a bit of money he had managed to put aside, and it was going to take him someplace far away from there or at least until the next town where he would find a place to work and to sleep. The nurse at the hospital hadn't let him see Blake but told him that the man was going to be okay, and that was all that mattered.

He grabbed his duffel bag, looking at the empty walls for the last time. There was no trace of the fight that had ended with Blake getting shot and probably with his brother getting arrested, eventually. The landlord had not been pleased with the recent events, but he could not care less.

He turned towards the door when he heard loud rapping. Frowning, he opened the door, to find himself face to face with a man in his 50s, dignified, a bit too thick, but wearing perfectly tailored clothes.

"Yes?" he asked, without moving from the door. There was no place to sit on inside.

"Are you Trey?" the man questioned.

"Yes," he admitted after a short moment of hesitation.

"My son was shot in your apartment."

That was Blake's dad. Trey felt uncomfortable. He had no idea how much the man knew.

"I'm not the one who shot him," Trey said for lack of something better.

"I know that," the man frowned, and Trey could trace the same sarcasm that Blake often spewed when someone was saying something stupid or obvious.

"I would let you in, but I no longer have even a chair. As far as I know, the police are searching for the shooter," he preferred to remain cautious.

"Still, it would be better than talking like this."

With reluctance, Trey moved and let the man inside. Apparently, Blake's father was not surprised at seeing the empty room.

"So, why was Blake here that night?" the man questioned.

"He came to hang out. We used to do that once in a while," Trey tried to keep his cool, while the older man continued his inspection, moving slowly around the room.

"And the third person? What was he doing here and why did he have a gun?"

Trey moved from one foot to the other, pondering what to say. "He was my brother. He was drunk, and he came to ask for money. Blake intervened, and he got shot."

"How did you and Blake meet? All his friends are high class, not ..." the man gestured around the room to make a point.

"We met in a bar. We played some pool, and we got along fine," Trey kept his poker face this time around.

"What kind of bar would be frequented by someone like Blake and trailer trash like you at the same time?"

Trey felt his cheeks catching fire. "I don't know," he shrugged. Normally, he would not have felt insulted by such words. Somehow, now, he felt offended. "He just happened to be there; I happened to be there ... we had a nice time and became friends."

The man stopped with his back at Trey. "You are his toy!" he suddenly boomed, taking Trey by surprise. "You are the one for whom he wanted to call off his engagement! What kind of fool do you think I am?"

Trey could feel his legs trembling as the man turned to look at him. "You got it all wrong, Mr. Everton. I don't understand what you are saying."

The man huffed, annoyed. "I got a detective to trace back what Blake did the day he was shot and the days before. Just imagine my surprise to find out my son was paying for the services of a male prostitute."

Yeah, Trey could picture that. It was not funny, although, for some reason, he wanted to laugh hysterically.

"How much do you want to leave the city and leave my son alone for good?" the man reached for his wallet.

“As you can see, sir,” Trey punctuated every word, “I am already on my way out. I’m leaving anyway. Save your money.”

“I don’t trust you. The likes of you need to be paid in full or they get back to ask for more. I have other methods, too, you know.”

“Mr. Everton, sir, I insist,” Trey said coldly. “You really should save your cash. If Blake eventually decides to marry, the divorce will be more expensive than the wedding.”

The man stared at him, wide-eyed.

“Now, please, leave, as I have to lock here and leave the key to the landlord. I suppose you don’t want anyone to see you leave a male hooker’s apartment. And rest assured that Blake will never hear from me again.”

The man didn’t seem convinced at all, but he turned on his heels and left.

Trey let out a sigh. Never seeing Blake again was a hard decision to take, but it was the right thing to do. At least, he was free, and he had Blake to thank for it. Since the guy’s father now knew the naked truth, maybe it was going to get better and easier for Blake to tell his parents to let him live his life. It was just too bad that Trey was not going to be part of it.

Chapter Nine

Blake cursed and slammed his palm against the table again. Conner looked at him with a sour expression on his face.

“Why is he not answering? Why did he leave?”

“Blake, man, he did that because he thought it was for the better. Can you blame him?”

“Yes, of course, I can blame him!” Blake exploded. “I just got him to confess. I told my parents I would call off the engagement. Now, I have everyone at my back, pitying me that I have to postpone that bloody engagement party! I cannot believe my folks didn’t talk to Amelia’s parents!”

“It’s not their business to do that. You do it if you are man enough,” Conner shrugged.

“I am man enough. If only that stupid Trey had stayed!”

“Well, he didn’t, but that should not change things. If you don’t want the girl, tell her to her face.”

“I could not do it, with everyone so worried about me,” Blake mumbled, casting his eyes down. “If Trey had been next to me, I would have told them.”

“Well, it’s never late to do that, anyway. Just tell Amelia you have something to say to her and go ahead. Make a clean cut, save your ass, save her the trouble of dealing with an oaf like you, and see about your life.”

“And how exactly am I going to do that?” Blake opened his arms exasperated. “With Trey not around ...”

“With Trey not around, you still like fucking men. Just admit it already,” Conner concluded philosophically. “You’ll find another, stop being so stubborn.”

“No, I won’t find another,” Blake pouted. “And I don’t like fucking men. I like fucking Trey. Period. Call him.”

“Why should I call him?”

“Because you know his number, and he’ll talk to you,” Blake gesticulated like Conner was too hard headed to understand.

“You never asked him about his other phone number?” Conner was amused.

“No, he had that phone from me. He obviously doesn’t respond on that one. The number is no longer in service.”

“I guess I could call him, but maybe he doesn’t want to talk to you,” Conner said matter-of-factly.

“Why wouldn’t he?”

“Maybe because he left without a word? Isn’t that a hint?” Conner could no longer hide how entertaining he found the entire situation.

“Stop grinning, idiot. I’m hurting here,” Blake commented.

“Your wound is healing well, stop complaining.”

“I’m talking about something else idiot,” the blond pressed his hand against his chest in an unconscious gesture.

Conner shook his head. Under other circumstances, he would have laughed, but not this time. Blake was serious about Trey.

“Alright, let me try,” he decided and took his phone out. “But I must warn you; I will not let you talk to him.”

“Why not?” Blake seemed confused.

“Because first, we need to learn where he is and why he left. He must trust me, and if I hand him to you right away, he will no longer take my calls either.”

Realization dawned on Blake, and this time, Conner afforded a small laugh. He searched for Trey’s number and called.

“I’ll put him on speaker so that you can hear him, too,” he said. “Hey, Trey, man, long time no see,” Conner spoke cheerfully as the other picked up the phone. “Listen, I was shocked to learn you were gone.”

Trey’s voice sounded weary. “Conner, I’m sorry I haven’t called or anything. How is Blake? Is he alright?”

Blake noted with satisfaction the genuine worry in Trey’s voice.

“Yes, he is. You know he’s a tough one. He is having a hard time, though.”

“Why? Are there any complications with his wound?”

“Not with the one caused by your brother, but with the one caused by you.”

There was a short silence and then Trey sighed. “It’s for the best, Conner. I know, call me a coward, I deserve it. But, because of me, he got shot, and I think I caused enough harm for a lifetime. Plus, he’s just going through a phase. He’ll get over it, and he’ll have a great life. Maybe not with that girl, but with another.”

Blake became agitated and Conner gestured for him to sit down and remain silent.

“Trey, I’m not calling you a coward, but I’m calling you a dick,” Conner said sharply.

Blake’s jaw fell. Was Conner out of his mind?

“Uh, why?” Trey sounded embarrassed.

“You decide for Blake what’s good for him. Let the guy do that for himself. Maybe you two won’t walk into the sunset and grow grey together, but at least give him a chance. What the hell, the guy took a bullet for you.”

“No need to remind me,” Trey spoke softly. “I’m no good for him, Conner. Come on; you cannot say that there aren’t better guys than me, in case he doesn’t want a girl. You know, the kind that lives in his world, rich, handsome, and all that jazz.”

“I am telling you this now, Trey. I have always thought you to be a cool guy, but in this case, you are completely off. He’s frothing at the mouth because he cannot find you.”

That earned Conner a venomous look from Blake, but it felt rewarding to step on the guy’s toes once in a while.

“Conner, it’s really a bad idea. Even his dad came to me and asked me to take a hike.”

The expression on Blake’s face was growing darker by the second.

“And you know what?” Trey continued. “His dad is right. I was nothing but a toy for him to play with. I always behaved nicely, because he paid.”

“And you’re telling me this because you felt nothing for him? That’s it?” Conner asked.

“Oh, no, nothing of the kind. I liked him a lot. I still do. I am still thinking about him. But we now have a history together, and there is no way of saying how things would have been if we had met under different circumstances. There will always be this, hanging over us. He’ll grow bored; I’ll grow frustrated with him not liking me anymore ... he will start reminding me I’m nothing but a cheap whore ... I’ll start telling him he only cares about money and that he should have married that nice girl ... Conner, who wants to go through all that?”

“Alright, I take it back. You’re not only a dick, but you’re also a coward, too,” Conner spoke. “Trey, if you are always projecting your relationships in this defeating manner, you will always be right, but you’ll never be happy. Come back, see Blake, talk to him, and see what happens.”

“No, I made my decision, Conner. He’s better off without me.”

“And are you better off without him?”

“Yes,” Trey said after a short moment of hesitation.

“Liar,” Conner sighed. “Ok, if that’s what you feel, take care.”

Blake didn’t notice his friend cutting the connection.

“Trey, Trey, listen to me!” he yelled at the dead phone.

Conner pushed him back. “Chill, man.”

“What the hell Conner? Did you end the call? How am I going to tell him now all that I want to tell him?”

“Be patient, and watch me,” Conner smiled. “You two are idiots. I’ll handle this, just trust me.”

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Trey looked at the overgrown dead grass surrounding the old church with suspicious eyes. There was no one around, and he had a feeling he was too late for whatever event could have been organized there.

He entered and took a seat on one of the long benches in the back. Alright, maybe he had wanted to see Blake getting married with his own eyes. A little, maybe. The man had the right to be happy, and Trey had been correct in his assumptions, after all. Blake just needed a touch of reality to realize he was meant for the life laid in front of him. Just that he had been too late, and he had missed seeing Blake happy.

He buried his head in his hands and stood there for a while.

“Hey,” he heard a familiar voice calling out.

Surprised, he raised his head. In the door stood Blake, in flesh and blood, wearing a blue suit that looked tailored made. Blake was perfect, as usual. Even the usual frown etched on his face was gone. He was all a smile, and Trey felt his heart growing small.

“What? You no longer want to talk to me at all?” the usual snappy Blake was back, as Trey just stood there, wide-eyed, saying nothing.

“Hi Blake,” Trey managed to say. “I heard you got married today.”

Blake pursed his lips and started walking slowly towards Trey. He sat next to the brunet and crossed his hands on the back of the bench in front. He cocked his head to a side, and took a look at Trey like he was thinking hard about what to say next.

“It was only logical for me to do that, wasn’t it?” he spoke softly.

Trey nodded. “I’m happy for you.”

“Really?” Blake examined the other, his eyes at half-mast. “Are you happy for yourself, too?”

“For myself? This is not about me,” Trey answered, a bit unnerved by Blake’s attitude. “And why aren’t you on your way to your honeymoon? What are you still doing here?”

“Is it really hard to see why I’m here?” Blake got closer and Trey tried to get away, but the blond was faster and moved to block his exit with his right arm.

Trey took a deep breath. “What’s this, Blake?”

“I cannot believe it how much of an airhead you can be,” Blake bent and captured Trey’s lips with his quickly.

The brunet whimpered softly and yielded for a second, only to push back Blake right away. “You’re not married, are you?”

“Glad you figured it out, eventually.”

“Why?” Trey placed his hands on Blake’s shoulders, trying to keep the other at arm’s length.

“Ugh,” the blond expressed his frustration. “Everything must be explained to you, letter by letter. You were gone, I was mad, but I still wanted you. I had Conner find you on the phone and trick you into coming here. It was quite a gamble, by the way, and I was this close to strangling Conner for his stupid ideas. However, I played along, and I’m glad you came. Because this means just one thing.”

“Like ...?” Trey smiled sheepishly.

“It means that you care, and I am not some idiot chasing some fantasy. You came, Trey. You cannot take it back,” Blake warned, with a fearful expression in his beautiful eyes.

“I won’t take it back,” Trey admitted and rubbed Blake’s arm in assurance.

Slowly, Blake moved his arm, and their fingers met, entangling together like vines.

“Deep inside, you’re a good guy,” Trey murmured, mostly to himself.

“Was this what you were worried about?” Blake sounded intrigued. “You loved me when I told you I was bad.”

“I don’t think you’ve ever been bad, Blake. Foolish, maybe, naïve, even.”

“Naïve? I was a hustler,” Blake’s usual frown darkened his face.

“Stop talking,” Trey was the one to kiss him this time around. “I think I can get your mind wrapped around the fact that you are a good guy if I keep you like this long enough,” he embraced his lover and rested his head into the hollow of the other’s neck.

“I dare you to try,” Blake relaxed into Trey’s warm embrace. “But later. Right now, I want to take you with me.”

“Where?”

“Does it matter?”

“Not, as long as I am with you,” Trey smiled, and this time, Blake smiled back.

Hand in hand, they walked towards the door, scalded in the pure light. For Trey, it was a new beginning, one he had been waiting for all his life. For Blake, it was a new chance, one he had not dared praying to be given to him.

## Epilogue

“So, you’re like broke or something, now that your father disowned you?” Trey bit his bottom lip, determined to not show his worries upon hearing the news from Blake.

“What? Are you going to leave me for some rich guy now that I have no more money left?” Blake pursed his lips and examined his lover with half-hooded eyes.

“No! What are you thinking? I’m just worried about what this could mean for you!”

“Like what?”

“Like being used to a certain lifestyle, of course!” Trey almost shouted. “Look, Blake, there is no need to be panicked. I know you are a bit picky about food, but I promise I will cook every day. You will find a job, and you know I will continue to work hard, too ...”

Trey’s words trailed off, as Blake could barely keep it inside. He simply burst into laughter, seeing how worked up Trey was getting.

Trey’s eyes turned into slits. “You ...” he tried to make his voice as cavernous and menacing as possible. “What are you scheming?”

“I promise, no scheming,” Blake raised his hands in surrender. “Just how stupid do you think I am to have no money stashed away?”

“You do?”

“Of course I do. If it was one thing my father taught me well, it was never to trust anyone. Family included.”

“He told you that?”

“Not in so many words. But I have money in many places, and I wanted to start something on my own, anyway. Of course not here, where my dad calls the ropes, but I guess you have nothing against finding another place to live.”

“I don’t,” Trey jumped into Blake’s arms. “Can we go somewhere sunny?”

The blond nodded, keeping his lover tightly in his arms. “Of course we can. And about working hard, I want you to come work with me.”

“I don’t think I know much about ... whatever your business will be about,” Trey’s face fell.

“Gosh, you’re so annoying sometimes,” Blake rolled his eyes. “I will teach you everything, and you will help me all the time. It is what I want. Although I kind of like your cooking ...” he seemed to ponder. “Will you wait for me in nothing but an apron?”

A soft hit in the head made Blake yelp.

“What? A man can dream, can’t he?”

“You dog, you only think of one thing,” Trey snickered.

“As you can think of anything else,” Blake snorted. “Must I remind you who wakes me up every morning, horny and demanding every time?”

“Does it bother you?”

“Yeah, right, ‘cause morning sex is the worst thing that can happen to a guy,” Blake commented ironically. “Of course not, it reminds me why I’ll always have a great day ahead of me.”

“Do you think we will be fine, Blake? Aren’t you upset about your father?”

“Upset? I guess I am, a little at least. But it is his call, and if he ever changes his mind, I’m going to hear him out. Is it alright with you?”

“Yeah, it is,” Trey nodded, holding Blake tightly in his arms.

“As for your question ...”

“Hm?”

“Yes, I think we will be just fine.”

The End