



**the worst
kind of
hero**

laura s. fox

The Worst Kind Of Hero

By

Laura S. Fox

Copyright © 2018 Laura S. Fox

All Rights Reserved

Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this published work may be reproduced, stored, in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form, or by any means without the prior permission of the copyright owner and the publisher.

The Worst Kind Of Hero is a work of fiction. Any names, places, events, characters and everything else mentioned in the book are the result of the author's imagination, and are purely used for fictitious purposes. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places, events and everything else is a pure coincidence.

M/M Erotica

Intended for Mature Audiences Only

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

Prologue

City lights. Big ass city lights and not a place to hide. It was like the city didn't even live in daylight anymore, Ramon thought as he stumbled down the narrow street, with a clear destination in his mind. Funny how the lights up everywhere made the city all colorful and full of life, while the sidewalk was still chipped in places, and the gutters still smelled of food gone wrong and who knew what else. It was all like a junkie's fucking dream. None of it was real. He should have known that better than anyone. After all, he was known to get hooked up badly on anything he could get his hands on.

So there he was again. Ramon could not believe himself. He felt drawn to that sleazy place like a moth to a flame. It was cheap and dirty, and ... he just felt like he had to do it. Only because there was a holographic image of that guy inserted inside the wall right in front of his eyes, making him think that the cock sleeve grabbing his shaft was actually the man's tight hole.

He tried to ignore the slimy sensation welcoming his cock the moment he slid his manhood inside. That guy had to be a hit with so many dudes around, that it was no wonder Ramon now had to go through who knew how many sloppy seconds. All the wackos in the unfortunate part of the town came to these glorified glory holes or whatever those were to find temporary release for the constant ache in their groins. And what punk didn't dream of fucking a celebrity? It didn't matter that it was only make-believe.

Everyone knew that the downside of being so healthy came with a drawback. They were injected with antibodies at birth, at the age of seven and the age of 14. And it was not because someone up there cared for street trash like Ramon or others, but just because some of those higher-ups liked to stray too much to the bad parts of town and fuck around. They didn't want to catch anything, go figure.

The drawback was that the new generations of all these healthy bodies had too much of a good thing, and that was sexual vitality. Even Ramon could swear that on some days, he would have liked a little break from the constant itch in his pants. For guys in their 20s, like he was, that was definitely a problem.

And these stupid thingies designed for jerking off dudes were nothing else but latex sex toys meant to feed an illusion. Yeah, they felt dirty and grimy, but they couldn't do anything terrible to him. He doubted the weirdo running the place ever bothered hosing down the cock sleeves meant to imitate asses and other holes more than once a day, so he had to deal with it, just like everyone else.

Yeap, life was frigging good, Ramon thought as he pushed his cock inside with a grunt while locking eyes with the deep blue eyes blinking inside the hologram. It was clearly grossly made, the guy's head had been virtually glued to some porn dude's body, but Ramon knew beggars could not be choosers. It was that or fucking some nameless, faceless fucker, while still fantasizing about his prince. At least, this was free of complications.

The sound of panting to the rhythm of Ramon's thrusts was coming from the artificial thing inside the wall. At least, the factories making those sex toys had done an excellent job. He could feel his dick getting sucked in, and the inside was even warm, reminding him of the natural heat of a real human body.

The prince in the hologram licked his lips, but not in a sexual way, as all the footage was hacked from public stuff. It was just something casual. Ramon slapped one palm against the wall on top of the hologram and cursed. This was getting fucking old. They weren't even changing the motions on that impossibly beautiful face. He knew everything by heart, every blink of the eyes, every lick of the lips, and every gasp and moan utterly disjointed from the face on the hologram. He could barely remember seeing the guy in person, in a memory that felt like it had happened eons ago.

He tried to pull out. Not that much in the mood anymore. The machines were designed to simulate sex based on the reactions collected from the user's biological feedback, so while his cock was still half hard, he could not get away from that thing. Not without help anyway.

"Hey!" he yelled at the owner who was dozing at his desk.

The man blinked and looked at Ramon with small mean eyes.

“What? So fast?” the owner grumbled but stood up. “And I thought you youngsters had more stamina.”

“Just move already,” Ramon yelled again.

“Stop yapping your mouth. You’re not letting others enjoy themselves,” the owner pointed at the other patrons lined up and doing pretty much the same thing Ramon had done until seconds ago, each one with their favorite famous people.

Eventually, the owner slid the card through the opening, and the hologram froze. Ramon frowned as the man checked his cock in passing.

“What? This one no longer does it for you?” the guy smirked, pointing at the frozen image.

“Not the real thing, man,” Ramon replied while stuffing his still half erect cock into his jeans.

The owner snorted.

“The real thing? You don’t expect a guy like this to put up for the likes of you.”

“Why not?” Ramon stared down the man.

The owner shook his head. But at least he knew not to add anything that could earn him a punch right in the kisser.

Ramon grabbed his manhood through his tight jeans.

“The next load I’m blowing, it’s inside that guy,” he pointed at the hologram with the other hand.

“You’re here, how about another round? Pay upfront. I don’t care you didn’t come the first time,” the man grinned.

“Piss off,” Ramon pushed by the man, making him kiss the wall.

“Watch it, punk!” the man yelled after him. “If I catch you around here again ...”

Ramon walked outside the building, with a new determination in mind. He planned no returns to the place and that fake ass hologram. He had something else in mind.

Chapter One

Damn, he was so fucking high. That was the shit, no doubt about it. The only bad thing was that he had a hard-on the size of an elephant's cock and no available hole to stick it into. He had fucked plenty of freaks in his life, but now he wanted none of that.

He didn't want to end up humping some weirdo, in a dark corner of some shitty club, or waste his jizz inside a wall, while still fantasizing with his eyes wide open about fucking the prince of his dreams. He hadn't forgotten about that promise, and now his mind was flying as high as all his other senses.

He had no idea what the real name of his angel was. Mostly, because he didn't care about the details. Maybe he was indeed called Angel, or maybe something royal. But Ramon had seen him plenty of times on the huge ass screens all over the city. That face had become a bit of an obsession after seeing him only once in person. From that point onward, whenever he had seen that perfect doll face on a screen, he had watched the guy and etched his beautiful features right onto his cortex.

A face like that should have made that pretty man a porn star. It was just a guess, but most probably whatever angel face was doing paid better than playing in adult movies. Ramon was sure the guy's talents weren't wasted. Even if he wasn't selling his ass on the street, the guy was probably a deluxe prostitute. The bastards ruling the world in Ramon's corner of the universe were sure to have had their cocks buried deep into the man's tight ass. Man, it sucked to be poor.

First, it had felt like a blessing to see the hologram at that sleazy glory hole place. Yet the guy in the wall had remained still cool, unattainable, and fucking beautiful, even after Ramon had jizzed the cock sleeve installed beneath the hologram dozens of times. He knew that footage by heart now, and it couldn't stave off the hunger he felt when watching the guy.

There was no one as beautiful as his angel on the entire planet if there was one thing he was sure of. The man had skin smooth and white as alabaster, eyes the color of cornflowers, and lips made for sucking dick. Just the thought of that was making him so hard that he could no longer walk straight. With a wince, he adjusted the hard-on in his jeans.

Ramon felt a small shudder coursing through his veins, as he imagined his own dark cock sliding through those aristocratic lips. That guy definitely milked cocks for a living. Only that he was an angel and he was getting on his knees for sports cars and jewelry, while Ramon sucked cock just for a joint now and then, or just for fun more often than not.

But this shit he got right now ... This shit was good. He had sucked off like five guys at some kind of orgy, but he had gotten his hands on the good stuff. And he was not going to waste it by fucking holes in walls. No matter how tempting the thought was. No, Ramon had it with that. Now he was flying, and he could nail his prince just like he wanted to.

He knew where his angel used to hang out. He had seen it dozens of times in commercials and whatnot. It was the hippest club in the city, and no one entered there without being a celebrity or having enough money to fuck one.

Ramon felt his bulge through his washed out jeans. His load was so going to go into his angel's tight ass. Tonight was now or never. Even if he was going to fight an army of bouncers, he was going to get into La Vida Loca, find his angel and fuck his brains out.

That or he wasn't the real punk everyone told him he was.

Through the car window, Lennart dispassionately watched the world passing by. He carefully swept some imaginary lint from the lapel of his lambskin coat. He was heading towards another boring night at La Vida Loca, when he would have instead stayed at home, gotten high and just thought of nothing until morning.

But obligations and stakes were high as the face of a brand. He sighed. Feeling the small plastic bag in his pocket, he wondered if it wasn't for the better to just get high before getting to the club. That took the edge off of things. And it staved off boredom.

Eventually, he decided against it. There was some vile satisfaction to have the hookup for the night working hard to get the spunk out of him. After all, Lennart was the challenge, and the

prize and that was the deal. He was supposed to be easy to get in bed, but difficult to satisfy. And important idiots from all over the world came to La Vida Loca, just to meet this playboy with a reputation to be all ice in bed. Plus, only when high, he could still get it up.

It was his revenge, really, for the times when he had to sit on his knees and suck cock after cock. That happened less and less now, ever since his agent had been smart enough to get a better deal for him, but there were still special events where his ass and mouth had to be the main treat. He would have done without being a whore for rent, but he was not one to refuse the money. He loved money and whatever he could buy with it.

Except right now, he wished he could buy a night at home, without the usual hassle of having his limp dick sucked to the point that it was starting to feel nauseating because of the incredible boredom he felt. Or worse. To pretend and moan and make pretty while sucking some big shot's cock that he didn't even care to know at all.

He got out of the car, as the driver held the door for him. Suddenly, some ruckus drew his attention. Apparently, someone had been crazy enough to breach the security and was now jumping like a savage on the red carpet.

Ramon felt energy surging through his veins. His angel had just gotten out of his car and stood there, dressed all in white, with the coat hanging on his shoulders as devil may care. His platinum blond hair was perfectly combed and swept back, and his beautiful lips were curled into a practiced smile.

Two bouncers hurried to catch Ramon, but he dodged them swiftly and put one foot into one's ass, making him stumble and fall face first on the ground.

The guy's partner was coming for him, but Ramon released his battle cry, making the bodyguard stop for a second in pure confusion. And just like that, Ramon rammed hard into the man's much larger frame and ended up taking him down, too.

Lennart stared in horrid fascination. The freak who had just made the two bodyguards end up squirming on the ground turned towards him.

“Your ass, papi, is mine tonight!” the guy shouted. “I’ll fuck your tight hole until you scream my name!”

The freak was not bad looking at all, Lennart noticed. He was a bit skinny and dressed in ripped jeans and some cheap t-shirt that showed the guy’s nice lean muscles well, but he had the devil in him. He was dark-skinned, dark-haired, and his amethyst eyes were shining with something dangerous and alluring.

And, Lennart noticed as his eyes traveled lower, the freak was sporting a massive erection. The skinny jeans were struggling to keep that monster snake inside. It was a wonder they were not bursting at the seams. The guy grabbed his package and squeezed with intent, his eyes locked with Lennart’s.

“This one’s all for you, papi!”

The bodyguards were now scrambling to their feet. Lennart almost felt pity for the guy, as he stole one look towards the bouncers. Those gorillas were going to crush the handsome devil.

All of a sudden, an idea rushed to his brain like a shot of good stuff. He held his hand high and gestured towards the bodyguards to leave the guy alone. The dark-skinned man walked towards him, cocksure and with a manic grin all over his face. Fuck, the freak was high as a kite, too. That made Lennart regret he hadn’t gotten any fairy dust into his system when he had had the chance. At least, when he was high, he could pretend he was enjoying himself. But he wasn’t going to risk putting the poor freak into a coma, just by deciding to share. So he was going to go completely cool headed through this little adventure. Yeah, pretty much a bummer. Yet, he still wanted it to happen.

Ramon grabbed his angel by the waist and glued their bodies together. The prince might have looked like he was all ice, but he seemed hot like a furnace. Or Ramon's skin was all in flames because of the drugs. Did it matter? He began rubbing his crotch suggestively against the angel.

"Not here, moron," the prince pushed him away and gestured for the limo.

Ramon flipped the bird at the two bodyguards who were staring in shock at the scene, just like the rest of the mofos waiting to get into the club.

He propped himself against the cushy back seat, as the angel slid inside and sat across from him.

"So, care to repeat what you just said?" the prince cocked his head to one side and looked at him like he was seeing someone like Ramon from up close for the first time in his life.

Ramon squeezed his cock through his jeans once more.

"This load is all for you, papi! I've been saving it up for days," he said without an ounce of hesitation.

The prince laughed. Even his laugh was like something from a fairytale. A fairytale with princes with tight butts and lips made for cock polishing. Ramon grinned. He had made it. He only had to hold out his hand, and he was going to touch the prince of his dreams. The male celebrity present on every fucking ad up in lights, the one who probably gave head for five thousand a pop or something like that was there, across from him. Suddenly, tangible.

"What are you doing?" the prince asked, as Ramon stretched out his hand and touched the man's knee.

“You’re real,” Ramon grinned.

His hand took in the shape of the knee through the smooth fabric and began climbing higher, feeling the firm, lean thigh. The prince seemed amused.

“Do you really think you’re going to fuck me? Just how high are you?”

Ramon’s smug grin grew wider.

“High enough to look down on you, papi, while you get on your knees and suck my cock.”

Lennart had to give it to the guy. He had no hang-ups. He didn’t care he was in such select company, and he was just saying whatever was crossing his mind. But Lennart needed to set the matters straight.

“Look, the one who is going to start sucking and right now is you. If you do a good job, I’ll even give you something for the effort. Maybe you’ll buy some new clothes,” he gestured towards the guy’s attire while making a small grimace.

The freak was not intimidated at all. With the nonchalance worthy of a devil, he just flipped open the fly on his jeans and took out his cock and his balls. Lennart licked his lips as he stared at that gorgeous thing standing up for attention. The guy was skinny and probably cared more about getting high than eating healthy, but he had something really going on for him between his legs. The head was even darker than the rest and engorged with blood. And it was twitching, Lennart observed, partly amused, partly fascinated by the image in front of his eyes.

The sack beneath was also so stretched and full that Lennart felt small eddies of warmth crawling up his spine just thinking about how that kind of load would feel when released at

full speed inside his ass or throat. Wait, was he really starting to think about that? He wasn't so easily aroused; at least, not these days. He always needed to be high for that, and this time, he was sober like a priest holding a sermon.

He pushed the button for the privacy screen. The sight of that fantastic cock was for his eyes only. Blessed were the times they lived in; he could fuck anyone without fear of STDs. The freak in front of him was now flaunting his hard cock, making a circle with his fingers at the base. A pretty thick base. Again, the thought of having that gun pressed against his ass sent a small jolt of arousal down his back.

"Papi, come taste it," the man cooed. "I won't blow in your mouth, I promise. I want your ass too much."

"You really think you're going to fuck me," Lennart said matter-of-factly like it was just insane even to consider the possibility.

Lennart could sense the change in his own voice with horror and excitement. The man in front of him was no VIP, no owner of a private jet, no CEO, nor the dictator of a small country. Yet, he was demanding Lennart's mouth and ass like he was entitled to them. And he was the lowest of the low.

The thought gave him another sudden rush. Wouldn't it have been such a middle finger into everyone's faces? Everyone who thought of him as nothing else but some expensive toy? People spent small fortunes to put him on his fours. Yet, they were no better than this freak, flying high, and dressed in hand me downs, if Lennart so chose.

"I'll fuck you so hard you won't be able to sit for days. You'll feel me deep in your ass, papi. I promise."

"You're flattering yourself. I've had bigger," Lennart lied through his teeth.

"Yeah, maybe, but no one gave you like I'm gonna give it to you."

“What makes you so sure?”

The freak licked his lips. Lennart gasped as the man moved quickly, pushed him flat against the seat and then pressed their lips together.

The prince was playing hard to get, and that was just making him harder than he already was. Ramon was sure he was going to come so bad in the angel’s tight ass that the guy was going to puke cum.

Now the prince was no longer such a chatterbox. He was surprisingly obedient as Ramon pushed his tongue inside. He used the attack to slide his hands under the silk shirt and pinch the angel’s nipples hard. But the prince didn’t protest. Instead, he moaned like a whore and grabbed Ramon by the neck to pull him closer.

“Yeah, papi, I know what you need. Those assholes at that shitty club of yours don’t know how to treat a prince like you.”

“You think I’m a prince?” the angel laughed.

“For me, you are the prince of princes. And you need someone to treat your tight ass right. I’m going to bust a nut so hard in you. But I’ll make you beg for it first.”

“In your dreams,” the angel rolled his eyes.

Ramon smirked. This guy was so going to get it with that attitude. Just the thought of spilling all his pent-up spunk inside the guy’s tight ass made him grab the prince lying under him harder by the hips. He needed to make good on his promise. It was, after all, a promise to his cock, so pretty damn serious.

“Hey, watch it, you’re going to give me bruises,” the prince complained.

Ramon grabbed the front of the guy’s shirt now and pulled, making small pearly buttons fly everywhere. And he quickly began attacking the exposed chest. Delicious, so fucking delicious everywhere, that was how his prince was. He sucked hard on each nipple, making the prince gasp each time Ramon’s mouth plastered sloppy, loud kisses on the alabaster skin.

“I’m not food, you know,” the blond spoke, but his voice was already losing that bitchy edge from earlier.

“You are, papi, you are. I’m going to lick you all over like you’re a lollipop, and then I’ll put my gun inside you, and I’m gonna shoot deep,” Ramon spoke slowly, while his tongue began working the guy’s armpits.

He knew what his prince needed. Not whatever those scumbags at La Vida Loca had. Their limp dicks could never make this beautiful man happy. The prince needed someone strong to put him down and fuck him into the next century. His cute tight ass had to be bred and used, and his face had to be creamed. And then, jizz pouring down his face and from his ass, the prince should just walk down the poshest avenue in the city and show everyone what a whore he was for Ramon’s cock.

That was his fantasy. But now, he had the prince, flesh, and blood, in his arms, and Ramon could do whatever he wanted to him.

He grabbed the man’s pants and pulled them off, making one shoe land with a smack against the limo’s window. He grinned as he saw the prince’s nice cock bounce out of the pants.

“Hot for me, papi?” he cooed as he slapped the man’s erection playfully.

A small hiss and a gasp were the response. Ramon used just two fingers to press under the engorged head and push down the skin. The mushroom wept, and the prince cried out.

“Suck me, you freak,” the prince ordered.

Ramon was quick. He knew what to do with bitchy guys, like this one. Nothing could shut them up better than a giant cock between their lips. The prince was clearly surprised to land on his ass with his face pressed against Ramon’s crotch.

This man could be dangerous, Lennart thought idly, as the freak was rubbing his enormous erection against Lennart’s face with wanton abandon. The stranger could just snap Lennart’s neck, with no care for consequences since he was so high and he didn’t care. But even that was giving him a kick straight into his neurons, better than drugs, since getting intoxicated had only meant lately that he wasn’t feeling much.

But this, this was unpredictable and real.

“Come on, papi,” the freak begged in that languorous voice of his, “put it in your mouth and suck it. I’m telling you, you haven’t tasted cock like this in your life.”

Maybe that was true. Maybe he had never sucked off a guy as poor as this freak. Lennart shot up a short annoyed look, just to check if the guy was going to feel intimidated. No chance of that. The dark, handsome face was lit up by a huge grin.

“Look at me like that, with your ice like eyes ... Suck me dry and look at me,” the freak grabbed Lennart’s neck and used his other hand to guide his cock to the Lennart’s lips.

Lennart almost felt like it was too much and adjusted his position so the hard member could slide inside his throat. Practice, he had plenty. But the raw smell of the man’s crotch almost made him dizzy. This was a man, not someone’s puppet, not someone who wanted Lennart just because the guy was a prize to fuck, not someone who paid and that was all. This was a

man who wanted him, Lennart, pure and simple. The realization made him moan against the giant thing in his mouth.

Arousal, real arousal, gave way to fire in his blood.

“Yeah, papi, yeah. Feels good to have your mouth full?” the guy caressed Lennart’s throat with his thumb as if he was checking his cock was going through there. “When you’re mine, I’m gonna feed the whore in you every day, until you’re good and you’re not bitching anymore.”

Lennart could feel his hair standing on end from too much stimulation. He pressed one hand against his own erection, painful at this moment, and used his other one to grab the man’s balls so he could have enough leverage to push that hard organ as deep inside as he could.

He was drooling saliva all over the man’s cock and balls, but he didn’t care. He started rubbing himself, with desperation, wanting to feel the man shoot his load right into his stomach. He wanted to come so hard, so damn hard. What the fuck was this? He hadn’t come while sober in years.

The man suddenly pushed him away.

“Enough, or I’ll shoot in your mouth. Ass up, angel,” the man ordered.

“Oh, I’m an angel now?” Lennart mumbled.

He had no time to express his frustration. The man was agile and seeing how high he was he was holding himself well on his feet. Lennart groaned as he was bent over the seat and had his knees parted. The sudden tongue in his ass was both a blessing and a curse. His cock bobbed helplessly against the seat, searching for friction.

The man was rough, as he was pushing Lennart's buttocks aside, to reach inside more, but his tongue was wicked and made Lennart want to get higher and higher. As pleasurable as that was, he needed more.

"There's lube under the seat," he said through his moans of pleasure.

"Lube? Do you think I'm gonna use that? Tonight, papi, we'll do it like where I come from!"

"What? Are you fucking insane?"

Ramon laughed as the prince struggled against the tight hold. It made things funnier. He grabbed the blond by his slender waist and pushed him down. Ramon kicked the man's knees wider, pressing with his own thighs and guided his cock like a homecoming missile towards the tight opening.

The angel had such a small pink hole. Ramon thought with satisfaction how he was going to ruin that. He was going to fuck his prince so hard that anyone else would feel like pencil pricks from now on. Yeah, the prince needed the fucking of his life and Ramon was going to give it to him.

"You fucking asshole!" the prince continued to struggle.

Ramon knew how easy it could be to pin down a guy. Many were deceived by the way he looked, but he knew he was strong.

"I'm not gonna hurt you, papi," he cooed and spat on his own cock, coating it with saliva. "You're just gonna want my cock alone, after this."

He felt like he was ready to explode just as the tip of his mushroom brushed against the tight entrance. His cock was oozing, adding more lubrication. Fuck, the prince was tight as a virgin whore, he thought, as he pushed inside just the tip.

The blond angel arched his back and mumbled a curse.

“Easy, papi, easy. I’m not gonna hurt you. Just let me, okay? Just let me.”

He took hold of the guy’s neck and turned him slightly to kiss him. He pushed his tongue inside his prince’s mouth as he drove past the tight ring of muscles with his cock as slowly as he could. The guy’s body was just as slowly giving in, he could feel it. There was a coppery taste of blood in his mouth, but he didn’t mind that his prince bit him. If he wanted, his angel could chop off his tongue altogether, and Ramon was still not going to care.

All that he cared about was his cock being squeezed to the death by that tight asshole. He took hold of the man’s chest and pulled him closer, letting his tongue slip out of the guy’s mouth. For a second, their eyes met. The ice-like eyes were filled with something wicked. The guy was slowly bucking his hips back to meet him. And he was watching Ramon like he was challenging him.

“Come on, papi, let me give you the fucking of your life,” he licked the angel’s ear.

He pulled with his teeth at the pink diamond stud in his prince’s earlobe. To think that Ramon, the prince of the slums was fucking this high-class sex toy, who wore in his ear a little piece that could probably buy the entire neighborhood where Ramon lived.

He pushed inside more this time, encouraged by the tight opening slowly giving up and the prince moaned like a gangbanged whore. It was so damn fine to slap against the smooth skin of the guy’s ass and make him tremble and whine with each thrust.

The fucker was fucking him like a madman, and Lennart could only think how much he wanted this. His ass wanted nothing else but to open more, wider, deeper, so he could feel that freak's cock down to its roots and make it his. The moment the guy had stuck that monster cock inside him, although it should have hurt like fuck, all he could feel was an extreme kind of arousal that he couldn't blame of drugs spiked with some illegal shit.

The freak hadn't cared what Lennart wanted. He was just humping like a dog in heat, and he was using Lennart's ass like it was his personal cum dumpster. It was so damn good, and Lennart was hard, and he wanted to come before the asshole because that was too much and he needed one hand on his cock. This kind of fucking was shaking him down to his core, and with each push and pull, he felt like he was fucked by a freight train. Yet, there was something inside him urging him to open up more and take it like a fucking bitch.

“Let me jerk off, you fucking fucker,” Lennart groaned.

His ass was pulled back, and a firm hand was on his dick, immediately starting to rub him raw. Lennart knew how he must have sounded. But he knew the driver could not hear him. He knew that he was no better than an ordinary whore, fucked and used. But the freak's hand on Lennart's dick was real, and the cock up his ass was real, too.

Lennart began coming, groaning and cursing, trembling in the other's arms. The man let him go, not without torturing his spent dick a few more times, and then grabbed him hard by the waist and began fucking him at full speed.

Lennart, the face of a brand, the celebrity of the moment, and the most prized fuck in the millionaires' world, was bred like a bitch by the side of the road, and by a mongrel dog, on top of everything else.

Ramon smirked in victory, as he sped up. Yes, he was busting both nuts, not just one, into the tight ass of the man of his dreams, and it was everything. When he came, he kept the man's ass glued to him, letting wave after wave after wave course through him and release straight into the prince's ass.

He slapped the angel's curvy ass and eventually let his spent cock slide out.

"Fuck, I came so much," he laughed, as he pushed the guy's buttocks apart and watched in satisfaction how his jizz began pouring out.

The angel was disheveled, his mouth a bit slack, his bottom lip trembling, and his entire skin flushed. He was breathing hard, and he was looking at Ramon like he was seeing a lunatic.

"You fucking ripped my ass," he complained, as he lay against the seat.

"I gave your sweet ass the fucking it deserves, papi," Ramon grinned. "You fucking sweet whore," he added, pushing his fingers, still wet with the angel's jizz, inside his mouth. He pulled them out with a loud pop. "You're not torn, don't worry. I took care of it. In a few days, you'll be ready to fuck again."

"Speaking from experience?" the angel pouted. "Get dressed so I can kick you out already."

Ramon laughed.

"Come on, papi, just say it. It was the fucking of your dreams."

"Maybe for you," the angel said dryly, as he began to pick up his clothes and dress up.

Ramon watched his prince rummage through his pockets and take a few bills from there.

"Here, take it," the angel stretched out his hand. "For, let's say, a decent lay."

Ramon grabbed his jeans and pulled them up, ignoring the offer.

“I won’t take money for fucking your sweet ass,” he spoke.

“You look like you could use some.”

“No way,” Ramon slapped the prince’s hand away. “Stop the fucking car.”

The prince was lucky he was so pretty and an awesome fuck. Or Ramon would have kicked his ass right that moment.

Lennart watched the freak getting out of the car, and he was about to tell the driver to go, but he realized something. With a wince, he stepped out and yelled after the freak, the man’s back already fading in the dark.

“Hey, what’s your name?”

“None of your fucking business!”

“Hey!”

Lennart took a few more steps, but the pain in his ass was real now, and he could not run after the man without his shoes. He could not tell why he wanted to learn the guy’s name anyway. And it didn’t matter. And, yes, it had been the best fuck in forever, but he was not going to say it. But damn, it would have served to have a guy like that on speed dial.

“The fuck were you thinking, Ramon?” he cursed himself as he entered his old neighborhood.
“You could have fucking used the cash.”

Yeah, but he was not going to take money from his prince for a fuck. When it came to that, Ramon’s cock was all for free.

Chapter Two

“Where the fuck have you been last night?” the brand’s manager stared at him while chewing the end of his cigar.

Lennart plopped down on the cushy sofa, making sure not to land directly on his ass, yet still maintain the same I-could-care-less-what-you-say attitude. The healing accelerators he had popped the moment he had gone back home the night before were still heavy at work, and he was not entirely recovered. Not that he really wanted that; he had noticed with mild satisfaction that the sensation, the mark the nameless freak from the previous night had left on his body was strangely enjoyable. And it had just left Lennart wanting more. It had been so long since he had felt genuine desire for another human being that he had no intention to let go of it.

“Each night, you have to be there, and suck up to our investors,” the man added, the frown on his pudgy face deepening.

“And suck off our investors, you mean,” Lennart corrected him and yawned.

“Don’t be a smartass. You know what the deal is. And why do you look like a mess?”

Because I took it up the ass last night from a guy you wouldn’t even think human, Lennart wanted to say but kept his mouth shut. He just gestured vaguely.

The manager shook his head.

“You were missed last night, Lennart,” the man sweetened his tone. “So, in compensation, you are invited to a party.”

Lennart frowned. He knew what that meant.

“No, no way,” he shook his head. “My agent clearly told me I was no longer to attend these ... parties.”

“Come on, Lennart,” the man continued to use his sweet tone. “Just look what I have for you,” he added, pulling a drawer open and then throwing something towards Lennart.

He snatched it with ease.

“It’s the best stuff. Not even someone like you can afford it more than, let’s say, once a month.”

Lennart studied the small package.

“It’s for the party. I guarantee that you will feel so good that you won’t have any regrets.”

He held the drugs between his fingers.

“You mean I won’t remember how much cock I sucked and took up the ass, come morning? That I won’t feel like a fucking used whore?”

The manager looked downright sinister that moment.

“How old are you, Lennart? 24, is it?”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” Lennart frowned.

“Not long before you retire. Let’s face it. You’re not a novelty anymore. You may still be handsome, and you are lucky you have good metabolism that lets you get high every night

and still look like the perfect sex toy the next time you have to meet our clients, but you're no longer ... new."

"Are you threatening me?"

"Do I have to? It is up to you whether you retire with money to last a lifetime or end up selling your ass to whoever will still want to have a has-been like you. And that, you know, not so you can keep up with your current lifestyle, but so you can eat every day."

"Wow. You are threatening me," Lennart pursed his lips. "It looks like you forget who I am. I have important people ready to jump at the opportunity to have me exclusively. Are you sure you want to anger them? Let me just take my pick," he closed his eyes and pretended that he was thinking.

"Lennart, dear," the manager returned to his sweetened, poisoned tone. "Let's not do this. We're friends, right? And friends help each other. Be a good boy and go to the party. Let's put this unpleasantness behind."

Lennart exhaled. For a second there, he had been afraid.

"All right," he let the drugs slide into his pocket. "But don't make it a habit of assigning me to these parties. You know how much I hate that shit."

"And I have the proof of how much you actually like it, once you get the hang of it. What was your personal record that night? Too bad there were no more loaded cocks in the building. You were still begging for more after everyone present, and even the help took as many turns as they could at your ass."

Lennart shot a dirty look at the man. The manager smiled and put up his hands.

"I am just joking. You are the brand's property, and we don't want property damaged, right?"

“What happened to being friends?” Lennart asked.

“There’s not exactly room for friendship when there’s money involved, right?”

“Right,” Lennart echoed the man’s last word slowly.

“You know the deal, Lennart, my boy. Imagine if you didn’t have such looks going for you. Where would you have been? Making money the hard way, right? Just like anyone else. So be thankful.”

“Yeah,” Lennart nodded absent-mindedly.

“Now shoo. You’ve already taken too much of my day.”

Lennart stood up to leave. He needed to find that douchebag of an agent he had, and tell him that he needed out of this mess and fast.

“Why the fuck are you grinning like an idiot?” Marla shot him a dirty glare from behind the bar.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” Ramon’s smile widened.

“Should I say ‘try me’?” the woman placed one hand on her hip and watched him with a critical eye.

“I fucked him. I gave it to him good,” Ramon smacked his lips.

“Who?”

“That guy,” Ramon pointed towards the screen behind Marla, and the woman turned to watch the prince of Ramon’s dreams giving an interview or something like that.

Then she just turned towards him and rolled her eyes.

“Yeah, sure. You fucked Lennart Gratz. Sure thing. Just how high were you last night? And who could be the shmuck who took it up the ass from you? He or she will brag. You’re such good a lay that everyone just waits for you to get high so that they could get their hands on you. Otherwise, they’re not up to your standards,” Marla chuckled, shaking her head with mirth.

“His name is Lennart? Hmm, Lennart,” Ramon melted into his chair while letting the name of his prince roll off his tongue and totally ignoring whatever Marla was talking about.

“You fucked him, and you didn’t even know his name? No wonder everyone thinks you’re a scumbag,” Marla shook her head, but poured one drink and pushed it in front of Ramon.

“We didn’t have time for talking about useless shit. And after that, I was pissed. He wanted to give me money. I slapped his hand,” Ramon recounted the last night’s adventure with a small shrug.

“The part with him giving you money might be the only one that is as close to the truth as something like that could be,” Marla snorted. “But you refused money? Now I really know you’re lying through your teeth.”

“I didn’t fuck him for cash,” Ramon shrugged. “I wanted his sweet ass, and I shoot my load in him. Although I was so good he wanted to pay me,” he added with a smug grin and sudden realization.

Marla swatted him over the head with affection.

“Pull your head out of your ass, Ramon. And here. An errand for you,” she pushed a small package toward him.

“Neat,” he whistled and palmed the package. “Hey, look, I’m on TV,” he pointed at the screen.

Marla turned and looked. The events in front of La Vida Loca hadn’t passed unnoticed, it seemed.

“And who could be the stranger that made Lennart Gratz, the symbol of the Americano brand, leave in such a hurry?” the anchorwoman commented in an excited voice.

“Fuck me sideways,” Marla murmured and turned to look at Ramon. “Did you really? With him?” she gestured towards the screen.

“I already told you,” Ramon stood up just to stare the bartender down with superiority. “But you just wouldn’t listen.”

“And how was it?” Marla almost shrieked.

“Now you believe me,” Ramon complained. “What do you want me to tell you? You don’t have a dick so I cannot tell you how that tight ass felt. Or his mouth. On my cock.”

Marla’s eyes narrowed.

“You must have been his pity fuck of the decade. Or of his entire life. Or he was flying higher than you,” she shook her head.

“Say what you want,” Ramon shrugged. “He knows I did him good. That’s all that fucking matters.”

Lennart was pissed as hell. His agent, the fucker, chose today of all days to pretend he was not at home or anywhere else on the face of the planet. Maybe it was a good idea just to fire the idiot. He was doing nothing for Lennart anyway, except for taking his percentage. And what the fuck was he doing in return? Did he take it up the ass for Lennart? Not even figuratively!

And now he was going to the fucking party. So he was going to take it like a fucking whore. He took out the small package so generously offered by the manager. The words the man had spoken flooded his brain like muddy waters. Maybe it was not such a good idea to spend all his money on clothes, cars, and drugs. Whether he liked it or not, he was not going to stay young forever. And he didn’t want to end up like those clowns who still thought they were something they could brag about while jingling their chains like used up whores and spending their last pennies on face surgery at a discount.

He put back the drugs. That stuff was expensive. Maybe he could sell it later and put the money somewhere safe, somewhere his manager and his agent knew nothing about. It was the beginning of saving up for him. The mere thought was making him feel invigorated. Even the idea that he was going to get gangbanged by a bunch of rich farts was no longer so dreadful.

He stretched on the backseat of the limo, tempted to take a nap until he reached his destination. But, just as he was chilling, the car made such an abrupt stop that he tumbled in the space between the seats.

He pushed himself up with a curse.

“What the hell is going on?” he reached for the button to lower the privacy screen, determined to yell at the driver when the sound of a gunshot made him freeze on the spot.

The door flew open, and two hairy hands reached for him. Lennart felt the hair on his head stand on end in an instant. He was pulled out of the car and thrown around like a rag doll, only to slam against another guy.

“What the fuck?” he shouted, trying to push himself away from the gorilla who was now holding him by the arms.

The man keeping him in place was at least three heads taller and probably 200 pounds heavier. With an ugly grin on his face, the man let go of him, only to slap him hard across the face. Lennart fell on the ground. He was in pure shock, as he tried to get up, only to be put down by a kick in the ribs that made his breathing stop altogether for a second.

“Hey, don’t mess him up just yet!” he heard the first man speaking. “I really want to fuck him before we whack him.”

Whack him? Lennart tried to push himself away, but the men were much faster than him. He found himself thrown on a pile of garbage, on his back, facing his attackers.

“Who are you, people? What do you want?”

His eyes searched frantically for an escape. And where the fuck was the driver? His heart stopped as he spotted the man lying down next to the car in a position that could not belong to a living person.

He tried to climb the mountain of trash, away from the two goons, who were now grinning and snickering and making their way toward him.

“I have money,” he mumbled. “Anything you want.”

“We get plenty of money for whacking you, don’t worry,” one of the men spoke. “And the only thing we want from you we’ll take right now.”

“Don’t you think we’ll take too long? Just blow his brains out,” the other intervened.

“Don’t be a fucking idiot,” the first one barked. “There must be jizz in his ass. That’s the order.”

“So? We’ll fuck him after,” the other shrugged.

“Are you fucking mental?” the first goon turned towards his partner. “I don’t want to fuck a corpse! What’s the matter with you?”

Lennart began moving slowly. Maybe he could make a run for it.

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going?” the same guy snapped at him, all of a sudden.

His muscles were stretched to the limit, and he pushed himself up. But the goons were all over him in an instant, and soon, a hand was wrapped around his neck, cutting his air supply, and others were at his pants, trying to drag them down.

He could not even scream.

Ramon was pretty satisfied. Marla was good on her promise. The errand had paid nicely. He had enough for some decent food and even a bit of mota. He was whistling a happy tune, his hands in his pockets. It was already evening, and even this part of the city was well lit. Maybe he should have hanged out around La Vida Loca. Maybe his prince was willing to put out again.

The mere thought of that superb tight ass was making him hard. But, without the good stuff in his system, he wasn't as brave as before. And maybe he wasn't even that good a lay when he wasn't flying, no matter what Marla was saying. Not that he had had anyone complain before. Just that his prince deserved nothing but the best, and that Ramon couldn't offer that if he wasn't high and on some good stuff.

What a fucking idiot he was. He should have taken the money from his prince, buy himself another round and then just go back to fuck the guy's brains out. Then he was going to get paid again and so on, and so forth. What a fucking great plan. And he had ruined it like an idiot.

Funny, that limo looked just like what the prince used to get around the city. But what was such a nice car doing in a place like this? He got closer to the car and circled it slowly. He stepped on something.

No, on someone. Fuck! Ramon was not going to be caught dead near a dead body. That was fucking bad news. He was about to make a run for it when the sounds of struggle made his ears twitch.

Leave the fuck out, Ramon! This sure as hell ain't your business, the only rational neuron in his brain was telling him.

Too bad that neuron was the only of the kind in his almost good as fried brain. He took a few steps in the direction of the sounds and froze.

Two guys were roughing up a third one. Much smaller than them, and wearing white clothes. Ramon walked towards them like he was hypnotized. When the two assailants moved a little, what his eyes saw made his entire body spring into action.

He searched frantically with his eyes and spotted a rusty crowbar on the ground. Without giving it any extra thought, he grabbed it and launched towards the closer of the two. The man fell without a sound like he was a puppet with its strings cut.

The other turned quickly and reached for his holster.

“Nobody fucks my man!” he yelled, and before the man could pull out his gun, Ramon buried the crowbar into his head in one single move.

Lennart was heaving, and pulling at his own neck in despair. The two goons were on the ground, bleeding from their split heads, yet he still could not believe he was saved. The fingers tightening just earlier around his neck still felt like they were there and he could not breathe.

“Let’s go, papi!” his savior pulled him up by one elbow and forced him to walk, ignoring his struggle to breathe.

He knew that voice. He knew that man. His voice was hoarse as he spoke.

“It’s you!” he shouted in disbelief. “You ... You saved me!”

“No one fucks my man,” the guy spoke with determination as he was helping Lennart down from the garbage pile.

Lennart felt like laughing hysterically. He had had cocks in his ass and mouth more than an army of hookers on heavy rotation, but he could not contradict the man right now.

“Wait,” the guy spoke and let go of Lennart’s arm so that he could search the two goons for their guns.

Lennart trembled. What if this guy was sent for the same purpose? It made no sense, but nothing made sense, so he began to move away.

At least, he tried to do that. His legs were like butter, and his savior turned just in time to grab him and hold him.

“Don’t faint on me now, papi,” the guy said. “Let me take you home.”

Lennart felt his insides turn like the muddy water on the bottom of a lake. Where the fuck was home? That couldn’t have been random. It had been a planned attack, which meant one thing: he was no longer safe.

“Take me to your home,” he grabbed the man’s arm in desperation.

“Sure thing, papi,” the man grinned at him. “That’s the only home for you.”

He needed to think. He needed to consider that the guy who had just saved him was just a poor guy from the slums who was going to sell Lennart the moment he was going to hear there was a bounty involved. Because that was going to happen. But, until then, the only place he was safe was with this guy.

The man grabbed him by the shoulders and made him walk quickly.

“Let’s move our asses,” he spoke. “The pigs are going to be all over this place. Better if we’re not found here.”

Lennart forced himself to walk faster.

“Those two, do you think they’re dead?” he asked his savior, whose name he didn’t even know.

The man shrugged.

“Hopefully yes, because I don’t need that kind on my tail.”

So he was in the company of a guy who had no issues with killing two men in a heartbeat. Lennart was sure he was crazy to just go with this guy. But what choice did he have? He had no one to turn to. And that realization made him put his arm around the other man’s waist, just to feel him closer. The man was a murderer and a drug addict, for sure, but he was everything Lennart needed right now, which was safety.

Ramon chose to go through the back. He did not need people to question him about Lennart right now. He still could not believe that the guy he was sneaking inside was the prince of his dreams.

“It must have been fate or something,” he spoke. “I was thinking of you and, bang, there you were.”

The guy moved about the small room like he could not believe he was there.

“Is this your place?”

Lennart sounded snappy. Ramon wasn’t sure he liked that. The adrenaline from earlier was all gone, and now he didn’t need a prissy bitch complaining about living conditions.

“Yeah,” he answered and moved to take out his jacket.

The prince remained standing, while Ramon stretched on the bed.

“What are you standing there for? Make yourself comfortable. You’re at home,” he added.

All right, so it had been on an impulse that he had taken Lennart to his place. His prince was not used to such conditions. He was probably just going to scrunch his royal nose and take a hike. And that thought was making him pissed. At least, he had to get a blowjob as a reward. And that, without being high. So maybe it was going to take little to come.

“I saved your life. Give me head,” he spoke.

The prince stared at him like Ramon was growing horns.

“Are you for real?” his angel asked. “I was just about to get raped and killed, you whacked those two, and all you can think of is how to get your dick wet?”

Ramon pondered. Was that sarcasm? Because he couldn’t really tell. And, yeah, he wanted to get his dick wet. So he just stared at the guy and smiled.

“You’re the worst savior in the history of mankind,” Lennart sat on the bed, but still away from Ramon. “My hero,” he added, shaking his head.

“Yeah, I’m your hero. Now suck my dick. You’re not leaving until you do,” Ramon crossed his arms over his chest with a miffed expression on his face.

“I’m not leaving anywhere,” the prince buried his face into his hands.

“Oh, you’re staying?” Ramon wondered out loud.

Well, that was a surprise. Or maybe just a trick to fool him out of a blowjob somehow.

“Yes, I am staying,” the prince glared at him. “I have nowhere to go.”

“What? Don't you have your own place? Were you living in that limo?” Ramon joked.

“Don’t be an ass,” Lennart mumbled. “It was no coincidence that I got into this mess. Those guys were sent to kill me.”

Ramon could feel his own blood cooling. If that shit was real, the prince was nothing but a hot potato on his hands. Still hot as hell, though. He patted the place next to him on the bed.

“Come here, papi,” he said with affection.

What was going to be? Was he going to keep the prince all to himself, or sell him quickly to whoever was after his ass?

Lennart felt weary. So, despite his better judgment, he lay next to the raven-haired man on the small bed that could barely keep the two of them.

“What’s your name?” he asked, turning to face the guy.

“Ramon,” the man answered, showing his white teeth in a broad smile.

“I’m Lennart,” he said back.

“I know. I saw it on TV.”

“So you know who I am.”

“Yeah.”

“So let me ask you this straight. Are you going to sell me out?”

There was a moment of hesitation that wasn’t missed by Lennart before the man spoke.

“Of course not, papi. You’re mine.”

“All right,” he nodded.

He was in the deepest of all shits in the universe. This guy was just going to get rid of him the moment he knew how. But, right now, Lennart had no other place to go, and he wanted so much just to lie down and lick his wounds. His cheek, where he had been hit, was throbbing now, and he was sure there were going to be bruises on his neck and ribs.

Ramon’s hand was calloused, but gentle when the man caressed Lennart’s bruised face.

“Did those idiots hit you?”

He nodded. And then Ramon did something unexpected. He placed a soft kiss on Lennart’s cheek.

Maybe there was a way. Maybe he could convince this idiot they were made for each other, and the guy was not going to sell him out. Lennart only needed to do what he knew best: put his ass up, suck the guy's dick, and tell him sweet lies.

Suddenly, Ramon scrunched his nose.

“You should get out of these clothes, though. You fucking stink.”

Lennart snorted, and then, just like that, he started laughing. Wasn't it pretty fucking swell that he was still alive? The fucking scumbags at the Americano ... They had to be behind all this. But that also meant he was in real danger, so why was he laughing? He stood up and almost ripped his shirt apart as he got rid of it, and then just did the same with the pants and the shoes.

Ramon watched him, a little flicker burning in his dark eyes. Lennart thought briefly that the guy had the eyes of a demon, emerged from the depths of hell. But he had saved the fucking day and Lennart along with it, and if that meant that he was just going to walk around naked, and expose his ass to everyone looking, so be it.

“Ay, papi, so fucking smooth everywhere.”

“I went through laser removal, you know? Peeled a few layers of skin almost everywhere.” Lennart said, in a detached manner. “It didn't hurt when I did it. But after, recovery was a bitch.”

Ramon smiled.

“Take everything off.”

Lennart shrugged and push down his underwear, too.

“Since you’re on the run,” Ramon said philosophically, “we need to get rid of all your clothes. Any hard cold cash on you? No plastic, that’s traceable.”

Lennart rummaged through his pants and handed Ramon the few bills he had there.

“I’ll buy some new clothes for you,” Ramon palmed the money quickly. “But, right now,” he gestured for the bed, without saying anything else.

Of course, he now needed to start acting. So, throwing Ramon a lascivious grin, he stretched on the bed, making sure to point out how nicely he knew to show his ass. Good thing Ramon was no slow starter. In a second, he was behind Lennart, parting his buttocks and giving the hole between them a gentle, wet swipe with his tongue.

Lennart pushed one arm back to grab Ramon’s head and guide him. No matter how much the guy liked it rough, Lennart needed a little bit of more getting in the mood and more spit in there. Ramon’s hands were kneading his ass and then traveled further, tracing the contour of Lennart’s spine, and leaving a sensation close to an itch everywhere.

He was supposed to keep a cool head here. But the man’s touch was bringing fire with it, and Lennart could only think of just one thing: he needed Ramon’s cock to rip him apart and make him feel again.

How often had he had sex without being high during the last three years or so? He could only remember doing it with Ramon. Everything else was an impressionist painting. Beautiful colors, but a mush. No consistency whatsoever.

“Fuck me,” he whispered, biting back a moan. “Make me your bitch,” he added, wanting to add fuel to the man’s desire.

A horny man was not going to think too much about anything else. A satisfied man was bound to have a short memory. And he was planning to keep Ramon plenty of satisfied and busy.

To his surprise, rough hands grabbed him and turned him only to slam him with his back against the bed. He gasped. Ramon's eyes were burning darkly.

"You're more than my bitch," the man said sourly and pushed Lennart's knees up and apart.

Huh? What was that supposed to mean? He didn't have time to ponder over that as a blunt head was soon at his entrance, ready to push.

"You definitely fuck me like I'm your bitch," Lennart hissed and closed his eyes.

His eyes snapped open as he felt Ramon moving away.

"Hey, I didn't say that it was bad or something," he tried to rein in a chill, seeing the guy getting up from the bed.

Even worse, he was out the door. The guy was a wild card. He needed to be more careful.

Laughter and whistles reached him through the door left ajar. Ramon returned half a minute later with something in his hand. And his dick hanging out, still half erect.

"Did you just go to get the lube, with your cock out?" he expressed his disbelief.

Ramon shrugged.

"They've seen much more of me. And here's your lube, my prince."

Lennart gasped as the cold substance made contact with his skin.

“Stop showing people your cock,” he spoke.

Ramon was grinning as he pushed his cock inside Lennart’s ass. Even when not at full length, the guy was big. And that cock was just growing inside Lennart’s ass, like an inflatable butt plug. Only that butt plugs never felt this good. Lennart sobbed softly as his eyes rolled in his head.

“Does it still hurt?” Ramon murmured.

“Shut the fuck up and fuck me already,” Lennart grabbed the other by the shoulders and pulled him closer.

“What a fucking wife,” Ramon complained, but he was openly laughing when he took hold of Lennart’s neck and pushed fully inside.

“Fuck, so big,” Lennart gasped.

“Get used to it, angel. ‘Cause I’m gonna fuck you until you can’t move no more.”

There was boasting, for sure, in that voice. But also ... Honesty. Lennart was counting on that, on how much the man liked him. Heavens knew why the guy was so smitten with him but, for the moment, that was clearly an advantage he needed to work with. His life was at stake.

Ramon was making the old bed squeak with each thrust he was sending home with the force of a hammer. Lennart could feel the muscles inside his ass clamping hard, trying to make the hard cock touched that point inside him. The point that was begging to be touched over and over again. Ramon was doing a pretty swell job fucking him into the bed.

“Damn,” he whispered.

His cock was trapped between their bodies, and he came messily, all over his abdomen. Ramon was smiling as he pushed himself up, grabbed Lennart's waist and pulled him hard over and over again down to the hilt. Lennart was too spent to care, but he could still keep his eyes open.

And look at the man and take in the expression of pure bliss on his dark face. This guy was really enjoying fucking Lennart. With the people who paid him, Lennart could not be even sure. He was just something, an object. Too few were those even to bother to treat him like he was more than just a prized toy.

Apparently, the wakeup call and the hard dick in his ass were working wonders. He was starting to see things more clearly now. He looked straight into the man's eyes and bit his bottom lip suggestively.

Ramon's eyes flickered in response and this time the bed really seemed that it was going to break. Lennart could feel his spent cock twitching again. Now that was close to impossible.

Ramon came inside him with a low growl. And he stood there, still like a statue, for a few good moments, letting his release flow inside Lennart, like that was what he needed the most in the entire universe.

Lennart was not used exactly to what post-coital bliss entailed, so he was taken by surprise when Ramon collapsed on top of him, kissing him sloppily, and using his hands to cup Lennart's cheeks in a tender, yet rough, caress.

"You ... you're not going to sell me out, are you?" Lennart whispered, feeling too vulnerable and raw to care that he was showing a part of himself that was not for anyone to see.

Ramon's eyes were burning with something fierce as they trained on Lennart.

"You are fucking mine, angel," he said and bit hard on Lennart's lips.

“Call me Lennart,” he pleaded softly and exhaled.

“Lennart,” Ramon obeyed, and his eyes flickered with amusement. “Stop bitching, papi. And stop trying to play me. There’s no need for that.”

Lennart froze.

“A guy like you? With a guy like me? I’m not stupid. But I’ll take care of your ass,” Ramon continued.

“Why?” Lennart gulped, feeling fear climbing up his throat. Apparently, this street urchin wasn’t a fool, after all.

“Because it’s a fine ass. And I’ve never had better. And it’s all mine now. No one touches what’s mine. You can ask a few idiots about that.”

“Like those two, huh?” Lennart could not stop the words spilling from his mouth.

“No point in asking them,” Ramon shrugged. “Dead men don’t talk.”

Lennart just nodded.

“So, should we have a deal or something?” he was the one to speak again, enjoying, maybe a tad too much, how grounded he felt crushed into the bed by the other. “In turn for your protection, what do you want?”

“Your ass, forever,” Ramon said promptly.

“If I manage to get in contact with the right people, I might discover who the fuck wanted me dead, and fuck them over. That means that I might go back,” Lennart said.

Ramon frowned and tried to move away. Lennart grabbed him by the shoulders and kept him close.

“What I mean is that I could pay you royally. And let’s be honest here, you’ll get tired of my ass eventually. And you’ll have plenty of it until I see this shit through. So, how about you don’t think with your dick for a second, and you get a better deal? I’m really looking up your interest here.”

Ramon still seemed a little miffed, but he seemed to understand what Lennart was trying to tell him.

“So, you get those whackos whacked and then get back to ... you know?” Ramon said.

“Pretty much, yeah,” Lennart admitted. “That’s the plan.”

“And then you won’t have anything to do with me, right?” Ramon added, his eyes becoming deeper and darker, as he searched Lennart’s face for only he knew what.

“You said it yourself. A guy like me with a guy like you. It’s not exactly a match. But I’ll compensate your efforts. You’ll have money and drugs to last you a lifetime. And you could fuck anyone you want.”

“But not you,” Ramon supplied the information Lennart was not exactly willing to say.

“Well, you might not afford me,” he said with a small grimace.

Ramon felt his blood returning slowly to his brain. Lennart wasn't stupid. None of them was stupid. And what the blond angel was saying was right. Yet, it was still pissing him off somewhere, deep inside his fucked up brain.

"Then I should fuck my fill with you until you get back to your fucking life," he said, and this time, when he closed his mouth over Lennart's, he bit the soft lips harsher than before.

Lennart gasped into his mouth and bit back with interest. Ramon moved his head away and wiped his lips.

"Well, Lennart," he said with a small, vicious smile, "I'll make sure you choke on my cock a lot until that happens. Because I may be no one, and you think I'm trash, but everyone knows that when Ramon gets a deal, it's a good deal for him, and then the rest follow."

Lennart nodded and wiped his lips, too.

"I'll go find some clothes for you, and fish around for info. You just stay here."

"Are you just going to leave me alone?" Lennart protested. "You don't even have a lock on the door. Anyone can come in and stare at my naked ass. Or worse."

"Get it into your pretty head. Here, no one touches what's mine. You can go out in the street and walk around naked. As long as you have a tramp stamp with my name, no one, and I say it, no one is going to touch you."

"Oh, so I should get that tramp stamp now or later?" Lennart seemed incapable of stopping to be a bitch about everything.

"Don't be such a bitch," he voiced his thoughts out loud. "You stay here, and that's final. It's not like you have a choice."

He made sure to make a point by slamming the door behind him. Lennart was awesome in the sack, but a pain otherwise. Maybe he could use the information he needed for other purposes. What was this guy to him anyway? Except the prince of his dreams and the guy he wanted to fuck? He had already fucked him. Big fucking deal. A hole was a hole.

Chapter Three

He pushed his hands deep inside his pockets as he took a turn. No matter how much he thought about Lennart, his mind was bound to become a mess. Yes, he had fucked the guy. Yes, the guy's tight ass was everything he had ever wanted and more. That if he was honest. But was he willing to risk everything, aka his life, for the best fuck in his life?

The guy didn't even like him. Not even a little. Ramon was convenient. He had whacked those two hit men if that was what they were, and what was he getting in return? A prissy bitch who was putting out only because he had no choice.

He was so going to make sure that the guy was going to pay with his ass and mouth. Maybe stupid idiots with their brains fried worse than him thought a guy like Lennart was worth millions to fuck or something, but Ramon, just another guy from the streets, had been deep into that ass, and he could tell.

The guy's ass was sweet and tight, but not worth dying over. So, maybe Ramon was just going to get rid of the guy and bank on the whole thing. Fucking fucker thought he was better. He was a slut, a whore like everyone else. Only that his pay rates were higher. That was all.

Fuck, he slammed one fist against a wall, as he moved along one of the rundown buildings. He wished that was true. But everything was so fucked up and all the other way around. He could not turn to normal ass now that he had tasted Lennart's. Not tasted it, like in tasted it, although he had had his tongue in there, but tasted it with his cock. He wasn't sure he was going to get it up for anyone else anytime soon. He needed that tight butt, squeezing the hell out of his cock, and making his balls bust like there was no tomorrow. And that fucking mouth! Angels were not supposed to know how to suck cock. But this one knew, and he was the best at it in the whole universe.

So, no way, he wasn't going to let go that easily. Nor he was going to sell the guy, either, although he knew he was a total fucked up in the head for passing out on that kind of opportunity.

He had to think of something. Yeah, maybe have his name tramp stamped on the guy's ass. Nah, he could remove it later. What could he do? Make him crave Ramon's cock just as much as Ramon craved Lennart's ass? Yeah, like that could work. When he wasn't flying, Ramon saw things how they were. And that was why he chose to fly.

Fuck. He should have negotiated harder. Tell the guy he agreed to everything with the condition that he was allowed to tap Lennart's ass any moment of the night or day. It was not like the guy was in the position to say no. Lennart was trapped, and he knew it.

All right, he was going to re-discuss the issue once he was back. Now he needed to focus on finding info and some new clothes for the guy. And some hair dye. With that kind of looks, Lennart was going to have all the paid hounds in the city after him in no time.

The only thing was that they could not do it in broad daylight. They could not just hunt him down and whack him. As fucked up as everything was, they couldn't.

He stopped by one of the shops selling the usual stuff everyone wore in the slums and picked a few clothes and some sneakers. For the hair dye, he needed to go someplace else. As he went outside, he saw one of the big screens and his face, although pixelated, in front view. He went closer.

“This man is the main suspect for now. The kidnapping of Lennart Gratz continues to ...”

Fuck, fuck, fuck! He turned on his heels and began walking back. Lennart was not going to be the only one who needed a new getup and preferably a new face. Now there was practically no point in pretending he could sell Lennart to the highest bidder. He had been thrown on the same side of the fence with the guy, and the worst part was that it was only a matter of time until they came after him.

It was enough for a few cops to land in his neighborhood and to show his photo to anyone and his ass was toast. He knew it was a risk, and he was going against time here, but he went to the cosmetics store to buy some hair dye and even some shitty eye-color changers. They were highly toxic, but for now, they had to do.

He kept his head down all the time, as he walked back. The only hope he could dwell on was that the people at his place hadn't already seen the news.

One look at Marla told him he was too late.

“What the fuck did you do, Ramon?” Marla whispered through her teeth as she pushed a drink in front of him. “Where is Lennart Gratz? Have you completely lost your mind? Maybe you should ease on any kind of drugs. Or maybe not, since they're going to have your head for this shit, anyway.”

“Does anyone else besides you know? Around here, I mean?” Ramon kept his head down, like a beaten dog.

“I switched to some Swedish pop show when your fucking face was all over the screen, but you know it won't take long until the dogs come sniffing,” she whispered again. “Now tell me you didn't kidnap the guy or worse, okay?”

“I didn't,” Ramon frowned.

“Good,” Marla exhaled. “When they come here, we'll say you were with us the whole night. They might still ask you where the guy is, but it's not like you can tell them anything.”

“I know where he is. He's up, in my room,” Ramon said quickly.

Marla looked at him like he was the devil himself.

“Ramon!” she hissed.

“I didn’t kidnap him. I swear. I saved his ass. Some weirdoes were trying to whack him, and I saved him.”

“For fuck’s sake, Ramon, stop spewing bullshit,” Marla warned. “Not everything you think you see when you’re flying is real, okay?”

Ramon snorted.

“I know. And I wish I was telling you bullshit. It’s all true. Someone’s after the guy’s ass, and not in a fun way.”

“So what is he doing in your room?” Marla seemed to have calmed down a little.

“Waiting for me to bring him some new clothes and hair dye, so he can ... you know, look different.”

“Fuck me,” Marla whispered. “What are you going to do? You don’t know what you’re going up against here. He might not be worth the trouble, Ramon. No matter how fucking beautiful he is.”

“I know,” Ramon downed his drink in one gulp and grimaced. “But, you know ... I want to help him.”

“Fuck me double-time,” Marla’s eyes glinted. “Are you in love, idiot?”

“Who the fuck’s in love?” Ramon protested. “It’s just that he promised me a lot of money if I help him.”

“He’s a hunted guy if what you say it’s true. And hunted guys do not usually have a lot of dough, especially when the hunt starts without them knowing that. So that’s a pretty shitty explanation, pal.”

Ramon looked stubbornly at his now empty glass.

“I like fucking him. He’s a good lay. The best. So I’m holding on to him as much as I can.”

“Wow. You really do think with your dick,” Marla shook her head. “No matter how amazing his ass is, you cannot say it’s worth your fucking life, Ramon.”

“Maybe. I don’t know,” Ramon shrugged. “It’s not like I’m planning to live to be 100 years old. The least I can do is to have as much fun as I can until I kick the bucket.”

“Still,” Marla tried to reason with him.

“Well, are you going to turn on me or not?” Ramon stood up.

“Turn on you? In your dreams, lover boy,” Marla grinned. “I’ll enlist some help. Don’t worry. People we can trust. So the two of you can get out of here. And, when the cops come around, we won’t know anything. I cannot help you with too much money, though.”

“Can you move something?” Ramon’s mind kicked into gear.

“Like what? You don’t have anything that’s worth selling, and I suppose Lennart’s credit cards are all monitored right now.”

“Something like a small pink diamond,” Ramon said quickly.

“Ugh,” Marla barely managed. “That is still ... unusual. Yet, not so traceable, I think. Oh, ask the guy if he has any drugs. Good quality stuff always moves quickly. And you need the money soon.”

“Will do. And make sure to change plenty of hands until you get to the money.”

“Don’t worry, kiddo. You know I have my network. Now shoo. I have people to talk to.”

Ramon took a deep breath. Having friends like Marla was a good thing. Of course, there was always a chance that she was going to sell him out, but she was his best bet at the moment. And, despite all his street smarts, he felt he could trust her.

Lennart almost jumped when Ramon walked back into the room. He was clutching the blanket around his body, and he had been pretty much a mess ever since the guy had gone out.

“Give me your earring,” Ramon gestured for him to move.

He took the small piece from his ear and handed it to the guy.

“What are you going to do with it?” he asked.

“Move it. We need cash.”

“I don’t think it’s worth that much.”

“Why? Isn’t it a real diamond?” Ramon looked worried.

“It is. But it’s small.”

“Maybe you come from a world made out of money, but here, with this small diamond, we can buy our way out of here.”

“Out of here? Why?” Lennart grabbed Ramon’s arm.

The man seemed troubled.

“It looks like I kidnapped you or something. It’s a matter of time until they come barging down my door.”

“I told you. You don’t have a lock,” Lennart just snapped back, for lack of other things to say.

Ramon snorted.

“Yeah, like that would matter. Now, other things. Any fairy dust on you? Drugs move easier.”

Lennart shook his head. Then it struck him.

“I have something,” he rummaged through the clothes crumpled on the floor.

He grunted as one heavy hand slapped him on his naked ass.

“Cut it out! We’re about to become one head shorter, and you think this is funny?” he hissed, half turning.

“I cannot help it. It’s this ass that got me into this freaking mess.”

Lennart sighed. He had to give it to the guy. Ramon had a one track mind, but that meant he had enough motivation to save their asses. The package was still in his pocket, and he was relieved to come back with it.

“What is that?” Ramon squinted as Lennart flaunted the small package. “It doesn’t look like fairy dust to me.”

“It’s something much better,” he replied. “The touch of the goddess, that’s how it’s called. And it’s worth a fortune.”

Ramon reached for the package with a devilish smirk. Lennart held it higher.

“No, you are not going to use this. This is our fucking ticket out of this fucked up situation. Much more than the diamond.”

“Not even a little?” Ramon’s eyes were pleading now.

“No, I need you with your entire head on your shoulders. This shit is tricky.”

“How so?” Ramon asked.

“It really tears you away from reality. It’s not like you just, you know, distort reality around you. You’re somewhere else completely.”

“Oh, damn, now I really have to try it,” Ramon closed in the distance between them.

“No way,” Lennart hid the package behind his back. “I’ll suck your cock, okay? Isn’t it better? Or this is just how much you think you like me?”

“You already sucked my cock. This shit, I haven’t tried,” Ramon seemed bent on taking the package from him, now dangerously close.

“Fucking junkie,” Lennart cursed. “All right, get high. I will get out of here on my own, and I don’t care if you get whacked. But that also means you won’t get to fuck me ever again. Well, mainly because you’ll be dead, but, even if you’re not, I will still forget every bit about you. Ramon who? Fuck you,” he spat and threw the package on the bed.

He began to search through the clothes Ramon had brought and chose a pair of tracksuit pants and a matching shirt. The sneakers were a bit too big, but beggars could not be choosers. Next to him, Ramon was palming the package and was staring at it with greedy eyes. So much about the guy really being into Lennart. He was just another scumbag.

“How much do you think this is worth?” Ramon asked him, all of a sudden.

“A lot,” Lennart replied. “What else did you bring that I can use? I need to take a hike.”

“Not so fast,” Ramon caught his waist from behind and placed a loud kiss on his nape. “I’ll have my friend move this shit.”

“Tell him to sell it in tiny amounts. It is very powerful, and if it appears on the market all of a sudden, it’s going to trigger the cops.”

“Her,” Ramon said.

“What?”

“Her. My friend is a woman. She can move a horse if she wants.”

Lennart did not miss the pride in Ramon’s voice when talking about this female friend of his.

“Are you and she an item or something?” he asked, trying to sound casual.

What was it for him if they were? He didn’t give a damn.

“An item? Me and Marla?” Ramon started laughing. “With a bit of a stretch, she could be my mom. Well, I wish she was my mom. I didn’t know the bitch.”

“Yeah, I wish I didn’t know mine,” Lennart snorted.

“So, are you jealous or something?” Ramon let his hands wander under Lennart’s shirt, slowly pinching his nipples.

“Jealous? No, I just want to make sure that I’m not ruining someone’s happy home,” Lennart tried to sound as neutral as possible. “So, we’re in this together, or not? And stop fondling me. Have a bit of patience until we get someplace safe.”

Ramon didn’t seem convinced, and was now too engrossed into devouring one of Lennart’s ears, and, by the way something hard and long poked at his behind, Lennart could tell the devil was aroused.

“Ramon,” he tried to turn and reason with the man. “We don’t have time ...”

He gasped when the man sneaked his hands into the front of his pants and began playing with his cock.

“You’re so ready to go, papi,” Ramon whispered into his ear.

“Yeah,” Lennart leaned against the slightly taller male.

What was with him and his inability to say no to this demon? He was Lennart fucking Gratz, the whore who needed to fly higher than a spaceship to get horny. There was just something about Ramon. He had to be the one who was fucked up.

“Does everyone fall to their knees to suck your cock when you do this?” he murmured, as Ramon began lavishing his ear and neck with long wet kisses.

A grunt was the only response. Lennart forced himself to chill. Someone had to keep his head on his shoulders, and right now, Ramon was slave to the head of his own dick. So he tried to pry himself free. Ramon growled playfully into his ear.

“If we get to live longer, we get to fuck longer,” he offered an argument, and finally, the maddening tongue trying to fuck his brain through his ear stopped.

“You’re such a fucking buzz killer,” Ramon complained, but finally moved away, letting Lennart breathe.

It felt like he was hitting the ground. He turned and placed a quick kiss on Ramon’s luscious lips. Yes, the demon was handsome. And when he smiled, he was even more attractive. With that bone structure, he could have been a movie star. Someone like Lennart. The only thing he didn’t have going for him was being born poor.

He certainly had the dick of a porn star, too, Lennart felt the hard thing through Ramon’s jeans.

“I’ll take care of you, okay?” he said slowly. “Once we get to safety. Let’s just make that happen.”

Ramon seemed only half-satisfied by Lennart’s offer, but he nodded. Leaning in, he brushed his lips slowly across Lennart’s. Damn this man, and his weird superpower to make Lennart go weak in the knees with just that. Maybe everything was happening only because Ramon had saved him from what had to be a painful and gruesome death, and Lennart was happy to feel alive. That had to be it. There was no point in trying to read more into it than it already was.

Ramon began rummaging through the things he bought and threw a small bottle at Lennart.

“What’s this?” Lennart weighed the bottle in his hand.

“Eye color changers.”

“This shit is bad.”

“Yeah, but it’s the cheapest.”

“Hm, black,” Lennart read. “Did you buy for you, too?”

“Yeah. I went for purple.”

“You’ll stick out like a sore thumb.”

“I’ll have green hair, too.”

“Are you nuts?”

“Hey, hiding takes skill. And hiding in plain view is the most efficient way. Plus, I will not draw attention, like this. I will just be one of the fucked up shits littering the streets. A lot of people have weird eyes and hair around here.”

Lennart shrugged.

“So what will it be for me, then?”

“Black eyes, black hair, and I got some tanning cream. The kind that lasts for about one month on one go. You’ll look like someone from around here. You can use it only for your face and hands, though. No need to ruin that fuckable body, otherwise. The eye color changers, we need to take daily.”

“Let’s just risk blindness,” Lennart sighed. “Contacts were that expensive?”

Ramon nodded and gave Lennart a long once-over.

“What?” Lennart snapped, a little unnerved by this strange guy he didn’t know, and he didn’t quite understand.

“Once you change your hair and eyes, I won’t be able to look at you like this,” Ramon explained right away.

Lennart shook his head.

“You’re infatuated like a schoolgirl. I will still be me. Of course, if it is this perfect image you like,” he made a small gesture for this entire body, “you’ll have a problem getting it up.”

The mere thought made him wince in displeasure right away.

“I can fuck you blind, papi,” Ramon drawled the words slowly.

“If you say,” Lennart replied, with a bit of an edge to each word.

Ramon grabbed him again and kissed him hard on the lips.

“Let’s get freaky,” the demon proposed.

“Ramon, I told you ...”

“No, papi. Let’s get the supplies and get to work. You won’t be able to look like someone else if you fool around this much. You’re such a horny dog, papi, I can’t believe it,” the demon answered with a smirk.

Lennart pushed him away but bit his lips, trying hard not to laugh. They were so fucked up. They were in serious danger, and they still had time to laugh. When had been the last time when he had really done that? Laugh like he had no worries in the world? Yet, right now, with a death threat looming on the horizon, he could still do that.

Ramon examined the results with a critical eye. Lennart still looked damn fuckable, and he wasn’t sure anymore which version he liked more. This raven-haired man now standing in front of him, dressed in tracksuit pants, a t-shirt and a hoodie, was supposed to blend in with the local population like he was one of them. But he was still too beautiful. He thought for a moment and then reached for a bandana he had bought, just in case.

When he tried to place it over Lennart’s face, the man took a step back.

“What the hell, man?” the now dark angel frowned.

“You’re still you,” Ramon explained. “A lot of guys wear this stuff over their faces.”

“And if someone stops and asks me to take it off?”

Ramon sighed.

“At least, wear it now. I don’t want anyone to stare at you.”

“You’re a little crazy here. I’m like totally different now.”

Lennart examined his face into a small mirror on the wall.

“I wouldn’t recognize me.”

“I would,” Ramon walked behind the guy and suddenly squeezed his ass. “Definitely. This ass is one in a billion.”

Lennart giggled. Ramon liked that he could make the guy laugh.

“You, on the other hand, you look like a freak,” Lennart spoke and shifted so he could rub his ass against Ramon’s hand.

Yeah, papi, Ramon thought, you like it, don’t you? You like it when I treat you like you’re fucking mine. Operation Lennart no longer seemed so impossible. The guy seemed to have a

thing for him, and there was something slowly developing in that direction for sure. And Ramon was ready to make that thing happen. Smooth and steady.

“C’mon, I’m going to pass Marla the diamond and the stuff, and then we’ll get going. Marla has a friend where we can stay.”

Lennart nodded. Ramon was thankful that the guy wasn’t prissy and bitchy anymore. And he acted like he trusted Ramon, so that had to mean something. Or he was just fooling himself, thinking with his dick again.

Marla was staring at Lennart like she could not believe her own eyes.

“Stop ogling my man, old lady,” he joked, as he threw one arm over Lennart’s shoulders to pull him closer.

“Hey, it’s not like every day we have a celebrity dropping on our hands like this,” Marla smiled. “Hand over the stuff, and get going. I know where to find you once I have the cash.”

“Don’t forget to keep something for yourself.”

“Yeah, like I’d forget to save my cut. You’re not my kid, Ramon,” Marla flipped him, but he knew that wasn’t true. Marla was going to save his ass, and that meant that she wasn’t going to save her cut at all.

Lennart was growing a tad restless next to him.

“Let’s go, papi,” he pulled the guy along, as they walked outside.

He glued himself to the wall in a second. There were new faces at the end of the street, walking slowly, and checking each guy passing by.

“Fucking cops,” he murmured and pulled Lennart closer. “We’ll go back inside, and through the back.”

Lennart didn’t protest one second. Marla threw them a strange look, as they walked inside.

“You’ll have visitors soon, Marla.”

The woman nodded shortly and gestured for him to go through the back. Good thing that everybody was gone on business at this hour. He didn’t want too many eyes and ears around. Marla? He could trust. But a bunch of bozos with fried up brains? Hell no.

It was already night when they reached the neighborhood where they were supposed to hide. Lennart was walking slower and slower, and more than one time, Ramon had had to stop and wait for him.

“Not used to walk too much, papi?” he teased.

“My feet are killing me. Did we travel across the entire city?”

“Pretty much, but we’re close now. And then you can put your feet up. You know, on my shoulders,” Ramon joked.

Lennart shook his head and hurried to take Ramon’s hand.

“Is your constant horniness that keeps you going like this?” the man asked.

“Yeah, pretty much. I can’t wait to fuck you,” Ramon said with a small smile. “You know that I need to fuck my fill with you. What if you get even with those douchebags that want you dead tomorrow and I don’t get to pound your sweet ass?”

Lennart snorted.

“I doubt it will be that easy. But, okay, if that happens, I’ll just take you to my place, and I’ll let you fuck my brains out for the entire night. How is that?”

“Sounds cool,” Ramon grinned.

He had had no chance to renegotiate the deal with Lennart.

“But I want more,” he added.

“What?” Lennart asked. “What do you mean? I have only two available holes. I’m not going to get a third for you.”

“I’m not into women, chill your tits,” Ramon chuckled.

The guy was a little jealous. Ramon had no idea why and what made Lennart think that Ramon was somehow into girls, although he had fucked a few in his life, but it was a cool card to play. Only to see the man doll squirm a little. Yeah, it was fun.

“What I want,” he continued, “is to discuss something different as payment for my services. You know, helping you out with this shit.”

“Say it,” Lennart snapped at him.

“I don’t want money and to get high.”

“Really? You’re piss poor.”

“What I want is one night a week to have you on your knees, taking it up the ass and in your sweet mouth from me.”

“You’re willing to throw away money and a carefree life so you can fuck me once a week?” Lennart didn’t hide his doubt.

“Yeah,” Ramon said with determination. “I don’t want to get high and imagine that each guy I fuck is you. I want that guy to be you.”

“I have to say that I’m pretty fucking impressed with how much you want my ass.”

Impressed? The guy was purring like a cat having her long fur combed with a brush made of diamond. Ramon was so fucking smooth.

“Your ass is addictive, papi.”

“If you say so.”

Lennart was so easy. But it was true. Ramon wanted to be buried deep into that ass, and he wasn’t going to let go of it.

“So, we have a deal?”

“Yeah,” Lennart nodded. “But maybe you’ll have to fuck me during the day.”

“Why is that?” Ramon frowned a bit.

“During the night, I have to go to clubs and parties and make nice and cushy with the hot shots.”

Ramon felt a little sting, searing hot right in the middle of his chest. It wasn't like he didn't know how Lennart earned his sky-high standard of living. But it was fucking bad to hear it from the guy.

“Then I make it two times a week.”

“Are you nuts? When am I supposed to sleep?”

“I can fuck you while you're sleeping.”

“Damn, you're a complete basket case. What do you see in my ass anyway? A hole is just a fucking hole.”

Yeah, like Ramon didn't know that. Yet, he found himself saying.

“Nope, it's not. Your hole is the best thing ever. I don't want to fuck anyone else. And don't say you don't like it. If you were a girl, you would have your knickers wet right now.”

“Like hell, I would,” Lennart said, apparently caught red-handed.

“You like it, papi,” Ramon spoke sure of himself. “You like it because I give it to you hard.”

“You have no idea how hard I'm used,” Lennart replied. “What you do to me feels like sweet love making compared to what I have to put up with. You know, like in the movies.”

Ramon puffed out his chest. Damn, he was proud of himself.

“You know what I mean,” Lennart continued. “Not exactly like in the movies, but you’re closer to that than anyone else who has ever fucked me.”

Suddenly, Lennart stopped talking. Ramon looked at him, and the man looked away. The way their fingers were tangled together, they really were like in some sappy movie. But that was not it. The guy had just said what he was really thinking.

“Movies my ass,” Ramon snorted. “I destroyed your ass.”

Lennart sighed.

“Whatever. Just like anyone else.”

“C’mon, you just admitted it. If anyone fucks you so hard, how come you’re not all over those guys’ dicks right now? They should help you.”

“You wouldn’t understand if I told you,” Lennart pursed his lips.

Ramon knew they were close to their destination, but he needed to make just one other thing clear. He pushed Lennart into a wall and crowded him.

“Hey, what’s with you?”

The eyes staring at him were not icy blue, but they were the same. There was just something in how the guy stared, cocking his head to one side and looking annoyed as he had just been awakened from his beauty sleep.

“I feel something when I’m in your ass, papi. I won’t let go of that ass. Not without a fight. And you feel something when I ride you like a bitch. You like it.”

“I’ve been treated like a bitch plenty in my life, trust me,” Lennart spoke.

“Yeah, but they didn’t fuck you as I do,” Ramon said, his voice filled with self-assurance. “I got what you need, papi. My cock hard for you. Only for you. And you know it.”

Lennart opened his mouth and then closed it. Or rather, Ramon closed it quickly, by pressing his lips and pushing his tongue inside the other’s mouth. And Lennart opened up just as fast, pressing his own tongue against Ramon’s, and clutching at Ramon’s hoodie with both his hands.

Ramon had thought the man wanted to play him. But that was not it. Lennart was pretty fucking needy if Ramon paid a little attention. He wanted Ramon’s cock, and mouth, and tongue, and hands in his hair, and everywhere. Why the fuck that was, he had no idea, but it was surely the ticket to the guy’s ass. Something he now wanted pretty fucking exclusively.

Chapter Four

Lennart groaned as he let himself fall on the mattress that seemed to be the only thing available for sleeping in the small room. The accommodations were not such a far cry from Ramon's room, but the place looked even more desolating if that was possible. Whatever, it was a hideout, and it was not like he could complain. Or should have complained.

To his dismay, his stomach growled loudly. He thought he could go for days without food. He barely touched whatever the top chefs in the city offered in their fancy restaurants or on home delivery for celebrities, and he often had to be reminded to eat when he was getting high for too long. He could not believe he used to have a person hired only to tell him he should take a bite.

All right. All was not lost. There had to be a way to get back at those scumbags at the label and return home. But right now he needed to eat so fucking bad that his stomach hurt.

"Ramon," he called, stretching out one hand. "I'm hungry."

Ramon nodded briefly and went out of the room. Yeah, it felt nice. It was like he had a dog. Lennart had never had a dog. His mother would not have approved. But why hadn't he gotten one later, when he was no longer home? Maybe it was his disastrous lifestyle that didn't leave any room for such responsibilities. A dog needed proper care and attention.

Ramon was somewhat better, though. First of all, he was not some cute puppy. He was a fucking Doberman, ready for the kill. Also, horny as a dog. Lennart shook his head. He needed to be careful. There was no one saying that Ramon wasn't going to sell him out, after all. Eyes and ears wide open. That was what he needed to do. And watch his back and the unpredictable man next to him.

All caution flew out the window, the moment Ramon marched back into the room with two sandwiches in his hands. The guy was Lennart's hero, all right. There was no point to deny it.

"Here," Ramon threw one sandwich at him and quickly began munching on his.

Fuck, it was delicious, Lennart thought as soon as he took the first bite out of his sandwich.

“I’ll go get some water, too,” Ramon went out again.

How was it even possible to feel so relaxed around this guy? To think that only two days ago, he hadn’t even been aware of Ramon’s existence. Everything around him was bleak, his future was in a shambles, but Ramon, this freak with now green hair and purple eyes, was his grounding stone.

He murmured a small thank you as he got the bottle of water from Ramon. And then watched how the man pried away from his green hair.

“A wig, huh? Couldn’t you get me one, too?”

“Papi, you’re too white for this part of the city. Say someone takes off your wig. What would happen? This is the safest bet. Anyone grabs my wig, I’m like any other guy from around here.”

He could not precisely go against that kind of argument. So he finished eating and then, casually he pulled out his shirt and his pants. The coarse material of the mattress was rubbing against his back, but he didn’t care.

Ramon was watching him with hooded eyes.

“What are you standing there for? Weren’t you the one who barely waited to jump me? Jump me now.”

It was difficult to say what the man thought when he went all quiet like that. So Lennart pulled his legs up and carefully wrapped his ankles behind his head. Ramon’s mouth went slack as he stared at Lennart.

Lennart knew what his body could do, and that was nothing. He pushed two fingers into his mouth to wet them and began teasing his own hole.

“Is this what you want, Ramon? This little hole? Look at it. It needs something big and hard inside it.”

Finally, the dirty talk sprang the man into action. Ramon moved slowly, like a panther. His purple eyes were a bit unnerving, Lennart thought. They made the guy look even more like a devil than before.

Rough hands rested on the back of thighs, close to his buttocks.

“Yes, papi, touch yourself,” Ramon cooed, his eyes drawn to the only point of interest for him, that being Lennart’s backdoor.

It was strange how low key and subdued what he felt was. Like something growing from the inside, yet still bubbling underneath the surface, as he touched his ass. Lennart felt Ramon’s eyes on him like dozens of greedy hands, trying to undress him even more than how naked he already was.

It made him hard. His fingers hovered above the entrance, and Ramon suddenly grabbed his hand. The demon licked Lennart’s fingers, making love to them, in a way that both felt as close to real sex as that could possibly be.

“They’re nice and wet now. Stick them inside,” Ramon ordered with hooded eyes and hitched breathing.

Lennart obeyed, doing it very slowly, taking care to scissor his entrance so that he could make enough room for Ramon’s cannon. The events over the last days had taken the edge of the physical aspect of things, but his body remembered everything all too well. Ramon was

big, and Lennart's ass knew it, slightly trying to resist and clench itself tight at the promise and the threat that it was going to be plundered once more.

Ramon hummed in appreciation as he continued to look at Lennart fingering himself. When the man pushed a digit of his own in, Lennart gasped in surprise and also a new found sensation.

"It's small but kinky," Ramon laughed. "A prince with a kinky little hole. Let me just make it bigger."

As he spoke, Ramon added a second finger and now Lennart was pulling at one side, while Ramon worked things on his side. When the guy pulled a bit harsh, Lennart hissed.

"A bit too much," he murmured as the purple eyes landed on him.

"You'll be fine, papi, don't worry. This is my little hole, and I always take care of what's mine."

Ramon stretched on the mattress, on his belly, coming over Lennart's spread thighs, with intent written all over his handsome face.

"Whatcha doing, little hole?" he spoke directly to Lennart's opening. "You like my cock, dontcha?"

Lennart's cock twitched with each dirty word.

"You like it when I get you wet, and I slip my gun inside you. You squeeze me like hell like you want to rip my cock off and run away with it."

Ramon's tongue pushed so suddenly in that Lennart almost screamed. It was not yet the guy's cock was forcing him open, but he had been so ready that he could not believe his own reaction. He looked at Ramon, their eyes locking over Lennart's erection. The demon knew how to lick that hole. He was making a meal out of it. And Lennart could not remember ever enjoying having sex so much. He was glad he wasn't high.

"Fuck me, Ramon," he pleaded gently.

Ramon's fingers began probing him again. One, two, three. At the fourth, Lennart began to squirm. He was pliant and supple, yet not that much.

"You're just half ready, papi," Ramon shook his head. "I like having my fingers in you. I can feel your ass squeezing. It's how it does when I'm there with my cock. Only now, I can really feel it."

"I don't care if I'm not ready," Lennart whispered. "That first night, when you fucked me, I wasn't even this ready."

"I rimmed you good," Ramon said, a bit miffed.

"Yeah, and then rammed inside like a mad dog," Lennart shot back.

Ramon smiled, showing his perfect white teeth, such a contrast against his dark complexion.

"You like it when I take you hard, don't you, papi?"

Lennart rolled his eyes, and not because he was annoyed with Ramon, but because the man curled his fingers inside him, nudging with the knuckles against the secret pleasure stop hidden in his ass.

“Such a sweet whore for my cock,” Ramon added and this time he wasted no more time.

Lennart heard him spitting, and, unlike that first time, he didn't protest. He could feel his balls climbing up, in pure arousal, and he wanted this to happen already. He wanted the man to fuck him until he could not walk anymore.

Ramon continued his humming as his cock began pushing against Lennart's ass.

“Look at it,” Ramon grinned. “So small and swallows my cock like it's nothing.”

“It's not ... nothing...,” Lennart protested. “It's fucking huge, you ... you demon,” he yelled the last word, as Ramon buried himself slowly inch by inch, balls deep into Lennart's ass.

“Yes,” Ramon hissed in pleasure, closing his eyes.

Lennart could almost feel the man's impressive cock in the back of his throat, that was how full he felt. He made a move for his own cock, sensing that the guy was going to give him the ride of his life which meant that he, too, needed to come hard.

But Ramon beat him to it, and grabbed Lennart's erection, using it like a lever which he was steering in any direction he wanted. Lennart grunted; the sudden stimulation was too much. Ramon's hand was rough and rubbing up and down so fast while pumping his own cock inside Lennart's ass that they were both cursing and moaning like animals in heat.

Fuck, if being fucked like this wasn't the best. How could have he been so stupid to let go of such things for money? It was one thing to let his ass fucked for cash by people he could not stand and an entirely different one to have his ass pounded by someone he liked.

Wait. Did he like Ramon? Was he insane? The guy was a day away from a bum on the streets. He had nothing. Lennart had had rich people in his bed. Handsome people. Famous

people. Yet, the way Ramon was working hard to fill Lennart's ass to the brim and also jerk off his partner, was an entirely new thing.

Oh, damn, Lennart's breath quickened. He liked Ramon. He liked when the guy fucked him. He liked how the guy was casually telling him Lennart was his, or when he was so cocksure that he wanted Lennart's ass forever.

His balls were seemingly connected to his brain directly because the sudden realization made him spew his jizz, so damn fast and strong that he creamed his own face. Ramon laughed above him and slid outside Lennart's ass.

The guy grabbed his erection now glistening with spit and began pumping it.

"Hold your hole nice and open," Ramon cooed.

Lennart grabbed his buttocks and pulled as far as he could. He barely had time to close his eyes, as the man's release began flying everywhere. Lennart could feel the hot droplets landing on his face, his chest, his spent cock and empty balls, and some even inside his ass.

One minute later, he was still panting hard, but he could not open his eyes. There was semen glued to his eyelashes, and he needed something to wipe. He just stretched one hand.

"Tissue or something," he demanded.

He felt Ramon hovering above him, and then something wet against his right eyelid.

"What the fuck, idiot? What are you licking?" Lennart pushed against the guy, but he laughed, which made some of the semen on his lips sneak inside. "Stop being gross," he spoke, although he enjoyed their mixed tastes on his tongue.

“Squeaky clean,” Ramon said, rather pleased after he finished licking Lennart’s entire face while keeping the other down.

Lennart let out a small groan but said nothing more. Ramon swatted Lennart’s ass as he got up.

“Get some rest, papi. There’s no way to say when we’ll have to move again.”

“Aren’t we safe here?” Lennart got slowly on his elbows so he could stare at his temporary savior, boyfriend, and whatever else this demon with fake purple eyes was.

“For the moment, yeah. We need the money from Marla, and that may not happen until tomorrow. But don’t worry. I have the two guns I took from those shitheads who tried to get you. So rest now. You’re tired.”

Lennart pulled the blanket over his naked body.

“Don’t you want to sleep a little, too?”

“Maybe later,” Ramon waved his hand.

“Ramon,” Lennart spoke again. “Really now, why did you save me? You weren’t high then, right?”

The demon chuckled, making a sound so low and sexy that Lennart could feel himself tremble, even under the blanket.

“I was high. High on having fucked you the night before. I’m a different man, papi, ever since I fucked your sweet ass the first time.”

“You really like me that much, huh? And you don’t even know me.”

“I know you enough. And I saved your ass ‘cause there was no way anyone could take my prince away from me. Not now, when he’s mine.”

“About this prince thing. Or angel. I’m not either. I’m just a whore for cash, like anyone else.”

He had no idea why he felt the need to be so honest.

“Maybe. You know better. I’m a whore, too. I ate like five loads of jizz to get high the night I fucked you in your car.”

Lennart peaked at Ramon from under the blanket.

“For real? Five guys? Hey, wait, you haven’t sucked me off!”

Ramon seemed taken aback.

“I only suck cock for cash,” he said.

Lennart could not believe his ears.

“For real? You won’t suck my cock because you only do it for money?”

“Yeah,” Ramon shrugged.

“You just licked your jizz and mine off my face.”

“I like the taste,” Ramon shrugged.

“Seeing how much you like strangers to empty their balls down your throat, there’s no wonder,” Lennart snapped. “So why don’t you suck me off?”

Ramon looked at him like he was trying to find an explanation.

“I don’t get on my knees for my bitch,” he eventually seemed to have found one.

Lennart could feel his blood boiling.

“So I’m nothing but a bitch to you. A hole to fuck.”

Ramon grinned.

“The best.”

“That’s it; you don’t get to fuck me again unless you suck my cock.”

He felt triumphant as he glared back at Ramon. But the guy was no longer smiling, and his eyes were lit with something dangerous.

“Well, big news, papi. You’re a whore and my whore now. You’re the one to choke on cock, not the other way around. And don’t you dare speak to me like this or we’ll have a problem.”

Lennart swallowed the cuss words he felt like throwing at the asshole. So that was how they were. It served him right. How stupid was he to believe that this freak from the slums cared

for his ass for real. But the wakeup call was good. He was starting to feel a bit too mushy inside, and that was bad, for business or otherwise.

Ramon was pissed. Why did Lennart have to go all the time and ruin the good stuff? He was still a fucking prissy bitch, even after he went through all that. And Ramon didn't care for prissy bitches. Lennart just wanted to see Ramon wrapped around his pinky finger, and he didn't care to see everything that Ramon was doing for him. Putting his ass on the line. His frigging life.

He shot his prince a death glare, and the guy just looked away with the same snotty expression written all over his handsome face.

“Get in touch with who the fuck you need to so we can save your ass already. You're really starting to piss me off.”

He took off after that. He never hit a lover, but Lennart was making his hands itch for some reason. It was not like he would have pushed the guy around or really slapped him, but ... maybe get him with his ass up and smack those lovely ass cheeks a few times was not such a bad idea.

Ramon squeezed his cock through his jeans hard. Fuck, and he had just nailed the guy and fucking hard. Was his cock ever going to stop from taking over? He had a hard time concentrating. So he crushed the bar. Marla's friend might have let him have one stiff drink so he could clear his head.

“Hey, what's up?” he addressed the guy behind the bar.

Without a word, the morose bartender slammed one empty glass and filled it to the brim with something blue. Ramon shrugged and grabbed the drink, but the man suddenly squeezed his wrist.

“So?” he looked the guy in the eye.

“So you pay first,” the man spoke.

Ramon sighed and emptied the contents of his pockets on the table. The man suddenly began laughing and swatted him over the head. Ramon threw him a murderous look, but the guy didn't stop.

“So you're Marla's little pet doggie, huh? I'm hearing you're hauling a pretty delicate cargo all over the city.”

“You hear nothing,” Ramon frowned.

“As you say. It's just that a couple of my boys are up in your room, checking the merch right now. I know Marla will be good to pay me later.”

“What?” Ramon sprang to his feet.

“Chillax,” the man grabbed him by the front of his jacket. “They're there only to look, nothing else.”

“Like hell,” Ramon pried himself free from the man's grip. “Nobody touches what's mine, old man. Marla surely told you.”

“Yeah, she also told me you need protection. So my guys are only looking up your interest right now. Protecting the little princess. And as much as I trust Marla, we are still to see any money, so you can say we're pretty generous with you.”

Ramon's frown deepened.

“If I find he lacks one hair on his head ...” he left the words hanging.

He touched the guns stashed in his jacket on his way out.

“You can trust my guys, moron,” the man shouted after him, but he just shrugged.

Up, in the room, Lennart was almost glued with his back against the wall, the blanket wrapped around him, throwing panicked looks in all directions. Ramon huffed and took in the two gorillas who were just sitting on the only two rickety chairs around. They were both looking intently at Lennart, and, the moment Ramon walked into the room, they switched to him.

They looked stupid, Ramon assessed the situation. Yet pretty fucking strong.

“Boss sent us,” one stood up to his feet to greet Ramon.

Ramon just nodded and threw a furtive look in Lennart’s direction. Fuck, if he couldn’t smell the guy’s fear from where he stood.

“You’re scaring my man,” he spoke to the two gorillas. “You can wait outside the door. We have yet to decide where we need to go.”

“So is that him?” the second gorilla asked and casually reached for the blanket Lennart was trying so hard to hide under.

At least, Lennart didn’t squeal like a fucking girl when he was left all naked and exposed to the prying eyes of the two. The men were clearly taking in the guy, and there was hunger in their eyes. Ramon snatched the blanket from the gorilla’s hand and threw it back at Lennart, without even looking at him.

“Come on, man,” the gorilla complained. “Can I at least touch him?”

“Fuck no!” Ramon reacted.

“Can I suck his cock?”

“What? No fucking way! What part of ‘you don’t touch what’s mine’ you don’t get?”

“Chill, man. We just wondered if you wanted to share. We won’t damage him and shit. He’s just frigging beautiful.”

“Yeah. And mine. My property. Dig?” Ramon stood with his feet apart and moved his jacket slightly to show one of the guns.

“All right,” the gorilla backed down. “You two don’t look like you need much protection, though.”

“We might need when we move. And don’t worry, you’ll get paid,” he added.

The gorillas said nothing more as they moved out of the room.

“Fuck, I thought you weren’t coming back,” Lennart mumbled, the moment they were alone.

“Why wouldn’t I come back? You’re like my ticket to be rich forever,” Ramon said through his teeth. “Did they touch you?”

Lennart shook his head.

“Then why are you so scared?”

“Because they talked to one another, and just wondered out loud how it would feel to jizz my ass,” Lennart huffed.

Ramon had no idea his hand could move so fast for the gun. Lennart stared at him, wide-eyed. Eventually, Ramon relaxed.

“They just trash talk. Like guys. Stop pissing your pants.”

“Ramon,” Lennart called for him. “Just ... don’t be mad at me, okay?”

Ramon blinked a few times.

“I am whatever I want, papi.”

“Sure,” Lennart looked down, in defeat.

Ramon moved towards the bed and caressed slowly Lennart’s now dark strands of hair. When the guy looked up, Ramon could see he was still fucking troubled.

“We’re good, papi,” he said and then quickly pulled Lennart to him and kissed the pliant lips.

Lennart obviously wanted to make up for the shit from before, because he quickly began pulling Ramon into bed with him. And Ramon let himself lying on the bed, next to his prince and glued the man’s naked body to his. The guy’s heart was beating so damn fast.

Lennart made a move to kiss him again, while one of his hands traveled lower, to grab Ramon's cock. Ramon placed one hand over his and squeezed in warning.

"I won't fuck you again, though, papi. You get too much to my head."

Lennart's eyes were all shadows when Ramon looked at him.

"I thought if I fucked you, I'd be cool. But I can't keep my head on my shoulders if all I think about is how to nail you. And, you know, I'm like in charge here. So I say you now sleep tight and keep your hands to yourself."

"Your logic is fucked up," Lennart protested.

"What? Don't you need some rest for your ass? Don't tell me you're dying to have me pound into you like you're some penniless whore," Ramon snorted.

"You sure know how to make a guy feel special," Lennart quipped.

Ramon's bit his lips. A sudden image with the guy with his ass up, getting an ass whooping to remember a lifetime, came to him.

"Shut the fuck up," he said slowly, without bite or bad intentions.

"You're hard. I don't see how you're going to keep your head on your shoulders, as you say while walking with that ten-pole stick bursting out of your pants."

"Now that's my problem, not yours."

"Fine," Lennart shrugged and turned his ass to Ramon.

It was way too tempting. As Ramon's hand landed on the white ass, Lennart squealed, precisely what he hadn't done before when those two scary mofos were trying to negotiate to have a go at him.

"What the fuck, moron?" Lennart spat and began rubbing his backside.

"Does it hurt?" Ramon grinned.

"Of course it does. You really hit me!"

"You don't say," Ramon teased. "Good. 'Cause whenever I feel like you're crossing the line, I'll spank you like there's no tomorrow."

"I'm so glad you're showing your true colors," Lennart continued. "So this is what you want. To beat me and call me a bitch."

Ramon could feel something new and dangerous growing inside. He pulled the man with his ass closer and swatted him shortly two more times. Lennart was all of a sudden at his throat.

"You fucking asshole," Lennart said through his teeth, as he tried to strangle Ramon.

It was so easy to overcome the lither male that Ramon felt like laughing. That only made Lennart's anger worse.

"You're such a fucking scumbag!"

Ramon moved quickly and trapped the man with his hands behind his back. He pushed Lennart's head into his crotch, although that was a pretty dangerous thing to do right now. Lennart's muffled protests were, however, pretty sweet.

Without warning, he began to spank the man's beautiful buttocks, making sure not to land hit after hit on the same place or side. Soon, Lennart was making strange sounds, first, something close to sobbing, but soon, something else, that Ramon could only interpret as one thing. The angel was getting horny.

He pulled open his fly, holding Lennart's hands with just one of his.

"Come suck some cock, you spoilt prince."

Lennart clamped his lips hard on Ramon's cock, and loud slurping sounds followed. Damn, he wanted so much to be mad at the guy still, but he was too good at sucking cock for that. And Ramon felt appeased after taking some of his anger on that perky behind. The prince's buttocks were a little red where Ramon's heavy hand had landed just seconds earlier.

And Lennart sucked like a frigging cocksucking machine, down to the hilt, occasionally chocking, more from his own enthusiasm rather than Ramon keeping him down to do the deed. It was fun, Ramon smirked and touched the red buttocks, making his prince flinch and moan around the big thing in his mouth at the same time.

This time, he caressed the man's ass, squeezing just a little.

"Fuck, tight ass, cock sucking lips, and so fucking good. Of course, you're a prince. MY prince," Ramon commented, his voice wavering a little with each of Lennart's dives on his cock.

He was not going to last like this. There were so much tongue and heat on his cock, making him harder and harder. He was going to serve the prince a hot meal all right. But right now, he had something else in mind. So he straightened up and pushed Lennart away so he could slide out of bed.

The look on Lennart's face was hard to describe. There was something wild now in the guy's eyes, and Lennart moved to follow Ramon.

"Ass up," he gestured for Lennart to turn and sit by the edge of the bed. "I'm going to give you some cream for your spanked ass. Good boy," he encouraged the other and began to rub his cock in earnest.

The sight of that nice round ass sticking out was entirely doing it for him. And Lennart seemed so obedient, his face buried in the crook of his elbows, his back strung and a small quivering in his bones that made him shake now and then.

Ramon spread his love juice generously all over the guy's ass as the precious liquid began spurting from his cock. He took in his masterpiece, gathering some of the jizz and pushing it towards that silky pink hole. Lennart was still sitting there, waiting.

"Come here," Ramon cooed gently.

Lennart turned, and Ramon took his hand and guided the guy to sit on his lap. It was easy to grab the guy's hard dick and rub it like this. All while locking eyes with the man's amazing eyes, no matter how dark now. Ramon steadied Lennart with the other arm, using it to cradle the guy's back.

"I might spank you and call you a bitch, papi," Ramon talked, "but know that I got you, okay? I got your back, always."

Lennart was squirming in his lap, his breath more and more labored.

"Yes," Ramon encouraged him. "You're mine."

Lennart offered no other confirmation but the way he jizzed, hard, and all over Ramon's hand. He put the guy down gently after that and cocooned against him on the bed. He rested his now soft cock against the other guy's nice crack.

Chapter Five

It was morning when Ramon woke up with a serious need to piss and an equally serious erection. When he moved, Lennart moved in his sleep, too. Ramon stared for a moment at that beautiful face, now calm and unguarded in his sleep.

“Mine,” Ramon said to himself, grinning.

He had never had many things, let alone someone to call his own. But, for the moment, he could entertain this illusion. It was better than all the fantasy drugs he had ever tried. He hadn't gotten high for at least one day, and the thing was that he didn't need it. He touched the guy's smooth cheek slowly. Lennart smiled in his sleep.

Those lips. Kissing Ramon, the lowest of the low, wrapping themselves around Ramon's cock, ready to take everything in. If people could just see it ... Hell, he didn't need anyone to see that. That was just for him, although it would have been such a middle finger shoved up everyone's asses, just to show off the prince of the city, dutifully doing his job of sucking Ramon's balls dry.

But, just like anything nice, Lennart came with strings attached. Like probably some shady dudes trying to hunt him down this very moment. Well, not if Ramon could help it. He wanted a real chance at having that ass for as long as he needed to stick his dick in it.

Lennart's eyes opened lazily. Ramon smiled.

“Where the fuck am I?” Lennart blinked.

Ramon frowned. Well, this prince was going to screw him big time, once he was going to get back to his penthouse deluxe and expensive drugs and sponsors who paid him royally to sit on his knees and take it in every hole. That was going to come later. For now, he could have the guy all to himself.

“You’re not where you’re supposed to be,” Ramon joked. “Not on my dick.”

Lennart glared.

“Here,” Ramon flashed the best smile he could manage. “Lube for your lovely asshole. Get it on and get on my dick. We don’t have all day.”

Lennart cursed, but grabbed the lube handed to him by Ramon. It was easy to straddle Ramon and use his fingers to make himself slick. For Ramon, it was easy to keep his rod stiff so that Lennart could impale himself in it.

“It definitely feels like I’m overpaying you,” Lennart glared, but he began to move his hips, making Ramon hiss in pleasure. “Do you have any idea how much I charge for a single fuck?”

“I don’t care, papi. The only thing you’re charging now is your life, right? That must count more than whatever you’re usually asking as pay.”

Ramon grabbed Lennart’s waist and helped him move up and down.

“You surely have skill, papi,” Ramon praised him. “And come on, admit it. You fucking like it, too.”

The guy pouted, but, by the way he was starting to sweat and was rolling his hips, making sure to take Ramon harder and deeper, he really liked it.

Lennart still felt a bit pissed at the guy for the shenanigans from the day before, but he could not keep inside what he was feeling, as his own climax began to build while riding the guy's cock. Damn, he wanted to rip the guy's cock from his body and take it home as his favorite dildo. But maybe it wasn't all about the size, or about how the guy moved under him, making sure to hit at a perfect angle every time, hammering Lennart's prostate like an expert.

It had to do with the said skilled dick being attached to a guy as he had never met before. Crazy and handsome, ready for action, and a bit too fucked up in the head, but a good man nonetheless. That was it. Ramon was a good guy. And he liked Lennart for real, and if that could have been sold as an aphrodisiac in bottles, Lennart needed at least a case of that.

Ramon was damn territorial, saying Lennart belonged to him. But these effervescent declarations made him feel all warm inside. And also want to spread wide and take the guy deep and let him fill him to the brim.

Which was just happening, as he slammed down hard a few more times. He was slightly conscious how he sounded, his voice a litany of grunts and moans. Ramon took Lennart's cock and pumped it fast, making his partner come all over.

Lennart let himself limp on top of Ramon, still conscious of the cock going slowly soft inside his ass. They were a mess, spunk between them, linking them together like a solid vow. Lennart felt slightly dizzy as he tried to inhale more of Ramon's scent. The man's neck was sweaty, but Lennart wanted nothing else but to lick it, to stave off his thirst.

Ramon giggled in a not so manly way when Lennart did that.

"Ticklish," he explained.

"Really?" Lennart said lazily, as he trapped Ramon under him.

Ramon's hands were wandering down his flanks, apparently aiming for revenge.

“You cannot win,” Lennart spoke as he drew a long tongue over Ramon’s throat. “I don’t do ticklish.”

Ramon moved his head away, trying to escape the naughty tongue bent on torturing him. Then he did a quick maneuver which landed Lennart on his back with the sexy monster on top this time.

They looked each other in the eyes for a long time, none of them wanting to back down. Ramon leaned closer and licked Lennart’s lips slowly, without breaking eye contact. Lennart licked back, and looked back, trapped in the intense purple gaze he wished it was its genuine black right now. He wanted nothing between them, no artificial eye color changers, as well as not a world bent on fucking him up.

He sighed.

“Papi,” Ramon whispered softly. “I’m gonna get you out of this mess, okay? Don’t worry.”

“Promise?” Lennart mumbled, too caught up in their game to care if it was all a lie.

“Yeah, I promise. And you don’t have to give me nothing, ‘kay? Just this, now,” Ramon kissed him again.

“Don’t be stupid,” Lennart chided the other affectionately. “I’ll make sure you get out of this a rich man.”

“Fuck money,” Ramon said with a huff.

“No way. You save me; I’m taking care of you. As for the other thing. I don’t want to fuck for cash only. You’ll be my luxury, you know? The guy who fucks me and makes me see the stars without flying. Every week, every day, for as long as you want me.”

“I’ll always want you,” Ramon stared into his eyes, his gaze a burning trail.

“That’s just as long as I’ll want you,” Lennart replied in kind.

They stood like that for a few seconds. Then Ramon burst in laughter.

“You’re fucking good, papi. I almost believed you.”

Lennart felt a sudden nod in his throat. He moved his eyes away.

“Yeah, I’m good like that,” he spoke, trying to pretend it didn’t hurt.

“Yeah, the best,” Ramon turned Lennart’s head to kiss him again. “I like the way you lie.”

Lennart pushed any emotional and stupid thought away, as fast as he could. How could the man’s mouth feel so hot on him, so engulfing and demanding, while spouting hurtful lies? Lennart was nothing but a fool.

“So, where to, now?” Ramon asked, as soon as he had his clothes on and could no longer mess with Lennart’s head.

“It’s up to me, right?” Lennart murmured.

He had examined the possibilities in his head, countless times. He needed to take a gamble, it all amounted to that. And the competition was the safest bet, right now.

“I need to get in touch with the head honcho at Punk Pink,” he said.

Ramon didn't seem to be impressed.

“They're the direct competition,” Lennart explained, although Ramon didn't seem to care for one, either. “I might have them on my side if I exchange some dirty secrets for my protection.”

Ramon shook his head.

“Not such a good idea, papi. All these rich assholes, they're all the same. In the same boat, you know?”

“Well, do you have a better idea? I need someone who hates that guy's guts, and that is the guy in charge of Punk Pink.”

“Ever thought about being your own man? The way I see it, you're just changing who owns your ass,” Ramon spoke.

“Yeah?” Lennart smiled. “I thought you owned my ass.”

Maybe it was not quite the greatest idea to arouse the man again. Ramon threw him a hungry look. The kind of look that made him want to touch himself and beat his meat to oblivion. He held his breath, but Ramon chose to let it slide this time, and just proceeded to stuff a backpack with the two guns, some ammunition, and a few other things that Lennart wasn't exactly sure what they were.

“Where did you learn to shoot a gun?” he changed the topic.

Ramon shrugged.

“Street teaches you a lot of stuff. Something like this ends up on your hands, you better know to shoot a gun, ‘cause the other guy may just be quicker than you. And that’s like the difference between being alive and kicking or swimming with the fishes,” Ramon exclaimed, as he checked his arsenal one last time. “Those two guys - don’t worry about them. They know Marla, so they know not to mess with us. And you’re used to having bodyguards, right? They won’t lay a finger on you.”

Lennart nodded.

“So, they come with us?”

“Yeah, they do. I don’t have eyes at the back. So they come with us. I told you. Don’t you worry about them.”

“Well, it’s not like I have a choice.”

Ramon caught his chin deftly between his fingers, forcing him to look up.

“Trust me, papi. Your ass is safe.”

“Okay,” Lennart said with some difficulty.

The look in those strange eyes was intense, so intense that he wanted it to be true. But Ramon was a guy with street wits, not some tame puppy Lennart could play. If the guy wanted to sell him, he could do it in a heartbeat. So, for now, trusting him was everything Lennart could afford.

A few minutes later, they were out the door, and Lennart knew he had to brace himself for what was to come.

“Lennart? Lennart Gratz?” the woman at the other end of the line expressed her disbelief.

“Look, sweetheart,” Lennart poured all the milk and honey he could muster into his voice, “I need to talk to your boss, and pronto. Be a dear and put him through, will you? I promise there’s a promotion or a raise in there for you if you do that.”

“But you were kidnapped!”

“It’s a long story. I could tell it to you over dinner and morning coffee,” Lennart promised, “but I’m pressed for time.”

The implication of his words was not lost on the woman on the other end.

“Of course, Mr. Gratz,” the woman almost squealed, “let me put you through.”

“Please, call me Lennart,” he chose to flirt some more only to hear the woman giggling.

He turned only to see Ramon throwing him a weird look. Shaking his head, he turned on his heels again.

“Lennart Gratz, what a surprise,” the man on the line now cooed.

“Mr. Red, I have some important and delicate information to share with you.”

“Certainly. Do I gather kidnapping does not particularly agree with you?” the man joked.

“Enough to consider changing employment,” Lennart said.

That earned him a short, shocked silence on the other end.

“Of course, should I entice you with an offer then?”

“I do not require much,” Lennart spoke. “Just protection and revenge.”

“A hefty list of requirements,” the man commented. “But you’re Lennart Gratz, so such things are to be expected. What could Mr. Lee do to lose your loyalty?”

“Nothing much. He just tried to kill me,” Lennart said lightly.

If the man on the other end was surprised, he didn’t show it.

“I can put a lot of secrets on the table, of course,” Lennart added.

“That is good to know. Where are you Lennart? I can send a few men to pick you up right now.”

Lennart looked at Ramon, whose stare was getting more and more unnerving.

“Are you alone?”

Ramon made a small sign with his fingers crossed his mouth.

“Yes. And quite scared, actually,” Lennart covered the short moment of hesitation.

He gave the man the address and cut the connection. He threw the disposable phone at Ramon, and the guy dropped it on the ground to smash it with the heel of his boot.

“So,” Lennart spoke, the silence between them stretching too much.

“That guy sends hit men right now to take you out,” Ramon said quickly.

“What?” Lennart’s eyes grew wide. “Come on, man, you’re just paranoid.”

“Good thing you took the cue to say you were alone,” Ramon replied curtly. “I wonder how you’ve survived until now. But you have that gorgeous cock sucking lips and an ass to die for, right, papi?”

Lennart felt the sting.

“Whatever,” he pretended not to care.

It was no mystery that everyone considered him a dumb whore. But it damn mattered if Ramon saw him like that. It fucking hurt.

“Don’t worry, papi, this round’s on me. I’ll save your ass again.”

“This round? I thought you were going to love me forever,” Lennart bitched in return.

Ramon shut him up with a tongue in his mouth. He had to press against the man’s chest with both his hands to keep Ramon from crushing him in his embrace.

“As I said before, papi, stop bitching. Or I’ll have to fuck the bitch out of you, and there’s no time.”

“Because hitmen are coming to get me?” Lennart rolled his eyes.

The hard slap on his ass made him ground his teeth.

“Stop hitting me, asshole,” he hissed.

“I’m not hitting you. I’m just spanking your ass. You totally deserve it.”

“Oh yeah?” Lennart felt his anger at the man growing.

“Boss, what’s the plan?” one of the goons from before interrupted them.

Lennart needed to pretend nothing was happening that could earn that lewd, dirty look from the goon. The man was undressing him with his eyes. His small pig-like eyes. Lennart shuddered. Nothing stopped Ramon from just handing him over to these guys so they could have their way with him. And right now, Lennart didn’t care about being pawed like a cheap whore. Somehow, after coming so many times in Ramon’s arms, he wasn’t willing to get back to get fucked just for others’ pleasure.

“We hide and let Lennart be the welcome committee. Just keep those guns cocking. This won’t be a pleasure call,” Ramon grimaced.

The guy had the nerve to squeeze his ass one last time, as he hid behind a tall stack of old boxes. The other two strategically placed themselves behind corners so that they could cover the entire area.

Lennart felt a cold chill down his back. Without Ramon within arm's length, he felt vulnerable. And utterly alone.

Ramon looked at his prince, taking in the man's face. In the dim light of the warehouse, he still looked damn beautiful. What if the guys coming after Lennart were not hitmen? What if they were going just to sweep his prince away? Nah, that couldn't be. His guts never lied. That guy had been too quick to accept Lennart's story. That was a bad sign all right.

He rested his forehead on the barrel of the gun for a second. Sometimes it was better to be high. But he couldn't. That tight ass depended on him to be completely awake and sober. And, actually, the kick of adrenaline he felt was pretty fucking awesome, sharp and delicious, like a razor's edge next to the skin. If shit was going to go down, Ramon was fucking ready for it.

His prince looked a little like a scared bunny right now. Ramon took in the other guy's tense stance. Lennart looked a bit too jumpy, but that was good. That meant that his warning had gotten through that pretty head.

It didn't take the visitors a long time to reach their destination. Wasn't it nice to have hit men on speed dial? Ramon wondered how that might feel. Nah, he didn't need that sort of thing. Lennart's tight ass squeezing his cock was all that mattered. He didn't need all that fancy stuff.

Yeah, he was fooling himself. And he was thinking too much with his dick. But his dick was like his best friend. A best friend with an obsession for ass. That guy's ass, in particular. He squeezed his gun tighter as three guys entered the abandoned warehouse. Wasn't that a bit too much for a single dude whose only fighting skill involved horizontal sparring?

That meant only one thing. Those stupid asses knew Lennart could not be alone. They knew the guy had help and they were coming prepared. He didn't like it one bit. Now it was all about timing.

“Mr. Gratz,” one of the newcomers spoke and offered his gloved hand to Lennart.

Lennart shook it.

“So, shall we go?” Lennart spoke.

Wow, the guy was a good actor, Ramon had to give it to him. He was scared shitless, but he was playing his card like he had a good hand. Which he didn't. But whatever. He was getting points for trying.

The three men exchanged a quick look, and the first who had spoken earlier simply took out his gun and pointed it at Lennart's head.

Lennart raised his arms in surrender.

“I'm sure Mr. Red won't like this,” Lennart hissed, despite his compliant attitude. “What's this about?”

“It would be too much hassle to take you somewhere else to kill you. I want to have an early lunch,” the man joked.

Ramon slowly pointed the gun in the guy's direction. That scumbag was going to go down first.

“So? What's taking you so long?” Lennart challenged the man holding a gun to his head.

“One small detail. Just tell that idiot who dragged your sorry ass all over the city to come out, too.”

“What did you smoke? I’m alone,” Lennart spoke.

“Nah-nah,” the man wagged his gun. “Be a good boy and don’t make me hunt him down all over the place. Don’t you want to have the pleasure to die along with him? Since he’s your boyfriend,” the guy laughed.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Lennart replied.

“C’mon, it’s been all over the news. That freak. Frankly, I don’t know what everybody sees in you. Left off the leash and you put your ass up like a mongrel bitch. I’ll send you to the gutter, where you belong.”

“Ah, what’s wrong?” Lennart sweetened his voice to the point that it sounded sickly.

Good, papi, good, keep him talking, Ramon thought, while searching for an angle. He hoped the other two were going to go for the hit man’s goons.

“I feel like this is personal. Am I right?” Lennart continued.

“One of the guys first sent to kill you. He was my brother, you whore!” the man lashed out. “Go get the other motherfucker,” he barked at the other two.

Good. They had no idea the odds were even. Ramon did not tremble one bit as his bullet went flying, executing the hitman with pinpoint accuracy. The man remained standing for a second, wearing what seemed a shocked look on his face, and then fell, with a hole right in the middle of his forehead.

The goons hurried into hiding, but Ramon’s allies didn’t need special instructions to do their job. Just like their leader, they went down without a cry for help. Clean, fast, efficient. Those guys were starting to grow on him.

Lennart turned on his heels as he approached. He was staring at Ramon like he wanted to bite his head off.

“What?” he shrugged.

“Why didn’t you take a little longer?” Lennart hissed like a cat at him.

“I saved your ass, papi,” Ramon squared his eyes on his prince.

“Yeah,” Lennart rolled his eyes. “And had fun while watching me pissing my pants!”

All right. He knew what the problem with Lennart was. Hot as fuck, but a complete bitch, when things didn’t go his way. Well, maybe it was time to take the prince down a notch or two.

“That’s it,” he said, and he grabbed the guy, pulling him hard towards him.

He wasn’t even mad. Actually, this was going to be so much fun.

Lennart swore he saw red. Why the fuck had Ramon taken his sweet time to kill that fucker? Sometimes, the man just wanted to watch him squirm. And why was he grabbing him like that?

“Hey!” he yelled. “Hey!”

Ramon seemed completely calm, but also deaf. Lennart wasn't sure he liked that. He was pushed over a stack of old cardboard boxes. When he tried to turn, a heavy hand just pushed him back. His belly was rubbing against the cardboard.

He was ready to protest again, when he felt Ramon pulling his pants down, enough to expose his buttocks.

“What the fuck do you think you're doing?” he yelled.

And yelped right away, as he felt the first slap. Ramon was just a jerk. He was so pissed right now! He tried to move, but Ramon's other hand was pressing between his shoulder blades, keeping him down.

And the worst thing? He heard laughter. And it wasn't Ramon laughing.

“Yeah,” one of the hired hands commented. “Smack some sense into your woman, man!”

Lennart wanted the ground to open up under his feet and just swallow him. He knew it was futile to struggle, but he did it anyway. Ramon had no right!

“I saved your ass, so it's mine to do with it as I want,” Ramon grunted with each slap, generously rained over Lennart's backside.

“Care to share it, boss?” the other goon commented.

“What do you say, angel?” Ramon joked. “Should I borrow your ass for a quick round with the boys? They saved your ass, too, you know?”

Lennart began struggling hard.

“Don’t you dare, asshole!” he yelled.

“Boss, you mean it?” the second goon asked, with hope in his voice.

“Like hell I do,” Ramon barked back.

Lennart felt a little relieved at that.

“But you two can watch,” Ramon added, and this time, Lennart’s heart sank.

“What the fuck, idiot?” he tried to get Ramon’s attention, but the guy was now busy fighting with his own jeans. “No, no, no, Ramon, listen to me.”

Ramon was just humming something. Lennart felt a rough hand caressing his ass.

“Hey, did I say you could touch him?” Ramon’s voice was threatening now.

“C’mon, boss,” the goon pleaded.

“No. You two just stand over there. You can watch and jerk off. That’s it.”

Lennart closed his eyes hard, hoping that everything was just going to go away. Something was pushed into his face, so he had to look.

“See, papi? I’m using lube,” Ramon’s voice seemed almost playful.

“Geez, should I say thank you?”

“That’d be a start,” Ramon just shrugged.

“Ramon,” Lennart pleaded. “Just ... tell them to go away.”

“Nope. Do you want me to lose rep? You mouthed off at me, right after I saved your ass. You don’t do that, okay?”

Lennart stole a quick look into the direction of the other two men. They were grinning and pulling out their cocks, ready for action. Ramon was rubbing the head of his cock against his hole, lubed but maybe not enough.

His eyes were drawn to the goons beating their meat now, and somehow he could feel a small shiver of excitement. Ramon was doing that, spanking him, and fucking him in front of the others so that he didn’t lose face, but in the way he was holding Lennart, there was something else.

Lennart squirmed, bringing his ass a tad closer to Ramon’s cock. That was what was making him quiver with a strange kind of desire. Ramon was staking a claim on him, he was doing it recklessly, without concerns for consequences. And Lennart belonged. He finally belonged somewhere, to someone, and that simple thought was making him feel safe, too.

Ramon caressed his chest slowly.

“Let’s give the boys a show, angel,” Ramon whispered into his ear.

Lennart had been watched while getting fucked before, countless times. But this, this was different. The two men palming their cocks, a few feet away from them, were not waiting for their turn. They weren’t wearing ugly grins on their faces, telling Lennart he was nothing but a piece of meat.

There was real hunger in their eyes and genuine desire. And, for some reason, they obeyed Ramon, and Lennart belonged to the strongest of the pack. To acquiesce to his position, he leaned forward, curving his back and presenting his neck.

Ramon didn't need extra explanations. Hard, sharp teeth buried into the back of his neck, holding him in place, while calloused fingers pulled at his nipples. Lennart moaned shamelessly.

The hard, labored breath of the other two was filling the air. Ramon was blowing hot air on his nape, making him tremble.

"You're safe with me, papi," Ramon's lips soon caressed his ear. "See those two? They want nothing but to sink their fat cocks in your lovely tight hole. But they won't. And you know why? Because you're frigging mine."

Ramon was sinking deep into his ass, and Lennart cried out. He knew Ramon was manipulating his body in such a manner that the other two could clearly watch the porn show they were putting.

He could feel Ramon curling his fingers around his erection, giving it a good rub. And all this time, their companions were watching them, without a word, too busy jerking off to even throw a few catcalls and bad puns at them.

It was the strangest way to have group sex, Lennart thought through the haze of his growing arousal. He was now getting busy himself, impaling himself into Ramon's cock, over and over again.

Ramon pushed him slowly to get on his knees, following him without letting go of their ass to cock connection. In the doggy style position, the man was moving harder, faster, making the sound of flesh on flesh cover even the men's heavy breathing.

"Ramon," he whispered, as the hot cock in his ass, hammering his prostate, was driving him insane.

“Yes, papi?” Ramon’s ragged voice replied.

“Just say that I’m yours,” he demanded.

Ramon’s deep chuckle was making him tremble.

“Of course you’re mine, papi, of course you’re mine.”

Lennart was the first to come. As his eyes rolled in his head and Ramon sank his teeth again into his skin, but this time in his shoulder, he could hear the others reaching their point of no return as if through a haze.

By all signs, Ramon was the last, and Lennart felt like it took a small forever for the guy to hold him, his cock pulsing wildly in Lennart’s ass.

Chapter Six

Nobody was speaking as they went back. The goons didn't seem keen to tease him, although Lennart had thought that was going to happen. Ramon, in particular, was silent. The other two were whispering to one another, and whatever they were sharing, it seemed serious.

"Your plan didn't work that well, papi," Ramon eventually spoke.

"So it seems," Lennart murmured. "I guess you're right, Ramon. All these rich assholes are the same. What the hell am I going to do now?"

Ramon threw one arm over his shoulder and pulled him close.

"Don't worry, angel. I'll think of something. You're mine, and I told you. I take care of what's mine."

Lennart was maybe still high on the endorphins from getting fucked just earlier, because Ramon's assurance was making him feel unusually relaxed.

"I might have an idea," Ramon said. "How much dirt do you have on that stupid boss of yours? And what about this other asshole? The one you called and who sent the goons after us?"

"I have plenty of dirt on a lot of people," Lennart replied. "And, yeah, some on that Punk Pink asshole, too."

"As much as I hate the idea, you'll have to become a snitch," Ramon said.

"A snitch?" Lennart wondered out loud. "Wait, do you want me to go to the police? That's just like walking into a fucking trap!"

“Not if you know who to talk to.”

“I thought you hated cops,” Lennart spat, feeling his frustration growing.

“Well, we have to live with them, and they have to live with us. It’s the best chance we got.”

“It seems like a shitty chance.”

“It’s that, or we take a chance at other rich assholes.”

Lennart fell silent. He had counted on the competition, and he had failed. Was there really a way out of that? He cast his eyes down. Ramon caught his chin and made him look up again.

“You’ll get to live. I promise. It’s that, or it’s over my dead body that they get to you.”

Lennart smiled.

“You sure do know how to make me believe you. You’re good, too, Ramon. But seriously, think again if you want to stick your neck out for me like this. I’m starting to think that it’s not worth it. Let’s face it. I’m so much in deep shit.”

Ramon dropped his hand from Lennart’s shoulder, only to make their fingers link together.

“You just fucked me in front of these two guys,” Lennart gestured at the goons following them at a respectful distance. “And now you hold my hand like I’m your teenage crush or something.”

“Maybe you are, papi,” Ramon flashed a large smile at him. “Maybe you are.”

“Keep it like this, and I might just believe you,” Lennart could feel his lips twitching.

It was happening again. People he had never met in his life wanted to whack him, and he was talking and laughing with this man like everything in the whole universe was all right.

So it was clear. He was losing his mind. He sighed.

“Let’s do it your way, Ramon. I should take my chances while they still are. I surely don’t want to live my life looking over my shoulder.”

“I could keep you hidden. No one will find you,” Ramon seemed to ponder the alternative.

Lennart shook his head.

“Nah. I’d only be a liability.”

“What’s that?” Ramon asked.

“You know. I would be a magnet for trouble.”

“That surely you are, papi. Or I’d not be willing to put my nuts out to dry for you like this,” Ramon grinned.

“Man, you really think with your dick,” Lennart chuckled and shook his head. “But that’s just my luck.”

“I guess,” Ramon shrugged. “But I’m the lucky one. I scored with you. There’s nothing I can’t do now.”

“I suppose that’s a way of looking at things,” Lennart smiled. “You know, Ramon ...”

He hesitated. It was stupid to say big words now. Ramon wasn’t going to believe them anyway.

“Thank you,” he said instead, squeezing the guy’s rough hand.

The handsome devil just pulled him close to kiss him. And Lennart could not remember ever having been kissed like this, with no strings attached, no hidden agenda. Never before Ramon.

Yeah, they were in deep shit, and what he was going to play at was dangerous like hell, Ramon thought. But his angel needed him, and Ramon could not remember anyone, at any time, needing a piece of street trash like him. And that made him feel like he was suddenly squeaky clean on the inside. It felt damn lovely, that was sure.

So his prince was going to get all the protection he needed. And Ramon was going to stick out his neck for the guy. Because if there was anything worth sticking his neck for, that was fucking it.

They were back to their small room above the bar kept by Marla’s friend. The goons were down, reporting to their boss, and Ramon had a plan to put in motion.

He watched as Lennart carefully took off his clothes. After he had claimed the guy in front of the others, and after the guy had asked him to do it, to say it, it felt like they were something more.

Ramon could not put his finger on what this 'more' meant, but he knew it to be true. And that was why he was looking at Lennart like that and did not hurry to jump the guy.

Not that he wasn't hard. He was hard as a rock whenever he was two feet or less away from the guy.

He sauntered over to Lennart.

"Do you want me to blow you?" Lennart asked sweetly, cocking his head to the side and staring at him.

Ramon shook his head slowly. He pushed the guy on his back, and he climbed the bed, making Lennart move, too. Their mouths hovered close, and soon there was a small fight between them, with tongues sticking out, lips searching, until Ramon put the guy down with a growl, pinning him against the bed, and covering his mouth completely.

Lennart's tongue in his mouth was like a small trapped animal, squirming. He sucked it deep inside, making the guy moan. Everything the guy did was sex. He wasn't just a pretty thing. He was damn hot, and Ramon wanted him all for himself.

If the plan was going to work, the angel was going to be gone from Ramon's life. It was nothing but a simple fact. But he was willing to go with it. Because only having this hot A-list celebrity sucking him off and giving him as much ass as he could take was enough to give him, as a man, his true measure. And the rest of the world could kiss his ass.

His angel was fucking sweet everywhere. Even with the smell of sweat and fear on him, he was still damn sweet. And Ramon wanted a taste. A real taste.

He pushed himself down, following a trace from the guy's neck, down his chest, where Ramon took his time to taste the rosy nipples over and over again. Lennart giggled shortly

when Ramon stuck his tongue inside his belly button, and then gasped in disbelief, as Ramon finally reached his destination and took the guy's cock in his mouth. One time. Shortly.

“Ramon,” Lennart whispered breathily. “I thought you never ...”

“All mine,” Ramon held his prize with one hand, letting his mouth speak the words he really meant. “So this is mine, too. And I want to suck it.”

Lennart rewarded him with a big smile.

“So do it,” the angel whispered to him, and Ramon took him deep in his mouth, again.

Lennart was a moaner, and damn, if his moans weren't making Ramon feel like his hair was standing on end like he was high, and there was a feather tickling him all over his skin, making him want to lose it.

Ramon considered cocksucking something he only needed to do so he could get his hands on drugs and cash. Definitely not something he could get something out of, except for those practical things. But it was frigging happening. It was making him feel a certain weird satisfaction to hear the guy moan like that, while Ramon was wrapping his tongue like a snake around his cock.

And his angel was delicious there, too. Like his ass was fucking tasty. And his lips. And his skin everywhere. Ramon wanted the guy's cock. In his mouth, at least.

“Ramon, Ramon, Ramon,” Lennart sang prettily while pulling at Ramon's hair and pushing him down with the same force.

He held the guy's nut sack in one hand, and he knew that it was coming. And he wanted to have it straight from there, so he began sucking harder, harder, until Lennart started whimpering.

He had what his angel wanted. And if his angel wanted his cock sucked, that was what he was going to get. Lennart arched on the bed, raising his hips, and fucking Ramon's mouth.

Keeping his mouth there, on the guy's cock, was a damn challenge, but he wasn't going to let go. He had had bigger cocks in his mouth before, so that was not a problem. The problem was his angel was thrashing wildly now, and Ramon needed to use all his force to keep him down and suck him dry completely.

When the guy came, his cry pierced Ramon's ears, but he could not care less. Fresh hot cum was pouring down his throat, and that meant he had won. He bet no one could ever make this prince moan and cry like that. That was something only Ramon could do.

He licked the guy's cock clean, and Lennart shuddered.

"Ramon," his angel breathed out. "No more or I'll flip a lid or something."

Ramon laughed.

"That's good, right? C'mon, papi, say who ever sucked you off like this?"

Lennart pushed himself up, resting on his elbows. He looked at Ramon.

"No one has ever done me like this, Ramon. I mean it about that deal. Come fuck me. When this is over. Every day. Be my ..."

"Papi," Ramon said with affection. "This," he gestured between them, "is happening only because you're on the run from assholes. Once you get back, well, I don't think you'll want to have anything to do with me."

“No!” Lennart protested. “I want you as I’ve never wanted anyone.”

Ramon grinned.

“You’re a star, angel,” he said. “And I’m just street trash. So we won’t happen. I’ll take that money you say you’ll give me. And I’m sure as hell I’ll jerk off to this,” he caressed Lennart’s chest slowly.

“No, I won’t let you,” Lennart warned. “You’ll be my regular. The guy who screws me on right. I’ll give you money, anything you want. Only so that you’ll come to see me and fuck my brains out.”

“Now you seem bent on this. But once you’re back up there? You’ll be again the prince no one can touch.”

Lennart pursed his lips.

“It will be my pleasure to prove you wrong,” the angel spoke.

Ramon said nothing as the guy pushed himself closer and wrapped his arms around him. Lennart’s breath was sweet on his cheek.

“Let’s just see you out of this mess first, okay?” he said, and Lennart smiled.

He was about to ask his angel to put himself nicely on his fours when a forceful knock on the door stopped him. Carefully, he took the blanket and placed it over Lennart, and then he stood up.

“Boss,” one of the goons babbled. “Marla sends word. If you want to take the guy to the cops, she knows who to talk to. But there’s a thing. You two need to go alone. Unarmed.”

Ramon scrunched his nose, and then rubbed it.

“Unarmed, huh? Fucking pigs,” he murmured. “I trust Marla, though.”

“We could follow. From a distance.”

“And risk having the pigs wring our necks? We need to go through with this one. But thanks, man,” he told the guy.

He wasn't in the mood to get freaky anymore. Lennart was holding the blanket around him, and Ramon could tell the guy was scared.

“So, papi,” he caressed the man's knee through the blanket. “I guess this is it. There's a way out. Narrow like hell, but we might just squeeze through. What do you say?”

“You say you trust your friend.”

“Marla? Yeah, I trust her. But there are others who might try to fool her, too. She's an old witch, and I say that 'cause I love her, but that doesn't mean that I can trust the pigs, too. But if you really want an out from this shit, she's the one that can do that for you.”

Lennart moved to embrace him again.

“When do we have to meet those people?”

“I'll go downstairs. I'll talk some more with the guys.”

Lennart seemed a bit surprised but said nothing.

“You stay here and rest, okay?”

Lennart nodded, but his eyes darted away.

He was staring at the ceiling, trying in vain to chase away dark thoughts. It was like there was a buzz in his ears, holding him from focusing on the problem. He put one hand up and brushed it across his forehead, only to have it slick with cold sweat.

Something didn't feel right. Was Ramon trying to sell him out, after all? Not that he could blame the guy. What was it that he needed to speak with those goons that he couldn't do in front of Lennart, then? He pulled the blanket around his body. Why the hell did it feel like he was fucking freezing all of a sudden?

It wasn't like they were in love with each other or something. They had just happened to meet under precarious circumstances, and the sex between them was wild as fuck, but, besides that, they were nothing but two strangers. Who was Ramon to him? His thoughts were like an oscillator, up and down, up and down.

He shook his head ahead and shifted in his place. The shiver was growing stronger.

The problem was he wanted to believe the guy. To trust him. To take each word, Ramon was saying while looking at him with those strange eyes and placing it neatly on the canvas of his soul.

He was tired. He had counted on the guy at Punk Pink to want an edge over the competition, but, in the end, everyone in the business seemed to share the same vision. And that particular

vision was telling Lennart he was just as much street trash as Ramon thought he was, if not worth.

It was like he only had to close his eyes and see their faces, all those ugly faces ganging up on him, their gnarly hands trying to reach for him, for his neck ...

He kept his eyes wide open, focused on nothing in particular. He needed to keep them open. If his eyelids fell ...

His life was fucking forfeit. He needed to push himself up, put some clothes on, and run like hell. The chemical malaise accompanying the drug withdrawal he was most probably going through was doing nothing for his nerves. While the drug makers had managed to take the edge of their shitty merchandise so that it wasn't that bad when you needed to lay off of it once in a while, Lennart still felt like fucking shit.

Now he was starting to understand what the hell was happening to him.

Not having Ramon close was making him fidgety and anxious. He needed, really needed, to get the fuck out. He wasn't sure he wanted to kick the bucket that badly. So, eventually, he got out of the bed and began fishing for his clothes. The sensation of myriads of creepy crawlers under his skin was making him break into a cold sweat over and over again.

He had been so high all these years that he could not recall if this was normal. And the last days had pumped him so much with adrenaline that the coming down felt like a fucking ton of bricks trying to break his back.

He went to the window. Trying to focus was hard. It was like he could not control his eye movement. It was impossible to just look at a single thing that his eyes were trying to avoid visual contact.

There was one way out, he thought, as he eventually managed to look down, but a sprained ankle was not going to let him get far if he got the guts to jump from that height.

He was still pondering over his shitty options when Ramon entered.

“Why aren’t you resting?” Ramon questioned.

Lennart almost jumped when the guy began speaking.

“Hey, easy, easy, papi,” Ramon caressed his back and pulled him back into his arms.

“Ramon,” Lennart grabbed the man by his jacket and looked him in the eyes. “Just tell it like it is. Am I going to die?”

Ramon seemed a bit surprised.

“What’s up with you? Why are you shivering like this? Come here,” the man spoke gently and pulled Lennart close into his arms.

“Ramon, listen,” Lennart spoke breathily. “If they’re after me to kill me, if you’re with them, just do me a favor. Be the one to break my neck. I’d rather go quickly and at your hand. They’ll torture me, they’ll ...”

“Papi,” Ramon said sharply and squeezed his arms hard. “Ah, fuck,” he added, as he put Lennart down and tried to stare into his eyes.

Lennart shook his head. He could not look at Ramon. His head was killing him. And somehow he knew that it was lolling to one side, then the other, completely out of whack.

Damn, Ramon thought, as with some difficulty, he pushed Lennart's eyelids up to stare at his eyes. His angel was fucking going through withdrawal. Ramon wished he could get high every day, but he couldn't afford it. So his withdrawals were nothing special. But Lennart was clearly not used to this. It was a wonder he had not flipped until that moment.

"We don't have time for this shit," he mumbled to himself, as he pulled at the guy's clothes, to get him naked again.

He could not imagine what the hell Lennart was going through. The guy was cold as a fish, and he was sweating profusely. Ramon put him into bed and covered him with a blanket.

"Stay here," he pointed the finger at the guy.

He turned to walk to the door. On second thought, he went to the window and pushed it down shut. The safety lock was lame, but he counted on Lennart not having all his marbles, thus incapable of opening the window to jump.

He just needed to be fast.

Lennart moved his head to escape the annoying light threatening to pierce through his eyelids.

"Angel, we need to move," he heard Ramon speaking.

"No way, I'm sleepy," Lennart protested.

The man shook him, making him groan. His entire body was in pain. It was like his muscles were all stiff, and his joints and bones were made of lead.

Ramon began to pull him out of bed, and Lennart didn't protest much as the guy forced him into his clothes.

"The cop Marla talked to is waiting for your ass," Ramon mumbled as he struggled to make Lennart get dressed. "Let's not mess it up, okay, papi?"

Lennart growled and tried to push Ramon away. But he was slow, and his moves were lazy like he was trying to walk through water.

"I told you to kill me," Lennart barely managed to make the words pass through his teeth. "Are you going to do it in front of them?"

"I could swear the remedy should have made you a bit less like this," Ramon grimaced. "We'll just go so that I can deliver your ass safe and sound. Let's move."

Lennart wanted to protest, part of his brain still telling him that Ramon was going to whack him, that the guy was just another criminal sent to end him. But his body wasn't listening, and so he was carried away like a brainless doll.

"We're at the meeting place," Ramon informed him, scouting the area with a long thin monocular, from behind a dumpster.

Lennart scrunched his nose.

"Why don't you hurry?" he pushed at Ramon's side, wanting to check the guy for concealed weapons.

“We’re waiting for them to make the first move. I’m not going out in the open like this,” Ramon said. “And stop feeling me, papi. We don’t have time for this. Don’t remind me that you were so messed up last night that I couldn’t fuck you. Now I’ll have to walk out of this with a damn hard on.”

“Yeah, you’ll fuck me,” Lennart said slowly. “You’ll fuck me over.”

Ramon stared at him for a second, and by the way his lips pursed and moved, he was probably cursing Lennart along with an entire string of ancestors in his native tongue.

“Ah, here they come,” Ramon said quickly and pushed both himself and Lennart down.

The man who had entered the alley was throwing calculated looks around. He didn’t wear a uniform, but Ramon could say by the way the guy was keeping his body, like he was relaxed, but alert, that the guy was a cop.

He pushed Lennart a bit away from him and ordered him to stay there.

The man pulled a gun at him the moment Ramon stepped into the alley. Ramon put his hands up.

“I’m unarmed, man, like you said,” he spoke.

“Where’s Lennart Gratz?” the man continued to have his gun trained on Ramon.

“Before I hand him over to you, I need to know you’re the real deal.”

“You cannot know that,” the man said. “You either trust me, or you take a hike. Hands where I can see them.”

“I told you, man. I’m unarmed.”

“With the likes of you, I can’t be sure. If you killed Lennart Gratz, scumbag, you’re going to pay for it.”

“Now, listen here, pig,” Ramon spat. “I kept the guy’s ass safe while you were busy chasing pink dragons all over the fucking city. So don’t threaten me.”

“You make my finger itch. Watch that mouth,” the cop said. “Now, slowly, take off your jacket and throw it on the ground. No sudden moves or I’ll make you eat lead in a sec.”

Ramon obeyed, moving slowly. The guy didn’t trust him, and Ramon knew why. He didn’t trust the guy, either. Only that the cop had the gun, so Ramon had to dance to his tune.

“Good, now turn slowly. Hands up. Keep them up.”

“I’m starting to feel the burn, man,” Ramon complained. “You know what? Do you think I’m hiding something? Here,” he said, and, after showing his open palms, he pulled out his t-shirt first, throwing it on the ground, next to the jacket. “And here,” he added, unbuckling his jeans and pushing them down, along with his underwear.

The cop was looking at him with scrutinizing eyes. His gun wasn’t wavering, but he was staring.

All naked, Ramon strolled toward the guy.

“See? No guns,” he said.

Lennart was looking from behind the dumpster at the unbelievable scene. He could only see Ramon's back now, his naked ass, and long muscled legs. The guy was crazy. Lennart felt like laughing.

It was crazy. Everything was crazy. But Ramon walking buck naked toward the other man, with his hands placed behind his head, was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his entire life.

He could not tell what those two were talking, from where he was.

"Papi, come out," Ramon turned and yelled in his direction.

Lennart moved with difficulty, the remnants of the drug withdrawal still making his lungs burn, and his muscles cramp.

He looked only at Ramon as he walked. The man caught him in his arms when Lennart reached him. Ramon's eyes had cleared now, and there was no trace of that weird artificial color in them. They were that deep amethyst like black that was making Lennart feel like he was staring into the darkness. Only that it wasn't terrifying darkness, he was looking at. It held the warmth of burning coals and the promise of a dark bedroom where Lennart could feel safe.

"He's been on some hard shit," Ramon explained to the cop, but he was looking at Lennart grinning. "So it might take him a while to come back."

"Let that be my worry now," the cop spoke, but Lennart could tell the guy sounded relieved.

The cop pried his hands off Ramon's arms and took him into his. Lennart wanted to whimper at the loss

"Don't worry, Lennart," the man spoke softly. "You're safe now. Just let the punk go. His job here is finished."

"You better take good care of his ass," Ramon yelled after them. "If you do anything bad to him, I'll fucking find you and kill your ass!"

The man carrying Lennart was just waving one hand like he wanted to get rid of flies.

From the back of the cop's car, Lennart stared for a while at the naked man standing there, without moving, looking after him, seeing him away, hopefully to safety, just like he had promised.

Chapter Seven

Lennart stepped out into the sun and closed his eyes immediately. After spending so much time in the safe house, under the police supervision, his eyes were not that quick to adapt to natural light.

With the information he had supplied the cops, the police had made a few heads roll, and now Lennart was free to walk back into the world. He still felt slightly paranoid at times, but the precinct therapist who had come to see him had told him that the effects were going to wear off eventually.

He had a hard time believing that he was completely safe. Apparently, his boss had considered that having his kidnapping and murder making the headlines for a while was going to produce enough buzz for re-launching his brand. That was what it was said on the record.

Off the record, Lennart had just known too much. And that had almost cost him his life. There had been a time when he had thought himself clever enough to play that kind of dangerous game, after trading pillow talk secrets in exchange for cash and drugs.

The therapist had insisted on giving up on drugs altogether, but Lennart was not entirely sure he wanted to do that. He had let the woman drone incessantly about the dangers of abusing substances in the long run and just blocked her voice completely, as his mind was taken over by something else.

Or, better said, someone else. How many times had he thought of Ramon ever since their split? In the safe house, he had not been allowed visitors, and playing the same dumb games on the console provided had grown boring and annoying after a while.

Where was Ramon? What was he doing? And was he thinking of Lennart, at least a little?

Damn the sunlight, Lennart winced and pulled out his sunglasses. He needed to set his priorities straight. First, he needed to find work. If that was possible, now that he practically emerged from nowhere, and back into the spotlights.

There was no more Americana. A few other brands had gone down in flames, too. And, officially, Lennart had had nothing to do with that. He was just out of work and had a story to tell anyone who cared to listen.

The cop had warned him that he was going to be asked questions and that he needed to be consistent in his lies. Lennart had smiled to himself. The cop didn't know not to underestimate him.

The story concocted by the detectives on the case had a certain flair. Lennart had suffered a concussion when he had been kidnapped - not by Ramon, thankfully, as he had insisted on leaving the guy out of it - so he had little recollection of the time during which he had been in the hands of his so-called kidnappers. The police had found him and retrieved him, and, for a while, he had been hospitalized and treated. His memory loss, fortunately, had proven temporary, but he had not been able to supply information on what had happened to him during his kidnapping.

So, back to square one. He needed work, and he needed a place. He wasn't keen on getting back to the old one. Also, there was the little detail on how his old place had been sold with other Americana assets to cover for some of the enormous debts the company had toward suppliers and other business partners.

No job, no home. Lennart wanted to laugh at himself a little. The police had offered some help, but Lennart had refused. He wasn't going to count on hand me downs from the state now.

He only needed a plan, and he was going to get back in the saddle. After that, he was going to look for Ramon and get him back.

"Lennart? Lennart Gratz?" someone called for him, and he turned with a charming smile.

The female reporter was about to drop her grocery bag as she tried to get to him. Politely, Lennart offered to help, but the woman refused, holding the paper bag a bit away like it was some sort of shield.

“All we had about you was what the police told us,” the woman started chirping. “We didn’t know you were released from the hospital! How about you sit down with us tonight and tell us all about it?”

Lennart smiled to himself. The woman was not by far as surprised as she had to be. The cop must have sold her a little hint on Lennart’s release. Why not, after all? Everyone had to make a living.

“Of course,” he said amiably. “Right now, however, I am much in need of looking for a place to stay.”

The woman grabbed his arm like he was about to disappear that instant.

“The invitation to our show comes with an incentive, of course,” she smiled with all her teeth. “And that includes a hotel stay for the week.”

Lennart smiled.

“I suppose my looking for real estate can wait,” he said and he let the woman guide him toward her car.

Funny thing, she had dropped the grocery bag in the hands of a homeless begging by the parking meter without a tinge of regret. Lennart had every reason to smile. Things were looking up, and he was barely out. Yeah, things were looking up.

“What are you looking for at the bottom at that bottle?” Marla swatted him over the head with the rag she was using to polish the bar.

He had no idea why she bothered keeping the place clean so much. It wasn't like they ever had royalty visiting or anything.

“So, have you heard from him?” Marla put her hands on her hips.

“He's like all over the buildings,” Ramon gestured like Marla knew what he was talking about.

By her sympathetic nod, she knew. Lennart, just like he predicted, was again the angel with ice-like eyes, looking down to anyone else who wasn't up there with him, from some glitzy ads projected over the tallest constructions in the city.

“He's no longer with those assholes,” Marla cared to inform him. “Those got thrown in the can, I heard.”

Ramon shrugged.

“Those assholes, or others, they're all the same,” he said, eyeing the empty bottle dejectedly, and then throwing a knowing look at Marla.

The woman shook her head.

“Are you getting drunk on my supply, jerk?”

Ramon grinned.

“I’m just thirsty, that’s all.”

“Seriously, Ramon,” Marla slammed a clean tall glass on the bar, full to the brim with stout. “At least when you were getting high, you didn’t come around here thirsty like a bull. One day, I’ll find you drinking straight from the tap. Then I’ll know you finally lost it.”

Marla’s smile froze on her face for a second, and then grew wide. Ramon frowned. The woman was staring somewhere, over his shoulder, and he made a move to turn.

“Drink your damn beer and go to sleep already. I know this place is till the last client, but you never sleep, Ramon,” Marla grabbed his shoulder and kept him in place.

There was something weird about Marla tonight. With a shrug, Ramon gulped down his beer and then stood up. He was no way buzzed enough, but nothing really got him going these days.

He was a damn fool to think about his angel so much. Marla was right. He was like starstruck or something. Only it hadn’t been some star to strike him down, but a damn fine ass and a man with skin like butter and eyes like hot ice if that was a thing.

He wasn’t getting high. He wasn’t fucking around. If he hadn’t been to jerk off like a madman only thinking of the guy, he could have been a monk. Marla was laughing at him.

But he was sick of bad drugs and loose asses. He needed the real thing. That guy had been better than any drug he had ever had in his shitty life. And he had gotten into his blood like fucking crack.

One day or another, he had to let go of that. Of thinking of Lennart fucking Gratz. The man was an angel. Ramon hadn’t said it like a joke. So he was back in that LED-lit heaven hovering over the city, back to doing what he was best at: suck dry, rich assholes and put his ass up in exchange for fortunes guys like Ramon could not even dare to dream of.

And Ramon had no money to climb that colorful nightlife nightmare to get to Lennart. Yeah, the guy had said big words. But Ramon had been smart not to believe them.

Not that it did him any fucking good. He was still smacked right in the head to think so much of the guy.

Damn Marla. Not letting him have as much booze as he wanted. How was he going to go to sleep like that? The only thing he could do was to jerk off while thinking of his angel.

His angel? Yeah, right. Everyone else's, now. Not everyone, but others were fucking Lennart now. And Ramon did not want to think of that. It was making his blood boil, only to imagine the guy taken by faceless jerks in all positions.

He didn't bother to turn on the light. In the small room, he knew precisely where his bed was so that he could crash on it.

Something, or better said, someone moved in the dark, and Ramon almost jumped. Who the fuck was there?

"Hey, it's me," the shadow walked toward him, arms spread open.

"Papi?" Ramon asked, not believing his ears.

He was quick to switch on the light now. There, in the middle of the rundown room, Ramon called home, stood Lennart fucking Gratz, all dressed up in white, looking every bit like the angel smiling down on the city from the big ass commercials plastered all over the tall walls.

And looking friggin' good enough to eat.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he asked roughly.

No point in having what he could not have dangled in front of his eyes.

“I was waiting for you,” Lennart crossed his arm over his chest.

“In the dark, like this? What if I whacked you by accident?”

“I wanted to surprise you, you jerk.”

Still bitchy? Ramon smiled.

“No shit,” he shrugged.

“Yeah. By all that big talk about how you were going to collect your payment from my mouth and ass, I thought I had to wait for you by the door with my ass up.”

Ramon could feel a grin coming. But now, he needed to be careful. That wasn't what he wanted.

“Nah, I won't come to ask you that,” he said.

“Why?” Lennart cocked his head to the side.

The angel took a step toward him, but Ramon was quick to move away. If the guy was to touch him, he was going to forget all about the vows he had taken to himself. Not that those meant much, seeing who he was, but he was trying to keep them.

“I can’t stand it, papi,” Ramon said. “Thinking how all kinds of assholes are fucking you. I don’t want to fuck you when others fuck you, too.”

“Are you sure?” Lennart was getting dangerously close now.

Ramon knew he had to keep the distance. He could taste the guy’s scent from where he stood. Lennart smelled like heaven, all dolled up in designer clothes, showered in perfumes that cost all that Ramon had by the ounce.

“Yeah, pretty damn sure. At least, when we were on the run, you were mine only. Nah, I’m not sharing. I’m not that guy.”

“So you don’t want me anymore?” Lennart was pursing his lips.

Ramon wanted nothing but to kiss those damn pouty lips.

“Like hell, I don’t. But your pretty pink hole gets creamed each night by assholes, and I don’t want their sloppy seconds,” he chose to be honest.

“What if I told you that wouldn’t be the case?” Lennart was now only a few inches away from him.

Ramon felt compelled to take another step back.

“What you trying to say, papi?” he asked, his voice a bit unsteady.

“I’m trying to tell you that things changed. I’m not getting on my knees for a living. Not anymore.”

“But you’re still, you know, up there,” Ramon gestured toward the ceiling.

“Yeah. But I work for a lady now. Someone who doesn’t want me to be a whore for rent. It looks like I do a pretty good job selling her perfume.”

“Is it this stuff you smell of right now?” Ramon asked.

What was the angel really trying to tell him? That he was no longer fucking for cash? Nah, that seemed unlikely. Lennart was made for cock, and everyone wanted him. Hell, Ramon wanted him, and he didn’t even have the dough to afford him.

“Yeah, do you like it?” Lennart smiled. “What don’t you come closer, so you can smell it off of me? I feel like I’m chasing you all over the place.”

“Nah, let’s just stay like this. If I’m too close, I’m going to jump you.”

“So, jump me. Don’t tell me I came all this way for nothing. By the way, I put the word up to anyone at my place and at work to let me know if you ever asked for me, and you never came,” the angel reproached.

Ramon leaned against the wall and took in his prince from head to toes. Lennart Gratz looked like a real angel in that dingy room. He didn’t belong there. But he was throwing Ramon a bone, and, damn, if he didn’t feel like a starved dog, hallucinating about pork chops.

“So no one fucks you?”

Lennart shook his head.

“And no one has fucked you since me?” Ramon pushed his luck.

Lennart confirmed.

“Damn,” Ramon whispered and licked his lips, feeling them dry all of a sudden. “You’re all mine?”

“Yeah, you devil,” Lennart said. “From that first night, nobody jizzed my holes and pounded my ass good. Or bad. Or at all. And since I got back, I can’t even get high anymore. All I think about is you, me, and those crazy days. You fucked the whore out of me, Ramon, but you better get over here and fuck me because otherwise, I’ll lose my friggin’ mind.”

“Are you serious? No other dick in you since that time?” Ramon smiled.

“No. I told you. I’m all yours. And here, see for yourself if you don’t believe me,” Lennart fumbled with his pants and pushed them down on one buttock, gesturing for Ramon to come close. “Not exactly a tramp stamp, but close enough, I’d say.”

Ramon went to his knees to level with the round buttock, nicely presented. He drew each line, insisting on the small heart.

“That’s my name,” he grinned and looked up to Lennart.

The angel rolled his eyes.

“Good thing you seem to have both eyes still. Yeah, that’s your name.”

“My name,” Ramon laughed, excitement bubbling in his chest. “On your ass. I - heart - Ramon,” he recited, while his fingers moved over the small, tasteful tattoo in calligraphic letters imprinted on Lennart’s flawless skin.

“I love Ramon,” Lennart corrected him, grabbing a handful of his hair and pulling at it.

“You love me, papi?” Ramon licked his lips and got up to his feet.

He was the one to crowd Lennart now and make him walk back to the bed.

“Are you going to repeat everything I say all night?” Lennart put his hands on Ramon’s chest and looked him in the eye.

“I couldn’t get high either,” Ramon confessed. “So I might not be all here,” he pointed at his temple. “All I did was to think of you, too.”

“So romantic,” Lennart smiled.

“And jerk off,” Ramon admitted further.

Lennart began laughing.

“So how about you come with me? I need a head of security. By how you save my life last time, I’d say you’re qualified.”

“Ah, you just want to work me to the bone,” Ramon pushed the other on the bed, climbing on top of him.

“Not only. You’ll stay at my place, fuck my brains out, and get high if you want.”

“No, no more shit like that,” Ramon said. “Ever since I fucked you, no fairy dust could do it for me. You’re all the drug I need.”

“Damn,” Lennart whispered. “I think it’s like you’re telling me you love me.”

“Hmm,” Ramon seemed bent on chewing one of Lennart’s ears now. “No more talking, papi.”

“Ramon, what’s with this papi thing? What does it mean?”

“It’s like boyfriend, my man, stuff like that,” Ramon explained.

“You called me papi right from the start. Does that mean that you loved me all the time?”

Ramon stopped only so that he could stare into the guy’s perfect blue eyes.

“Yeah. I wanted your ass. I wanted to be in your ass. And nowhere else.”

“So you just like my ass?” Lennart pouted.

“It comes with you, so I like you,” Ramon grinned. “Now come on, papi, ass up. My right hand needs a cast from how much I used it to jerk off.”

“You’re so incorrigible, Ramon,” Lennart laughed.

“What does that mean?”

“It means that you’re yourself. Hell if I’m not glad you are the way you are.”

“Good. ‘Cause once I’m in your house and your ass, you won’t be able to kick me out the door. I won’t go. Just so you know.”

“I’m betting on it. I’m not going to let you go, either.”

Lennart grinned as he pulled Ramon over him, in a tight embrace. Damn, he was never good with small buttons, Ramon cursed as he struggled to unpack his gift.

“Damn, papi, how can someone like you exist?” he murmured, as his hands traveled over the guy’s chest, taking in the flawless skin, the perky nipples growing hard under his calloused fingers, and the lean muscles.

“Ramon,” Lennart said softly. “You don’t have to look at me like this,” he added, pushing his long fingers through Ramon’s hair.

“Like how?” Ramon asked, moving his hands like he was in a trance.

“Like I’m ... not real. I want to be real for you. With you. What do you say? Will you come with me?”

“I’m sure as hell I’ll come with you,” Ramon said solemnly. “And you’re real. Just that all that happened, how we were running from those bastards and all, it felt like it was a long time ago, you know?”

Lennart snickered.

“Let’s just fuck already. It will all be damn real, once I feel that monster cock of yours deep inside my ass. There will be no way for me to run away from that.”

“You can be damn sure of that, papi,” Ramon grinned.

He let Lennart struggle with his fly. His angel bit his bottom lip and made his eyelashes flutter prettily. Ramon hissed and cursed as Lennart grabbed at his cock fast and hard. Damn, his angel was something. He could work that cock like a pro, and make Ramon lose his fucking mind just like that.

“Are you that used to jerking off that you don’t want to fuck me?” Lennart laughed.

Ramon batted the guy’s hands away and swiftly pulled Lennart’s pants, leaving his angel in nothing but a pair of cute underwear.

The kind that was almost letting Lennart’s cock out. He made a move to grab them. He was horny as a dog already.

“Here,” Lennart pushed his legs apart and his ass up.

The cute underwear was only covering the front. That was a nice trick.

“So you came all the way with your ass naked so that I could fuck you.”

“I would have come all naked and on foot,” Lennart said with conviction. “Now are you going to give my ass what it needs, or you’re waiting for it to get all closed tight like I’m a virgin all over again?”

Lennart pushed the guy’s legs up a little more so he could see better.

“Hey, little hole, long time, no see,” he said with a smirk.

Lennart groaned.

“Ramon,” he warned, speaking through his teeth.

“In a hurry, papi? I thought you were mine,” Ramon laughed. “Let me get some lube.”

“I already lubed myself,” Lennart caught his arm before he could move away.

“Damn, you’re such a horny dog, angel,” Ramon shook his head, but his lips were twitching.

“And you’re not,” Lennart quipped.

“You have no idea,” Ramon laughed and aligned his hard cock with the tight opening.

It was hot, and it squeezed him like hell, and by the way, Lennart was holding his breath a little, he knew that was a hole that hadn’t seen some action in a while. Eh, that was going to change because Ramon was going to tap that ass like crazy.

By the time Ramon was finally seated inside his man’s tight ass, they were both panting, and the room was filling with the smell of their sweat.

“Ready, papi? I’m going to give it to you like there’s no tomorrow.”

“Just do it,” Lennart whispered and pulled him close for a kiss.

Their tongues and lips met as Ramon slammed hard into Lennart. His angel wasn't letting go, and he had no intention to do that, either. Their bodies moved at the same rhythm, and Lennart was doing such a good job keeping him in that it was like they were one.

Lennart was whispering Ramon's name through their kisses, while Ramon was doing a veritable tour de force, moving fast and hard, taking them higher and higher.

So that was happiness, he thought, as his eyes rolled in his head, and Ramon came inside him at the same time he was releasing his pent-up load on his belly.

And Ramon crashed on top of him. One second later, a terrible sound, of fabric ripping and metal twisting made both of them yelp.

The bed had finally given in under them.

Lennart was the first to laugh, while Ramon was struggling to get up from the remains of his furniture.

"Damn, papi, just look at what you did," Ramon grinned. "You ruined the fucking bed."

"I will cover the damages," Lennart smiled as he took Ramon's hand to get to his feet, too.

"You better," Ramon snickered.

"Well, as you can see, you have nowhere to sleep, so you must come with me tonight," Lennart pulled his lover close.

“Just like that, huh?” Ramon smirked.

“Yeah. It was my plan all along, you know? To wreck your bed, and give you no choice but to come live with me.”

“Such a pretty head and so sly,” Ramon laughed again. “So, what are we waiting for? Do you live in one of those penthouse apartments at the top?” he gestured with one hand.

Lennart nodded.

“Yeah. Come with me,” he said quietly.

Ramon was giddy like a kid.

“And I can stare down at everyone from up there?” he asked.

“I don’t think you’ll have time to do that,” Lennart linked his fingers with Ramon’s.

“Good. ‘Cause I won’t. Stare down, I mean. I know how it is to be down here.”

Lennart nodded.

“We’ll come to visit, don’t worry. I know you have friends here.”

“Yeah, but now let’s just get out of here before Marla finds out I wrecked her bed.”

“It’s her bed?” Lennart felt a little scandalized.

“You know I don’t have anything.”

“Now you do,” Lennart rested his head on Ramon’s shoulder.

The man caressed his jawline slowly.

“I do, papi. I have you.”

Lennart answered to that simple declaration only with his eyes. Between them, it was enough.

Epilogue

“So, is life treating you good, punk?” Marla asked Ramon, the moment he walked through the door.

“What do you think?” Ramon grinned, showing his teeth.

“Look at you,” Marla put her hands on her hips. “You’re some big shot now. I should put a sign on the door and ask for tickets when you come around. The punk who made it big.”

“I see you redecorated,” Ramon looked around, taking in the old bar.

New furniture, new electronics, and there was even a cocktail menu, although Ramon doubted anyone around cared about that. Marla still has that good old stout he was coming for.

“Yeah,” Marla said with a smile.

“And I wanted to help you with that,” he said, shaking his head. “Only I know how many times you told me you wanted to do that. So where did you get the money?”

“Someone beat you to the punch,” Marla grinned. “Lennart gave me a small fortune as soon as he got back on his feet, to repay me for my help that time.”

“When did he give you that kind of money?” Ramon questioned.

“Before you two got together. Because if you had wanted nothing to do with him, I wouldn’t have, either,” Marla nodded, sure of her words.

“Damn, Marla, you’re like the mom I never had,” Ramon said with a small smile.

“Shut up and drink your beer, punk,” Marla said with affection.

Ramon could swear the woman was almost wiping a tear as she turned to arrange some bottles on the shelf behind her. Nah, Marla was too much of a tough cookie for that.

THE END