



DOLLHOUSE *DS* SOCIETY



ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

A Dollhouse Society Holiday Short

By

Jay Ellison

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“Fuck, yeah, that feels so good,” Devon said. He ran both wet hands down Malcolm’s back, massaging the slick, strong muscles there and grunted as Malcolm wrecked yet another upward thrust deep inside his body. Shower water beat against Malcolm’s back, creating a shimmering veil of droplets that caught Devon in the face each time Malcolm’s powerful thrusts forced Devon’s back up the slick, tiled wall of their custom-built, walk-in shower.

Malcolm nipped the front of his throat. “Like that, my pet?” he growled familiarly and pressed his smile into the side of Devon’s throat as he worked them both up to climax, hard and fast, the way Devon preferred. He was not a patient man by nature. He worked hard and fast, and he came hard and fast.

“Bloody hell,” Devon groaned as Malcolm sucked in a bite of supersensitive skin just under his ear and slid his greedy hand around Devon’s ramrod stiff cock. Through half closed eyes, Devon watched their shadows merging and writhing on the wall opposite. Then he dropped his eyes to the man he loved, the water beading and sluicing in rivulets down the cleft between Malcolm’s pecs, wetting the mat of curly dark hair there, sprinkled with virile silver.

Malcolm had never much favored his own appearance. He thought he was too fat, too hairy, too old, too much of everything disagreeable, though Devon had repeatedly tried to assure him he was perfect, everything he wanted, everything he needed. But Malcolm was a stubborn old git—perhaps not traditionally handsome, but still beautiful inside, generous, loving. And he could fuck like a bunny, even for a man in his mid-fifties. Devon sometimes had trouble keeping up with him, especially when he got into the adult toy chest they kept in their bedroom.

Devon’s eyes then dropped to his hand resting on his gentleman’s shoulder. Over the nearly ten years of their relationship, Malcolm had bought him so many items of jewelry that almost every one of his fingers bore a ring, all of different, but equal, significance. Except the ring finger on his right hand, which was deliberately bare, though Malcolm had never questioned Devon’s eccentricity. Perhaps it had not occurred to him that Brits wore their wedding rings on their right hands.

Malcolm gripped his ass as they fucked, massaged the firmness of his flesh. Devon raised his hips and Malcolm plunged home—deeper, harder, than even Devon was used to. He gasped at the depth and intensity. It had been a very long time since they had enjoyed such rough sex outside the Dollhouse. Devon came with a lunge in that moment, grunting and gripping Malcolm’s shoulders, his come gushing against Malcolm’s thick but solid belly, and Malcolm growled and came deep inside his body, filling him, subjugating him, loving him as only Malcolm was capable of.

Out beyond their penthouse apartment, they heard the bells of St. Patrick's ringing, indicating midnight. Christmas Eve was officially over, and Christmas Day had begun. Devon wondered if anything would change between them today...after he asked Malcolm to marry him.

When Devon Grayson was sixteen years old, and Malcolm Sloan thirty-six, Devon tried to lift his wallet. Malcolm was standing in line for an early screening of *The Eternal Sunshine of a Spotless Mind* in Times Square with his date Richard when the young ruffian lurched into him from behind. Malcolm, a native New Yorker, immediately knew what that meant.

"Shit," he breathed under his breath, and Richard looked over at him in question. Malcolm clapped his trouser pockets, turned and searched the crowd with narrow eyes. He spotted what looked like a young fence with canary yellow hair elbowing through the crowds of people.

He considered pursuing the kid for exactly one-point-five seconds, then realized he would never, ever catch the kid. He wasn't in bad shape, but the kid was lean and determined, and he moved between passersby like greased lightning. Instead, he reached for his cell phone and put a call in to the police.

He didn't expect anything to come of it. Nothing usually did. But he had recently been promoted to VP of Harper House, the second biggest publisher in New York (in fact, he was here tonight to celebrate his promotion with Richard) and he didn't anticipate that when he told the police his name, they would scramble like dogfighters to retrieve his lost property.

Two hours later, as he and Richard were sitting down at a private VIP table at the Royal, a very exclusive bistro on Central Park West, his cell rang again. The police had caught the pickpocket.

Malcolm went downtown to retrieve his lost property. The Chief of Police was there, and he treated Malcolm like royalty. For Malcolm, who had spent over ten years as a middleman, editing and marketing his way up the ranks, the reaction was strangely intoxicating.

"If you want to press charges, we'll send the bugger up the river. He already has a rap sheet a mile long," the chief informed him. His mouth was virtually watering at the prospects of sticking it to the kid.

Malcolm gave it exactly three seconds of thought. He had always been a decisive man, the main reason he had climbed to the top of the dog pile in this town. He knew what he wanted, and he wasn't afraid to go after it. "No," he said, though he had no idea what exactly was prompting him to be so compassionate tonight. "I don't think so."

Maybe it was the promotion, the buoyant feeling of power he was experiencing, and the gnawing feeling at the back of his mind that with great power comes great responsibility, as clichéd as that sounded. Maybe it was just his upbringing—he had been raised by a single mother who had worked as a hotel maid for forty years to give him an education and a chance at a better life than she'd had. He felt he still owed his mother by doing something good for others.

Whatever the reason, something about the situation bothered him. "I'd like to see the kid."

The chief raised his bushy eyebrows in surprise. "As you will," he said and led Malcolm out into the main holding cells.

They had put the pickpocket in the drunk tank instead of the pen. Malcolm soon realized why.

He was young, and rail thin, and poor, and ragged. A strong wind could have knocked him over, and he wouldn't have lasted a minute at the hands of an angry New York rough. He looked cold in an Army surplus jacket that didn't really fit his rangy limbs. His nails were black with grime and his knuckles broken and bleeding from the cold. His combat boots were full of newspaper. Malcolm immediately knew he had made the right decision.

The kid gave Malcolm a wary look as the chief let him inside the tank. Three other drunks lay snoring against the walls, but none of them stirred as Malcolm approached the boy sitting on the bottom bunk, scraping at the grime on his thumbnail.

For Devon Grayson, Malcolm Sloan epitomized everything he hated in this world. The bloke looked bloody rich and arrogant, the typical New York Wall Street type, forgettable in a large crowd. He was of medium height and build, with brown hair professionally tousled and grey eyes. He was built solid, and doing the best he could with his negligible good looks, but he didn't look especially dangerous. Still, Devon shrank back on the bunk as the man approached. He had learned through hard experience that looks could often be very deceiving. You couldn't trust anyone, not even your old man.

Malcolm offered the kid his hand and his name. “We weren’t properly introduced when you stole my wallet,” he said and Devon stared at the offered hand. Generally speaking, people avoided touching him unless they absolutely had to, or they were paying for it.

“Whatever, gov,” Devon said dismissively.

Malcolm blinked. The kid was giving him a bored, worldly expression, but his eyes told another story. He could tell the kid had been there. He was scared. And hungry. And bitter. Under all the grime and flippant bravado, the kid was frightened half to death that Malcolm would put him away, where he’d be roughly processed through the system and probably spend the next six months being violated by his cellmate. “You’re British,” Malcolm said in an attempt to calm the kid.

“What difference does it make?” the kid asked. “You like dicking limeys?”

Malcolm sat down beside the kid, who immediately inched away. “I’m just wondering why you’re so far from home. London, isn’t it?”

“You some social worker?”

“No.”

“Then why the fuck d’you care?”

“Settle down, punk,” the chief said from the other side of the bars.

Malcolm turned to him and said, “Could you leave us alone a moment?”

“With him?” The chief looked appalled.

“Do you really think he’s capable of doing anything to me?” Malcolm asked.

With a shrug, the chief walked away.

Malcolm turned back to the kid with the canary yellow hair. Under the grime and panic, he was beautiful, and he had amazing, cornflower blue eyes. He resisted the urge to pat the boy’s knee. He didn’t do jailbait. “Look, pet, I know you’ve probably been through hell. But some advice? If

you're going to pick a pocket, you might not want to dye your hair Tweety Bird color. It makes you stand out."

"Sure, gov," the kid said, staring at his feet. "You pick pockets?" He made it sound sarcastic, but Malcolm could tell he was genuinely curious.

"I used to, when I was younger. I didn't have much to eat, growing up."

"I know how that is. Your folks beat you too?"

Malcolm felt a spike of sickness in his belly. He wished there was something more he could do, but he wasn't sure what that was, and he'd decided taking the kid home with him wouldn't be the wisest move. With a sigh, he dug out the thousand dollars he had secreted away in a hidden compartment of his coat pocket, kept there as emergency money (say, for instance, for when someone lifted his wallet) and laid it on the bunk beside the kid. "Buy yourself some food, some better clothes, and go to a shelter tonight, all right? There's one down on Madison Avenue, near the Laundromat. There will be snow tonight, and you'll be cold out there, and I don't want to have to worry about you. Will you do that?"

The kid looked at the money but didn't immediately touch it. He said in a low voice, "You didn't answer my question, gov. Why the hell do you care?"

"Jesus, kid," Malcolm said as he stood up. "Why wouldn't I?"

The kid looked up. Malcolm knew from the police report that his name was Devon Grayson, he was sixteen years old, and he had an arrest record for pickpocketing, assault, and prostitution. Jesus. Malcolm feared what would become of him in this town.

Impulsively, he brushed his thumb across the grime on Devon's cheek. "I gotta get out of here before I break the law." He winked at Devon. "Try and make something of yourself, kid."

That night, as Malcolm made love to Richard on his new king-sized bed in the new penthouse apartment he had recently leased, he felt the satisfaction of having done a good deed—of having done the kid right.

Devon.

Devon Grayson. A sixteen-year-old juvenile delinquent from the East End of London.

He did not expect to ever see Devon Grayson again. In fact, he knew it in his heart.

But he was wrong.

When Malcolm Sloan was forty-one years old, he came home early to his penthouse apartment one day to find Shane, the guy he'd dumped Richard for three years ago, in bed with their housekeeper, Juanita. Malcolm wasn't sure what hurt more, the fact that Shane was a cheater or that Shane had lied about not being bi.

"Malc, wait!" Shane, a marketing exec originally from Kentucky, shouted.

Malcolm threw his briefcase at Shane's head. Shane ducked in time, and his briefcase collided with a bedside lamp, knocking it to the floor. The briefcase popped open, scattering papers.

Malcolm felt a wash of relief. Despite his lover's infidelity, he didn't really want to hurt Shane. It had never been his way. He even felt a little ashamed for reacting so childishly. His mother, God rest her soul, had once told him that a real man knows how to control himself as well as his environment. The philosophy had served him well in life. Maybe not in love, but definitely in business.

Shane continued to call after him, but Malcolm had slammed out of the penthouse in anger and frustration. He took a cab to a posh hotel on Central Park West run by a friend of his from the Dollhouse Society. Udo, his friend, had a courtesan where Malcolm did not—not yet, anyway.

He had thought about making Shane his courtier at one point, early on in their relationship, but something had stopped him. Shane was just as alpha as he was. Were they not lovers, they would have been mortal enemies. As it was, their fights left holes punched in the walls of Malcolm's bedroom. That's what had held him back—or, at least, that's what he had told himself. But now he finally realized the real reason he and Shane didn't click. Underneath it all, he didn't really trust Shane, not the way a gentleman and a courtier needed to trust each other to have a solid relationship. Malcolm wanted a courtier he could trust, one he could take care of, one who didn't mind exploring their sexual boundaries...someone he didn't have to watch like a hawk.

Udo ran a very exclusive, high-end bordello out of his hotel. Malcolm had not had very many occasions to avail himself of Udo's services, but tonight seemed just right. The sex workers were handpicked by Udo and clean of drug use or STD's. Udo ran a very tight ship. After Malcolm arrived (he had an open VIP invitation, seeing how they were both members of the Society), he called down for the package deal.

It occurred to him, while he waited for one of Udo's boys to arrive, that he was only cheating on Shane because Shane had cheated on him, and that was a pretty childish attitude to take, but at the moment, Malcolm just didn't care. He didn't believe in committing unnecessary violence, and he didn't drink—the man who had been his father (he used the term lightly) had been a chronic alcoholic who'd left his pregnant teen mother when he was still *in utero*. That man had died drunk and penniless in the gutter.

But he did like sex. A lot of it. He liked the release, the way orgasm melted away the stress and violence within him, the way it left him in control of himself and his environment. And, after all, it was obvious his and Shane's relationship was broken.

Udo called to inform Malcolm that he was sending up one of his newest studs. The young man was clean, good and expensive, just the way Malcolm preferred his lays.

Malcolm was in the magnificently tiled, Grecian washroom when the boy arrived. He stepped out of the room, tying the knot on his silken dressing gown, and immediately recognized Udo's new stud, who was standing by the desk and unzipping his leather jacket.

It was Devon Grayson.

For a moment, Malcolm wondered if he was only *hoping* he was seeing Devon Grayson after all these years. But no...it was him, though he had changed, matured. He was taller and more filled out. His hair was still blond (though not canary-colored, more natural and subdued, a rich caramel color) and his eyes still clear and blue like a Caribbean sky. His complexion, once so icy-white and cold, had been professionally tanned to a butternut color. He was bare-chested and oiled to a hairless sheen under the leather jacket. He was, to put it mildly, beautiful and utterly fuckable.

Devon said, "I know you. You're that bloke. The gov."

“Hello, Tweety Bird,” Malcolm said. The desire was there inside him, rough and hard. He had only felt such desire once before, his teenage crush, their first time. It had been five years since he’d spoken to this boy. That made Devon...twenty-one.

They stared at each other from across the hotel suite, Devon shyly, Malcolm less so. Then Malcolm, acting on a rare but powerful impulse, crossed the room and took Devon in his arms. He smelled the oils of his leather, the sweetness of his hair and body, the musky, spicy scent that was just him, just Devon, and spun him around so Devon’s belly was pressed against the edge of the desk.

Devon was a professional. He braced himself on the edge, and as he did so, his firm ass jutted up, whether intentionally or not. Malcolm wanted to believe it wasn’t just part of his training, that he was offering himself up to Malcolm.

Devon watched over one shoulder as Malcolm gripped him by the hips and undid his belt and jeans in a frenzy of anticipation. “Let me fuck that sexy ass off you,” Malcolm said, surprised by his own lusty aggression, and dropped to his knees to lick the length of the boy’s bare ass crack.

Devon immediately groaned and thrust back impulsively against him. “Please, yes,” he answered breathlessly. “Fuck me hard and make me come, gov.”

He wanted to be gentle. He didn’t want to hurt this boy. But the need to be inside him was overwhelming. He knew he would come in a matter of seconds, just from that one taste. He bounded to his feet and undid the belt of his robe, and before Devon could say anything more, before he could even react, Malcolm pinned the upper half of his body to the top of the desk and shoved the hard, hugely swollen head of his shaft deep inside him.

Devon’s body fit him like a glove, like it had been made for him. Devon gasped even as Malcolm buried himself to the hilt in the boy’s sweet ass. Devon immediately tightened down around his girth, and before long, Malcolm found himself digging his fingers into the buttery soft flesh of Devon’s hips as he pounded away at him in an animal-like frenzy of pure lust.

Devon grunted at each impact, the force of it shoving him roughly against the edge of the desk before dragging his hips back so he was ready for another assault. Malcolm’s balls slammed his ass so loudly the sound nearly drowned out the mewling noises that Devon was making. He

clawed the surface of the desk with his nicely polished nails, leaving shockingly deep grooves there as Malcolm released his lust, anger and frustration inside his body.

The violence of his need both shocked and worried Malcolm. He had never been this way with Shane, or even Richard, whom he sometimes regretted leaving. He breathed roughly into Devon's hair as he fucked the boy hard and fast. His fucking finally grew so savage that Devon screeched with pleasure and came hard against the surface of the desk. Malcolm growled, buried his cock deep inside his lover's ass, and came with a violent shiver that rippled through his body and into Devon's.

He felt like a shit when it was over and they had managed to collapse onto the bed together. Malcolm prided himself on being a good lover, on putting his lover's needs above his own. He was never this greedy or self-serving, and he was almost never this violent or demanding in his lovemaking. But something in Devon had wrenched the lust from him, had torn his emotional guts out and laid them bare.

He sexed the boy a second time on the bed, gently this time, going slow and watching Devon's face for his reactions, for what he liked. Watching him come was like watching an angel descent to earth. Afterward, he lay holding Devon, kissing away the beads of sweat clinging to his hair and the odd tear on his cheek. He kissed Devon hungrily, as if he meant to feed at the boy's mouth, swallow the air he breathed. He pressed himself against Devon's rangy but strong body. Finally, he sought words. "I told you to make something of yourself, pet," he whispered angrily against Devon's ear.

"I did, gov. I did." Devon looked on Malcolm curiously, as if he were speaking another language. "Udo's a great bloke. Doesn't lay a hand on me, or any of the other boys."

"Oh, Devon," Malcolm said, sounding angry even to himself. "Is that why you came here to America? Did your family...did they hurt you?"

Devon shifted away from him and sat up. "It's no concern of yours, is it?" He reached for a clove cigarette in his clothes.

Malcolm bit his lip and watched the boy light up. "You deserve better than this."

Devon's shoulders sagged. "This is all there is."

"Come here."

Devon did, and together they shared the clove, Malcolm's first. Malcolm then gathered him in his arms and pulled him gently against the front of his body so Devon was sitting in his lap. Devon guided Malcolm's already stiffening cock into his hole and started rocking against him. He closed his eyes and grunted as he took as much of Malcolm's substantial cock as he could.

"You are so fucking beautiful. You could be an actor, a model," Malcolm said, passing both hands over Devon's face and hair. "Devon. Or maybe *Devon*, like divine," he mused, kissing Devon tenderly, tasting sweet clove on his breath.

Devon laughed, a hollow, unhappy sound. "I'll be whatever you want tonight, gov," he told Malcolm as they kissed.

The following morning, Malcolm was up before the boy was—not surprising, since he had all but worn Devon out. He dressed in the near dark of the hotel suite and left a ten-thousand dollar tip lying on the desk, atop the scratches that Devon had made. He told himself he was going home to try and fix his and Shane's relationship. He owed his lover that much, at least. A second chance.

But the truth was, he didn't like what Devon did to him. He didn't like the loss of control he experienced in Devon's arms. Devon was like Kryptonite to him.

As he was slipping out the door, Devon turned over in bed and pulled the coverlet around his bare shoulders. He narrowed his sleep-softened eyes. "Until we meet again, gov," he said and wet back to sleep.

When Malcolm Sloan was forty-six years old, his boyfriend of six months, Warren, took him to a runway show down in SoHo for Fashion Week. The show was being held in a huge, renovated warehouse on the East River, and only VIP's were attending.

Honestly, it wasn't Malcolm's scene. Maybe he was getting old, or maybe he was just overworked from all but running Harper House on his own, but somehow, he'd lost his appetite for these high-profile, flamboyant affairs. More and more often, he thought about settling down, really settling down with a partner, a family. Of course, the Dollhouse Society would keep the flame awake in their relationship, but he didn't want anything more than that anymore.

Anything Warren dragged him off to was apt to be fun, but shallow. Warren himself was fun, but shallow, and even Warren was the first to admit to that. He reveled in it. He dressed like George Hamilton (cravats and sailing suits), wouldn't eat anything that wasn't imported and organic, and was tanned to roughly the shade of a plum. Warren was most definitely not *the one*, but their relationship was good enough for now, and Malcolm had finally decided that *good enough for now* was all he could really hope for in this life.

True love didn't exist outside of fairy tales, made-for-TV movies, and bad 80's power ballads. Passion was a concept for fools. Malcolm knew he was just one in a very long string of conquests for the lovely, air-headed Warren. But he went with his lover anyway, because he sensed these were the last fleeting days of their relationship. Malcolm felt both sadness and relief at the notion.

Almost as soon as they arrived, Warren ran off to speak to some young, cute rep from Louis Vuitton, leaving Malcolm to mingle with a distasteful assortment of shallow, stony individuals obsessed with their yachts and stock portfolios until the lights went down and everyone assumed their seats for the show.

Malcolm sat at his table in the dark, grimaced over the swill-like wine, and watched anorexic young men and women in ridiculous and impractical clothes stomping up and down the runway. He even entertained a fantasy of standing up, putting on his coat, and leaving the show. He thought about walking and walking—where to, he didn't know. Away from here, he thought. Away from New York. Away from this life. His family was gone and love was just a fancy.

Then *he* appeared.

Devon Grayson, modeling a Burberry blazer and designer jeans, stomped toward him, blinded by lights and oblivious to his presence. Malcolm felt his heart catch, stop, turn over. Then it started

to beat double-time to make up for itself. It took everything he had not to stand up and call out to the young man.

Devon didn't see Malcolm in the dark, of course, and Malcolm had a ridiculous notion: he had to find a way of telling Devon he was here, of begging him to stay. He had to stop Devon from stomping out of his life a third time. Reaching for a red rose in the vase on his table, he threw the flower to the stage at Devon's feet.

Devon stomped to a halt in front of it, glanced over the audience, and shielded his eyes. He immediately recognized Malcolm, though he was five years older and weighed almost forty pounds heavier than when they'd last met. Devon picked up the rose, cupped it in his hand to smell it, and blew Malcolm a kiss. The lights surrounded Devon, caressed him like he was some golden, earthbound angel, and the audience finally learned to appreciate something beautiful and clapped and cheered. For five minutes they were intrigued by what they thought was a gloriously scripted show.

Afterward, Malcolm slipped backstage amidst all the models changing into their street clothes, hunting for Devon, though most of the models did not even give him a backward glance; he looked like any other VIP coming through. Malcolm was, and always had been, the invisible man. But he didn't care. He was a man on a mission.

"You know, only the queers are allowed back here," Devon said, leaning against the wall beside him, still holding the rose like some precious gift.

Malcolm nearly started at his sudden appearance. Obviously, the hunted had become the hunter. "Yes, well, I'm a queer."

"Stalker."

Malcolm started to say something about that before realizing that Devon was teasing him. He slid his hand over Malcolm's arm and guided him to one of the private dressing rooms. He checked first to make certain it was empty, then ushered Malcolm inside the cramped, crowded little room full of dressing tables and racks of couture. The room smelled musty and sweet like too much perfume and body oil.

Malcolm didn't care. The moment they were inside, he slid his big hand around the back of Devon's head and dragged him forward so their mouths could cling in a soul-searing kiss. Neither of them spoke. Neither of them needed to. Everything inside Malcolm surged at the taste of Devon's mouth, that sweet clove taste. His desire. His love. And under that, a subdued ferocity he could only identify as jealousy. He was jealous of every man Devon had ever kissed, every man who had ever fucked him, either in the name of love or money. He wanted to erase those encounters, the years and the pain. He wanted to be Devon's first. Devon's only.

Like their first time, he could just barely control himself. He pushed Devon back against a dressing table, held him down, and fumbled with both their trousers. There were strange buckles and ties on Devon's jeans, and Malcolm ripped mercilessly at the fabric.

"Easy, gov. Those are couture," Devon complained. "They cost a thousand dollars."

"I don't care," Malcolm growled. He reached through a placket in Devon's thousand-dollar couture jeans and took Devon's fat, eager cock in his hands. Devon swore violently and threw his head back against the dressing table mirror when Malcolm closed his powerful fingers around the girth of him and began to stroke, to tug, to work him. He moaned when Malcolm traced the shell of his ear with his tongue before gently but fiercely biting the lobe.

"Jesus, you are so fucking beautiful," Malcolm told him breathlessly. "You're all I want. You can't be real."

Devon guffawed. "You don't even know me, gov."

"I know you," Malcolm told him as he fumbled Devon's buttons open. "I've always known you."

They grappled each other's cocks and stroked until they were both moaning and writhing. They groaned, kissed, licked and bit. Malcolm snagged one of Devon's hard little nipples in his teeth past his half open silk shirt and sucked and bit until Devon writhed uncontrollably and started thrashing beneath him.

Malcolm pushed him back on the dressing table. "Open your legs for me, sweetheart," he said, and Devon obliged him. Panting, Devon urged his head down, relishing the warmth of his lover's

lips, his skin, his breath touching him so intimately. It was like some feverish madness, a dream that neither of them could control. It was something beyond control.

It made perfect sense to Malcolm. Devon was unbelievably, unfairly gorgeous. Devon was what he'd been waiting for his entire life.

It made less sense to Devon. Malcolm Sloan was hardly a looker, not even his type. He was invisible in a sea of business tycoons—quiet, unassuming, frighteningly mundane. But he smelled like leather, musk and cologne, and he had a gorgeous, learned mouth, a sure, steady touch, and the moment Devon felt the man take his cock in his mouth to suck, adding just a hint of teeth, he knew he was Malcolm's, that he belonged to him. Malcolm was right; he had always known him. He arched upward into his lover's wicked mouth, groaning out his satisfaction. Malcolm swallowed him down and sucked, slowly, seductively, but with tremendous force.

“Bloody too slow,” Devon complained gleefully, gripping Malcolm's hair. “Hurry up, gov.”

“Not gov,” Malcolm said, coming up for breath. His voice was a low, faint growl. “I'm a gentleman. Call me Malcolm. Or call me sir.”

“Yes, sir,” Devon said, spilling pre-cum over his twitching cock. Malcolm bent his head and licked it all away. He used his tongue to trace Devon's cock from base to tip, boldly licked at the soft velvet of Devon's testes. He breathed in Devon's scent, nudged his legs further apart. Devon clutched his head and leaned back on the table to offer him better access. “Now bloody hurry up!” He sounded so much more confident than in their last encounter.

“I hurt you last time,” Malcolm said, tenderly licking the insides of Devon's thighs until they gleamed with his saliva. Devon's cock twitched and brushed his cheek, fat and hard. He lapped at his lover's hole, blew gently upon it until Devon trembled. “I was too rough. I intend to take my time with you, pet.”

“I like it rough,” Devon said, thrusting upward in an effort to entice Malcolm, and then added, like an afterthought, “sometimes.”

Malcolm glanced up, raising his eyebrows at that. He'd had few lovers who wanted to explore their sexual boundaries with him. Fewer still ever made his short list for a courtier. He lowered

his head and sucked at Devon's balls, lathering his saliva all over them, then traced the narrow bridge of his perineum with his tongue before circling his eager opening once more. Devon thrust compulsively against him. Malcolm stopped to slide one of Devon's legs over his shoulder, then returned to licking and teasing his asshole until he was just wet enough. He sank two fingers inside and Devon arched his back and muttered a breathless "Fuck," before coming with a lunge into Malcolm's hand.

Malcolm licked the come from his fingers, then returned to licking and teasing Devon until he begged Malcolm to fuck him. It was only then that he stood up, pinned Devon to the dressing table, and eased his cock inside his slick, quivering hole. He caught Devon's beautiful face in his hands as he took him. He wanted to see his expression as he submitted.

It was beyond sublime. Devon watched him out of dreamy, half-closed angel eyes as Malcolm moved inside him, little thrusts at first as he waited for Devon to acclimate himself to his size, and then long, even thrusts as they came together in a natural erotic rhythm. Devon arched his back and matched Malcolm thrust for thrust, giving himself over to his lover, muttering little nonsensical words in his ear in his crackling, halting Cockney dialect.

"Tell me," Malcolm said, as they moved together as one, and Malcolm realized they were taking up the thread of their conversation from five years earlier. "Tell me why you came here to America."

"My father..." Devon managed between grunts of pleasure. "My father beat me. Why wouldn't I come here?"

"You were a pickpocket and a whore, but you became a model," Malcolm said, not without pride.

"You told me to. You told me to go to the shelter. I did. You told me to make something of myself. I did."

Malcolm rocked him gently. "Do you always do what I tell you to do, Tweety Bird?"

Devon's eyes widened at the realization, then they fell back to blissful slits as Malcolm increased his rhythm. "Yes...but only you, sir."

Malcolm kissed him for that, kissed him sweetly and completely as they came together. He clutched Devon's ass with both hands, held him against the shelter of his body. He realized he loved Devon. He wanted to protect Devon, take care of him. He had probably loved him from the first moment he'd laid eyes on him over a decade earlier, and perhaps something sentient in the universe had known that and had conspired to put Devon in his pathway again and again.

With one final, harsh, thrust, Malcolm came and Devon cried out, his fingers digging into the back of Malcolm's neck as Malcolm collapsed upon him. "Then you must listen to me," Malcolm told him, holding him down solidly against the table and tracing his cheek with one finger. "You must come with me. Be with me. Because I refuse to ever let you go again, my pet. From this day on, you're mine."

Several weeks passed before the Society approved Malcolm's request to take Devon as his courtier. It was not that the Society was deliberately being homophobic. In fact, it tried desperately to emanate its founder Jeremiah Hampton's libertine philosophy in that *as it harm none, do as thou wilt*. It was only that the Society feared that Malcolm's introduction of a courtier, the first in over a hundred years, might turn the other gentleman and their courtesans away.

In an effort to appease everyone, Malcolm agreed to bring Devon to his first Society meeting under a trial period. The rest of the Society would then decide if Devon could stay or not.

Naturally, they were both nervous that first night, though it turned out they had no reason to be. Almost from the moment they arrived, the other courtesans attached themselves to Devon. He was tall and beautiful, and they loved his accent and his biting, cynical wit. When it came time for the gentleman and their companions to pair up, the girls didn't want to let him go—they were getting excellent fashion and grooming advice from Devon—and Malcolm had to all but pry his courtier loose from their iron grip.

"Are you enjoying the girls' company?" Malcolm asked.

“They’re bloody amazing,” Devon said, leaning against Malcolm arm as they walked to the center of the Great Hall. “And these pictures are too.” He glanced around with awe at the erotic photography scattered around the hall. “They said you took some of them?”

“I dabble,” Malcolm admitted.

“Could you show me?” Devon said, sounding shy, which he almost never did anymore. “No one’s ever shown me how to do anything. I’ve always had to figure it out myself.”

Malcolm squeezed his arm in response.

They had reached the center of the room. A white, cane-backed chair sat there. That was all. Devon looked at it curiously.

“Do you know what’s expected of you tonight?” Malcolm asked.

“The girls told me.”

“Do you trust me, pet?”

Devon looked at his gentleman solemnly. “I trust you.”

Malcolm sat down in the chair. He held onto Devon’s hands, looked up at his courtier, and said, “Come sit in my lap, pet.”

Devon straddled his gentleman’s lap even as Malcolm captured his face and drew him close for a long, exploratory kiss. Devon set his hands on Malcolm’s shoulders and opened his mouth to that kiss. Malcolm’s tongue stealthily slid in and around his mouth, tickling him into a smile. He licked the roof of Devon’s mouth until he moaned and started writhing against the solid, muscular wall of Malcolm’s chest. Devon decided there was something vastly underrated and incredibly intimate about kissing. And with Malcolm there was an added feeling of warmth and security. With Malcolm, he felt safe, protected, for the first time in his life.

Malcolm kissed his jaw to his ear, his tongue wetting the shell even as the other members of the Society gathered around them, hemming them in together, watching them perform. Perhaps it bothered Malcolm. It didn’t bother Devon too much. Before he’d modeled, he’d sold himself to strangers, sometimes more than one at a time. And before that, he’d danced in the downtown

leather clubs and in Times Square peepshows. Onlookers had bought or else stolen away every bit of his shame, his dignity, and his self-worth.

But then he reconsidered his situation. He liked the girls, the courtesans, the Society. He didn't mind them watching. They were his friends now, his family. He minded even less that his job tonight was to bring Malcolm pleasure, to let Malcolm pleasure him for their entertainment.

He untangled himself and slid to his knees before Malcolm's chair. He boldly undid Malcolm's trousers with learned, dexterous fingers. He was fucking incredible, the biggest Devon had ever seen outside of professional porn. And hard. Like velvet over steel—which, in some ways, was just like Malcolm himself.

He licked the sweet length of Malcolm's cock, all nine and a half inches of him, then guided the swollen, meaty head into his mouth. There was no human way to deep throat him, but Devon did his best, taking most of him before he began to choke.

Malcolm grunted and tangled his fingers in Devon's hair and guided him up and down his shaft. Then he bucked once, sharply, and Devon neatly swallowed him down. When he started to choke, Malcolm eased himself out of Devon's mouth and let him lick and nibble the head until his saliva had frothed up. Devon dug his tongue into the little slit until Malcolm's cock wept for him. Then Devon lovingly licked up the pearly drops of his gentleman's pre-cum.

"Oh pet," Malcolm said, and they were the sweetest words Devon had ever heard. He looked up into Malcolm's soft but stormy grey eyes, his plain but strangely endearing face. Malcolm used both hands to seize him by the face and guide him up until he was straddling his gentleman's lap once more, Malcolm's incredible erection sandwiched between them. "You are so fucking perfect. You're everything I've ever wanted, everything I've waited for."

"Such nonsense, gov," Devon complained drolly, then closed his eyes in bliss when Malcolm jerked his chin up and fiercely attacked his throat with his lips and teeth. He sucked Devon's Adam's apple deep inside his mouth, drew circles over his skin with his tongue until Devon mewled in pleasure. "Christ, please fuck me already...you're such a fucking tease."

"Such a dirty mouth. I may have to punish you one of these days."

Devon looked at him, wondering if he was being serious or not. Then it dawned on him that Malcolm was exploring his limits, trying to discover what he was comfortable with. “Yeah, gov, you may want to do that one day,” Devon answered as his hands moved slickly over Malcolm’s cock, which was stabbing him in the belly like a sword. “Just not with a belt,” he answered in an intimate little whisper meant only for Malcolm’s ears. “My dad hit me with a belt.”

“I’ll remember that, sweetheart,” he said, and started working Devon’s shirt open under his tuxedo jacket. Between the two of them, they got the rest of Devon’s suit off him so he was sitting naked in Malcolm’s lap. Malcolm licked and kissed the pulse in Devon’s throat. He took each of Devon’s nipples in his mouth and sucked hard until Devon hissed between his teeth and his fingernails all but pierced Malcolm’s back in anticipation.

“Jesus H. Christ. Bloody hurry up.”

“You know you’re terribly impatient,” Malcolm complained against his lips. “I may have to punish you for that, as well, my pet.”

“Punish me, fuck me, I don’t care, but hurry up.”

Malcolm laughed and Devon rested his ear against the wall of Malcolm’s chest to listen to the soft, comforting sound vibrating through his boy. He hadn’t heard much laughter in his short life.

Finally, after much anticipation and whispering among the Society, Malcolm withdrew a small vial of oil from his tuxedo pocket and worked it open. It smelled minty, and when Malcolm applied a little to Devon’s well-gnawed nipples they immediately began to burn coolly and Devon groaned at the promising little pain. “What is that?”

“A little tincture I pick up in Chinatown.”

“Will it hurt...I mean, really hurt?”

Malcolm kissed the shell of Devon’s ear and said, “Nothing I do will ever hurt you, pet. I promise you that.”

“I know, Malcolm, I know,” Devon answered and lifted his bottom a little as Malcolm began slicking his lower belly, perineum, and then his opening with the minty oil. Within seconds it

began to burn, but not unpleasantly. Malcolm slipped a finger inside him, then two. Devon arched his back against the burning and the stretching, and Malcolm immediately slid two more up his ass so Devon began making those mewling noises again and thrusting his pelvis against Malcolm's body, inviting him to take him, and soon.

Malcolm licked his courtier's lips and chin as he worked him wider. Devon's swollen cock bumped him and he knew he was near to bursting. Lifting Devon easily, he worked his cock inside him, letting gravity and Devon's weight pull him down upon his thick shaft. Devon grunted and his fingers clawed the front of his gentleman's jacket as he took more of Malcolm than he ever had before. Malcolm seated himself slowly inside Devon's slick, eager hole until Devon was fully sitting in his lap once more with his gentleman was buried balls deep inside him.

Devon's face flushed. Malcolm began by saying, "Devon..." But his courtier cut him off mid-sentence.

"Just do me," he said, gasping through the pleasure and the pain. "I can't stand that you're just sitting there, gov. Fuck me hard. Fuck me harder than you've ever fucked anyone in your life."

Malcolm began to move inside him, slowly at first but with an increasing, grinding rhythm that soon had Devon groaning, crying out, and rocking against Malcolm's body as Malcolm touched him deeper and deeper inside. He bucked sharply near the end, lost in a reverie of lust and emotion, and Devon screamed his release into Malcolm's shirt as they came at the same moment, together.

On that very special Christmas Day ten years later, Malcolm took Devon to the Royal, a favorite spot among the Society. It had good wine, better food, and it was owned by a pair of brothers who were also members of the Society, so they were able to get a private room off the main dining area.

Malcolm spared no expense. He ordered champagne, caviar, oysters, lobster for them both, and black pudding for Devon. In the nearly ten years of their relationship, he had been unsuccessful

in breaking Devon of some of his more disturbing British culinary habits. For dessert they had bread pudding, crème brulee, and a chocolate rum cake, heavy on the rum.

Afterward, Malcolm slid his Christmas gift over to Devon, wrapped in a love letter he had handwritten on parchment with a quill. It was a two-week vacation at a Cuban resort that they would have all to themselves. Devon looked over their travel plans with great enthusiasm. He had wanted to see Cuba for some time. He read the letter that Malcolm had written, all the things Malcolm felt, and nearly wept. Then he slid his own modest, foil-wrapped box over to Malcolm.

Malcolm opened it carefully to reveal a new, fine leather wallet from Brooks Brothers. “To replace the one I stole,” Devon admitted sheepishly. That night, over ten years ago, Malcolm had recovered his most important things, but Devon the teenaged pickpocket had thrown his wallet into the East River.

“Really, Devon,” Malcolm said and slid his big hand over Devon’s slim one. He brought Devon’s fingers to his lips to kiss.

“Open it, gov,” Devon said with a teasing smile.

Malcolm did, anticipating a gift card to a men’s boutique or maybe a health club. Devon was sweet but practical in his gifts. Four years ago, when Malcolm complained about gaining an unexpected ten pounds from having too little time to exercise, Devon had bought them two West Highland White terrier pups so they could walk the dogs in Central Park in the morning.

This time, though, he found a ring, a thick gold band dotted with small diamonds and one large, flawless white diamond in the center. Malcolm looked at it blankly for a moment as he processed the information. Devon felt his spirits slowly sink. If Malcolm had to look at the engagement ring like that, then something was wrong, very wrong.

Had he moved too fast? But they had been together almost ten years. Surely ten years was enough to know if you wanted to spend the rest of your life with someone you loved? Maybe Malcolm didn’t want to marry. He never spoke of it, almost as though he feared he’d jinx their relationship if he did.

“Malcolm?” Devon felt his heart trip and then start thumping with disconcerting pressure against his ribs. He wondered if he was on the verge of having a panic attack. He knew he should say more, propose properly, maybe even get down on one knee or something, but he was at a loss as to what to do. Suddenly, he felt like a fool, a damned fool for giving Malcolm the ring.

Malcolm continued to stare at the ring in his fingers. Then he moved his other hand to his face and covered his eyes. It took Devon a moment to realize Malcolm was fighting back tears.

He had never seen Malcolm cry before. He wasn’t sure the man was even capable of it.

“Malcolm?” Devon said again, frightened now as he partially stood up.

And then Malcolm looked up and smiled. “Yes, Devon. I’ll marry you. Of course I will.”

Devon froze as he felt his heart lighten, bloom...fly away. There was no other way to describe it. He started reaching for his cell phone, to tell his girls, his family, the good news, but Malcolm stopped him. He took Devon by the wrist and guided him around the table. Devon climbed into his fiancé’s lap and Malcolm palmed his cheek as they shared a quiet, passionate kiss. Then he tucked Devon’s head under his chin and just held him so fiercely that Devon could barely breathe.

“We need to visit Evelyn and Rachaela...oh, and I need to tell Daniel, too. We need to tell everyone we know,” Devon insisted. For the first time in his life, he was really happy. “Or we can wait until tonight, until the Society meets up.”

“Just stay with me like this for a moment, Tweety Bird,” Malcolm said, holding him close. There were tears in his voice. “I have everything I want right here.”

About the Author

Jay Ellison lives in the big city with his partner and several rescue dogs. He writes m/m romantic erotica. To see all of the Courtesan Press titles, visit <http://courtesanpress.wordpress.com>.

Excerpts

Read a three-chapter excerpt from In Wolf's Clothing (The Wolves of Wall Street) by Jay Ellison:

Chapter 1

"I'm sorry, sir...I don't seem to have you on our books. Are you certain you have an appointment?" Kora, the girl who ran the front end of Eastaughffe & Son, Tailors, said, sounding frazzled.

"Quite sure. Look again, girl!" a gruff voice responded.

"Okay...okay...one moment." Kora's voice came soft and cowed through the red velvet curtain that separated the front of the shop from the back end where Bran was busily trying to repair his favorite Singer. He listened to their conversation, head tilted, while he replaced the broken bobbin.

"Sir...I'm sorry, but we don't appear to have..."

The gruff voice again, this time with a pronounced Hispanic lilt: "*Pinche idiota!* I have to say I am *highly* disappointed in your level of service. If I knew this would be such an ordeal, I would have taken my business elsewhere!"

"I'm sorry, sir! I just...I can't seem to find you on the books! Are you sure your fitting was for today?"

"*Madre de Dios*, girl...yes...look again!"

Ethan Eastaughffe, owner of Eastaughffe & Son, threw Bran a panicked look from the back of the room where he was making an inventory of their bundles of fabric. It was his dad's patented panic look—the look that said they just might lose a client. And in the current economic climate, they could hardly afford to do so. Bran sighed. "All right, all right. I'm on it." He scrambled up, abandoning the sewing machine for whatever trouble was brewing out there on the floor.

Kora, a young, pretty girl of nineteen diligently working her way through college, was nearly in tears when he stepped past the curtain and into the front end of the shop. She immediately looked his way for salvation, and Bran could see the regret in her eyes—regret for taking such a difficult position—and yet the deep-seated fear that she would be dismissed. She needed this job so much.

Ethan Eastaughffe had established the shop in the early seventies, and despite a few upgrades, it was largely the same as it had been back then. A fleet of dummies standing on white boxes of various heights filled the low, narrow space, all featuring the most fashionably current suits and tuxedos—crème wool for winter was the popular theme, at present. There were glass displays full of high-end watches, cufflinks and other expensive jewelry for men. Off to one side was the fitting room where Bran did all the fittings for his customers, and along one wall was a glass counter where the father and son team sold ties, tie tacks, stickpins, and the like. That was where Kora was standing, sniffing as she stabbed repeatedly at the computer, which they had recently updated.

“Oh sweet goddess, Bran!” Kora kept saying as he approached. “I think I lost him...”

Kora, who was exactly one quarter pixie, was always a bit dramatic, but this time around, Bran couldn't really blame her. Their latest customer was standing opposite the counter, frowning down at her from his impressive height.

The first thing Bran noticed was his clothes. He was a tall man—six-two or -three—dressed in a fitted Brooks Brothers suit that clung to his slim, muscular physique. Bran, a lifelong aficionado of high couture, could tell the manufacturer of any suite simply by the cut. Having grown up the son of a tailor, Dad had educated him well in such matters, and he always said that one could tell a lot about a man by the cut of his clothes. For instance, the customer's suit was high end, but not *that* high end. Not quite in the thousands. Bran took him to be one of the new, young upstart traders from the Upper East Side, a fresh stud still carving a space out for himself in the dog-eat-dog world of stocks and trading.

The second thing Bran noticed was his build. He was a large, powerful man in his early to mid-twenties, with dark hair tumbling over lush, black Hispanic eyes, a strong, stubborn jaw with just enough bristle to make him look dangerous, and good, strong-looking teeth (which he presently

had clenched tight in anger). His watch was a Rolex—probably given to him by whoever had trained him—and he was wearing a small pair of gold hoop earrings in his ears, which lent him a slick, vaguely dangerous, player look. He was, essentially, the kind of man Bran’s father had always warned him about. He also just happened to be the kind of sultry fantasy material that Bran liked to dream about. Under different circumstances, Bran would have been struck speechless by the sight of such a perfect specimen come to life...except that he had made Kora cry, and that was unacceptable.

It was obvious the hot Latino businessman was a total jerk.

Adjusting the tape measure around his neck, Bran marched up to the counter and said, “Kora, why not take your break? I’ll take care of the gentleman here.”

Kora sniffed and dabbed at her mascara with the tissues she always kept in her sleeves. “I...I don’t know what happened, Bran. I was *looking*, I *swear*...”

“That’s fine. Let me look.”

Kora didn’t need any further prompting. Still sniffing and dabbing, she raced off to the washroom located in backroom, probably to cry her eyes out into the sink.

The customer crossed his arms across his burly chest. Ego and testosterone instantly filled the small shop. “Maybe *you’ll* be less incompetent.”

“And maybe *you’ll* be less of a dick, but I doubt it,” Bran countered, walking around the glass counter to the computer.

The customer gave Bran a cool look. Bran gave it right back to him. Bully.

“I could leave and take my business uptown, you know,” the man threatened.

“If your business is making young girls cry, you’re welcomed to it. This is a gentleman’s shop,” Bran bit out. “That means we cater to *gentlemen*.” He made sure to draw the word *gentleman* out so the man understood him clearly.

To Bran's surprise, the man looked shocked. Not angry, but shocked...and decidedly less blustery. Just what he figured. The man could dish it out, but he was surprised when he was forced to take it.

Bran was tall but slender. When he was younger, he'd done drag for charity and had won several awards. Now that he was in his mid-twenties, he no longer had the soft, coquettish look he'd fostered in his late teens. He would never be called imposing, not like the specimen in front of him, but, even so, Bran had grown up in this city. He was no coward, and, as a gay man, he knew how to handle himself just fine, thank you very much. A few years of self-defense and weight training had put some meat and muscle on his frame, and a lifelong wariness had put an even, unwavering look in his eyes.

The Latino looked like he was going to say something snarky, then stopped and turned his head as a smirk twisted the corners of his full lips. It was almost like he admired Bran for his barefaced snark. But then, Bran's wit had always been his saving grace. In high school, while the geeks and the gays took regular beatings in the locker rooms from the jocks, Bran used his brain to survive. Instead of standing out and being a target, he'd attached himself to the most popular girls and had become everyone's BFF. All of them knew what he was, of course, but Bran was fun and charming, and they were happy to play along in their role of pretend-girlfriend—or girlfriends. Throughout his high school years, Bran had developed quite the reputation as a Casanova. As a result, he'd managed to duck a lot of fists and a lot more fights. Charm and grace had been Bran's forte for as long as he could remember.

Instead of starting a fight, the customer leaned forward and said, "Xander Diaz. I know I have an appointment. I made one only a few days ago. My last tailor went out of business. This is Eastaughffe & Son?"

"It is," Bran answered as he checked the computer. He didn't mind Xander Diaz asking. They didn't advertise much, and their name was etched rather small on the glass doors. Almost all of their customers came via word-of-mouth from other customers. They served businessmen up and down the East Side, and had a permanent account with the Bloodmoon Pack and The Dollhouse Society. They were maybe the last exclusive gentleman's tailor in this part of the city. "Ah, I see the problem. Kora spelled your first name with a 'Z'—that's incorrect, yes?"

Xander Diaz swore in Spanish under his breath. “What’s wrong with her?”

“Nothing,” Bran immediately responded, coming to Kora’s defense as he would any woman’s...or any Fae’s. “It’s unfortunate, but a common enough mistake, and Kora is a perfectly capable employee. I take it you were the kind of kid who liked to pick on others in school, Mr. Diaz?”

“Hardly,” Xander Diaz huffed, looking offended, but didn’t explain further. “I just don’t like incompetence. My time is quite valuable.”

Xander Diaz’s voice had grown softer and more reasonable. It was obvious to Bran that he was just about out of exasperation. He put up big bluffs, but Bran was good at seeing through such smokescreens. Usually, behind big bullies stood a rather insecure child, and he didn’t think Xander Diaz was any different. “We’re not incompetent,” Bran explained. “It was a small clerical error, but if you think we are incompetent, you’re welcomed to see yourself to the door. Don’t let it hit your ass on the way out.”

The man’s lush, otherwise kissable lips twisted this way and that in a mischievous way as if he were reading more into Bran’s words than there was. Granted, he was hot, the kind of guy that Bran could dream about all night long, but he was also an unbearably snooty asshole. Ultimately, he smirked like he was amused by their verbal sparring. “Nah. I’ll keep the appointment. Roman Le Feuvre says you’re the best tailor he’s ever had.”

“I am,” Bran said without an iota of ego, tugging idly on the measuring tape around his neck.

“You’re one of Roman’s boys?”

“That’s right.”

“Werewolf?”

Bran smirked when he saw Xander Diaz shirk slightly. Obviously, he didn’t know that Bran and his father knew about Xander’s kind. Under normal circumstances, humans didn’t know anything about the werewolves, witches and other things that went bump in the night in this city, but Bran was special in that he belonged at least as much to the underworld as they did. Maybe more so.

Looking edgy, Xander said, “Why do you need to know that?”

Bran never missed a beat. “Because I make Roman and his pack boys specialty suits.” He tapped his way out of the computer and looked up. “Stretchier to accommodate their unique...biology, if you get my drift.”

“Ah.” Xander Diaz thought about that a moment. “You can make me a suit that won’t...tear?”

Now it was Bran’s turn to smile. “I can.”

Xander Diaz laughed at that and clapped his hands together once. Suddenly, he didn’t look so snooty, after all. He looked almost playful. “*Vaya!* What are you guys? The Elves in that Shoemaker fairytale?”

Bran never even blinked. “Half-elf, actually, and we don’t do shoes. If you want shoes, you’ll need to visit the vampire down on Fifth Avenue. Follow me to the fitting room, Mr. Diaz.”

That shut the big werewolf up.

* * *

Chapter 2

Xander decided he liked the elf. Or half-elf. Or whatever the adorable little twink was.

He was tall, but slim and wiry of build, with a smooth, ghost white face, large, expressive green eyes, and long hair the color of shining cornsilk that he wore back in a long ponytail that brushed the middle of his back. With his hair pulled back so severely, it made his ears look just a little bit big, and the dark, obviously custom-made suit he wore looked a little rigid and rather unyielding on his otherwise delicate frame. There was something aloof and strangely...regal...about his bearing, and Xander wondered if that was a facet that all elves employed.

Now his face...*madre dios*, so beautiful, yet Xander hesitated to call him effeminate; there was something just a little too hard about his eyes, and his lips were set in a determined, lipless line. It was obvious that he had known unhappiness, and maybe even hardships. The tendons in his wrists stood proud when he clenched his hands into fists, and his hands, though delicate, were very large. Xander decided he didn’t really want to see the young half-elf angry.

They stepped into the fitting room and the half-elf drew the curtains before asking him to undress. Xander kept his smirk firmly in place while he shrugged out of his suit jacket and undid his tie.

“You can leave the shirt on,” said the half-elf without even an iota of playfulness, “but I’ll need you to take off your trousers.”

“Whatever you want, *carino*,” Xander said, determined to get a rise out of the elf one way or another.

“My name is Bran, not *carino*,” the half-elf said. “And before you make any kind of stupid cereal joke, it’s a very old Welsh name, and I would ask that you respect that.” Even his manner of speech was overly serious, which only made him cuter still, and made Xander want to poke him some more just to see what else came out of his pretty mouth.

“Half-elf,” he said as he slipped out of his trousers. He wore nothing beneath, but Bran the Welsh Elf didn’t seem to notice. “How does *that* work?”

Bran gave him a shrewd look. “Well, you see, when a human loves an elf very much…”

Xander held up his hands. “I get it.”

“Good,” Bran said as he indicated the slightly raised dais for Xander to stand up on. “I’d hate to have to school you in basic human anatomy.”

“I know all about human anatomy,” Xander drawled as he stepped up on the dais and flipped up the tails of his white dress shirt, hoping Bran would take notice of his fine ass.

No dice. Bran was all business as he knelt down on a kneeler with his sewing kit and started taking measurements, entering Xander’s numbers into his handheld tablet. As he leaned forward between Xander’s legs, Xander caught a glimpse of Bran’s very slightly pointed ears. He admired them and the little silver stud in one of his scapha while Bran took his inseam. Even though he was quite a fan of ear piercings—as well as other kinds of piercings—Xander had never had his scapha—the shell part of the ear under the helix—pierced. He’d heard it was quite painful. He thought that Bran the Welsh Elf must be pretty brave and tough to have had that

done. He also wondered what it would be like to suck on that little ball stud. “Do you have a little elf girlfriend?” he couldn’t help but tease.

“I have a fiancée,” Bran said without looking up. “Raise your arms, Mr. Diaz.”

“Xander,” Xander said, doing so. He felt a pang of annoyance at the news. “Does she have a name?”

“Delia.”

“When’s the wedding?”

“Soon,” Bran said as he finished up. He stood up and put Xander in an unseamed dummy suit and started pinning it snugly so he could take Xander’s suit measurements. He worked efficiently, with the lazy grace of a man who has done this same task a thousand times before. As he worked, his mouth full of pins, he seemed to review Xander’s question and gave what sounded like a weary sigh. “We’re very good friends, Delia and I. I’ve known her all of my life...”

“But you don’t love her.”

“Our wedding was pre-arranged when we were children.”

“People still do that?”

“*People* don’t,” Bran said, making adjustments at the sleeves and cuffs with a handheld sewing machine device that resembled a large stapler. “But the Fae have their own set of rules, and they’re pretty big on tradition.”

“So you’re towing the line, eh?”

Bran looked annoyed at that. “I wouldn’t say that.” He returned to the kneeler and knelt down to run his skillful hands over the newly seamed suit to test its fit. He tugged on the fabric to show how stretchy it was. “The fabric we use is imported from Japan. It has special fibers that stretch to ten times normal capacity. We use it almost exclusively on suits for Roman and his pack mates...”

Xander only half-listening to Bran's pitch, but when his hands accidentally brushed his cock as he tested the fit of the trousers, Xander let out a growl of annoyance. When Roman had first found him, Xander was barely eighteen years old and living homeless under a bridge, hopelessly addicted to heroin. He'd had no idea what he was, or that there were others like him. Roman had gotten him clean, taught him finance, not to mention how to hunt, dress, charm and seduce his way to the top of the food chain. Now, he was one of Roman's best boys, a true alpha, and, as a result, he wanted for nothing. If he wanted a boy, he just seduced his way into his pants. There was nothing beyond Xander Diaz's reach. And yet this young man—Bran, this gorgeous but tough-minded half-elf—seemed inured to his charms. Xander couldn't charm him. He couldn't rattle him much, either. All he wanted to do was talk about his stupid fabric, and it was driving Xander insane.

Interrupting Bran's speech about flexible fibers, Xander finally lost it and said, "While you're down there, why don't you suck me off with that busy mouth of yours, pretty boy?"

Kneeling between his legs, Bran looked up. Those dark, liquid eyes, those pearly, slightly parted lips. Christ, he was beautiful. Xander could imagine them in countless scenarios—Bran's back pinned against the fitting room's wall while Xander fucked him slow and easy, or maybe bent over a chair, Bran squealing from the impacts. He imagined Bran on his sheets, writhing ecstatically beneath him. The possibilities were endless. So when Bran gave him a sultry look and licked his lips, Xander felt his heart trip in his chest, and his new, custom-fit trousers suddenly seemed much too snug.

"Like this?" Bran asked, sliding one slender hand up the inside of Xander's leg. He applied just enough pressure to make Xander groan as he inched it higher up his thigh.

"Yeah, *carino*, just like that," Xander moaned. He had to clench his hands into fists until his slightly elongated fingernails cut into his palms just to keep from nesting them in Bran's luscious hair and dragging those perfect pink lips against the extra-hard package in his pants.

Bran offered him a knowing look as he stroked up and down Xander's leg, slowly growing closer and closer to his tight, ready balls. Dear God, Xander just ached to be touched and fondled by the beautiful little half-elf. "Yeah, oh *carino*, oh..." Xander said, then squeaked unexpectedly

when Bran grabbed his balls much too firmly and held them in what felt like an iron grip. “What the hell...?”

Bran gave him a direct look as he moved with a stealthy grace up Xander’s tall body, climbing him like a tree. “Number one, werewolf, I’m not your *carino*. Number two, you should be more careful where your balls end up. They’re a great asset...but an even greater liability.” He said that last inches away from Xander’s face, which, Xander figured, was probably stuck in a pained sneer.

Xander groaned, said in a tight falsetto, “Got it.” He waited a long moment, for something to happen. Nothing did. “You can let go now.”

“As long as we understand each other.”

It was too much. Bran was gorgeous, ephemeral. He smelled good too, something light and airy, but still masculine. Despite the pressure on his package, Xander slid an arm down Bran’s back and cupped his firm, rounded ass. Bran gasped at the sudden pressure and let up on Xander’s balls. He gulped and his mouth fell open.

And that’s when Xander Diaz could stand it no longer and kissed him.

* * *

Chapter 3

Why did he let the big werewolf kiss him? It was absurd. Bran didn’t even *like* the man. He wasn’t at all his type. Too big and hairy and forceful, with way too much alpha swagger for Bran’s liking. Yet his grip was sure and strong, his body warm and throbbing, strangely comforting, and when Xander kissed him, Bran’s entire body instantly melted against the larger man.

Bran whimpered and squirmed, but Xander grabbed him by the ass and held him easily against the front of his body, the pressure of his enormous erection pressing into his belly. He was unbelievably strong, yet tender. Bran moaned an “Ohh,” but the tone of his voice had changed. He sounded young, vulnerable, and way too eager for his own liking.

“You’re a gorgeous little fuckthing, pretty boy,” Xander said, his voice rough enough to make Bran start. No one had ever spoken to him in such a lascivious manner before. “I want to play with you, loosen that tight ass of yours. Make you come.”

“Uhh...” Bran answered, suddenly, inexplicably, drunk on desire.

“Mmm...” Xander said as his speech dissolved into a series of sexy Spanish endearments that Bran couldn’t follow. He gripped Bran’s ass tighter, kneed Bran’s legs apart and fondled him far too gently between the legs, his touch more teasing than anything else. He held Bran easily as they leaned against the nearest wall of the tight, narrow fitting room. Xander supported him just with one hand and his back to the wall while he used the other to fumble with the front of Bran’s stiff, black trousers. They were directly in front of the full-length mirror, which made it all the hotter, somehow...more taboo.

Bran could easily watch what the big werewolf was doing. Once his trousers were open, Xander took him in hand, taking his time stroking and admiring him. He was hard as marble in Xander’s huge hand. “Nice and thick, just the way I like my boys,” he growled while Bran trembled with excitement. He started a slow up-and-down movement, milking Bran’s cock until his hand was dripping with pre-cum. Then he hefted Bran’s slim weight slightly higher and said, “Why not wrap those long legs around my waist, pretty boy?”

Blushing, Bran found it easy enough to do. Xander the werewolf was incredibly strong, and he held him with almost no effort at all, Xander’s erection crushed against the front of his body. Bran wondered if that hurt, then all thoughts switched off as Xander eased two fingers past his tight, virgin hole.

Bran trembled. “Oh, my goddess...!”

“You like that, pretty boy?”

“Ohh...I...ohhh...” Bran’s back arched and he cried out in response. It was the first time anyone had ever entered him, though he was loathed to admit to that. There was no way of explaining that you were in your mid-twenties and had yet to experience sexual release with anyone aside from your own hand and not look like some loser. Oblivious, Xander plowed him wider, gently

but persistently. Bran watched in the mirror while Xander's fingers fucked him slow and easy, going in and out so he shuddered at the sight and his breath caught in his throat.

Xander grumbled in response while he added a third finger. Meanwhile, his other hand continued to pump Bran's cock up and down. He buried his face in the side of Bran's neck and licked and chewed on Bran's ear. The shock of pleasure nearly undid Bran in that moment. The nibbling just increased the shudders going up and down Bran's back, but, after a brief, awkward moment, they managed to find a common rhythm. Bran started rocking his hips against Xander's hand and whimpering at the delicious pressure. Xander applied a series of small, sharp nips to his neck and firm squeezes to his member. By then, he was painfully hard, and when Xander forced a fourth finger inside, he finally lost all control of himself and jetted come into his hand.

"Oh, shit," Bran said, his face and neck flaming with embarrassment. When he came, he was always at home, alone with his imaginary lovers. He did such deeds in the dark of his room and was able to keep them a secret, clean up after himself, and be perfectly presentable in minutes, if necessary. This time, though, he couldn't hide what he had done.

Xander grumbled a satisfied laugh. "You're quick to come, pretty boy. No good lays lately?"

That just made Bran's face burn even hotter. "I wouldn't say that." There was no way he was telling this big werewolf that it was his first time with someone other than Rosy Palm and her five sisters. It was too obvious to him that Xander was experienced, that he was a worldly man who had probably had dozens, if not hundreds, of lovers. Bran wasn't about to embarrass himself further with his lack of hands-on experience (so to speak).

Out on the floor, the old-fashioned bell that had hung above the door for as long as Bran could remember tinkled as a new customer stepped into the shop. "Bran?" Dad's voice called from the stockroom. "Your three o'clock is here."

"Shit...shit shit shit shit!" Bran hissed, glancing down at himself. He was a mess.

Xander gave him a once-over and licked his lips with a sympathetic tongue. "My fault. Let me." Letting Bran down slowly, he helped Bran find his feet, though Bran's legs felt like gelatin and he had to grab at some hooks on the wall to keep himself upright. Meanwhile, Xander got down on his knees.

“What are you doing?” Bran hissed, terrified that someone might throw back the curtain at any time.

Xander gave him a wicked look as he licked the come off his fingers. “Helping you clean up.”

“Bran?” Dad repeated.

Bran started to answer, but Xander sank his fingers into Bran’s hipbones to steady him while he buried his face in Bran’s crotch. Bran squeaked, then slapped a hand over his mouth, whimpering while Xander licked him clean, his inhumanly long, rough tongue scraping up and down his cock and between his balls, licking up every drop of his embarrassment. “Y-yeah...” he somehow managed to say while still sounding fairly normal. “Be there in a...moment!” He almost screamed the last as Xander’s wicked mouth sucked Bran’s testes clean of come.

Xander chuckled as he came up for air. “Turn around, pretty boy,” he whispered low. Bran noticed absently that Xander Diaz’s dark eyes had paled to a fierce amber color. “My wolf wants to fuck your sexy ass.”

This was so wrong, Bran thought. He was a mere few feet from where his father and his next client stood. If someone came in now, they would see everything, and it wasn’t like the door had a lock on it or anything. Yet the idea of doing this—of losing his virginity so close to everyone else, and yet invisible to them—was strangely thrilling and exciting. Despite his good sense telling him otherwise, he turned and grabbed the hooks on the walls. “You’ll have to finish fast,” he hissed low. “My next client won’t wait.”

Xander stood up and unzipped the trousers of the dummy suit. “Oh, *carino*, I’m halfway there already just seeing that sweet ass of yours. Fast and hard, it is.”

“I didn’t say hard...” Bran started saying, but Xander cut him off.

“Shut your mouth, my little beauty, and take my cock.”

His words only inflamed Bran’s lust even more. He juttied his ass out eagerly while Xander mounted him from behind like some sex-starved animal in heat. Gripping Bran’s hips almost too tightly, he teased his dick against Bran’s back and ass. The wiry fur at his groin rubbed with a delicious friction.

“*Madre Dios*, you’re a tight little bitch,” Xander whispered lustily, then surprised Bran by adding, “Tell me to stop anytime, and I will.”

“No...go on...go on.” Bran turned his head, watching in the mirror and silently gasping at how big Xander was. He was huge and dripping. Fully ready to couple. Bran swallowed hard, wondering how in hell something that big could possibly fit inside him. He started to whimper, but Xander, true to his word of being fast and ready to go, shoved himself unceremoniously inside Bran. Thank goddess he had prepared him somewhat. It still hurt like hell, but it was a good kind of pain, and before Bran could cry out, Xander slid a hand over his mouth, covering it.

“Bite.”

Bran bit, then moaned softly from behind Xander’s hand while Xander took him, quivering and ready. He fucked slowly but steadily in and out, up and down, his pace starting out slow but quickly picking up speed. Hard and fast, as he had promised. He wasn’t fooling around...well, he was, but he was being perfectly serious about it.

Bran shuddered and jerked back against Xander, struggling not to scream while Xander plundered his ass faster and faster. He dug his fingers into the hooks to better anchor himself and watched in the mirror while the two of them grunted and groaned like a pair of wild animals. Xander stayed tight against Bran’s body to keep his balls from slapping and making too much noise, but he did grunt low in his throat while he concentrated on filling Bran deeply and completely.

Oh goddess! Bran’s eyes fluttered closed and he matched Xander thrust for thrust. Xander groaned in approval and increased his rhythm even more, fucking him faster, harder, deeper, rougher, until Bran’s entire body shuddered and he thought he might pass out from the sheer bliss of being pleased so completely.

“You sweet little bitch...you feel so good,” Xander hissed in his ear, his voice a low, animalistic growl that sent shivers up and down Bran’s entire body. He buried himself to the balls inside Bran’s ass as the pleasure built and built inside, making Bran’s entire body quiver with weakness and want. Xander grunted as he pounded Bran’s ass. “Fuck, yes. Fuck, you’re tight.”

“Ohh...fuck me harder, faster...” Bran said, surprised by the dirty words coming out of his mouth.

Xander obliged him. He slid an arm up his body and encircled his torso, pulling him upright so he was hugged tight against the front of Xander body. Xander buried his face in the side of Bran’s neck as he shuddered and came with a low, chest-deep snarl. Heat filled Bran as Xander emptied his balls inside him. Bran gasped as he came a second time, compulsively, into Xander’s hand.

Xander moaned with enthusiasm, sounding pleased. He kissed the side of Bran’s neck and licked away the come on his hand before fixing Bran’s trousers and turning him around. Bran all but weaved on his feet. He had never experienced anything so intense in his life.

Again oblivious to what effect he had had on him, Xander kissed Bran gently this time, his lips teasing the corner of his mouth. “I’ll expect those suits in a month, no later. Thanks for the fuck, pretty boy.” He slapped Bran’s ass before letting himself out of the fitting room.

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