

A man with dark hair and a white tank top is shown in profile, looking down. His right hand is raised to his ear, holding a small object. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, featuring strong red highlights on his skin and clothing against a dark background. The overall mood is intimate and sensual.

Escorting  
*The* Escort

LYSS EM

# ESCORTING THE ESCORT

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Published by [Lyss.Press](#)

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## ABOUT ESCORTING THE ESCORT

Eden is a high-end escort who never has sex off the job. But that changes when he meets Greer, his scrappy, tatted-up new driver whose harsh exterior hides a tender heart. Greer's naked honesty and instant, obvious crush on Eden spur Eden to have a little fun playing with him, but quicker than either of them expected, that play turns into something real.

One-sided sexual encounters are no big deal to Eden. But Greer demands more: he wants to bring Eden true pleasure. For Eden, who has only been attracted to one man he never got to touch, this feels impossible. He's trained himself to get hard during appointments, but what if he can't with Greer?

Greer, who isn't out as bisexual to his friends, is used to one-night stands via hookup apps. But Eden is something special. Greer is willing to do whatever it takes for the chance to get Eden off—and make him happy.

*Word count: 22,000*

*This title was previously published under the pen name Lyssa Dering. As of March 2019, an epilogue has been added.*

## CONTENT WARNINGS (POSSIBLE SPOILERS!)

This story depicts the following situations which some readers may find objectionable:

- A sex worker participating in degrading sex that he does not enjoy.
- One main character stealing the other main character's undergarments without his knowledge and using them to masturbate.
- Cross-dressing.

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## THE FIRST FRIDAY

“YOU’VE GOT to be fucking kidding me.” Eden whispered the words under his breath as he approached the parked car and the scrawny guy leaning against it.

*This* was his new driver? The guy looked tough; his forearms, exposed beneath the raked-up sleeves of his pale-blue letterman jacket, were covered in tattoos, and he had a dark buzz cut, a silver chain glinting from around his throat, and fat rhinestones in his ears. He glared ahead at apparently nothing in particular as he smoked his cigarette, his whole stance spelling “at ease but ready to strike.” Even so, no way could his short, skinny ass intimidate money out of johns and protect Eden from the ones who threatened him or made him uncomfortable.

“I hope you have a big gun,” Eden said as he yanked open the passenger’s side door of the dark-blue Pontiac. He tossed his bag into the back seat and slid in.

The guy got into the driver’s seat. He took one last drag of his cigarette before tossing it out the open window. Then he stared at Eden.

After a couple of seconds, the guy’s hard expression morphed into a radiant, crinkly-eyed smile. “Eden, right?”

“Yep.” Eden pulled down his sun visor only to find there was no mirror on the backside. How in the hell was he supposed to check his hair (and often, makeup) after each appointment?

“That name makes total sense. I’m Greer.”

Eden flipped the visor back up and leveled a look at Greer. Did he really think “Eden” was Eden’s real name? “Whatever. Let’s get going. Alan’s a regular, and he expects me on time.”

“Sure thing, boss. We won’t be late.”

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They were three minutes late. Eden huffed as he got out of the car and headed toward Alan’s porch. Greer tried to come inside too, but Eden threw a glare over his shoulder.

“Alan’s good for it. Wait in the car.”

“Fine. Geez.”

Luckily, Alan didn’t bring up the lack of punctuality. Eden hadn’t thought he would—Alan was too nice to mention it—but he didn’t enjoy feeling like he owed the johns. He already gave them so much of himself—and to Alan, especially. With Alan, there was always sex after the midpoint of the hour, but for the first half (sometimes forty-five minutes), it was all talk. “The boyfriend experience” except not at some party, and Alan seemed to want to know the “real Eden,” wanted to talk about what he did outside of work and how was the webcomic coming and how many appointments did he have today.

Eden was bad at not telling Alan real stuff. Alan was just so comfortable. Fat, middle-aged, and with kind blue eyes, he’d told Eden all about his ex-husband and his strained relationship with his daughter over their first few sessions. Then he’d gotten more interested in Eden, and sometimes he offered to give him chunks of money if he left the agency, but Eden always refused. He wasn’t for sale like that. Nobody owned him.

Tonight, like usual, the sex was fumbling, short-lived, and jerky, and Eden didn’t come. At first, Eden’s failure to orgasm had bothered Alan, but Eden had assured him that it was just because he was tired from so much sex already. Alan didn’t need to know that he was first on the list tonight or any night, or that even when the johns had six-pack abs, Eden didn’t often come. And he *was* tired. Always.

With Alan's appointment over, Eden headed back outside and hopped into Greer's car. They had roughly thirty-five minutes before his appointment with the next guy: someone new.

"I need you to take me back to my place," said Eden.

Greer put on his seat belt but didn't start the car. "Why? Next appointment's in Carmel."

"There's no mirror in here."

"What?"

Eden flipped down his sun visor violently in demonstration. "There's no fucking mirror. This guy wants makeup. I have to change anyway."

"Didn't you bring your clothes with you?" Greer looked into the back seat, where Eden's army-green duffel bag rested.

"Yeah."

"Then you can change in here. We'll stop at CVS, and I'll buy you a goddamn mirror."

Eden could feel his blood pressure rising. "That's absurd."

"What's 'absurd' is that you didn't bring a mirror with you."

As Greer turned the key in the ignition, Eden crossed his arms and looked stubbornly out the window. He should tell Greer to stop and let him get in the back and start changing—it always took him forever to get his stockings attached to his garter belt—but he'd do it at the CVS. If Greer actually intended to stop.

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Greer stood in the makeup aisle at CVS, scratching his head. Why did there have to be like six different types of makeup mirrors to choose from? After a couple of minutes of deliberating, he scowled and ripped a cheap medium-sized one off its hanger. They didn't fucking have time for this.

Back in the parking lot, he knocked hard against the back seat window. That was the only warning Eden got before Greer slid into the driver's seat.

“Here.” Greer handed back the mirror then started the car.

“Can you turn on the overhead light please?” Eden asked.

Greer flipped the switch. As he was about to back out, he caught Eden in the rearview and froze.

A lacy black bra contrasted beautifully with Eden’s pale skin, just like the red lipstick he was putting on.

After a moment, Eden noticed Greer watching. He met Greer’s gaze in the mirror with his own very cool one, and Greer didn’t move, didn’t breathe for several more seconds.

“You’re dreaming.” Eden put the cap on his lipstick and dropped it into his bag. “I know what you’re thinking, and let me assure you—you can’t afford me.”

The words were like a punch to the gut. Greer sneered. “You don’t know shit. And you look ridiculous,” he lied. Who knew a guy in girl stuff could look so sexy?

“Can we get going? I don’t want to make a shitty first impression with this guy.”

“Yeah. Whatever.” Greer used entirely too much force changing from Park to Reverse, but at this point, his car should be used to the abuse.

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They were five minutes late to the next appointment.

Greer got out of the car and was relieved to see Eden now had on a trench coat, covering up all that insanely distracting lingerie. “You want me to come in for this one, right?”

They stood in a circular driveway in front of one of the biggest houses Greer had ever seen.

“Yep.” Eden led the way to the front door made of dark wood and crystal. “First appointments, you always come in.”

The guy who answered the door was dressed in a nice button-down and

slacks. He smiled when he saw Eden, but the glee in his expression faded a little when he saw Greer.

Greer gave him his most innocent grin. He imagined having to threaten this guy with the piece he had in his jacket and hoped it didn't come to that.

As they made their way inside, Eden pointed behind him. "This is my driver. He'll just wait outside the room. Standard procedure."

"Of course." The guy settled a hand on Eden's lower back as they passed through a pristine foyer and into a hallway, the walls of which displayed framed family portraits.

Greer followed along at a slight distance. Even though he tried to focus elsewhere, his eyes kept coming back to Eden's stockinged calves and shiny black heels.

Soon enough, Eden and the guy stopped at a door.

Eden gestured to Greer again. "You can hand the money to him."

"Now?" the guy asked.

Eden smiled. "Standard procedure. Pay before we play."

The guy chuckled awkwardly. "Right. Let me just—" He disappeared into the room.

Greer shoved his hands into his pockets.

"If you hear anything weird," Eden whispered, "get me out of there."

"What qualifies as 'weird'?" Greer asked.

But the client returned before Eden could answer. He handed Greer a wad of bills.

Greer counted them up: six hundred dollars. "Good to go."

"About time," said the client in a joking tone, but Greer bet he was being damn serious. The guy gestured to the doorway and winked at Eden. "Ladies first."

*What a fucking skeezeball.* Greer put the money in his pocket and sat

cross-legged against the wall. He counted up what he'd be making tonight—ten percent of what Eden made—and had to admit that Eden was right. Greer *couldn't* afford him. Even if the money was damn good as far as Greer was concerned. It was a lot more than he'd been making as a garbage collector.

Leaning his head back against the wall, Greer closed his eyes and pricked up his ears. It was important there was someone out here keeping Eden safe. But fuck if Greer didn't wish he was the one in that bedroom, running his hands adoringly over the nylon on Eden's thighs, dragging his thumb across Eden's pretty pouting lips and smearing his lipstick. He'd love to see those lips around his—

Greer felt his dick swell and adjusted himself. For a split second, he considered jacking off right here in the hallway. He had an *hour*, after all, and it would only take a few minutes...

But no. No. This was his first night on the job, Eden already hated him, and, unlike Mr. Rich-Ass Douche, Greer wasn't a skeezeball.

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What the client, Michael, was doing to Eden wasn't cause to walk out, but it wasn't fun either.

"That's right, sissy," Michael growled as he fucked Eden's mouth. "Gag on it. I wanna see that mascara run down your face."

Eden was pretty practiced at choking on cocks by now. Probably too practiced because it took several gags for him to tear up enough to run his makeup.

Then Michael manhandled him to the bed and shoved him facedown. "I'm gonna fuck your tight little pussy." He slapped Eden's ass. "Do you want my cock, whore?"

"Oh yeah." Eden stretched his arms toward the headboard and rolled his eyes at the mattress. "Give it to me." At least for this part, he could go out of his head and forget this was happening. He didn't have to worry about needing to breathe, and it didn't take a lot of focus to moan or move where Michael shoved him.

Before he knew it, the hour was approaching its end, and Michael was coming for the second time.

“Oh yeah! Oh yeah! *Fuck.*” Michael drew out the last word on a growl as Eden rode him to completion.

This was the part Eden hated most: the minutes right after the final orgasm when both he and the client had to come back into their brains. Not because he didn't want it to be over but because it was just so *awkward*.

At least Michael didn't kiss him.

Eden got off the bed before retrieving his thong from the floor.

“I'm so glad I found you.” Michael, his arm folded behind his head, grinned at Eden. “You make such a sexy girl.”

“Thank you.” It was something he had to say.

“Will you come here for a minute?”

*Oh no.* Michael was going to kiss him after all, wasn't he? Eden smiled and approached him.

But Michael only stroked his cheek. “Don't clean yourself up until after you leave.”

“Okay.” Eden glanced at the clock on Michael's nightstand. Time was up. “Should I see myself out?”

“Uh... Yeah. I'll lock the door behind you in a minute.”

Eden put on his trench coat before going to meet Greer in the hallway.

He pulled the bedroom door closed. “Let's go.”

Greer didn't immediately get with the program; he was too busy staring at Eden, his full lips parted.

Eden made a sound between a laugh and a scoff. Why were all men the same? They liked a femme who was put together, but they liked smeared lipstick and ripped stockings more.

Eden pulled his trench coat more tightly around himself as he stepped past

Greer. “Come on. I want to go *home*.” His jaw was aching, and the mascara was irritating his eyes.

In the car’s passenger’s seat, Eden leaned his head back and stared through the window at Michael’s big house. The sprinklers tittered back and forth over the lawn. Lights lined either side of the small path to the door and glowed invitingly. But Eden knew what went on in that house. Would Michael want a repeat? Was the family in the hall portraits gone for good or just on a trip somewhere?

“Are you going to change?” asked Greer.

“Why would I? I’m just getting in the bath after this.” Eden let his head lull in Greer’s direction, focusing his stinging eyes on him. Greer squeezed the steering wheel hard enough to make the leather squeak, and Eden had to know—was he hard?

Eden reached up and turned on the overhead light. Sure enough, there was an obvious erection tenting Greer’s cargos.

Eden switched the light back off. “Don’t worry. I’m used to it.” From his drivers, though? Not really. The last guy had been one hundred percent straight, and just looking at Greer, Eden would have thought he was too. But one couldn’t assume.

“He hurt you,” Greer said.

Eden creased his brow. “Huh?”

“He was rough with you, right? Mr. Rich-Ass Douche.”

Eden laughed, though inside, the fresh sense memories flashed: Michael gripping his hair too tightly, making his scalp smart; Michael backhanding him across the face, though not hard enough to leave visible evidence (that was one of the rules).

“He was rough, yeah, but I didn’t call for you, which means it was fine.” Eden knuckled one of his itching eyes as he watched Greer’s strong-nosed profile. “That’s a good name for him, though.”

Greer turned his head, his dark gaze hitting Eden hard even in the

darkness. “I just can’t wrap my mind around wanting to be rough with you. Before you went in there, you looked... You looked like one of my grandma’s porcelain dolls.”

Eden grinned even though this conversation was making him vaguely nauseous. This was how he felt when people objectified him in his off hours. But Greer’s demeanor suggested he wasn’t trying to charm Eden. He’d spoken the words with a naked, earnest honesty that Eden wasn’t sure he’d heard out of anyone’s mouth before. Greer was sporting a hard-on, yeah, but he was obviously innocent to how the business worked.

He’d better get hip to it real quick.

“Do your grandma’s dolls wear lingerie?” Eden asked. “You must have a kinky grandma.”

“No, I— Never mind.”

Eden dropped his head against the window and exhaled, his breath fogging up the glass. “You’re sweet, but I’m no doll. I’m a whore. That rough stuff is what most of my clients pay for.” There was Alan, and there were a few guys who wanted regular vanilla stuff. But Eden had seen his page on the agency website. They billed him specifically as “an angel who’ll make your naughtiest fantasies come true.” It was why he made six hundred dollars an hour instead of four.

“Please take me home,” said Eden. “Michael’s gonna see us and wonder why we’re still here.”

“Sorry.” Greer jerked the car into Drive and whipped them out of the driveway. Typical masculine bullshit, but Eden didn’t flinch. He was used to reckless driving like he was used to cocks in his mouth.

---

Greer handed Eden the money he’d been keeping safe for him, and Eden smiled with his smudged lips and shoved the money into his trench coat pocket. “See you tomorrow.”

He lived in a pretty upscale apartment complex—there probably weren’t a lot of shady bastards out here besides Greer himself—but Greer still waited

until Eden was safely in the building before zipping away.

The closer Greer got to his own neighborhood, the darker the streets became and the more intense the pressure in his gut. He couldn't get Eden's mascara-streaked face out of his mind. The shiny black straps and lace-lined top of that bra, the hint of lacy stocking bands peeking out at the base of Eden's trench coat as he walked... It was all seared into Greer's brain. He only wished he could have gotten a better look.

As soon as Greer found a quiet bit of road, he pulled over and got out his unbearably hard cock. He was all ready to start stroking, hand around the base, when his subconscious told him that Eden had left his duffel bag in the back seat.

He should drive back to Eden's apartment and drop it off. He'd only left ten minutes ago, and Eden might need to change out whatever was in there before tomorrow night. But Greer got another idea, one that made his stomach churn with sharpened arousal and more than a little guilt.

Greer forced his swollen cock back into his pants and drove the rest of the way home. After getting Eden's bag from the back, he swung it over his shoulder, then headed into his house and dropped the bag onto his worn sofa.

He shouldn't open it. Eden wouldn't want him to. But if Greer put everything back, it wasn't like Eden would notice.

Carefully, Greer undid the zipper. He pulled open the mouth of the bag to reveal clothing and the sheen of what was probably Eden's makeup case. That guilt—and that arousal—twisted in his stomach again. He found a shirt, jeans, boxer briefs—*ah*, those might work. He wished Eden had changed back into these clothes; then the lingerie he'd worn during that last appointment would be in here. Greer could finger the lace, touch the panties...

After another moment of rifling, Greer found what he'd been hoping for: a spare set of panties, silky and pink.

Greer wasn't an underwear snatcher or sniffer. He'd never done anything like this before. And yet, it was as if an invisible force urged him on as he grabbed the boxer briefs and the panties and went straight to his bedroom,

tossing the loot onto the bed before stripping naked.

He recalled meeting Eden's eyes in the rearview mirror, Eden putting on that red lipstick. "*You're dreaming.*" Greer knew he was. But he'd never gotten this turned on from just *seeing* somebody, and he needed to get it out of his system somehow if he was going to keep working with Eden. This job was an amazing gig. When Greer had asked about picking up extra hours, the agency had said sometimes he might fill in for other drivers, but for now, Eden was their only open slot. And Greer couldn't be getting hard as fuck every time he saw him in his makeup and lingerie.

Greer lay face down on his bed. He grabbed the boxer briefs and bunched them against his nose, taking a deep breath. Mostly, they smelled floral; that was obviously Eden's laundry detergent. But under that, there was another scent, subtle yet unmistakable. *Eden's* scent.

Greer breathed and breathed and rutted into the mattress. He grabbed the pink panties and took a turn smelling them too. Laundry detergent only, but that almost certainly meant Eden had worn them and washed them. Maybe he'd worn them lots of times, on multiple appointments where his makeup ran and he took some rich guy's cock.

Greer imagined that the wad of money he'd held earlier was his own. He could use it to pay Eden for an appointment—a whole hour with him in this very bed. Makeup fresh and that tight little body clad in these pink panties and a matching bra, Eden would spread his legs willingly beneath Greer, take his cock so easy because he was used to being spread open. And Greer would treat him better than any man who'd ever had him before.

Greer reached beneath himself and gripped his cock. He fucked into his fist, imagining it was Eden's tight hole. Greer had fucked plenty of guys. Soft ones with no muscle, buff ones, little ones like Eden. He knew what a bottom looked like lost in pleasure. And he'd fucked girls too. He'd shoved up their skirts and pulled their panties to the side. He'd had them in a T-shirt and yoga pants with their hair all messy. He'd had them in lingerie like what he still had pressed to his face, the pink silk soft and lace scratchy against his nose and cheeks.

He imagined unclasping Eden's bra and pulling the cups down to reveal flat pecs. How strange and new. How utterly intriguing. He'd take those nipples in his teeth while he fucked Eden deep, making him come apart. Eden would mewl and cry out, moan and keen. Greer only wished he knew what Eden really liked; he'd do all of it. Anything to make Eden sweat and come.

Greer imagined Eden shooting hot cum between their bellies, and his own orgasm hit him, sudden and strong. He moaned brokenly into Eden's panties, making a mess of the comforter, but he didn't care. Everything he owned was old and cheap; Eden was new and expensive and needed to be handled with care.

Getting off the bed, the guilt in Greer's stomach burned hotter than the afterglow of his orgasm. He snatched the boxer briefs and panties from the comforter and inspected them for signs that he'd used them. The panties were a little moist from his panting, but they'd dry. He headed into the living room and with shaking fingers put his loot carefully into the duffel bag. He zipped the bag back up.

Next, Greer grabbed his phone from the pocket of his discarded jacket and typed out a message to Eden.

*Hey. Just noticed you left your bag in my car*

Greer sat on the couch and bounced his knee up and down nervously while he waited for Eden to answer.

Eden did so two minutes later. *Ugh. I'll get it tomorrow. Then: No snooping ;)*

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## SATURDAY NIGHT

EDEN HAD Greer come fifteen minutes early so he could switch out the stuff in his bag. No feminization shit tonight, but he would need to wear some other gear later. The first client had requested a jockstrap, the second a ball gag and cuffs. The third and last appointment was with a couple—a man and woman—and Eden was to show up in business casual. He was to play the part of the man’s intern, and the woman was only supposed to watch. Eden had originally told Amber, one of the agency’s receptionists, no, but she’d assured him that if the woman so much as gave him a casual touch, he could call for Greer and leave.

It wasn’t that Eden had anything against women. He’d never been attracted to one, but he wasn’t attracted to most people in general (in fact, he’d only truly yearned for one person in his life). He just couldn’t be what the vast majority of female clients tended to want: masculine, in-charge, insatiably hot for them, and good with his tongue.

Eden wasn’t like that, aside from the tongue bit. He was best at taking things.

When Greer texted *Here*, Eden made his way down to the parking lot. Again, he found Greer leaning against his car smoking, but this time he had Eden’s bag on his shoulder.

Eden took the bag and gestured behind him at the apartment building, which stood at four stories, *L*-shaped and gray. “You want to come in? No smoking allowed inside, obviously.”

“Nah.” Greer took a drag, looking off into the distance. He had on a pair

of brown driving gloves which Eden had to admit looked pretty cool. Had he worn those yesterday?

“Okay. I’ll be right back.”

Ten minutes later, they were off to Eden’s first appointment at the Hyatt Regency on Capitol Avenue. The hotel was a common venue for business conferences, and Eden’s client was from out of town.

Greer turned into the hotel parking garage and reached out his window to grab a ticket. “You’re paying for parking, right?”

“Client’s paying,” said Eden.

Greer found a spot, and they got out of the car. Eden stashed his bag in the trunk since he was already wearing his jockstrap. It was possible this client would make him shower at the beginning of the appointment. He was already clean, so if that happened, he’d just put the same clothes back on.

In the parking garage elevator, Greer took off his gloves with his teeth. Eden, mesmerized, forgot to press the button for the lobby level.

Greer smirked and pressed the *L* with a now ungloved finger. “You like them?”

“Huh?”

“My driving gloves.” Greer held up one while using his teeth to finish removing the other. Once he had both gloves free, he held them out to Eden. “Wanna try them on? I ordered them when I got this gig, and they came in the mail this morning.”

“Uh...sure.” The elevator stopped, dinging to signify they’d reached the lobby level. Eden took the gloves and followed Greer out of the elevator.

“You know where you’re going?” Greer asked.

“Yeah. There’s another elevator up ahead. Eighth floor.” Eden fingered the gloves made of soft brown leather and slid one delicately onto his left hand. They had snap closures at the wrist, and Eden fastened the one, then bent his fingers, testing the feel. He bit his lower lip.

“Up ahead where?”

Eden looked up and noticed he'd fallen behind. He jogged a few steps to catch up to Greer. "To the left."

Once they got to the elevator doors, Greer pushed the button. "So I'm going up to the room with you? Not like, chilling in the lobby?"

"The room will be a suite. Pretty sure there'll be a couch." Eden slipped on the right glove and fastened it. He admired the way the leather looked against his skin and wrist veins. He touched his own cheek.

"You can have them."

Eden's stomach clenched. "What?"

Greer was smiling with his teeth, his eyes crinkled at the corners. "The gloves. If you like them, you can have them."

Eden couldn't remember the last time someone had given him a gift. Maybe when he'd graduated college and his father had sent him some money in the mail.

Eden met Greer's gaze shyly. "Really?"

"Yes, really."

The elevator arrived, and they stepped in along with a few other people.

Eden made fists once more before taking off the gloves. He pressed the button for the eighth floor. Stepping close to Greer's shoulder, he whispered, "Will you hold them for me while I meet with the client?"

"Sure." Greer held out his hand.

Hoping the heat in his cheeks wasn't visible, Eden set the gloves in Greer's palm. "Thank you."

---

All through the appointment, Eden couldn't stop thinking about those stupid gloves. This client had a way of hitting Eden's prostate on every thrust, so Eden was hard while he thought about them, the crotch of his jockstrap uncomfortably tight.

The client slapped Eden's ass lightly. "You like that, slut?"

“Yeah.” It was what Eden had to say. He hugged the pillow the client had given him to rest on.

“You want me to fuck you harder?”

“Yeah, harder.” Maybe he’d come. But he was always tired after he came, and this was the first appointment of the night, so really—

The client increased the force of his thrusts and hit Eden so deep and hard that a moan fell out of him. *Pound, pound, pound, pound.* The client grunted with every snap of his hips.

The image of Greer’s teeth clenching on brown leather flickered through Eden’s mind. The gloves didn’t look as good on Eden. He didn’t have those forearm tattoos that contrasted so interestingly with the old-fashioned class of the gloves’ stitching and round knuckle cutouts.

The client palmed Eden’s dick through the jock.

Eden didn’t even drive that much. He shouldn’t let Greer give him the gloves.

The client breathed heavily against Eden’s ear. “I bet not many johns make you this hard.”

It was true, they didn’t. Still, Eden would be happier once the appointment was over.

“I’m gonna make you come,” the client said.

Eden pressed his face into the pillow and groaned.

---

Greer had all these fetishes now that he’d never had before. First men in girl stuff, then underwear, now driving gloves. Yeah, he’d thought the gloves looked cool, which was why he’d bought them. They were like the ones assassins wore in movies and Ryan Gosling wore in *Drive*. But now he knew Eden liked driving gloves as well, and so suddenly they were the most fascinating thing.

He held the gloves gingerly as he sat in the lounge part of the client’s suite on a white couch with bright-orange pillows. This hour seemed a lot longer

than the last few he'd spent waiting for Eden. And it was louder; ample moans and groans filtered through the wall behind Greer. He assumed they were coming from the client, but could Eden be enjoying himself in there?

When Eden emerged with hooded eyes and a soft smile, Greer figured at least a few of those moans had come from him.

Eden took the gloves from Greer and put them on, the snaps clicking dully into place. "You ready?"

They went back down to the car, neither of them saying much on the way. Greer thought he should feel happy seeing Eden so relaxed and at ease in his gift, but bitterness gnawed at his gut. It wasn't the gloves that had made Eden like that.

In the car, Greer put on his seat belt. "That last guy won't be coming back, will he?"

"To Indy? I don't know. Probably not." Eden yawned.

"Are you sad about that?"

"Why would I be sad?"

"I don't know. You look blissed out, and you two were pretty loud." Greer focused on finding the ticket, then getting them out of the parking garage, but it wasn't lost on him that Eden fell silent.

When Greer next glanced at Eden, he looked a lot less tired, an angry V between his brows and his arms crossed, leather-clad fingers curled around his elbows.

Greer kicked down the urge to apologize. At a red light, he put the next address into his maps app. It was night now, the city streets bathed in lamplight and littered with clubbing pedestrians. Greer had used to spend a lot of Saturdays drunk as fuck with his friends. It looked like now he'd be spending every Friday and Saturday—as well as some weekday afternoons—with Eden.

"You know," said Eden after a while, "I think we should set some ground rules."

Greer's body tensed with nerves. "Yeah?"

"No talking to me about what happens with clients. It's not a good fucking time for me whether I come or not. Got it?"

Greer couldn't see how that made any sense, but he nodded, staring straight ahead. "What are we supposed to talk about then?"

"Nothing! You're supposed to drive and be intimidating. Though I don't see how anyone in their right mind would see you as a threat."

"Why, 'cause I'm skinny?" Greer almost missed a turn but hit the brakes at the last minute, sending Eden jerking toward the dashboard.

Eden glared.

"You'd be surprised how intimidating a gun makes just about anyone," said Greer.

"Thank God." Eden whipped his gaze to the window. "That's your only saving grace."

Greer generally thought of himself as a fun guy. Besides his best friend Camilo, who was the most chill and cool, Greer was the one in his group of friends who was always making everyone laugh.

But the angry words seemed to fly from his lips all on their own. "You'd better shut up since we're not supposed to talk."

Eden laughed. It was a hollow, cutting sound that filled Greer with regret. In all honesty, he preferred the innocent, happy look he'd managed to put on Eden's face earlier when he'd given him the gloves.

"I have to wear a ball gag for the next guy," Eden said. "Maybe I should just keep it in."

"Ball gag?" Greer felt Eden's eyes on him, but he stared stubbornly—and responsibly—at the road.

"Don't tell me you don't know what that is," Eden said.

Red rubber came to mind. Greer must have seen one online somewhere. "I have a vague idea."

“I’ll show you. Pull over.”

Greer glanced at his phone, which was affixed to the dashboard. According to his maps app, they’d be ten minutes early to the next appointment if they didn’t stop.

Swallowing nervously, he pulled into the nearest half empty parking lot.

Eden smiled devilishly before getting out of the car and rummaging around in the back. The telltale scrape of his duffel bag’s zipper had Greer’s insides fluttering.

A moment later, Eden was back in the passenger’s seat, an indeterminate object in glove-free hands (he must have stashed the gloves in his bag).

Eden turned on the overhead light. “You’ve seen one of these before, right?” The image of red rubber in Greer’s head had been accurate. The gag had a red rubber ball embedded in a black leather strip.

“Yeah,” Greer said in a rough voice.

Eden put the ball in his mouth and wrapped the strap around his head, fastening it. Then he turned toward Greer, his cheek resting against the back of his seat.

Greer couldn’t look away; Eden was just so beautiful. Like a model right out of a magazine, but the models didn’t look like this: strapped in a sex toy. Or if they did, that wasn’t the kind of magazine Greer could have in his house, where Camilo and the guys might see when they came over.

Eden’s face took on a helpless expression. His brows drooped, and he made noises around the gag. Barely there murmurs, then obvious whimpers, then moans. Moans like Greer had heard through that hotel wall. As Greer continued to stare helplessly, drool gathered around the rubber ball and dripped down Eden’s chin.

“Stop it.” Greer forced away his gaze, gripping the steering wheel hard.

Eden laughed, the sound muffled by the gag. Greer knew when he removed it because his laugh was full again. Still cutting but no longer humorless. Eden was entertaining himself—cruelly—at Greer’s expense.

“Sorry.” Eden didn’t sound sorry at all.

Greer felt hot all over. He switched off the overhead light.

“You’re the first gay guy I’ve been around who isn’t a client in like...a really long time,” said Eden.

“I’m not gay.”

“Okay.”

“I’m bi.” On Grindr, Greer listed himself as gay. In front of his friends, he was straight. It was easier. This was the first time he’d ever told the real truth to anyone. Why he’d chosen Eden of all people, he couldn’t say. Greer had only known him a day, but it was easy to tell Eden was mean, conniving, and dangerous as hell.

His answer to Greer’s oh-so-vulnerable words, however, was, “That’s cool.”

*Cool.* He hadn’t sounded insincere, at least.

Eden put on his seat belt. “Let’s get going.”

Wordlessly, Greer put the car into Drive and continued to their destination.

---

Eden was no stranger to playing with men; that was practically his career. Just now, walking into Chad’s apartment, he was putting on an air, batting his lashes, speaking in a sultry tone. “Long time no see, Mr. Patterson.”

It was an act. Chad was a very rich regular. Eden wasn’t particularly looking forward to being gagged and bound for the next hour, especially since his jaw was still sore from the face-fucking he’d received last night. The gag was only going to make that worse, and he’d have sore arms to go with it. But Chad at least had very straight teeth, enigmatic hazel eyes, and gorgeous light-brown skin.

He didn’t *need* to pay for a fuck, that was for sure. This was about power for him.

Dangerously, Eden didn't have to do much of anything once he and Chat got going. If Chad hadn't come with several good comments from fellow escorts, Eden would never have let him immobilize him like this the first time. Now, he nearly trusted him. Chad wasn't a sadist. He just liked to have someone at his mercy.

Chad positioned Eden facedown on the bed and got to work, securing the gag around Eden's head and the cuffs around his wrists. Eden's mind wandered, thinking about what he'd done in the car with Greer. *That* hadn't been an act. That had been fun. And mean, he knew, and he shouldn't have done it, but it didn't take a master's in psychology to know why Greer had been so rude to Eden after tonight's first appointment. Eden had been "blissed out," and Greer had been jealous, thinking about all the things he'd do to Eden if he got the chance, probably.

The idea of that should have made Eden ill. He didn't like it when people gawked at him without his permission. But when he'd put in that gag and made Greer look, it had been on his terms. And he had liked it. No, he hadn't gotten hard, and he wasn't aching at the thought of letting Greer touch him or anything. But maybe he should give him a taste. It might be fun to see Greer's reactions, to make him more than disgruntled and pissed off.

Maybe then Greer would stop being jealous.

As Chad stretched Eden with a large and chilly butt plug, Eden remembered the last time he'd had sex for fun.

He'd picked up a guy at Vogue because he'd liked his outfit and friendly smile, and it had gone okay, for the most part. The guy hadn't liked it when Eden had only gotten semi-hard when they'd frothed, but they'd still made out, and the guy had come on Eden's stomach. He'd stayed the night, a heavy arm across Eden's back—a rare, safe, and warm cocoon. Eden had wanted to see the guy again. He'd gotten his number, but it might have been a fake, considering when Eden had texted him—twice before he'd made himself give up—the guy had never answered.

Eden had given up on sex—and dating altogether—after that.

But it couldn't do much harm to give Greer, say, a blow job. If Eden did it

quickly between appointments—maybe on a weekend when he had nighttime appointments so it was dark—Greer probably wouldn't notice Eden's lack of arousal. Actually, if he was like most guys, he wouldn't care in broad daylight. That guy from Vogue, the client at the Hyatt-Regency... They weren't the norm. They were just the ones who ended up making Eden feel worse about himself.

Chad dragged his smooth hands up and down Eden's sides. "Been a while since you had my cock. You remember how big it is?"

"Yeah. Really big." And that was the truth.

Chad gripped the butt plug's base and slid it in and out of Eden's well-slicked hole. He had to admit, it felt good, and he moaned a little. Chad liked honest reactions.

"I want you to relax," Chad said in a soft, lulling voice. "Just feel. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes, Sir." Eden closed his eyes, focusing on the sweet sensations. And he decided he *would* offer Greer a blow job. Even if Greer turned out to be one of the guys who pressured Eden to orgasm and not just let him feel what came to him as Chad did.

---

Greer was keying their next address into his phone when Eden plopped into the passenger's seat.

"I don't want to go to the next appointment," he said.

"Um... Can you do that?"

"Yes. It's not like I do it all the time. The agency will forgive me."

Greer squinted, looking over Eden to see if maybe something bad had happened to set him off. But he looked okay. Not blissed out like earlier, but not visibly hurt, at least from what Greer could see before the overhead light shut off.

"Should we call somebody?" Greer asked. "Let the clients know we're not coming?"

“I already texted Amber. She’ll tell them, maybe send someone else. It doesn’t matter.”

Greer was a little bummed he’d be losing out on sixty bucks, but even without that, the money he’d netted this weekend was *nice*. He slid the key into the ignition.

“I was thinking...” Eden tapped his fingers against the center console. “I could do you instead.”

Greer had pulled the car onto the road before he even registered Eden’s words. There was no way he’d heard him correctly. “What was that?”

“Just something quick. Maybe a BJ? You’d like that, right?”

Greer’s dick hardened, getting with the program faster than all the other parts of his body. “You want to give me a BJ...”

Eden chuckled. “Yes.”

Greer broke out in a sweat. Eden wanted to blow him. Eden wanted to put that mouth on him, wanted to suck him off.

Suddenly driving was very difficult, and Greer forgot where he was supposed to turn next. He *knew* where Eden lived, but try as he might, he couldn’t remember how to get there.

“Greer? You okay?”

“I’m fine,” Greer bit out. Once again, he found himself searching for a dark and quiet bit of road, but this time, he wasn’t planning on jerking off. After a few minutes of mostly aimless driving, Greer had managed to get them out of the last client’s bougie neighborhood and into one with a lot fewer streetlights.

He pulled over and cut the engine. “You really wanna blow me?”

“Yeah. Get out your cock.”

*Fuck*. Was this really happening? Maybe Greer shouldn’t feel special since Eden sucked dicks several times per week, but he had butterflies all the same. As he undid his fly and whipped out his cock, his hands shook as much as they had the first time he’d done this, for a girl behind his family’s single-

wide when he was fifteen.

Eden set a hand on the center console to support himself as he leaned across Greer's lap. He hovered with his mouth over Greer's cockhead, not yet touching so that when he spoke, Greer could feel his breath on the sensitive skin. "I get to be myself for this. You're not paying me. Understand?"

Greer would have agreed to anything in that moment, but he did his best to listen. "Yes."

"Put your hand on my head. Gentle."

Greer put his hand in Eden's soft hair, his damn fingers still shaking. *Gentle*. Greer could do that.

Eden kissed the tip of Greer's cock. It was just that—a kiss of pleasure—sweet but too short.

"You have a pretty dick." Eden kissed down the shaft then back up again on the other side, licking and sucking lightly. "Mmm, perfect size too."

Greer wondered if he ought to put that on his Grindr profile.

When Eden's tongue brushed a particularly sensitive place beneath the head, Greer tensed.

Eden wrapped his hand around the base of Greer's cock. "Was that a good or a bad spot?"

"G-Good."

Not even Greer's phone screen was casting a glow anymore, but he could see in the dark that Eden was smiling.

Then Eden went to work on that spot, and Greer might as well have been blind to everything.

The licking was gentle but relentless. Over and over and over again, Eden stimulated that needy bit of skin, and Greer groaned and dropped his head back against the headrest with a dull thud, petting erratically through Eden's hair.

*Eden* was doing this. A gorgeous, expensive, out-of-Greer's-league angel

who Greer had masturbated to just last night, *knowing* there was no way in hell he would ever get to have him.

“Eden,” he found himself blubbering.

Eden stopped licking. “My real name’s Uriah.”

“Uri—”

Eden took Greer’s cock all the way to the root.

“Oh fuck.” Greer’s tip bumped the back of Eden’s throat, and Eden swallowed, making the slick heat impossibly more delicious. Then he pulled back and sucked gently on the head, his hand pumping up and down at the base.

Eden pulled off with an audible *pop*. “You like easy head or fast and hard?”

“Hard sucking. Oh God, please.”

Eden swiped his tongue across Greer’s slit and giggled. “Nobody ever begs me. Say ‘please’ again.”

“Please.”

When Eden next put his lips around Greer’s cock, it was with a strong and glorious suction. Greer made strangled, inhuman noises, and Eden put a hand over his mouth. They weren’t in a bedroom or a hotel; there were houses nearby.

But Christ, this was the best blow job Greer had ever received.

Eden bobbed his head, taking more of Greer’s cock into that heavenly mouth every time he went down until it completely disappeared past his lips. His cheeks hollowed. It was as if he was trying to siphon out Greer’s cum with the sheer force of his sucking, and it was going to work.

“I’m gonna come.” Greer’s words were muffled against Eden’s hand still covering his mouth. It was a force of habit with his Grindr hookups to give a warning, but Eden didn’t hear, or he didn’t care.

Eden swallowed twice.

Greer came with an involuntary jerk of his hips, lodging himself even deeper in Eden's throat as his cock spurted. His orgasm seemed to last several seconds. Once it was over, an afterglow washed over him that had him completely boneless.

Eden pulled off and carefully tucked Greer's cock away. "I don't want anything in return."

Greer scrubbed the heel of his hand down the side of his face, trying hard to stay in the land of the living. "Okay."

"Let's get out of here."

"Give me a second. Damn." Greer was too out of it to try and decipher Eden's tone, or maybe he didn't want to entertain the possibility that Eden hadn't liked what had just happened. Greer didn't think he'd fucked up and not been gentle, but it was hard to say what he'd done with his hands during all that. He found his keys between his legs on the seat and thrust them into the ignition. "Where are we?"

"I don't know. Just get out of here before someone wonders why we're chilling outside their house."

Greer pulled out onto the road, squinting at the nearest street sign. After a few aimless turns, he was once more oriented and set off for Eden's apartment. He turned on the radio to get ahead of any awkward silences.

Eden promptly switched the radio off. "So did you like the blow job?"

Greer scoffed. "Did I *like* it?" There weren't words. But he gave it a shot since Eden was asking. "I fucking loved it. I've never had better head in my life. You're incredible." Greer glanced cautiously out the corner of his eye to find Eden smiling. He shouldn't ruin the moment—or his chances of ever getting Eden to touch him again—but he had to know. "Why did you do it? I thought you were mad at me." The orgasm had more than made up for the embarrassment of Eden teasing him with that gag earlier, but the memory still put a bitter taste on Greer's tongue.

It was Eden's turn to scoff. "Mad at you? Hardly. I was just calling you out. You don't get to treat me like shit just 'cause you're jealous of whatever

the clients do.”

*I wasn't jealous*, Greer wanted to say. But he had been. Of every client, but mostly of the one who had brought Eden pleasure.

“That’s not why I did it,” Eden said.

“Good, ’cause I wasn’t jealous of a blow job.” Yep. Eden was never going to want to do anything like that with Greer ever again.

The awkward silence Greer had dreaded filled up the car. They were still at least fifteen minutes from Eden’s building.

“Look,” Greer started.

“No, I know,” said Eden. “You wanted to make me come, but that’s too bad.”

“Why?” Never in Greer’s life had anyone been angry at him for wanting to do that.

“Because orgasm isn’t the be-all and end-all of sex, Greer. And you not being able to do your job or get your dick sucked without copping an attitude is your own fucking problem.”

Greer didn’t get angry all that often, but Eden’s heated words put fire in his belly and made his cheeks burn too. “Fuck you.”

“Yeah, you wish. Just let me off at this corner.”

Greer didn’t dignify Eden’s command with an answer because there was no way in hell he was letting anyone this small and pretty walk home alone in the dark.

When Greer passed the corner, Eden growled. “I said let me out.”

“Nope. Sorry. That would be me not doing my job, which is the most important thing, right?”

Eden scowled and crossed his arms, pointing his gaze out his window, but he didn’t argue anymore.

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SUNDAY

ESCORTS DIDN'T HAVE RÉSUMÉS, obviously. But if they did, Eden knew just what skills he'd put on his: (1) gives spectacular head, (2) entertains over forty percent repeat clients, and (3) successfully compartmentalizes work and personal life. It was true he didn't let himself think about his appointments once he was home. When he had first started hooking, he'd had trouble scrubbing the sense memories from his skin. As he'd shower, the events of the night would whirl in his head and skitter over his body—all those things that he wouldn't have let happen had money not been involved. But he'd been doing this for five years now. He was numb to it.

Eden wasn't numb to what had happened with Greer, though. He should've seen this coming, but it had been a long time since he'd done anything as stupid as blow his driver. In fact, he was pretty sure he'd never done anything this stupid, this risky, this destructive to a perfectly good Sunday off.

He couldn't stop thinking about it. He hadn't even gotten hard, for fuck's sake. As he lay in lukewarm water in his bathtub, sipping strawberry wine from a coffee mug, he decided it was his own damn fault he was so affected. He'd let himself get so lonely that some inept—albeit genuine—flirtation, a present, and some angsty bullshit had been enough to make him “horny,” so to speak.

And Greer had been so sweet. He'd done everything Eden had asked without complaint, except for afterward. But that was Eden's fault too, because he'd made Greer talk about it. Eden wished he wasn't self-aware enough to know that had been his way of proving Greer was just like all the

rest. That Greer couldn't possibly be anything like Malcolm.

Eden downed what was left in his mug. He sunk below the surface of the water and let his hand drift down toward his cock. Masturbation was different from sex for him. He knew all the words for what he was or might be because he spent about eighty percent of his free time in online queer spaces promoting his webcomic. Ace-spectrum, gray-asexual, demisexual. He was pretty sure he was the last one. Because he'd wanted to fuck Malcolm—his former best friend growing up and beyond—with every inch and fiber of his being, even if he'd never actually gotten to. Eden had never confessed those feelings but instead had let the friendship dissolve as they'd drifted apart after college.

It had been too long for fantasies about Malcolm to get Eden off. So he thought about Greer instead, his salty taste and the unique shape of his cock. The tingles that had spread across Eden's scalp as Greer's fingers had shaken in his hair.

Eden came up for air. He took deep breaths as his cock filled, spurred on by the ministrations of his own hand. He imagined Greer touching him there. Would his fingers shake? Would he want to put his mouth on Eden? So few of the clients ever did that. Of course Eden didn't want them to, but he might let Greer try.

"Fuck." Eden took his hand off his dick. He most definitely *wouldn't* let Greer blow him. What if he didn't get hard? What if he disappointed Greer? It was one thing failing to make a client feel like a sex god, which thankfully didn't happen that often anymore. Like the compartmentalization, Eden was practiced now at shutting off his mind enough to make purely physiological erections happen, if not orgasms. But doing that outside of work... That was different.

The fact that Eden's erection had wilted just now because of his stupid feelings was *proof* that it was different.

Abruptly, he got out of the tub. He was still going to jerk off, but he wouldn't think about anything real. He'd find a video online, something amateur or extreme where the people were feeling more than just arousal.

Because if anything could make him soft faster than uncertainty, it was watching people fake it for money like he did, only on camera.

---

“You missed an amazing party on Friday, dude.” Camilo took a drink of his beer. “So many hot girls.”

Ordinarily, Greer would be all ears about just what kind of pussy Camilo had gotten into. But he’d been down in the dumps all day, and he knew it was going to be hard to compare conquests—and switch all the “he” pronouns to “she”—when he was this messed up about what had happened with Eden.

“Yo.” Camilo nudged Greer’s shoulder with his own. “What’s up with you?”

“Nothing.”

“Are you gonna tell me about your new gig?”

Greer took a big drink of his beer. “Money’s good.”

“That’s all you got to say, man? ‘Money’s good’? I thought you were driving around hookers. How many did you meet so far?”

Greer gave Camilo a look. “They’re escorts. And I’ve only met one.”

“What’s she like?” At least Camilo had done the pronoun switching for him.

“Dark hair, white. Slender. Looks *real* good in lingerie.”

“Mmm.” Camilo clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. “You’re a lucky man.”

Greer didn’t feel lucky. Which was stupid; he knew that. Not only was he making good bank, but he’d also gotten a blow job out of the deal. And yet...

He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Something happened. And I don’t want you laughing at me, okay?”

“Come on, brother.” Camilo gave Greer’s shoulder a squeeze. “You know you can tell me anything.”

“She sucked my dick last night.”

Camilo was quiet for a bit too long. Greer didn't look at him, but he knew he was probably trying to keep a straight face.

Eventually, Camilo said, “Wow. For free?”

Greer sighed and leaned more fully against the back of the couch. “Yeah, for free.”

“I ain't laughing, brother, but you gotta tell me why you look so depressed about a girl putting your dick in her mouth.”

*I don't know. Maybe there's something wrong with me.* “She didn't let me return the favor.”

Again, Camilo was silent for several beats. Then he set a hand on Greer's knee. “I mean it from the bottom of my heart when I say that you are too pure for this world, man.”

Greer couldn't see how he was “pure,” considering all the dirty things he'd done with men and women alike and never texted or called them afterward.

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MONDAY AFTERNOON

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN illegal for Greer to show up looking like he did. Wallet chain draped over one slender hip, faded blue jeans that fit just right. He'd swapped his letterman jacket for a sleek felt coat, and his rhinestone earrings peeked out from under a gray beanie.

Eden himself was underdressed for the sudden dip in temperature since today's one and only client was another who liked lingerie and a trench coat. He did have a pair of tearaway pants on over the stockings and a backpack with his makeup and heels inside. For daylight appointments, he felt safer hiding the fact that he cross-dressed until right outside the appointment's location.

As Eden approached the car, Greer's gaze finally landed on him. His brow creased with something like pain. "Hey."

"Hey." *Great.* So things were going to be awkward.

They didn't talk all the way to the client's house in Bates-Hendricks. When Eden put on his makeup—this time in the front seat—Greer stared pointedly ahead, his posture rigid and his jaw rippling. It was obvious he was trying not to look.

Eden got that urge once again to get a reaction out of him. "Greer."

"What?"

"Would you like a kiss on the cheek?"

Greer turned his head and fixed Eden with a pathetic look as if Eden had just taunted him with his one true desire. "Why?"

The power was intoxicating, and Greer was adorable. Eden actually got a little tight low in his belly. “I think you’d look cute with some red lips on you. Please?”

Greer’s lashes fluttered, and his pupils swelled. “I guess. Sure.”

Carefully, Eden leaned over and pressed a kiss to Greer’s clean-shaven cheek. After he pulled back, he lingered to admire his handiwork, stroking a thumb along Greer’s jaw.

When Eden cut up his gaze, he found Greer staring at him.

“That was nice,” said Greer, “but I’d prefer a kiss on the lips.”

Eden’s heart hammered in his throat. “Why?”

“Because...it hurts to look at you and not kiss you.” His mouth tilted in an adorable crooked smile. “Please?”

Eden glanced at the clock. He only had five minutes before he had to be ready and ringing the client’s doorbell. Quickly, as if a kiss’s brevity made it less likely to hurt him, Eden pecked Greer on the mouth.

Greer grinned, a blush pinking his cheeks.

Eden reapplied his lipstick. “I have to go.”

---

Greer’s head was a mess as he waited in the car for Eden to come outside again. The problem was simple: *I want him*. Not just for flirting, teasing, blow jobs, or kisses—if that little peck could have been called a kiss. But for mutual satisfaction, tangling up in bedsheets, and pillow talk. He wanted to get to *know* Eden. It wouldn’t be like a Grindr hookup.

And that made it not simple. If by some miracle Greer got to have Eden regularly, his friends would find out. Camilo would at least because he could always tell when Greer really liked someone. He’d want to meet Eden like he’d met all Greer’s steady girls.

But Greer had been lying since he’d seen Jimmy Franklin take off his shirt in the seventh grade. Camilo didn’t throw the word “fag” around as much as he’d used to; he might even be okay with the bi part. But the lying part? He’d

be crushed. Greer and Camilo had grown up together, jerked off for the first time together, lost their virginity on different sides of the same room. They told each other everything aside from this. Greer couldn't bear the thought of hurting Camilo or losing him.

Still, Greer wanted Eden. He wanted to pull back the layers of Eden's icy exterior and see the hot parts inside, to watch him come apart with pleasure and get that sleepy look because of what Greer had done. On top of that, he longed to know more about his life, what he did when he wasn't hooking and why.

When Eden got back in the car, makeup only a touch less messy than the last time, he took one look at Greer and said, "Did you see a puppy die or something?"

Greer might have pretended that every bit of attention Eden gave him wasn't like a slap in the face he wanted again and again. Instead, he gave Eden the most charming smile he could muster. "Let me take you out." *Say yes, say yes, say yes.*

---

A few minutes ago, Eden's thoughts had been wholly preoccupied with the late lunch he was going to make himself as soon as he got home. Now, he was too stunned to string a single competent thought together.

"Like..." His voice came out higher and rougher than he would have preferred. He swallowed. "Like on a date?"

*Duh.* Jesus Christ, Greer was going to take back the offer. He was going to realize Eden wasn't as sexy as he seemed but was actually a full-blown nerd who couldn't get it up when he wasn't working.

Greer's grin morphed into something a little easier, like the radiant smile he'd given Eden when they'd first met. "Yeah. A date. It can be low-key. I'm not trying to stress you."

Eden scoffed lightly. "I'm not stressed."

"Okay."

“I’m not.” Eden shivered and wrapped his arms around himself. “Can we go? It’s cold.”

“Uh, yeah. Sure. I’ll just...take you home.” Greer started the car, turning up the heat before setting off. His jaw did that rippling thing, and Eden was struck again with how good he looked. Intense, masculine. His size and delicate features—aside from his nose—didn’t take away from that; instead, they added a pleasing juxtaposition.

Eden’s stomach tumbled. “Okay. I’ll go out with you.”

Greer turned to look at Eden with his whole face lit up. “Really?”

“Yeah. Eyes on the road.” Eden couldn’t help but smile himself. A date. He’d never been on one—at least, not one where money hadn’t changed hands first.

“Where would you want to go?”

The last “date” Eden had been on had involved a swanky dinner, then two different cocks in his ass. “Somewhere cozy and private. Nowhere too expensive, like a client would take me. I don’t want it to be like work.”

Greer tapped the steering wheel with an open palm like he was just too excited not to slap something. “Listen. If I ever make you feel like you’re at work, tell me. I’ll fix it.”

The sentiment put a warm spot in Eden’s chest. “Thank you.”

They rode in energized silence until Greer pulled into the parking lot at Eden’s building.

Eden opened the door but didn’t get out just yet. “I guess I’ll text you?”

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m free whenever you are.”

Eden had until tomorrow afternoon to get the latest issue of his webcomic up. “How about Wednesday?”

“Wednesday.” Greer leaned toward Eden. “Can I get another kiss?”

Eden narrowed his eyes. “I’m not going to kiss you goodbye every time I get out of the car.”

“That’s fine.” But Greer closed his eyes and pursed his lips, the mark Eden had left with his lipstick still sitting there plain as day on his cheek.

Eden sighed. It was just a stupid kiss. But he felt like he was at one end of a zip line and Greer had put his hands on the bar for him when he wasn’t paying attention.

He decided it was okay to grip the handles and go. He put his lips on Greer’s, and he didn’t pull away as quickly as he had the last time.

Greer slid a cold ungloved hand onto the back of Eden’s neck, deepening the kiss but not adding tongue or anything. Eden got the absurd urge to crawl onto Greer’s lap, give him another blow job, or show him what was under his trench coat: hardening nipples in a black bra.

Instead, Eden ended the kiss. “I gotta go. Work to do.”

Greer looked like he wanted to ask about that, but then he smiled. “Okay. Talk to you soon.”

“Bye.” Eden’s stomach did another tumble as he got out of the car.

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WEDNESDAY

GREER WAS GOING to throw up. As he checked over his appearance one last time, he spotted beads of sweat dotting his forehead and swiped them away. It was just a burger joint. No big deal. If anybody saw him and Eden together, they'd probably think they were buddies. Not an escort and his driver, who was more worried about people knowing he was queer than getting arrested for working with prostitutes.

Greer put on his beanie, his coat, and a new pair of leather gloves. This wasn't a work thing, he reminded himself. And it didn't matter what Eden had in his pants (though Greer was plenty interested in seeing that). This date was for them to get to know each other better, to have a good time. Who cared what anybody else thought?

By the time Greer got to Eden's apartment, he'd managed to get the sweating under control. When he caught sight of Eden through the tinted window, it came back with a vengeance. Eden looked fantastic. Of course he was good-looking to begin with, but it was clear he'd tried for this. He was wearing Greer's gloves, for one, the brown leather peeking out from under the maroon sleeves of his double-breasted coat. He was wearing a hat with a pompom on it, which was basically the cutest thing Greer had ever seen in his life.

Eden opened the door and got in. "Hey." He smiled shyly, his cheeks flushed pink.

"Hey."

"You okay?" Eden removed a glove before touching Greer's cheek with

the back of his hand. “Your face is all red.”

Greer winced. “I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be nervous.” Eden pressed a soft kiss to Greer’s cheek before settling back in his seat. He slid his hand back into his glove and did up the snaps.

*Don’t be nervous.* Greer only wished it were that easy.

Now that Eden was with him, though, he was a little less freaked. They pulled up outside Greer’s favorite burger joint in no time. It was a small place with a tiny parking lot in back. Around dinner time it was impossible to find a spot, but that was why they were here at three.

Eden peered out his window at the log-cabin-esque exterior. “Cute.”

“Never been here before?”

“Nope.”

Greer figured that was a good thing.

They found a spot, then went inside. As they crossed the threshold, Eden gripped Greer’s hand.

On instinct, Greer undid the gesture, taking his fingers back. He immediately regretted it when Eden gave him a soft glare, his cheeks pinking again.

“It’s seat yourself,” Greer mumbled.

Eden was silent as they headed deeper into the dark atmosphere of the restaurant. He picked a booth by the window, and they slid onto opposite sides.

Eden grabbed a menu. “You paying?”

“Uh...yeah. Of course.” The last official date Greer had been on—with the restaurant, no Netflix, and no boner—had been in eleventh grade when he’d taken Missy Hobbs out for milkshakes. Actually, he’d probably had a boner then. “Unless you don’t want me to.”

Eden hid behind the menu and didn’t say anything else.

*Fuck.* Greer had really made a mess of things by letting go of Eden's hand. He glanced around; the tables surrounding them sat empty. "I've never been on an actual date with a guy before, okay? Never held hands with one. It's always been one-night stands or Grindr hookups."

Eden tilted down the menu, revealing a serious pair of baby-blue eyes. "You've done it with girls, though."

"Yeah."

"So you're worried about what people think."

It was a gut punch, but it was the truth. "Sorry."

"It's no problem."

A waitress approached. "Welcome to Harvey's. Can I get you something to drink?"

"Water, please," said Eden.

"Mountain Dew," said Greer. He picked up a menu even though he already knew what he wanted. When the laminated paper audibly vibrated in his shaking hands, he folded the menu back up. "So." He cleared his throat. "What do you do when you're not working?"

Eden skimmed the menu with one finger. "I have a webcomic."

"Like with superheroes?"

Eden smirked and flicked up his gaze to Greer's. "No. Like with gay space aliens."

Greer's mind conjured up a frightening image of a pale-skinned extraterrestrial with sharp teeth and a long red wiggling tongue. Clearly, he'd consumed too much late-night sci-fi programming. He blinked the image away. "Can I see?"

Eden reached for his phone. After a moment, he slid it screen-up in Greer's direction.

The panel depicted a sex scene. Greer tried not to get too hot, but he couldn't help but swipe through the additional panels, their speech bubbles

mostly containing hearts, exclamation points, and expletives. “Ahh— Yes! Fuck me HARDER!” The two men having sex appeared to be an alien—who had bright-blue skin, shiny black eyes, and a bald head—and a human, who was obviously playing a submissive role. He had a collar around his neck and was attached to a chain via metal cuffs. His dick was curved up, red at the tip, and leaking.

Greer’s own dick chubbed up. He slid the phone back to Eden, who was laughing with squinty eyes.

“There’s a plot too,” said Eden.

“You’re uh...really talented,” said Greer. It wasn’t an empty compliment. As unrealistic as blue aliens were, Eden had drawn the scene in quite the realistic style. Not in a million years could *Greer* ever draw anything like that.

“Thanks. I do it all myself. Someday I’ll make enough money from my art that I won’t have to hook anymore.”

With how much Eden brought in working as an escort, Greer couldn’t see it. “How do you make money from that?”

“Ads on the website, reader donations, merchandise sales, print sales...”

A big question mark hovered behind Greer’s eyes. “Damn. That’s over my head.”

“That’s okay.” Eden set aside the menu and focused all his attention on Greer. He’d taken off his gloves and hat, and his straight brown hair was mussed adorably. He curled a hand under his chin. “What do you do when you’re not driving me around?”

Greer shrugged. He wasn’t as interesting as Eden. “Hang out with my friends.”

“What are your friends like?”

“Chill. I dunno.” They were like him. They liked to smoke, drink beer, watch porn. They worked hard and partied hard, though Greer knew he didn’t work all that hard these days with this driving gig. “My best buddy Camilo works construction. He’s a good guy. Funny. Stays at my house a lot.”

Eden's bottom lip jutted out a little. Did he know he was doing that?  
“Sounds a lot less lonely than my life.”

“Well, they don't know about me bein' bi. Gets lonely sometimes.”

“Why don't you tell them?”

Greer's stomach curdled. “Don't hang with a lot of gay guys, I guess. Don't run in the same circles. Ones I know aren't out. Or they are, but my friends don't see them as a man. I'm a man.”

“So am I.”

“Even when you wear girl stuff?”

“Yeah. Not that being a 'man' matters that much to me. American masculinity culture is bullshit.”

Here was another thing over Greer's head. He picked at a groove in the table.

The waitress came by with their drinks, momentarily saving him. They both ordered a burger—Greer got a fried egg on his—then it was back to Eden staring hard at Greer like Greer was supposed to entertain him.

What should he ask next? He had no fucking clue. When guys came over to his place to fuck, they barely looked at him. They didn't want to know anything but his name, and sometimes all they said was “hey” and “yeah, right there” and “fuck me harder” like the bottom in Eden's comic.

“You're freaking out,” said Eden.

Something touched Greer's ankle, and he jumped.

Eden laughed. “Hey. That's just my foot.”

“I'm not freaking out.”

“It's okay if you are.” Eden slid the toe of his sneaker up and down Greer's leg. “I'm nervous too.”

“You don't look nervous.”

“I'm a good actor.”

Greer took a drink of his water. “You been acting with me this whole time?”

“No.” Eden rolled his eyes. “I genuinely like you, Greer. You interest me. You’ve got this, like...innocence about you, even though the line of work we’re in is the opposite of innocent. And you’ve got all these tats and this mean mug and swagger like you’re trying to be hard, but you’re not hard at all, are you?”

Eden’s words were like ropes tightening, and that was how Greer knew they were true. “I’m hard for you.”

“Yeah, I know.” Eden fidgeted with his straw wrapper. “There’s something I want to do after this. It’s not sexual, but we’d need to go back to my place or yours to do it.”

Greer didn’t have a clue what Eden was getting at, but apparently, not wanting to say no to him wasn’t only reserved for oral sex. “Okay.” *Whatever makes you happy with me.* “I got all day anyway.”

“Good.” Eden busied himself ripping up the straw wrapper and setting the pieces into a little pile.

“What is it?”

“Hmm?”

“The thing you want to do.”

Eden abandoned his task and glanced up, expression serious. “You’ll see.”

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As Eden led Greer into his apartment—where he hadn’t brought anyone for *years*—one thing was certain: Eden had no excuse for this. What had he told himself about the blow job? *It might be fun to see Greer’s reactions.* But this—what he wanted to do—it wasn’t about playing.

Did Eden want to be less lonely? Did he want to feel like more than a whore? (Not that there was anything shameful about sex work, he told himself over and over.) Or did he simply want to spend time with Greer? Because he *liked* him?

That was what Eden had said. *“I genuinely like you, Greer. You interest me.”* Which was true. But he hadn’t chosen those words; they had just come. And now Eden was taking Greer to his bedroom: that sacred place where no client could touch him and where he didn’t have to pretend to be turned on.

“Are you okay?” As they stalled in the bedroom doorway, Greer’s fingers brushed Eden’s, and now Eden was the one pulling away.

“Yeah. You want something to drink?”

“Nah, I’m good.”

Here, Eden was the one on shaky ground. Greer’s energy had changed, probably because no one could see him being queer here. That niggled at Eden a bit, but he tried to ignore it. It wasn’t his place to tell Greer how out he should be. Or maybe the change in energy was because Greer hadn’t listened to Eden about this not being sexual; he could be expecting to get laid.

“Come on, E. The suspense is killing me. Why’d you bring me here?”

Eden looked over his shoulder accusingly. “E?”

Greer shrugged. “A nickname. Or I could call you by your real name.”

“Not right now.”

“Okay.”

Eden walked into the bedroom.

The bed sat unmade; he hadn’t planned this. An unkempt pile of dirty clothes stood in one corner, and even though he had an office, his sketchbook and colored pencils rested on his pillow. He moved them onto the floor.

Greer gestured to the sketchbook. “Can I see?”

“They aren’t like my comics.”

“Okay.”

“They’re darker.”

Greer raised his brows hopefully. Eden sighed and picked the sketchbook back up before sitting on the bed. Greer sat down next to him, and Eden

opened the sketchbook over both their laps.

An argument could be made that this was where Eden failed to compartmentalize. The pages held violent sexual scenes, most of them self-portraits. He cast himself as the aggressor, the villain. He put red handprints on other men—tied up and forced, crying and bleeding. He fucked their faces and made them gag. He wore a dress and stabbed them in the chest with his stiletto.

Eden didn't think about work directly when he sketched these scenes. But they were no doubt a product of it, a way to feel powerful when Eden mostly didn't. He liked his job. He chose it over and over whenever he agreed to an appointment and took his cut. But there were moments when he had to smile and say yes when he really wanted to scream, and that was the downside.

As Eden turned the pages, Greer stayed surprisingly calm. "Is this what you're into?"

"Hell no."

"I like this one." Greer pointed to the scene with the stabbing stiletto. Eden had drawn himself wearing a red dress, black heels, fishnet stockings, and a severe slash of a smirk.

"What do you like about it?"

"It's what you felt like in the car."

Eden furrowed his brows; they'd been in the car together several times by now. "I don't get it."

"Well, the guy on the floor is crying, but he's got a hard-on."

"Of course he does."

"Do you remember when you told me I couldn't afford you? That was kind of how I felt." Greer traced a finger along the drawing of the heel. "I would have let you stab me like this if it meant I could touch you."

Eden broke out all over in goosebumps. "Greer..."

"I got a confession." Greer stared forward. On the bed next to his thigh, he made a fist. "I gotta tell you before things go any further 'cause you might not

want to trust me anymore once you hear.”

“What is it?” Eden’s voice cracked.

“Friday night when you left your bag...” Abruptly, Greer stood and moved a couple of paces away, his sweater-clad back facing Eden. “I noticed it in the back seat way before I got home. But I was so turned on... Fuck, that’s no excuse.”

Eden wanted to tell Greer that everything would be okay no matter what he said, but that’d be a lie. So Eden just waited for him to get on with it.

“I’d never seen a guy in lingerie before. You blew my freakin’ mind, E. So I took your bag inside, and I looked around in it, and I took out some of your underwear. The boxers you’d worn, and some—some panties.”

Eden’s cheeks burned. Probably he was flushed all over since he was sweating. “Are you kidding?”

“No.” Greer sat back down next to Eden, fixing him with a helpless stare. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

“Well, what— What did you do? Sniff ’em or what?”

“I jerked off.”

Eden’s mouth fell open.

“I mean, I didn’t touch my dick with them or anything. But I put my face in them while I jerked off.” Greer put his head in his hands, rubbing his buzz cut. “I know it’s fucked-up. I shouldn’t have done it.”

Eden chewed on his thumbnail. His heart beat hard, and he knew he should be angry, but he wasn’t. “Shit.”

“I’m so sorry.” Greer looked at Eden helplessly again. “Do you want me to leave?”

Eden put his hand on Greer’s forearm. “No.” Here was another word coming out before he’d thought it. This thing with Greer... It was what people meant when they said, *It just happened*. “Lie down with me.”

“Huh?”

“It’s why I brought you here.” Strangely, Greer’s confession had taken some pressure off. Greer had rifled through Eden’s stuff and put his nose in his dirty underwear. What was a little cuddling in the face of that? “Every time somebody touches me, I’m being paid for it. I don’t get to tell them how I want it.”

“Gentle.”

Greer echoing Eden’s command from the blow job gave Eden a thrill. Greer wasn’t like any of them, was he? He *listened*.

Eden toed off his sneakers and crawled onto the bed.

Greer took off his shoes too. When he lay down, he was still an inch from Eden. “You’re not mad at me?”

Eden gave Greer a chilly look. “Don’t go through my stuff again.”

“I won’t.” Greer turned onto his side. “I promise.”

Eden mirrored him. His heart still hammered, but he couldn’t help smiling as he looked at Greer, whose brown eyes were big and innocent.

Eden reached out and stroked along the shell of Greer’s ear. “Pointy, like an elf.”

Greer beamed. “Yeah.”

“This doesn’t hurt, right?”

Greer’s smile dimmed. “Hmm?”

“Like you were talking about earlier. My drawing...”

“No. Still dying to touch you, though.”

“Do it.”

Greer’s expression was serious as he scooted closer. “Can I touch your skin?”

Eden nodded.

Greer slid his fingers under the hem of Eden’s shirt. The touch was so careful, so soft... As Greer slid his hand higher, Eden shivered.

“Ticklish?” Greer asked.

“A little.”

Greer moved his hand to Eden’s face. “You’ve got the cutest nose.”

“It’s too wide.”

“No.” Greer ran his thumb alongside the bridge. “Adorable.”

Eden guided Greer away from his nose, which *was* too wide. “Let me put my head on your chest.”

“Sure.” Greer rolled onto his back.

Nothing had ever been more awkward for Eden than trying to fit himself against Greer in this moment. But he managed it. And Greer wrapped his arm around Eden and rubbed his shoulder, his chest rising and falling in a comforting rhythm.

When Eden had had that unbearable crush—which hardly conveyed the profundity of the feeling—on Malcolm, he’d fantasized about snuggling close enough to feel Malcolm’s heartbeat against his ear. As a teenager when they’d slept over at each other’s houses, Eden would have done anything in the world for a few minutes in Malcolm’s sleeping bag. He would have taken Malcolm’s macho equivalent to a stiletto in the heart.

“If all you want is sex,” said Eden, “you should tell me now.”

“Geez. Is that what you think?”

Eden closed his eyes and focused on the gentle thumping of Greer’s heartbeat. “I’m just making sure this whole date thing wasn’t ’cause you want me to spread my legs for you.”

“Wow.”

“After I blew you, you said you wanted to make me come.”

“Eden. I do.”

Eden could feel Greer being tense under his cheek, but he kept his eyes closed.

Greer growled. “Will you look at me, please?”

After a moment, Eden pushed himself up and did as asked, albeit reluctantly. His cheeks were burning again.

Greer cupped Eden’s face, his hand cool against the flushed skin. “No offense, babe, but if all I wanted was to put my dick in someone pretty—and make them come—I could set that up in about five minutes. *You* are something different.”

“I’m not special, though. That’s just what the agency wants men to think.”

“E...” Greer’s eyebrows drooped together. “I’m not a john.”

Eden collapsed back onto Greer’s chest. “I know.”

Greer stroked through Eden’s hair. He kept going and going from scalp to nape, and it wasn’t to egg on a blow job, and he didn’t grip or hurt.

Emotion stiffened Eden’s chest. His nose burned, and he thought for a horrifying second that he might cry.

“This okay?” Greer asked.

Eden nodded, not trusting himself to speak.

“I don’t get to do this very often. Hookups aren’t really trying to snuggle, I guess. Or maybe I don’t seem like the snuggling type.”

Eden couldn’t stay silent for that. “You’re like the sweetest guy I’ve ever met, and I hope you don’t think you’re fooling anyone.”

“Yeah, I know. I’m ‘not hard.’”

Eden smiled.

“And you’re not an ice king. Or queen.”

Eden let that one slide. At the moment, he wasn’t in the best place—curled up on Greer like a kitten—to make the argument that he was a stone-cold bitch who didn’t need anyone.

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Greer must have drifted off. When he woke, the bedroom was dark and Eden

was in a different position—the little spoon to Greer’s big one. Greer inhaled the scent of his hair: citrusy and sweet. And even though Eden was sleeping, his breath soft and even, Greer couldn’t stop himself from tracing the tip of a finger from Eden’s shoulder down his arm. All that smooth skin... When had Eden taken his shirt off?

Eden stirred. He made the most adorable little sound and rolled over, his lashes fluttering slightly before he opened his eyes. He smiled. “Hey.”

“Hey.” Had anyone ever been cuter? Greer was pretty sure not. Eden looked incredible when he was dolled up for work, but now, with his guard down with eyes only for Greer... There wasn’t anything like it.

“We fell asleep,” said Eden.

“Mhm.” Greer fumbled behind him for his phone. His battery was nearly dead, and it was after eight in the evening. “Do you want me to go?”

Eden set a hand on Greer’s elbow, and some of the ease in his expression disappeared. “No.”

“Okay. I got nowhere to be. I’ll stay as long as you want.” Anything to keep Eden soft like this. Greer longed to kiss him, to wrap him up in his arms, but what if that spooked him? He set his phone back down and relaxed.

“Do you want to stay the night?” Eden asked. “We could get up, watch a movie...”

“Whatever you want.”

Eden moved his hand to Greer’s neck, stroking over the collar of his sweater. “Aren’t you hot in this? You’re like a furnace.”

Greer smirked. “You want me to take it off?”

“Yeah.”

Greer sat up to comply. He tried not to expect anything, but the act of stripping and the air on his skin signaled sex to his cock. He ignored the semi as he lay back down.

But then Eden nudged Greer onto his back and crawled over his hips. “Do I have permission to get you off?”

*Oh.* The words ignited a fire along Greer's nerves. "Yes."

Eden dragged a hand from Greer's neck to the top of his buttoned jeans. Greer couldn't help but buck up into the contact, silently urging Eden to undress him further.

"You fuck a lot of guys?" Eden asked.

"Uh...yeah."

"You top?"

"Yeah, but if you want to—"

"I don't. Too much pressure." Said the guy who had Greer willing to bend over backward and then some. "What would you want to do to me? If you could do anything."

A flood of images entered Greer's mind. He wanted Eden in lingerie; he wanted him naked. He wanted to fuck his face, his ass. Wanted him from behind, face-to-face, Eden on bottom, Eden on top, Eden—

"Tell me," Eden said.

Greer laughed awkwardly. "Do I have to?"

Eden's eyebrows rose up under his messy bangs. "Are you saying no to me?"

Greer's insides chilled. "I—"

"Why don't you wanna say? Is it something fucked-up?"

"No!"

Eden laughed. "Come on, baby." He dipped down and licked Greer from jawline to cheekbone. When he next spoke, his voice was sultry against Greer's ear. "Tell me what you thought about when you had your nose in my panties."

If Greer could have come from words alone, this would have been the moment. But he couldn't, so he only throbbed viciously and gripped Eden's hips.

Eden immediately flung off Greer's hands. He pressed a fingertip to Greer's chin and leaned down to stare into his eyes, their noses almost colliding. "No touching me until you answer my fucking question, baby. What did you think about when you jerked off to my smell?"

Greer arched up involuntarily, desperate for friction. It wasn't enough. "F-Fucking you."

"How? I want details."

"Anal."

Eden laughed again, cruelly, like Greer was the joke, and nothing had ever turned on Greer more.

"Spreading your legs open," Greer continued. "Sliding into you. You wearing that bra I saw you in, and me pulling the cups down and sucking your nipples."

Eden's lips fell open, and he grunted, once.

Everything in Greer woke up at that. He'd turned Eden on somehow, hadn't he? And he needed to do it more, needed to see him come apart, needed— "Can I touch you?"

"No."

"Come on, E!"

"Don't move." Eden crawled off Greer and the bed. "Actually, take off the rest of your clothes, please. I'll be right back."

Greer huffed and dropped his head back against the mattress, but he also undid his pants. Yeah, he was about to get blue balls if Eden didn't touch his dick soon, but if Greer was getting naked, that was a good sign. Right?

---

Eden was so out of it he could barely get the cap off the lube. In the living room, praying Greer would listen and stay put, Eden had his lingerie out of his duffel and his fingers in his ass, prepping himself like he sometimes did for johns. But never in his life had the sensations distracted him this much. His dick was hard, sticking straight out in a way that was going to be really

uncomfortable in panties, and though he was throbbing to get back to Greer, he was also enjoying stuffing his own ass.

But he didn't need to do that. Greer was going to do that. Eden felt a strong and unfamiliar surge of want at the thought and had to bite his lip to stifle a moan. If Greer heard him making noise out here, he'd come find him, Eden was sure of it.

He decided to forgo the panties—what was the point? But he did put on his thigh-highs and garter belt, hissing curses as he failed to fasten the clips on the first go like always. He put on the same black bra Greer had seen him in that first night, then paused, taking a deep breath.

He was going to let Greer fuck him. Not because he was being paid to do it but because he actually wanted to. He wasn't sure when exactly that had happened, but maybe it had something to do with Greer passing what had admittedly been a test: just lying together, without Greer so much as kissing him or otherwise making him feel obligated to fuck.

Greer didn't treat Eden like meat. And maybe he shouldn't get a gold star or a blow job or access to Eden's heart because of that, but didn't Eden deserve to fuck someone nice for once? Didn't he deserve to get off like all the men who came in him and on him and slapped, shoved, and choked him to do it?

Eden's heart tried to beat itself out of his chest as he went back into the bedroom, condom in hand. He switched on the bedside lamp.

Greer was exactly where Eden had left him, lying on his back, now unclothed. His pretty cut cock didn't stick straight out but curved upwards, the head glistening in the light.

Greer sat up and raked his gaze from Eden's eyes to his toes and back up again. "This really happening?"

"Yeah. You want to, right?"

"Fuck yes. C'mere."

Eden held up the condom. "You have to wear this."

“I will. Come *here*.”

Eden could barely hear his own thoughts over the rush of blood in his ears. “I want you to do what you said you’d thought about.”

“Uriah.”

Eden gasped softly at the use of his real name.

“Look at me,” said Greer.

Eden locked eyes with him.

“I’m going to take good care of you. I’ll be so gentle the whole time. And if you want me to stop or I do something you don’t like, just say so.”

Eden could have wept for how perfect the words were. Greer was good. Eden just knew Greer was *good*. “Okay.”

Greer gave Eden a reassuring smile. “Now, come here. Please.”

Eden only hesitated a second before crawling onto Greer’s lap and pressing their lips together. Greer found Eden’s hand and clumsily took the condom from him before tipping Eden onto his back.

Eden’s skin was extra sensitive everywhere; he felt everything. The smooth texture of his lavender sheets against his back, the pressure of Greer’s hand on his knee as he pushed his legs open, Greer’s breath on his neck before he kissed him there, tonguing and sucking gently.

Eden moaned and arched up, trying to brush their cocks together, but Greer was moving down, tracing Eden’s satiny bra strap to a padded cup.

Greer slid up his gaze and grinned devilishly as he pulled the cup away from Eden’s pec to expose a hard nipple. A few clients had touched Eden here. Always it made him shudder in disgust or whimper in pain. But when Greer pressed his lips to the hard nub, Eden shuddered in ecstasy, aching for more stimulation. More, *more*.

Greer licked and sucked and eventually bit each nipple. The pain was slight and overshadowed by the little shocks of pleasure that moved through Eden whenever Greer wiggled his teeth.

Greer pressed his thumbs into the oversensitive nubs. “You like that, E?”

“Yeah. So good.”

Greer grinned and brushed their noses together before kissing Eden deep, licking into his mouth and grinding his hips down so that their cocks finally collided.

Eden bucked.

Greer reached down and pressed a finger to Eden’s slick hole, and it slid in easily. “Oh fuck.”

“I’m ready. Lubed, prepped.”

“That’s so fucking hot.”

As Greer sat back on his heels and ripped open the condom package, panic fluttered in Eden’s stomach. “Greer?”

“Yeah?” Greer’s gaze was on his cock as he slid on the condom.

“Can you look at me when you fuck me?”

Greer flicked his lust-blown gaze up.

“For me, sex is...” Amazingly, Eden’s erection didn’t wilt as he attempted to make his thoughts coherent. But he needed to explain this before Greer turned his world upside down with whatever was about to happen. “It’s more about the connection between us than anything else. I need to feel that.” They’d been on one date; Eden fully expected Greer to lose his boner and leave.

But Greer just nodded. “You and me.”

“You and me,” Eden echoed, relieved. He leaned back, and Greer leaned over him, looking down between them while he lined up his cock. But as soon as Eden felt the head, Greer made eye contact and held it as he pushed in.

Nothing had ever felt better to Eden. Nothing in the world. He gripped Greer’s shoulder, digging in his nails, his mouth falling open in a silent scream as Greer’s cock slid all the way in. He hadn’t spent enough time prepping, so it hurt a little, but the pain was gone in a flash. Then there was

only the sensation of being filled and Greer staring hard at him, jaw clenched and muscles shaking. Was he holding back?

“Fuck me,” said Eden.

“Need a minute. Wanna last.”

Eden giggled and wrapped his stocking-clad legs around Greer’s waist. “It’s okay. We’ll use a cock ring next time.”

Greer collapsed, bringing them chest to chest. He buried his face in Eden’s neck and hooked his arms under Eden’s shoulders. “You feel like heaven.” He growled softly as he moved his hips.

Eden didn’t mind that Greer had stopped looking at him since he held him like this. So close, so intimate. Eden felt all the tension leave his body aside from the pressure of arousal in his groin. He dropped his legs open wide and let his eyes fall closed, reveling in the slow in-and-out of Greer’s cock as they rocked together. As the pressure built, Greer’s thrusts grew more forceful until his cock hit Eden’s prostate nearly every time.

The goosebumps came back, covering every inch of Eden’s skin even as his pores leaked sweat. He clawed down Greer’s shoulder blades, and Greer moaned, lifting his head.

Greer pushed Eden’s damp bangs back. “Forgot to look at you.”

“’S’okay.”

“This good?”

“Like you said. Heaven.”

Greer smiled. Then slowly his smile slid away as he thrust again, grunting with each snap of his hips.

The pleasure was a delicious, pulsing ache through Eden’s whole body. He got lost in Greer’s sex-drunk gaze and the rhythmic rubbing of his own cock where it was sandwiched between their bodies.

“Scratch me again, baby,” Greer murmured. “Hard.”

Eden complied, clawing into Greer’s back. Greer’s broken moan gave him

the same sort of high that playing with Greer did, so Eden repeated the movement, scratching as hard as he could. Greer whimpered and collapsed into Eden's neck again, clutching him and fucking, fucking, fucking—

Eden arched up, pressing his heel into Greer's lower back, trying to feel as much of his cock as possible. The orgasm hit him like a violent wave. It pulled a scream from him and locked every muscle in a moment of glorious tension as he fell over the edge.

In the afterglow, he shook like a butterfly struggling for purchase but still managed to speak. "Come in me. Need it, Greer. Please." He clenched his oversensitive hole like he'd learned men liked. "Come. Please come."

Greer thrust three more times before he tensed up, growling into Eden's neck as he filled the condom. A pause and then he was kissing Eden, sloppy and wet, but they were both covered in sweat anyway.

Greer ended the kiss and stroked through Eden's hair again, looking at him like he was some prize he'd just won at the carnival. "That was so good, E."

"I'm a trained professional."

Greer frowned, and Eden wondered if this was a bad time to remind Greer he was a whore.

"Shower with me?" Greer asked.

Tentatively, Eden brushed Greer's cheek, the gesture completely foreign to him. Being allowed to touch someone that way—and do it honestly—had him feeling heady. "Yeah, I'll shower with you."

"Then we can watch a movie like you said."

Even with his inner thighs aching and Greer's cock still inside him, Eden experienced a deliciously innocent surge of affection. "Yes. That'll be perfect."

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## THE SECOND FRIDAY

GREER RELIVED every moment he'd spent with Eden—from when he'd first glimpsed him in that pom-pom hat in the parking lot to their sweet and lingering kiss goodbye this afternoon—over and over again into the wee hours of Friday morning. Almost all those moments were perfect in their own way. Some made Greer blush; some made his dick hard. But the one in which Greer had failed to hold Eden's hand in the restaurant... That one made Greer sick. He had to make sure nothing like it ever happened again.

Around three in the morning, lying in bed wide awake, Greer decided it was high time he stopped being a coward anyway. He was going to come out to his friends. That way, it wouldn't matter who saw him with Eden, holding hands or kissing or whatever in the world would make Eden go soft and doe-eyed like he'd been in bed.

Even though it was the middle of the night, Greer shot Camilo a text: *Come over for lunch tomorrow? I got something important to tell you.* He'd need to tell the guys: Ricky, Dan, Erik, and Jonesy. But Greer would be picking up Eden at nine, and Camilo was working till ten every night trying to complete some project before it started snowing. He'd be the easiest to fit in quickly, and he was the most important. Because if Camilo didn't take the news well...

Greer tried not think about that. He tightened the blankets around his shoulders and imagined he was back on Eden's couch, Eden snuggled up to his side while they watched the latest Bond flick.

God, what if they could do that every night? The thought twisted up

Greer, filling him with hope, excitement, and dread all at once. Greer *wanted* that. He'd only just met Eden a week ago, but he'd never been surer of anything in his life. Too bad he was also sure that somehow, he'd fuck it up. He'd say the wrong thing; he'd touch Eden the wrong way; he'd say his real name—*Uriah*—when he wasn't supposed to. And Eden would go cold and mean and dump him like the trash he was.

In the dark, all alone in the house where no one could see him fail to be manly, Greer teared up. He knuckled his nose, trying to make the burn go away, but there was no stopping it. He just needed to sleep. And tomorrow, he'd tell Camilo the truth. He'd see Eden and kiss those pretty lips and everything would be fine again.

---

Greer pulled open the door, revealing Camilo in his orange vest, dirty jeans, and work boots.

“So what’s the big news? You knock somebody up?” Camilo asked.

*Ha. If only.* “Nah. Come sit down. I got us burgers.”

Camilo pointed at Greer as he crossed the threshold. “You the man.”

They sat down at the table to eat. As soon as Camilo got his sandwich unwrapped and his fries dumped on the foil, he stared expectantly at Greer. Either Greer had to come up with a lie—which he could but wouldn't—or he had to come out with the truth.

He swallowed. “So...” Maybe he should have practiced the actual words he was going to use, but it was too late for that now. “You know the escort I’m driving around?”

Camilo picked up his burger. “Course. How could I forget that BJ story?”

“Right. Well...” Greer laughed awkwardly. If he thought he'd been nervous about his date with Eden, that was nothing compared to now. His stomach turned like he was about to spew, and suddenly it felt like a sauna in here. He wiped at his temples. He left his own burger and fries untouched.

Camilo talked with his mouth full. “Come on, man! The suspense is

killing me.”

*Fuck. Just say it. Say it!* “She’s a he. The escort’s a guy.” *Good enough.*

Camilo squinted. He set down his burger and took a drink of his pop, then held up a hand. “Wait a minute. Like you found out she secretly has a dick?”

“No! No. He’s a guy, a male escort. I knew it from the start.”

Camilo’s eyes got distant. It was like he was frozen in time, just staring like he’d totally forgotten about his food. Which was rare for him.

Greer couldn’t take the silence. “I’m bisexual. I still like girls, but I also like guys.”

Camilo unfroze, gaze sliding onto Greer’s. His expression didn’t hold even a hint of his usual good-natured cheer. “You saying you’re queer, man?”

“I’d like it if you didn’t call me queer or fag or anything like that.”

“Damn. Sorry. Shit.” Camilo started eating again at least.

Greer unwrapped his burger but couldn’t make himself do anything more than nibble at a fry.

“So you let a guy blow you?” Camilo asked eventually. “Was that the first time?”

Greer couldn’t help but chuckle. “Nah. I’ve done that many times.”

“Like...how many?”

“Um. You ever heard of Grindr?”

“Yeah.”

“I hook up with guys from there all the time.”

“Damn. I always knew you got a lot of ass, but—”

“Not any more than I tell you about.”

“Oh.”

“I’ve just been saying they’re all girls, but some of them are guys.”

Camilo swiped a fry in his dollop of ketchup before popping it into his

mouth. “Huh.”

“I didn’t mean to freak you out. I just had to tell you.”

“Nah, I’m glad you did. We good. I’m just surprised, that’s all.” Camilo took a deep breath and leaned back in his chair. “You gonna tell the guys?”

Greer dumped his fries out next to his burger. “That’s the plan.”

“Everybody’ll probably be fine with it except maybe Ricky.”

“Yeah, I was thinking that.”

“Well.” Camilo shrugged. “If he’s not fine with it, that’s his problem, right?”

The words, straightforward and honest like Camilo always was, took a huge weight off Greer’s shoulders, and he smiled. “Yeah. That’s right.”

Camilo smiled in return. “I got your back, brother, no matter what. You hear me?”

“Yeah. Back at you, man. Seriously.” It was lucky Greer had gotten the crying out of his system last night; otherwise, he might have teared up then from relief and happiness.

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Eden couldn’t imagine Greer not flipping out tonight. Or if not tonight, some other night when he got jealous of one of the johns. Part of Eden was floating on cloud nine thinking about Greer; he couldn’t eat, sleep, or focus on drawing because all he wanted to do was relive their sex, their cuddling, Greer’s sweet words and gestures. But part of Eden was dead terrified. There was no way this wouldn’t blow up in both their faces at some point.

But did he want to compromise Greer’s job? No. It would need to be Greer’s choice if he wanted to quit. And did Eden want some other guy driving him around? Not really. Messing with Greer between appointments had made this last week...fun. He didn’t want to get to know some new guy and lose out on time with Greer.

To think his first impression of Greer had been a resounding no.

Tonight, Eden would be seeing Alan, his regular, and Michael, the guy into sissification, again. He'd hoped Michael would wait at least a couple of weeks before booking him a second time, but no such luck. Eden fingered the makeup mirror Greer had bought him lovingly before setting it on top of the lingerie in his bag and closing the zipper.

If shit blew up, it blew up, he guessed. He and Greer would just have to deal with it if it happened. Because the only way Eden saw to get ahead of things was for him to quit the agency, and he was not going to do that. He wasn't ready. He didn't have enough money saved up, enough traffic to his website, or enough reader engagement. The ad revenue and reader donations trickling into his bank account were inconsistent and not enough to live on. The money he made from hooking, though... That paid for everything. The basics like food, his nice apartment, web hosting, art supplies, software, the new Mac he'd gotten last year.

Eden didn't want to be poor again. Not like he'd been growing up, his mom a teenager and his grandparents strapped for cash to begin with. Whenever Eden visited his grandmother in Spencer, the water stains on the ceiling and the peeling wallpaper made him cringe.

Eden's phone buzzed. *Here*, Greer texted. And even with all his worries, Eden smiled and bit his lip. *Greer* was here. They'd just seen each other yesterday, but it had been too long.

---

Eden's mouth tingled from Greer's hello kisses as he stared out the window at Alan's front porch. Last time he'd gone in there, it had been like taking out the trash—a necessary act that wasn't bad enough to complain about, but after which it was usually a good idea to wash his hands.

Last time he'd gone in there, he'd been resigned to bad sex forever. Now he'd had the good kind.

“Something wrong, E?”

“Nope.” Eden gave Greer what he hoped was a reassuring smile before pecking him on the mouth. “See you in an hour.”

Eden waited for Greer to show some kind of hostility. A forced smile, that rippling jaw of his, a snappy word. But he looked happier than ever, his eyes crinkled at the corners. “See you in an hour, babe.”

Eden braced himself. He got out of the car, and he rang Alan’s doorbell, and Alan greeted him wearing a sweater vest, plaid button-up, and ill-fitting jeans. They talked about the normal stuff: how Eden’s webcomic was going, the latest argument Alan had had with his daughter. Then there was a new development: Alan had gotten coffee with his ex-husband.

“You don’t usually spend time with him, do you?” Eden asked. He sipped on the tea Alan had made him.

“Only when I absolutely have to such as when it concerns Sophia. But apparently he’s dumped his latest boy-toy, and now he”—Alan made air quotes—“*misses me.*”

Eden smirked. “Who knows? Maybe he’s being sincere.”

“Ben is never sincere.” Alan leaned his head on his fist. “Not like you are, Eden.”

When Alan put his soft, pudgy hands on Eden’s bare hips, Eden did think of Greer. But it was just a passing thought before he got his head in the game, so to speak. The sex was boring and short-lived as expected. The fact that Eden had had the best sex in the world with Greer didn’t change anything. It hadn’t changed *Eden*, hadn’t affected his ability to work. What a relief.

Eden kissed Alan on the cheek before he left, stroking his jaw and salt-and-pepper beard. The wad of cash the last hour had netted him sat securely in his back pocket. “See you soon, Alan. Thank you for the lovely evening.”

“Bye now.”

In the car, Greer was smoking a cigarette, chill as ever. He took a last drag before tossing it out the open window. Then he rolled the window up. “Onwards and upwards? Or is it...outwards?”

Eden rolled his eyes. “The first one, I’m pretty sure. Now find me a parking lot to change in.”

“You got it.”

---

Greer knew by the familiar Carmel address where they were going to next: Mr. Rich-Ass Douche’s house. The fact that Eden looked exactly the same coming out of the last guy’s place as he had going in meant that that guy was fine with Greer. But this next one... Greer remembered what Eden had looked like last time: hair a mess, makeup all smudged. He’d said himself that Mr. Rich-Ass Douche had been rough with him.

As Eden put on his makeup in the back seat, Greer deliberately didn’t look at the rearview. “For the record, I hate this guy.”

“So do I, to be honest.” Greer heard the soft *snick* of Eden’s lipstick cap, then rustling as Eden rummaged in his bag. Another minute, and he was getting out and coming to sit in the passenger’s seat again.

Greer huffed through his nose as he started the car.

“Baby.” Eden touched Greer’s chin and all but forced him to turn his head. “Next time we hang out, I’ll put on my makeup, and *you* can be the one who makes it all messy.”

“I don’t want that.”

Eden’s brows shot up. “You don’t?”

“You like it gentle. He’s rough. I don’t—”

“Greer.” Eden stroked Greer’s bottom lip. “Would you seriously rather him be gentle and have me get off on it?”

Greer hesitated at that but only for half a second. No, he didn’t want Eden getting off with anyone but him. But if the alternative was to have Eden suffer? “Yes, I one hundred percent fucking would, E. You think I’m some asshole?”

Eden stared at Greer for a long time, his gaze unreadable. Then his face broke out into the prettiest smile Greer had ever seen. “I’m so glad I met you.”

Greer’s heart seemed to grow too big for his chest. “Me too.” There was

more he wanted to say. *I like you a lot. Be mine forever. Let's watch movies together every night.* But he kept it locked up for now. He didn't want to freak Eden out with the magnitude of his feelings.

Eden turned away. "I gotta go, babe."

"You want me to come in with you?" Every little lovestruck piece of Greer wanted to go in and stand guard, but this was only his second week on the job. He needed to defer to Eden.

"I'm good." Eden patted Greer on the cheek. He didn't kiss him, but maybe it was so he wouldn't mess up his lipstick. "I'll be back before you know it."

Greer watched Eden disappear into the mansion and hoped his sense of impending doom was an overreaction. But when it hadn't dissipated a few minutes later, he decided it wasn't worth the risk. Gun in his coat pocket, he ran up the mansion's front steps and was relieved to find Eden hadn't locked the door behind him.

---

Michael hadn't paid him yet. That thought was at the forefront of Eden's mind as Michael rammed his cock down his throat, activating his nearly dormant gag reflex three times before he got his eyes to water.

"Beautiful." Michael yanked Eden up by the hair, then flung him toward the bed. "I'm going to destroy that pussy."

*Great.* Eden buried his scowling face in the mattress.

What if Michael didn't pay him at all? It was true, Eden didn't always take payment beforehand. But Michael had been pretty pushy about paying last time, and that was with Greer present making his serious face.

Michael pulled down Eden's panties, then gave him a hard slap on the ass. When he shoved in his cock, it was violent and unceremonious—thank God Eden had stealth-slicked his hole in the car earlier.

"You like that, you little sissy bitch? You like being split open on my giant cock?"

“I love it.” Eden pushed back into Michael’s thrusts even though it hurt a little. “Fuck me with your big cock. Oh yeah. Oh yeah.”

With Eden’s last driver, a client not paying wasn’t a big deal. Eden went outside and told him about it, and five minutes later, they had their money and Eden had another client he refused to see. But Greer...

Eden liked him, he really did. He trusted him, felt safe in his arms. But the doubts he’d had about Greer’s ability to protect him that first day lingered despite all that. Greer was too skinny; he was too sweet. And on top of that, he liked Eden too much. What if it went the other way and Greer did something stupid to get the money? What if instead of just threatening Michael, he actually hurt him? Shot him?

“You won’t be able to walk when I’m done with you.” Michael hit Eden’s ass again, hard enough to make him wince. “Sissy boys like you deserve to be annihilated.”

*Jesus.* What the fuck was Michael’s problem? Eden didn’t know how to respond to such vicious, vile words, so he didn’t say anything.

---

Greer put his ear to the wall and heard about what he’d expected. Eden begging and screaming yes enthusiastically. Mr. Rich-Ass Douche seeming never to shut up (though his voice was too deep and gravelly for Greer to make out the words). The mattress creaking and a rhythmic thudding, probably the headboard hitting the wall.

What Greer didn’t hear was anything “weird.” It was all just porno sounds. At least if Eden could yell coherently, he was more than likely fine, and Greer was in here for no reason aside from maybe to torture himself.

When Eden opened the door a long while later, Greer started. He was on the floor, but he stood immediately. “Sorry, I couldn’t—”

“It’s fine.” Eden closed the door behind him and bit his bottom lip, seemingly contemplating something. Eventually, he leaned in close and whispered, “He didn’t pay me.”

“What?” Greer all but yelled.

Eden gave him an exasperated look, the harshness of his gaze not even a little bit diminished by his war-torn makeup. “Do you have your gun or not?”

Greer pulled the gun out of his pocket, holding it up for Eden to see.

“Good,” Eden hissed. “Ask him first. If he refuses to pay up, scare him a little. But don’t do anything fucking dumb. If he doesn’t pay after he sees the gun, there’s nothing we can do.”

Greer imagined pistol-whipping the son of a bitch, but that probably qualified as dumb. “Trust me, okay? I’ll get you your money.”

Eden stepped away from the door, wrapping his arms around his own lithe frame. Despite his thoroughly dry trench coat, the poor thing looked like a stray come in from the rain. It wasn’t right that he had to get close to all these scummy guys. But working as an escort was Eden’s choice, and Greer had a job too.

Hiding the gun in his large coat pocket, thumb on the safety and finger on the trigger, Greer opened the bedroom door. “That’ll be six hundred dollars.” *Asshole.*

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“Didn’t even have to get my gun out. Guy’s a pussy.”

From his place in the passenger’s seat as they drove down Keystone Parkway, Eden tried to ignore the thoroughly inappropriate arousal making him hot all over. His body was too tired and achy to fuck, and he shouldn’t be turned on by Greer doing nothing more than his job. “You know, calling a guy a pussy ’cause you think he’s weak is misogynistic.”

“Oh, whatever. What the fuck am I supposed to call him then?”

“Weak.”

Greer scoffed, and Eden repositioned his trench coat to better hide his hard-on.

They drove in silence for a while. Eden watched the night lights whiz past his window and waited for his body to calm down, but it was as if the throbbing in his dick was intensifying with every second. *What the hell?*

“You’re quiet,” said Greer. “Did I do something wrong?”

“No, you were perfect.” And he had been. Eden had stood back while Greer projected a ruthless and intimidating demeanor, all while speaking calmly and keeping his gun out of sight, though Eden had been able to tell he was prepared to bring it out if necessary. He hadn’t let his hatred for Michael get in the way, hadn’t done anything dumb. No big deal. Perfect. “What would you have done if Michael had refused?”

“Exactly what you said. Brought out the gun, maybe clicked off the safety for show. I could have put the barrel to his head, but I dunno. You think that’s too risky?”

“Maybe. I don’t know much about guns.”

“Too risky,” said Greer.

Eden shifted in his seat. “I was worried you’d be jealous and crazy tonight.”

Greer gave a surprised-sounding laugh. “Really?”

“I’ve heard horror stories from other escorts.”

“Baby. Come on.” Greer glanced at Eden, then did a double take, reaching out to touch his cheek.

Eden flinched away.

“You’re flushed,” said Greer.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh my God. Are you turned on right now? Are you turned on ’cause I got your money for you?”

“Shut up.”

Greer’s laugh was contagious.

Eden hid his smile behind his hand. “I’m too sore to do anything.”

“Fair enough. Although I could— Never mind, not trying to pressure you.”

But now Eden had to know. “What? Tell me.”

“I could blow you. You know, if you want.”

Eden’s dick, trapped uncomfortably in his panties, gave an interested twitch. “That might be cool.” God, had he ever been less articulate in his life?

It was a straight shot to the exit that led to Eden’s apartment building, but Greer took an earlier one.

Anticipation swelled in Eden’s stomach. “Where are we going?”

“Somewhere I can put your dick in my mouth.”

“Jesus.” Eden folded against the window as another surge of arousal rushed through him.

They ended up in the parking lot of a school. At this time of night and on the weekend, it was barren.

Greer parked at the edge away from any lights and turned to Eden. “Let’s untie that trench coat, hmm?”

“Okay.” Eden started on the knot, but Greer finished for him. Together, they got his panties to his knees, then Eden’s cock was free, pointing up toward the car’s roof. The seat was soft against his bare bottom.

Greer set his gun on the dash. “Been dying to taste you.”

“You’re always dying for me.”

“That’s the truth. You’re rare, baby. Precious.”

“No, I’m not.” Eden was just a guy with good genes. He wasn’t anything special. But as Greer took his hand and kissed him on the knuckles, he felt a little like he might be.

Then Greer took Eden’s cock in his mouth.

Eden sighed happily. Again, this was a thing a few clients had done to him, and again, Greer’s touch was completely different than any client’s would be. Hot, wet, soft, gentle. Greer lapped slowly at the head, bracing himself with one hand on Eden’s bare thigh. As he sunk deeper onto Eden’s length, he fingered Eden’s clean-shaven balls, and Eden whimpered, closing

his eyes.

Eden set a hand on Greer's beanie-covered head. This was everything. A man who sincerely wanted to bring him pleasure and for nothing in return. Maybe Eden's time and attention, but Eden longed to give Greer that. He was hungry for him, hungry for this pleasure and safety he'd never felt with anyone.

Greer pulled off. "Can I finger you? Or will that hurt?"

Eden debated with himself for about half a second. "Use lube. In my bag. The, uh, black bottle. Silicone." It was a pity Greer had to leave him for even a moment, but Eden busied himself putting his trench coat underneath him to prevent making a mess of Greer's car.

When Greer returned, he immediately drizzled lube onto his fingers. He leaned over Eden's groin again, taking his cock past his lips as he slid his slick fingers under and behind Eden's balls.

Eden shifted as best he could to make things easier. But as soon as Greer's finger breached his hole, all logic left him.

"Good," Eden mumbled, toes curling inside his black heels. "So good." When Greer pushed in a second finger and Eden's cock bumped the back of Greer's throat, Eden nearly sobbed from how good it felt. He held the back of Greer's head and only just managed not to push him down. "Deep throat it. God, please."

Greer did. And he sped up, making wet, sloppy sounds as he took Eden down to the root over and over, pumping his fingers in and out of Eden's hole.

When Greer pulled off again, Eden groaned.

"You wanna gag me, baby?" Greer asked. "Hold my head down till I choke on you? Just a couple times. Please."

It was as if Greer had told Eden he'd won the lottery. "Fuck yes."

Greer dove back in. After a few bobs of his head, Eden pushed Greer's skull down, holding him there until he felt Greer jerk as he gagged.

The high was like nothing else. Eden was so close to coming. And Greer

was still shoving his fingers inside him, hitting his sweet spot with every other thrust.

“I’m gonna come in your throat, baby.” Eden watched his cock move in and out of Greer’s hot mouth. “I’m gonna come while you gag on me.”

Greer moaned, and the vibrations had Eden whimpering.

“Fuck.” Eden rubbed the back of Greer’s head. “Fuck, you feel so good.” When he was sure he was about to come, he forced Greer’s head down again. The rush of power, the tight heat, the pressure against his prostate... The sensations had him erupting into Greer’s throat. Eden held him down all through his orgasm, his hips shaking as he spilled and spilled. When he was done, he loosened his hold, and Greer pulled off, gasping and coughing.

Eden bent an arm behind his head. “Damn.”

“I’m so fuckin’ hard, E.”

“Don’t you dare come.” Eden pointed at Greer. “Don’t you touch yourself.”

“Fuck.” Greer fell back into his own seat, skull hitting the headrest as he took several heaving breaths. “Fuck, that’s hot, you not letting me come.”

Eden was too euphoric to keep his mouth in check. “If you stay the night again, I might.”

“Yeah?” Greer panted softly as he slid his gaze onto Eden. “You really wanna do that so soon?”

Embarrassment niggled very slightly under Eden’s afterglow. “Not if you don’t.”

“I do.”

Eden smiled. “That’s settled then.” He thought about pulling his panties back up but decided he could do that once his cock had softened a bit more.

“E.”

“Yeah?”

Greer’s eyes filled with something unfamiliar. “I really like you.”

*Oh.* “I like you too.”

“I told Camilo about you. Told him I was bi, and he was okay with it. Maybe some of my friends won’t be, but I don’t care. Next time you try to hold my hand in public, it won’t be a problem.”

Eden would never have asked Greer to do that. But the fact that he had made Eden’s nose burn and put a little moisture into his eyes. “I really appreciate that.” He reached out a hand, and Greer took it.

Later, they stood outside Eden’s apartment building while Greer smoked. Eden wore Greer’s felt coat over his shoulders to shield himself from the cold night.

Greer seemed unaffected by the temperature. “So are we going to do this for real?”

“What do you mean, ‘for real’?”

“Like, I don’t hookup with anyone else, and you don’t hookup with anyone off the job except me.” The cherry of Greer’s cigarette burned red-orange as he took a drag. “If it’s too soon, I can wait, but I only want you.”

Eden didn’t want to go into it: how being sexually attracted to anyone was so terrifically rare for him and how Greer was some kind of special fucking snowflake for even getting this close. But he wanted him to get it. “I’ve only been sexually attracted to one other person in my whole life: my best friend from elementary school until a few years ago, but he was straight. I don’t really want any of my clients either, even when I get hard during appointments or come. That’s just my body reacting; it’s either involuntary, or I’ve trained it so the men don’t complain. Am I making sense?”

Greer was silent for a few drags. “Yeah, I think so.”

“I was so scared I wouldn’t be able to get hard for you. But I don’t have to worry about that because I want you. And yeah, it’s only been a week, but I can tell you’re a good guy. You’d never hurt me or slap me around or say any of the fucked-up shit Michael said to me tonight.”

“Of course I wouldn’t. What’d he say?”

“That’s not the point. Fuck Michael.”

In the glow from the parking lot lamp overhead, Greer’s jaw visibly clenched.

Eden stroked over the muscle. “Stop that. I won’t be taking any more appointments with him.”

“Good.”

“Are you really okay with me being an escort?”

Greer flicked his cigarette onto the pavement and snuffed it out with his shoe. “I’m okay with you doing whatever you need to do. I’m not about changing people.”

Maybe Eden was being naive, but he believed Greer. He trusted him. Who knew what he’d done to deserve this man who was both strong and genuine, masculine and sweet.

He pulled Greer into a kiss. “Let’s go inside, baby.”

Above them, the stars twinkled faintly, battling with the lights from the city as Eden and Greer made their way across the parking lot and to the entrance of Eden’s building.

## EPILOGUE

*One year later*

URIAH MANAGED to keep the grin off his face until he'd stepped out of the house of his very last client. Then the happiness picked him up like an incredibly welcome tornado, and he ran in his heels down the fancy driveaway to Greer's car.

Greer was grinning too. "So what's it like not being an escort anymore?"

"Amazing!" Breathlessly, Uriah took his place in the passenger's seat. Leaning against the window, he closed his eyes and reveled in the happy feeling. As much as he wasn't going to like Greer driving around some other escort, the fact that he was now supporting himself via his webcomic was nothing short of surreal. Plus, the bond he had with Greer was one of a kind, and any escort would be lucky to have Greer as a thoroughly platonic driver.

At home, they got out the bottle of champagne they'd bought for this occasion. A few months ago, Uriah had moved into Greer's house, and it now bore his feminine touch in the form of frilly curtains, a floral tablecloth, and stenciled metallic quotes on the walls. In the kitchen next to the refrigerator, gold letters spelled out a quote by Oscar Wilde: "With freedom, books, flowers, and the moon, who could not be happy?"

Uriah leaned against a kitchen counter. "Are you relieved?"

Greer sipped at his champagne. "What do you mean?"

"Are you happy I'm not going to be taking other guys' cocks now?"

Greer gave him a long-suffering look. "You know how I feel about it,

baby. I'm glad you're not doing it anymore since you didn't want to do it anymore. But if you'd have wanted to be an escort till we were eighty, I'd have been fine with it."

Uriah searched Greer's gaze, but like always, he found only honesty there.

He smiled. "I love you."

"I love you too." In the soft kitchen lighting, Greer's eyes twinkled, as did the rhinestones in his ears. How lucky Uriah was to have him and his precious face. How lucky he was to have finally achieved his dream of living off his art. He knew it wouldn't be easy going forward; nothing ever was. But the hope in his chest told him everything would be fine, and he wasn't alone. He had Greer.

"So that party with your friends tomorrow night..." Uriah downed the rest of his champagne and came closer to hook a finger in Greer's belt loop. "On a scale of one to ten, how freaked out do you think they'd be if I showed up in a dress?"

Greer's eyes crinkled. Uriah had hung out around his friends multiple times now, and aside from the occasional awkward comment, they had been very accepting of him. Even Ricky, the one Greer had been the most worried about, seemed not to have a problem with him or Greer's sexuality.

"I think if they don't like the dress, they can shut the fuck up," Greer said lightheartedly. He put his hand on Uriah's hip. "That red one..."

"Oh, you want me to wear the red one?"

"Mmm." Greer set down his glass so he could roam both hands over Uriah. "And you can wear those see-through boy shorts underneath."

Uriah's groin throbbed, but he needed to get clean before he let Greer have him. It was time to wash off makeup he'd put on for another man one last time.

"Let's take a shower," he whispered before giving Greer a kiss. "Then you can fuck me in my negligee."

"Sounds good to me."

In the shower, they soaped each other up and Uriah scrubbed away his makeup. Once they were clean and dry, they headed for their bedroom, and Uriah put on his pink negligee and the pink panties Greer had once stolen from his duffel bag and jerked off to.

Greer pulled Uriah to him, grinding his hard bare cock against the pink satin, under which Uriah's own rock-hard dick pulsed. "I love you, E."

"Don't call me E anymore."

Greer kissed up Uriah's throat. "You got it. Uriah," he said in one ear. "Uriah," he breathed into the other. Greer lifted him and set him on the bed, and Uriah spread his legs. His nose burned as he realized he would never have to spread his legs for another man ever again, and he would never have to pretend he liked something he didn't.

Now, though, he liked it. Giving himself up to Greer was always comfortable.

Greer slid the panties down Uriah's legs. "Something wrong?"

"No, I'm just really happy."

Greer stroked his cheek. "So am I. Sometimes I don't think you get how happy you make me."

But Uriah did get it. He felt in Greer's every look and touch, his every kind and caring word. He even felt it when they argued, though that was seldom and they always made up in the end.

Greer nudged Uriah's hole with his cock and slowly pushed inside him. Though Greer always used a condom, they planned to get freshly tested soon so they could fuck bare. Uriah couldn't wait.

"Feel good?" Greer asked, gaze locked on Uriah's.

Uriah wrapped his legs around Greer's waist and held his face with both hands. "Feels perfect. You and me, babe."

"You and me. Always."

As Greer held eye contact, he picked up a rhythm, and desire and affection flooded Uriah's system.

It didn't take long for him to reach his peak tonight, and Greer came with him, giving a sexy, strangled moan as he shoved himself deep into Uriah.

Afterward, Uriah lay with his back to Greer's sweaty chest. "I think I'll throw out my sketchbooks," he said.

"What?" Greer asked, panic lacing his voice. "You can't get rid of the stiletto drawing."

Uriah looked back at Greer over his shoulder. "What are you going to do, keep it in your wallet?"

"I will."

Uriah giggled. "You will not. But fine, you can keep that one."

Greer kissed him behind his ear. "Thank you. Love you in stilettos. Love you in sneakers, love you in nothing..."

Uriah shook his head fondly, and a satisfied grin spread his lips.

ALSO BY LYSS EM

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lyss Em writes M/M erotic romance for readers craving intense chemistry, passionate kink, and a happily ever after. She doesn't shy away from the edgier forms of kink in her work and follows her characters wherever they go, no matter how twisted their paths.

In her free time, Lyss fancies herself a connoisseur of “trash”—devouring high-heat M/M romances with tropes like enemies to lovers and dubious consent. When not reading or writing, she works as a freelance editor for romance and erotica authors. Lyss is nonbinary and has no preferred pronouns—any are fine.

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