



***Free Blow Jobs  
By BA Tortuga***

Dude, Halloween parties used to be cool.

Of course, he'd been, like, sixteen the last time that he'd been to one and he'd had to kiss Jenny Lowell in the closet and, man, she'd tasted like garlic seasoned salt and bicycle tires. That was less cool than having his first beer -- stolen from Uncle Dick's garage fridge -- and toilet papering Mrs. Feezel's house.

Wait.

The TP-ing of the English teacher's house happened after the party (and the third beer).

So maybe Halloween parties had always sucked and he'd just gotten crusty and weird.

Scott resisted the urge to look in the mirror, just to make sure somehow having turned from twenty four to twenty five three days ago hadn't made him suddenly middle-aged.

"Man, Scott -- what's your..." Benny looked at his costume and blinked. "Free blow jobs? No shit?"

"No shit." He pulled out the can of air and squirted Benny right in the face. Psst.

"Free blow job. Happy Halloween." He was so fucking clever he made his own butt itch.

"Damn. Good luck with that." Benny wasn't near as fun, dressed in a bad Dracula costume.

"What? It's cute, right?" In that not-terribly-irritating-yet-remarkably-appealing way. Right?

"Yeah. I mean, I love it." He got a gap-toothed grin, the fake fangs disconcerting with the Alfred E Newman look.

"Thanks. Go bite someone adorable."

He headed for the punch bowl.

Okay. Okay. Fun.

He was all about the fun-ness.

Funitude.

Funosity.

People cracked up over his costume, and he was feeling pretty swaggery by the time he got to the punch. There were a couple of hot guys who actually felt him up, even.

He'd 'shot' a dozen people before he got his next drink, and he was feeling loose-limbed and almost cool.

Which, of course, was when he ran into someone. Literally.

His sign crumpled and he bounced a little. "Damn. Shit. Sorry." So much for the cool factor.

"Not a problem." Okay, the guy had a great voice, all smooth and buttery. He had an even better costume; just a tux and a tiny pair of greenish-iridescent horns.

Scott caught himself blushing , heat suffusing him in a rush. Pretty. Wow. Okay.

Damn.

Really pretty. Black hair. Green eyes. The guy looked like one of those Fifties book covers with the devil on them.

"Nice costume." Oh, go him with the coherent words and all.

"Thanks. I like yours." The man nodded to his sign, giving him a smile that could only be considered... wolfish.

He grinned, lifted his bottle of air. Psst. "There you go. Happy Halloween."

Scott was turning away when the guy caught his arm, a little growl sounding. "Oh, I'm not sure you get to leave it at that."

"Huh? You want another one?" Man, he should have brought more than one can of air.

"No. I think I want truth in advertising." The man pulled him away from the punchbowl, toward the back of the room. His arm tingled where the long fingers wrapped around it.

"I... You. I mean, dude. You're pulling me." Not that he thought the guy didn't notice, but damn.

Rudeness.

"I am. I want to see you. Without the crowd."

What the hell did that mean?

"It's a party. There are supposed to be crowds, right?" His palms were getting sweaty, the can of air sliding.

"Naturally. That doesn't change the fact that you stand out." Those eyes seemed to catch his, keeping him from looking away.

"That's the thing about wearing a big sign saying 'free blow jobs'. People don't notice the white T-shirt and jeans part."

God, the guy was pretty.

Really pretty.

"I imagine so. What gave you the idea?" The guy was kind of... feeling up his arm now.

"I'm a tech. I spilled a Dr. Pepper on my keyboard and inspiration struck." His father would be so proud. Except, not, really.

"Ah. I was hoping you were fond of the real thing."

Okay, well... who wasn't? "I think anyone with a dick enjoys a good blowjob. In fact, I'd bet anyone with a dick enjoys a bad one. If there are bad ones."

"Oh, there are." The smile widened, becoming even more feral.

"Uh." Okay. Weird.

Dude.

That was a little, uh. Odd. And hot.

"I'd be happy to see what you think of as a good one."

"Me? Here?" Wait. That sort of thing never happened to him.

"You. Here. Unless you prefer somewhere more private? Some men get off on semi-public sex." The guy sounded so reasonable.

"I." What was in the punch? He was all stupid. "It was just a joke, you know? Something clever."

"Mmm. I never joke about sex. I take it very, very seriously." The fingers on his arm started moving in little circles, making the tingle spread all the way down to his fingers.

His fingers curled and his cock jerked, pushing against his zipper, like it wanted to say hi. "How do you know Linda?"

Scott was pretty sure that Linda from HR didn't actually know *anything* as hot as this guy.

"Linda?" One eyebrow went up, which was kind of maddening, because he couldn't do that.

"Uh, the lady who threw the party? From HR? Dressed like the Michelin Man?"

"Ah, yes. The round lady. I do not know her."

Which meant what? That Mr. Mysterious had come with someone else?

"So, you're here with... somebody?"

"No." The man moved so close that a breath could hardly move between them. "Perhaps you."

The can of air clinked as it rolled on the floor. "Is this a joke?" Please don't let it be a joke.

"No. No, I think your costume was meant to be, hmm? I am not joking, however." Those fingers moved down to stroke his palm. His fingers curled and a low moan escaped him. It was crazy. Crazy, that a perfect stranger talking about blow jobs and holding his hand was making him hard as nails.

He wasn't sure how long he stood there, staring into those eyes. "Uh. You have a name?"

"Eric. Yours is Scott, hmm?"

"Yeah. Yeah, it is." Wait. Did this guy know him?

No. No, he'd have remembered this one. Hell, he'd have remembered *any* one.

"It's very nice to meet you, Scott. Now, about that sign..."

"I dropped my can."

"I don't care about your can." Those eyes couldn't be glowing could they?

He moaned, found himself stepping closer. "You don't?"

So pretty.

"I don't. I prefer to think about your mouth." Eric moved a tiny bit, slowly, an inch at a time. Then that hot-looking mouth was on his, pressing against his lips.

He opened up -- partially out of surprise, but mostly out of want. He couldn't remember ever being so hard, so needy that his balls ached.

Eric tasted him completely, thoroughly, tongue pushing into his mouth while Eric's hands moved down to cup his ass. He caught himself moving, humping Mr. Tall, Dark and... Horny.

Horny.

As in hard little horns horny.

Man, those were cool.

They seemed so real when he touched them, too. Eric moaned and rocked against him every time he pushed against one. He pulled back to ask how they stayed so warm, but Eric pushed back in, tongue flicking against his lips before he could get the words out. Then he decided words were overrated, because a hard thigh slid between his, pushing up against his cock. Giving him friction.

Scott moaned, head filled with the visual of him on his knees, lips wrapped around a long, curved cock, clawed fingers in his hair.

Wait. Claws?

"Shh. You have a lovely mouth, sweet. So lovely. I would taste like nectar, you know."

Wow. Nectar. Smooth.

And the lovely thing -- man, that really worked.

Scott found himself sinking down, right there, right onto the ceramic tile, hands working open the dark, slick-fabric slacks. Oh, God.

What was he doing?

Why was he...

The scent of male need hit him, made him gasp and open his lips. Eric pushed into his mouth, just the head of a thick, hard cock rubbing its way in, hot and damp. Oh, fuck, that tasted good.

He closed his lips around the swollen tip, tongue flicking at the slit, hungry for more of that flavor -- salt and sea and something... else. Eric was clean-shaven, he could just see skin around that fine, hard cock.

Long fingers tangled in his hair, slid down his neck, pulling the string from his sign in two so the clunky thing dropped to the floor. Eric was starting to thrust, hips moving in slow rolls. He ran his fingers up along the long thighs, encouraging the motions. Each press in seemed to make him a little dizzy, to make his ears ring.

He could swear he felt the prick of claws at the back of his head. Surely that was his imagination, even if it did make him harder just thinking about it. Whimpering with excitement, Scott took Eric's cock down to the root, swallowing hard, over and over, around the swollen, leaking head. He'd ever been so wild for it, for the pressure and pleasure of another man, pushing into his throat.

Low growls sounded, making him moan back, working harder, sucking deep. Eric might not taste like nectar, but there was a wildness to him that was addictive.

Scott spread, his thighs muscles burning as he tried to make room in his jeans for his own cock.

"Soon, sweet. Soon. Just take what I have to give you, first." One clawed hand cupped the back of his head and Eric's cock hit the back of his throat. He amazed himself with the not choking thing.

He didn't, though. He sucked like he'd been doing it fourteen times a day instead of, well, a couple of times with buds.

When Eric came it was a complete surprise, the salty-bitter fluid filling his mouth, making him gasp. He jerked back, the final spurts landing on his face, on his lips.

"Oh. Beautiful. You very much lived up to your promise, sweet." Eric ran a thumb over his lips, rubbing the come into his skin.

He kissed the pad of that thumb, sucking it for a second, forgetting about his own cock, his own sort of desperate need.

"Come up here, sweet. I can help you." When Eric pulled him up and squeezed him through his jeans, he remembered everything down there.

His fingers traveled back up to those amazing horns, to the little, hard, warm nubs of bone, stroking them from base to tip as he arched, bucking into Eric's touch.

"Mmm. Yes. There. Keep that up and I shall have more for you than my hand." He got another squeeze, Eric's palm pushing and pushing.

"More." He was all about more. All about it. God.

"Yes, more. Come."

Scott thought for a minute that Eric meant to come, blow his wad. Then he realized that the man was pulling him back, deeper into the shadows, farther away from the other partiers.

His sign broke under his feet, the snap of it barely registering.

They rounded a corner into a dark hall, and Eric pushed him up against the wall, almost lifting him off his feet. The kiss he got was toothy, wild.

Oh, man. So hot. He wrapped one leg around Eric's hip, tugging them in together, just a little tighter. Just a little more.

"Wait, sweet. Just wait." The man pushed back from him a moment, working his button and zipper open, shoving his jeans down. Eric's open pants slid to the floor, too.

Eric's skin was like fire, burning against him. So hot.

Every time he moved, Eric's cock pressed against his belly, hard again now, like a brand. Then the man was lifting him, spreading him, pushing against his hole.

Just like that.

"Oh. Oh. Oh." No rubber. No lube. No... He moaned, head falling back as Eric filled him, the burn and ache nothing in the face of the wave of pleasure. He'd never done it bareback. Hell, he'd only ever tried it once, with disastrous results. This? This was pure, amazing ecstasy.

Strong arms held him up, claws raked over his skin, digging in. All he could do was stand there and let Eric have him, his cock rubbing against Eric's belly on every stroke. Bright orange eyes caught his gaze, held it, and suddenly, somehow, things got even better. Hotter. Intense. Scott couldn't look away, couldn't quite breathe, his ears starting to ring with it. It only made his cock harder, only made the burn in his ass deeper, stronger. He reached up, fingers using those horns - horns, long, ribbed, sleek, curling horns that were long enough to stroke, to jack off -- to tug Eric closer.

Grunting, gasping, Eric swelled inside him, the burn teetering on the edge of pain. His cock didn't mind it one bit, his balls drawing up so tight he thought they might pop.

His cry pushed into Eric's mouth and Eric bit his bottom lip, tugging hard enough to sting. That was all it took, all he needed. Scott shot so hard that all he could see were Eric's eyes.

Shining.

Eric came again for him, filling him so deep he thought he'd feel it for days. Maybe weeks.

"Wow." He licked his lips, staring. "I. Wow." Wow counted as a whole sentence, right?

"Mmm. Indeed. I think I must have you." Eric stared down at him, terrible in his animalistic beauty. The whole tall dark and handsome thing was still there, only, uh... Horny and glowy.

"Have... Uh. You don't work at ProWare, do you?"

"No, I'm afraid not." Tiny fangs appeared when Eric smiled. "I'm actually what you would call independently wealthy."

Fangs.

Okay.

Okay.

He could deal with that.

"I don't suppose you're hiring IT geeks... I come complete with a sign and a blow job."

"I think I might have a position or two that you would find intriguing." Turning and kicking out his pants, Eric carried Scott back into the crowded front room of the party, cutting right through the crowd, who didn't seem to see them at all.



"Uh. Eric? My pants are in the hall." His ass clenched around the cock still buried inside him, still hard.

"Mmmhmm. You will not need them tonight, and we can shop for more tomorrow."

This was kind of incredibly surreal.

"You're not worried about getting arrested?" How could the man walk like this?

"No. Who will see us?"

Uh. Who wouldn't, with the horns and the teeth and the, um, tail? Big, long tail that kept tickling him.

"Dude, you have a tail." A sort of prehensile tail that was kind of, uh, sliding on his inner thighs.

"I do. I had so hoped you would enjoy my true form." Stopping right out in front of God and everyone, Eric kissed him, hard, tail tickling his balls. His fingers were back on those horns, the texture fascinating, like a really well-played Atari controller from back in the day, or your favorite mouse. His tongue played against the sharp little teeth.

Then they were moving again, the fresh, cool night air hitting his bare butt when Eric stepped outside. Scott jerked a little, ass clenching down, which just made Eric's kiss sharper, toothier. They were either going to get arrested or hit by a bus.

Things became a little bit of a blur after that, the world seeming to spin around them. They weren't flying. Just moving really fast. He held on, his lungs working like he was on the Tilt-a-Whirl or the Octopus at the carnival. The fun house.

Something.

God, kissing this man made him a little stupid -- if by a little, you meant completely and utterly.

They finally jerked to a halt, and Scott blinked, looking around. They were inside, and there were pillows and tapestries and candles and shit. That was a neat trick.

"Am I stoned? I mean, if I am, that's cool. I'm not opposed or anything, I just wanted to ask. This is cool." Not as cool as the horns. Nothing was as cool as the horns.

"You may feel a bit intoxicated. It's a side effect of the vertigo I caused you." Looking a bit concerned, Eric peered into his eyes, making clucking noises.

Embers. Those eyes were like embers. He leaned forward, looking deep, and that moved him on Eric's cock, which made him gasp and, well, do it again.

"Oh, good. You are not damaged." They moved again, though not so fast, and they landed together on a pile of cushions, him on top, straddling Eric.

He felt like a pasha.

"No. No, a little confused. Horny still, and I'm not sure my ass is ever going to return to its pre-you state, but that's good." He braced his hands on Eric's chest, started moving up and down. The edge of his t-shirt tickled the base of his belly and, somewhere, he'd lost his shoes -- sandals, which was good because that white sock thing was too gay porn for words.

Luckily, he wasn't the kind of geek to wear white socks with Birks, which would make it crunchy granola porn, and that would be even cheesier.

"I sense that you are distracted, Scott." That cock did something... magical inside him, thumping against his gland.

"Uhn." Okay. Okay, Eric won. "Do it again?"

"Of course." So polite, his... His what? Demon?

"Th...thanks." He leaned down, forehead against Eric's. "I think, even if you're an LSD thing, that I might want to keep you."

"Strictly speaking, I'm not allowed to be a one man, er, entity." Eric kissed him. Hard. Hard enough to make him blink and grunt. "I think I shall hold on to you, however."

"Is that good?" Clawed fingers slid around his cock and Scott braced himself, one hand reaching to wrap around one horn.

"That's very good. It might get me a stern reprimand." Eric paused. "I'll let you watch."

"Yeah?" Reprimands, huh? That probably shouldn't make his balls ache like that, but... Sometimes you had to go with shit. "Rocking cool. I'd let you take your frustration out on my ass." It only seemed fair.

Something with an incredibly soft tip brushed his balls. Oh, right. Tail. It started working him while Eric's cock moved inside him, and the heat level in the room went up like, twenty times.

"I would like that."

"Cool. You've got a deal."

Dude.

When he said that out loud, it was like Don LaFontaine had taken up residence in his throat.

Something glowed a deep green in Eric's eyes, and they were moving fast now, like all he'd had to do was say yes to get Eric to fuck him like a madman. Claws were digging into his hip and every bounce down had his balls slapping against Eric's pelvis and it felt good, the ache, the pain. It felt so...

He jerked, head slamming back, so close.

The tip of Eric's tail whipped around and pushed against the slit at the tip of Scott's cock, the sting enough to make him scream. He shot, the lush room going gray and sparkly around the edges. Eric filled him again, sort of taking up his whole attention, narrowing his world to cock and ass.

Scott slumped forward, Eric catching him on one hand. His skin tingled, then burned, and he tried to pull away, but... dude, he was worn out.

"Easy."

It was only another second before Eric eased him all the way down, cradling him. He looked down -- his t-shirt had a huge palm-sized hole, the edges all brown and burned. On his chest, there was a mark -- a pair of horns -- seared black into his skin.

"Dude." And also possibly ow.

"Mine." There was a wealth of satisfaction in the single word, Eric giving him a feral smile.

He reached up, touched Eric's bottom lip. "Yeah?"

He was sure there were complications with that, but he couldn't think of them, right off the top of his well-fucked head.

"Yes." Eric made a sound that came out a lot like a purr. "Forever."

"Forever. I'll have to add you to my Blackberry, then." Although that was in his jeans, left behind... somewhere.

"I don't think you'll have to worry about that, sweet. All you have to do is think about me, and I can be here." That tail curled around his leg possessively, purposefully.

"Man, that's gonna be awkward..." Eric looked at him and Scott shrugged. "Dude, they store the compressed air next to my cubicle..."

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