

# Outsourced

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Jimmy cursed, positive CJ Abrams was going to turn him down now. Right now he was supposed to be showing the all-important Abrams his proposal for subcontracting on the man's newest high-rise. Instead, he was caught in traffic, getting a fucking busy signal every time he called.

He'd stayed up late to finish the proposal. If there was one thing Abrams hated, it was people who couldn't deliver. He also hated people who were late, which didn't help Jimmy's case much. He might as well just turn back around, but this job with Abrams was a guaranteed six months of work, and damn if they didn't need that.

Pulling into the parking lot, Jimmy turned into the first spot he could find, quickly walking to the front entrance of Abrams Construction. The door chimed when he let himself in and the receptionist smiled warmly at him.

"James Montrose, here to see CJ Abrams."

Her smile wobbled minutely. "He's waiting for you Mr. Montrose. Please wait here."

Jimmy fidgeted, smoothing his tie. He hoped the damn thing was straight. Wait, was that a coffee stain on his shirt? He checked it surreptitiously. Shit! It was a stain. He was never going to get the job.

"Mr. Montrose, this way please."

Jimmy turned at the sound of the voice. Another woman greeted him. If the two lookers he'd met so far were any indication, Abrams definitely liked to pretty up the place. Not that it made any difference to Jimmy. He preferred his bed partners with a little more hair and a few extra parts down below.

The woman stopped outside a door at the end of the hallway. He'd been too distracted to notice before, but now he got a glimpse of his surroundings. The walls were a pale, butter-cream yellow, soft and soothing. Large paintings decorated the walls, showcasing oil derricks and old fading grain elevators.

She opened the door, ushering him in. “Mr. Montrose from J. M. Services Inc. to see you, Sir.”

Jimmy turned his attention to the man behind the massive desk, almost missing the soft *snick* of the door as it closed behind him. Abrams had his head down, writing something in his day timer. The shirtsleeves of his gray striped shirt were rolled up his forearms, a gold watch gleamed on his right wrist, and he wasn't wearing a tie. The sun from the floor to ceiling window behind him glinted off his blond locks.

Glancing up with a frown, Abrams stared at Jimmy.

“Holy crap! Cole?”

A single raised eyebrow was his only response. Cole leaned back in the chair, tapping his pen on his day-timer. He looked exactly as he had the last time Jimmy had seen him, although a little older. His face was more matured, more striking. “You're late.”

Jimmy stared, galvanized. The man in front of him was gorgeous, lean and elegant. But then, he always had been. Cole Abrams was a few years older than he was, and back in school he'd hung around with Jimmy's brother. The two had pretty much ignored him, but Jimmy had always fantasized about Cole. He'd first found out he was gay as a result of popping wood every time he got close enough to smell the woody aftershave Cole preferred.

“Uh, yeah. I'm sorry, traffic was a bit of a mess this morning.” He didn't know what to say. Did Cole remember him? Geez, he should, he was still friends with his brother, Mark.

Silence filled the room, and Jimmy had to forcibly reign in his need to pace. He never did well under these circumstances, uncomfortable silences made him want to blabber away. God knew what he'd say if he wasn't careful. He kept reminding himself how much his men needed this job. Despite himself, he was already trying to fight off a hard on. *God please, don't let me get an erection in front of Abrams.*

“You know why you're here, I presume. Have a seat. Why don't you tell me what you have to offer.” Abrams tilted back further, placing his pen on the desk and linking both hands behind his head. The position served to stretch out his body, bringing Jimmy's attention to the strength in his corded forearms.

Jimmy calmed down, back in his element. Grateful for the chance to redeem himself -- and anxious to hide the hard-on that was becoming more and more evident -- he sat down. Proceeding to outline his strategy, he discussed rates, personnel, and the scope of work they'd be performing. The whole time Cole studied him, never taking his gaze off Jimmy. A few times he interrupted, asking questions that, thankfully, Jimmy was able to answer.

“Good. You're hired.”

“Just like that?” Jimmy couldn't believe it. He'd expected to have to wait to find out.

“I know what I want. You’re it.”

“Wow, great. I can’t wait to get started on this.”

“You can report to work next week.” Cole steepled his fingers under his chin. “Now for the next order of business.”

“Uh, what?” He couldn’t tear his gaze away from the glint in Cole’s eyes. He was up to something.

“Actually, it’s a lot more personal than business related. I believe you have something for me. Or rather, you have something you need me to do.”

“I’m not sure what --”

“Don’t be coy. You’ve been hiding that hard dick since you came in here. Why don’t you come over here and we’ll take care of that.”

Jimmy sat stunned. “Wh-what?”

“Jimmy. Now.”

Jimmy stood on shaky legs. He couldn’t believe this was happening to him. Walking over behind Cole’s desk, he stared at the other man, unable to come up with anything to say.

“Now, I think we need to clear up a few things first. This has nothing to do with business, got that? What we do at work stays at work. Anything we do afterward has nothing to do with how you got the job. Second, you’ve been begging for this since we were in school. It’s time I did something about it.”

“Oh, God.” Jimmy couldn’t believe it. “You knew about that?” He was sure his face was about as red as a tomato.

“Jimmy, everyone knew.”

“So, why didn’t you do anything then? Why now?”

“Let’s just say it took me a while to figure out I liked men. I was always attracted to you, but didn’t realize what it meant for my sexuality until a few years later.” Cole paused, looking him up and down. “Enough talking. Get those pants off. We wouldn’t want them to stain.”

“Jesus Christ.”

Cole unbuttoned his own gray slacks, sliding the zipper down and shucking them down his legs. He wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Suppressing his whimper, Jimmy quickly followed suit, sliding his pants and his navy briefs down his legs. Stumbling slightly, he managed to get his dress shoes off. He looked ridiculous with just the socks on, but he wasn’t about to try to get them off right now.

“Up you go, Jim.” Cole patted his lap, running the fingers of his other hand up and down his shaft. It was hard, thick and flushed at the head. Thank God Jimmy wasn’t the only one hard enough

to hammer nails.

Jimmy felt like a fool, but he straddled Cole's thighs, groaning at the feel of the hair-roughened skin against his own. This was why he liked men, everything about them was harder, rougher, more exciting.

Cole grasped Jimmy's cock in a firm grip, making Jimmy moan and arch his back. He had to grab onto Cole's shoulders to prevent himself from sprawling backward. God, that felt good. Better than good actually. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten laid, and here was his ultimate fantasy man actually touching him for real.

Cole pressed their shafts together, skin rubbing, pre-come weeping out from both men to provide some lubrication. This wasn't going to take long, not with the fast pace Cole set. Jimmy hung on to his shoulders, letting Cole take charge. Closing his eyes, he breathed in the woodsy scent of Cole, the same aftershave he wore back when they were younger. "Oh... Cole... oh..."

With a gasp and a jerk of his hips, he was coming.

"That's it, babe."

Cole leaned forward, mashing their lips together in a kiss to muffle the groans both men couldn't hold back. Heat splashed on his cock, and he gave a halfhearted jerk of his hips again.

Both men panted, leaning on each other. Finally, Jimmy raised his head, staring back at Cole so close to him.

"God, Cole, I never..."

"That's Mr. Abrams to you, brat."

Jimmy smiled, reaching around Abrams and pinching his ass. "Don't start with me, Cole."

The sound of Cole's laughter was music to his ears. God, he was looking forward to working with the man.

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