



THE  
SWEETEST  
CAMBOY

Laura S. Fox

**The Sweetest Cam Boy**

**By**

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M/M Romance

Intended for Mature Audiences Only

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

## *Chapter One*

“Yes, like this,” Richard said and adjusted the focus on his camera. “Now, look at me.”

The new boy flashed straight small teeth in a broad smile. “At you or the camera?” His eyelids fluttered seductively over innocent blues.

“Smartass,” Richard said, but smiled and caught the genuine smile curling up the full lips. His business thrived because he knew how to draw the best in his boys and show it to those willing to see their fantasies unfolding in front of their eyes, even if only behind a shiny screen. It was good money to be made, and Richard wasn’t a hypocrite to deny that.

“So, do you ever, you know, play favorites?” the boy asked, as he slowly caressed his chest, a slight delicious flush coloring the height of his cheeks.

“Why do you ask?”

“Because I heard you could be very generous,” the boy boldly replied.

“Sure thing I am. To my biggest sellers,” Richard replied, and, this time, to gauge the boy’s reaction, he didn’t look through the lenses of the camera at the other.

“Ah.” There was a bit of disappointment there.

“Let me just make this clear for you so that you don’t get the wrong idea, Wen. I like a hard worker. Be that, and you will have a lot to gain.”

Wen seemed to ponder for a little while. He turned, belly down, on the couch, and crossed his legs at the ankles, balancing them to and fro. Yes, that was a delicious rump, Richard decided, and he grabbed his camera again.

“So, is this a real casting couch?” Wen asked, and he began drawing small circles on the leather. Then, he raised his head and looked straight at Richard.

“We’re not shooting pornos,” Richard explained.

Wen seemed pensive again. “Isn’t it the same thing?”

“I would give you the whole spiel, but I don’t think you should bother your pretty head with the heavy stuff. There is no script to follow, and you mostly take after what customers - paying customers, mind you - ask of you. A guy can watch a porno movie and be satisfied or not with whatever the movie delivered. More is asked of you. Unlike a porn actor, you need to satisfy the client, as his demands occur. The more you manage to do that, the more money you make. Simple, right?”

Wen laughed, and the height of his cheeks colored more. “But what if he shoots too fast?”

Richard grinned. “Well, that’s the beauty of it. You won’t have just one customer throwing money at your perky butt. There will be at least several with you in the private chat room, and you will be nothing short of a seductive juggler. Don’t show your hand too fast if you know what I mean.” He winked at Wen, who flashed another gorgeous smile at him.

“You mean, don’t come too fast?”

“That, too. But I’m talking about being a bit of a teaser. Show them a little; don’t let them starve, but don’t be too eager, or you, and they both will finish too fast. What do you say, Wen? Can you be that?”

Wen nodded and then looked away. “Do you ever fuck your boys?”

Richard quirked an eyebrow. “What have the others told you?”

Wen blushed. Maybe he thought he had been wrong to gossip with the others. But Richard wasn’t mad. “That, um, you’re all about work. That you don’t fuck where you work.”

“That’s correct,” Richard confirmed.

“So this,” Wen asked, grabbing one of his perfectly shaped buttocks, “doesn’t do it for you? Why? Don’t tell me you’re straight. Or married.”

Richard smiled, amused. “Neither. While I completely understand my clients’ inclinations toward the young and beautiful, I like my men with a little more meat on their bones, and also with more substance to them than just an attractive appearance.”

“So, if I get buff,” Wen made a small show of flexing one arm, “you’ll like me?”

“You’re, what, almost twenty, right, Wen?”

Wen nodded.

“Ah, well, you would be too young for me anyway.”

“My twentieth birthday is in three months.”

Richard smiled. He liked Wen and his insistence, but he had spoken the truth. “I’m afraid my typical partner is usually older than twenty.”

“Like twenty-three or something?” Wen asked.

“Make it thirty,” Richard replied.

Wen scrunched up his nose. “That’s old.”

“From where you stand, of course.”

“But you don’t look old. I mean, you’re mature compared to us, but you can’t be more than ...”  
Wen trailed off as he tried to do the math while looking at Richard.

“I’m thirty-one,” Richard offered. “Just so you don’t feel like I’m rejecting you, I’ve always had a thing for people my age.”

“Ah,” Wen said in a disappointed voice and pouted.

Richard grabbed the camera again. “A few more minutes, and you’re free to go for the day. Come back tomorrow, and let’s start making some real money together, what do you say?”

Wen nodded with enthusiasm and obeyed each of Richard’s recommendations without asking any more questions.

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“I’m telling you, man, they’re all a bunch of queers down there,” Burt said, smacking his lips in disgust.

“How do you know that?” Trent asked as he caught one of his arms with the other hand to keep from shivering.

“See that place?” Burt pointed at the brightly lit building on the corner. “Each night, after one or so, a bunch of them get out, holding hands and smooching and stuff.”

Trent pretended to be interested in taking in the building they were talking about, to hide the storm Burt’s words caused in his mind. He felt a little queasy. What would the others think of him if they suspected that he was ...

What was he? He knew what Burt was flapping his trap about. The name of the company - Blue Wonder - was on top of that building. And he had a pretty good idea about what went on in the so-called offices or whatever was there. How many times, his hands all sweaty, the t-shirt gluing to his back, hadn’t he gone straight to the website address with the same name?

He didn’t have a credit card in his name, so he couldn’t pay like the others for the access to the private chat rooms, but he had spent plenty of time staring at the public cams available.

Oh, he had done more than stare. But he couldn’t think of that. It was shameful, and if Burt and the others knew that about him, they would kick him out of their group like a rotten tooth.

The problem was, Burt and the others were all Trent got. His mom worked two jobs to cover rent and food and bills, and Trent worked stupid dead-end jobs when possible, only to end up on the streets again, hanging out with Burt and the others, while dreaming big.

It wasn’t fair that was all life was about. So being part of a group meant something. Burt was short and almost as wide as he was tall. The others came in all shapes and sizes. They were a

bunch of misfits, but somehow Burt was the uncrowned leader because he always came up with ideas.

Burt's ideas pretty much sucked, but that wasn't the point. The others were so stupid that coming up with ideas of their own was impossible. At least, that was what Burt was saying. And no one stood up to Burt and his ideas.

"We'll hang around here when they get out, and you'll see," Burt said, full to the brim with self-confidence, pulling the waist of his jeans that looked good enough to dress a barrel, not a human being. Yet, they still seemed to have a hard time to stay on that thick waist.

Trent said nothing. He looked away while the others bantered. He had always been considered a little weird, something about how he tended to stare too much at people. What the others didn't know was that he looked so hard because he couldn't see that well. But he wouldn't admit that for the world, and the idea of wearing glasses frightened him. Seeing how skinny he was already, the only thing left was for him to look like a nerd. He would be dead meat in an instant. Not even the crowd hanging out with Burt would have him.

"I know!" Burt said in an excited voice. "Let's just pick up rocks and throw them at those queers!"

"Where are we supposed to get rocks?" Trent asked, more and more uncomfortable with Burt's plans. What he wanted was to be as far from there as possible.

"Just look around, 'tard," Burt shouted, leaning toward Trent, with an ugly look on his face.

"You're the retard," Trent shot back, but the joke was on him, not Burt, and the others were laughing at him.

He could feel the tip of his ears getting all red.

"You all, go find some rocks. Meet back here in at midnight," Burt ordered as if they were planning some big operation.

The group dispersed as if on cue. Trent looked up and down the treeless street. There was nothing but concrete and steel in that high-end neighborhood. Where was he supposed to come up with rocks to throw?

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"So, you finally made time for dinner." Dennis made a displeased face as he artistically waved the napkin and then placed it on his knees.

Richard quirked an eyebrow. "Is this your being annoyed at me for working too much, or is there something else going on?"

He had been seeing Dennis for months now, but there was something stale in their relationship that Richard had to admit he had noticed. In all that mattered, Dennis was a good match for him. He was also in his thirties, he worked a high-end job in the financial district, and he had a thing for stable, long-term relationships, just like Richard.

Dennis sighed and adjusted the fork and the knife by his plate. "Richard." He remained silent for a few moments.

Richard wondered if Dennis cared a bit too much for a dramatic effect. "Well?"

"I don't think this is working." It was a heartbeat there, just one, but it was enough to let Richard know what he needed to know.

"Our relationship." Richard crossed his fingers and rested his hands on the table in the little space allowed by the naked plate in front of him.

Dennis grimaced. "You're not surprised."

"Should I be? We're both grownups. But, forgive me; I think you want to tell me what's not working, specifically. So, please, be my guest."

"How can you run such a hot business and act so cold all the time?" Dennis didn't wait for a reply. "I found someone else. And no, before you ask, I didn't two-time. It would have been hard to one-time seeing how you're never around," he ended with a small snort. "I thought I should let you know."

Richard felt a bit relieved. Dennis could have a fragile ego when it suited him as he had had the chance to notice a few times, and Richard would have hated to be the one to break things up. However, he didn't have to show that. The last thing he wanted was to make Dennis believe Richard had wanted out before him. It was simple courtesy, in his eyes.

"So, how is this new man better than me?" He offered a small smile with those words, just to show that he could be civil, but he still hurt a little.

Dennis sighed. "Richard, you're perfect. You're attractive; you have broad shoulders, magnetic eyes, and lips to die for --"

There was only for this long Richard could keep a straight face. Dennis indeed had a knack for the dramatic. "But. There is a 'but', right?"

Dennis sighed again, this time so deeply that Richard watched in fascination at how his chest inflated and then deflated. It was a blessing and a curse to be able to study and analyze people like that all the time. It was good for business. For relationships, not so much.



“I’ve never fallen in love,” Dennis said. “I know. It’s strange that someone like me has never fallen in love. I’m thirty-two, after all, and I’ve never held back. But Harry --”

“Ah, his name is Harry,” Richard said, taking in Dennis’s dreamy eyes.

“Yes,” Dennis said hurriedly, a bit annoyed over being interrupted. “He’s such a sweet boy. He makes me feel young again.”

“Dennis, you’re young. You’re only thirty-two,” Richard pointed out.

“Yes, but I’ve never felt young,” Dennis said as he put one hand over his chest in a theatrical gesture.

*You just said this new lover makes you feel young again,* Richard thought. But he let it slide. Seeing how he had never felt strongly for Dennis, he shouldn’t be the one to judge.

“Wait. Did you say ‘boy’? How old is Harry?” Richard asked.

“Just barely over eighteen,” Dennis said, and this time his heartfelt sigh was as dreamy as his eyes.

*Cradle robber,* Richard called his ex inwardly, but with a hint of amusement. After all, his boys, aka his employees, were aged eighteen to twenty-two, and he was in the business of making gentlemen’s dreams come true, as long as they dreamed of young boys like Dennis’s Harry.

“I feel that jolt, you know?” Dennis said, suddenly less dreamy and more passionate. “Have you ever felt that jolt, Richard?”

Richard took the glass of wine in front of him and sipped from it. “I can’t say that I have.”

“Oh, let me tell you. It’s everything,” Dennis replied.

There was something condescending in how Dennis told him all those things like he felt superior for some reason. Richard knew Dennis to be competitive, but he had never been that toward him so far. It was a tad unpleasant and disappointing.

“Well, since we’re both here, let’s just order,” he suggested so that he could change the subject.

“Of course,” Dennis said affably. “It’s already rare that you dine out like this. Let’s make it a night to remember!” He raised his glass as he said those words.

“A celebratory breakup? I think I can drink to that,” Richard replied and raised his glass, too.

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Trent curled his fingers over the rock in the pocket of his hoodie. He could just pretend he hadn’t found any, or invent something like his mother needing him back home, but he knew that

whatever standing he had with the group would vanish if he did that. They would call him names, laugh at him, but the worst would be their not wanting to have anything to do with him again.

Nonetheless, he felt queasy, and his stomach churned. The moment he would throw that rock, he would be damned. But he couldn't lose face. No, he couldn't. Those stupid morons were his only friends. He couldn't lose them.

They had been waiting for some time already, and even if summer was still unwilling to go away, the wind was a bit chilly at that hour. Inwardly, Trent hoped for a police patrol running its rounds to appear and send them home.

"Here they are," Burt said and pointed out excitedly at the group of young men leaving the building.

They were laughing and holding hands, pretty much as Burt had said, and Trent took one step toward the group. Some of those boys had to be the same ones keeping him up at night, giving him wet dreams.

"Stop, you 'tard," Burt whispered angrily. "I didn't give the sign!"

The sign. Of course. That put Burt in charge and made him feel in charge. Trent stopped, but he craned his neck to see. Too bad his eyes weren't helping much. At that distance, faces were a blur, but he could hear the carefree laughter, and his young heart longed to be with that group rather than his.

"Now!" Burt yelled, and everyone on their side moved, and Trent with them.

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Richard was home when the phone rang. He frowned as he heard his employee complaining at the other end of the line. "No, it's all right. I'm glad you called. Don't worry; I will take care of everything."

Getting the police involved would have been a complication he didn't want. But there was security at the building, and there were cameras, too. If those idiots wanted to try the same thing again, they would be in for a rude awakening.

## *Chapter Two*

“Why are we going back? I think we got them pretty bad the last time,” Trent said, trying hard to mask the nervousness in his voice.

“And? Do you think they learned their lesson? Fucking homos,” Burt spat, and the rest of their little gang laughed.

“We might get in trouble,” Trent insisted. “We took them by surprise the first time, but now --”

“If you’re chicken, stay home with mommy,” Burt replied and began moving his lips in a sucking motion. “Do you want to suck more on her tits?”

Trent got all red in the face and pushed against Burt’s chest. “Don’t you dare talk about my mom like this!”

“Or what?” Burt pushed him back, and it took Trent all his strength to remain standing.

Burt was a complete idiot, but he was like a human cannonball. He could put all the others to the ground if he wanted to. Trent wasn’t keen on going against the so-called leader of the group.

And that meant all was settled, and Trent would sell his soul a little more tonight.

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“You may go, boys, and don’t worry, I have your back,” Richard said and made a sign for the security guard to come with him.

It was the third night after the incident which, luckily, had only scared his boys, and caused little harm, and it looked that the bunch of losers from that time had been on a random rampage. Just to be sure, and to give his boys a little more confidence, Richard had decided to accompany them until they were all nicely seated inside cabs, and heading home.

The security guard was an impressive man in his late forties, armed with the regular rubber stick, and a taser gun on display clipped to his waist. He was also a man of little words, but Richard trusted him and was paying him extra to watch over the boys.

He took his coat. Even if his position as the owner of Blue Wonder didn’t demand him to be in a suit all the time, he knew well the importance of appearances, and that was why he preferred dressing well and business-like while at work.

Seeing how things had ended between him and Dennis, nothing was stopping him from tending to this issue with a hands-on approach. He didn’t usually free his evenings, anyway, unless there was something important. In that matter, Dennis had been right.

The group of boys walked in front, and their usual laughs were subdued. Richard grimaced, taking in their tense shoulders. The attack might have been random, but it was still a matter of keeping his boys safe that trampled everything else.

He made a sign for the security guard to keep a distance. Something inside him wanted the band of losers to attack again. Richard wouldn't have minded sharing a few punches, but he knew better than getting his hands dirty. He had the security guard for that, and he would have to obtain his satisfaction by watching from the sidelines how punishment was exacted.

That, if the attackers showed again.

He stopped in the door and was having a few words with the security guard when he heard a noise, and a rock smacked against the reinforced glass door and rolled down at his feet. Richard turned on his heels and observed his boys hurrying back to take cover while the security guard charged the group of misfits responsible for the attack.

Richard hurried after him. Damn, they looked all like they dressed at thrift shops. Now, he was getting a bit upset at his boys for letting themselves intimidated by those punks. A second rock flew by his ear, and there were insults launched at the same speed as the missiles sent their way by the attackers.

The guard was quick on his feet, despite his considerable size, so Richard needed to run if he wanted to keep up.

For a second, the group of offenders stopped, and Richard noticed a fat one being the one in charge, as he seemed to encourage the others to throw rocks and ugly words.

"Him!" Richard pointed at him, and the security guard didn't need anything else.

He jumped on the leader of the attackers, taking him down. The others began to shout and ran away, probably in no mood to feel that rubber stick on their backs. But now, Richard was pissed and, while he was sure the guard would take good care of the fat one, he decided to give chase and follow the group of misfits.

The only thing he needed to do was to set on a target, or he wouldn't catch any of the running boys. A blond head drew his attention, and Richard followed.

It looked like that attacker was a skinny teenager, dressed in worn-out jeans and a paper-thin jacket. He was good at running, as Richard could see his heels rising high with each large step he took.

Still, Richard took pride in keeping in shape, so he couldn't allow his target to escape. Unfortunately for the attacker, he took a turn and found himself in a dead-end. He tried to climb on the stone wall at the end, but Richard was quick and caught the boy by the bottom of his jeans and dragged him down.

“Stop!” he warned, as the boy tried to get up and run again.

Richard grabbed him by his jacket and lifted him. To make it clear he wasn't playing, he slammed the boy with his back against the stone wall. There was a street light hanging from a building right on top of them, and Richard stared the boy in the face.

He was breathing hard and sniffing a little, but Richard didn't care about being swayed so easily. So he slammed him again against the wall, keeping his hands on the boy's jacket.

The attacker appeared young, around seventeen at best, and he didn't have much meat on his bones. Richard had felt it had been easy to lift him off the ground. Regardless of how pitiful he looked, Richard was in no mood to be generous.

“Why did you throw rocks at my boys?”

Another snuffle was the reply. Richard looked at the boy's face a little closer and felt a little taken aback. Despite being so skinny, he had a beautiful face, with full lips, a cute upturned nose, and eyes that appeared of a light color even in the dark. Richard moved closer, and the boy stared at him, too.

Well, Richard wouldn't hit a boy, but the other couldn't know that. So, it was okay to make him shake a little. That would make sure he didn't return to do the same bad deeds. “Listen here, punk,” he said in a menacing voice.

The boy looked at him, and his fear seemed to make way for something different. Richard couldn't stop staring. He pulled the boy under the light to see him better. The boy was chewing at his bottom lip, and Richard lost his train of thought for a second. “What's your name?” he asked gruffly.

“Trent,” the boy whispered. Maybe he was lying, or maybe he wasn't, but Richard was happy to learn his name.

“So, Trent, why were you throwing rocks at my boys?”

“Because,” Trent said defiantly, forgetting his shyness from earlier.

Richard grinned. “I could beat the crap out of you, you know?”

The defiance slipped from Trent's face. “What's in it for you?” he spat, with the confidence of youth that never knew real fear.

“In it for me, it's a lot of money. Those boys work for me. If one gets hurt, I'm responsible. And I also lose cash when that happens.”

Richard shook Trent again, for good measure. Trent was observing him with curious eyes. In passing, Richard noted their almond shape. The boy was a looker; too bad he was a total punk.

“So? You look rich. I don’t care if you lose money,” Trent said.

Now his hands were itching. Richard looked Trent in the eyes. “Listen here, Trent, I’ll let you go easy this time. But if I catch you near my boys again --”

“They’re rich, too,” Trent said stubbornly.

“Oh, is that why you threw rocks at them?”

Trent looked away. As Richard was busy shaking him, he had placed his hands over Richard’s wrists. The grip was pretty strong for someone so skinny. But that was a feral kid, raised on the streets, so that was expected. “No,” Trent said shortly.

“Why don’t you say those ugly words you threw at them earlier? I dare you to tell them to my face.”

It could be only his guess, especially since the light was too weak to see everything, but Richard had a feeling that Trent was blushing. While that was not sure, the way Trent swallowed hard and made his Adam’s apple bob up and down, Richard knew that to be a sign of nervousness.

“So,” he drew closer, “what are you waiting for?”

Trent looked away again. “I’m not gonna.”

“You’re not gonna?” Richard mimicked Trent’s accent, to irk him.

“Just let me go, you perv,” Trent said and began to struggle against Richard’s hands.

“Perv? How am I a perv?”

“I know what your boys do,” Trent spat and struggled some more.

“Really? What do they do?” Richard became even more interested.

They were so close that they could feel each other’s breath. Trent squirmed. “Stuff. Homo stuff.”

“You know how badly I can kick your ass for this nasty word only?”

“Then, why don’t you?”

The punk had some nerve. But Richard could tell that he was only putting on a brave face, and there was nothing, not one bone in that skinny body, to support that attitude.

“How do you know what my boys do?” Richard asked, instead. “Are you a customer? If that’s the case and you were unhappy with the service received, you should have just filed a complaint. There’s a form on the website where you can contact us.”

Trent said nothing, and his efforts to get free increased. Now, Richard was pretty sure the boy's face was crimson red, which had been the entire point of his earlier sarcasm.

“Ah, but I guess that if you ever watched my boys in action, you've done it illegally since there's a clear statement on the website saying that if you're not eighteen, you should leave.”

“I'm eighteen,” Trent said, and he appeared to be quite pissed off with Richard's assumption that he wasn't of legal age.

“What did you do?” Richard taunted him. “Stole your mom's credit card to watch my boys showing the goods?”

Trent was furious now. It was so funny to watch him struggle, Richard thought. It was like a scrawny kitten was trying to get away from a lion's paws. For the moment, Richard had no intention to let his prey get away so quickly.

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Trent felt beyond hopeless. The man keeping him by his jacket was strong. Two problems were stemming from that. One was that he couldn't get away. The other was that the man's proximity was doing all sorts of funny things to him, like turning his knees to jelly, his stomach into a ball of heat, and other things he would do better not to think of.

“You have no right,” he struggled to no avail. “I don't even know your name!”

What he was saying made no sense, and it was more like his tongue was finding ways to speak its mind. The man keeping him in place was dark and handsome, and Trent had taken his time to stare at him while the stranger tortured him.

He seemed to be in his late twenties or something like that, and he smelled nice, of expensive things. The suit on him had to cost a fortune because it hugged his body like it was made to order. Also, his perfect haircut had to cost at least one hundred or so. Trent had heard there were places where it cost this much to have your hair done.

To anyone looking, it was clear as day the man liked to take good care of himself. Even if his grip was forceful, he didn't look like a wrestler or anything like that. Actually, he seemed pretty slender without being skinny. His face was cut in stone, the anger clear on it, even if Trent couldn't see him well.

Trent was taken by the stranger's strong jawline and straight nose. Dark eyes were staring down into his soul, from under thick eyebrows, while their owner was questioning him, trying to get all the truth out of him.

“Richard is my name,” the stranger said but didn't let go of him. “Why do you want to know it, punk?”

“Why did you want to know mine?”

Richard seemed to ponder for a while, and then he smiled. “I need to offer the police as much information as possible when I report the attack.”

Trent blanched. “Just let me go,” he mumbled.

“Why would I? Homophobia is not something taken lightly around here. You’re not in some third world country, kid.”

For some reason, at that, Trent became pissed and began struggling more. “You don’t know shit. Your boys, as you call them, only have to flaunt their dicks and make a boatload of money. Others have to work themselves to the bone just to get by.”

Richard eased his grip. “You think what my boys do is easy?”

“Yeah, it’s easy,” Trent replied with anger in his voice. “What? Is it hard to beat your meat? I could do it!”

“No, you can’t,” Richard replied, and Trent sensed the contempt right away.

“I sure can!” Trent insisted.

Richard finally let go of him completely. He gave Trent a slow once-over, making him tremble. “You’re skinny, dirty, and a punk, on top of it all. No one would want to see you beating your meat, as you say.”

Trent felt every word like a knife through the heart. Yeah, he knew he was nothing like the beautiful boys working for Richard. He had yet to recover from the shock that no other than the guy in charge of Blue Wonder had chased him down tonight to give him a lesson. At first, he had thought it was some guard, but no guard could dress this nicely.

But being told such words hurt. “Not everyone can afford nice clothes and one-hundred-dollar haircuts.”

“One-hundred dollar haircuts?” Richard ran one hand over his perfect hair, parted on one side, and brushed to a shine.

“Like yours,” Trent spat venomously. “You’re made of money! I’m not. In a suit like that, I would look good, too.”

“No, you wouldn’t,” Richard said with confidence, making Trent feel small and insignificant. “You wouldn’t even know how to put it on. And my haircut? It actually cost five hundred dollars.”

Trent gaped like a fish. “You’re lying!”



“Why would I? I’m made of money, after all,” Richard said.

As pissed as he was, Trent could tell Richard was amused now, and just playing with him.

“So, cat got your tongue?” Richard teased him.

“I have nothing to say to someone who wants to rat me out to the police.” Trent pressed his arms across his chest.

“Rat you out? I think your friends must be doing a pretty good job right now.”

Trent stopped, his fists dropped and closed tightly by his sides now. “You don’t know shit! They wouldn’t tell on me!”

“Do you want to bet?” Richard walked toward him, and Trent moved backward until he hit the stone wall behind him.

He chose to remain silent as Richard leaned in and breathed over his face. “They’re nothing but scum, just like you.”

Trent squeezed his eyes shut; he couldn’t allow this rich motherfucker to see how humiliated he felt.

He opened them as he sensed Richard walking away.

“Make sure to stay clear of my turf, punk,” Richard threw over his shoulder. “Or, there will be consequences.”

Trent let himself slide down on the wall. He embraced his knees, and his head fell on his forearms. The adrenaline from earlier, mixed with the strange feeling of humiliation that also seemed to arouse something foreign in him, kept him trembling for long minutes.

### *Chapter Three*

“Those punks won’t ever bother you again, sir,” the guard informed him as soon as he was back.

He was holding the fatso from earlier in his grip, and the punk seemed pretty chastised. Richard stopped in front of him. “Is everything clear?”

The fatso just nodded while he breathed hard. Unlike with Trent earlier, Richard wasn’t keen on learning this one’s name or get too close. He smelled like the rancid oil used in fast-food restaurants where he most probably had all his meals.

“All right. If I see you again in this neighborhood, and by that, I mean your friends, too, you’re dead meat,” Richard said, determined to make the punk understand that he wasn’t playing. “Do you hear me?”

The punk nodded again.

“Then beat it.”

It was surprising to see how fast the punk could run away, seeing the extra weight he carried.

“Did you catch one, sir?” the guard questioned.

“No,” Richard replied promptly. “But this one will let the others know never to show their faces in the neighborhood.”

“They’ll know better,” the guard said.

Richard didn’t have to ask him to know what the fatso must have endured at the hands of the strong security guard. And he knew those punks were all talk and big-time cowards; that meant that they wouldn’t show their faces around again, for sure.

However, Richard had to admit that he had a small regret regarding that because it meant that he wouldn’t see Trent, either. With a shrug, he began walking toward his car after telling good night to the security guard.

Trent, eighteen-year-old Trent, was evidently in some sort of denial. Well, Richard didn’t care for confused boys. He couldn’t say if the others in Trent’s little gang suffered from the same confusion, but the conversation he had had with the attractive youngster had been enlightening enough.

For once, Trent knew well what Richard’s boys did for a living. Seeing the nature of Richard’s business, it was unlikely that Trent had just happened to visit the website hosting the cams. He must have done some research, and that meant a lot of interest.

He was a beautiful boy, though, Richard mused as he climbed behind the wheel. Too bad, he wouldn't come around. Richard knew his harsh words must have hit close enough to home. Trent had looked pretty devastated just before Richard had left. But Trent would have to decide for himself whether he wanted to live his life in confusion, lashing out at other boys who were out and proud, instead of choosing freedom and happiness.

Richard didn't have time for charity cases. Still, he couldn't help remembering Trent's cute face. Clearly, he was not Richard's type at all. He was too young, too much of a punk, and too skinny. Yet, there was something about him that made Richard still think of him.

By morning, the boy would be forgotten. And Richard could only be content with having dealt swiftly with a problem that could affect his business and his employees. Tomorrow, he would tell his boys that they had nothing to worry about. Yes, Richard was perfectly capable of dealing with such troubles fast and easy.

Although, he had to admit if he were honest to himself that he would think about Trent and his pretty lips again, at least tonight, before falling asleep.

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The next day, Trent was at work, wiping the floors, when Burt burst in through the back door. "Man, you should have seen me last night!" he said, puffing out his chest, and visibly impressed with his own self.

"Why? You were caught, right?" Trent asked, and took out the mop, splashing more water than necessary on the dirty floor.

"Yeah," Burt said while pulling at his pants that still wanted to run downhill, regardless of his efforts to keep them in place.

"And? What did they do to you?"

"Nothing," Burt replied.

"Really?"

"Yeah. You all ran off like rabbits, but I stood my ground. And I told that homo that he could suck my dick."

Trent felt sick to the stomach and pretended to be busy with wiping the floors. "The guard caught you."

"Um-hmm," Burt said.

"And he had a gun. I saw it," Trent said accusatorily.

Some of Burt's self-confidence seemed to shake. He probably bet on no one having seen anything. "He didn't use it. I fought him off." Burt put his fists up, pretending to attack.

Trent just shook his head.

"Whatcha doing tonight?"

"Work," Trent replied right away.

"What? You're taking extra shifts or something?"

"I'm just helping my mom with something." Trent knew he was lying through his teeth, but after the previous night, he was no longer in the mood to hang out with his so-called friends.

"You weren't weaned from her tit or something?" Burt taunted him.

Trent threw the mop on the floor. He had no idea what had gotten into him, but he grabbed Burt by the front of his t-shirt and pushed him back. It took Burt all the extra pounds he carried around to keep in place.

"Don't ever talk about my mom," Trent said and pointed a finger at Burt.

"Or what?" Burt stared at him, an ugly scowl on his face.

"Or I'll make you suffer," Trent said in a dark voice.

Since the previous night, he was filled with anger. He no longer cared if Burt let him hang with that gang of assholes. Right now, he wanted to smash someone's face in, and the only thing keeping him from doing that to Burt was that he was still at work.

"Oh, I'm shaking." Burt laughed. "Go to mommy then, loser. I don't care if you come or not."

"Whatever. I don't care for being chased down by security guards because of your stupid ideas. They could have gone to the police."

Burt scoffed. "And? The police don't care if we bother a bunch of homos."

Trent felt a crimson tide descending over his eyes. He had no idea what came over him, but he rushed into Burt and pushed him through the door, making him tumble down on the pavement.

This time, Burt got up and tried to punch Trent. He was about as quick as a seal, so Trent knew what he wanted to do. So, after dodging that lame punch, he stood aside fast and then pushed Burt again, making him topple on one side.

"That's it," Burt squealed, flailing his arms and doing a poor job of trying to get up this time around. "We're done. And I'm coming after you for this. I'll bring the others, and we're going to kick the shit out of you."

“Just you try,” Trent said menacingly.

Now was a good moment to congratulate himself for not letting the so-called gang know where he lived. They did know where he worked, and that was a problem, but he had a feeling he could take them if need be. After all, they were nothing but punks.

Just as he was, he remembered Richard’s words. Someone skinny, dirty, probably even ugly, even if the boss at Blue Wonder hadn’t said that, too. Of course, compared to the beautiful boys working for Richard, Trent had to look ugly.

That didn’t mean that it hurt less. And, right now, he was giving up on the only friends he had. Still, he felt no regrets.

“What’s going on here?”

Trent cursed under his breath as he turned and looked at his manager. The man didn’t like him at all, so it wasn’t good that he caught him now, not doing his work, which was to mop the floors.

“I was assaulted!” Burt shouted. “Is this dude your employee?”

The manager took in Burt’s dirty clothes with disgust. “Yes, he is.”

“He pushed me and ripped my t-shirt,” Burt complained.

“That’s bullshit,” Trent said.

“Hey, language,” the manager told him. “Why aren’t you working? I don’t need punks around here.”

“I was just taking out the trash,” Trent said and pointed at Burt with a smug grin.

Clearly, he was out of his mind. He had just pushed Burt to declare war, and now he was talking like that to his manager.

“Well, it’s not your job to do that. Your job is to mop the fucking floor!” The manager yelled at him.

Burt was laughing his ass off.

“You shut the fuck up.” Trent made a move toward him, but the manager caught his arm.

“I don’t have to tolerate your shit,” the manager said. “You know what? You punks are way too much work. You’re fired.”

For a second, Trent stood there, baffled. But then, the anger from earlier made him open his mouth again. “Don’t bother to fire me. I quit.”

He took off the overall he had to wear while cleaning and threw it at the manager's feet. Then he turned on his heels, without sparing one look behind.

"You won't get a recommendation!" The manager threatened him.

Trent pushed his hands into his pockets and began laughing. He made a one-eighty. "That's great! I don't care for shitty jobs anyway!"

Burt hurried after him as he stalked off, while the manager cursed at him for some time.

"You're too cool now or something? Dude, you said you needed that shitty job!"

"Didn't I just push you on your fat ass?" Trent asked.

"That's cool," Burt said. "Hey, tell me, what work do you do for your mom? Maybe I can do it, too."

Trent threw a quick look at Burt. "Nah. You're not cut for it."

Burt's smile turned ugly. "How do you know?"

Trent shrugged. "I just know. What? Did you lose your shitty job, too?"

"None of your business."

"Yeah."

Trent began walking faster. Burt tried to keep up, but it was clear he was losing ground. "Why do you have to be mad? I got caught last night, not you. We can still hang out."

"I got caught, too, and almost got a beating. So, no, thanks, I'm not going to hang out with you again. You're just full of shit."

"You're full of shit!" Burt yelled at him.

Trent shrugged and increased his pace. Eventually, he lost Burt, and then he began walking slowly. Acting as his anger demanded had been swell and everything, but what the hell was he supposed to do now?

He had no friends and no longer a job, either. And it was all that man's fault, after all. He had been the one to push him to get so angry. Trent never got angry, at least not toward other people. He had plenty of anger bottled up inside and ready to be used against himself.

So, what the hell could he do next? Suddenly, an idea came to him. He needed to take his pride back as a man, and there was one way to do that. All he needed now was to kill some time until tonight.

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Richard liked to rely on the secretarial office downstairs due to the nature of his business, which he wanted to remain as discreet as possible. So, he was a bit surprised to hear the phone on his desk ringing. He wasn't waiting for anyone, and he was even looking forward to interviewing a new addition to his group of boys.

The boy already sat comfortably on the couch, and, by his bright smile, Richard could tell he could barely wait to take off his clothes.

"Yes, Sandra?" he said, as he pushed the button, without taking his eyes away from the boy on the couch.

"Mr. Henley, there is a young man here who demands to see you. I know that I have just sent someone upstairs to you, so maybe is it some sort of misunderstanding? Were you waiting for more than one person?"

Richard had a mind to tell the competent secretary to send away whoever was there. He was always thorough when he scheduled appointments, and any young men who didn't care about his order of things couldn't be considered for a job at the Blue Wonder.

Still, the unusual situation irked him, and he wanted to learn more. "Does this young man have a name?"

"It's Ross, sir." The name didn't ring a bell. "Trent Ross."

Richard could feel his face stretching into a smile. "Ah, now I remember," he lied. "Please, send him up. And thank you, Sandra. You're a dear."

He could sense the small hesitation in the secretary at the other end. If Trent looked at least some as the punk he was, the woman was probably wondering what he could want with someone like Richard. Even if his business dealt with men's desires and fantasies, it was solid and demanded respect, just as its owner.

"Should I start?" The boy on his couch seemed a bit unsure, and his smile was fading.

For a second, Richard had forgotten he had someone there. He looked over the file in front of him. "Justin, right? Could you please, just wait in the hallway? Only for a few minutes. There is an urgent matter that I need to deal with."

"Sure." Justin got to his feet, and he appeared disappointed.

"Don't worry. I truly look forward to discussing the matter of employment with you," Richard hurried to ease his concern.

Justin offered him a bright smile. Still, Richard felt a tad impatient. All his boys were sweet like this one. But now he was eager to see full, pouty lips, and that defiant expression from last night, and think up ways of playing with that little kitten.



## *Chapter Four*

Richard tapped his fingers on his desk as he waited. Could it be that Trent wasn't good at taking directions and had managed to lose himself in that large building? He was about to reach for the phone and ask Sandra whether his guest had suddenly decided to go back the way he came when there was a short knock on his door.

"Come in," he said.

He leaned back into his chair as Trent slid through the door like a burglar with theft on his mind. It was interesting to see the boy again, and this time properly, not under the dim light of a streetlamp.

Richard couldn't deny that he was intrigued, but that wasn't the predominant feeling. He was pleased to see Trent again.

"Hi," Trent said nervously and stopped in the middle of the room.

Richard noticed the beautiful eyes of a greyish blue. They were fringed by eyelashes of a darker blond than the one growing on Trent's head. The hair looked damp. Otherwise, Trent didn't appear much different, although Richard could tell he was less defiant and looked lost, now that they were facing each other. Trent was wearing a simple white t-shirt, jeans, and worn-out sneakers. Richard stared him down, but Trent didn't move his eyes away, despite his palpable nervousness.

"I thought I told you to stay off my turf, kid," Richard said, determined to have his fun. He pressed his fingers together and observed Trent.

"You have to give me a job," Trent said right away.

Richard quirked an eyebrow. This would be fun, he thought. "The janitorial services are outsourced. And I don't see any other use for a punk like you."

The full, bottom lip quivered, but Trent seemed decided to stand his ground. "I want a real job."

"Hmm, a real job? I thought you said my boys have it easy, just flaunting their dicks around. Haven't you said that?"

"There must be something I can do. I don't have a job anymore, and it's all your fault."

Now, Richard felt compelled to laugh. "What was your job? Throwing rocks at people? I'm not sorry if I ruined your career, then."

Trent blushed a little. The boy was so easy to tease. Richard crossed his legs and continued to observe his guest.

“It wasn’t that. But it’s not true,” Trent said and brought a closed fist to his chest. “I can do what your boys do.”

“I told you, boy --” Richard started.

“I washed.” Trent pulled nervously at a strand of damp hair.

Richard frowned. “You took a shower and came out with your hair still wet? That’s how you catch a cold.”

“I’m not dirty anymore,” Trent insisted.

Richard pointed at a door placed discreetly to one side. “That’s my private bathroom. There’s a hairdryer in there. Go.”

“But --”

“Go.”

Trent obeyed and hurried toward the bathroom.

In his absence, Richard pondered. Was the boy for real? Did he really expect to come through the door and ask to be a cam boy, just like that? He was pretty, but he was in denial, and Richard was pretty sure he didn’t want a complication like that on his hands. It was bound to get messy.

Therefore, he needed to quench Trent’s strange aspirations and fast. He stood up and went into the hallway, where Justin was waiting patiently, phone in his hand, playing some game. Richard couldn’t help but notice the stark difference. Justin was perfectly groomed; he wore new kicks, and his jeans and t-shirt were impeccable. Trent was just a punk from the streets.

Yes, Richard would be insane to hire Trent only because he found him cute. There was no way he was in the same league as Justin or any other boy working for the Blue Wonder. Therefore, he was clearly in for a rude awakening.

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Trent couldn’t believe himself. He had done it. He had walked through the door and asked for a job. His anger, for once, had served for something good. And how difficult could it be to beat his meat in front of a camera? He would just tell Richard he couldn’t do any other stuff. Not that he didn’t want to, but he was afraid to do it. After all, he was nothing but a virgin boy. Trent was sure he would die if Richard paired him with someone. What he wasn’t so sure was whether he would die of embarrassment or just combust due to too much pleasure experienced all of a sudden.

He took the hairdryer and looked in the mirror. His mom had always told him he was a beautiful boy; it was true that he had not heard those words in years, but his mom had way too much on

her shoulders to care for his feelings. It was enough that she still cared for him and was not threatening to throw him out the door, as he had heard other parents doing.

Richard hadn't told him off, which meant that he had a chance at getting the job. Yeah, he wasn't beautiful like the others, but maybe he could still earn some money. Maybe some clients were into skinny guys like him.

What could be next? Would Richard tell him to take his clothes off? Trent stopped and stared into the mirror, biting his lower lip. That meant that ... his mind turned blank, and his palms became sweaty.

Trent had been so sure that he would make Richard give him a job, by being direct and asking for it. In his mind, the whole conversation was supposed to go differently. Still, he hadn't been told off. That mattered.

What if Richard wanted him to do ... things? Trent turned off the hairdryer. What was he going to do? Richard was a handsome man, and Trent had looked at him, decided that he had to hate him.

But hate wasn't what he felt. Trent wanted to hate Richard for humiliating him, and for making him break it off with Burt, and quitting his shitty job. But all those things were on him, and no one else.

Except for the humiliation part. Trent was determined to take back his pride. Richard might not give him a job, but he would have to see that Trent wasn't so bad. No, Trent shook his head. He would be as good as any of Richard's boys. He could be.

With that in mind, Trent opened the door.

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Richard rejoiced internally, seeing the look of utter surprise on Trent's face. The little kitten wanted to play, and Richard wasn't against it, either. Now, he needed to set the ground rules.

"Trent, this is Justin."

Justin stood up and offered Trent his hand. Trent took it and shook it, but his arm was like wood.

"Since I wasn't expecting two interviewees instead of one, I don't exactly have a script ready," Richard said.

He had his camera ready, but there was no script because there wasn't supposed to be one. If Trent rushed out the door, scared and confused, that wouldn't be anyone's fault but Trent's. The kid needed to learn that lesson and learn it fast.

“So, we can just improvise?” Justin asked, and his eyelashes fluttered seductively as he looked at Richard.

“Yes. Feel free to do so.”

Justin took Trent gently by the shoulders and pulled him to the couch. Richard grabbed his camera and brought the two young boys into focus.

Trent moved his head away as Justin tried to kiss him. Richard wanted to shake his head and tell himself he had been right all along, but there was still time for Trent to understand what the job entailed, and how he wasn't a good fit for it at all.

Justin became bolder, not yet discouraged by Trent's shyness. He took out his t-shirt, and then he helped Trent out of his, too. Justin had just the right muscles, perfect anatomy, but Richard didn't dwell too long on his beauty. His eyes were drawn to Trent's skinny body.

He was, indeed, skinny, but he was still attractive. Richard had never fallen for the natural beauty of a boyish body, not even when he had been a young man himself. He had always liked what he liked.

Trent had well-defined abs, and his stomach wasn't caved in, as Richard had suspected. He could have used a little more meat on his bones, and the ribs were partially visible, yet, the whole was harmonious. It made one think how that young man would grow into his body with the years passing.

Justin was cooing words of encouragement, and Trent seemed to listen raptly. Still, when Justin made a move for his crotch, Trent jumped from the couch with a scared look on his face. Justin looked at Richard, and he appeared concerned.

“Maybe we're not a good match?” Justin asked.

Richard appreciated good-natured boys, and Justin was everything he looked for in an employee. Trent was a different matter.

“Trent, what are you doing?” he asked, and put a frown on his face, to make Trent understand they weren't there to fool around.

“I'm sorry,” Trent mumbled.

He took his seat back on the couch, and he touched Justin tentatively. There was something so innocent in how he did that; Richard felt his heart skipping a beat. What was he now? Some hormonal teenager? He had an eye for beauty, and he knew how to choose his boys. If he ever felt emotion, it had to be the aesthetic kind.

Justin moved his hands over Trent's chest, teasing his nipples slowly. Trent made a small, surprised sound, and then he looked up at his partner, parting his lips. Justin smiled with the confidence of a young man who knew how handsome he was and what effect he had on the other. He reached for a kiss.

"That's enough," Richard said gruffly.

He had little recollection of how he had moved from his desk and close to the couple on the sofa. Any other time, he could blame it on having wanted to get the right angle on his camera. But if he were honest, that wasn't the reason.

Justin looked up at him, and he appeared puzzled. "But, Mr. Henley --"

"You can call me Richard, please. Justin, you're hired. Please come back tomorrow with all the paperwork. I am glad to have you on board."

Justin rewarded him with a bright smile. Yet, his smile faded as he stole a quick look at Trent. Richard could read Justin's mind to the letter. That made him a sweet boy, as well.

"See you tomorrow, all right?" Richard said to him, and Justin nodded.

He put back his t-shirt and hesitated for a moment. Then, he leaned over Trent, who lay on the sofa, stiff as a board, and kissed him quickly on the cheek. "Bye, Trent."

Justin shook hands with Richard and took off, leaving them alone.

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Trent was paralyzed. It was no joke. He hadn't expected to be placed in such a situation right from the start. He would have been comfortable, he thought, to undress in front of Richard, whom he knew, so having to touch and allow to be touched by a perfect stranger had been too much for him.

Now, he couldn't move. Justin had been a swell guy, murmuring words of encouragement to him all the time, but Trent couldn't see himself making out with him. The reason was unknown. He liked to watch boys his age on screen, but if touched, he turned to stone.

Or rather, a hot mess. Richard's stare on him was unforgiving. He knew what that meant. But, as stubborn as he felt, he didn't want to be the one to give up. Richard would just have to kick him out by force.

"That was the lamest thing I've ever seen in this room," Richard said in an icy voice.

Trent pushed himself up. "I don't do stuff like that," he tried to sound casual and unaffected, but his voice was trembling. "I can jerk off. But no ... that kind of stuff," he hurried to say, afraid of being chastised for using offensive words.

“You’re no homo,” Richard said sarcastically. “Isn’t that what you want to say? If you’re such a straight boy, what business do you have coming here and asking me for a job? This is what we do here. Homo stuff.”

Trent looked down and began searching for his t-shirt. “You said that’s a nasty word. Why do you use it?” He dressed up quickly.

Richard seemed a bit surprised at his question. “I was simply quoting you. What? Don’t tell me that you had an epiphany between yesterday when I almost beat you for being a punk, and today, when you decided to become, all of a sudden, one of my boys.”

“I had a what?” Trent blinked a few times.

Richard sighed. “You’re not made for this. Beat it, kid. I don’t hire straight boys who feel confused for some reason.”

Trent jumped to his feet. “I’m not going anywhere! I can do this! I can be as good as any of your boys! I watch cam stuff all the time!”

“And I watch football. That doesn’t make me a quarterback, does it now?” Richard replied.

Trent felt the anger from before growing inside him once more. “You have to give me a chance! No one ever gives me a chance!”

“I just did, and you blew it.” Richard made a small gesture toward the sofa, like that explained everything.

“We were just getting it on,” Trent said and puffed out his chest. “We would have been fucking in five minutes if you hadn’t stopped us.”

“No shit,” Richard said and smiled. “You pulled away from a kiss.”

Trent made his hands into fists. “I was getting there!”

“No, seriously now.” Richard seemed amused.

And Trent wanted to hate him. But he couldn’t do that because Richard was right. Trent didn’t even know if he could like another boy for real, like that. Watching stuff online was one thing. Doing it was another. Yet, right now, his pride was on the line again, and he needed to do something if he didn’t want Richard to send him home, tail between his legs, no job, no nothing.

“Yes, seriously. Maybe it wasn’t him I wanted to kiss,” Trent said bravely.

Richard stared at him, and his dark eyes became dark shadows. “What do you mean by that?”

“Maybe,” Trent continued, “I just like men who are ... older.”

It was the bravest thing he had ever said in his life. And he knew, inwardly, why he said it. It hit him why he couldn't hate Richard. He was making him weak to the knees and other things. Not that Trent would say that out loud.

Richard came closer. "Older?"

Trent stood his ground, his fists to the sides. "Like you," he said with defiance.

Richard was so close now, only an inch or two away, and little was needed for their bodies to touch. Trent felt hot, and under the other's stare, there was a small tremble growing inside him like a tide he couldn't control.

"Are you trying to tell me I'm old?" Richard's voice was menacing, and Trent knew it would be better to take a step back.

Nonetheless, he threw his head back so that he could stare at Richard, who was taller by a few good inches. "Not like a grandpa or something. Just older than me," he replied.

His words were met with a dangerous smile. "And you have a thing for men my age or me in particular?"

Trent could feel himself blushing under that intense stare. He couldn't shake the feeling that Richard was making fun of him. That, however, didn't mean that he would just back down and run away, tail between his legs.

So he shrugged, playing it cool. "Men your age are my thing."

If Richard laughed right now, he would be so ashamed. So he stood there, not taking a step back, his eyes trained on Richard, almost not breathing at all.

"So, you didn't let Justin kiss you because you wanted to be kissed by someone else?"

Now his ears had to be glowing red. "Yeah. Something like that." He put one hand on one hip, to appear more casual and confident.

"Hmm. And how many men my age have you been with?"

For a second, Trent didn't register the question. He could tell the truth, but he was afraid he would be made fun of again. "Lots," he replied, pushing himself into Richard's face just to make sure that he was taken seriously.

"Ah, so all this innocent act is nothing but an act."

"What act?"

Richard cupped his face gently. "Then, if you're so practiced, you wouldn't mind me doing this."

Warm lips were over his, and Trent trembled. He closed his eyes. Now that was unexpected. But it didn't matter; for now, his mind was blank, or, better said, filled with nothing but the sensations growing in him as Richard brushed his mouth over his, again and again, making his lips part.

It was his first kiss from a man in his entire life.



## *Chapter Five*

Richard didn't buy, for one second, into Trent's little lie. That boy acted as he had never been kissed. He was anything but practiced. As his lips parted to welcome him, they were eager but clumsy, and that made him quite endearing.

That wasn't a surprise. From the moment Trent had put a foot inside his office, Richard had known he was dealing with a boy trying to find himself, and looking for that in the most unusual places. However, the surprising part was his own reaction to the kiss he had initiated.

Richard had had his fair share of lovers in his life. He liked to believe that he had been deeply attached to a few of them. However, he could not recall having ever experienced such a thrill. Trent wasn't kissing back, but his mouth was open, and he allowed Richard to probe it gently with his tongue.

And his mouth was sweet. Trent's hands had seized Richard's suit by the elbows of the jacket, in what seemed like a desperate attempt to keep himself from falling. At that moment, that confused boy was leaning on him, depending on Richard to show him the right way.

His policy of never getting involved with someone confused now seemed outdated. There was power in having someone so eager, so vulnerable, open up to him. And it was an exhilarating feeling that threatened to control him.

Slowly, he pushed Trent away, taking in the soft lips, moist from the kiss, still slightly parted. That was an erotic view. That was something he could work with. And he needed to get a hold of himself and do his job.

"All right, Trent, you almost convinced me," he said in a voice he hoped professional and under control.

The beautiful grey eyes stared at him, and Richard sensed the boy's disappointment. Still, that didn't mean that he would turn their meeting into a casting couch addition. That wasn't the kind of business he ran, and he never fucked his boys.

"Now, go sit on the couch and show me why I should hire you."

"Um, okay."

Trent seemed unsure as he went back to sit on the sofa. After a moment, he took out his t-shirt. Then, he put his hands over his crotch, asking Richard with his eyes whether he should continue. Richard just nodded.

Richard couldn't hold in a smile as Trent simply pulled out his cock, without getting rid of his jeans. He knew he was at fault for not giving Trent any cues on what to do, but everything happening in front of his eyes was too entertaining right now to skip.

“Do I just jerk off?” Trent asked.

Richard stared at Trent’s cock. For eighteen and a boy that skinny, it was a nice cock, already hard and ready for anything. Maybe Trent did have serious chances to get hired, after all. Richard’s educated guess was around seven inches and a half, give or take. Clients preferred cam boys to have nice dicks, but nothing monstrous. In that respect, Trent’s little friend was right in the ballpark. Also, it was a pretty thing indeed, clearly not used much for real action, and Richard had to adjust his position as a stray thought came to mind.

How would it feel to touch Trent’s cock? Then, he sobered up. “Do you have ID on you?”

Trent seemed taken aback with the question. He narrowed his eyes. “You don’t believe me that I’m eighteen,” he said accusatorily.

Richard frowned. “Put that back into your pants and come back when you can prove you’re legal.”

He should have thought of that already. What was wrong with him when it came to this boy?

“I have an ID.” Trent stood up and searched in his back pocket.

Richard noticed how he didn’t bother to put his dick back as he moved to put his ID on the desk. He took the ID and looked at it carefully. “Okay. This is proof enough. You can continue.”

Trent took his ID and put it back into his back pocket. Then he marched back to the sofa and plopped down on it with a pouty expression on his face. He took his cock and shook it. “See? It’s all limp now and only because of you.”

Richard sighed and put his chin in one palm as he stared at Trent. “Do you want me to correct that?”

Trent was still a little punk, after all. It was a real pleasure to play with him, Richard thought. He was crossing the line in more ways than one. Of course, many others working in the same line had no issues with sampling the goods, so to speak, and it even went without saying that some of the perks that came with running a cam business were of sexual nature.

But that wasn’t who he was. So why on earth was he moving toward Trent now, decided to experience first-hand how that beautiful cock felt in his hand?

Trent blushed and stole a quick look at him. “I’m fine. I just need to, you know. Can’t you put on a porno or something?” He pointed at the TV mounted on a side wall.

Richard smiled. “I’m running a business here, kid. I don’t have all evening to wait for you to get hard.”

Trent just nodded. “Okay.”

Richard sat next to him on the couch. One arm thrown casually over Trent's shoulders, he began touching the half-hard cock with the other hand. Trent looked down, with a focused look on his pretty face.

From up close, Richard could examine him to his heart's content. He hadn't been wrong at all in his earlier appraisal. Trent Ross was a beautiful young man; maybe he was a bit underfed, and he came from the wrong side of the tracks, but he was really pretty. Without overthinking things, Richard moved his hand from Trent's cock so that he could turn the boy's face to him.

Trent was breathing a bit too hard, and his eyes were moist. Richard reached for a kiss, and Trent seized his arm just like before. He moved his hand to caress Trent's neck and then his chest. It was nothing but the naked truth that, earlier, he had been jealous of Justin when he had done the same thing.

Trent had pretty nipples, too, and also pretty responsive. There was a small sound, half a moan, coming from Trent's throat as Richard made himself busy with his newly found obsession. Raw power overwhelmed him. All his life, he had been with experienced men. Somehow, he had thought that was all for him. His friends were intrigued by his restraint when it came to his employees, but that was about to change now.

Or maybe not. He could simply refuse to hire Trent, and then all was over. Well, he wasn't sure he wanted it to be over. After all, right now, Trent's sweet tongue was in his mouth, and Richard had a hunch that the young man was hard again.

It never hurt to check. He let his hand wander down where it came from first, and wrapped it around the strong erection he found there. Trent began moaning for real, his breath quickening, too, his tongue and lips even more eager than before.

Richard started moving his hand. Again, that went against his principles, but he could not be himself when he was so close to this pretty boy. The temptation was too strong.

He didn't have time to overthink things. A couple of minutes were all that was needed for Trent to come. And he came a lot, moaning and quivering in Richard's arms.

"Wow," Richard said, as he looked at his hand.

Trent's chest was rising and falling, and he was looking at Richard with big, innocent eyes. Could it be that no one cared about teaching this young man about such things? Not about masturbation, Richard had a hunch that Trent had plenty of experience about that, but about being with another man or boy his age and exploring his attraction.

He traced a small line on Trent's chest, and then brushed his knuckles, covered in semen, against it. It was a different type of pleasure to examine Trent and follow his eyes as Richard used the

sperm to paint his skin. There was something truly intense in them, and Richard chuckled softly. As a small joke, he finally brought his fingers to Trent's lips. "Do you ever taste it?"

Trent blushed and looked away. "Sometimes."

"Good. You might have to do that. For clients, of course."

There had been very few moments in Richard's life when he had felt like a huge hypocrite, so he wasn't happy to note this one down.

Trent deflated upon hearing his words. But this wasn't an interview for becoming Richard's lover, now was it? Richard felt a little annoyed, although that had to be oriented toward himself, not Trent.

"You will have to work on your staying power, though," Richard said, trying to gain back the semblance of civility, which had to be his usual *modus operandi* while in his position as the man running Blue Wonder.

Trent was beet red, now. "You were too fast, is all."

"I was too fast?" Richard asked.

Trent moved his hand in a fluid motion. "You went at it like you had to milk a cow or something."

Richard roared. "I don't think you know the first thing about milking a cow. And don't put it on me that you came so fast."

Trent seemed stubborn and a little upset. Richard stood up and went to his desk to grab a tissue so that he could wipe the last remnants of the earlier jerking off session. "You shouldn't be so pissed. After all, you got a handjob and a job." Richard laughed at his own pun.

He turned to find Trent looking at him with eyes as huge as saucers. "You mean it? I got the job?"

Richard nodded.

"Even if I shoot too fast?"

Richard shrugged. "You will work on that, I'm sure."

"Even if I'm not pretty like your boys?"

Richard stopped himself in time. He needed to be careful around Trent Ross. Only by being the innocent young man that he was, he could make Richard blurt out some not so little truths. "You'll do fine."

Trent exhaled, and then he started laughing. Then he slapped his knees in satisfaction. “I knew I could do it.”

“Don’t flatter yourself. I’m just in a generous mood,” Richard said.

Why did he want Trent to curb his enthusiasm? After all, a young man as pretty as he was bound to make an impression. And it didn’t matter that he didn’t look like the others. Richard had an inkling that Trent would offer a much-needed fresh perspective. People got bored with the same perfect bodies after a while.

Not that his business showed any signs of slowing down. Actually, Richard was still hiring because more employees meant more money.

“When do I start?” Trent asked.

“Come tomorrow,” Richard said. “Also, make sure to have some blood work done. I’ll send you the details. Just give me your number.”

Trent told him the phone number but then remained in place, looking down. “That stuff must be expensive.”

Richard looked at Trent, a bit unsure of what he meant. “The tests? All right. Here is where you need to go. I’ll arrange for it.” He wrote the details on a piece of paper, too. Suddenly, he didn’t trust technology anymore. “You go there and tell them I sent you.”

“What is that for?” Trent asked, moving from one foot to another.

“At first, you’ll fly solo. But then, I will start pairing you up. Everyone needs to have their health checked while working for me. And they need to have it checked regularly.”

Trent seemed to ponder for a bit. “So, someone will fuck me? Like Justin, from earlier?”

Richard pursed his lips in annoyance. He had just had a visceral reaction to that, and he had no idea where it came from. He couldn’t allow anyone to fuck Trent; that was what had just crossed his mind. What he needed to do was to get himself in check and stop thinking like Trent had walked through the door to become his lover, not his employee.

“Yes, someone will fuck you,” he said in a cold voice.

Trent appeared a bit uncomfortable upon hearing his reply. “Can’t I just go solo all the time, as you said?”

Richard sighed. “You don’t have to comply with my rules. Far from me to impose them on you. But, if you really want this job, as you said, that’s what you have to do. Of course, you should like the other man, and he should like you back. No one here is forced to do anything. But your clients will get bored if all you do is just masturbation.”

“Okay,” Trent murmured and looked down. “Then, I’ll do it.”

Richard knew he needed to stop thinking of Trent as being his, but the same reaction of someone threatening what belonged to him occurred. Clearly, the last breakup must have affected him more than he suspected. Suddenly, it was enough to see a young man taking out his cock, and he was ready to ask him out on a date.

“You also need to lose the punk attitude.”

Trent scowled. “How am I supposed to do that? It’s who I am.”

“You just need to be educated a little,” Richard replied.

A wild idea had just come to his mind.

“Educated? How? I finished high school,” Trent pointed out.

“No. I will just have to teach you some manners.”

“You will teach me?”

“Yes. Do you have a problem with that?”

Trent shook his head. “But I won’t make any money until then. And I need it. I just got fired.”

Richard pulled out his wallet and took three bills. “Will this tide you over until your first paycheck?”

Trent looked at him shyly. Richard could swear he didn’t want to take the money, and he couldn’t imagine why.

“I’ll give it back.” Trent didn’t move, though.

Richard nodded, mostly to himself. So Trent wasn’t that much of a punk, after all. He walked over to Trent and took his hand, putting the money in it, and closing the palm. “If you happen to run away with my three hundred dollars, let’s say that I won’t have to file for bankruptcy.”

Trent blushed again. He did that a lot, Richard thought. Where was the tough street kid? Apparently, that had been a shell Trent had quickly shed. “I’ll work for it.”

Richard laughed softly. “Somehow, I’m pretty sure you will. I’ll call you tomorrow, and we’ll have lunch together.”

Trent’s eyes grew wide. “Lunch? Like in a fancy restaurant?” He looked at the bills in his hand. “Then I should get new clothes.”

Richard took him by the shoulders. He didn't exactly want to push the boy out the door, but any minute spent with Trent tonight appeared to be a source of sudden insanity on his part. "We won't go to a fancy restaurant. Buy new clothes only if you need them. After all, once you start working here, no one will want to see you dressed."

Trent just nodded. "All right. Thanks a lot, Mr. Henley."

"Just call me Richard."

"Okay." Trent smiled.

He was even prettier when he smiled. Richard caressed his cheek slowly and then placed one small kiss on his lips. "See you tomorrow, Trent. I look forward to starting your education."

That wasn't a lie. Richard had a feeling he would toss and turn a lot while waiting for a new day to come.

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Trent hurried home, his feet barely touching the ground. He had money in his pocket, money he would work for, and work hard, and that was something. If it wasn't too late, maybe he could buy some good food so that his mom had something else than the usual when she left to work in the morning.

That was just part of why he was so happy. He had been kissed for the first time in his life, really kissed. And Richard had touched him and jerked him off while kissing him like crazy. Trent knew Richard was only the business owner, and he couldn't even dream of anything happening between them.

But no one said that he couldn't dream. Never before, he had thought he would like an older man. He had thought as little as he could of his attraction. Now, that attraction had a face and a body, and they both belonged with a handsome man who was also kind to him, which was a pretty great thing.

Tomorrow, they would meet for lunch. Just how cool was that?

## *Chapter Six*

“Did you buy these scones?” his mom asked when he walked into the kitchen the next morning.

He had left them on the table, and they seemed pretty stale since he had just caught the bakery barely open before closing time the previous evening. “Yeah. So that you can have something else besides a sandwich with your morning coffee.”

His mom rewarded him with a smile. “That’s nice of you, Trent. But you should spend your money on yourself. I can take care of the rest.”

Trent reached into his pocket and took two of the bills Richard had given him. “I should help out, too.”

His mom smiled, but she appeared unsure. “Are you sure you don’t need it for other things? You don’t have to --”

“It’s all right. I found a new job, and it pays a little better.”

“Okay,” his mom replied, and her smile lit her face. “I guess I shouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth.”

“Who does that?” Trent rolled his eyes.

“What? Look a gift horse in the mouth?”

“Yeah. That’s one weird expression.”

“Well, I suppose that horses are expensive, so when someone happens to give one to you as a gift, you shouldn’t look for flaws.”

“Ah,” Trent said. He took one scone and bit on it. It wasn’t half bad. His mom poured him a cup of coffee, too.

“So, what’s this new job? And how come you have this money already?”

“Oh, I just got what I was owed at the old place,” he said quickly. “The job’s about the same. But I’ll be working in an office building, so they pay better,” he lied. “I don’t need this money. I mean, not as much as you.”

It wouldn’t be the first time he lied to his mom, but now, unlike other times, he felt a little guilty.

“Just part-time?” his mom questioned as she took one of the scones, too. “These are really good,” she added, smacking her lips.

“It’s in the evenings. And it’s cool because after, I can just hang out with my crew,” Trent said, trying to sound sure of himself.



“Your crew.” His mom ruffled his hair and laughed. “I come home late, anyway. Just make sure to stay out of trouble, okay?”

“Stop it, mom,” Trent complained and began rearranging his hair. He didn’t have money to spend on expensive haircuts, like Richard.

“Look at you. All grown up,” his mom said and laughed. “You’re not saying anything, so I feel that I should ask. Is there some girl you would rather spend this money you gave me with?”

Trent blushed and pretended busy with looking inside his cup of coffee for unknown reasons. “No.”

“Well, when there is one, don’t forget to bring her home.”

“Yes, mom, because all girls want today is to be brought home to momma,” Trent joked.

His mom just laughed, good-naturedly. “Don’t worry. I’ll make sure not to scare her. I’ll tell her I would be satisfied with only two grandchildren.”

Trent made a horrified face. “Why not ten?” he teased.

“Why not? Now, I should get going. Money doesn’t grow on trees.”

She kissed him on the forehead before leaving. Once she was out the door, Trent allowed himself a deep breath. He could never tell his mom what his new job was about. Also, his heart grew small; he wasn’t sure of his feelings completely, but he had a feeling there would be no grandchildren in the future.

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He had gone at great lengths to look as nice as possible, but other than changing his t-shirt, his appearance wasn’t that much different from the previous night. Trent chewed on his bottom lip as he walked into the diner where he would meet Richard. He still had some of the money Richard gave him, even after giving part of it to his mom, but he needed that, just in case. For now, he needed to focus on giving his all so that he could start making real money at his new workplace.

Of course, there were also butterflies in his stomach, and those were there for another reason that had nothing to do with his being nervous about doing well at his new job. Trent was nervous about meeting Richard again.

For the entire night, he had either thought or dreamed of Richard. The man was arrogant and a rich bastard, but he was handsome, and his touch was enough to make Trent lose his head completely. But the dreams had been nice, and he had slept so well that he now felt like he could

take the world by storm. How that worked with the butterflies in his stomach, he didn't know, but if he had ever felt like winning at life, now had to be that moment.

Would Richard kiss him again, now that he had been initiated? Maybe not. Trent was trying to keep his hopes low so that he didn't end up being disappointed.

But a small part of him hoped that it would happen again. That meant that he needed to make a great impression on Richard and make him like him.

With that determination formed in his mind, Trent walked to the table where Richard was already seated.

"You're late," were the first words he heard from his employer.

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Richard was in a bit of a foul mood. The previous night, he had gotten home, into the shower, and masturbated to the mental reenactment of what had happened earlier. Usually, that would have been enough to make him sleep like a baby, but apparently, at his age, jerking off didn't quite cut it as it used to.

Therefore, he had slept badly and woken up with another hard-on that he had had to take care of quickly before heading out. People often thought that his job as a business owner was to laze around and sip expensive drinks. The reality was different. All the paperwork was his task, and many other things needed tending from dawn till dusk.

Maybe he should consider hiring an assistant, but being the control freak that he was, Richard couldn't convince himself that he was ready to use another person to do his chores.

Right now, the reason why he had been up part of the night, tossing and turning in his otherwise comfortable bed, was in front of him, looking every bit as yummy as before.

"Sorry," Trent mumbled.

"Stop standing there like a scarecrow in a pumpkin patch. Sit," Richard ordered curtly.

Trent slid into the seat across from him, looking just as frozen as before.

"Relax." It wasn't Trent's fault he was so pretty, after all. "I didn't sleep well."

"I slept so well!" Trent said quickly, with a broad smile on his face.

Richard frowned. "I'm glad for you. Now, what do you want to eat?"

"A hamburger," Trent said right away.

"Let's make it something better."

The server materialized next to them. “What will you have today, sir?”

“We’ll have two steaks, parmesan broccoli on the side, and your house red.”

He observed Trent after the server was gone with their order. “Why are you staring at me like I landed here from another planet?”

“Steak and wine? For lunch?”

Richard shrugged. “It’s an important meal of the day for me. After this, I’m usually busy until evening, and I prefer to have enough fuel for the entire day.”

“I can’t have wine,” Trent said.

“Really? Would you like some beer, then?”

“I don’t drink,” Trent said quickly.

“Go figure. No wonder kids today find it funny to throw rocks at people. They don’t know how to party anymore,” Richard said.

Trent looked down.

“I’m just joking. Don’t mind me so much, kid. And I’m buying, so you can have a little wine. Nothing bad will happen.”

Trent felt silent.

“Is there something I should know? About your non-drinking policy? You’re allowed to drink since you’re over eighteen, so I don’t see the problem.”

“I just, um, tend to say weird things when I’m drunk.”

“I won’t get you drunk. I promise.”

“What do you want to teach me?”

“For starters, how not to annoy people with questions. You must be polite and talk correctly. If a client compliments you, you say ‘thank you’ like a good boy. If he makes an unpleasant comment, you brush it off and smile. And if he asks for your address, real name, phone number, or anything that could identify you in real life, you politely decline.”

“Okay.”

Richard was pleased with how eager Trent looked right now. Trent had leaned over the table and was now looking raptly at him. “Everything clear so far?”

“Yes. What else?”

“There is a certain etiquette when it comes to doing this.”

“Etiquette?”

“Yes. While you are selling something, you must make the clients believe that you are not in it for the money, or, better said, you’re not in it only for the money.”

“How do I do that?”

“You enjoy yourself. You enjoy having people interested in you, your body, your actions. You smile, and you’re accommodating of your clients’ requests. Be clear and firm about your hard limits.”

“Hard limits?”

“You will get accustomed to a lot of toys and how to use them.”

“Toys?”

Richard sighed. “I see that I will have to educate you in more ways than one. Let’s enjoy our meal, and then I’ll take you to work and show you the inside of a room. How does that sound?”

“Okay.”

Richard smiled. Trent wasn’t that much of a punk, after all. Maybe he needed the money. But Richard would have to put him to the test in all possible ways before proceeding further.

“Did you go where I told you?”

“Yes,” Trent said. “This morning. They are nice people there.”

Richard nodded. “They are.”

The server interrupted their conversation and brought their plates to the table. Richard continued to observe Trent as he struggled to eat in what he must have thought to be a polite manner. In other words, awkward and uncomfortable.

“Relax,” Richard said. “Enjoy your meal. As you can see, we’re not in a fancy restaurant.”

Trent rewarded him with a beautiful smile. After that, he didn’t struggle anymore with his fork and knife.

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Some of the wine had gotten to his head, Trent was sure, and that made him feel a bit bolder than usual. He had followed Richard to the office building where Blue Wonder was located, and now they were riding in the elevator.

There was a soft hum in his brain, and he kept stealing glances at Richard.

“You’re staring at me,” Richard said.

“Yeah.” Trent giggled.

“You’re really a lightweight.” Richard shook his head. “Don’t worry. Consider this an introductory lesson.”

“Okay.”

“I’m glad you’re so accommodating. I would have expected a little more opposition. But, I guess that, with your experience, you won’t be too impressed with what I’m about to show you.”

“My experience?” Trent wasn’t sure what Richard meant by that.

The look he got back was a bit suspicious. “With men.”

“What men?”

“Men my age.”

“Ah.” Trent’s brain finally caught up with him. “Men.”

“Be honest. Was it more than one?”

Trent giggled. “No. Just one.”

Richard frowned, and Trent laughed again. “May I know what’s so funny?”

The elevator stopping at the top floor interrupted their little conversation. Richard didn’t wait for an answer, either, and put one hand on his shoulder to guide him. They walked down the hallway, but after going through the doors on which the name of the company was printed in iridescent letters, they didn’t go to Richard’s office.

Instead, they took a corner, and Richard stopped a few times to talk to some beautiful boys who were walking about in nothing but skimpy underwear.

“I thought your boys only worked in the evenings.” Trent stared in a bit of envy at the perfect males striking casual conversations with Richard.

“We also cater to an international audience, so some of them work during the day, too, although the place is far from being crowded as it is in the evenings.”

Trent felt a bit sober now, after looking at all those young men. What had he been thinking? He was nothing like those guys. What was worse, Richard would realize that soon. Plus, Trent was sure he had talked too much, telling Richard that the only experience he could brag about was whatever he had done with his current employer. Still, Richard seemed to have taken it as a joke and nothing else. A bad joke, by how he frowned, but still a joke. That meant that Trent needed to prove that he did have plenty of experience under his belt, and he wasn't just a virgin boy biting more than what he could chew.

Richard finally stopped in front of a door. "This will be your room, so you may as well get acquainted with it."

Trent stepped inside and took in the comfortable bed, the plush carpet on the floor, and the computer with all the equipment. That would be his work station, he suspected. Richard began explaining how to use it, and Trent paid close attention.

"You look here, and you don't forget to smile all the time," Richard said as he pointed at the camera. "While you can't see your clients, they can see you, and the point is to provide them with an experience that they will want again."

Trent nodded. That felt real and a bit overwhelming.

"Now, let's introduce you to some toys," Richard said and placed a rectangular black box on the bed.

Trent pretended to be nonchalant as Richard began removing items from the box and throwing them on the bed. They had to be all brand new because they were either in plastic bags or their original packaging.

He could feel his face growing hot. He knew about dildos and butt plugs, but he had to admit that his knowledge was, otherwise, minimal. Some of those things didn't look like anything he had ever seen.

"Well," Richard said and crossed his arms over his chest.

Unlike the evening before and the first time Trent had met him, Richard wore a casual shirt and jeans that hugged his package nicely. They weren't skinny jeans like Trent wore, and they looked expensive, but not even their perfect cut could hide the heat Richard was packing between his legs.

Trent began chewing on his bottom lip as he continued to stare at Richard's crotch.

"Do you want me to pick something for you first?" Richard moved and, after a short moment of deliberation, he took a butt plug from the bed, removing it from its package. "I'd say this could be a good start. After all, I didn't get to see what should be one of your biggest selling points."

Trent nodded and began to unbutton his jeans. Richard looked at him, and by how his eyebrows were raised, he appeared amused.

“What? I need to take my pants off to stuff that in my ass.”

He tried to sound brave, but the idea frightened him a little.

“Go ahead.” Richard threw the butt plug at him, and Trent managed to catch it, with a little effort.

After he placed the object on the bed in front of him, he continued to undress, pushing his shoes away in the process. Now he only had his t-shirt on and knew that he needed to get to work. He cleared his throat and climbed on the bed.

For a couple of seconds, Trent hesitated. Was he supposed to do that while on all fours, or while on his back? He had never used a butt plug, only fingers to explore his back door, which he had found rather pleasant. That meant that he needed to decide on the go.

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Richard watched Trent with hawk-like eyes. Trent had just admitted, earlier, in the elevator, that he had been with at least one partner, but, right now, he seemed at a loss. Not that he would have minded to take things into his hands and show Trent how it was done, but he felt compelled to observe for a while.

The boys walking into his office always knew at least the basics. They were handy with butt plugs, dildos, anal beads, nipple clamps, and some were even inventive enough to ask for more toys, some that Richard had never used himself.

But Trent appeared completely out of the loop, now that he was faced with the choice of toys on the bed.

“I can help you,” Richard said.

“I got it,” Trent replied quickly.

Eventually, Trent had settled for lying on his back, his legs parted. Richard moved so that he could have a good angle. He also wanted to be able to see Trent’s ass, as the young man didn’t bother to make it a show.

Trent struggled with the butt plug, trying to push it into his hole.

“Aren’t you going to ask me for lube?”

Trent stopped and blushed. “Yeah. Do you have some?”

Richard smiled. That man Trent had been with before hadn't taught the boy too much. Who could that person be? And how had Trent managed to juggle his proclivities with an older male lover and his gang of losers who were homophobic? Richard was curious, and he couldn't stop thinking that he wanted to know everything about Trent.

"Here," he said, and handed Trent the bottle. "Wait," he added. "I will help you."

Richard wasn't asking. That wasn't what he was there for. After all, he was the boss, and he needed to make sure that his new employee would not hurt himself by being too eager to please. Well, at least that was the little lie he told himself.

He seized Trent by the legs and dragged him closer to the edge of the bed. After that, he knelt in front of him and pushed Trent's buttocks apart. A pink hole that looked tight and unused was right in front of his eyes, and Richard acted without thinking. He placed a small kiss on it, which made Trent grunt in unhidden pleasure right away.

"These sounds you're making," Richard said, "this is what your clients will love to hear."

"You kissed my --" Trent said in a weak voice.

"What? Your lover isn't into rimming, perhaps?"

"Lover?"

"The man you were talking about in the elevator on our way up."

Trent said nothing.

"Are you still with him?"

"In a way, I guess."

That was a cryptic answer, and Richard didn't like it. "Is he okay with you doing cam porn?" His voice had come through more gruffly than before.

"Yeah," Trent said after a short moment of hesitation.

"I don't want any angry lovers coming through my door." Richard squirted some lube into his palm and began preparing Trent's pretty hole for insertion.

Trent was making cute sounds, and it looked like he was trying to keep his voice down.

"The rooms are soundproof. Don't be afraid to be noisy. Actually, I'd prefer to hear your voice."

"It's embarrassing," Trent complained.



“Well, if you want to be a cam boy, you should forget about your shyness. Or, you could keep up with this innocent act as I’m quite sure some clients would love to meet a cute young man like you.”

“Do you really think I’m cute?”

Richard began teasing the hole more. It didn’t yield to his insistence that easily, so he started moving his fingers inside.

“Oh, oh, oh,” Trent moaned loudly.

“You’re either incredibly sensitive, or your lover didn’t care to initiate you in anal pleasures. Please, tell me you didn’t top.”

“I didn’t,” Trent confirmed in a strained voice.

“Good. Your butt needs a bit of training, but, otherwise, I think you’re perfect as a bottom.”

“I’m perfect?”

“For someone taking my door down to convince me that he is every bit as capable as any of my boys, you surely sound insecure now.”

“I’m not.”

Richard smiled and grabbed the butt plug. “Ready?”

“Yeah.” This time, Trent tried to sound sure of himself, but Richard wasn’t fooled.

It would be a world of fun to train his new employee. Trent was cute, and his reactions were as cute as he was.

## *Chapter Seven*

Trent was beyond scared at this point, but the emotion that trampled his fear was excitement. Richard's lips on his hole had been warm, and they had sent a short circuit up his spine to his brain, and now he could no longer think straight.

The blunt head of the toy pushed against his hole, and he clenched his buttocks in pure reflex.

"Hey," Richard warned. "Your repertoire will be pretty limited if you can't allow a little thing like this inside your butt. Imagine that it's your lover penetrating you."

"That's kind of hard."

"What? Imagining your lover?"

"No. That thing."

"Ah, sorry about that. Should we try a small dildo, then? Some are definitely more flexible than this butt plug."

"Okay."

Trent felt completely at Richard's mercy, but that wasn't that scary, after all. He felt he could trust the guy not to hurt him. After all, no one had ever kissed his ass, and that meant that Richard was gentle and, also, a bit kinky.

He grabbed his cock and pumped it a few times.

"Don't stimulate that too much. We don't want you shooting too fast, right?"

Trent removed his hand from his cock as if it burned him.

Richard laughed. "So, you never topped?"

"No," Trent replied. He was trying his best to be as honest as possible without blurting out to Richard that there was no other man and had never been one. Until now, he had replied, speaking nothing but the truth, since he hadn't topped Richard, and only the idea was so strange that his cock stood up to the attention.

His fantasies had been, so far, vague and unsure, but now he had more and more material to work with, which was nice.

Richard picked a pink thing that didn't look as threatening as the butt plug. Trent still hissed when Richard pushed it through his ring of muscles.

"Your lover doesn't sound like a practiced man or one with a large cock. A thing this small, and you act like you're uncomfortable."

“I’m a slow starter, is all,” Trent explained while lying through his teeth.

“Slow starter.” Richard chuckled and slapped Trent’s erection gently. “You have a nice cock. Nice size. Nice girth.”

“Do you think I could ever top?” Trent asked.

Richard pushed the dildo inside his ass a little more, and Trent threw his head back. There was something in that sensation that wasn’t only uncomfortable. But his reaction appeared to be received differently by the other.

“I’m going to work you with my hand first.”

Richard moved to lie next to him on the bed, but he kept his hand between Trent’s legs, his fingers curved against his hole. Trent clung to him right away and looked at his face. “Could you please, kiss me?” The word left his mouth without one trace of remorse.

For a second, he thought he would be laughed at, but Richard pressed his mouth against his lips and began kissing him. Trent moaned as Richard’s fingers probed deeper as if they were searching for something.

The kiss was incredible. Trent answered by pushing his tongue inside Richard’s mouth, too. He liked that; he liked it, oh so much. Richard’s lips were firm, and, while he was perfectly shaved, there was a bit of roughness there, too. Trent sucked Richard’s tongue inside his mouth, and then played with it.

Richard grabbed him with one arm and continued to push inside him with rough fingers. The lube helped, and Trent was in heaven. There was no more discomfort, and he loved to be made to feel that way.

“I think that should make you ready to play with toys.”

Richard moved away, and Trent felt bereft. Could it be he was the only one who felt the intensity of their kisses? After all, Richard was an experienced man, and he must have kissed who knew how many other men. Trent was nothing special, and that thought alone hurt.

Richard stood in front of him, and his eyes were burning. Trent pushed himself up on his elbows. “Am I bad?”

Richard frowned. “What?”

“At kissing. Is that why you don’t want to kiss me anymore?”

Richard ran one hand through his perfect hair. “That’s not it, kid. I’m not here to kiss you, understood? Now put something in your cute butt, and show me if you have it in you.”

“You’re staring at me.”

“A lot of people will be staring at you.”

“I won’t see them, though.”

Richard seemed a bit annoyed with him now. “Eventually, there will be other people in the same room. One, two, three, how many the bed can hold.”

Trent threw Richard a terrified look. “Like in a gangbang?”

Richard waved. “Don’t let me scare you. I’m not selling that kind of experience here. But I do need to see some butt action from you. So, please.”

“It’s not fair that I’m naked and you’re all dressed up, sitting there like you’re judging me,” Trent said in a heartbeat. What scared him was being unable to please Richard.

“So, what do you want from me?”

“You should show me your cock, too. And I have to know if I’m doing a good thing.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“If I see your cock getting hard, I’ll know.”

“Do you want me to jerk off, too?”

“Yes.”

“You’re something, Trent Ross. Not a single one of my boys has ever asked me such a ludicrous thing.”

Trent knew he was out of line. He had crossed that, for sure, but Richard kissed so well, and he was scared that he couldn’t make the other man feel anything. “Then how will I know if what I do is good enough?”

“I’ll tell you.” Richard’s voice was clipped, annoyed.

That meant that he needed to keep his mouth shut and get to work. He took the pink dildo and pushed it through. It was nothing like Richard’s fingers. But a look at Richard was enough to tell him he wasn’t doing half bad.

Richard had dark eyes, and his face was cut in stone; it was a handsome face, but a bit harsh, and that must have looked intimidating to a lot of people. But Trent found it the most handsome face he had ever looked at. The dark eyes were set on him, and he parted his lips, allowing a few little moans.

“You got this, Trent,” Richard said softly, encouraging him.

His hand began moving more, a bit faster. Trent was pretty sure he wasn't entirely on target, and the spot that Richard had found so quickly and with high accuracy still eluded him a little.

“Can I jerk off, too?” he pleaded.

Richard nodded. Trent could feel that smoldering look traveling up and down his body, touching him in an almost physical way. It was only his imagination, but Richard was making an impression on him by merely looking.

Trent knew it was insane to consider falling for this guy. He had never fallen for anyone, ever, if he didn't count celebrities, actors, and singers. In real life, he had never met anyone like Richard, and the experience felt so alien to him, so new, that it filled his heart and was not letting him breathe properly.

“No. I'll do it for you.”

Richard came close and knelt in front of him. Trent had to lift his head to watch him do it, but it was all worth it. Richard had taken the dildo from him, too, and was now working him both ways. Trent grabbed the sheets with his hands and moaned louder and louder.

“Don't keep it inside. It's okay if you come,” Richard told him.

Trent's moans turned into grunts, and then into shouts, as he exploded in Richard's hands. The pleasure from his ass had only come to increase the one he felt with his cock.

“Good boy.” Richard stood up and used some tissues to clean his hand. “You will have to wash all your toys religiously. There is no such thing as trading them with others. In the bathroom, you will find everything you need for that.”

Trent lay on the bed, breathing hard, his eyes half-closed and staring at the ceiling.

“Feel free to spend as much time here as you like. You start tonight. Here is the key to this door. You must store all the toys away, under lock and key, when cleaning services come to vacuum and dust. Is all clear?”

“Yes,” Trent said meekly.

For him, it had been the experience of a lifetime, and Richard was cold like a fish. That had to be enough for Trent to forget all about falling for this guy. But, instead, it just made him want to prove himself harder.

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Richard had to use all his power of will not to rush out of that room. Trent had been so sweet, quivering in his arms, responding to his kisses, and then coming for him like that. It was unfathomable why Richard had felt jealous of that puny dildo giving Trent so much pleasure.

But no, it hadn't been the sex toy. Richard had been the one to pleasure his employee, which was incredible, given his dedication to living his life by a set of rules and principles.

Trent could make him come undone. Now, he had the erection of an elephant, so he rushed into his office, closed it after him, and locked himself in the bathroom. Only recalling how Trent had challenged him to take out his cock and jerk himself off while watching was enough to get him going.

How would it feel to make the boy submit? How would it feel to push Trent to his knees, make him look up with those innocent beautiful eyes, and have him take a cock between his soft lips? The image was too much; Richard slammed one hand hard on the wall in front of him, while the other brought him to completion.

Now he was jerking off and ejaculating in a toilet bowl. Great. Not even at fifteen, he had done that. Apparently, there was a beginning for everything.

There had to be a way to get rid of that obsession. He just needed to find it. Trent had been unwise to provoke him like that. He was a bit stubborn, but even when he did that, he was cuteness incarnate. Richard needed to teach his cock a lesson if he wanted to survive having Trent around.

And, just like that, an idea came to him.

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Physically, Trent felt great, and now, since it was evening, and he was completely naked in front of his camera, he knew he had to feel at ease. On the inside, however, he was a complete mess. He could blame Richard for it, but it wasn't the man's fault Trent was hung up on falling for his boss.

Was it always that quickly? Only two days earlier, Trent was convinced he wanted to hate Richard. Instead, he had found him irresistible, which was a huge problem. Richard couldn't feel the same way about him. He was an older, sophisticated man, who probably had the most beautiful boys in his bed if he wanted to.

Trent wondered about Richard's past lovers. Who were they? How did they look like? It wasn't hard to imagine that they were all beautiful and also knew how to satisfy Richard in bed. In comparison, Trent had to be absolutely lame.

Now, he was nervous about being, for real, in front of the camera. He knew all the details about how the equipment worked. Were people looking at him right at that moment? Did their eyes glide over him, finding him unfit for their fantasies?

The chat window blinked. Trent moved closer to the computer screen.

“You’re pretty,” he mouthed the words.

Oh, so someone was watching him.

“Thank you,” he said out loud, remembering Richard’s rules.

The person on the other side of the screen asked him to touch himself. Dutifully, Trent reminded the potential client that it would be kind of him to tip. Still, he touched himself, letting his fingers slide up and down his half-erect cock.

Another person joined the chat. This time, Trent had to reply politely to some direct questions. How old was he? How many men had fucked him? It wasn’t some innocent act he was playing, as Richard said, and he blushed as he replied as honestly as possible without blowing his so-called cover.

Maybe Richard was watching the chat right now and had asked some people to test Trent and see if he recalled the rules. That didn’t mean he wasn’t blushing and didn’t feel completely overwhelmed. Some of the people joining the chat were pretty explicit, and they didn’t mince words as they told him what they would like to do to him.

The fact that he began to stutter and find his words with more and more difficulty didn’t appear to bother those watching. The cheerful sound of a tip took him by surprise. At least, he didn’t stutter as he addressed his thanks. A few others followed.

Still, that was the public chat, and Richard had told him that the real money was made in private. That meant that Trent needed to motivate his watchers to reach a certain amount so that they could move to private chat.

And that was difficult since his mind was completely blank and had no idea what he was doing. If Richard knew he was so lost right now, he would fire him for sure.

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With a small curse, Richard pushed the door to his office and sat at his computer. Of all evenings of the year, now he had been detained with trivial matters. His heart was beating a bit too fast, and he was grinding his teeth. He tapped his fingers impatiently on the desk while he waited for his computer to boot.

If only he wasn't too late, and Trent wasn't already in private chat with clients. The moment he appeared on the cam wall, a lot of people must have wanted to see him, and Richard couldn't allow that.

With a few clicks, he went directly to the overview of all the cams. He drew one deep breath, and then he clicked on Trent's cam. He was blushing and looked pretty overwhelmed, as several people were asking him to show his ass, at least a little. There were several tips, and Richard knew it wasn't a bad start, especially for someone as inexperienced as Trent.

But that meant there wasn't time to lose. Without overthinking things, Richard typed his username and password, which he used to monitor the activity from time to time. The next step, he performed without one trace of hesitation.

Richard leaned back as he watched Trent's beautiful eyes on screen growing large as saucers. He didn't care, at the moment, about the surprise and disappointment of the others at seeing the screen turning black. He wasn't there to play.

"Um, hello?" Trent's voice was unsure.

Richard smiled and pulled his keyboard to him. *"Hello, beautiful."*

Trent smiled sheepishly. "Did you just pay for full private chat?"

*"I sure did, cutie."*

"Why?"

Richard stared amused at the screen, tapping his lips with an index finger. *"Why? Because I think you're the most beautiful cam boy I've ever seen."* He typed next.

Trent looked aside, and his eyelashes fluttered in an unstudied, but not less seductive manner. "Have you seen a lot of cam boys?"

*"Plenty."*

"Then you must be lying," Trent replied. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his legs parted, hands hanging between them and obstructing the view of his cock.

*"It's the truth. I have never seen someone like you doing this type of thing."*

"That doesn't mean I'm the most beautiful."

Richard noticed how Trent was leaning forward to read the words on the screen. *"Not that I mind seeing your beautiful eyes from up close, but why do you come so close to the screen?"*



Trent leaned back a little as if he had been caught doing something wrong. “Can you keep a secret?” His smile was sheepish.

If Richard hadn’t known better, he would have thought Trent was playing with him. “*Sure thing. What happens here stays here.*”

“I don’t see that well.”

Richard quirked an eyebrow in surprise. How come he hadn’t noticed that about Trent? “*Do you wear glasses? I’d love to see you wearing them.*”

Trent shook his head. “I’d look like a nerd. No one knows I need them, though.”

“*Hasn’t that caused trouble for you so far?*”

“I got plenty of bad grades. And I got called stupid and a loser plenty.” Trent seemed embarrassed now.

Richard shook his head. “*And was it worth it, to lie about your eyes?*”

Trent seemed to ponder. “You don’t know my life.” His beautiful eyes were launching small angry darts at the screen.

Richard could sense there was more to that story. “*You’re right. I don’t.*”

Trent ran a hand over his face and through his hair. “Would you like me to do something for you? You paid, after all.” His lips were pouty, a sign of their owner’s displeasure.

Richard wanted to reach through the screen and smack the little punk upside the head, for lying about his eyes, and for being defiant when he was supposed to be sweet and ask politely what the client desired, especially one so generous.

“*Fuck yourself with your fingers.*”

Trent took upon himself to sit on all fours. He reached back and began playing with his hole. Richard brushed a thumb over his mouth as he took in the long fingers going back and forth. At least, it looked like Trent knew how to do that.

“*Move to something bigger,*” he ordered.

Trent brought a few dildos and presented them to the screen. “Which one do you want?”

“*The thickest.*”

Richard noted with satisfaction the flabbergasted expression on Trent’s face. But he wouldn’t cut the little punk any slack. After all, Trent was responsible for turning Richard, who believed himself to be as cool and collected as a man his age could be, into a walking boner.

While it wasn't his speed to jerk off at the office, it looked like the only way to let this obsession run its course. So, he took out his cock and began treating it right.

Trent struggled with lubing the thick silicone toy, but he had a concentrated expression on his face, and that meant that he was serious about taking the dildo up his ass.

*“Lay on your back. Make sure to show me.”*

Trent just nodded and obeyed. He parted his legs as much as he could, and then began pushing the dildo inside.

By how he grunted, it wasn't an easy job. Richard watched closely. Trent's voice progressed to soft pants. The thing was barely in.

*“Stop. Stay like this, but take the dildo out, and just finger yourself. Show me how big you can make it.”*

Trent looked a bit pained as he moved to read the message on the screen. But he was relieved when he removed the dildo. Then he proceeded to finger himself, while Richard guided him through how to make the best of showing his hole.

He now had a hunch that Trent hadn't been fucked too often. With a satisfied grin, he let go of his cock so that he could type fast.

## *Chapter Eight*

*“How many times have you had sex?”*

Trent read the message and exhaled. His client didn't appear to be that much into jerking off, and he liked more to engage in conversation. For Trent, that was easier, too, as he couldn't get a hard-on as it was probably expected from him.

“Anal, you mean?”

*“Yes.”*

“Can you keep another secret?” Trent felt the need to unload his secrets, and someone who paid him so well just to fool around with his cock seemed a good choice for that. After all, that person was a total stranger, and, after this evening, he would probably never come back to pay for an inexperienced cam boy who didn't know the first thing about making a client come.

*“Sure.”*

Trent leaned toward the screen and whispered. “I've never done it.”

*“Get out of here! For real?”*

Trent nodded and smiled. “I know that other cam boys must know more about this, but, you see, I need this job.”

*“So, you lied to your employer about having experience with men?”*

Trent nodded again. “That's why it's a secret.”

*“Are you even gay, then? Or just gay for pay?”*

“I don't know exactly,” Trent replied in all honesty. “Can I give you a refund? I must look.” He began looking through the options since he didn't recall Richard telling him about that, but it should be there.

*“No need. I'm intrigued by you.”*

“But you paid to come, not to talk to someone lame like me.”

*“You're not lame. You're beautiful. So, where do you stand? Do you like men?”*

“I like one man,” Trent whispered and blushed. He was utterly insane to confide into a stranger like that. But it was all anonymous, and he had no other to confide in. He didn't have any real friends, and his mom was out of the question. She wanted grandkids.

*“Oh, that's interesting. Who is he?”*

Trent shook his head. "That I really shouldn't say. But he's out of my league."

*"Like how? A boy as beautiful as you could make any man happy, I'm sure."*

"You don't know me," Trent said with a long sigh. "I really am a loser. Until a couple of days ago, I was cleaning floors for a living."

*"You were wasted doing that. This looks more like a good fit for you."*

"You're a cool guy," Trent said.

*"So, this man, what's he like? I get it that you can't tell me who he is."*

"Oh, he is ... so handsome. Dreamy. I spend all night thinking and dreaming of him. He is tall, and he knows how to kiss --" Trent trailed off. "His lips are amazing. I love his kisses."

*"Is this man your lover, then?"*

"No." Trent sighed deeply. "I don't know why he kissed me. But I'm glad he did."

*"Why, if he doesn't seem to have the same feelings for you?"*

"Because I've never felt like this, with anyone."

*"It sounds one-sided."*

"It is. But I don't mind. I'm so happy just to feel like this."

*"You're one sweet boy. Others would be cross for being kissed and pushed away."*

"I'm okay with it. I think I'm falling in love," Trent said and giggled, covering his face. "But enough about me. Would you like me to do something, after all? I do need to get used to dildos anyway. My boss would be so angry at me if I let you unsatisfied."

*"Is your boss a tough guy?"*

"I think he cares about his business," Trent said cautiously. He wasn't supposed to let the stranger know that he was starting to fall for his boss. Even if the client couldn't do anything with that information, for Trent, it felt like crossing a line, and he knew he wasn't supposed to do that. "So funny. Your nickname is *bossman*. Do you run your own business?"

*"I do. All right, cutie, I'm buying another hour, and you can get slowly used to putting a small dildo in your ass. What do you say?"*

"Great." Trent enjoyed the attention, after all.

*"Feel free to think of the man you like while playing with yourself."*

Trent smiled sweetly at the camera. “You’re one swell guy. I’m glad you’re my client.”

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Richard stared at the screen for a while, even if Trent’s camera was turned off now. He had ended keeping Trent in full private chat for all the hours he was supposed to work. In the meantime, he had kept his office closed to anyone, and he had jerked off while explaining to Trent the purpose of various sex toys.

At least several times, Richard had thought about calling out the charade, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it. Something was telling him that there was a possibility that Trent was talking of him when mentioning the mystery man he was falling for, but, to Richard, that sounded like wishful thinking. After all, when asked about his boss, Trent appeared to sit straight suddenly, like Richard was in the room with him, judging his performance.

Nonetheless, the matter had to be explored thoroughly. And he had an idea about how he could find the truth without blowing his cover.

Why was he doing this? Richard stopped for a moment. Trent was too young for him, and he had never been into men this young. So why did he need to book Trent for all the hours he worked there, tomorrow evening, too?

The situation had the potential to get out of hand. But Richard wasn’t a kid; there was nothing that could happen that he couldn’t control. Now, he just needed to find a way to run his business as usual so that his little playtime with Trent didn’t interfere with it.

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Richard called Trent the next day to invite him to another lunch. This time, he opted for something a bit lighter than previously and decided against alcohol. He wanted Trent to have a clear head, and he needed all his wits about himself, as well.

“So, how was your first night on the job?”

Trent smiled. “Someone paid big time for full private. And he must have been loaded because he paid for my three hours, like that.” He snapped his fingers to make a point.

“I’m glad for you. But what could he want with you for three hours?”

Trent shrugged. He eyed the Asian chicken pizza on his plate with interest. “He liked to talk.”

“And what did you talk about?” Richard watched Trent carefully.

“Stuff.” Trent was evasive on purpose; that was clear as day.

“Is it that much of a secret?”

“It is,” Trent said solemnly. “It’s like that client privilege.”

“Client privilege?” Richard laughed. “Do you mean like the attorney-client privilege? You watch too many movies.”

Trent didn’t appear that bothered to be made fun of. “I suppose no guy wants people to know he jerks off to cam stuff.”

Richard nodded. Trent made a good point, and insisting on the matter could raise suspicions.

“You will have to progress, though. It was beginner’s luck to be booked like that.”

“I don’t know about that. The dude wants me again tonight.”

“Really?” Richard smiled thinly. He felt a bit guilty now.

“Yeah. I think he likes to talk to me. Maybe I’m easy to talk to.”

“Besides talking, did you actually do something?”

“Yeah,” Trent admitted. But right away, he blushed.

“I can’t believe you’re still embarrassed. Talking about it is not worse than doing it.”

“Yeah. But we’re in broad daylight, and, I don’t know, it feels weird.”

“Well, sorry about that, but things are just about to get weirder if that’s how you feel.”

“Weirder, how?” Trent savored his pizza, and Richard took pleasure in watching him enjoying food so much.

“I’m going to teach you about oral sex,” Richard said.

Trent chocked on his pizza and reached for his soda, heaving. “Man, you could give a dude a heart attack. Stop joking.”

“I’m not. I need to see you with something long and hard in your mouth. You’ve done that with your lover, right?” Richard teased. Trent had said he hadn’t had any anal sex, but it had sort gone without saying that he hadn’t any oral sex, either. At least, Richard hoped that was the case.

“Right,” Trent murmured.

“Come on. Eat your pizza. I’m going easy on you, but you should know that I want my boys to be the best.”

“Are you going to pair me?” Trent said in a quiet voice.

Richard pursed his lips. No, that wasn't what he had in mind. "No, not yet. Plus, you have your generous buyer who wants you all to himself."

"At least, for tonight," Trent admitted, with a small sigh.

"Do you like this guy or something?" Richard joked.

"He's easy to talk to," Trent said.

"Ah, I see. Be careful, Trent. You know the rules. No address. No real name. No phone number. You never know what kind of people you're dealing with."

"I get it. I won't tell him anything."

The rest of their lunch was quiet, although Richard kept his eyes on Trent like a hawk all the time. The young man was too trusting. Richard could only be glad that he was the mystery client. Who knew what temptation could push an innocent boy like Trent into doing?

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Trent was back on the couch where he had been the first time, so he felt a little nervous. This had to be another test, right? That meant that he needed to make sure not to fail.

"Your client might ask you to simulate fellatio for him, so you need to be used to that, too."

"So, I'll have to put dildos in my mouth, right?"

"It's not as easy as that. You need to show me what you can do."

Richard took out a new dildo he had prepared for the occasion. Trent eyed it with a bit of unease. He took it and then stared at Richard. "Should I just --"

Richard nodded. "Do to it what you would do to your lover. What you did to him."

Trent placed his lips tentatively on the head of the silicone toy. It was just an inert thing, and Trent wasn't sure how to make that look hot, so he just took as much as he could into his mouth. His eyes followed Richard, as he leaned against his desk, with an unreadable expression on his face, his arms crossed over his chest. Today, Richard had opted for a suit, and not casual wear, as before. That made Trent feel it was vital for him to perform well. After all, Richard seemed all business-like.

He took the dildo out of his mouth with a loud pop. "This feels a little weird." He licked his lips. "It's different with the real thing," Trent added. He needed to justify his lack of technique somehow. Richard was frowning, so that couldn't be a good sign.

"The real thing?"

“You know. A cock.”

“You’re not about to ask for mine now, will you?” Richard said mockingly.

Trent pursed his lips. That was Richard teasing him, thinking again that he had no real experience. His eyes traveled to Richard’s crotch just like before. That had been something he had imagined just the previous night. How would it be to take Richard in his mouth? He might just die of overwhelming desire if he only touched Richard’s cock.

But life was nothing without taking risks. Trent looked straight at Richard. “Yeah, I could prove myself better if I sucked your cock.”

Richard looked at him in surprise.

“What, you chicken?” Trent teased. “It’s easy to say I’m no good while you sit there and stare at me like I’m a loser.”

The last word seemed to trigger something in Richard. He moved away from his desk and came to sit right in front of Trent. Now, his eyes were level with Richard’s crotch, and he couldn’t believe that was an invitation. Was it an invitation? Trent looked up. “Can I?” he asked, and his voice sounded meek and pleading.

“You’re the one issuing a challenge here. Let’s see what you got.”

“I got plenty,” Trent replied quickly.

His fingers were trembling slightly as he struggled with Richard’s belt. He focused on the job at hand without looking up again. There was no way he would lose face. Plus, he would get to live his fantasy. Richard had to have an awesome cock if the bulge he was sporting was any indication of his size.

Trent licked his lips and swallowed hard. In the silence of the room, Richard must have heard that. But he wasn’t wasting time. No matter how clumsy he was, he managed to pull out Richard’s cock, which already was hard and weeping precum. Without any hesitation, Trent pushed his tongue directly into the moist opening, lapping at what he found there. His hands were both on Richard’s cock, and he was holding to it like it was a precious toy.

Richard grunted as Trent took the head into his mouth. Trent was amazed at the taste, and it only made him want it more. So he used his tongue a lot, licking around. Then he remembered that he needed to suck, so he began to do that too, although he felt there was no proper rhythm to what he was doing.

Richard pushed him away a little, and Trent made a small whining sound. He still held his hands firm on Richard’s cock and looked up.



“Move the head over your lips and look at me.” Richard’s voice was deep and serious.

Trent looked up and began playing around. It was fascinating to observe his boss from this angle.

“Who did you suck like this?” Richard asked. “How many men had the pleasure of using your mouth?”

Trent felt his heart leaping with joy. “None,” he replied joyfully and realized too late he was supposed to lie.

“Your lover didn’t want your sweet mouth on his cock?”

Trent lapped gently at the engorged head. “I guess he didn’t like that.” He blushed as he said that. His lies were nothing but loose threads, and, any moment now, Richard would call him out on his bullshit.

“He doesn’t know what he’s missing,” Richard whispered. He grabbed Trent by the back of his neck and then leaned down. He made Trent tilt his head back, and he kissed him.

Trent moaned softly. He was so hard now, and he didn’t know if he wanted more to kiss Richard, or to go back at sucking his cock. Good thing Richard solved the problem for him and straightened up, not without giving Trent a meaningful look.

Trent pushed back the hard cock in his mouth, giving it his all. Richard continued to praise him, caressing his head.

“You’re so good at this,” Richard whispered, and then he pushed Trent back again.

Trent didn’t have time to protest. Hot semen hit his cheeks, and he opened his mouth to receive the next spurts. He played with it and swallowed, amazed again how right that taste felt. It wasn’t like his own, but Richard’s semen was tasty. It made him want to have it all.

Richard was breathing hard when he finished. Trent took some time to remove his hands from the other’s cock, still a bit dazed after the experience.

“I think you do need a bit of guidance,” Richard said. “But, it was great.”

It hurt a little to learn that it was all a lesson. Trent knew he was a bit stupid, trying to read anything into a blowjob he had just given his boss, which was supposed to be nothing more but a method for Richard to see where his new employee stood.

“Let me just show you how it’s done.”

Trent didn’t have time to protest, as Richard pushed him back into the sofa, and then knelt in front of him. There was something amazing in how Richard looked like that. He was this

powerful, sophisticated man, all dressed up in a suit, but he didn't mind being on his knees and teaching Trent stuff like that.

Trent threw one arm over his eyes. If he looked too much or too hard, he would just blow. Richard wasn't clumsy like him; he managed to get Trent's cock out in one fell swoop.

"Watch and learn, kid."

Trent didn't dare at first. A hot mouth was all over his cock, and, pushed by curiosity, he did look. Richard was taking his cock down to the hilt! He moaned and quivered, the stimulation too much. "No, please. I think --"

Richard took his mouth away and made Trent come all over his t-shirt.

For a couple of minutes, Trent kept his eyes shut. His boss had been deepthroating him, and he had just blown it. Literally. His t-shirt was a mess.

"I get it that no one sucked your cock, either," Richard said.

Trent just mumbled the answer meekly.

"That means that I need to teach you more. You'll learn, don't worry."

There was kindness there, and Trent felt his heart growing small. No wonder he was falling for Richard. The man had given him a chance when no one else had done it. And now, to teach him all there was so that he could perform well for clients, he was taking care of Trent.

Probably, he did the same for all his employees. Trent had seen plenty of casting couch porn to know how newcomers were put to the test. Yet, he couldn't remember any episodes involving the man with the camera going down on some guy who wanted to make it into porn.

But this was Richard, and he looked nothing like the average porn producer. Also, there was no camera.

"I should get you some tissues and a shirt to wear."

Trent just nodded.

Richard crouched next to him and kissed his cheek gently. "Good boy," he whispered, and Trent wanted to be kissed some more.

But Richard moved away, and Trent's worries came back. He had no business falling for a guy like that. Still, it didn't mean that he would heed his own advice. His heart didn't care at all about what he thought.

## Chapter Nine

*"I'm glad to see you again."* Richard observed Trent and the healthy flush of his cheeks. *"You seem in a good mood."*

"Yeah," Trent admitted. "I shouldn't be, but --"

*"Why?"*

Trent just shook his head. "I'm falling for the wrong man."

*"What makes you think that?"*

"He cannot be interested in me."

*"Cannot or is not?"*

"Tough question." Trent laughed softly. "I told you. He's out of my league."

*"And you're happy about that?"*

"No. I guess I'm just a little stupid. We kind of ... sucked off each other today."

Richard closed his fist and made a small silent gesture of victory. So he was the one, after all, Trent was talking about. *"And how was it?"*

Trent's eyes became unfocused for a few seconds. "I think it was everything. It hurts a little, too, you know?"

*"Because you believe he doesn't care about you. Then forgive me for asking, but how come you two came to blow each other if there's nothing between you two?"*

"It's complicated. I can't say more."

*"What are you going to do about it?"*

"Nothing. I know that it is useless to think about him like that. I will just, I don't know, try not to lose my head, I guess." Trent shrugged and then drew a deep sigh.

*"Will it be so bad to lose your head over this guy?"*

"Well, nothing good might come from it. All I know is he's not for me."

*"You're selling yourself short."*

"I'm actually selling something to you, and I don't deliver. What would you like to see tonight?"

Richard sighed. So Trent was falling for him. Just how sweet could he be? Now, the problem was: what could he do with that information? The thrill of finding the truth was fading, and now Richard realized that he didn't know precisely how to react. Trent was a young man working for him, and Richard had crossed the line over and over again with him. Enjoying that beautiful mouth had been great, and the only regret was that he hadn't managed to enjoy Trent's cock properly, too.

He needed to clear his head and put some distance. Trent was right to consider that nothing good could come from something like that. Still, that didn't mean that he didn't feel at least a bit frustrated over that.

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"Trent, I'm so happy to see you here!" Justin embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks. "So Richard hired you, too?"

"Yeah," Trent admitted. "I thought he wouldn't, but then he decided that I was worth a shot."

"That's awesome! Maybe we could pair up sometime. What does Richard say?"

"Oh, he's teaching me stuff. I suppose he intends to make me pair with someone at one point."

"When that happens, remember me," Justin said and offered Trent a fantastic smile.

"Sure."

"He's really something, right? Our boss, I mean." Justin leaned against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest.

"He's handsome," Trent said and blushed. He quickly looked away.

Justin drew an exaggerated sigh. "Too bad he's not like other people in the industry."

"What do you mean?" Trent asked.

Justin looked around, as other boys were walking to and fro, laughing and talking to each other. He made a small sign with his head, and Trent came closer. Then he whispered, "He's not fucking his boys."

Trent blinked in surprise. "He's not? I mean, yeah, okay. I haven't thought about it," he added quickly.

Justin smiled and looked at him, narrowing his eyes. "What? Were you hoping for him to, you know, do you?"

Trent was beet red now, and he didn't need a mirror to know it. His cheeks burned. "No!" he whispered.

"It's all right. You wouldn't be the first who has a crush on him. But Richard isn't into young dudes like us. He likes only men his age."

Trent was having a hard time trying to hide his shock. "He does?"

"Yeah." Justin shrugged, but it was clear as day he was the type to enjoy a bit of gossip. "His boyfriend is some hotshot trader or something. You know, someone that's his caliber and stuff."

"Do you mean, handsome? Sexy?" Trent needed to shut up, but he couldn't do it.

"I haven't seen him, so I have no clue. But, you know. Rich, powerful, dresses well, I suppose. No matter how much we put ourselves out there," Justin said, "Richard wouldn't waste one moment on us unless it's business-related."

Trent's brain was reeling. Was it true? All Justin was saying? But why had Richard done all those things? Why had he kissed him like that? If he had a boyfriend, why had he gone down on him?

"You're so pretty," Justin said and moved to throw one arm around Trent's shoulders. "Dream of Richard just like the rest of us, but don't forget to have some fun. And if you're paired, tell Richard you want me, okay?"

Trent just nodded. It was difficult to speak. His entire world was crashing down. How could he be so stupid and believe that a man like Richard, with his money, his position, and five hundred dollar haircut, would like a punk like him?

That didn't mean it didn't hurt. Yeah, it hurt a lot, and Trent felt angry at Richard, too. How could he do that while he had a boyfriend? Was it some kind of open relationship he had? But that didn't explain why Justin knew Richard not to get involved with any of his boys, not even for the camera.

It made no sense. Trent froze, as the others moved around him like a river of hot bodies. There had to be an explanation, and that was that Richard wanted to make fun of him. He wanted to put him down for what he had done that night. So, it wasn't even for the sake of Trent's success in front of the camera that he was doing those things. Oh, he must have laughed so hard at Trent's lack of experience! And then, he had probably gone back to his boyfriend and had a laugh again, talking about the street punk who had dared to walk into his office and ask for a job.

Trent closed his hands into fists. He could deal with this. After all, he had been hired, and all he needed was to prove himself by making money and showing Richard that he was not some virgin boy who didn't know the first thing about sex. It didn't matter that he was precisely that.

Maybe Richard was right to treat him like dirt. He had done those things, calling Richard's employees names, when, in secret, he wanted to be like them. But that didn't mean Richard had to be so cruel. If he wanted to humiliate Trent, he could just go about it directly. Why kiss him and make him fall head over heels?

Maybe it was a punishment. Maybe he deserved it, Trent thought. But even so, he found it cruel and a total asshole move on Richard's part. Trent felt fat heavy tears falling down his cheeks. At least, now he knew, and he would keep his distance. It was for the best. It was in his best interest. And, bleeding hearts notwithstanding, he would know how to do that.

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Richard was overly conscious of the fact that it wasn't at all a good idea to continue seeing Trent as a paying client, but he couldn't help himself. After the revelation that Trent was, indeed, falling for him, he had found himself in quite a big conundrum. On the one hand, he needed to stop the charade and allow Trent to earn his keep and create his own fanbase. It wasn't helping that Richard was the only man who bought the newcomer's time.

On the other hand, Richard didn't want anyone else to have access to Trent. When Justin had tried to kiss Trent, Richard had felt a surge of anger and possessiveness. About that, he had known what to do, simply stopping things. Now, it was in the interest of his business to let Trent start earning. Seeing how sweet he could be, he would have no trouble having men pay for him to do their bidding in front of the camera.

But Richard still couldn't bring himself to do that. Nameless men, waiting to steal Trent and his innocence away from him, were his enemies now.

So, despite everything that was rational and mattered, Richard logged into the system like the previous nights and waited for Trent's sweet face to come into view.

Only that, this time, the sweet face looked sad, and the eyes seemed unfocused.

"Hi. I'm glad you could make it," Trent said first, smiling at the camera.

It didn't take an expert in reading faces to know that smile didn't reach the eyes.

*"What's going on? You seem sad."* Richard typed fast.

"It's nothing. I'm here to make you happy. Will you let me do that?" Trent placed one hand over his chest, letting it travel down, caressing his abdomen, and reaching between his legs.

For a few seconds, Richard watched in fascination. Lately, he had found himself developing a little thing for Trent's beautiful cock. He wanted it, desperately, and that was so not like him. As he preferred to top, he was more a man who loved butts; not that he didn't appreciate a nice cock on his lover, but it wasn't the main point of interest for him.

Trent took the initiative, and now he was stuffing his mouth with a plastic toy. He took a breather to talk. “Do you like this? Do you like seeing me take a cock in my mouth?”

*“I wish it were me you took in your mouth.”* It was hard to think clearly, with that beautiful boy on the screen, playing like that with himself.

“Imagine yourself here,” Trent said. He traced a small wet trail on his chest with the toy. “Imagine me on your knees in front of you, sucking your cock.”

Richard stopped for a second. Was he imagining things, or was Trent different? And why was he sad? *“I would rather know what’s going on with you.”*

“That’s not important. Your pleasure is.” Trent turned and showed his ass to the camera. “Would you like to see me stretching my ass a little?”

Richard shook his head. So Trent didn’t want to confide in his faceless client. Maybe he would confide in him, the real one, which meant that, right now, he needed to focus on the task at hand, and keep Trent busy.

He played along. But there was something empty in their interaction now, even though if he could tell that Trent was doing his best, trying his hardest to be sweet and accommodating. It was unsettling to see him like that, Richard decided. He would just see Trent as fast as possible.

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His invitations to lunch had been rejected for days, now, and somehow, everyone and their mother had something to share with Richard, which meant that he hadn’t seen Trent in quite a while, that, if he didn’t count the time spent every evening, paying for Trent’s time.

The sadness from the boy’s face hadn’t gone away. It unnerved Richard that it suited Trent, to look serious like that. Still, that didn’t mean he wanted the young man to be sad. Something had happened, and Richard needed to find out what.

He was the boss, and that meant that if he wanted to arrange a one-on-one with his employee, he could. Cursing under his breath, he checked his schedule for the day. There was only half an hour he could get Trent for himself. Maybe it was less than what he wanted, but it had to do.

Later that evening, his wish finally came true, and Trent was seated on the sofa. He still wore plain clothes, and he appeared as out of place as before.

“You seem troubled,” Richard started. “Is everything fine at home?”

“Yeah,” Trent replied shortly and looked away.

“Are you sure?”

“Why did you want to see me? Am I doing something wrong?”

Richard felt irritated at Trent’s clipped tone. “No. You got a pretty nice check last week, right?”

“I don’t know if it’s nice.” Trent shrugged. “I mean, for me, it was nice. I’ve never earned so much so quickly. But I don’t know what you want.” He looked straight at Richard with his beautiful, unnerving eyes.

Richard frowned for a second. “You’re doing fine. That was what I wanted to tell you.”

“Thank you,” Trent said primly.

The conversation was not going at all, as Richard had imagined it. “If you’re not happy with anything, you can just say what it is. Maybe I can help.”

Trent shook his head. He was avoiding Richard’s eyes. “No. It’s nothing.”

“You’re saying it like it is something.” Richard moved from his desk and walked over to Trent. He seized Trent by his chin and made him look up. “Share it. Now.”

Trent gulped audibly and then began chewing his lower lip. Richard felt much in the mood to do that, too. All it had to take was to push Trent on his back, climb on top of him, and kiss him like there was no tomorrow. The force of his desire took him by surprise.

No, he needed to behave.

“I have nothing to say to you.”

“Really? Isn’t that a bit presumptuous of you? Let me decide if you have something to tell me or not. Spill it,” Richard ordered shortly.

“It’s none of your business. Mr. Henley,” Trent added quickly and moved his chin away from Richard’s hand.

Mr. Henley? What was that all about?

“I see that you want to be a prick about it. My door is open, but don’t abuse my kindness. If you’re getting involved in some shady business, you’re out of here. Understood?”

“Clear as day.” Trent stood up. “If this is all --”

“It is. Get out.”

Trent looked down stubbornly and walked quickly around Richard to head for the door. Pure instinct made Richard grab his arm. “I can help you, Trent.”

Trent just shook his head. “I don’t think so.”



Richard allowed Trent to scurry away. For a couple of minutes, he stood in the middle of his nicely appointed office and pondered over what had just happened. And then, just like that, it hit him.

Trent was playing him. Richard began laughing. The boy was good; he was so good that he could strike gold in that line of work. Richard had to admit that Trent was able to get him hard by playing hard to get, something he had never cared for before. Actually, he had always found that sort of attitude in a lover annoying, to say the least.

But Trent got it right, and, as much as Richard hated to admit it, it worked on him, too. Now he was all hot and bothered about a young man who didn't want to play along. Well, two could play that game.

No matter what could make Trent sad right now, he would have to talk about it, sooner or later, because Richard had no intention to let him get away so fast. That, if his sadness wasn't also a part of the play.

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Trent inhaled and exhaled with difficulty as he ran away from Richard's office. It had hurt so damn much to be so close to the man he wanted and not be able to shout all that was filling his heart to the brim. It was something he couldn't do. There was only this much humiliation he could endure. Richard Henley belonged to another man, and that was all Trent ever needed to know.

## *Chapter Ten*

Richard couldn't recall the last time he had been without a partner for so long. While it was true that all the relationships he had tried to nurture over the years hadn't lasted, his last fiasco a clear proof in that regard, he considered himself an optimist. Each relationship was new, and he was looking to invest as much as he could afford to make it work.

According to Dennis, he hadn't done such a good job. Yet, right now, he was very much invested in making Trent, eighteen-year-old Trent, give himself away. The boy was good. Richard continued to jerk off while Trent evolved on the shiny screen, only several feet away from him, and progress was far from being made.

Trent had continued to avoid him while his face had started to grow a little more tired. If Richard didn't know any better, he would have suspected that Trent was secretly in love and suffering from it, too. There was one strong reason why Richard didn't go there. The mere idea that Trent, his Trent, was in love with someone else, would have been enough to make him stop and think why on earth he cared about that. But that suited him, and that melancholic look only made Richard long more to learn what was wrong.

The answer was simpler than he cared to admit. Just as it was often the case with many things in life, Richard was just discovering that there was a first time for everything. In this case, he was attracted to a young man who was unlike any of the lovers he had had all his life. He was too young, too uneducated, too rough, but also too sweet to match the job description.

Rightfully so, Richard felt the need to laugh a little at himself. Fortunately, he had been quite taken with a new project which involved having his boys evolve in short videos to place on the company's website. It was all marketing, and Richard wasn't keen on starting a porn studio aside from the cam business, but it appeared that he found himself interested in doing a little bit of directing.

That was all the more important when the results for Trent's blood work finally came in the mail. As the owner of the business, he was entitled to know the situation of each employee, but he wanted Trent to look at them first. If there were anything of sensitive nature, that would remain a secret between them, but Richard still hoped that as much of a player Trent was, he was still the virgin he suspected him to be.

Therefore, he had a reason to call Trent to his office.

Trent looked every bit as yummy as before, and the innocent look in his eyes gave Richard enough material to fuel his dreams at night. As enticing as all the cam action he could get from Trent, it was a different thing when he could see him from up close, available for touching, yet still so far away.

Richard had never fancied himself in love. He believed in relationships, but not in butterflies in the stomach and all that jazz. Thus, explaining the trepidation he felt as he invited Trent inside his office was challenging, to say the least.

“These are the results from the medical tests you had performed on the blood sample you gave at the clinic,” Richard said and handed Trent the folder.

Trent took it with a serious look on his face. He studied the papers slowly, squinting.

“Is everything all right?” Richard asked.

“I think so,” Trent mumbled. “Look.”

Richard smiled and took the folder. “You’re in perfect health. Do you know what that means?” He placed the envelope on his desk. “I will have to find you a suitable partner so that you can expand your horizons a little.”

“A little?” Trent snickered.

Richard sighed in contentment. It had been too long since he had seen last a smile on that pretty face. “Well, a lot. That depends on how sexually adventurous you feel. Would that be okay with your lover?” he asked casually, but he was all eyes and ears.

Trent just shrugged. “I don’t have one of those.” He had said the words dismissively like it was a matter of no importance.

“Really? I thought he was the only man for you or something like that.”

“Did I say that?” Trent snorted. “He’s just not the man I thought he was.”

Richard frowned and examined Trent, who was sitting on the sofa and tapping the floor with one foot, clearly not as calm as he pretended to be. “What do you mean?”

Pretty eyes could be unforgiving, too. “He’s a two-timing bastard.”

Richard remained nonplussed for a few seconds. “Two-timing?”

“Yeah,” Trent replied. There was life again in that lithe body, and the beautiful eyes were shining. “He kissed me and did stuff to me, but he had a boyfriend. He has a boyfriend.”

Now Richard was puzzled. So Trent hadn’t been talking about him all that time? Jealousy was rearing its ugly head again. “So, you ditched him?”

Trent pouted and stared at Richard. His eyes were burning now. “I didn’t have who to ditch. We were nothing like that.”

“Really? How were you?”

Trent huffed and then looked away. “Will you just pair me already? Justin would be great. He wants me, and I want him.” The last words had been spoken defiantly, clearly meant to get on the other’s nerves.

Richard tsked in displeasure. “It doesn’t work this way.”

“Are you sure?” Trent cocked his head to one side. “Justin is pretty sure all I have to do is ask you. You’re not a tyrant now, are you?”

“A tyrant?” Richard watched Trent with growing interest. “I only have everyone’s best interests at heart.”

“Which means that I can pair with Justin if I want,” Trent concluded.

Richard frowned, feeling his discontent growing. “You won’t be paired with Justin.”

“Fine.” Trent looked away and pouted. “Who then?”

There were sometimes moments in life, Richard would recall later, when he felt at a crossroads. On the words that were bound to leave his tongue, a lot depended. “I need to assess your abilities first, and then I will decide.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Trent parted his legs, in an aggressive stance, and crossed his arms over his chest. His pouting lips looked yummy, even from the polite distance Richard was standing at. The greyish-blue eyes were skies of lighting and thunder. In fewer words, Richard found Trent completely and utterly fuckable.

“It means that I need to see what you can do.”

“I’m stuffing dildos this big up my ass,” Trent said and moved his hands to make a point.

*Pretty little liar*, Richard thought. During all their sessions, Trent had proven a bit shy with the toys and went for the smallest. At the time, Richard hadn’t minded, as he preferred to see Trent play with his fingers more and to have an unobstructed view of his beautiful cock. But, right now, he was itching to teach the boy a lesson.

“Maybe you should show me.”

“Maybe you should just take my word for it. I’m not going to undress in front of you.”

“Really? How am I supposed to shoot the videos for the website, then? I suppose you don’t expect me to do that with my eyes closed.”

Trent began chewing his bottom lip, a sign of nervousness in his case, as Richard had come to learn over the short time they had known each other. “Don’t you have someone to shoot the videos for you?”

“What are you getting so worked up about? All my boys undress in front of me. It has never been an issue. What makes you so special?”

Trent opened his mouth to say something, but then he decided against it.

“Undress,” Richard said curtly.

“I don’t see any cameras,” Trent said and pouted more.

Richard picked the camera from his desk. He didn’t care to use it, but if he could torture the little punk a bit, it was all worth it. “Here it is. Just to make it clear, when I say I want to assess your abilities, I mean that I will fuck you.”

Apparently, a direct approach was enough to throw Trent off balance. His eyes grew wide, and his jaw went slack. “No way,” he whispered.

“Why?”

“Because.”

“That’s obviously not an argument. Suddenly, you have something against me. I don’t remember any opposition when you challenged me to jerk off in front of you or to put my cock in your mouth. Or, when I took yours in mine.”

Trent blushed profusely. “It’s all different now.”

“Different how? You say you don’t have a boyfriend. You would pair with Justin in a heartbeat. Why am I *persona non grata*?”

“You’re what?”

“Forget it. What I mean is this simple. I want to see you all naked, and I want to know if you really like doing this.”

“Do you mean, anal?” Trent said the last word fast.

“Yes, anal,” Richard said aggressively. “In this industry, you need to be flexible. Of course, I would never pair you with someone you dislike. But, in a nutshell, just know that you will have more than one partner. Also, I have a feeling you served me a lot of bullshit, and now is a great time to call you on it.”

“What bullshit?”

“I think there is, and there was no lover. You’re a virgin, Trent Ross, and if you run away screaming the moment my hard cock is about to penetrate your pretty pink hole, I’ll know I’m right. Also, if you can’t handle this, you know your way out.”

“You’re busting my balls, man,” Trent mumbled and looked away.

There was a delicious shade of pink now coloring the height of his cheeks, and Richard took in the transformation with satisfaction. “If you’re the experienced guy you say you are, my cock or another’s should work just as fine.”

“What if I don’t like you?”

“I doubt it. But I’m willing to put this little theory of yours to the test.” Richard moved swiftly and walked over to Trent. He sat on the sofa, took him by the shoulders, and then gripped his chin. “I’m going to kiss you, Trent. If you have enough strength in you to push me away, I’ll know you’re right, and I’m wrong. Ready?”

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Trent felt trapped. It was hard enough to be in the same room as Richard. His longing hadn’t faded, even though he had tried his hardest to stay out of Richard’s way, rejecting his invitations to lunch, and cutting short any interactions that naturally happened when sharing a workplace.

But this, this was dangerous. If he told Richard off, he would lose his job. That wasn’t such a bad idea at the moment. The money he made working for the Blue Wonder was terrific, but the constant heartache he had to endure, being in the same place as the man he was in love with, was weighing heavily in the balance.

That should have made the choice simple. All he needed to do was to push Richard away and be done with everything. Maybe he wasn’t made for this kind of life. Richard was a man who could have sex without any guy he wanted, without feeling anything. But Trent couldn’t. Right now, as Richard held him close, all he wanted was to feel the warm firm lips on his, giving him pleasure, messing with his mind, and making him feel in heaven.

It wasn’t easy to push Richard away. And, Trent realized, not without a trace of pain, he didn’t want to. If he were to lose his virginity to Richard, would it be so bad? Sooner or later, he would meet a man who would do the same thing to him. How long could he postpone it? He could, however, choose to do that for the first time with someone he loved, even if he wasn’t loved back.

It would be magical, Trent thought, as his eyes took in Richard’s face from up close, his harsh, masculine face, the straight line of his lips. Despite the way he played with Trent, Richard wasn’t smiling. He was serious, and Trent felt the now-familiar ache consuming him from inside.

“So kiss me, and let’s see what you’ve got,” he said and challenged Richard.

One hand wrapped around the back of his neck, while the other cupped his cheek. Everything fitted so well. Regrets could come later, for all he cared. Richard’s mouth pressed against his,

and Trent didn't even pretend to resist. A persistent tongue was soon inside, and Trent devoured it.

His hands were moving frantically, searching for a way to take Richard out of his clothes. The fabric felt rich under his fingertips, and Trent wanted to see Richard naked, without his expensive clothes, without being his boss. He wanted the man naked, all his, and he wanted him right now.

Richard didn't waste any time, either. After kissing him deeply, he made Trent's clothes disappear one by one. Trent gasped as Richard pushed him on his back and parted his legs.

"You have no idea how much I waited for this." Richard delved between Trent's legs and took him into his mouth.

Trent threw his head back. It was unfair that Richard would put him in that position so fast. He wanted time, time to look at the man he loved, time to explore, to imprint all the small details to his memory, but Richard moved too fast.

Maybe he was eager to have it all done with. After all, Trent couldn't be anything special to him. He was just another fuck.

Trent felt a little angry at that. It didn't matter that he didn't have any experience. It didn't matter that he was a newbie, someone who, until yesterday, hadn't had any idea whether he was gay or not. What mattered was to make the moment matter, even if Richard might still not remember it tomorrow.

"No," he said.

Richard stopped. His mouth was still on Trent's cock, and Trent could feel it pulse, angry and mad with desire just like him. Without a word, he pushed Richard away.

"What is it?" Richard finally asked.

Trent gathered his knees to his chest and circled them with his arms. "You undress, too. I want to see you naked."

Richard chuckled and got out of his shoes, pants, and underwear, which were the last things he had on him. He made a slow three-sixty, his arms raised, and Trent took him in with hungry eyes. Richard's skin was darker than his, but smooth and well-groomed. Trent swallowed hard as he looked at the dark nipples, erect and stiff, probably the effect of cold air over naked skin. His own was all goosebumps at this point.

While Richard shaved his chest, he had allowed a thin treasure trail down his navel and pointing like an arrow to the most important thing of all. The wiry bush was trimmed, and not completely

shaved like the rest, and Trent felt a surge of longing. He wanted to touch that hair, fill his hand with it, and then go lower and cup the heavy balls and hard cock.

Richard's cock was indeed something, nothing like anything Trent had ever seen. He had a porn star's dick, he thought with envy, and he couldn't help compare his own to that.

"Your cock is big," he said without thinking.

Richard laughed. "I appreciate the compliment. I'm not so sure you'll be as appreciative when I start putting it in."

Putting it in. Trent felt a small chill running down his back at those words, but not the unpleasant kind. "So put it in." He challenged Richard with his eyes, knowing well that his bravado would soon crumble if the other stared too much.

Richard appeared amused and in control, but when he reached Trent again, his hands were frantic, too. He pushed Trent's legs apart, and, again, he got down to business. Trent inhaled and exhaled, digging the heels of his palms with his blunt nails, trying hard to take the edge of that sensation. He had spent his evenings and nights, dreaming of how it would be to suck Richard's cock again, but he couldn't bring himself to get frustrated over something like that. Having his dick sucked was everything. Richard was a bit rough, as he held Trent's cock with one hand, and moved his lips over and over the head. His tongue was busy, too, and Trent gasped and quivered as Richard tortured him like that.

"Don't worry, pretty boy," Richard teased him as he took a small break. "I won't allow you to come from this. I want to be inside your sweet ass when you do that."

The asshole was so full of himself. Trent tried to look annoyed, but he was sure he failed, seeing how Richard laughed. He wasn't ready for the next step, though, and inhaled again sharply, as Richard pushed his legs up, exposing his ass. Then, he delved in, tongue first, connecting with Trent's asshole. It was like a small short circuit, intense and unforgiving. Trent realized, moments later, that the sounds he was making were shameless.

"Your hole is so sweet, just like the rest of you," Richard praised him.

Trent didn't know about that. He didn't know much, at this point, except for the absolute pleasure coming from his ass. Richard didn't do anything by half; he was careful but persistent, and his tongue was getting deeper inside, flicking over the sensitive skin there, over and over.

"I'll get the lube," Richard said and slapped Trent's thigh playfully. "Just so you know, I have all the tests in order, too, and I'm a stickler for that kind of thing. So your first time will be bareback, pretty boy."

It took Trent a few moments to realize what Richard had just said. A bit alarmed, he pushed himself up on his elbows. "I've never done it," he blurted out.



An amused look from Richard was the immediate answer. "I have started to suspect as much. Don't worry. I'll make sure your first time is unforgettable."

Trent knew that. He knew he would hold on to that forever. That wasn't the issue; the issue was how one-sided that would be. Richard would forget about him, while Trent would remember him forever.

Richard's eyes were filled with passion as he returned and placed himself between Trent's legs. He was careful as he coated his cock with lube and applied more on Trent's ass. Trent thought he would die from too much gentleness. Despite the impatience from before, now Richard appeared in no mood to hurry.

Still, Trent couldn't keep it in. He would ruin everything, and he wouldn't have this moment forever, but he needed to know. "Does your boyfriend know that you fuck your boys?"

Richard stopped. He blinked a few times in surprise. "What boyfriend?"

"The trader. The hotshot," Trent said with a voice he found venomous and unfair. It wasn't his business who Richard spent his life with.

"Dennis? How do you know about him?"

Trent shrugged. It hurt, even more, to have a name to attach to a stranger he hated, through no fault of that person. "People talk."

"I broke up with Dennis the night before I met you for the first time."

Richard pushed his fingers inside Trent's hole, making him throw his head back and tremble. Even just the fingers were enough to make him want to impale himself into them harder and faster until he couldn't feel himself anymore.

Richard hovered over him, as he removed his fingers and made Trent whimper at the loss. "I don't have a boyfriend, and I don't fuck my boys. What else do you have against me?"

"Then, why do you fuck me?" Trent asked in all honesty.

Richard shut him up with a small kiss, and then there was something hard and determined pushing against his hole. "Maybe you're irresistible, Trent Ross."

It was a beautiful lie. Trent grabbed Richard by the neck to steady himself, as the other continued to penetrate him.

"You're the most beautiful boy I've ever seen," Richard said softly and began kissing him, to distract him from the pain of having his asshole speared like that.

There was a small jolt of recognition at those words that disappeared the next moment. Trent didn't pay them any mind. The all-engulfing sensation radiating from his ass was enough to convince him that nothing else mattered.

Richard praised him with gentle words, as he began to move. Trent felt full, and there was a pressure, a new sensation, something he hadn't quite experienced when he had used dildos. Richard's cock was different from all the toys he had used. His cock was harder, yet softer, more flexible, and supple. It fit inside him so well that Trent wanted to cry. His eyes were moist as Richard moved relentlessly, making him see stars behind his eyelids.

"Are you crying?" Richard stopped. "Am I hurting you?"

Trent opened his eyes. "No, please," he whispered. "Fuck me, please."

Richard kissed him again, and this time, it had to be the sweetest kiss ever because Trent felt like losing himself a little more. He was no longer living in his own head; he wasn't jealous anymore of Richard's faceless lover; he was there, in the arms of the man he had fallen for, a first in his short life, and it was all he had dreamed of and much more beyond that.

Richard held him with one arm and used his other hand to pump Trent's cock.

"So fast," Trent murmured.

"You can come, beautiful. Come for me."

Again, a slight sensation of familiarity flicked through his mind like scattered lighting across a stormy sky but went away just as fast. He grabbed Richard and kissed him hungrily, wanting that moment, that perfect moment to last forever.

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It had all started as a small battle of wits, but this was different from everything Richard could ever recall experiencing in his life. Trent was a quivering mess in his arms, clean tears on his smooth cheeks, his lips soft like pillows and pliant as they kissed, and he was coming hard and fast with all the impetus of his age and lack of experience.

He would have liked to go like that forever, but there would be another time, now Richard was sure. No, there would be many other times because Trent Ross wouldn't leave that room before agreeing to what Richard had in mind to propose.

He shuddered as he came inside Trent's perky butt and growled, a shout of victory accompanying his actions.

It took them long minutes to disentangle from each other's arms. Richard reached for Trent and wiped his tears gently with a thumb. "You're incredible, beautiful."

Trent frowned slightly. “You didn’t use the camera.”

Richard chuckled and ruffled Trent’s hair. “Just get dressed. I need to tell you something important. I’ll get distracted if you remain naked like this. I might just lose my head.”

Trent smiled sweetly. “You can’t mean that.”

“I do mean that,” Richard replied. “Let’s just get dressed, okay?”

There was a meeting he needed to attend within a short time at another location, so he needed to leave to make it on time in about fifteen minutes. The timing sucked, but Richard was sure in his heart and his mind that he wanted Trent to become his, body and soul. A confession was in order, which was sappy and unusual for him, but he needed to do it.

But, some things needed to be straightened out. Richard wouldn’t date an employee. He had broken enough rules already. So he just needed to start with the beginning. He arranged the cuffs of his shirt and put on the suit jacket.

He turned to face Trent, who was completely dressed, as well. “You’re fired,” he said without one moment of hesitation.

Trent’s face fell, and Richard realized only then how that must have sounded. He raised his hands and tried to explain, but the phone rang.

“Yes,” he answered, trying to keep in the anger he felt at being interrupted.

The secretary was on the other end, and she had important information to deliver.

“Just a second,” he said and turned to look at Trent, to assure him he would be done with his phone call soon.

All he saw was the door swinging on his hinges. Richard cursed under his breath. He would clear that up. So he wrote down the details the secretary told him, and then rushed out the door.

## *Chapter Eleven*

Trent had tears in his eyes, and he felt more humiliated than he had ever felt in his entire life. Richard was the biggest asshole in the universe. So it had all been a plot to make fun of him! Could it be that he had sucked that badly? He had been a virgin, but Richard had seemed pleased with him, so that couldn't be, right?

He didn't know anything. Richard had laughed in his face after fucking him and making him feel like he could touch the stars only if he reached for them. Richard was an asshole. Trent pushed away angry tears as he ran down the stairs. He couldn't see himself taking the elevator in the condition he was.

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"Boys, I really don't have time to talk to you," Richard said as a few of his employees tried to stop him.

"There's a bit of an emergency," one of the boys said. "They are fighting!"

"Who?" Richard asked and stopped.

The boys began talking quickly. Apparently, small jealousies and misunderstandings were not strangers around there. With another curse, Richard followed his employee into one of the rooms. Unlike other times, he was snappy and in dire need to solve things quickly. "You three," he said to the three boys involved in the conflict, "cut it out, or I'll get really mad at you."

His attempt at a threat didn't appear to convince the three boys of how serious he was. They started talking all at the same time. Richard wanted to pull his hair out. When had his company become a fertile ground for soap opera drama?

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Trent ran into the street, his heart in his throat. He would never return there. He would never see Richard again because he hated the bastard with everything he had. Why was he such an asshole? He began moving quickly, trying to get as far away from Blue Wonder as he could.

"If it's not our friend," a nasty voice said, and Trent stopped.

Burt and the others came out from the shadows of a gang.

"The fuck you want," Trent said, pushing his hands into the pockets of his jeans and trying to appear bigger than he was.

"The fuck you do there, in that fancy building?" Burt asked.

Trent eyed the others with growing unease. There were a bunch of losers, but they were four, and he was one. “None of your fucking business.”

“Did you turn into a homo, too?”

Trent got into Burt’s face, chest forward. “I said, none of your fucking business, you fucking sack of lard.”

Burt pushed him away, but Trent was ready for it. Plus, he was so angered already that he saw red in front of his eyes. He pulled one hand made into a fist from a pocket and punched Burt hard in the face.

Burt took two steps back, probably surprised by the attack. “You hit me! You fucking hit me! Get him!” Burt squealed like a pig.

The others moved toward him, but Trent now had the advantage of being in a really bad mood. So he struck another who tried to catch him. He began throwing punches indiscriminately, making a circle around him.

They had always been a bunch of losers, Trent thought, but now was the first time he saw them for what they were. A bunch of bullies. “Come at me,” he challenged them.

Burt ran into him like a battering ram and caused him to lose his balance. As soon as he was down, the others hurried to kick him. Burt was heavy on him so he couldn’t get up, so he covered his face quickly. A blow to the head made everything turn black.

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Richard was out of the building, and he was thankful for the late hour, as the street was not as crowded as during the day. He looked around, searching for Trent, hoping that he wasn’t too late. The important meeting was gone from his mind. That didn’t matter. What mattered was to find Trent and tell him what he hadn’t managed to say earlier.

He heard yelling from the far end of the street, and, without thinking, he sprinted toward the source of the sound. A veil of dark red descended over his eyes as he saw what was happening. He hurried toward the pack of teenagers, kicking one thrown to the ground.

“Run!” the fattest of the group Richard recognized immediately shouted.

The pack scurried away, yelling obscenities. Richard wanted to run after them, but he had more pressing matters at hand. He hurried to the human shape, crumpled on the sidewalk. He lifted Trent into his arms. “You’re going to be okay,” he whispered and hurried back to the entrance of the building.

The security guard hurried toward him. Richard didn't need to tell the man what he needed; the guard was already reaching for his phone.

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Richard was holding a Styrofoam cup of coffee, just so that he could hold on to something. A disheveled woman in her forties hurried down the hallway, and he knew without even speaking to her first that she had to be Trent's mother. There was a clear resemblance, and he was waiting for her to appear after he had called her number and told her what happened.

"Are you Richard?" She stopped when she noticed him. "Is he in here? My baby --"

"He appears to be fine," Richard interrupted her. "We will know more shortly. The hit to the head ... that's what requires more investigations, but, for now, the doctors don't appear too worried." He had no idea if the words tumbled out of his mouth for the sake of Trent's mom, or he was trying to calm himself, to assure himself everything would be okay.

The woman looked at him while clutching her purse to her chest. "What happened? Who were those boys?"

"The security guard at my workplace has already identified one of them. It is a matter of time until they are all apprehended."

Mrs. Ross just nodded, her eyes still unfocused. Then she looked directly at Richard. "And who are you?"

Now that was a hard question. Richard wondered briefly if it would be better to say he was Trent's boss. But that wasn't the truth. So he opted for something closer to it. "I'm Trent's boyfriend."

Mrs. Ross dropped the purse she had been clutching until earlier. Richard cursed inwardly. "Trent isn't out to you?"

Mrs. Ross just shook her head slowly. Richard ran both hands over his face. Tonight wasn't his night. Maybe it was because he had never been in love before tonight, or that he hadn't realized it when it was so obvious and right in front of his eyes.

He picked the purse from the floor and handed it to Mrs. Ross. She took it, and her eyes remained on Richard, questioning. "Boyfriend?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ross. I know it's a shock and I shouldn't have --"

A nurse hurrying into the hospital room the closest to them, made them stop and look at her.

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Trent woke up with a groan. His head was hurting something fierce, and his tongue was dry like sandpaper. A woman in white smiled at him as he opened his eyes. “Ah, you’re back to us. You gave us a little scare, young man.”

Trent tried to remember what the hell happened, and it took him some moments to remember the fight he had had with those assholes.

“Your mom and your boyfriend are worried about you,” the nurse said. “The doctor will see you, and then they will be allowed to see you, too.”

Boyfriend? Trent felt his jaw going slack. The doctor entering the room stopped his train of thought. Trent went through the examination, replying dutifully to all the questions. Gingerly, he touched his face and winced as he felt the bruises. It was a good thing Richard had fired him. Seeing how his face must have looked now, he wasn’t cam boy material anymore.

His mom hurried into the room and rushed to him. Trent held her, as much as the tubes and things attached to him allowed. And then his eyes traveled to the door, where he saw Richard. Was Richard his boyfriend then? He questioned with his eyes.

Richard smiled at him and made a small sign that had to mean that he would be outside.

“Who were those boys?” his mom asked, and then embraced him again, crying.

“I’m fine, mom. And I don’t know who they were,” Trent lied. He wouldn’t admit to his mom that he had used to hang out with that bunch of assholes.

“It’s good that your boyfriend knows,” his mom said matter-of-factly.

“My boyfriend?”

His mom looked at him carefully. “You don’t remember him? A handsome man dressed in nice clothes?”

“Richard?” Trent asked tentatively.

“Yes. He called me and told me you were here.”

The realization caught up with him. So his mom knew? Trent froze.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” his mom asked. She sat on the bed, holding his hand in hers, and looking at him with nothing but love in her kind eyes.

“Tell you what?” Trent mumbled.

“That you have a boyfriend!” His mom laughed softly and then covered her mouth with the free hand, as if something was amusing her, but also making her feel a little embarrassed. “I can’t

believe I haven't noticed. You never brought home girls; you never seemed interested in them. I should have known."

"C'mon, mom, there's plenty of other stuff you don't know," Trent said and tried to make light of the situation.

"I've been too busy, isn't it?" his mom said and covered her mouth again. "For years. And you grew up. And now you have a boyfriend."

"You're not mad?" Trent asked.

"I'm a little upset that you didn't tell me. Are you all right now, baby?"

"I am, mom. Stop worrying so much. And you should have seen the other guys. I punched one right in the face."

His mom shook her head. "That's my baby, so brave. But don't go around, throwing punches, okay? Now I should let your boyfriend see you, too. I have a feeling you have stuff to tell to each other."

"Yeah, I guess." Trent felt awkward talking so freely to his mom about having a boyfriend.

"Stop looking at me like I'm suddenly growing horns. I'm not that close-minded," his mom said and laughed a little. "I can handle you having a boyfriend."

Trent wanted to laugh, too. There was a weight lifting off his chest he hadn't even known was there. His mom was an awesome parent; that was sure.

"I'll tell Richard to come in. I'll find some decent coffee around here. I have a feeling it will be a long night."

"I don't think the doctors will let you hang around here all night long. You better go home," Trent said.

"Just watch me. I'll be here until the doctor says I can take you home."

Trent knew it wasn't a good idea to contradict his mom when she was in motherly mode. She got to her feet, energetic and optimistic, as he had always known her.

As soon as she was out the door, Richard came in, and Trent realized that he was still mad. The asshole had fired him! He put on a scowl and stared at him. And what was all that story about Richard being his boyfriend? There had to be some trick there, and Trent thought that only because he didn't dare to hope. The pain in his head was nothing compared to what he felt as he looked at Richard. That man could be cruel to him as he wanted, and Trent would just suffer and take it like the loser he was, a loser in love.



“What are you doing here?” Trent asked right away. “And stop telling lies to my mom. Now she thinks I’m going to marry you or something.”

Richard laughed and came closer. Trent didn’t feel so sure of himself anymore.

“I haven’t told any lie to your mom.”

“Yeah, right. How about saying you’re my boyfriend?”

“It’s not a lie.”

“You’re not my boyfriend!”

“That must be corrected right now,” Richard said and sat on the bed. Like his mother before, he took Trent’s hand. “I was trying to tell you that I wanted to date you when we were interrupted.”

“You want to date me? You fired me!”

“Just because I wouldn’t date an employee! God knows I failed myself and my principles ten times over by sleeping with you.”

Trent didn’t know what to think. Could it be that the hit to the head had been worse than he thought, and he was now hallucinating? There was no way in hell Richard would like him for real, was it?

“So, you didn’t fire me because I’m a lame cam boy?”

“You? Lame? You’re the sweetest cam boy I’ve ever had working for me.”

“How would you even know that? I barely worked for two weeks or something!”

“And it was enough.”

Trent felt a bit unsure. “But it’s not like you could see what I was doing. Or could you?”

Richard just nodded.

Trent covered his eyes. “So you kind of lurked around and saw what I was talking to the client? Fuck, your ego must be the size of the moon. I gushed about you all the time. I have no idea what that guy must have thought of me.”

Richard was silent. He was moving his lips, but he wasn’t talking. Then, he started. “I couldn’t let anyone look at you or use you.”

“That’s all right,” Trent said. “I mean, the guy spent a little fortune on my ass. I have no idea why.”

“But I do.”

Trent blushed. “Well, I was lucky, I suppose. Wait, I should work at least one more night so that I can tell him goodbye.”

“No, you shouldn’t.”

“Don’t tell me you’re jealous.” Trent snorted. “How can you be jealous? I should be jealous.”

“You have no idea just how beautiful you are, have you? Then it’s just my luck because I won’t let others tell you that.”

“As long as I worked as your cam boy, you had to. And nobody died,” Trent said and laughed.

There was tense silence radiating from Richard. Suddenly, he talked. “I was your client.”

“W-what?” Trent stammered. “What do you mean by that?”

“I fell in love with you the night you came into my office to ask me for a job. Or it must have happened earlier.” Words began pouring out of Richard’s mouth.

Trent looked at Richard, his jaw slack. “You must be kidding me,” he whispered. “So you asked me to put dildos up my ass just so that others couldn’t? You know what, man? You’re a bit fucked up in the head.” He couldn’t say how good he felt it had been Richard all along. But now he had leverage, and that felt awesome. “Seriously, who does that?”

“A fool in love,” Richard replied right away.

Trent stared at the man next to him. “Are you trying to tell me that you love me?”

“Yes, that’s what I’m saying. I’m not just trying,” Richard pointed out. “Now it’s your turn.”

“No way. I made a fool of myself all that time I was in front of the camera, thinking that I was talking to a stranger. Wait, did you jerk off while watching me?” He grinned broadly as he said those words.

“I’m not going to tell you if all you’re thinking is how to make fun of me.”

“Shut up,” Trent mumbled and pulled the blanket over his body. “You must have laughed your ass off while I was confessing all over the place.”

“I didn’t laugh. I realized I liked you more and more. That I liked you more than anyone else, ever in my life. And then you turned all sad, and you didn’t want to talk anymore. I was intrigued. Also, I thought you just found a way to play hard to get.”

“I’m not playing. I’m not a player,” Trent said with conviction. “I just found out you had a boyfriend. And that you don’t normally fuck your boys, which made me the exception, or just one guy you wanted to humiliate or something.”

“You did get on my nerves at first. But I couldn’t take you out of my mind. Even as I wanted to tease you, I was doing it because I could think of no one else. One look at you, and I was doomed.”

Richard was playing with him now. Trent felt shy, all of a sudden. He fiddled with a crease in the blanket cover. “Are you really my boyfriend now, Richard?”

“If you’ll have me.”

“Are you sure this isn’t a dream? Pinch me,” Trent said and lifted one hand, presenting it to Richard.

“I’ll pinch your butt if you insist so much.” Richard snuck one hand underneath the blanket and grabbed Trent’s thigh.

“That’s not my butt.” Trent snickered.

“I don’t care. All you are is mine now, do you understand?”

“I think so,” Trent said with a satisfied sigh. “Oh, no, what will I do for a job? I need to find something now that I’m unemployed again. Do you know anyone looking for cam boys?”

Richard threw him a loaded look. “You’re playing with fire, young man. You’re in my care now.”

“Like a toy? A toyboy?” Trent said although he knew he was pushing his luck.

“No. Like a boyfriend who will have to go back to school, get a pair of glasses, and prove that he can be a hard worker if he puts his mind to it.”

“School? What if I’m stupid?”

“If you’re stupid, we’ll find something you can do,” Richard said with a smile.

“Wasn’t this the part where you were supposed to say I wasn’t stupid?”

“I have yet to get to know you properly,” Richard said. “Right now, what I know is that you’re sexy, beautiful, the cutest young man I’ve ever met --”

“The sweetest,” Trent hurried to correct his boyfriend.

“Right. Well, you’ll be put to the test. But I don’t think you’re stupid at all. I won’t cut you any slack.”

Trent sighed. "Slave driver."

"Cockteaser," Richard whispered, leaning in.

Trent kissed him quickly. "I'm not. I couldn't stand being in the same room with you because I felt the need to drop to my knees and beg you to fuck all my holes."

Richard made a funny face. "And now you're telling me that?"

"I guess," Trent replied.

Richard kissed him softly. "Get well, and I'll show you how smart you are, too."

Trent closed his eyes. He was pretty tired, but it was a pleasant feeling. After all, he had a boyfriend now, and he was the man he loved. What more could he ask for?

## *Epilogue*

*Seven years later*

“So, you like what you see?” The new boy stretched on the sofa, presenting all his assets nicely.

“You will make a fortune here if you’re willing to work hard,” Richard replied promptly.

The boy continued to stare, the challenge in his eyes evident. “Do you ever fuck your boys?”

Richard sighed. If only he had a nickel each time he had heard that question. “No, not usually.”

The boy laughed. “Does that mean you make exceptions?”

“I only did that once.”

“What happened?”

“He became my boyfriend.”

“That’s interesting. And? Is he still your boyfriend?”

“No,” Richard replied as he adjusted the camera focus.

“It didn’t work out?”

“He’s my husband now.”

If the boy on the sofa had any more questions, he would have to ask them another time.

“I’m sorry I’m late,” Trent said as he walked in. “Oh, sorry, I didn’t know you were interviewing someone.”

Richard smiled as he looked at his husband and welcomed him with a short kiss. Trent looked so nice with glasses. He was still making a fuss about wearing them all the time, but he was more and more serious, especially since he had finished his business studies. Nowadays, he was an asset to the company, and he was helping Richard tremendously, invested as he was in growing the family business.

The boy on the sofa looked at them curiously. “How come you’re not jealous your husband works with so many hot guys?” he asked Trent directly.

Trent stopped for a second. “I can’t be. If I’m jealous, this guy here,” he pointed at Richard, “will keep me here all the time, and then, at home, he will forget people need to sleep from time to time. If you know what I mean.” He rubbed his ass suggestively.

That seemed to end the conversation. Richard winked at Trent and then kissed him on the lips.

“I think we’re done here. Just make sure to come tomorrow with the paperwork,” Richard told the new boy.

Trent waited until the interviewee was out the door. “Are you still being asked the same thing?”

Richard shrugged and pulled his husband close. “What can I say? These hot boys want me. And you know what you can do to make sure no one steals me away.”

“Ah, sure thing I do. I just bought a ball and chain. There were some incredible discounts on stuff like that at the store.”

“Smartass,” Richard said and caressed Trent’s ass slowly. “But why did you lie about who’s keeping who up all night when a certain someone is insecure? And I should be the one rubbing my butt in self-pity.”

Trent laughed wholeheartedly. “I wouldn’t ruin your alpha male look for the world.”

“Ah, is that what it is all about?”

“Let that be our little secret. You know how much I love to fuck you,” Trent whispered in Richard’s ear.

“And you know how much I love you,” Richard replied.

“Of course I do. I love you, too. And I would fight an entire band of sexy cam boys for you.”

“Luckily, there’s no need. We know you don’t do that well in fights.”

“Come on,” Trent complained. “I punched those assholes that time, too.”

“But you didn’t want to snitch on them.”

“I’m not that kind of guy.”

“Good thing your old pal Burt was that kind of guy. I’m glad they got what they deserved.”

“I guess,” Trent said. “I’m glad you saved me from being one of them.”

“You were irresistible. I told you that.”

Trent snickered. “I know. Wait, so I’m not irresistible anymore?”

“Are you kidding me? When you wear glasses, you’re the bomb.”

“I wish I could stay here and listen to your overinflated compliments, but my mom is visiting today.”

“Is it today? Make sure that you get those pastries she likes so much.”

“Already done, don’t worry. You make sure you’re prepared for her little annoying speech.”

“The one about grandkids?”

“That’s the one.”

“I don’t mind that one.”

“Really? So you’re ready to settle down?”

It was Richard’s turn to laugh. “I was ready the moment I saw you. I didn’t know it, but I was. So, arranging for your mom to have some grandkids is actually a long term project I would like us to work on.”

Trent smiled and embraced Richard tightly. “I’m not sure how good I’d be with kids, but I think you would make a great dad.”

“How do you know that?”

Trent cuddled and stuck his head in the hollow of Richard’s neck. “Because you’ve been amazing to me. And I’m a total punk.”

Richard caressed his husband’s head slowly. “Not anymore.”

Trent looked up. “You made me a better man.”

“I think that goes both ways. I’ve never loved before you.”

“And this is the part where you turn all sappy, right?”

“You know me.”

“I do. And I’m happy to the moon and back that I know you,” Trent replied.

Richard kissed the crown of his head. Seven years ago, he had used to think love was a little white lie selling romance books. Now, he was living it, and he didn’t mind one bit being teased over it by his beloved husband.

**THE END**