

# Ichi Mondai

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*Dillon's never been big on the whole 'work' thing. He's more of a...seduce and steal type. So spotting a lovesick rich boy didn't help much. Will things go far or just far enough?*

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# 1 - Foreshadowing

Dillon turned in the barstool and took a sip of his drink. His eyes scanned the dance floor, occasionally zeroing in on a main attraction. He had twenty dollars in his pocket and by the end of the night, he planned on having around a thousand. He smiled inwardly, peeking at the crowds of nervous girls around the edges of the dance floor. He noticed them all biting their lips and conversing about a center attraction. Dillon's eyes flittered over to a group of young guys. He noticed one-whom was obviously cause of all the comotion.

He was tall, lean, fair skinned, green eyes. Dillon took quick profile and noted the glittering gold earrings on his fluffy white ears. Dillon took an anxious sip of his drink and curled his mouth into a suggestive smile. Dillon noticed the guy's tail curl around some other young man's waist. Dillon raised an eyebrow and got to work. He allowed his left eye to focus on this man. Thoughts began to drift to him. He picked out a few and sent an invitation his way. Only moments later, Seth's intense eye met Dillon's. '*Cute name...*' Dillon wasn't a guy's guy, but this *Seth's* wallet was teasing him to the brink.

Slowly, the puff of white uncurled from the other boys waist and Seth danced his way over to the bar confidently. Dillon tipped his head, looking straight forward and trying his best to ignore the interested stare of Seth. Out of the corner of his eye, Dillon could make out a shirtless chest and baggy jeans. Dillon rolled his eyes and took another sip. 'I'm Seth.' Dillon smiled inwardly and then turned. He watched Seth bite his lip, all the vibes-and thoughts-screeching into one. 'Want to dance?' Dillon snapped back from his reading and tipped his head to the dance floor. He slid off the barstool and followed voluntarily. As soon as they reached the middle of the wave of people, Seth turned and pulled Dillon close. He struggled inside himself-he wanted to just grab the wallet and run, but something willed him to stay. Dillon looked almost 4 inches up, into the neko's piercing eyes. He hooked his fingers in Seth's belt loops and began to sway.

'Seth Russel.'

At first, Dillon thought he was just accidentally catching Seth's thoughts, but he wasn't. He looked up, nodding. 'Alex.' Dillon couldn't tell him what his name was. If Seth ever suspected Dillon, the police would be looking for Alex. Seth smiled and became inconspicuously closer. Before Dillon knew it, they were closer than he remembered and they're heads were inclined towards one another. Dillon knew this was probably the perfect time to do it, kiss him, grab his wallet and then turn pink and run. He would think Dillon had just gone too far and not be curious whatsoever. It always worked. Dillon leaned up, closing the distance between them. He pressed his lips to Seth's and attempted to grab his wallet, but he found himself glued to an apartment wall instead.

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If you think it's confusing, it should be all cleared in the next chapter or two.

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## 2 - Thoughtless...I Wish

Dillon rolled over, moaning from the bright sun.

He checked the tiny digital clock, '9 a.m. is way too early.' He rolled over, ready to try to get his lover's name. 'Probably Teri again or Nichole...' Dillon yawned and sat up, looking where a girl should be and seeing nothing. 'Definitely not Teri...' Dillon threw off the covers and grabbed his pants, pulling them on and stumbling out the bedroom door. He yawned, closing his eyes against the bright sun. He scratched the back of his neck and opened his good eye to the world. Glossy, dark wood floors greeted him as well as a wall of windows, a black leather sofa and an assortment of expensive electronics. 'Morning sleepy head.' Dillon's head shot up, looking at the sound. He found himself looking at an open kitchen with an island and barstools. In that kitchen stood a man.

Dillon's throat tightened, 'Morning...'

He approached the kitchen and set a light hand on the island. His mind expanded, quickly collecting fragments of the previous night. Seth smiled at Dillon and approached him quietly, 'Breakfast?' Dillon bit his lip, his stomach suddenly growling. 'Toast?' he asked cautiously. Seth bobbed his head and turned to the toaster. While he did a few things, his tail swayed to a mute beat. He turned back a moment later and set a plate of toast on the island. Seth took a step back and hefted himself up to sit on the counter behind him. Dillon grabbed the piece of toast slowly and took a curious bite. 'I don't usually do that.' Dillon looked up, a bit flustered by the sudden address. He watched Seth look out the window, then their eyes met. 'There's something...' Dillon gulped a dry piece of toast down. He watched Seth frown. 'You said it was your first time...I think...I know why...you're not into guys, right? I'm a test?' Dillon shook his head involuntarily. He had to choose his answers carefully. 'I'm...confused I suppose...' Seth's face softened as he hopped off the counter. 'It's alright, you can go home and forget about me if you want.' Dillon looked away, 'Home is temporarily non-existent.' A sympathetic face crossed Seth, but was replaced by excitement immediately. 'This is sudden...but hey, I have a few guest rooms and well...if you want, you can stay here until you find a home.' Dillon turned a bit pink. 'I don't want to impose...' Seth frowned, 'Sorry, it just gets lonely around here is all...' Dillon nodded, 'If you're not burdened at all...' Dillon sighed a bit, he knew it'd be better than bunking with a new whore every night. 'I'd kind of like that...' Dillon took a gulp of toast and pushed the plate away. Seth smiled kindly, 'Don't worry about it, Alex, I've got it covered.' Dillon looked at him quizzically, 'Alex?' Seth laughed suddenly, 'Oh, I get it. The whole test thing...what's your *real* name then?' Dillon blushed and looked away, feeling stupid for forgetting his own "name". 'Dillon...' Seth smiled seductively, 'Cute...'

With that, Seth tossed the plate in the sink and walked past Dillon, into a room? Dillon sighed and walked over to the couch, sitting down and pulling his knees to his chest.