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Dude Looks Like a Lady

Jack Greene

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Dude Looks Like a Lady

JACK GREENE

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“No, out of the question!” Orion barked into his cell phone, stabbing a finger at a picture. “Her. No, I’m not talking to you. I can’t do another interview then, I’ll be on a plane. Yeah, that one, too,” he said, pointing at another picture in the spread out pile of headshots on his desk. “No, I’m picking models for my next shoot. Yeah. So cancel that interview, they hate me anyway. Fuck them. Yeah.” He nodded to his assistant, Mary. “That should be plenty. Wait. That one, too.” He pointed at yet another exotic, dark-haired beauty. “But sir—” began Mary, a plump, graying lady who looked more like a first grade teacher than someone who worked for a celebrity, but the rapper waved her off. “Just get them. And get me another cappuccino, this one’s too wet.” “Yes, sir,” she replied, grabbing the cup and hurrying off, shaking her head.

\* \* \* \*

Darien always got excited when his agent called. He still couldn’t believe he made a good living in Hollywood doing what he loved most, modeling. Everyone had told him there was no market for his look, but he proved them wrong. He was tall, willow-thin, and extremely feminine. He couldn’t change what he was, and he hadn’t tried. He loved looking pretty, but he wasn’t a girl and didn’t want to be. Some people didn’t understand that, but he couldn’t change the world. He was happy the way he was.

He was confused by the new assignment, though. A shoot with Orion? That was the last thing he’d expected, but Darien’s agent told him that the famous rapper had negotiated his right to hand-pick the models, and his assistant had called directly. He headed for the address just off Melrose and checked in with the receptionist. She smiled and directed him to a studio on the fourth floor. Since wardrobe was provided, he’d dressed simply—for him. He wore snug, very low-cut, strategically ripped jeans tucked into tall black boots with chunky heels. His shirt was black and silky, contrasting with the leather and chains of his jacket. His straight hair hung to his mid-back, and was a deep, glossy black that was darker than his natural color, but it suited him. His makeup was already done, and would only require a little adjustment for the color of the lights and some powder.

He was ready.

He pushed open the thick, translucent glass of the studio door and came face to face with a very large, bald man with a clipboard. The man's voice rumbled, "Name?"

Darien gave his name and the man consulted his list. "Through there. Find Mary." Darien nodded and hurried past the mountain of a man. The bodyguard's arms were thicker than Darien's entire body. It was a little intimidating, and a reminder that he was out of his depth here.

He rounded a corner and the pulsing beat he'd only noticed peripherally suddenly assaulted him head-on. He blinked and scanned the room while wincing at the volume of the rap music coming from huge speakers. Women in very little clothing and men wearing lots of chains surrounded him, until suddenly a matronly-looking woman materialized out of nowhere, looking even more out of place than Darien. She spoke, but Darien could only see her lips move.

"What?" he yelled.

The woman frowned, then pulled out a phone and shouted into it. Almost immediately the volume lowered to an almost acceptable level. At least Darien could hear her as she said, "You must be Darien. I'm Mary, Orion's assistant. Come this way to wardrobe." She smiled at him, looking a little nervous.

She hurried across the room and Darien followed, glancing around curiously and attracting a few stares in return. He wondered where the great Orion was. He probably wouldn't waltz in until later.

That was when he glanced forward to see the man himself directly in his path. He stopped in his tracks and swallowed nervously. Orion was taller than him, and much broader. His dark hair was cropped close to his head, and his eyes were like black, burning coals directed right at him. He spoke to his assistant but never looked away from Darien. Darien had never understood the phrase "deer in the headlights" until now.

He tried surreptitiously to take in the rapper's appearance. It wasn't Darien's type of music but he'd seen him in the tabloids. Those pictures didn't do him justice. His dark olive skin and features spoke of some mixed ancestry, and gave him a brooding, intense look. He wasn't as muscular as his bodyguards, but his arms and shoulders were chiseled and defined. Just right. His clothes were baggy so Darien couldn't see much more but he could practically smell the testosterone

coming off him in waves.

Darien liked men. Especially straight, unattainable ones. He couldn't help it.

Orion was a prime example.

Those eyes never left him, even as Mary clearly tried to explain something, but

Orion waved her away and stepped closer to Darien.

He was sure he was about to be kicked out. Or worse.

Orion reached out and Darien tried not to flinch. Then the rapper took his hand and smiled brilliantly.

"I've really been looking forward to meeting you ever since I saw your picture."

Darien's mouth suddenly felt like the Sahara and he swallowed, trying to summon up his voice. He stared into those eyes and managed a breathy, "It's an honor to meet you."

Darien almost squeaked as the bigger man brought his hand to his mouth, kissing the back of it gently. "You're even more beautiful than your picture," he purred, and the warm breath against Darien's hand made him shiver. He couldn't even think.

"Th-thanks," he managed. This was the last thing he'd imagined, and he had no idea how to react. He could feel how flushed his face was and he really hoped Orion didn't ask him anything because he barely remembered his own name.

Mary stepped closer and said pointedly, "We're behind schedule."

Orion's gaze flicked to her and his annoyance was evident, but he smiled. "Yes, of course. I can't wait to see you in your outfit, gorgeous." His tone was obviously suggestive.

Darien could only whimper incoherently as Mary dragged him off to the dressing rooms. He glanced back over his shoulder and saw the rapper staring fixedly after him. At his ass. He felt himself blush even more.

It wasn't being ogled that flustered him. As a model, he was accustomed to being looked at, but not by a man like Orion. He hadn't a clue that the man was into guys at all. Granted, his lyrics weren't as homophobic as most rappers', but that didn't mean anything. It was confusing as hell, but also very flattering.

Mary showed him to a private dressing room and opened the door. Hanging inside were several very skimpy outfits. He'd worn less in shoots, but not much. And what was worse, they looked very much like they were made for women. He turned to Mary and started to speak, but she just backed out, shaking her head.

“Just do your best, honey.” Then she was gone.

Darien stared at the closed door for a long moment, noting there was no lock on it. He sighed and made his way over to the costumes. A quick inspection confirmed his fears.

They were women’s clothes. They were definitely his size, and they’d no doubt look good on him. But one thing was suddenly, jarringly clear.

They thought he was a girl. Or, at least, Orion did. Mary had definitely been trying to tell him something, and the look on her face...he swallowed hard. There was no way these outfits would hide the fact that he was a boy. Well, the miniskirt might. But the top had been designed for someone with breasts. He had no idea what to do. If he went out there in one of those outfits, he’d probably get beat up, or worse. He had to talk to Mary, explain...maybe she could sneak him out the back door.

Yes. That was what he had to do. Talk to Mary, clear things up, get the fuck out. He strode to the door, opened it, and stepped out.

And ran right into Orion. Literally. He all but bounced off the much bigger man, and stumbled back until those strong arms caught him.

“Whoa, beautiful, are you all right?”

Darien nodded anxiously. “I was...I just need to find...”

“Calm down,” Orion purred, and despite everything, Darien’s heart raced at the feeling of muscular arms around him. “I was just thinking about you, and wondered if you needed a little help with your costume.”

Darien suddenly realized he was being steered back into the dressing room. “Um, no, it’s fine, I just, um, really need to talk to Mary about something.” He was on the edge of panic now. Orion had just closed the door behind them.

“It can wait, can’t it, baby?” the rapper said as he moved closer. “God, you’re even hotter close up. I really gotta get to know you better.”

Darien stared up at Orion and his body began to react despite the situation. The older man was blindingly sexy, and he was really laying it on. He was sure that any girl would have dropped her knickers for him by now, but if he did so, there would be serious repercussions. Darien wished with all his heart that he could, though. He imagined being under the big, strong man, pinned to a bed, spreading his legs for him, filled by his big cock. Darien swallowed hard and tried to push that fantasy out of his mind. It wasn’t going to happen, and he had to get

out of here before he got the shit beat out of him.

“Orion, I, I’m really flattered, but...”

“Please. Call me Ryan. It’s my real name.”

Darien smiled. “Ryan. I...”

“Do you think I’m sexy, baby?” the rapper interrupted.

“Fuck yes,” Darien blurted, feeling himself blush. What a stupid question!

“And are you married? Have a boyfriend?” Ryan continued patiently.

“No,” Darien answered honestly.

The rapper’s brow furrowed and he moved back a little. “Um, girlfriend?”

Darien couldn’t help but giggle at the idea. “No, of course not, silly.” He was touched that Ryan had asked, actually.

The rapper spread his hands out, palms up. “So what’s the problem, Darien? I can make you feel good, I promise...” His tone was gentle, beseeching now.

Darien felt his heart melt. He’d expected the big man to be pushy, insistent. He wasn’t prepared for this. He wanted to give Ryan what he wanted, so badly. But he wasn’t what Ryan really wanted. He turned away, hugging his upper body. “I, I can’t, Ryan, please, just understand...” He felt the heat of the other man’s body behind him, not quite touching, and he looked up to catch their reflection in the mirror. God, they looked good together. Ryan was twice his size and so masculine it made Darien’s knees weak. For the first time in his life, he really wished he was the girl he seemed to look like. Just so this could be real.

“Please, baby. Want you,” Ryan repeated, still not touching, and Darien gave in to temptation and leaned back. He needed to feel that body. Just once. He was playing with fire and he knew it. But God, it felt as good as it looked, rock solid and...

“Oh, Ryan. I would, in a second. But I can’t. And I can’t tell you why.” He looked into the mirror at Ryan’s eyes, hoping the bigger man would take that cryptic statement and give up.

No chance. Ryan wrapped his arms around Darien, encircling him easily but gently. “Tell me why.”

Oh, the arms around him made him swoon. “You’d hate me. It’s better you don’t know. Really.”

The rapper’s response was instant. “Nothing could make me hate you.”

Darien couldn’t help a rueful laugh and he looked away. “Oh yes, it could.” He



felt those arms tighten around him just a little. Just enough. He really wanted to be overpowered by this man.

"There's something about you, Darien. You're...different."

With great effort, Darien kept from laughing at that understatement. Ryan went on.

"Since I saw your picture I haven't been able to stop thinking of you. And when I saw you..." He gave a groan that made Darien even harder. "I knew I had to have you. I've never met anyone that's captivated me so much."

Darien sighed. Those were the kind of words he craved hearing, but they weren't meant for him. Ryan was even being gentlemanly, not pressing intimately against Darien, not touching anywhere inappropriate. Though Darien dearly wanted those kinds of touches.

"Ryan. You don't understand." He had to tell him, but he was loath to do it.

Surely the rapper would kill him for his deception, though Darien hadn't lied to anyone. He raised his eyes to meet the ones in the mirror again, willing him to give up.

"Make me understand."

Well, there was an easy way to do that, but it was dangerous. He would have to try words first. "I'm not what I seem," he tried.

Ryan looked confused. Not angry yet. "How so?"

Darien sighed, gazing into the other man's eyes, beseeching him to see the truth that was in his arms. "Look at me, Ryan. Really look. Look past the obvious."

The rapper frowned, looking at Darien. "I don't understand..."

Darien lifted his head a little, hoping not to have to say it. "Look at me," he repeated.

Ryan opened his mouth to speak, then stopped. He gazed at Darien again, and his mouth worked but no sound came out. He shook his head.

Darien braced himself. This was it. He could see the realization begin to dawn.

He hoped he could run fast enough. He watched Ryan closely in the mirror.

"No," came the whisper. His muscles tensed; Darien could feel them.

"Yes," Darien acknowledged sadly. "I didn't mean to deceive anyone, I'm sorry."

He was ready for violence, disgust, verbal abuse. But still Ryan didn't move, didn't back away. Darien was confused by that.

Ryan looked at their reflection, and to Darien he looked much younger with

confusion written clearly on his features. "How can it be?" he said in a whisper.

Darien was about to reply when Ryan began to move his hands. But he didn't push Darien away. Rather, his hands moved over Darien's upper body. It would have been an overly familiar touch normally, but Darien didn't stop it. It seemed Ryan wanted to feel the truth with his hands. And Darien was pathetic enough to want the touch, fleeting though he knew it would be. He bit back a moan as the rapper's hands slid over his nipples, making them harden against the silky fabric of his shirt.

Then, something suspiciously like a moan came from the man behind him. The very sound of it made Darien gasp. Ryan's hands continued to roam, touching Darien just like he wanted to be touched. It was heaven. The hands stayed above his waist, but Darien was most definitely aroused by this. He couldn't let himself believe that maybe Ryan still wanted him. The silence was unnerving.

"Ryan?" he finally whispered.

"Do you want me to stop?" came the soft response, just next to his ear. Darien couldn't repress a shiver.

"God, no." He wouldn't question it. He couldn't.

"Good."

The hands on him were warm and strong, and Darien wanted to feel them all over him. He writhed, arching his back, silently asking for more. Too many words might break the spell, and he never wanted this to end.

"So beautiful," Ryan mouthed against Darien's neck, sending more shivers down his spine. Then the bigger man pressed closer yet, and the feeling of his solid body against him made Darien moan out loud. He looked up again, catching their reflection in the mirror, and it made him even harder. Those hands on him. He would probably let this man do absolutely anything to him right now.

The other man's hands dipped lower, and Darien knew where they were heading. Below the belt, to the unmistakable proof of his maleness. This was the moment of truth.

Darien bit back a whimper as Ryan flattened his hand, sliding lower, and his palm rubbed right over his aching cock, poking to the right.

"Fuck, you really are a boy," groaned Ryan, but Darien could hear only lust in his voice. Then Ryan shifted closer, and for the first time pressed fully

against Darien.

The rapper was hard for him. It was too much for Darien, and now he wriggled shamelessly, sticking his ass back further, rubbing against the hard cock he could feel.

"Fuck," repeated Ryan, grinding against Darien now as his hands shifted to his hips. "I want to fuck you, gorgeous. Can't help myself."

Darien whimpered piteously. He was rock hard now, and he would have gladly bent over and took it from Ryan right then. He was sure he'd never been so turned on. He leaned back against the bigger man's chest, panting. He wanted to be touched, fucked, ravished. He wanted Ryan to own him. No one had ever given him these feelings before; like he wanted to submit, give every part of him. "Please," he managed.

The big rapper chuckled softly. "Is that please yes or please no?"

"It's please do whatever you want with me, fuck me senseless, please." Darien panted. He was rewarded by those strong hands tightening on his hips.

"Fuck, you're gonna kill me," Ryan growled, and Darien thought it was the sexiest thing he'd ever heard. He still couldn't quite process the fact that he was neither dead nor unconscious yet; in fact, he was being quite thoroughly groped. And he was too aroused to worry about it.

Darien quite deliberately rubbed his ass back and forth over the substantial bulge behind him. He wanted to drive Ryan mad with lust for him. He was stronger than he looked, and he liked it rough. So he was quite happy when Ryan grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around to face him.

"You a tease, pretty boy?" The rapper's voice was a deep snarl that made Darien's blood boil.

"No," moaned Darien, staring into the darkness of the older man's eyes. "I'll give you whatever you want." He meant it, too.

"Good," was the rapper's answer. "God, I want to do everything to you, baby. You're so fucking hot. Perfect."

Darien smiled, breathless. "Tell me what you want, Ryan." He wanted to please this gorgeous man. He'd never imagined being with someone so beautiful.

The rapper groaned. "Fuck. That mouth of yours..."

Now Darien felt himself on surer ground. He licked his full lips deliberately and whispered, "You want my mouth on you? Want me to suck that big hard cock?"

When Ryan moaned in response, Darien slid to his knees.

"Fuck yes." Ryan panted. "That's it, baby, let me feel that mouth....God, look up at me..."

Darien unfastened the rapper's belt, all the while keeping up the eye contact. He knew what men liked, and Ryan was clearly eating it up. Deftly he unfastened his jeans, sliding the zipper down tooth by tooth, pressing lightly against the hard bulge. Slowly, he pulled the boxers out of the way and breathed in the musky, male scent. The rapper's cock sprung out eagerly, and Darien put out his tongue to lap at the clear fluid already gathered at the tip. Ryan tasted clean and good.

"Yesss..."

Darien pulled the hard flesh free and wrapped his hand around him. He was thick and so very hard, and it gave Darien a thrill to know it was all for him. A boy. He was going to give Ryan the time of his life.

He sucked in just the tip, then held it in his mouth as he ran his tongue all over the sensitive head. The moans told him he was pleasing Ryan. Darien sucked him in slowly, flattening his tongue as he took nearly his whole length.

"Yeah, that's it, God..." Ryan moaned, playing with Darien's hair as he stared at him. "Suck me..."

Darien looked up at the rapper as he sucked him in and out of his mouth. He loved doing this, knowing the other man's pleasure was solely due to him and his skill. And he was good at sucking cock. Because he enjoyed it.

Ryan's moans increased and he began to thrust gently into Darien's mouth, clearly trying to hold back and not hurt him. But Darien knew what to do. He held still and relaxed his throat, putting one hand on the back of the older man's thigh to urge him on. Ryan got the idea quickly and shoved his cock a little deeper into Darien's mouth, and he took it easily.

Soon Ryan was enthusiastically fucking Darien's willing mouth, gasping out his name. Darien could tell he was close.

Then there was a knock at the door, startling them both out of their reverie.

"Fuck off," growled Ryan, and continued to thrust.

But the knock came again, this time accompanied by Mary's impatient voice.

"Ryan, is that you? I was looking for Darien."

Darien couldn't speak with the rapper's thick cock in his mouth, but he smiled

up at him as best he could.

"We're busy," Ryan snarled, rhythm faltering.

"We need to get going. We're behind schedule as it is," Mary said, confusion evident in her voice.

With a frustrated sound, Ryan pulled out of Darien's mouth. "Sorry," he said to Darien. "I'll deal with this."

Darien got up as he watched Ryan tuck himself back into his jeans with difficulty. Then he stormed to the door. He opened it a few inches and snapped, "Cancel the shoot."

"What?" Darien couldn't see Mary's face but he could hear the shocked tone of her voice.

"Reschedule. Do some background shots. I don't care. I'm leaving." Ryan looked back at Darien with an inquiring raise of his eyebrow. Darien rewarded him with a brilliant smile and a nod. The rapper continued. "And Darien's coming with me."

"But all these people—"

Ryan interrupted her. "Pay them off. I can afford it. Something much more important has come up."

Darien giggled.

Then Ryan closed the door in her face and turned back to Darien. "Let's go back to my place, baby." He stepped closer but didn't touch Darien. "I want you so much. All day. All night."

Darien was nearly panting from the open lust on the man's handsome face. Nothing this exciting had ever happened to him. He nodded immediately, adjusted his clothing, and glanced in the mirror to be sure his makeup was still perfect. It was, so he grabbed his bag and said huskily, "I'm ready."

Ryan took Darien's hand and walked out. He led him straight through the main studio, waving off anyone who wanted to talk to him. He could feel the stares, and Darien smirked and tried not to look at them as they went. He knew now they all thought he was a girl, and he didn't care. Ryan knew what he was, and wanted him all the more for it, and that was all that mattered. He was the one who was going to, very shortly, be on his back underneath the gorgeous man. The very thought made him whimper.

Ryan led him to a large black SUV and opened the door for him quite gallantly.

Darien climbed inside, making sure to wiggle his ass for effect as he did so. He looked back and saw the rapper staring as if he wanted to take him right there. He liked it.

But Ryan closed the door carefully and then got in the driver's seat. With a heated look at Darien, he began to drive, quickly but not recklessly.

Darien could barely contain his excitement. He'd always wanted to be taken by a man like Ryan. So strong, so powerful, so male. He craved being overpowered, and Ryan was quite capable of that, he was sure.

Soon they arrived at a security gate that opened after the rapper pushed a button, then they pulled up a steep concrete driveway to a spectacular house. Darien had seen houses like this on TV, but never in person. One entire side of the house seemed to be made of glass, tinted dark so you couldn't see in from the outside. The rest of the home was wood and stone, all contemporary angles and overhangs. It was amazing, and Darien could only imagine how much such a house cost, especially in the Hollywood Hills.

Darien slid out of the car after Ryan opened the door for him, and he stared.

"You like it?" Ryan asked, smiling.

"It's amazing," Darien breathed, gazing around.

"I'll show you around... later," the rapper promised, taking Darien's hand and leading him to the door.

As Ryan led him inside, Darien tried not to gasp. The interior was nearly as stunning as the exterior. It was nothing like Darien imagined a rapper's house to be, but then again, neither was Ryan. Soaring ceilings with skylights let in the sun, reflected off natural stone and wood and shining granite. A huge stone fireplace looked ready for a cool winter night, and now that he was inside Darien could see that the huge glass wall afforded a stunning view of the city below.

He was soon distracted from his surroundings by a warm solid body behind him.

"We're all alone," Ryan whispered in his ear.

Darien leaned back, smiling. He reached and put his arms around the bigger man's neck, arching his slim body, inviting his touch. "Good," he breathed. He rubbed his ass slowly against Ryan, and the bigger man responded by grabbing his hips.

"Fuck, Darien. Want you so bad."

Darien moaned as he felt the insistent erection against his ass. He wanted to

give this man everything. "You have me," he promised. "However you want me." Ryan groaned, sliding his hands all over the model's body. "Can't believe you're real, you're my fantasy," he growled.

That went straight to Darien's cock. He'd never been someone's fantasy before, and he felt like he wanted to make it perfect for Ryan. "Tell me what you want, then," he suggested breathlessly.

"Want you naked," Ryan said immediately, stepping back. "Strip for me."

The very words made Darien's cock throb. He was nothing if not an exhibitionist, and he loved to show off. "You want to see everything?" he purred in his best sultry tone, playing with a lock of his hair.

"Oh yeah, baby. You're so pretty, I'm not sure I believe you're a boy," Ryan said, and Darien knew that this time it was part of the game.

"You want me to prove it?" Darien said, and Ryan nodded. The look on the older man's face would have melted lead.

"Show me."

Darien bit his lip. This buildup was delicious, just like a fantasy. He slid his jacket off one shoulder, then the other, finally letting it drop to the ground.

Very slowly, he put one leg up on a chair and began to unlace his boot. He took his time, arching his back and moving in the most sensual way possible.

"God, Darien, those boots are so hot," Ryan moaned, rubbing at his very obvious bulge.

Darien smiled as he removed one and started on the other. "Maybe some time you can fuck me while I'm wearing them," he said, and was gratified to hear the other man groan.

When Darien finished with his boots, he toyed with the bottom of his shirt, licking his lips and gazing at Ryan. He pulled up the hem, exposing his stomach, thrilling at the cool air on his heated skin. He was so hard now that his cock ached for a touch. He knew he'd be getting much more than a touch soon, though. Ryan was going to eat him alive by the looks of him. And he'd never wanted anything more.

Darien could tell that Ryan very much wanted to see him, but he was pleased the rapper didn't urge him to hurry. He wanted this encounter to last.

"So sexy," Ryan urged.

Slowly, Darien pulled his shirt off, slightly apprehensive about the rapper's

reaction to visual proof he wasn't a girl. But Ryan just looked at him greedily, his gaze roaming over Darien's pale chest.

"Oh yeah, such pretty little nipples," Ryan moaned. "Gonna suck on them, baby. Show me more."

Encouraged, Darien unbuttoned his jeans, lowering the zipper slowly. He wore black briefs beneath, and he let the jeans fall open for a moment, prolonging the suspense. He was rewarded by a hungry look from the rapper.

"Fucking gorgeous legs. Can't wait to feel them wrapped around me."

With a teasing smile, Darien let the jeans drop to the floor, stepping out of them gracefully. He was left in only his underwear, and they did nothing to hide his erection. It was more than obvious he was a very aroused man.

"Off," growled Ryan, looking at the briefs. Well, maybe he was a little impatient. Darien didn't mind in the slightest. Darien turned around and arched his back, sticking out his ass a bit before bending and sliding the fabric down his legs. He could almost feel the other man's eyes on him, and he loved it. He kicked off the underwear and bent again, spreading his legs slightly. He loved being exposed like this in front of the big, strong rapper. He wanted those hands everywhere.

"Turn around."

Darien turned slowly, letting Ryan see him for the first time. There was no mistaking it now; his cock stood hard and proud.

"Oh, God. Gonna fuck you so hard, pretty boy..."

Ryan gazed his fill for a long moment, then motioned him closer. Darien went, swaying his hips, feeling almost unbearably sensual. He stopped in front of Ryan, panting softly. He was aching and they'd barely started. The rapper made him feel like a creature of pure sex.

"Tell me what you want," Ryan purred.

"You," Darien answered immediately. "I want you to ravish me and possess me. I want to please you."

"You'll get all that and more." Ryan pulled Darien roughly against him, grinding his erection against Darien's. His hands pawed the model's slender body, and Darien thought he could almost come from this.

They kissed deeply, and Ryan explored Darien's mouth with an expert tongue. He had never been kissed quite like that before. Ryan made it easy to surrender.



Ryan pulled back, and rubbed their cocks together once more before growling, "Come on, I need you in my bed."

Darien followed Ryan, pressed tightly against him, as they climbed two sets of stairs to the third floor. The entire top floor was the rapper's bedroom. The décor was all matte black and light wood, and Darien loved it, especially the huge bed dominating the room. It was much larger than king sized, and he knew he'd never want to leave it.

A continuation of the rooms below, one wall was all glass, affording an even more spectacular view, but soon Darien was distracted by an even better sight: Ryan took his shirt off. Darien moved closer, eyes on the man's olive skin and well-defined muscles. The rapper wasn't all that big, but compared to Darien he was a monster. And Darien wanted to touch.

Ryan smiled at the look on Darien's face. "Come here, baby, take my pants off for me."

Darien was only too happy to comply. First, he kneeled to remove the other man's shoes, then reached up to lower his zipper. He'd done this much before with Ryan, and he reverently released the man's cock from its confines. He looked up at him as he licked it quickly.

"Fuck," said Ryan. "No more of that, or I won't be able to last." He helped Darien to his feet and pulled him into his arms. Now they were both naked, and Darien reveled in their skin pressed tightly together. Ryan led Darien to the bed, and said, "Lie back and wait for me."

Darien smiled and bent over, crawling onto the bed like a cat. He glanced over his shoulder, and indeed Ryan was watching him hungrily. He smiled and lay down on his stomach, propping himself up on his elbows. "I'm waiting," he breathed. Ryan made a strangled groan and set off for a doorway that led to a bathroom. Darien could see just a glimpse of green marble and shiny fixtures. He was sure it was as spectacular as the rest of the house, and he would certainly see it later.

But now Ryan came back, holding what Darien could see was a strip of condoms and a tube. He smiled and wiggled, saying breathlessly, "Missed you."

Ryan joined him on the bed, moving close and sliding one hand down Darien's back, and over the curve of his ass. "Beautiful," the older man purred, and the compliment thrilled Darien. He arched into the touch, inviting more, and Ryan

traced his fingertips up the cleft of Darien's ass, making him whimper.

"God, please, yes," Darien heard himself beg.

Ryan smiled. "So responsive, pretty boy. You want something?" He slipped his fingers deeper, just brushing over Darien's entrance.

"Fuck yes," gasped Darien, spreading his legs and lifting his ass into the air, exposing his most sensitive parts. "Want your big thick cock inside me..." He wasn't just flattering him; the rapper's cock was gorgeous and he wanted it.

Ryan's breathing quickened. "Fuck. You're gonna get it, Darien, wanted you the first time I saw you..."

Darien looked up at him, suddenly feeling unsure. "Even when you thought I was a girl?"

The expression on Ryan's face softened. "I wanted you even more after I knew you were a boy," he murmured. "But I was drawn to you, so I must have known." He leaned down and kissed Darien. As they kissed, he rolled Darien over onto his back and pressed against him.

It was just what Darien craved. A strong, handsome man on top of him, naked and pinning him to a luxurious bed. He moaned into the kiss and wriggled beneath him, wanting as much contact as possible. He moved his hands over the older man's chiseled body, savoring it. He parted his legs and Ryan moved into position between them. Their cocks came into contact again.

Ryan broke the kiss, breathing hard. "Need you, Darien. Can't wait."

Darien nodded, but he had to add, "It's been a while, and you're so big..."

"I'll get you ready, I won't hurt you," the rapper promised, and began to kiss down Darien's body.

Darien lost himself in bliss as Ryan lavished him with kisses and touches. The rapper seemed intent on not missing one square inch of skin, focusing especially on his nipples. Darien's were particularly sensitive, and he was soon writhing beneath the bigger man. Ryan held him down easily, though, and Darien didn't really want to get away. But all the pleasure made him crazy for more.

Ryan settled between Darien's legs finally, pushing them apart slowly. Darien was panting by this point, glad that the other man had skipped his aching cock because he was about to explode.

Ryan just gazed at him for a long moment, and Darien had never felt so utterly wanton. He lay there, legs spread apart, completely naked and aroused, skin

flushed and so very needy; he knew he had to look like a perfect slut, but he just didn't care. He wanted this more than he'd wanted anything in his life.

The rapper's gaze took in every part of him, and the look on the man's face took Darien's breath away. Ryan could arouse him without even a touch.

"I wish I could take a picture of you this way," Ryan murmured. "So I'll never forget the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

The statement was so sincere that Darien felt moved by it. He didn't want to spoil the moment by speaking, so he just stretched a bit, trying to entice Ryan with his body.

It seemed to work. Ryan groaned and reached for the lube. "Need you," he said as he squeezed some out onto his fingers. Darien was grateful; he could have done without the prep, but it would have been painful at first. The older man was a much more thoughtful lover than he would have guessed. He gasped as Ryan began to tease his entrance, spreading him completely open to his eyes.

Darien moaned as Ryan gently slid a finger inside him. The rapper had obviously done this before, and Darien was glad of it. He seemed to know just how to touch him, and Darien enjoyed the prep more than he usually did. But soon he was crazy for more.

"Please, Ryan. I'm so ready," he insisted. But the other man still took his time.

Finally, when Darien was about to scream, Ryan seemed satisfied, withdrawing his fingers and tossing the tube aside.

"You're sadistic." Darien panted as he watched the other man put the condom on. Ryan just chuckled and leaned forward, looming over the model. "Maybe a little," he admitted as he pressed the head of his cock against Darien's entrance.

"Fuck," moaned Darien as he tried to get Ryan inside him. "Fuck me," he amended.

"Oh, I will," promised Ryan, and with a quick thrust he buried himself in Darien.

It was just the way he liked it, fast but not too brutal, filled completely in an instant. Darien arched up, gasping, mouth open as he cried out. "Oh God, yes, that's it..." It had been a while since he'd had anyone inside him, but Ryan had prepped him well. It was perfect.

He looked up at the older man, now wishing he had a camera to capture this moment. Ryan looked like a god, big and powerful and completely enraptured as he

impaled his new lover. Darien was extremely visual, and he kept his eyes open so he could memorize every detail.

“God, Darien, so fucking tight...”

After a moment, Ryan began to move. He pulled out slowly, and Darien felt every inch of his length caress his inner walls. When the head brushed his prostate, his eyes rolled back in his head. Ryan definitely knew what he was doing.

The rapper began slowly, pulling out and driving back in, increasing his pace just a little each time. He varied the angle, watching Darien’s reactions.

Darien could tell the other man was learning him, figuring out what he liked.

Then he began to use what he’d learned.

Ryan didn’t speak much during sex. He seemed to put most of his energy into precise, deep thrusts, each one driving Darien higher. He clung to the rapper’s muscular arms, holding on as the pounding began to increase in intensity.

Darien had never been fucked so thoroughly, so perfectly. Occasionally, Ryan would tell him how beautiful he was, how perfect, and Darien often begged for more, faster, deeper. He felt like he could never get enough of this. Each time Ryan entered him felt better than the last, and made him ache for the next one. His throbbing cock, trapped between them, longed for a touch, but Darien knew that would put him over the edge in an instant. He wanted this to last.

Darien lost himself in sensation, rising up as best he could to meet Ryan, tightening his body around his cock, doing everything he could to make it perfect for the other man.

Something this good couldn’t last. Darien had no sense of time, but both of them were covered in a sheen of sweat and he was almost desperate for release. He gazed up at Ryan and said, “Please, baby, want to feel you come in me...”

“Not until you come for me,” grunted Ryan, and slid his hand between them.

Darien almost screamed when Ryan began to stroke his cock, accompanied by those quick, perfect thrusts. Ryan was playing him like a violin and he was helpless to resist. He came hard, screaming the rapper’s name as he pulsed out his release between them. It was like nothing he’d ever felt before; he felt like he was coming with his whole body.

He still swam in euphoria as he looked up at Ryan. The rapper was clearly holding back, and when he saw Darien was satisfied, he began to thrust quickly.

His gaze was fixed on Darien’s face now, and he gasped his name just once before

he stilled, head thrown back as Darien felt the cock inside him twitch repeatedly. Ryan's whole body shuddered as he emptied himself, and he was the most beautiful sight Darien had ever seen.

Finally, Ryan sagged to the bed beside Darien. He tossed away the condom quickly, then rolled back to press himself against the model. Darien smiled and snuggled close; some men didn't like cuddling and he could do without it, but he did like it after sex. Ryan wrapped his arms around Darien and groaned.

"Holy shit, baby, are we dead?"

Darien chuckled. "No, but I think it was a close thing."

Darien was content to doze in Ryan's arms. He was sticky but he couldn't bring himself to care right now. He drifted off to sleep, encircled in strong arms.

The last thing he heard was the rapper's voice.

"I hope you can stay the night, Darien."

Darien nodded sleepily, and didn't dream at all.

## About the Author

Jack Greene loathes author bios, thinking they ruin the mystery. But if you must, picture an extremely attractive twenty-something insomniac: junior partner in a law firm by day, brilliant guitarist in a punk band by night. He roams the streets when he can't sleep, gathering material for his books, and watches the sun come up over West Hollywood as he types away at his laptop. Peace only comes when he writes the words "the end."