

Frat Boy For Sale: Part I A Jana Downs Free Novel **By Jana Downs**

Frat Boy For Sale by Jana Downs
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Chapter One

"I'm done with men." Devin said as he watched his latest disaster walk out the door with his small bag of clothes that he'd left at Devin's apartment. Mark had been nothing but trouble from the first second they'd met. A notorious bar-whore, Mark had been tall, strong, and good-looking, everything that Devin had wanted in a man. But, Devin didn't understand the difference between being strong and being cruel. Mark had been a passive aggressive, sometimes downright abusive son of a bitch.

"It's okay, honey." Crystal put her arm around his shoulders and gave him a squeeze. "He's not worth it."

Devin knew that. Logically, he knew that. Didn't he? Mark was just another in a long line of people better left forgotten. They'd all been the "one" in Devin's eyes until he'd had the rose colored glasses torn off his face by their personalities. Devin thought he had to have a sign on his back that said "Sucker" that attracted every asshole in New Orleans.

He sighed. "Wine?"

Crystal crossed to the kitchen and pulled out a bottle she'd been chilling in his ice bucket. *Thank God*.

"You're the best, Crys. I mean it. Sometimes I wish I was straight."

"Ew. First off, that is just weird. You're like my brother. Second, we, unfortunately, have the same taste in men and you, my darling, are not that type."

Crystal dug in one of his drawers and got out his wine opener. It hadn't had much use lately. Mark had preferred liquor and had disdained Devin's love of wine. Devin planned on drinking the whole damn bottle tonight. Maybe two bottles if he was feeling ambitious.

He was so glad Crystal was here. They'd been friends before she'd been his personal assistant at his consulting company and she continued to play both roles effortlessly. They'd known one another since Devin had been a fresh-faced twenty and had been the unfortunate witness to his many relationship debacles.

"Yeah. You have a point," he conceded, pulling two wine glasses out of his cupboard. "It's not like I didn't see it coming."

He'd seen it coming from ten miles off, even if he'd ignored it like a whore in church. He wasn't stupid and had been in similar situations before. First Mark had been attentive. That had quickly changed to controlling and then sullen at Devin's noncompliance. They were headed for disaster even before he'd found out that Mark had been working as a pimp with a group of male rent boys in the French Quarter.

Crystal snatched a glass and poured deep red liquid into the wine glass almost to the rim. "You knew that boy was hood before you picked him up. You love that bad boy thing."

"Not even *I* am prepared to deal with a pimp. I got in over my head." Way over his head if he were honest. He realized too late that Mark had wanted Devin to redeem him and Devin had been unable to do so. He just wasn't some kind of angel. He couldn't "fix" anyone. That had been made painfully clear over the course of their relationship.

Crystal poured herself a glass. "I don't know anyone who would be willing to deal with that, Dev. You're only twenty-eight. You're too young to be a cynic."

"How many crappy relationships do I have to suffer through before both of us realize that I am somehow fundamentally flawed? I don't attract decent men. I am not attracted to decent men. I am so over trying to be a productive human being. I give up. I concede to the will of the universe. I am done with men."

As per usual, his rant had no effect on Crystal. "Someday Mr. Right is going to sweep you off your feet, Devin."

Devin snorted and rolled his eyes. Childish? Yes. He was feeling petulant. He wasn't going to argue with her though. It was an argument that had been fought over too many times already. She was almost as stubborn as he was.

"Cheers," he said instead. They drank.

They'd fallen asleep together in Devin's huge, empty king-sized bed. Cuddling with someone he had no attraction to was a welcome change from his normal routine and it was a hell of a lot better than sleeping alone. She'd even made him breakfast the next morning. It nearly made him cry. Mark had used to do that after they'd had a hard night

to make up for the guilt trips, the yelling, the downright shitty things he'd spat at Devin when Devin had disagreed with him. God, he hated being heartbroken.

He forced himself back into the present and onto the project proposal on his computer screen. He was getting zero work done today. It just figured. If he didn't hurry up and get his notes on this proposal before he passed it on up to the partners he was going to get chewed out and he simply wasn't in the mood.

A feminine voice in his doorway made him jump.

"So I was thinking about something a little crazy," Crystal said. She was leaning against the doorframe with a cup of Joe in her hand. Her desk was just outside the door so she got up and came into his office quite often but for some reason he'd been so engrossed with feeling sorry for himself that he'd failed to hear her creaking chair when she'd rolled it back to get up.

"What are you thinking about?" He usually indulged her when it came to her nutty ideas. They actually worked out most of the time.

"You have to promise to hear me out."

Those words, however, usually *didn't* bode well. That usually meant she was going to say something more off-the-wall than usual.

"O...K. I'm listening." He pushed back from his desk and closed his laptop.

There was no point trying to even look at the proposal right now. She shut the door and his eyebrows furrowed. Whatever she had to say had to be scandalous if she was making sure no one else in the office could hear them.

She crossed the economical blue carpet of his office floor and leaned forward. "So, I was thinking while I was in the shower about your situation."

Devin winced with enough added drama to do a queen proud. "Seriously? The shower? You're a sick puppy, Crys."

She rolled her eyes and pointed a finger at him. "I'm not joking. It was a brilliant idea. You know I get the best ideas while I'm showering. Something about the water.

Anyways, so this idea of mine is sort of crazy."

"You've said that. Five times." He wished she'd get on with the point. It was obnoxious trying to get information out of her when she was like this. "Spit it out, Crystal. I have work to do."

"Fine." She waved her hand in dismissal. "Keep your pants on, jeez. So as I was saying, you like bad boys and we've established that they're the only type that turns your crank, so to speak."

He felt his cheeks heat. Jesus. Were they really going there here at work? Hadn't the discussed his miserable taste in men enough last night?

She pressed on. "I was thinking that maybe you're just stuck on the sexual aspect of having a bad boy. You hate their personalities but they turn you on in the sack. So, my suggestion is that you pick up a rent boy. The Quarter is full of them and some of them even have websites where you can register."

His mouth hung slack for a good twenty seconds before he could even muster up a response. "Let me get this straight ... You're asking me to solicit a prostitute?"

She nodded, beaming like she'd just presented him with Prince Charming on a silver platter complete with an oversized buttplug and glow in the dark lube.

"You are insane. Crystal, what is *wrong* with you? I'm not a college kid aiming to cop a feel. I want a relationship, er, wanted a relationship. I told you. I'm done with men." Devin crossed his arms over his chest. Clearly, it hadn't just been an extra shot of caffeine in her coffee this morning. "After finding out that Mark ran a ring of hookers you think I seriously want to pick one up?"

"That's the brilliant thing, you see?" She was still grinning like an idiot. "You'll go out with these men a few times, get your sexual kicks, and then maybe start dating someone decent. It'll also help you get over Mark quicker once you see that he was just another guy. It's an exceptional plan." Crystal was practically vibrating. The almost manic glint in her big blue eyes did not bode well for her letting this go. He sighed. His PA was clearly off her rocker. She made a noise of frustration, making him realize she'd noticed his incredulous expression. "At least check out the site I found and tell me what you think."

He snorted. "Website? It's probably the cops trying to arrest people for prostitution!" He'd heard about that stuff on CNN.

"No way," she protested. "This is legit. My sources tell me that it is just Grade A beefcakes who are selling a date for some extra cash."

He dreaded to know what exactly these "resources" were. Knowing Crystal it could be anything from a former customer to a sharpie on a bathroom stall reading, "For a good time click: www.getagayboyfriend.com."

"At least look at the dudes before you turn your nose up at it."

He sighed. Looking. He could do looking. Besides, if he didn't at least look she was never going to get her to leave his office. He let her come around his desk and flip open his laptop so that she had access to his screen. He signed in and let her get a good look at his desktop, the background of which was still a picture of him and Mark at their favorite bar on Bourbon. She gave him a look but didn't say anything. She knew he was superstitious about things like that. It was bad luck to throw away pictures of your old lover before you picked up a new one.

With a few decisive clicks and a few more keystrokes and she had a website pulled up. He looked at the porn worthy title:

Frat Boys For Sale.

You make the fantasies. We fulfill them with Big Easy style.

He hoped that didn't include vomit and Mardi Gras beads. "That has to be some sort of joke." he said. "There is no way this is legitimate."

"Is not," she quipped. "I checked and double checked. I've even got references if you want to talk to them."

He grimaced. No, thank you. Prescreening prostitution dens falls squarely under the assistant title, I believe.

She continued, completely ignoring his expression. "It is apparently a hush-hush sort of thing, but it is real. One of my references paid 200 bucks and got his money's worth."

"You really are insane." He shook his head and tried to stop the small smile that threatened to twist his lips upward into a grin. "You seriously looked up rent boys because you're that concerned with my love life?"

"Uh duh," she said, sticking her tongue out at him like the five year old she acted like. "I have to live vicariously through you. I'm addicted to MM romance. You, my friend, are one side of the MM equation. Get with the program and start giving me happily ever after!"

"You're a sick, sick woman. You need help. Seriously." His grin had gone from somewhat repressible to full-blown now. "Read Outlander and drool over Kal Drogo like the rest of your peers."

"Only if you're doing it with me, honey," she countered. She moved the mouse and hovered over a section of text just under the banner. She read as she scrolled "Looking for a new kind of Rent Boy? The boys of Kappa Alpha Nu are more than willing and able to fulfill you're every fantasy."

Devin snorted.

She glared at him until he subsided. "We are working diligently to get through school and are willing to go beyond the call of duty in order to get the job done. Browse through our profiles until you find the frat boy of your dreams. Contact information and sexual orientation is included for your convenience."

"Oh my god. You can seriously buy everything in New Orleans. You think any of them come with blood alcohol levels under .08? Because after my fantasies are fulfilled, I might not be able to drive." Someone had definitely switched on his sarcasm button today.

"It's perfect," she declared. "You should do it."

"And get arrested? That would be the perfect end to my week, let me tell you." He laced his fingers together and held them behind his head. "How, pray tell, did you manage to come up with this idea in the shower this morning and yet still find time to talk to your "resources," without a break in between me and breakfast this morning?" Alarm bells were sounding in his head. This entire thing was fishy. Crystal had never been a very good liar and she was keeping true to form. "What aren't you telling me, Crys?"

His gaze caught on a few of the very well muscled men on the screen. Most of them had probably called him a "faggot" in the street a time or two but damn if he wasn't just a tiny bit curious about an entire pack of Neanderthals promising to fulfill his fantasies. The photo on the front page showed the collection of "brothers" in little to no clothing, teasing potential clients. *Good advertising*, *ladies and gentlemen*.

She grinned, unapologetic as always. "Okay, you caught me. I had DJ try it out a week ago when I found out that Mark was a pimp."

Devin's eyebrows shot skyward. "What. The. Hell." Devin growled. "You are unbelievable."

Her grin widened. "You love me."

She was so lucky that he did. Seriously.

"Besides," she drawled, "As your PA, it's my job to provide you with everything you need. You are a sexual creature, my friend, and, as such, you definitely have needs." She waved at the screen. "This is perfect for those needs."

"But two hundred bucks a go?" he asked. "I mean, even if I was considering this, which I'm not, this would be a pretty extravagant."

She snorted. "Oh please. Like you wouldn't spend that much on booze in the next few weeks, drowning your sorrows. This is way better than a hangover, Dev. Besides, I'm not saying spend that much every week or whatever but at least once. Try it out."

"I really don't know about this." Why was he even considering what she was saying? He was a good guy. He didn't *do* things like that.

She pouted at him. "At least look at their profiles? See if any of them strike your fancy."

He bit his bottom lip. "Aren't most rent boys twinky guys? I like strong guys, Crys. You know this. I know this. If they're all little waifs I don't think they'll do it for me." But they didn't look like twinks. The shirtless boys on the website's main page looked exactly like the sort of thing that Devin would normally beeline to in a bar. Even the smaller members of the frat looked like they could throw down.

"Just browse through the profiles, my darling Devin. Let me know what you think at lunch." She winked. "Think about it. I'll even pitch in for pre-courage booze."

He snorted again. Sometimes having Crystal around was like having a little sister sitting in the corner whispering, "Kiss him! Kiss him!" whenever there was a potential homo moment about to go down.

"Your fetish is truly and utterly twisted, Crys. Your reverend daddy must be so proud."

She shrugged. "He ain't complained yet." Without another word she straightened and headed towards his door.

As she shut the door behind her, Devin smoothed his hand down his face and sighed. He should just close the browser and get back to the potential client case he'd been working on. He hesitated over the red exit button. *Oh what the hell? Why not*? It wasn't even as bad as looking at porn at the office, which he knew for a fact a few colleagues did.

He clicked the "view profiles" tab and was instantly brought to a scrolling list of frat boys complete with half nude individual photo. *Yummy*. This was so wrong but he was intrigued by the idea of anonymous sex. He was a serial monogamous, had been since before he realized that he wanted a romantic relationship in seventh grade. The idea of wanting someone as a means of sexual release alone was a foreign concept for him.

The first profile flashed onto the screen. Damon Summers. Age 22. Sexual orientation: Bisexual. Open to all forms of sexual expression including BDSM. Bondage preference: Bottom.

Um, *no thanks*. He wasn't into whips and chains. He clicked the next profile. Jerry Louis. Age 19.

Nope. Too young. He would feel like he was paying a baby for a blow job. *Next.* He clicked the next one and sucked in a breath. *Wow.*

Christian Matheson. He was drop dead gorgeous. He was listed at being right at six feet, several inches taller than Devin's modest, five ten. He was also a freaking gorgeous man. The picture on the profile page showcased the frat boy to absolute perfection.

Christian wore a wicked half smile, like he knew a secret and was dying to tell someone. He had lovely brown eyes and the darkest chocolate hair Devin had ever seen. He wondered if the midnight shades were natural. Age 24. Sexual orientation: Gay. Top primarily, will bottom for an additional fee.

Yowzah. Yes, please. Devin definitely wouldn't mind a roll in the hay with Mr. Perfect.

Devin took his sticky pad off his desk and dug in the top drawer for a pen. He jotted down Christian Matheson's personal phone number and a little information so he wouldn't leave evidence on his phone.

Maybe he could do this. Maybe.

He cursed himself, Crystal, and the madness that had overtaken his brain when he'd agreed to do this.

"Don't be nervous." Devin commanded himself as he stared into the mirror of his bathroom sink. "There is nothing to be nervous about. You're just going to pay him for sex. No big deal. It's been happening since cavemen could barter for stuff way back in BCE. This is not a date."

He still had butterflies. He didn't know if he could even go through with this.

Devin sucked in a breath. If he didn't decide to do anything with the guy, who cared? No one would ever know, not even Crystal. He hadn't committed one way or another to anything.

The doorbell rang. Well, Christian was right on time. To the minute, actually. Who would've thought? A frat boy who was actually on time. His college experiences had not led him to believe they could be on time for anything other than a keger.

He smoothed his hand down his grey button down which he wore over his favorite pair of come-get-it jeans. The walk towards the door seemed to take a million minutes longer than usual. As he reached the door, he paused with his hand on the knob. Maybe he could pretend he wasn't home?

The doorbell rang again.

Fine. Fine. Just open the door. He yanked the door open harder than he'd intended to and nearly swallowed his tongue looking out into the hallway. Seeing the man he'd hired for the evening reclining against the wall opposite his door did something to his stomach to make it twist itself into knots like a nest-full of snakes.

Christian looked utterly delectable, the spitting image of a swaggering bad frat guy complete with an Ed Hardy muscle shirt and a pair of loose designer jeans that Devin had been coveting for months now. How a hooker afforded such digs was beyond him but whatever floated the other man's boat. He looked edible.

Clearing his throat, he swung open the door and offered the man a nervous smile. "Hi." His lameness was now complete. *Crystal*, *I'm going to murder you for talking me into this*.

Christian didn't say anything immediately. Instead, he pushed himself off the wall and gave Devin a slow up and down that was clearly sizing him up. Devin swallowed hard and resisted the urge to slam the door and run back into his apartment.

It wasn't that he'd never had attractive men look at him before but it seemed different somehow when this man did it. Maybe because there would be no preliminary test, no niceties, no "want to buy me a drink" schmoozing prior to Devin committing to fall in bed with the guy. There would be no "I'll call you" in the morning from this guy. Nope. This was all about one thing and one thing only.

"Hi, yourself," Christian finally replied. His voice was low, already a little husky. Sexy as all get-out. "You want me to come in?"

Devin blinked. Did he? Maybe. "Uh, yeah, sure. Come on in." He stepped back from the door and allowed the other man room to get into the apartment.

"Nice place," Christian complimented as he stepped out of the foyer and went directly into the living room. "You look awfully young to be in a place like this. You live with a daddy?"

"Um, daddy? No. I live on my own. I'm twenty-eight. I've got my own money." He paused, unsure if they were supposed to exchange this much information. "So I'm a little older than you."

Christian plopped down on the couch. "Sweet. So whatcha want to do?" The question hung in the air between them like some sort of unanswerable inquiry.

"Uh, I'm not sure really." Devin shifted nervously and looked anywhere but at the man on his couch. "I've never done this. So, what's standard?"

Christian chuckled like he'd heard that line a million times. He probably had. "This is your ballgame, gorgeous. You pay my fee and I'm your fantasy. Whatever you want within reason. I got one guy who likes me to spank his ass with my frat paddle but you don't seem to be into that. SO, this is all up to you."

Devin never initiated sex with his partners. It was always a given that he would give into stronger demands, rougher wants.

He startled when Christian pushed himself off the couch and took a step towards him. "So that's the way it's going to be, babe?" He gave Devin a wicked grin and pulled the shirt over his head.

Devin lost the ability to speak as Christian revealed the tight musculature of his chest and abdomen. This frat boy certainly didn't have a beer gut. Definitely no keg parties for Christian, either that or they hadn't caught up with him yet.

Devin took a step back. He didn't know if he could do this. His heart pounded. This was fast. Way faster than anyone else he'd been with.

Christian frowned. "What's the matter?"

"I–It's a little fast for me. Sorry," Devin stammered, face igniting into flame. God, he felt like a loser.

Christian nodded and gave him a warm smile. It was a reassuring sort of look. "No need to say sorry, babe. It's my bad. A lot of people are nervous and just want me to get aggressive with them. You're not like that huh?" Christian sat back down on the couch but still didn't put back on his shirt. He patted the couch beside him. "Why don't you come over here and sit down? We can just talk and take it slow."

Warm relief filled him at the understanding he heard in Christian's voice. It made it easy to come over and sit beside the younger man and half turn towards him. "Thanks." he murmured, commanding his Irish skin to not darken to crimson.

Christian gave him the same slow wicked grin that he wore on his profile picture. "Well, you're pretty cute, babe. It's no hardship." The frat boy came a little closer. "Want to try kissing first, gorgeous?"

"Um, Devin. My name is Devin." Devin corrected.

Christian reached out and ran a fingertip down Devin's cheek. "Why don't you try kissing me, Devin? See if you like it."

It was next to impossible to deny the rough note of desire that had entered Christian's voice. At least he hoped it was desire. Devin knew he wasn't unattractive but he *was* paying the guy for this. Devin found himself leaning closer to that wicked whisper all the same thought.

"W-Will you like it?" he asked, his lips a hairs breadth away from Devin's. His bottom lip was just the slightest bit fuller than his top lip, making it utterly nibble-able.

"Babe, I'd kiss you anywhere, anytime." Christian crossed the scant millimeters between their mouths.

When their lips met the world shifted. Devin found his head was spinning from the gentlest of contact. *Wow*. Christian was a hell of a kisser. It was almost getting drunk, buzzed on nothing but a touch. He coaxed Devin's lips open with gentle presses of his warm lips. He was being gentle, trying not to scare him. It was nice to be coddled a little bit.

He opened his mouth wider to accept Christian's seeking tongue, caressing it with his own in a blatant mimicry of sex. He gave a soft moan at the sensation as goose pimples erupted along his forearms. Devin was more than ready to kiss a little harder. Christian chuckled into his mouth like he caught the echo of Devin's thought and was enjoying the hell out of it.

"Like that?" Devin asked, breaking the kiss to catch his breath.

The rent boy panted in response, raising an eyebrow at him.

The fact that Devin could effect a guy like this made Devin feel amazing. Maybe there was something to this anonymous, sort of, sex after all. There was a certain satisfaction and power to be obtained from being the "boss" for once. A strange thrill shot through him. He reached between them and cupped the rigid line of Christian's cock through his denim. That could not be comfortable.

"Take it off?" Where the hell was this coming from? It was like getting high or drunk or something.

"Mmm," Christian murmured and did as he was told.

Watching Christian shimmy out of his pants was a definite turn on of epic proportions. Devin was pretty sure he could've gotten off just from seeing the other man strip. Naked now, Christian seemed to be in his element. Devin wished for even half of his confidence his entire life. Surely the frat boy knew how gorgeous he was.

Devin allowed his eyes to wander from Christian's head to his toes. He took in the firm pectoral muscles, the tight stomach with the delicious outline of muscles beneath the flesh, down the thin line of his happy trail to a cock that was thick and just a little shorter than his own. His mouth watered as he took in the heavy weight of Christian's sack, firm thighs, and muscular calves.

"You're beautiful," Devin whispered, unable to keep the awe from his voice. The man probably didn't need anyone else stroking his ego but it needed to be said. Christian was art.

Christian's cheeks reddened slightly, delighting Devin. It was the cutest thing ever.

Devin tilted his head to the side. "People don't compliment you much?"

Christian shrugged, his massive shoulders rolling in an equally beautiful display of muscle. "Most people don't talk so much."

Devin couldn't tell if that was a compliment or a smirking reprimand. Devin unbuttoned his shirt, working it off with one button at a time. Christian's eyes caught the movement and his arousal twitched in interest.

"You're going to be fun to fuck you, Devin," Christian rumbled.

The crude compliment elicited a shiver of response from Devin. He hadn't been thoroughly debauched in longer than he cared to remember. Even before he and Mark broke up, they'd rarely had sex. Devin had always assumed it was because he wasn't exciting enough in bed.

"I'll try to be," Devin murmured. No. He wouldn't let himself get another attack of nerves this late in the game. He was paying for a service. Nothing more. It was like a two hundred dollar massage to his genitals. He hoped he didn't disappoint his "therapist" though, which was the strangest thought he had had to date.

Mark hadn't really been interested during. Silent from beginning to end, his ex hadn't been interested in much past breaching Devin's hole and pumping a few times before releasing with a grunt of satisfaction. Often Devin had had to finish himself afterwards in the bathroom after Mark had rolled over and dropped off to sleep because, God forbid, him masturbating was a comment on Mark's performance.

"Trust me, babe," Christian drawled, running his hand down his rippling abs. "You aren't going to be a disappointment." The grin that accompanied the statement filled Devin with warmth. It was nice to be assured of his appeal. It was thrilling and more than a little bit empowering.

"Want to move this to the bedroom?" Devin asked, pushing up off the couch.

Christian nodded and stood, following after him as Devin turned on his heel and headed down the hall that led to his bedroom. Devin finished the buttons on his shirt on the way and started on the button on his pants. He tried not to think about the fine tremor that had suddenly taken up residence in his hands or the feeling that he was traveling down some kind of mental yellow-brick road.

All thoughts stopped the second Christian touched him.

Christian reached for him as the door clicked shut. He slid the zipper of Devin's pants down carefully, making sure not to snag his black boxer brief's in the process. He pushed them down Devin's hips next, making sure to grind his hard cock against the seat of Devin's ass. Devin gave a groan of appreciation as Christian's hand came around and gave him a proprietary squeeze. The frat boy worked him through his boxers until Devin thrust helplessly against his hand. The hardon that was pressing insistently against his ass told him that Christian was just as desperate.

"If I don't get you out of these underwear soon I'm going to go fuckin' crazy." Christian admitted, his voice husky.

The low growl of want sent a thrill through Devin down to his core. To know that, at least for the night, this man was his? That was some heady stuff. He was normally so worred about what other people thought about him when they got him into bed. With Devin, there was freedom from worry. Christian's hard cock and Devin's cash assured him of the brief affection that was all his for the moment.

"Yeah? You want in my tight ass?" Devin demanded. God that was hot. He never talked dirty. It had been a sticking point with several boyfriends in the past.

"Oh fuck yes, I want your tight ass." Christian's hand shoved roughly inside of Devin's briefs and the other man gasped at the sudden skin to skin contact on his prick. "Gonna let me inside you, babe?" The question was just a bit calculated. The power was all in Devin's hands.

"Fuck yes. Lay down on the bed and put a condom on." He waved toward the dresser where a new box of unopened condoms and lube set.

Devin was too wound up for much foreplay, despite the fact that he hadn't ridden a dick so quickly in quite some time. He wanted to feel the burn of entry, the hard edge of arousal as he danced between hurt and pleasure.

The heat at his back left him instantly and it only took a second before Christian threw his sexy body onto the bed and hurried to do Devin's bidding. The next thing he knew, Christian's dick was sporting a rubber and he was tossing Devin a small packet of lubrication.

Christian winked. "Mine's better than yours."

Devin blanked. His what was what? He stared down at the packet, dumbfounded. Then it dawned on him. The lube he'd bought was still on the dresser. This packet had obviously been brought with Christian.

The frat boy reached down and readjusted as if he couldn't help touching himself.

Devin felt a grin stretch his lips as giddiness filled him. "Can't wait to feel you inside me." Devin ripped open the lubrication packet and smeared two fingers with clear sticky liquid. "Gonna get ready for you."

Christian panted. "Oh yeah. Lemme watch, gorgeous."

Devin spread his cheeks with one hand and pressed a finger to his puckered entrance. He circled it, pressed in, circled again.

Christian's eyes never left his face as Devin teased himself. "I wanna watch you, gorgeous." His tone was almost a whine and, god, that was sexy too.

"Say 'please," Devin commanded, panting for breath. He'd never been this hard. Precum was already decorating the tip of his cock.

A feral glint entered Christian's eyes, the hand that seemed to be subconsciously touching his dick wandered down to squeeze his balls. It looked painful. Devin could practically smell the want in the air.

"Go on," Devin panted, pressing harder against his hole. "Say it."

"Please, gorgeous," Christian rumbled. "Lemme see you fuck yourself."

Christian snarled a low animal sound of satisfaction as Devin started to turn. It was a sexy fucking sound. He wanted Christian to make it again. He turned slightly to the side and speared his pucker with his fingers, losing himself to the sensation.

Devin let his head fall back and spread his thighs more so that he could pump in and out of his hole. It was burning like he'd imagined it would be, the stretching a little awkward in this position but he didn't care. He didn't care about anything but the feel of

the penetration and the bone deep knowledge that one stroke of his hand on his cock and he would be erupting into the circle of his fist.

He seemed to have found his inner exhibitionist.

"God that's hot." The words were reverent and Devin gave a fierce smile of satisfaction.

He gritted his teeth as he pushed another finger in his hole. "Are you sure we're supposed to be talking so much?" He teased, flirting a little bit. Some sort of sex demon had possessed him in the last twenty minutes... it was awesome.

"Best fucking talk I've had in ages, babe," Christian said, eyes glued on Devin's movements.

"You're magic, Christian," Devin said, three fingers stretching him. He was going to lose it if he didn't hurry and get Christian inside of him.

Christian growled. "You're ready. Get the fuck over here."

It was exactly what Devin needed to hear. Devin slinked up to the bed and crawled up Christian's body, kissing and nipping as he went. Christian's skin was soft, edible, his aftershave not half as obnoxious as his t-shirt would suggest.

Finally, the moment arrived. He couldn't wait to ride Christian until they were both too exhausted to move. He spread his cheeks while Christian held his body still and his cock at the right angle for Devin to get to.

Devin sank down on Christian's hot body with slow downward thrust, letting gravity do most of the work for him. His body stretched to accommodate the thick organ that was pressing inside him. The burn was much greater than his fingers had been and he gasped as his ass was thoroughly stretched. He was doing this. He was fucking Christian. Fantasies. That was what this was. If there was a customer satisfaction survey, he was going to rate high.

Once he was fully seated he struggled to adjust. His passage pulsed, spasming around the dick shoved up him. To his credit, Christian didn't move as Devin concentrated on breathing until his body relaxed. The fine sheen of sweat on his chest was the only clue that he was struggling to control himself.

"Been a while, babe?" Christian asked through gritted teeth.

Devin didn't answer, couldn't answer. Instead he just raised himself up and slammed back down on Christian's dick. His prostate throbbed gratefully. His body vibrated with pleasure. Had sex every felt so good? He seriously fucking doubted it.

Christian's hands found his hips as he began a steadily building rhythm that had Devin's hips jerking in a circular motion guaranteed to make him come soon. His pleasure spot was scored with every lunge and Christian started rocking up to meet him.

"Like that?" Devin asked, dropping his head back again and riding Christian harder. "Hmmm you feel good. Like fucking me?" There was vulnerability in that last question.

"Yeah, Devin. I like fucking you." Christian groaned. His eyes were squeezed shut and his face was carved into sharp lines. He was close.

Devin reveled in it, downright euphoric. "Come inside me, Christian. Fuck me til you come." Devin taunted quickening his pace. Hell, he was close too. He hadn't even touched his prick yet but it was oozing precum in a steady stream.

"Oh Fuck!" Christian seemed to lose it then, his hips jerked upwards and he cried out as his body seized in pleasure.

Devin felt an intense satisfaction watching him come apart. Despite the fact that he'd orgasmed Christian continued to thrust his hips, his dick not losing on bit of its hardness as it continued to give Devin the ride he longed for.

The frat boy reached up his hand and found Devin's cock and gave it three rough pumps. "Come for me, gorgeous. *Now*."

The "Now" did him in. Devin spiraled out of control, all but screaming his release to the ceiling as cum erupted from the end of his prick. It felt like someone was wringing out his balls he came so hard. A particularly enthusiastic spurt hit the side of Christian's cheek.

Dev was beyond caring at that point. It felt so fucking good!

Devin collapsed as his orgasm faded, his mind spinning like he'd just gotten off a rollercoaster. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the sheer awesomeness of what had just happened between them. The sheer awesomeness that he was paying for.

It hit him then.

He'd just solicited a prostitute and, damn all, if he didn't enjoy it immensely. Guilt struck next. Devin was lecherous, vile. He-

"Whatever you're thinking, babe, it's not that way. You're perfect. This is perfect."

It was exactly what Devin needed to hear.

Chapter Two

"So how did you get into this sort of business?" Devin asked as they lay together afterwards. He was curled up against Christian's chest, getting the cuddle that he wanted and not feeling guilty about it, thanks to Christian.

"Well, that's a little complicated to explain. Started with my Big Brother, Adam, in the Kappa house. We were all really strapped for cash and all pretty bummed about it. Then he saw this thing on G4 about escort companies and he pitched it to a couple of us." Christian's hands coasted up and down Devin's back absentmindedly. "He set up the whole website and whatnot. We've only been operational for like two months. Most people think it's a joke, which is why cops and crap leave us alone. But word has gotten around lately to the right people that we're not joking around and are really open for business. It's not like any of us do this to, you know, survive so the fact that we're not super steady doesn't make a difference. It's extra cash."

He didn't sound the least bit apologetic or worried over the consequences of his "part-time job". The whole thing was a little puzzling to Devin. Didn't Christian care about his body? Maybe he was just a young guy who got a thrill from getting paid for sex. That didn't seem right either. The whole situation was a puzzle.

"Anyways," Christian murmured, kissing the top of Devin's head. "I've got to get going. I've got another appointment scheduled for a little later and I've got to grab a shower and some food beforehand." Christian tilted his head up and kissed his lips properly, apologetically, exactly the way he should have if it was a class or business meeting that he was going off to.

Before Devin could think better of it, he made an offer. "You're welcome to use my shower. I could even order some take out if you like," Devin said, smiling and completely blissed out. He was feeling so good right now he could just melt into the mattress but he thought Christian deserved a little more attention than a "thanks, see yah" before he was shoved out the door.

Christian's face broke out into another smile and he chuckled softly, tapping Devin's chin with his pointer finger. "You really don't do this often."

Devin didn't *think* that was a complaint.

"That's not how it works, gorgeous." Christian winked. "If I had more time, I'd take you up on it but I can't." He disentangled himself from Devin's arms and stood, grabbing his underwear off the floor. The rest was scattered through the house and he'd no doubt pick them up as he went. He stood there looking at Devin for a full minute as the other man twisted his hands in the sheets. Again he smiled, looking amused. "You gonna pay me, gorgeous?"

Realization dawned. "Oh yeah! Sorry. I was spacing out." Devin sat up, taking a sheet with him to wrap securely around his waist.

He didn't understand why now would be the time he got nervous but there it was. He felt shy again, worse than before. The awkwardness was completely irrational but it was there all the same. He padded over to his dresser where he had put his stuff. He flipped open the black leather Fossil wallet and extracted two crisp one hundred notes therein. He extended them to Christian who took them with practiced ease.

"Thanks, gorgeous. You ever have another itch to scratch, gimme a call." With that he turned and walked out of Dev's bedroom. Devin sighed as he watched him go. The front door shut a few seconds later, leaving him truly alone. Again.

Christian arrived at the KA house a little after dark. It was still pretty early on in the semester so the cold wasn't quite uncomfortable yet. The best way to describe it was chilly but not cold. There was already a game of beer pong going on in the side yard that ran between two of the frat houses on Greek Row. It was also early enough in the semester that most people weren't busy preparing for tests and had the leisure time to play drinking games.

"Hey Christian!" His Big Brother called from one side of the pong table. "Want to join us, man?"

Christian smiled and shook his head. "Stuff to do, bro," he hollered back. His Kappa Alpha brother just raised a ping pong ball in salute before tossing it effortlessly into his opponent's cup.

He patted his pocket where the two hundred dollars he'd just made rested comfortably. Paying his membership dues was a lot easier when he made his own hours. His dad had refused to pay them this semester so he was on a payment system with the house. What dad didn't realize was that if KANu went away, so did his tuition deduction.

At 60k a semester, Tulane was not the easiest school to pay for without a lot of help. Like most middle-class kids whose parents made too much to qualify for full assistance and not enough to pay more than a couple thousand dollars, Christian was doing his best to stay afloat.

When he'd blown his scholarship last semester being a dumb ass and spending more time drinking than studying, he'd been forced to beg his dad for money. The frat had offered a partial academic scholarship but only if he remained a full time due paying member. Though he'd explained it to his father fifty different ways, the old man just couldn't see paying an additional four thousand dollars a semester in dues on top of the fifteen that he spent on tuition.

The math was simple to Christian, nineteen thousand was a hell of a lot cheaper than a full sixty. But when he pointed that out, his dad either yelled about how he needed to make the money himself or transfer to a smaller school back in Idaho. Fuck that. The best thing that ever happened to him was his Chapter President's brilliant idea of a side business.

Most of the frat were notorious horn dogs anyway so it made sense that the KANu's would make some money off of it one way or another. Frat Boys For Sale enabled them to make good money and still have time for classes and extra-curriculars with the house. Their schedules just didn't work with most normal jobs and most normal jobs just didn't pay enough. This was perfect.

He came into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water out of the fridge, careful to avoid touching anything that was no doubt growing new forms of life on top of it. Men, as a general rule, were not very clean roommates. They even had a maid service that came once a week to clean the house but they never cleaned out the fridge for good reason. Yuck.

"Hey, Christian." Marco, another one of his brothers, greeted as he came into the kitchen and snatched an apple out of the fruit bowel. He took a bite. "Nm, how'd your new job do?"

"Awesome," Christian said with a smile. "He's hot."

"For real? Why he hire us? Did he just have a frat boy fetish?" Marco asked. His brown eyebrows were drawn down in confusion. Usually the people who ended up calling them were one of two types: uglies and weirdos. Either one was tolerable to an extent but Devin had seemed different.

Christian shrugged. "I have no idea. Maybe he's going through a bad breakup or something."

"Yeah, maybe," Marco allowed. "Well, if he's hot and normal you might wanna hold on to him, yeah?"

Christian grinned and gave Marco a shove. "He's a paycheck, Marco. Jesus." He laughed.

"Then pass him on, man. I could go for someone who was a little more enjoyable." Marco waggled his eyebrows, clearly joking.

Christian frowned anyway. The thought did not appeal to him. Devin had seemed fragile enough but there was a steel cord of strength in there that he'd glimpsed when they'd had sex. Devin's inner sex kitten was dying to come out and Christian wanted to be the one to teach him.

"Anybody asks, he's my guy. Got it?" Christian warned. He didn't want any of his emotionally retarded brethren anywhere near his gorgeous.

Marco just laughed. "That's some real Pretty Woman shit right there!" "Ah, bite my ass, Marco," Christian rumbled.

Devin couldn't concentrate at work the next day. If he didn't stop distracting himself at work, he was going to be in some serious trouble.

The previous evening kept playing in his mind over and over again. Getting an erection at work was never fun. Having one over a rent boy that he'd bought off of a

website made him a little sick to his stomach. Was this really what he had come to? Was he incapable of a good relationship? The sex he'd had with Christian had been phenomenal. If he were honest with himself, it was the best sex he'd had period. Whereas most sexual encounters left him feeling weak and overwhelmed, sex with Christian had made him feel sexy and powerful.

He toyed with the idea of calling him again. He had extra money. It wasn't like he spent that extra bit left over from paydays. He could indulge this a few more times without being too put out but what was excessive? Once felt excessive. He frowned. Why was this so hard to navigate?

He fiddled with the cell on top of his desk, spinning it in a complete circle. He had said that he'd only do it once. He wasn't a pathetic loser who could only pick up hookers. He could find plenty of men willing to sleep with him. Maybe he'd hit up a gay bar and try to take someone home from there. Then again, given his track record, that might not be such a good idea.

Jesus. I don't even trust myself to go pick someone up anymore.

A sharp knock on his door brought him out of his thoughts of Christian. "Come in."

The aluminum door swung open to reveal the last person on Earth that he'd thought to ever occupy his office again.

"Mark?" He frowned. "What the hell are you doing here?"

The asshole had the decency to look contrite. "I just wanted to stop by and talk with you for a minute. Is that okay?"

Where the hell had Crystal been? She was supposed to watch his door.

He waffled. Given their history, Devin would've thought talking was *not* okay, but, as usual, Mark used a question as more of a vague statement that let him do what he wanted anyway. He came into the room and shut the door behind him, sending a bolt of uneasiness through Devin's chest.

Where was Crystal? She could at least call security for him if he needed it.

Mark sat in the chair opposite Devin and leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees.

Devin swallowed. "Can we please get this over with, Mark? All things considered, I didn't think we had anything left to say to one another." Devin was proud of how steady his voice was. Mark's presence was affecting him. He was getting nervous, fidgety, his good mood fading with his chance of escape.

"I know you're mad at me, suga. Trust me. I do. The game kind of fell in my lap a long time ago and I haven't been able to let it go since. Please, don't hold that against me." Mark said.

Devin gave him a look like he was out of his mind. Don't hold it against him that their entire relationship had been a lie? Riiiggghhhht.

"My boys don't mean anything, suga. I promise."

"Is that your way of asking me to come back?" Christian asked in shock. Of all the things he'd expected, this was not one of them.

"It's my way of apologizing. I'm sorry, Devin. I still love you."

Every word was like a fucking hypodermic needle filled with acid being shoved into Devin's chest. "You lied and fucked around on me, Mark. Even if I had no problem with your profession," he used air quotes for the "profession" bit. "You don't get to just forget about it because you decide to come clean when I dump your ass. Besides, I'm seeing someone else. We just started dating but he is honest about what he is." God had he just said that? Christ!

Mark laughed, the sound nasty. "We both know you've probably been holed up in your house since our break up, drinking wine and eating ice cream like a pus. Come on, suga. Don't be telling lies just to hurt me. I want to make this right between us."

A surge of venom pulsed through Devin. It was an impotent rage considering, if not for his encounter with Christian, he would've been doing just that. Was he that fucking pathetic? "His name is Christian, you dick head. And yeah, he is my damn boyfriend."

"Then you won't mind bringing your "boyfriend" to the club tonight. Rainbow Alley at ten sound like a good plan to you?" Mark challenged.

Devin snatched up the phone and dialed.

"Hello?" Christian's voice came across the other side of the phone and instant victory coiled in Devin's chest.

"Hey, Christian. It's Devin. What are you doing tonight?" Devin schooled his face to not reflect the nervousness he was feeling.

"Um, I have an appointment at 6 but I'm free after." Rustling noises like he was jostling some papers or something around. "I'm in between classes right now. What time you want it, gorgeous?"

"Can you meet me at my house around nine? I'll probably need you until midnight." Devin held his breath waiting for Christian's answer. He knew Mark was watching him like a fucking hawk from his position in the chair.

"Midnight, huh?" Christian chuckled. "Well, I dunno what you're going to do with me for three whole hours but I suppose you're the boss. That'll be an extra fifty, gorgeous."

"That's fine. I'll cook some dinner and have it ready for you when you get there," Devin said.

"Sounds good."

"Alright, see you then."

"Bye."

Devin hung up his phone and glared at Mark before pointing to the door. "I'll see you at Rainbow Alley at ten. Now get out. After this, I don't want to see you again."

Mark stood, looking furious. "We'll see."

Devin resisted the urge to toss something at his smug face, possibly his stapler.

"Hey," Christian greeted as Devin opened up the door to his apartment. He immediately frowned. "Are we going somewhere?"

Devin was dressed in his bar clothes, tight t-shirt and equally tight jeans. He thought he looked good. "Um, yeah. About that..." He paused, not sure how to say this without sounding like an idiot.

How was he supposed to admit that he'd given into pressure by his ex boyfriend to bring his new "Boyfriend" to a club to prove that he wasn't a loser? The fact that he

was paying said "boyfriend" for his time did make him a loser but, hell, what choice did he have? "I thought we could, um, go out to this, um, club. It's called Rainbow Alley."

Christian nodded slowly. "I know Rainbow Alley. I've been a couple times with friends. Interesting choice, gorgeous." His eyes wandered up and down Devin's frame. "Though I could think of other more interesting ways to spend my night, if you want to club, I'm game."

"We only need to make an appearance. So we don't need to stay very long."

Devin said. "If anyone asks..." He trailed off unsure how to phrase his request. I mean, it was one thing to be a prostitute, another to be a liar.

"You bought a fantasy, remember?" Christian reminded. "So don't worry, gorgeous. Just tell me what you want."

"Pretend to be my boyfriend for the night?" The words were muttered. God, he felt like such a lame ass.

Christian's face broke out into a perfect grin. "I'd be honored to be your one-andonly for the night, gorgeous. Feel free to show me off at your leisure."

Relief nearly made Devin sag down into a gelatinous puddle at Christian's feet. He'd been half afraid that Christian would've said "no". He wasn't sure what normal procedures were for people in Christian's job line.

"So when do we leave and how long we gonna be gone?" Christian leaned forward and planted a kiss to Devin's lips.

"I made dinner. So we can eat first."

Devin stepped back and turned towards the kitchen. Christian followed dutifully behind him. They rounded into the kitchen where Devin had already set the table with two plates and simple silverware. It wasn't anything special or romantic but hopefully the food was good.

Christian gave a groan that went straight to Devin's dick. "Holy crap, that smells fantastic."

The compliment sent a warm furl of happiness through Devin's chest. It was Devin's not-so-secret hobby. He loved buying cookbooks and trying new recipes. He had loved having people over when he'd been dating Mark and cooking a big meal for their

friends. Of course, none of them had ever really appreciated it. His friends had been complimentary but Mark could've cared less about the quality of the meal.

"Thanks. That's raspberry vinaigrette chicken in thick cream with some pasta salad on the side. I wasn't sure what you wanted to drink but I have sweet tea, grape juice, sprite, and water." Devin rattled off his list of beverages and motioned for Christian to take a seat. The younger man looked a little surprised as he sat down but didn't make any other comment about the fact that Devin was essentially taking him out on a "date".

"Sprite is fine." Christian said.

He toyed with his fork as it rested beside his plate and for the first time Devin realized that Christian was nervous. He had seemed untouchable, almost inhumanly perfect, during their previous encounter. Devin felt the insane urge to comfort him. He got a glass out of his cabinet, put a couple of ice cubes in it, and then poured the Sprite.

"You don't have to do this." Devin heard himself say as he sat the cup in front of Christian. "I mean, I'm not paying you to play pretend with me at the club. I just, you know, the whole boyfriend thing." If that sentence made one iota of sense, Devin would've been surprised. He was about as smooth as sandpaper.

"Hey," Christian said, reaching up to grab his hand. "You pay for the fantasy. Whatever you need me to be." He gave the hand he was holding a squeeze. "You're golden, gorgeous. No worries."

Devin served dinner and let the subject drop. He watched anxiously as Christian took a bite out of the chicken.

"My God. That's fucking fantastic," Christian said through a mouthful of food. It was adorable. "You always cook like this?"

Devin shook his head. "Not usually for myself. If I have company, I do. I like to cook but it's so much hassle when it's just for me."

Christian made a happy very masculine noise of enjoyment and tore into the rest of the meal. Devin thought he heard a muttered, "This is so much fucking better than dorm food," come out of Christian's mouth in between shovel-fulls but he couldn't' be certain.

They are in surprisingly comfortable silence before Devin's curiosity got the better of him. "So what are you studying in school?"

Christian finished chewing his bit of chicken and swallowed. "Double major in business and chemistry." He took a sip of his drink.

Chemistry? Yuck. He must be really smart. Devin had tried a chemistry class once. He had barely passed 101 with a c minus.

"I had a sports scholarship but I fucked my knee up freshman year."

"What sport?" Devin asked. He knew nothing about sports, other than most of them involved balls of various sizes. He repressed the grin that was threatening to take over his face as he had the thought. His mind immediately descended into gutter territory. Okay, he was immature sometimes. He could admit that.

"Baseball." Which only brought to mind the lovely tight uniforms that baseball players wore. He couldn't help the smile then, though he had the decency to stare at his water glass as he did so. "You're trouble, Devin." His name had him looking up into Christian's knowing face.

"What?" he asked, wide eyed.

Christian was apparently a damn mind reader. "You're thinking about me naked." Christian said like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "But you're smiling like you're amused by it. Whatcha thinkin?"

Devin felt his face flush. "Um, just about sports. I know nothing about them. Then that thought led to uniforms and you and...crap, now I sound like a perv."

Christian started laughing which only made his cheeks fill with more heat. "Only you would worry about sounding like a perv with a prostitute in your house."

Devin felt a grin stretching his lips at Christian's proclamation. Okay, yeah, he was silly for thinking that.

Chapter Three

The club was jumping already when they arrived. The Bourbon Street crowd was already out in full party mode and clothes were already starting to fly. Rainbow Alley was one of the premier hot spots for the gay community in New Orleans and Devin had always held a special place for it. It was the first gay club he'd ever been to. He'd practically found his sexuality in that bar.

"Looks like a good crowd tonight," Christian shouted over the music. He had his arm slung over Devin's shoulders, already playing the part of lover with practiced ease.

Devin couldn't help but feel just a little bit happy at how well he fit into Christian's arms. He could almost forget that they weren't really a couple. "So who are we meeting here?" The words were pressed against his ear, eliciting a shiver of response. Dev's ears were always his hot spots.

"My ex is going to be here." Devin didn't know if he was warning Christian or apologizing by making that announcement. "He's under the impression that he meant enough for me to pine after him and he won't leave me alone until I have proof otherwise."

"I'm not fixing to get my ass kicked, am I?" Christian asked, narrowing his eyes. He looked like he was getting a little pissed. "I mean, I don't mind showing off for your friends but if your ex starts shit..."

"Don't worry about it," Devin assured. "Seriously, he wouldn't be stupid about it. He just may talk some trash."

Silence answered him as Christian looked off into the crowd.

Devin worried his lip. "You want to leave?" He shouldn't have asked Christian to come. It wasn't his place. They weren't even friends.

Christian's gaze swung back to him. Devin saw the indecision in his eyes and he didn't blame him. It'd been stupid of Devin to even think that it would be okay for him to use Christian like that.

"No, gorgeous. I've got your back." The words were punctuated with a squeeze.

"Though if I get my assed kicked I'm going to implement a no-leaving-the-house rule for us."

Was that a joke? Devin wasn't sure but he smiled anyway. It sounded like he was going to actually give him a second shot at this. He licked his lips. This might have been the best idea Crystal had ever come up with.

Christian led him to the back bar, away from the booming base and the pulsing bodies. It was quieter back here and Christian parked him at a table and then went to the bar to grab them some drinks. Of course, Mark would choose that time to approach him. Devin sighed and watched his ex swagger up to his table with two of his rent boys in tow. Devin was just assuming the last but the cruel thought gave him a little fuel of anger to hold on to.

"Well hello, lover," Mark drawled, cocking his hip out like he was posing for effect. "Where is the mythical boyfriend?"

"At the bar, getting us drinks," Devin said evenly. "We're not staying long. Once you look your fill, we're done."

He didn't even know why he was placating Mark's wishes...again. Now that Mark was standing in front of him he had a clue as to the utter stupidity of this whole thing. He never should have brought Christian here. All he was doing was playing right into Mark's demands and making himself look like a petulant child in the process. When would he learn?

"Well, he'll have to get here first, lover." Mark smiled and it wasn't a kind smile at all. It was downright predatory. "You look good, Dev."

He rolled his eyes. "Shut up, Mark. I told you that we're done."

Mark leaned down and got right in Dev's face. "Yeah, yeah, and that you have an invisible boyfriend. I get it. You want independence and I acted like a jerk. Let's just stop the charades, lover. We worked good together. We can still work well together. This fight is silly." Mark said, sliding into the seat opposite Devin. He waved his hands to the two men waiting beside them and they disappeared into the crowd. "I can give you the space you need but please stop punishing me with your "cold as ice" routine. My job is not that big of a deal. Yeah, I sleep with the boys but they're nothing."

Devin sputtered, backing as far back as he could in the seat. "It's not like that! I'm not playing with you, Mark. I really want you out of my life."

"Then why did you come here?" Mark challenged. "Face it, Dev, you're still in love with me and this whole thing was just a ploy to get my attention. I get it. But your mind games get old."

"Get your attention?" Devin repeated, dumbfounded. "Mind games?" Is that what they called screwing around on a guy these days?

Mark snorted. "Oh drop the innocent routine. I know you. You're always Mr. Hold-me-close-but-not-too-close. You get off on being ignored and treated like you're not important. I know boys like you."

Did he really? Devin's mind swirled with the possibility. Was that the reason he chose such shitty relationships? He thought there was something wrong with his choices but maybe it was something wrong with him. He felt really small of a sudden. Was he really that manipulative? He didn't really want to be treated that way. He just liked bad boys but not for the abuse. He wanted to help. Didn't he?

"You're in my seat and upsetting my boyfriend. Can I fucking help you?" Christian's voice was a welcome reprieve. Relief flooded him but not the triumph he'd expected. He'd expected to feel some sort of joy at rubbing in Christian's presence to Mark. Instead he felt a little sick and a whole lot pathetic.

Mark's eyes widened in surprise and he quickly gave Christian a once over. "You're his boyfriend?" he asked, not believing it if his tone was any indication.

Christian smirked and took a swig out of his beer. "Yeah. I'm his boyfriend. Got a problem?"

Christian may not have known new guy from Adam but he did not like the way he was looking at Devin and he really didn't like the way Devin seemed to cave into himself in the man's presence. This had to be the ex that Devin had warned him about. The man was built like a freaking brick house and had all the repressed violence of an action flick just bubbling under the surface. That, more than anything, kept the other man from being attractive. He was all darkness and dirty alleyways.

"Yeah. I got a problem because that's my boy and you are a joke if you think he's anything but." The ex said.

"Mark!" Devin snapped, glaring at the other guy. "You're not my anything."

Christian nodded but didn't break eye contact with Devin's ex. "You heard him. You're nothing. So why don't you move the fuck along?"

"You're really his boyfriend?" Mark asked slowly.

Christian nodded again. That was, after all, what he was being paid to say. If he were honest, it was more than that though. Everything about Devin brought out Christian's protective streak.

"You fucked him yet?" The additional question was not unexpected but still downright annoying.

"That's none of your business."

Mark stood. He was tall as he is shoulders were wide. They were eye to eye. The frat boy just raised an eyebrow in challenge. "You going to move or am I going to have to make you move?"

"He's such a little ice slut." Mark spat. "He'll spread easily enough but it's like fucking a frozen fish. He doesn't feel anything."

Christian grinned nastily. "Yeah? Not my fucking experience, man. Maybe the problem was you."

Rage purpled Mark's face. "Fine. Whatever." He turned his head and looked at Devin who was partially hidden behind Christian. "We'll talk later."

"No," Christian interrupted, sidestepping to interrupt his view. "You won't. Come near him again and I will make you fucking miserable."

Mark pushed past him, slamming his shoulder into Christian's but he was ready for it and held his ground. What a piece of work, Christian thought.

He slid into the chair that Mark had just occupied and pushed the beer he'd been carrying for Devin towards him. "Here. That will steady your nerves." Devin was trembling slightly. The conversation had obviously really upset him. "You okay?"

"Can we just leave, please?" Devin's voice was low, beaten.

Anger fired through Christian again at the thought of this normally vibrant guy being brought so low. No wonder Devin was hiring someone to take care of his needs. If

this guy was any example of his normal boyfriend, it was understandable. Hell, in the same situation, Christian might've done the same thing.

He nodded to his drink. "Finish your beer and dance with me. You shouldn't let that asshole dictate when you leave."

Devin sipped his drink, looking miserable.

"Hey," Christian said, getting his attention. "None of that. We accomplished our mission on telling his ass off but if he doesn't lay off, call the cops. I mean that."

Devin nodded. "Thanks. Wasn't as good as I thought it would feel but thanks."

"Well, I'll try to make it feel better. Okay?" Christian was such a sucker for little lost boys, always had been. Nothing had him falling harder than a pretty face with a sob story. At least this explained why Devin was hiring rent boys to get a little love, if these were the kinds of guys he was picking up. He probably had the self-esteem of a Snickers bar.

"You don't have to try and make me feel better," Devin mumbled. "I shouldn't have dragged you out here. That was stupid."

Christian reached across the table and grabbed his hand. "Forget about him and everything else. This is your night. Have fun. Forget the drinks even. Come dance with me."

Devin allowed Christian to drag him out on the dance floor. He really wasn't in the mood but he had to admit, the idea of dancing with Christian made him hot. The man was beautiful and strong and about seventy million other things that Devin found irresistible in men. He constantly had to remind himself that this wasn't a real date and that he was paying for the privilege because Christian made him feel what so many others before him had not: safe.

Then they were grooving to a heady techno beat and Devin forgot all about his contemplations of Christian's perfection in favor of appreciating the sheer visceral splendor of having his magnificent body pressed up against his. They moved well together, anticipating the other's movement. Their lower halves could've been glued

together for all the separation that they had during the dancing. It wasn't frankly sexual per se but the tension and the promise was there. Anyone who would've been watching them could see that.

"We'll have to do this again, gorgeous," Christian murmured in his ear as he twisted his hips against the seat of Devin's ass. "I like the way you move."

Devin would've replied but then the frat boy spun him out in a turn before jerking him back to his chest, one leg in between Devin's so that Dev was pressing his cock against the firm muscle of Christian's thigh. He resisted the urge to pant and hump like a dog.

He looked up into Christian's gorgeous brown eyes that were filled with heat and a promise of pleasure, if only Devin would allow him off his leash. The ability to say "no" and to keep the frat boy waiting was a delicious power that Dev was tempted to exercise. Unfortunately, he was so damn turned on by the time he realized he had it that there was just no way he could do anything but say, "Take me home."

Christian did.

Chapter Four

They made love. That was the only way Devin could describe what they did. Christian was the epitome of gentleman, of lover. He made Devin feel like he was special and wanted, cared for. Too bad he was acting.

"Christian," he gasped as the frat boy slid down his body and took his naked cock deep into the back of his throat. There was no frantic energy to his movements. Everything was slow and easy. He sucked him slowly, scattering his mind as he tried desperately to hold onto the reason he should be holding back with Christian.

"Come on, Devin," Christian murmured, pulling off his length to encourage his participation. "Give me everything, gorgeous. Let me see you come apart for me."

Devin lost to battle to remain unmoved and groaned low in his throat. His hips bucked up, forcing his prick deeper. Of course Christian didn't move back. He was intent on making Devin lose his damn mind. Christian held his hips steady as he bobbed his head.

"Please," Devin gasped. "I can't take anymore, Christian. Please!"

He felt the rumble of Christian's laughter around his cock. The frat boy pulled back to move up his body. "Is this okay?" Christian asked as he settled Devin's legs on either side of his hips and angled his hips upward. He was so considerate.

Devin reached out and cupped his cheek. "Yes," he whispered. For what he'd done tonight, Christian could have him in any way he wanted.

Christian rolled a pre-lubricated condom onto his prick before pressing the tip against Devin's entrance. "I want you so much," Christian admitted. Devin's body opened eagerly to swallow his lover's prick.

Then there was no more room for words as they moved together in perfect harmony. Their eyes met, held. It was such an intimate thing to do, something Devin had never done with any of his lovers before.

They came together in perfect unison, gasping out their mutual praises until there was nothing left to give. Devin's release splashed the area between his torso and chest with the force of his orgasm. It wasn't as frantic as before but it was just as powerful and just as satisfying.

Christian held him afterwards, kissing his lips gently over and over again as they spent themselves as one.

Devin stroked a finger down his face. "You're amazing."

"You're pretty amazing yourself," Christian said.

He slowly pulled himself from Devin's body and Dev groaned at the loss.

Christian winked and quickly pulled off the condom to dispose of it in the trash bin by Devin's nightstand before disappearing into the adjacent master bath.

Devin sighed and relaxed into the comfortable embrace of his bed. There was nothing quite like home. He glanced toward the bathroom. There was nothing quite like Christian either. No one had made him feel like this: protected, loved, cared for.

With a sinking heart he realized that their rendezvous would have to end soon. Devin was only a client, not a lover.

Christian returned with a washcloth, which he used to clean Devin's sticky body. He even leaned down and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "All right, sweet man. I'm going to have to get out of here. I have a early class tomorrow and I still have to finish my paper."

Devin swallowed. "Sure. Let me get my wallet." He figured they wouldn't have much time for basking but he'd wanted a little cuddle. *You've kept him busy all damn night, Dev. You're being a selfish prick*. A quick glance at the besides clock revealed that it was almost 2 AM.

"Um, next time I could plan on bringing my laptop. That way, you know, I wouldn't have to leave," Christian said, staring at Devin as he retrieved his clothes with a weird look on his face.

Devin raised his eyes. "I can't afford an all night excursion."

"Uhh, well, I only would charge you for...you know."

Why was he embarrassed? He sounded really uneasy all of a sudden. *Maybe he likes me?* He banished the thought as soon as he had it. This was not one of Crystal's romance novels. Things like this didn't happen in real life.

"If you like." That was the safest way to reply, the only way to reply.

Christian gave him a smile that melted him even further.

You're dangerous to my sanity, Christian.

"Cool." He pulled on his underwear. "Just give me a call whenever you want me over. And, you know, if you want to just talk or something." He paused. "I won't charge you for that either."

Devin returned his smile, hope blossoming in his chest. "Thanks."

"Anytime. You deserve more than what that prick gave you."

Devin walked him to the door and Christian turned to give him a hell of a kiss goodbye. When the door closed behind him, he couldn't help but feel a pang of sorrow for his loss.

"Well," he muttered. "I am the king of hopeless infatuation. Wouldn't want to spoil my record now."

Christian finished his paper as the sun rose and he somehow managed to drag himself to his first class to turn it in with only one cup of coffee under his belt. It was beyond impressive. He imagined it wouldn't have taken him so long to finish up the paper had his mind actually been on the benefits of ethical business practices instead of the benefits of talking Devin into going out with him again.

"You are so lost, boy," Marco said, settling into the desk next to him as they waited on the professor to arrive. "You have been dreamy eyed since you met the guy."

He was jealous but Christian didn't really blame him. A hot, single, enjoyable john was something out of all their fantasies.

"He's just a paycheck, Marco," Christian said. He's said it before but he needed the reminder for himself this time. *Good God, he's under my skin*. It was the vulnerability last night that had sunk a hook into him, he was sure of it. A couple of days and some distance would do them both some good.

Marco gave him a look that he was pretty sure mean that Christian was full of shit. "A paycheck my ass, brother."

He was saved from having to reply when Professor Flix came through the door carrying his briefcase.

"Good morning, good morning, my red-eyed students. Those of you who pulled all-nighters finishing up the paper you owe me, best not fall asleep. Those of who did not finish your paper, you may leave. I have no use for lazy students."

Several students got up and left. Marco sighed audibly and Christian resisted the urge to smirk. Flix was a good-looking forty-something that Marco had been crushing on since day one of class. He'd since become a very nice suck up. It made Christian laugh.

"Put your papers in my hand as I circle the room."

Christian handed his over and let his mind zone out as Flix talked, making notes occasionally when Flix sounded enthusiastic about something.

His mind was elsewhere and he wished he could drag it out of the place it had descended into. He imagined that he and Devin were planning their next "date," no money involved. Just two guys who liked each other aiming to make a connection in a world where real connections were rarer than Earth-sized diamonds.

Stupid. Stop thinking about the trick and concentrate on your studies. When school was finished and everything was said and done, he could find that sort of connection. There was no point in entertaining fantasies now. He needed to keep his head down and his shoulders squared against the world. Period.

His cell phone buzzed, indicating a text message. He pulled it stealthily from his pocket to see who was texting him. Devin. What he could only describe as butterflies flickered in his chest. *Fuck. I shouldn't like him*.

But he did.

"Pay attention, Mr Matheson. I understand how difficult it is after a long night but try," Professor Flix cut in, dragging him back to the present.

He resisted he temptation to check his phone to see if Devin had called or text him. It was going to be a long day.

Christian stretched out on his futon and read the words in his textbook over and over again. He was bored. After a long day of tests, lectures, and papers, he was ready to

be done. However, he needed to finish this chapter because he had a few jobs tonight. He checked his cell phone, wanting a call from a certain client of his.

"Stop it, Christian," he muttered to himself.

Marco opened his door without asking and plopped down on the sofa next to him. "I saw you had John, Parker, and Dustin lined up tonight. Can you spare one?"

Christian gave him a look that clearly said he wasn't interested in giving up his clients for a frivolous reason. "Not really. I have dues and next semester's classes coming up." However, John and Dustin would love Marco. They'd had him before. "Is it an emergency?"

"I just could really use the extra cash." Marco sighed. "Damon stiffed me twenty bucks on the last job."

"I told you not to do doubles with Damon. He's a shady motherfucker."

"I know but I'm not like you guys. You got the whole macho thing down so either way you're someone's kink."

Christian rolled his eyes. "Cry me a river, Marco. You're hot and you know it."

He huffed. "Hot is great and all but I have to get someone to pay for it."

Christian opened his mouth to tell him that he would have to deal on his own but then his cell phone buzzed. He slid his finger across the screen. Devin.

You busy?

He rapid texted back. Maybe. Why?

I can't pay for a real visit but I'd like to take you out to supper.

The frat boy hesitated. He really needed the money. The job would set him up for a couple of weeks...

"Marco, you can have all three jobs."

A grin spread over Marco's face. "Seriously? Right on!" He gave a happy little whoop and Christian resisted the urge to roll his eyes. "I'll go tell the boss."

"Okay."

Marco pushed himself happily to his feet before turning and looking back at him. "You gotta hot date or something?"

"Um, sorta."

Marco's grin widened. "Ooh is it the hottie you warned everyone else off of?"

"No." Christian's face heated. He was such a bad liar.

"Holy shit!" Marco cackled.

Christian glared. "Don't start or else you can kiss those jobs goodbye. Keep your damn mouth shut. If the brothers find out, I'm so dead." They would probably rib him more than a little bit when they found out. It wasn't like anyone would really care until he stopped paying his dues but still. He'd preferred to go without their interference.

"Fine, fine. I'll keep the information to myself. Have fun with your lover man."

Christian turned his attention back to his text book. He needed to hurry up and finish it. He would be occupied with Devin and wouldn't get the chance to finish before tomorrow's lectures. Happiness bubbled up in his chest. Devin had called, sorta. He forced his attention to the words on the page. He had to suffer through the text and then he'd be able to see Devin.

He texted Devin a quick question. Hey, how nice is the place? Reservations or Drive-Thru?

Reservations;)

"A real date it is, Dev." He wondered if he would go home with him after. They'd already had sex a few times now but he didn't want to feel that Devin was taking advantage of the "you don't pay if you just want to talk" rule.

"We'll just have dinner, conversation. It'll be great." Simple. Something none of his relationships had been in a really, really long time.

Gathering up his things, he stashed them in his room and headed toward the showers. He primped a little bit, indulging the urge to get ready for a real date. The room he shared with Marco didn't offer much privacy but since Marco was running around doing his jobs, he had it to himself. With a towel wrapped around his hips, he searched through his wardrobe. So far, he'd played up the frat boy bad ass thing to a T with Devin but this date promised to be something a little bit more sophisticated.

He grabbed his jeans that were just a little bit too tight to be considered decent and his button up turquoise shirt that made his eyes look like a darker shade of chocolate. It also emphasized the breadth of his shoulders which personal experience told him Devin would love. Grabbing his leather belt from his dresser, he threaded it through his belt

loops. His leather shoes completed his outfit, solidifying his come-fuck-me looks while still maintaining a air of sophistication.

Marco would totally bust his balls if he saw the amount of time and gel he used to make sure his hair was perfectly coiffed. Not that he took it personally. Marco was as queer as he was. Christian had thought finding a frat in the south that accepted an openly gay man would be a thing of wonder. Little did he know, one of the most prominent frats on Tulane's campus had as many fags as most gay bars on Bourbon. It had been a pleasant surprise.

Deeming himself ready, he took a cab to Devin's place but hesitated as he stared up at the building. If this was a real date, he should've brought flowers or something. Spending the extra money would've been an annoyance that would've been completely worth it to see Devin's face lit up with pleasure. *Next time*, he promised himself.

He climbed the steps and knocked twice on the door. The telltale sign of footsteps racing toward the front made him smile. Devin sounded... Enthusiastic.

The door was flung open and Devin's grinning face came into view. Christian licked his lips at the sight that greeted him. Devin was bare-chested and bare-footed with only a pair of tailored slacks to hide his magnificence.

"Hi," Devin breathed, sounding breathless. "I'm sorry. I took forever getting ready and I didn't quite finish in time. You want to take a seat on the couch? Our reservations aren't for another forty minutes."

"Sure thing, gorgeous." He stepped inside and gave Devin a sound kiss on the lips. "Thanks for the invite."

Devin's pretty blush was all the encouragement Christian needed to do it again. Christian could almost believe they'd met the regular way, that they were just two guys looking for love in the Big Easy.

"If you don't stop that I'm never going to finish getting ready," Devin murmured. He stroked his fingers down Christian's freshly shaved cheeks. "You don't have to touch me. I'm not paying for the privilege."

"Gorgeous, tonight, everything is free." He meant every word. He wouldn't deny Devin a single iota of affection. Devin deserved to be treated like a spoiled little prince. His last man had been a real piece of shit. Devin's rose color deepened, making him look impossibly more lovely. "I, uh, should finish getting dressed."

Christian nodded, eyes raking head to toe. He couldn't help himself. "Go before I say fuck the reservations and spend the whole night worshiping that cute body of yours."

Devin gasped. "Christian, damn. You... Damn."

"Go, Devin."

Devin ran toward the back of his apartment. Christian sighed. Devin really was a beautiful man. While Christian hadn't been the guy anyone thought of as the dating type, he could see all that changing if he really thought for a second Devin would reciprocate the feeling. Devin didn't deserve to have a rent boy as a boyfriend. It was the saddest revelation Christian had ever had.

He shook his head to clear it of the melancholy thoughts and drifted back into the familiar realm of lust. Making his way to the couch, he listened to the soft footsteps of his date as he moved around the apartment.

"I'm glad you could join me tonight," Devin called from the bedroom. "I know it's not everyday someone takes you out like this."

He was right. Most of the guys who took him anywhere only did so because it was a kink for them. Whether they wanted a hand job beneath the table at a BBQ joint or a blowjob on the highway, the roof of their carnality was the same. It had nothing to do with Christian other than he was nice to look at and was willing. With Devin, things were from an entirely different perspective. Devin wanted to treat him, even without the promise of sex. Christian had forgotten how nice it was.

"I know I'm going to enjoy it," Christian said after he realized he'd been quiet for some time.

Devin's head popped out of his bedroom door. "Can you tie a tie? Mine looks like crap. I have my PA do my tie every morning."

"Sure. I'm a pro." His parents had so many shindigs at their place, he'd learned how to sling a knot by the time he was eight.

"Good." Devin stepped into the living room, a dark green shirt clinging to his torso. He looked better shirtless but Christian had to admit that he was quiet handsome in them.

Devin came to stop in front of him and held the dangling ends of a gray and lighter green tie. With careful hands, Christian lifted the tie and strung it around his neck. There was something incredibly intimate about tying another man's tie like this. Maybe it was the dating aspect that made it seem that much more so. He looped it around in a neat Windsor and then smoothed the tail down Devin's front. Without any intention so doing so, he leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Devin's lips.

Devin's eyes were filled with some unreadable emotion and their gazes clashed. "Thank you."

Christian swallowed. "You want me to call the cab?"

"I've already booked. They'll text me when they're downstairs." Devin reached up and traced his bottom lip. "Christian, you're beautiful."

"So are you, Devin. I don't think you see you like I do." He wasn't usually the sappy speech type. He was the throw them down and fuck them stupid type. Yet, suddenly here he was, making speeches about Devin's beauty and trying not to spill more words of affection into the open air. He cleared his throat. "Has that asshat ex of yours been giving you anymore trouble?"

The tension between them broke. "Not a peep, thanks to you." Devin smiled at him.

Christian winked. "Glad to be of service."

Devin's cell phone buzzed. He looked down. "Cab's here."

He offered his arm. "Shall we?"

Devin took his arm and gave it a squeeze. "Gladly."

Chapter Five

Devin's heart was pounding in his chest all through dinner. Christian was a charming gentleman all throughout, obliterating the image of a carefree frat boy completely. He felt himself slipping from behind his wall of self-imposed keep-your-distance-from-Christian stance and into oh-god-how-can-I-live-without-him stance. Fuck.

"Christian," Devin said, licking the rest of the ice cream spoon clean. "Do you want to go back to my house and watch a movie?" He wasn't ready for the night to end.

Christian's gaze missed absolutely nothing. "I'd love to. I'm not ready to let you go quite yet." He winked. "I am so full I'm about to pop."

"Well popping is bad. I insist you come back to my place to settle your stomach before you leave."

"What's the cure? Rest? Relaxation?"

"Cuddling. Lots of it."

Christian laughed. "Do I look like the cuddling type?"

"Yes."

The frat boy blinked. "I do?"

Devin nodded. "Not at first but you... You are sweet when you're not paying attention."

Christian's grin widened. "God, why can't I keep you?"

Words he hadn't meant to say spilled out of his mouth. "You can."

He blinked. "I can?"

Heat filled Devin's cheeks. "I mean, if you want."

"I want, Dev. I really want." Christian scooted out from the bench and stood, offering him a hand up. "Come on."

Devin's eyes widened. "Where are we going?"

"Home, Dev. You don't offer to let a guy claim you and then play coy. Come on. I want cuddling, naked cuddling if I play my cards right."

Devin struggled to get his wallet out of his pocket and throw a couple fifties on the table. He had never finished paying for a meal so quickly. Christian's eagerness turned his buttons in a way he couldn't express. His dick was already hard behind his fly.

"Gorgeous, hurry that delicious ass up."

Devin burned. "Ok. Ok. I'm hurrying."

They all but ran out of the restaurant, hailed a cab, and then sped off toward his building. The whole time Christian touched him. Nothing overtly sexual. Just a caress on the back of his neck, a soft kiss to the shell of his ear, a squeeze of his wrist. However, each touch squeezed his heart and sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine.

All too soon, they arrived at his place and he let Christian drag him up to his place. "Christian?" he asked as he fumbled for his keys.

"What, gorgeous?"

"I...I don't know what we're doing."

The rough chuckle skittered along his already excited nerves. "You offered yourself up to me on a platter and you don't know why we're here?"

"Is this just sex?" He had to know. If it was, he understood, could definitely handle it but something about the way Christian was acting spoke to another part of him, the part that was crushing on Christian hardcore.

Christian glanced at him. "It should be, shouldn't it?"

Devin paused as he inserted the key, hesitating. He bit into his bottom lip.

Christian placed his hands on Devin's hips and drew him back against his hard body. "Devin, it *should* be but it's not." He kissed the back of his neck. "I like you."

Devin's heart skipped a beat. "Me too," he whispered. "I like you too."

"Good. Open the door."

There wasn't really any answers in that statement, no promises, but that was okay. *He likes me*. By some miracle, the key turned and the door opened, admitting them into his space once again.

This was different than last time. This felt more akin to boyfriends than a paid lover.

"What do you want from me?" Devin asked, spinning around to wrap his arms around Christian's neck.

"I want you to let me love you." Christian rubbed their noses together and pressed a kiss to his lips. "I want you to do as you said in the restaurant. I want to watch a movie and fall asleep here."

Asleep. Together. That sounded really nice.

"Yes," Devin said simply.

Devin woke up when Christian left to go take a shower in the morning. He stretched in bed, luxuriating in his slightly sore muscles and the way he felt warm and cossetted in the embrace of his bed sheets. Something had shifted between the two of them last night and it was good. After they'd watched their movie, they'd talked for hours, only taking a break to make love before resuming their conversation. He hadn't pressed about Christian's occupation but he'd gathered enough information to figure that if Christian wanted to, he could quit. That, at least, was a relief. If things were going to continue, his occupation would eventually become a problem. Devin could handle many things but cheating wasn't one of them, no matter the reason.

He rolled from bed and padded toward the adjacent bathroom naked as the day he was born. The shower had already filled the room with steam and the sexy sway of Christian's hips as he swayed to music only he could hear made Devin take an appreciative breath.

He pulled the glass door back to step in after him and the scratch marks on Christian's back was a testament to their wild night together. Christian paused, turned.

"Good morning, gorgeous," Christian greeted, tilting his head back into the spray. "Did I wake you?"

Devin smiled. "My bed got cold."

"Ah, well, get under the spray." Christian shuffled to the side and beckoned Devin nearer.

He did as he was bid, crowding Christian's larger body. "Did you sleep well?"

"Perfect, actually. The frat is usually noisy, even during the week, and sharing a room with Marco is okay but he talks in his sleep." Christian picked up the soap and started slathering it on Devin's body. "So, uh, I planned to talk to you about this tonight but since you're awake..."

"What is it?" Every memory from his past told him that this couldn't be a good thing. Conversations like the kind Christian hinted at usually ended with Devin crying in

his bed, eating copious amounts of takeout food, and watching horror flicks while imagining his ex's face in every victim.

"I don't want you to pay me anymore."

Devin's stomach sank. "Oh?"

"Yeah. Ever. I want to, you know, date."

Dev perked up. "Oh?"

Christian gave a self-conscious grin. "Yeah. I mean, if you want to."

"I do want to."

"Good." Christian seemed to gain confidence in that. "Then, we should see each other more. Do stuff."

"Do you have time?"

"I'll make time."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." He paused. "I can't guarantee that this will always be easy but I want to try. I want to know everything about you and I want you to know everything about me."

Devin couldn't get the goofy look of satisfaction off his face if he tried. "Okay."

"Great. I've got to leave pretty soon for class but first..."

Christian grabbed his hips and pulled him into his arms. Devin was about to ask but then Christian's lips were on him and he couldn't think of much else. In no time he was panting into Christian's mouth, clinging to his shoulders as the connection between them flared hot and bright.

"Jesus, you're so beautiful." Christian's words ignited him.

He reached down and gripped both of their hard cocks in a tight grip. Devin shuddered, hips swiveling into his grip. With the warm water cascading around him and the glide of their bodies together, it was no wonder that he was ready to burst within a few strokes.

"That's it, gorgeous. Show me how much you want me."

He whimpered, unable to keep the sounds of pleasure safely in his throat. Once again he found himself clutching onto Christian, begging him without words for what they both craved.

"Christian," he panted, voice ragged. "Christian, I'm close."

"Good. You come for me. Come for me now, gorgeous."

The command was enough to push Devin over the edge and into the embrace of orgasmic pleasure. He shouted as his cock erupted over the planes of their joined hips, only to be washed away by the spray from the water.

Even after he'd milked every drop, Christian continued to pleasure him, rubbing them together until he was a writhing mass and Christian grunted his own release against him.

Devin braced his hands on the tiled shower to try and catch his breath. Christian just gave him a lazy smile and washed him off with gentle hands. With a final kiss, Christian stepped out of the shower.

"I'll call you tonight," he said from outside the stall.

"Looking forward to it," Devin replied, still trying to catch his breath. All he could do was smile. He sort of, kind of, had a real boyfriend.

"You did what?!" Crystal shouted, nearly deafening him in his office. "He's really going to..." She let out a squeal that could've burst the eardrums of a deaf elephant. "Oh my God! Only you could turn a hooker into a housewife!"

"Would you keep your voice down, Crystal," Devin hissed. "Do you want the entire office to know my business?"

"Sorry," Crystal said in an exaggerated whisper. "I don't know whether to be happy for you or shake you. It's a tossup."

Devin blinked, confusion filling him. "Why? I thought you'd be happy for me. Christian is amazing."

"Devin," she said, going into full on lecture mode. "You paid for two out of the last three dates you went on with this guy. Not to mention you paid for dinner last night."

"I invited him so it only made sense I pay!"

"Hush. I'm lecturing."

Devin dutifully shut his mouth.

"Devin, this is just like Mark."

Shock unhinged Devin's jaw. "Excuse me? Mark was a cheating bastard and, hello, a pimp!"

"And Christian is a hooker, a rent boy, a frat boy for sale-"

"I get the picture," Devin snapped, his cheeks heating.

Crystal regarded him with pity and it pissed Devin off but it was an impotent rage. "Is Christian going to stop seeing johns when you two start dating full time?"

"I don't know."

"If Mark said he would stop and that he would give it up for you, would you still have left?"

That was when Devin hesitated. "We would've broken up eventually."

"Uh huh but it wouldn't have been right when you found out."

"Christian doesn't lie to me."

"You don't know him well enough to know that."

"From the second I met him, he's been nothing like a gentleman. I like him, Crys. I like him a lot and I don't want to hear reason. I want to enjoy him."

"It's a rebound."

"It's more than that! I think I love him." The minute the words were out of his mouth he was stunned to realize it was true.

"Holy shit," Crystal whispered, clearly as stunned as he was. "Holy shit, Devin. That's fast. You can't really..."

Devin shrugged. "I don't know why I said it," he admitted. But he did know. Deep down, he knew what he said was true. From the second he'd laid eyes on Christian, his world had been rocked. He was falling in love with Christian, like it or not, hooker or not. He was everything he'd been looking for.

Why do I do this to myself? It was like he perpetuated the whole Romeo & Juliet bullshit. Forbidden love tasted too damn sweet.

Crystal sighed. "Please, be careful, Devin. I don't want to see you heartbroken again."

Neither did he but it wasn't like he could stop himself.

An unfamiliar number popped up on Christian's phone just as he was getting out of his last class of the day. A flicker of dread filled him. No doubt it was going to be another customer. His mind turned to Devin almost immediately. Devin would be expecting his call.

He swallowed and hit the send button. "Hello?"

"Hey, you fucker."

"Excuse me?"

"You know, you almost had me fooled with all that, "I'm his boyfriend shit." Instantly, he knew who was calling him. "How did you get this number?"

"Your pimp gave it to me when I asked for you."

"I don't have a pimp."

The dark chuckle that followed made his own hackles rise. "All of you have pimps in one way or another. If you've got a guy giving out your number and keeping tallies of your johns, you have a pimp."

"What do you want?" What was his name again? Matt? Mark? Mark. Definitely.

"I want you to stay away from Christian. We're both in the same business so you know how this works. Tell me how much."

He growled. "He doesn't pay me." Anymore.

"The hell he doesn't. Where else is he going to meet a rich frat boy who also happens to be a rent boy? Try lying to someone else, okay? Just tell me how much."

"Why do you want this so badly?"

"Because he's mine, whether he is with me or not." Mark sighed. "I dated him for a while and we were close. I want back with him."

"Then try not fucking around on your next boyfriend, moron." Moron suited the guy better.

He snorted. "What happens when the next guy calls, Christian? You going to stop hooking? Gonna lose your money because of him?"

"If he wants me to."

"You know he'll want you to."

That made him sick to his stomach but the moron was right. What would he do to make money? He could get another job. It wouldn't make as much and he'd have to work a lot more but Devin seemed worth it.

The decision made, he smiled. "I wouldn't worry about us, man, and I'd move on if I were you. I'm going to take care of him in ways you never could."

Mark sighed. "I was hoping you'd see reason. Most rent boys respond well to cash. Here's your other and final offer, never speak to Devin again or I'll send a little evidence to your school and your frat headquarters. They have a very strict protocols on how their young men should behave, do they not?"

He froze with his hand on the door to the building. "Are you threatening me?" "Whatever it takes."

He growled. "I will bury you."

"You have no idea what you're doing in this world, rich boy. This is my world. You have until tomorrow morning to figure out your move. When I call back, you better have the answer I want."

A beep sounded and the call was cut. Christian cursed. He needed to figure shit out and fast.

Chapter Six

Devin made dinner, fairly certain that Christian would be making an appearance. He sang as he walked around the kitchen in a pair of low-slung jeans, waiting for Christian's call. In theory, it should be anytime now. It was almost eight.

As if summoned by his thoughts, the phone rang. He left his spatula over by the frying pan as the stir fry sizzled. He smiled as he saw whose number was on the screen.

"Hello?"

"Hey, gorgeous."

"Hey! I missed you today." He returned to his pan and resumed stirring. "I'm cooking supper. Would you like to join me?"

"Hm, I'd love to. I need to talk to you anyway."

A thrill went through his body at Christian's warm tone. "Great! It's a date."

Christian chuckled. "God, you're so cute. Seriously. You're so damn cute."

He felt his cheeks heating at the words. "You're pretty damn cute yourself," he stuttered.

That invoked a full, belly-aching laugh from Christian. "Can I keep you?"

"Yes," Devin said instantly.

"Good. I'll see you in twenty."

They hung up and Devin resumed his dance around the kitchen. Twenty minutes took a million years but that seemed to be the time it took for the stir fry to finish and be plated. Christian let himself in with only a shout from the entryway that he was coming inside.

"Hey," Devin said. "Supper is ready."

"Awesome. I'm starved. Usually I'd grab something from the caf but this is way more appealing." Christian wrapped his arms around Devin without preamble and drew him into a kiss. Devin sighed happily. "Thank you for cooking for me."

"Thank you for coming," he said, smiling. "So you said we need to talk?"

"We do."

"Okay. Let's grab the plates and eat at the bar."

"Sounds good."

They did that and he felt an odd discomfort in his chest the longer the silence stretched on. "So, uh, you wanted to talk?"

"I'm quitting the site."

Devin's heart soared. "Oh? You're going to stop..." What did he call Christian's job.

"I'm going to quit working as a rent boy. I talked to the guys. They're cool with it. I'm going to get another part time job to pay my dues. It might mean that we won't see each other as much."

"Why are you doing this?" Devin asked carefully.

"Isn't it obvious?" Christian asked, taking a bite of his stir fry. "I like you. I don't want to be like your douchebag ex and cheat on you while we're together. I can't promise you happily ever after but I *can* promise you that I'll be loyal so long as we're together."

"You're nothing like Mark, Christian. You're so much better than that."

"You are too sweet, Devin." He popped another bite in his mouth. "Your ex might cause us issues but I think between my stellar grades and my dad's money, I can subvert most of it."

Devin frowned. "You really think he'll cause issues? He seemed pretty put in his place the last time I saw him."

Christian shrugged. "I always knew there was a possibility of someone at school finding out about what I do, I mean, did. If he exposes me, I'll deal with the consequences."

"Let me know if I can help with anything."

"I will." He reached over and grabbed Devin's hand. "I really like you, Dev. I plan to fall for you hard."

Devin's face heated. "Likewise, Christian. Likewise." He bit his tongue to keep further confessions in his mouth. There would be time to get to know one another and time enough for talks about love. For now, he'd gotten what he wanted: a chance.

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About the Author

Jana Downs lives in the beautiful mountains of Western North Carolina with three cats, one dog, several dozen fish, and a very understanding partner-in-crime who hates to read but makes exceptions for her stories.

You can usually find her either watching bad reality TV, buying way too many books on Amazon, or dreaming up another man or two to occupy her time because life is good but several drop-dead gorgeous nonexistent men is just better.

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