

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

***Bachelor Auction
By Vic Winter***

“That’s five hundred. Do I hear five fifty? Five hundred going on five hundred and fifty. Anyone? Five fifty? Someone give me five hundred and fifty. No? Five hundred going once. Going twice. Sold to number twelve for five hundred dollars!”

Applause and cheering went up, and Jeremy sighed.

He paced behind the navy curtain, waiting for his turn on the stage, wondering how the heck he'd gotten himself into this. Oh, yes, he'd volunteered. Not only had he volunteered, but the whole bachelor auction thing had been his idea in the first place.

It looked like it was a huge success, too, and God only knew the GLBT club could use the money, but that didn't stop him from wishing he'd never gotten involved. He certainly didn't expect to go for five hundred dollars like the student president of the club just had, but his biggest worry was that no one would bid on him at all!

After all, it wasn't like he was a young stud anymore. No, he was just plain Jeremy Aberdeen, professor of English, faculty advisor to the college's gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender community. His "date" included dinner at St-Marie's only fancy restaurant and an evening of Shakespeare in the park. Surely the dinner itself would garner some interest. You could get your money's worth with something like that, even if it meant sharing the meal with an older guy. Okay, so he wasn't ancient or anything, but he probably seemed it to the freshmen coming in...

He tugged his lower lip between his teeth, worrying it until he remembered he had to look his best up on the stage, and then he proceeded on to picking at his cuticles, which was a good way to wind up with bloody fingers. He stopped that as well and looked around for something else to take his mind off the auction.

"Professor J! You're up next. Oh, my God would you come *on!*" Ricky, stage director for tonight's auction, hissed at him. "You're our grand finale!"

He winced, wishing Ricky hadn't put it quite like that. Making his way over, he stood still as Ricky subjected him to last minute preparations, fluffing his hair, and tugging off his sweater. He wore a pair of jeans and a tight t-shirt underneath – not professor garb, as he'd told Ricky more than once. It hadn't made a difference; Ricky was like a steamroller once he had his mind made up and Ricky had decided that all the bachelors up for auction would be dressed the same.

Just as they announced his name, Ricky grabbed his crotch and squeezed, rubbed. Then Ricky slapped him on the ass and sent him out onto the stage.

Blinking, a little stunned at Ricky's impertinence, and more than a little hard from it as well, he stumbled the first few steps before he found his composure and walked down to the end of the runway. With lights on, he couldn't really see any of the audience, which was just as well. There was music that he was supposed to be walking to, shaking his ass to, probably, but he figured if he just kept smiling and didn't actually fall off the stage, Ricky would have to be happy with that.

The auctioneer was still calling for bids; that was good. He couldn't quite make it out what with the distortion and music and all, but as long as the bids were being made, he'd keep posing and turning, walking up and down the runway. On one of his walks back toward the curtain, he saw Ricky peeking out, saw the kid mouthing something that he finally caught as, "Shake your moneymaker".

Right.

Like he had moneymaker.

Still, at his next pause at the bottom of the runway, he turned and shook his ass.

By the time the auctioneer shouted “sold!” and banged his gavel on the stand, Jeremy’s nerves had gotten the better of him and he fled to the relative safety of backstage. The other bachelors, and bachelorettes, gathered around him, grinning and shouting.

“Oh my God! Did you hear that, Professor J?” Ricky was bouncing and laughing, clapping his hands together.

He frowned. “What?”

Ricky rolled his eyes and clapped him on the back. “Some guy bought you for a thousand dollars!”

Jeremy’s jaw dropped.

He considered fainting.

He didn’t.

Instead, he calmly asked Ricky to repeat that, please.

This time Ricky punched him in the arm. “A thousand bucks, man – you’re the top bachelor.”

A thousand dollars. For an evening with him. What exactly did a man expect from a one thousand dollar date with another man?

He suspected there was either a student expecting to get an A in his course, or someone who expected a lot more than just dinner and Shakespeare.

And it was still his own fault. Next year he was suggesting a bake sale.

Jeremy read the receipt with his highest bidder’s name and phone number on it and frowned.

“Is this right, Anna?”

The little redhead who was the treasurer for the GLBT club gave him a look that said ‘you’d better not be questioning my accounting abilities’. For such a small girl, she was rather intimidating. Combined with her accounting skills, it made her a great treasurer – fees had never been one hundred percent collected before her tenure with the books, now everyone paid up in

full and pretty much on time. It was just too bad she was in her last year of her economy degree; they'd miss her next year.

He rolled his eyes and showed her the slip of paper. "It says Julie Watson."

Anna checked the slip against her ledger and nodded. "Yeah, that's right. Lot thirty five, that would be you, sold for a thousand dollars to Julie Watson."

He shook his head again. "That can't be right. Maybe it's Julian."

She dug out the check and handed it over, one bright red eyebrow raised. Julie Watson. Plain as day in a clear font on the top left hand corner of the check.

"I hope she realizes I'm gay."

Anna rolled her eyes. "Trust me, Professor J, she knows you're gay."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because you are the gayest gay professor there ever was."

He drew himself up straight, feeling a little affronted at Anna's conviction.

She giggled. "Oh, come on, Professor J – you couldn't be more out if you *tried*. You teach pretty much all the gay courses on campus, you're the faculty advisor to the GLBT club, every year you start off every class by telling your students you're gay... should I go on?"

"All right, all right. So this Julie Watson knows I'm gay. So why did she just spend a thousand dollars for a date with me?" He waved the check around. It didn't make sense.

Anna shrugged and took the check back from him, filing it in her check holder. "Your scintillating personality?"

He resisted the urge to stick out his tongue at her. "You know sarcasm doesn't become one as redheaded as you are."

"All right, maybe she thinks she's the one who can make you straight." Anna said it with a straight face, too.

"Christ, I hope not!"

"I was just teasing. I guess you'll just have to wait until the date and find out."

He nodded absently, his brain still picking at it. If she'd just wanted to make a donation, she could have done so, though his ego was still pretty stoked at having gone for the highest bid.

Even if it was weird as hell. He couldn't remember any Julie Watson in any of his classes either, so it couldn't be that she was bucking for an A.

"Thanks for all your help with the fundraiser, Anna."

She looked up from packing up her stuff. "You're welcome, Professor J. Drive careful."

"Thanks. Goodnight – I'll see you in class on Monday."

"Will there be a quiz on this week's readings?" That cheeky grin was damn cute on her – she was going to make some girl very happy one day.

"If I think most of you haven't read them all – you bet."

She groaned and he grinned, sauntering off. It was good to be the teacher.

It was even better being a teacher who'd brought in the highest bid at a charity auction where the other bachelors had all been young studs and studettes.

Jeremy called Julie Watson and made arrangements to meet at Benny's Club Steakhouse at five thirty the following Friday evening. That would give them enough time for a leisurely dinner – Jeremy hated having to rush an expensive meal – and then have plenty of time to get to the Shakespeare in the Park. They were performing *The Taming of the Shrew* – an old favorite of his from as far back as his middle school years. He didn't ask about why she'd paid so much for the date, and she didn't bring it up, either. He figured there'd be plenty of time for it over the course of the evening.

He arrived ten minutes early, as was his wont, and was seated near the window. He liked people-watching, so it was an ideal spot. He ordered himself a margarita and sat back to wait, eyes on the folks coming and going beyond the glass pane. Every time a woman went by, he speculated as to whether or not she could be Julie Watson. There were mostly students walking by, though he did see one mother with a baby carriage – he dismissed her from being Julie Watson without a second thought – and there were several older women. One white-haired old lady smiled broadly at him and for a long moment, he guessed that she was Julie, but she walked on by and continued down the street.

Out of nowhere, Derek, his teacher's assistant the last few years sat down across from him. "Hey."

"Derek." He smiled – he hadn't realized how much he'd missed Derek since the new fall semester had started, finding him minus the best teachers' assistant a man was likely to ever have. "I'm really glad to see you, and I don't want to be rude, but I'm meeting my 'date' from the charity auction we held last week."

“Yeah.” Derek nodded, grinned, and grabbed one of the dinner rolls as the waiter set them on the table along with his margarita. “Oh, that looks good. I’ll have the same drink, please.”

The waitress smiled and asked if they were ready to order yet.

“No.” Jeremy said it rather more forcefully than he’d intended, but Derek really was presuming too much. Happy as he was to see the man, he was here to meet someone else. “No, we’re not ready yet. Thank you.”

She took the hint, heading off to her next table and Jeremy turned his attention back to Derek. “As I was saying, I don’t want to be rude, but I’m meeting someone for dinner.”

Derek split his roll and began buttering it. “I’m someone.”

“Well, yes, but I’m not meeting any old someone, I’m meeting a specific someone.”

Derek laughed, the floppy, dark curls bouncing against his skull. The man needed a hair cut – as usual. He couldn’t remember how many times he’d ended a conversation with “and get your damned hair cut.” His new teacher’s assistant was bald.

“I know, Jeremy.” Derek kept grinning at him like he was missing the best secret. “What’s my name?” Derek asked, laughter bubbling up again.

Jeremy arched his brows and waved his finger at Derek. “Derek, don’t be an ass. There’s a lady coming to have dinner with me by the name of Julie Watson and she…” He trailed off as the name rang a bell. “Watson. Your name is Derek Watson. Any relation to Julie?”

Derek’s grin could have lit up a third world country. “My sister.”

“Your sister…” He put two and two together – Julie had obviously ‘bought’ him for her brother. “Why the subterfuge?”

“Because I wanted to surprise you – I didn’t want you to have time to come up with a hundred different reasons why you couldn’t go out on a date with me and give me my money back.”

“Well, it’s for charity, and you did just buy dinner and the park theatre, but there *are* some very good reasons why we shouldn’t date, Derek.”

“Name one.”

“You’re my student! Or at least my Teacher’s Assistant, which might make it worse.”

“Not anymore, Jeremy. I graduated in June, remember? It’s why I no longer show up and let you dump all the essays on me to grade.”

And it was why he now had a bald teacher’s assistant instead of Derek.

“There’s the age gap.” He wasn’t sure whether to be insulted or not at the way Derek nearly fell out of his chair with laughter. “What? I’m older than you.”

“Yeah, by about five whole years. That’s *nothing*. Besides, it’s not like I’m a teenager or anything – mid-twenties and early thirties aren’t that far apart.”

“You don’t have to say early thirties like it’s ancient.”

“That’s my point – it’s not.”

“But.” He stopped himself, shook his head. “Why am I questioning whether or not we should be dating when what I should be asking is why a cute young thing like yourself wants to date a...” Well he could hardly call himself an old man after denying being one.

“Curmudgeon like yourself?” Derek finished for him.

“I see your vocabulary has improved.”

“So you think I’m cute.”

Jeremy sighed and stopped fighting it. The truth was he was attracted to Derek; he’d been attracted to Derek since he’d first discovered a keen mind went along with the boyish charm. It was a deadly combination to Jeremy. It wasn’t as if Derek was still his underling, not that he wouldn’t mind having Derek under him... No, Derek wasn’t even a student at the university anymore.

“All right, so you couldn’t have just asked. You didn’t have to pay a grand just to have a meal with me.”

“Oh, something tells me you’re worth it.”

“Not a penny of that cash was for me to put out.” He’d wanted to make that point, but he wished he hadn’t sounded quite so prudish.

“No, I figure after the paid date ends we can renegotiate for perks.” Derek waggled his eyebrows comically and they both laughed, the tension dissolving.

Jeremy really enjoyed the dinner. The food was excellent, and the company was good. They had a lot in common, which really wasn’t all that surprising, given they were in the same field. It turned out they were also both into Indie films and plays, would read anything they could get their hands on, loved world music, ‘80s rock, and hated grading. Despite the fact that they’d seen each other pretty much everyday for the last two years, they still found lots to talk about. Maybe because all they’d talked about while they worked together was work, literature, and what, if any, their weekend plans were.

Dessert arrived -- just a single triple chocolate cheesecake with an improbable name. Chocolate Orgasm or something like that. Jeremy had decided he wasn't hungry enough for a sweet, but as the dark, milk and white chocolate cheesecake with whipped cream and raspberry coulis in a fancy pattern on the plate was set in front of Derek, he was wondering if he'd made a mistake.

Derek licked his lips, picked up his fork, and grinned at Jeremy. "You want a bite?"

Did he ever. Jeremy nodded enthusiastically. "Looks even better than advertised."

"Uh-huh." Derek made sure he had some of each color chocolate and whipped cream on the fork before holding it out to him.

Jeremy leaned in, mouth closing over the sweet. His eyes met Derek's over the top of his glasses, and he pulled the cheesecake off the fork, sitting back as a flush crawled up over his skin. "Wow, it tastes even better than it looks." He was sure it did, but he didn't really have any idea of what it had tasted like -- he was too busy getting caught in Derek's gaze.

He cleared his throat and reached for his coffee, wincing at the strong, bitter flavor -- he'd forgotten to put in the cream and sugar. Derek had him distracted. And how.

Those brown eyes were twinkling at him, too -- the little shit, knew. Maybe Derek had had the right idea, bidding on him, bringing them together in this non-work environment. He might have always seen Derek as his former TA and nothing more if this hadn't happened.

Derek fed him another bite or two as he ate the dessert and each time, Jeremy closed his eyes and savored the exquisite taste on his tongue. "That was worth the price of admission on its own."

Laughing, Derek shook his head. "Nah. That would be the look on your face when you realized I was your date for the night."

Jeremy threw his napkin at Derek.

"This is one of my favorites," Jeremy told Derek as they spread their blanket at the back of the assembled audience in the park.

"The Taming of the Shrew?" Derek shrugged and waited for him to sit before settling closer than he needed to. Jeremy didn't ask him to move. "I think Much Ado and Twelfth Night are the better farces."

"Maybe, but Taming's the wittiest of them."

"You just have a hard-on for Katharine."

His eyes cut sideways and he gave Derek a sly grin. "Oh, that's not for Katharine."

Mouth popping open, Derek stared for a moment and then he relaxed, leaning back on his hands and chuckling. "Good one."

Grinning, Jeremy took Derek in. The man was thin, but not skinny, not built or anything. Jeremy found stacked guys good to look at, good to get revved up over, but get up close and personal and they made him feel self-conscious about his love handles and his lack of definition. He wasn't fat, not even a little, but the gym rats had a way of making you feel... unpumped.

Derek returned Jeremy's smile with a lazy one of his own, hand sliding to capture his, their fingers twining together.

The curtain rose about then, and they turned toward the stage to watch the show. Still, a good portion of Jeremy's attention was on Derek's hand and how it felt in his, how nicely their fingers fit together.

It was a good production of the play, and an appreciative audience who laughed and clapped in all the right places. When Katharine finally kissed Pertruccio, Jeremy turned to look at Derek and found the man's face close, pretty mouth right there. He closed the small distance between them and their lips touched just as the applause went up.

Smiling, he lingered there, lips sliding back and forth across Derek's, enjoying the warmth and the softness of them.

Their mouths parted and Jeremy looked back toward the stage, watching the play wrap up and then clapping enthusiastically as the actors took their bows. He didn't get up right away like most of the rest of the audience were doing. No, he found he wanted to linger, to spend some more time with Derek.

"Come back to my place?" The question tumbled out before he had a chance to second guess himself.

Jeremy opened the door to his third floor condo, glad he'd taken the time to neaten up before his date tonight; the place was pretty clean, even the bedroom which he supposed was a consideration now, wasn't it?

He wiped his suddenly damp palms on his slacks, feeling nervous now that they were here. Jeremy was unaccustomed to bringing men home with him, and he had no idea how to proceed. He wasn't a virgin or anything, but he didn't know if Derek wanted to sit and talk some more, or just have at it. If it was the later, did they move to the bedroom first, or do it up against a wall. He had to admit, the wall had a certain appeal, even if he wasn't really that kind of guy.

"Do you... would you like some coffee? Or tea because I don't actually have any coffee? Or a soda. Or water. I have those. And the tea." *Oh, shit, Jeremy, just shut the fuck up.* He cleared his

throat and took his own advice, offering Derek a smile. He realized that the problem was that he wanted Derek more than he'd wanted anyone in a long time.

"How about some music?" Derek suggested and Jeremy nodded eagerly, latching onto something to do with gratitude.

Instead of a full blown stereo system and a zillion CDs taking up room, he had an iPod and a docking station for it. He rolled through his playlists, choosing a batch of golden oldies and set the iPod in its holder, shrugging as Derek's eyebrow rose when Moon River came on. "I thought maybe we could dance."

"Oh, we could." Derek held out his arms, and Jeremy stepped into them, hands settling in the small of Derek's back as they started to sway together.

They fit well together and it was nice, the way the gentle music moved them around his living room. He and Derek were nearly the same height and he leaned his head down on Derek's shoulder, closed his eyes and went with it.

Derek smelled as good as he felt, and Jeremy was struck by the urge to taste and find out if Derek tasted good, too. He raised his head again, finding Derek's eyes with his own, and it was Derek who leaned in, closing the gap between their mouths.

The kiss was soft, exploratory. They discovered how their lips fit together, and he realized that Derek's smile tasted sweet. His lips parted on a happy sigh, his tongue sliding out to ask permission to taste the inside of Derek's mouth. Permission was granted, Derek's lips parting as they stopped moving, their dancing regressing into little more than gentle swaying motions.

Gentle kisses grew into deeper ones, their lips parting now and then so they could breathe, and Jeremy's cock was getting hard, his balls beginning to pull up against his body. It had been too long since he'd done this with anyone but his right hand, and he was going to be embarrassingly quick, he could tell. That didn't stop him, though, he wanted this too badly – he wanted Derek too badly.

Their kiss broke and he leaned their foreheads together, rubbing his nose against Derek's. "Bedroom?" he asked, voice thick.

"I'd like that. I'd like that a lot." Derek's eyes were serious, sure.

Smiling, nerves faded away beneath the heat of their kiss and the honest want in Derek's eyes, Jeremy took his hand and led him to the bedroom.

He didn't bother with the light – there was enough coming in through the window for them not to trip or slam into any furniture – and they stopped by the bed. Their hands went automatically to each other's shirt buttons and Jeremy chuckled, tickled by how much they thought alike that they would not only be similarly dressed, but would automatically undress each other the same way.

Derek's mouth swallowed his laughter, and turned it into a moan. He wasn't nervous, but his fingers were suddenly fumbling, his eagerness to be naked with Derek thwarting him in his desires. Derek's fingers covered his and guided them through the motions of undoing Derek's buttons and soon they were naked from the waist up, bodies pressing together.

Groaning, Jeremy spread his hands over warm, skin, sliding them along Derek's back. He could feel nothing but heat where his chest pressed against Derek's, and their cocks rubbed hotly together, even through the barrier of their clothes. It had him panting, his need right there again, threatening to set him off like a rocket.

"It's been awhile," he warned, gasping a little as Derek's fingers worked open his belt, the button and zipper of his pants.

"That's okay, been awhile for me, too." Derek nibbled on his neck and sucked on his earlobe, each tug of Derek's lips making his cock throb.

Whimpering a little, Jeremy stilled Derek's hand just before it touched him. "I mean it's been long enough I'm probably going to go off quickly."

Derek's eyes met his, the laughter in them clear. "So go off."

Closing his eyes, groaning, Jeremy did just that as Derek's fingers wrapped around his prick. His hips jerked hard, his cock spraying come all over Derek's fingers and both their abs. He clung to Derek's shoulders as his knees threatened to buckle from it. He leaned against Derek, panting softly.

Still laughing, the sound happy, not at all mean, Derek pushed him, just a bit, and it was enough to topple him over onto the bed. Laughing, too, now, Jeremy watched as Derek tugged his pants off, getting rid of his shoes and socks at the same time.

Then Derek stripped the rest of his clothes away and Jeremy moaned, licked his lips at the sight of nice muscles, pretty stomach and an even prettier cock. It was hard and fairly thick, curving up toward Derek's belly. The tip of it was wet and Jeremy reached out as if mesmerized, reaching for the slick precome that made the head shine.

Derek jerked and cried out as Jeremy's fingers slid over the tip. Jeremy brought his fingers to his mouth, tasting, shivering as Derek gave a low, deep groan. Derek's precome tasted good and Jeremy sat up, wrapping his hands around Derek's hips to tug the man closer.

Humming, Jeremy licked directly at the tip of Derek's cock. The flavor exploded on his tongue, salty and male. He groaned; it had been so long since he'd done this. He explored Derek's cock thoroughly, tongue tracing the veins, the head, dipping into the slit. He followed the hot length all the way down to Derek's balls and licked and lapped at them as well.

"Jeremy!" Derek gasped, hips beginning to jerk, little movements that each begged louder than any words could.

With a last lick to the tip, Jeremy opened his mouth wide, and took Derek in, lips wrapping around the head and sliding on down as far as he could take it. Derek's hands landed on his head, fingers digging in almost painfully as Derek held him in place and took his mouth. After the initial gag, Jeremy relaxed and took Derek in, swallowing every time the hard head hit the back of his mouth.

Derek was shouting in no time, cock pulsing on Jeremy's tongue as salty, bitter, tasty come spilled into his mouth and down his throat. He kept sucking, drawing soft whimpers out of Derek, and then finally he carefully licked Derek clean and let the softening prick slide from between his lips.

Derek collapsed down onto the bed beside him, and Jeremy lay back, the two of them pushing up until they were lying more or less with their heads on the pillows at the top of the bed, the comforter pulled up from either side to cover them.

Derek's fingers slid across his cheek, rubbed his lower lip until Jeremy opened his mouth and licked at fingertips that tasted like Derek, and like himself. Smiling, he wrapped his arms around Derek and they snuggled into each other.

"Thanks for an awesome date," Derek murmured.

Jeremy laughed. "Thank *you*. I hope you think it was worth it."

"Every single penny and more."

"Does that mean you want a second one?" He hoped so, he'd really enjoyed Derek's company. Not to mention the awesome sex.

"I do. I won't be able to bid on you this time, though."

Jeremy drew back. "Why not?"

"Well, I'm kind of hoping you're not a bachelor anymore."

Warmth flooded Jeremy's belly. "Derek... I..." He shook his head and smiled. "No, I guess I'm not."

He pushed back into Derek's arms and let his lover hold him.

End.

Bachelor Auction

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