



VIRTUOUS
SINNERS

PURE SILENCE

K . L . H I E R S

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K.L. HIERS

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Cover Artist: Cormar Covers

Proofread and Edited by Jennifer Griffin of Marked and Red

Formatted by Meg Bawden

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To Effy,

My fellow beautiful creature,

*Thank you for everything. Your words of wisdom helped me
finish this novel. My tea may have had a little somethin'
somethin' in it, but you know... Eh. Details.*

Stay electric and fantastic.

Forever yours,

Kat

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WARNINGS

Please be advised that this book contains elements of extremely dubious consent, explicitly mature scenes, blasphemous interpretations of scripture, and instances of violence. If such material may offend or upset you, please don't read this book.

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ATTENTION

For those who may be visually impaired or otherwise have any difficulty reading Day's intruding "thoughts", a reference guide is provided in the back of the book. His chapters are few, as are these occurring thoughts, and any instances are very brief.

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1

DAY



~~Why-won't-they-stop-talking?~~

~~Whores-They're-all-fucking-whores.~~

~~They're-going-to-eat-you-right-up,-you-know. Eat
~you-right-up.~~

Day Hanley did not like leaving the house.

The house was safe. The house was quiet. The house had yards of soundproof foam.

The city was not safe. The city was not quiet. His noise-canceling headphones helped some, but he had to keep an extra pair with him for when the batteries inevitably died. He ducked into an alley to switch to the fully charged set in his backpack, and his ears were immediately assaulted by the horrible screams from the crowded street.

~~Want-me-to-suck-your-dick?~~

~~-Come-on,just-suck-me,just-suck-me.~~

~~/Let-me-touch-you-I-promise-it-won't-hurt.~~

Day shuddered, his thoughts reeling as he scrambled to get the new headphones on and shut out the noise. He took a deep breath, his heart pounding away as he listened to the low hum and tried to calm down.

Father would have told him to be brave.

Day wished he could talk to him. He didn't have a phone to call anyone. He didn't even have power now. The house was quiet and safe, but also dark and cold, and he was hungry.

He had to eat.

There used to be a corner store a few blocks from the house that he could walk to. It was closed now, forcing Day to take a bus across town to get to a grocery store. He hadn't even made it inside before his headphones had died.

How long was he on the bus for? Had he missed his stop and taken the route all the way around again?

~~Whores.~~

The fluorescent lights of the Super-Saver were too bright, and Day squinted against the glare. His head hurt, and his stomach ached from not eating in so very long. He needed to grab food and check out as fast as he could. He reached for a shopping basket...

You did it again.

Day didn't understand what was wrong.

Father sounded angry.

Then Day looked down.

His hands were covered in blood.

You did it again.

Day sighed in frustration, and he went to the sink to wash up.

He was inside a bathroom. There was only one urinal and one stall, and he'd locked the door behind him. He hummed along with the humming in his ears in short bursts as he scrubbed at his nail beds and in between his fingers. He didn't see any other blood on his person. He'd still need to do a better job of washing up later, but this should be good enough to get him out of here and home safe.

The body, on the other hand, was a problem.

It was Mark Edwards, a schoolteacher.

The venom had poured out of his mouth until Day thought he was going to drown, and he had to make him shut up. He had to make it stop. He had to make it stop. He had to make it stop.

Father had shown Day how.

Where to cut.

Where to stab.

Where to make it quick and quiet, always so *quiet*.

Day found his knife still lodged in Mark's neck, and he carefully removed it. He paused, realizing now he needed to wash the knife and his hands again. With another heavy sigh, he returned to the sink.

After he'd finished, he put the knife back in his boot. He hummed as he fetched paper towels from the dispenser to start wiping down the surfaces inside the bathroom that he might have touched. It was sloppy. It was a mess. It was a disappointment.

Father would have been upset with him.

Day found his groceries stashed under the sink, and he made a face when he spied a small splatter of blood on one of the bags.

Hopefully no one on the bus would notice.

He slipped out of the bathroom, finding he was at a gas station and it was nighttime now. The store was closed according to the sign on the door, and none of the lights were on.

How had Day gotten here? When did he leave the grocery store? What had happened?

A quick check around the gas station revealed that the cameras were only for show and nothing could have been recorded.

Lucky.

Foolish. What about on the street? What about at the grocery store? How did you lure that monster here? Where

else could your fingerprints be? Your DNA?

Day didn't have answers for any of Father's questions, and he decided to ignore them.

He'd done what had to be done.

He'd had to silence Mark Edwards. The man had snakes crawling out of his mouth, dark vipers that snapped at the air around them, twisting and coiling and oozing their poison...

Bus.

Day was on the bus now, and his head still hurt.

He hugged his groceries close.

When he was finally home, he brought the bags to the kitchen before removing his headphones. He smiled, basking in the wonderful silence as he put his groceries away. Not having power limited his options for meals, but he made do with a small kerosene stove. He ate a lot of canned items that he could easily store and heat up, and he always bought the largest tub of peanut butter available.

Sometimes he didn't even make a sandwich. He would get a big spoon and eat it out of the container.

But not tonight, no.

Tonight, he wanted to celebrate. He'd taken another monster off God's beautiful Earth, and he deserved something special. He was going to eat not just one but *two* cans of beef stew. He opened the windows in the kitchen, cursing the cold but needing the ventilation while he cooked.

Day ate, cleaned up, and closed the windows.

He undressed and put his clothes in bleach. He poured water into a pot to heat up to bathe. He scowled when he had to open the windows again. He told himself next time to heat the water first and then take off his clothes instead of standing here naked in the cold.

Next time, yes.

Because there would always be a next time.

Father had been charged with a special mission from God to cleanse the wicked from the Earth.

Those whose lips speak with venom, those whose tongues spit lies, those whose hands shed innocent blood, those with hearts that beat with corrupt schemes, those whose loins swell from conflict... We are here to repay God's wrath.

Father always told Day that he would pass the mission over to him when it was finally his time to go to Heaven.

Day missed Father.

He was so lonely...

Day put on clean clothes and then went to bed.

The house was safe. The house was quiet. The house was safe. The house was quiet.

But soon enough, Day knew he would have to leave again.

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Cassidy “Goldie” Nash had lived for years as a villain.

He’d been spat on, screamed at, pelted with trash, and even had a full beer can chunked at his head. He’d received death threats, been physically attacked, and he’d been refused service at restaurants and bars multiple times.

Such was the life of a professional wrestler.

But that was ages ago when he was called Goldilocks, the fair-haired face who turned heel and stunned an entire generation of fans with his betrayal. To the aspiring athletes he now trained, he was just Cass. A few close friends, especially those who had wrestled with him, still called him Goldie with a smile.

He’d roll his eyes and smile back, but it always ate him up inside.

Goldie missed the roar of the crowd, the smell of sweat and vinyl, and the thrill of a solid match. He’d been at the very pinnacle of his career with his face plastered across every kind of merchandise imaginable. He’d gotten to play a valiant hero in a made for TV sci-fi movie that went on to spawn two sequels, and he’d even had a deal with a popular cereal brand. It was beyond anything he could have ever dreamed of.

Then it was all taken from him.

Over a damn squash match.

Squash matches were supposed to be easy, heavily sided in favor of the professional talent versus a local wrestler. They would always get some independent nobody, referred to as a jobber, and it would be a total wash. Goldie had met some skilled indie wrestlers, and he was never one to look down on anyone because they didn't have a big contract. After all, he'd been indie once too, but the point of these matches was to hype up the professionals.

A win was guaranteed.

But that night...

Everything was wrong from the start, and he regretted every day not saying something.

If he had, maybe he wouldn't have lost everything.

What should have been a cheap shot with a chair was a swing from a baseball bat, and he could still hear the *crack* when it hit the back of his neck.

Goldie finished the match, but he couldn't shake the numbness that was tingling up and down his arms. He'd felt it before, and he'd always chalked it up to his many years of getting knocked around. This time, however, was different from all the others.

This time, it wasn't going away.

He went to the doctor a few weeks later when he lost feeling in his hands, and the diagnosis was grim.

Cervical spinal stenosis, three fancy words saying that the hole in his vertebrae that held his spinal cord was too narrow. It was pinching several nerves and putting too much pressure on his spinal cord. A cervical vertebral fusion was the answer, but the cost was Goldie's career.

If he went back in the ring, he was at risk of being paralyzed from the neck down.

Or worse.

He could die.

Goldie wanted to beat the odds. Plenty of other wrestlers had similar injuries and were able to return to the ring. He had the surgery, did the rehab, put in the work, but even after two years the doctors wouldn't clear him to wrestle again.

His contract was terminated, his sponsorships tanked, and sales of his merch screeched to a halt.

Within twelve years, Goldie became a ghost.

It wasn't all bad, he supposed. At least he could get service at restaurants without being harassed and no one threw anything at him anymore. He even kinda missed that too, if he was being honest with himself. No one had any idea who he was now, and that was both a blessing and a curse.

He managed a physical fitness program at a local gym, offered basic wrestling classes, and he was learning to be a yoga instructor. He had a few good friends that he didn't talk to nearly enough, an impressive to-be-read list on his Kindle, and a very spoiled rotten cat named Purrey Pringle in honor of the late Paul Bearer, a pro wrestling manager who was also known as Percival "Percy" Pringle III.

Goldie was content enough, though there were times he wished he had someone to come home to.

Dating was... difficult.

Goldie knew part of that was because *he* was difficult.

He was in a lot of pain most days as the lingering aches from his surgery had become compounded by advancing arthritis. It made his patience thin and his temper short. He struggled with managing the pain and balancing out the agony of stomach ulcers caused by the medication he took to ease his physical discomfort.

When he wasn't hurting, his mood teetered between resigned contentment and bitter regret. He still dreamed about that squash match and heard the crack of the bat echoing when he woke up. His apartment was packed full of memorabilia from his career, and sometimes it felt more like a memorial to a dead man than a tribute to the great athlete he once was. The

bulging god posing across neon posters and flexing on cereal boxes was no more.

Goldilocks was gone.

Not that Goldie wasn't in good shape.

At six feet seven inches and three hundred pounds, he was still quite godly. There were days he thought he was a tad more Buddha than Zeus, however, as he'd lost much of the sculpted definition from his youth. His abs had gone soft, his belly rounded out, and his cheekbones had dulled, but still, he wasn't too shabby for a man of forty-two years.

At least he didn't have to wax now.

His chest hair was thick and dark, sprinkled with silver across his stomach and even around his pubes. He used to bleach and perm his brunet hair religiously to give himself his trademark golden curls, but he'd stopped doing that ages ago. It was gray now, though still thankfully thick and wavy. He usually wore it back in a ponytail or a braid, and it would hang down the middle of his back, just touching the bottom of his shoulder blades.

But never a bun.

No.

Goldie knew he was stubborn, and he was very aware that was another reason he wasn't an easy person to date. He was malleable as a brick wall when it came to making changes, and he really didn't like being told what to do. As much as he had loved being a pro wrestler and all the glory that came with it, there were strict rules he'd had to adhere to or risk being in violation of his contract—including ones about his appearance.

There had been an entire clause just on his hair. He'd had to maintain a specific length, style, and color at all times. Goldie could recall when once on a long cross-country tour that he'd been unable to visit a salon to touch up his roots, and his manager had taken a bottle of spray-on yellow hair dye to try and hide them.

When he inevitably started to sweat during the match that night, all the yellow ran and stained his outfit.

Fans referred to that night as Goldilocks' Golden Shower.

Rumors were already circulating back then about his sexuality, and that was another part of wrestling that was stifling. For the entirety of his career, Goldie had to stay firmly in the closet. His manager and the company, Global Wrestling, had been worried that fans wouldn't want to cheer for a big gay guy.

Goldie could be wildly flamboyant, wear colorful feathers and glittering sequins in skintight spandex, oil up until he could shoot down a Slip-N-Slide without a drop of water, but God forbid if anyone found out he liked to date other men.

That would be just too much.

Though it was far too late for Goldie, he was happy to see how times had changed since his retirement.

Openly queer wrestlers like Effy and Sonny Kiss were huge fan favorites these days, and Goldie would have loved the chance to take them on in a match. He adored Effy's fearless charm and extreme deathmatch prowess, and Sonny was charismatic, tenacious, and had some of the most incredible acrobatics Goldie had ever seen inside a ring.

He could still remember how thrilled he was the very first time he'd seen the neon pink *Daddy* emblazoned right across the ass of Effy's black spandex briefs with his torn fishnets and spiked hot pink leather jacket. Sonny had been an equally stunning vision with their flawless makeup, unapologetically feminine fashion, and boldly identifying as genderfluid.

Times had definitely changed for the better, but damn, Goldie wished he could have been a part of it.

To have been there to celebrate Fred Rosser coming out as the first openly gay wrestler in World Wrestling Entertainment? To have cheered on Nyla Rose, the first openly transgender wrestler to ever be signed with a major American promotion?

It would have been incredible.

Among Goldie's big regrets was not fighting harder to come out of the closet while he was still a pro. He knew he'd been afraid of losing bookings and sponsorships at the time, and that was why he'd agreed to turn heel—that is, to become a villain. Upper management accused him of letting his career go stale and were pressuring him for a fresh angle on his storyline.

Obviously they didn't want to hear a word about coming out.

It was decided he'd betray his longtime tag team partner, Florence "The Grizzly" Bair, and join up with the evil Syndicate. He would be the latest victim of their corruption and abandon his golden locks for slick, straight dark-green hair and wild face paint to morph into a legendary heel loathed by all.

Being a villain breathed new life into his career, and those years were some of his best in the business. He had twisted storylines, brutal matches, and he won the promotion's heavyweight champion title twice as a member of the evil Syndicate.

Eventually, Goldie was supposed to have double-crossed the Syndicate and eliminated them in a four-way, no-holds-barred match that would have been an epic televised event. It would have ended his arc as a villain, cemented his return as a hero, and allowed him to reunite with Florence to reform their tag team and ascend to a new level of stardom.

So much for that.

Goldie was injured a month before the four-way was scheduled, and Florence was swapped in to take down the Syndicate instead. The entire storyline had to be rewritten to accommodate the switch, and they played up Goldie's injury as retaliation from the Syndicate for refusing to follow their orders during a big match. Goldie had to pretend to be hurt in the ring so he could be dramatically carried off on a stretcher and build the foundation for Florence vowing to avenge his fallen friend.

Florence went on to win the four-way match and a place in history for what was still considered one of the best bouts ever seen in professional wrestling. Goldie was close friends with Florence, and he was only slightly bitter about his buddy's fame following the victory over the Syndicate.

Like most success, it was fleeting.

Florence had his own trouble a few years later over bogus assault charges that came as a result of a fan attacking him in the parking lot after a show. The security cameras at the venue didn't show the fan hitting Florence, only Florence's brutal response. He admitted to losing his temper, but he claimed he'd reacted so harshly because the man had a knife. No knife was found, and though the charges were eventually dropped, he'd already been ruined by the press. He was quietly sidelined before the company decided not to renew his contract, effectively blacklisting him and killing his career.

Goldie saw Florence every couple of months to have a beer and bullshit over the good old days. Florence had a second life as a podcaster and wrestling commentator, and he always made a point to visit Goldie when he was in town.

Such a visit was coming due soon, and Goldie knew Florence would want to hang out.

Honestly, he wasn't feeling it.

Maybe it was the cold creep of winter crawling in that was souring Goldie's mood more than usual, but he didn't want to sit around and bullshit about the same matches for hours on end. He was finding more and more lately that he wanted to move on. He had the urgent itch to toss everything in his apartment into a dumpster and start fresh, but he couldn't quite bring himself to do it.

He'd worked so hard to earn every mug and T-shirt, each action figure and knickknack, and he'd literally bled to earn his tiny kingdom—however brief its reign had been.

Fuck, Goldie didn't know what he wanted.

He just felt... empty.

He missed wrestling and equally resented it, caught between mourning his career and loathing the high cost of a physically demanding sport, and he had no idea what to even do with himself. He poured his frustrations into his work, picked up more shifts at the gym, and spent every free moment training for yoga. He avoided Florence's messages, and he hoped that this nagging melancholy would melt away when the snow finally did.

In about three months.

Fuck.

Goldie figured he had one of those seasonal mood disorders or something because he went through this same depression every winter. His last relationship had ended the previous winter when his boyfriend couldn't handle him moping around his apartment for weeks on end. It definitely felt like it was getting worse, but Goldie didn't know how to shake it. He couldn't do enough push-ups or sit-ups or lunges to ease the void eating him up inside, and the ache in his bones was impossible to escape.

Especially when it was cold.

Fuck.

Even bundled up with a sweater, a hoodie, a trench coat, scarf, and beanie, the bite of the cold wintery air was horribly sharp. It exacerbated the throb in his hips and his back, and his knees were also complaining especially loudly today. Goldie hurried around the block to where his car was parked, scowling at the icy gust stinging at his nose and eyes.

The city was quite beautiful when it first snowed, but that had been two days ago. The streets were now lined with piles of gray slush, and just enough had melted to wash away the salt and make the sidewalks slick. The only remaining snow was clinging to the roofs of cars that hadn't been driven since it fell or on top of porticos and doorway awnings.

They were expecting another six inches this weekend, and the cycle would begin anew.

Pretty snow, ugly slush, more snow, and then more slush, over and over again until spring finally came to save him from this freezing hell.

Goldie had just finished up a long shift at the gym, and it was already dark. He was cold, sore, and he wanted nothing more than to get home as fast as possible to take a hot shower and go right to bed with a stiff drink.

The parking lot for the gym was directly behind it, but there was no direct access. He had to walk around the building to get to the gate. It was only around the block, but his knees were hurting terribly, and each step was agony.

Instead of slowing down, he walked faster. His logic was it would be better to go on and get it over with, so he ignored the pain and plowed ahead. The sidewalk wasn't too crowded, but he still had to cut through a few people who were dragging their feet and holding him up. He'd just sidestepped around a chatty couple to turn the corner, and then—

Bam!

Goldie crashed right into a young man turning the corner at the same time, sending him sprawling across the sidewalk.

The young man landed flat on his back in a filthy puddle of slush, and the headphones he was wearing were knocked askew. He stared up at Goldie with wide eyes, clearly dazed.

For a split second, all Goldie could do was stare.

The young man was *gorgeous*.

He had full lips, a round nose, and big brown eyes framed by lush lashes. His skin was as white as the snow glittering on the adjacent porticos with a rosy blush coloring his cheeks. His hair was a thick mop of brown curls, and the way they framed his angelic face immediately conjured comparisons of a Botticelli cherub. He had to be half Goldie's age, maybe even younger, but wow, he was stunning.

“Oh! Shit! I'm so sorry!” Goldie broke himself out of the spell to help the young man up. “I wasn't looking where I was going, just trying to hurry up and get home.”

The young man wobbled, but he was able to get to his feet with Goldie's assistance. He still looked dazed, and he gawked up at Goldie in absolute awe. He appeared to be in some kind of shock, and he grabbed Goldie's arm, squeezing hard.

Goldie wondered if the young man was simply starstruck. It had been a long time since he'd been recognized in public, but it was certainly possible he'd just so happened to bump into a fan. The young man's youth didn't matter as people of all ages could watch Goldie's old matches on the Internet, but no, this...

This felt *different*.

It wasn't merely the enraptured gaze of a starstruck fan. The young man was looking at Goldie as if he was something truly divine, and the sheer amount of raw emotion he found in those big eyes was both humbling and unsettling.

"Hey, are you all right?" Goldie asked gently. He still had a hold of the young man's arm, and he felt him trembling. Afraid that he might fall over, Goldie grabbed the young man's waist. "Hey, hey, easy now. I got you. You're okay."

The young man said nothing, helplessly swooning against Goldie's chest.

Goldie's heart fluttered at the unexpected contact, and he hugged the young man close to steady him. "Hey, hey. You're okay. Just take a few deep breaths, huh?"

The young man nodded feebly.

He was slender but tall, maybe six foot one, six foot two or so. Goldie still had at least half a foot on him, but that wasn't so unusual as Goldie was taller than pretty much everyone he met. Goldie noticed that the young man was only wearing a thin hoodie despite the freezing cold, and it was wet from his spill in the puddle.

"Crap, you're soaked. I'm so sorry. You don't have anything warmer than that to be out in?" Goldie frowned.

The young man frowned back but still said nothing. His jeans were stained and torn, and his sneakers had visible holes in them. His backpack had definitely seen better days, as one

of the straps was ready to snap right off, and his fancy headphones were held together with duct tape.

Goldie's heart ached to think that this young man might be homeless, and he immediately took off his trench coat. "Hey, come here."

The young man shook his head, and he waved his hands as Goldie offered the coat.

"It's twenty-something degrees out, and you're wet," Goldie soothed. "You'll catch your death out here, and hey, I'm the jerk who knocked you over, yeah? Please let me help you."

The young man blinked, and he slowly dropped his hands.

Goldie smiled. "Is that a yes? I'm going to take that as a yes."

The young man's lips twitched, and he nodded.

Goldie helped the young man take off his backpack so he could put on the trench coat. He didn't question why the backpack was unusually heavy, easily distracted by how cute the young man looked in his coat. "Sorry it's way too big for you, but it's dry and it'll definitely keep you warm." He held out the backpack for the young man to slip back on. "There. Better?"

The young man nodded. He smiled and put his hand back on Goldie's arm like before.

Oh, that smile.

It was dazzling and sweet, and it lit up the young man's whole face. The golden haze from the nearby streetlight made the young man practically glow, and Goldie swore there was a literal spark sizzling between them. He'd even forgotten how cold it was, lost there in the young man's pretty smile.

"Hey," Goldie said, "do you need something? Some kinda help? No offense, but you kinda look like you might." He smiled reassuringly. "I don't have much, but I'm really great at ordering Grubhub if you're hungry—"

The chatty couple had finally caught up to them.

“No, that creep totally got what he deserved,” one was saying. “Didn’t you hear what they found when they went to his house?”

“What? No!” the other argued. “He was such a nice guy! Whatever it was, it was probably planted!”

The young man visibly shuddered, and he twisted his head as if in pain. He backed away from Goldie, scrambling to put his headphones on.

The couple walked around them, still talking.

“The news said his DNA matched at least ten open cases,” the first declared. “He was a world class sicko...”

“Wow,” the other said with a sigh. “I guess you never know...”

The young man was panting, and his eyes filled with tears as he clamped the headphones on his ears as tightly as he could. He was obviously in some kind of pain and very upset.

“Hey, hey!” Goldie tried to reach for him. “What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

The young man jerked away with a whimper, and he shook his head. He gave Goldie one last lingering stare before bolting around him and racing away down the sidewalk.

“Wait! Hey!” Goldie turned to follow him, but the young man was way too fast for him. He only made it a few steps before his knees revolted and the young man was already at the other end of the block. He huffed in frustration and then called out after him, “You’re welcome!”

The young man vanished around the next corner without a word.

Goldie frowned, wondering what had set him off.

Was it something Goldie had done? Had it been those people talking? What was it?

He didn’t have a clue.

Goldie shivered. The cold was biting extra hard now since he’d given away his trench coat, and he decided to go on and

head home. He definitely thought that giving his coat away was the right thing to do, and he hoped the young man had somewhere warm to sleep tonight. He'd surprised himself with trying to invite the young man over, but he hadn't felt right leaving him alone on a cold sidewalk.

Goldie finally made it to his truck and then crawled into the driver's seat. He cranked it, rubbing his hands together and blowing on them as he waited for it to warm up. His knees were still throbbing, and he couldn't stop thinking about the strange young man.

It was crazy to bring home a stranger right off the street, but hell, it wasn't like it would be the first time. Normally, it would be under much more romantic circumstances and not because of altruistic intentions, though it wasn't hard to imagine...

Shit, what was he thinking?

That poor young man was obviously in need of help, and Goldie's brain had gone right into the gutter.

As he drove home, he considered the chances of seeing the young man again. The city was big, but maybe the young man lived close to the gym. There was a grocery store nearby, and he daydreamed of going shopping and running into him while picking out fruit or something. It was silly, but it made him smile and warmed his heart.

If nothing else, he'd done a little bit of good today.

Of course, that had only happened after he'd knocked the poor guy down into a puddle, but hey. He'd tried to make up for it, hadn't he? What else could he do since the young man had run away like that?

Oh well.

Goldie promised himself that if he saw the young man again, he would offer to buy him dinner. He was so curious, and he wanted to know everything about the mysterious young man. He'd felt more in those few moments talking to him than he had in years, and Goldie wanted that spark back more than anything.

Knowing his name would be nice too, so he wouldn't have to keep referring to him as the *young man* inside his head.

Goldie's apartment was one of sixteen units in an old brick building just on the edge of downtown. It was nice, clean, and usually quiet except for the construction going on next door where an office complex was being renovated. The alley between them was closed except for the occasional dump truck that managed to squeeze its way through to haul away debris.

He lived on the top floor, and he had one of the prized corner units with a balcony. It was screened in so Purrey could go out and explore when she wanted to, although it was far too cold right now. It had a lovely view of the city, though his unit was positioned so that if he looked down, he got an eyeful of the construction and cluttered dumpsters. The apartment building had been built in the eighties but was well maintained, and Goldie had lived here for over a decade.

His neighbors knew who he was, and they usually greeted him by chanting his name or singing the opening of his theme song, "Pour Some Sugar On Me" by Def Leppard, when they saw him. There was a mother with two young kids who loved tackling his legs, and he'd walk around with them clinging to his ankles even though it hurt because he loved how happy it made them.

His apartment was cluttered, and every inch of space was dedicated to showcasing his wrestling career. Posters covered the walls, the shelves were packed with figures, and he had one of his championship belts in a big glass case. The case was currently covered in dirty laundry, Purrey had knocked over some of the figures, and one of the posters was dreadfully crooked.

Goldie didn't feel like messing with any of it.

He was too damn tired.

Purrey said hello by yowling pitifully, a black swooping shadow of fluff dancing around his feet.

"Hey, hey," Goldie said. "Hang on, I'll feed you. Damn. Actin' like you're starving."

Purrcy yowled again as if to say she was indeed about to perish.

Goldie went to the kitchen to pop open a can of her overpriced wet food. He poured it in her bowl and then popped it in the microwave to warm it up because he already knew she would not eat it otherwise.

Once she was happily enjoying her dinner, Goldie headed to the bathroom to take a blistering hot shower. He thought about the young man again, hoping he was somewhere safe. He hated to think of him being out on the street in this weather, and he hoped he had a home to go to. The memory of the young man's smile made his heart race a little faster, and he was tempted to let his hand drift down between his legs...

Until there was a loud crash from the living room.

Fuckin' Purrcy.

Goldie got out of the shower, threw on some clothes, and came out to find Purrcy had toppled over a display of memorabilia from a high shelf above the television. He picked up the assortment of toys, cups, and key chains, cursing under his breath.

Purrcy, from her new vantage point on the shelf, meowed.

"Yeah, yeah, you're lucky you're cute," Goldie warned. "You know, you could be outside, freezing your little furry butt off and having to hunt mice. You just remember how good you got it here."

Purrcy stared at him.

"Jerk."

Purrcy meowed.

Goldie put the memorabilia up on the bookshelf with the toppled action figures to sort out later. Maybe this weekend he'd try to organize everything and get rid of a few things. Looking over the artifacts of his lost career wasn't exactly thrilling him right now, and that hole was back, gnawing away at his insides.

He plopped down on the couch with his phone, sighing as he scrolled through to find an app to order food. He settled on Italian, grabbing two plates of baked ziti, some mozzarella sticks, and tiramisu.

Oh, and a cannoli.

Oh, oh, and some fried calamari.

He was hungry and he was going to eat some of these damn pesky feelings.

When Goldie went to check out, he had to reenter the little security code on the back of his credit card to complete the order. He hated to get up, but he couldn't remember the damn number. He grumbled as he lumbered back into the bathroom to grab his pants from the hamper.

Huh.

His wallet wasn't there.

Goldie frowned, and he checked the pocket of the hoodie he'd been wearing. It wasn't there either. He looked in the hamper to see if it had fallen out, and he searched his pants again just to make sure. He really didn't want to go back downstairs and out to his car, but he had no idea where else it could—

Oh, *shit*.

That morning, he'd stopped to get coffee. The coffee shop had been crowded because of the early hour rush. In his haste to get out of the way to keep the line moving, he'd put his wallet in the pocket of his trench coat.

The same trench coat he'd given to the mysterious young man.

Shit.

Goldie quickly called his bank and credit card companies to cancel his debit and credit cards. He was going to have to get a new driver's license too, and his mood went from grumpy to absolutely pissed. He stuck a frozen dinner in the microwave since he couldn't complete his takeout order and then poured a very, very big glass of whiskey.

He sat back down on the couch with the glass and the bottle, and he mindlessly flipped through streaming services. By the time the microwave dinged, he'd already finished his first glass of whiskey and was working on his second, and he didn't feel like getting up to grab his dinner. His knees were throbbing no matter how he sat, his neck was joining in on the fun, and he kept drinking until he felt numb.

Purrcy eventually came to join him, snuggling right up against his side and allowing herself to be petted. She seemed to know when he wasn't feeling well, which lately seemed to be all the time, but he was grateful for the affection. Right now, she was all he had.

He found a comedy special to watch, but he wasn't really paying attention to any of the jokes. He was drunk, annoyed, and he figured he was going to pass out on the couch because he couldn't be bothered to get up to go to bed. He'd drink some more, sleep here, and then wake up tomorrow morning to do all the same shit all over again.

Work, work some more, come home, be miserable, sleep.

As Goldie drifted off, he was still thinking about the young man.

Maybe he'd see Goldie's address on the license and come to return the wallet. Goldie would invite him in, he'd order dinner, and they'd talk for hours over takeout. The young man was probably an artist or something, perhaps a hopeless romantic, maybe he was just as lonely as Goldie was, and...

Goldie fell asleep, dreaming about a bright smile and fluffy curls.

Yeah, right.

Like he was actually gonna see the young man again.

3

DAY



This wasn't supposed to happen.

"Hey, are you all right?"

This wasn't supposed to happen. That voice. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck fuck.

"Hey, hey, easy now. I got you. You're okay."

This wasn't supposed to happen.

That voice.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

The frantic thoughts repeated inside Day's head on a whirling loop as he rushed home, and he tried to make sense of what had just happened. There was no noise or static when the big man spoke, only the sweet voice of an angel, and Day had no idea what to do.

No one sounded like that.

No one but me.

No one else but Father could speak to Day, but that was because Father had been touched by the Lord. His was the only voice that was pure and good, and everyone else was full of venom and lies and filth.

But that man...

That giant, handsome man...

Day shuddered.

His mind was being filled with impure thoughts, but he did his best to ignore them.

Father had taught him about sex. Day knew that men needed to spread their seed to stay healthy, and that was why Father would bring women home sometimes. Day could remember hearing them at night, making *those sounds*, and he'd try to plug his ears so he wouldn't have to listen to it.

Father bought Day his first pair of headphones after Day told him he didn't like the noise. He also didn't like women, but he'd never told his Father that.

He didn't have to.

Father had known anyway. Father had always known.

Father had told him that having sex outside of marriage was a sin, but God would forgive them. God understood they had needs. He'd brought a man to the house once, and he'd told Day to have sex with him. It was important to stay healthy and sharp for their mission, and Day needed to spread his seed with this man.

Day hadn't liked it.

He'd wanted to, but...

He'd known the man was only there because Father had paid him, and it had hurt Day's feelings. He had wanted it to be special. Sin or not, it should have meant something. It was over quickly, and Day had asked his Father not to bring home any other men for him. He'd find his own partners.

Father had known he was lying.

More men came.

Sometimes it was better. Sometimes it was worse. It was always noisy and weird and he'd felt filthy when it was done. There hadn't been any of *that* since Father died, and the only seed spreading Day had done was by himself with the covers pulled up over his head. He didn't want to buy someone's company. He wanted something real and happy and wonderful and...

What he'd felt when he was with that big man.

The big man was kind and handsome, and he'd been so nice to Day. He had such a nice smile, and Day had never seen anyone so huge before. He'd had the most ridiculous urge to hug the big man and smother his face against his big, broad chest, and, and...

And you could hear him...

Yes, Day could, and he didn't know why.

That wasn't supposed to be possible.

Even the men Father had bought for him had been noisy and disgusting, and Day had usually put his hand over their mouths so he wouldn't have to hear the constant profanity.

Maybe it would be different with the big man. Maybe it could be... nice.

But that was just a little too perfect, wasn't it? Meeting someone with the voice of an angel days after he'd slain another abomination? While it could be a reward for a job well done, it could also be a trick.

It might be some sort of test.

The big man might be a trap, Day realized, a distraction sent to steer him away from his holy mission. The big man might have been placed right in his path to ruin everything, and Day had to be vigilant now. He had to know the truth about this strange man and figure out why he was here. This couldn't be a coincidence. It had to mean something.

Even Satan could appear as an angel of light.

So, what was the big man then? An angel? A devil? Perhaps someone else touched by God as Day and his Father were?

Praying didn't bring any answers.

Jerking off might not either, but it might make him feel better.

Day had taken off the trench coat, but he held it close to breathe in the big man's scent while he touched himself in bed. He'd undressed except for his underwear, and he rubbed

himself through the thin fabric until his precome made a big wet spot. He imagined the big man's thick arms wrapped around him and holding him down, and his cock was so hard that it throbbed in his hand when he finally pulled it out. He squeezed the shaft, stroking himself from root to tip in short bursts.

He wanted to make this last. He wanted this to feel good.

Day stretched out the coat and then rolled on top of it so he could grind his cock down into it. He liked how it felt on his dick, and he thrust his hips slowly, creating delicious shivers of pleasure that took his breath away. He could smell the big man all around him, and he bowed his head to press his face into the coat.

He continued to press himself against the coat, chasing the hot friction and panting. He braced himself on his elbow and pulled his underwear down off his ass. He shoved his finger in his mouth, sucking on it to get it slick. He reached back to tease around his hole, and he moaned softly.

Day's voice was rough from lack of use, and it sounded so strange echoing in his ears, a croak of desperate pleasure he barely recognized. He brought his finger back up to his lips to spit on it before returning to playing with his hole, still humping the coat.

He pressed the tip of his finger in, fast enough to draw out a hiss, and then he pushed deeper. He needed lube, but he didn't have any, and he was going to have to make this work. There was a part of him that liked the burn. He liked how it made him squirm and rock into the bed harder, the penetration creating a rush of pressure that caused him to moan again.

Grinding into the coat faster, he pumped his finger in and out as he forced his hole to open up. He was sweating now, his cock trapped between his belly and the trench coat, and his face was getting hot. His balls were tight, his dick was pounding, and he wanted more. He tried to cram in a second finger, and he sobbed when his body resisted.

He couldn't move both fingers because he was still far too tight, but he continued to push to keep up the intense pressure.

He humped the coat in earnest, and he gritted his teeth as he let his imagination run wild.

Yes, the big man was here. It was the big man here with him, fucking his fingers inside Day's tight asshole and making him writhe like a whore. No, wait, it was his *cock*, yes. It was the big man's fat cock pounding away inside of him, and it was the big man's strong hand around his throat cutting off his air and making him see stars as his vision darkened.

Yes, that was it.

The big man was fucking him and choking him out while he fucked him, and he was going to give Day his come. He was going to keep fucking Day until he gave him his come.

White-out pleasure shot up Day's spine, and his entire body clenched up.

God, *yes*.

He wanted the big man's come to fill him up, he wanted his seed, he wanted him to use him and fuck him and leave him dripping and—

Fuck!

Day sobbed as he came, and he let go of his throat to claw at the coat. He forced himself to keep fingering his hole as his cock pulsed, his hips twitching as he continued to hump and rut to work himself through the lovely shudders. He moved his hand, his hole empty and sore, and he weakly rocked his hips one last time before collapsing.

Day sighed.

He hadn't meant to come so fast.

Was it fast? It *felt* fast.

Day flopped onto his back, staring up at the ceiling in a daze.

He needed to get up. He wanted to clean the coat before his come dried and ruined his gift from the big man. His muscles were thrumming from the awesome release, and he did feel better now. He liked thinking about the big man

coming in him, and a lurch of fresh lust was already starting to coil up in his loins.

Though his thoughts were still fuzzy, he was relaxed. He was also still horny, and he considered masturbating again to ease the insistent desire. Maybe he could try wrapping the coat around his neck this time. He smiled, very much enjoying that idea, and he slid his hand down to touch his soft cock, rubbing himself gently.

Too bad getting off hadn't given him any brilliant ideas on how to find the big man.

Day didn't even know his name.

How could he find him?

They'd met right down the block from a gym. It could be that the big man liked to work out there or that could be too easy. That might also be a trap. If Day went to the gym, something bad might happen.

But something good could happen too, like seeing the big man again.

The big man with the voice of an angel, his beautiful angel...

Fuck.

Day was frustrated. He stopped playing with his dick and hugged the coat instead, his thoughts blurring together and becoming a thunderous roar in his ears. He breathed slowly and tried to will his rising anxiety to stand down. He'd never wanted anything for himself, not ever. That was sinful. He didn't want things. He didn't need things. All that mattered was the mission.

Oh, but he wanted that big man so much that he physically *ached*.

You must find him.

But how?

Staking out the gym was probably the best option. It was also the only option. But that also meant leaving the house

again. Day didn't like leaving the house. He really didn't like leaving the house.

He smothered his face in the coat and sighed, praying for answer, for guidance, for anything—

Check the pockets.

Day lifted his head.

Check the pockets, my boy.

Day patted down the coat, and he froze when he felt something.

There! A wallet!

Day pulled it out, gasping excitedly. He quickly thumbed through the wallet's contents, removing every card, receipt, and scrap of paper. He laid them all out on his bed in neat rows, and he couldn't stop smiling.

He had a name.

Cassidy Nash.

His angel was named Cassidy.

Day picked up the driver's license, and he grinned.

Now he had his angel's address.

OceanofPDF.com



Goldie woke with a loud groan, and his head was absolutely killing him.

What the fuck did he do last night?

He blearily stared at the two empty whiskey bottles on the coffee table.

Oh.

Right.

He managed to sit up, disturbing Purrncy, who had been cuddling next to him. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and fumbled around for his phone to turn off his alarm. He really needed to quit drinking so hard. It took a lot of liquor for a guy his size to feel anything, so it was damn expensive.

Not to mention he couldn't just go by the store now and pick up more since he didn't have his wallet.

Fuck.

Today was going to suck.

Stomach sloshing, he fumbled around the apartment to get ready for work. He sent a text to the manager of the gym to let him know he was going to be late. The tardiness had little to do with the hangover. He was always punctual even when he was feeling under the weather, but he needed time to run by the bank and try to make a withdrawal.

If not for liquor, he wanted to at least have a decent meal tonight.

He had an expired driver's license he could use, figuring it was better than nothing. He hoped the bank would take it and not be dicks about it being expired. If not, there was no telling how long it was going to take him to get new identification, a new debit card, new everything...

Goldie sighed.

What a giant pain in the ass this was going to be.

He didn't regret helping out the young man yesterday, but he wished he'd remembered to grab his stupid wallet out. He found himself hoping that the young man had somewhere warm to stay last night. He hated to think of him in an alley shivering, starving, and alone.

Now he was just making wild assumptions, but he wasn't sure what else to think.

The young man hadn't said a single word to him.

While the experience remained puzzling, Goldie also found it humbling. As miserable as he was this time of year, his life could be a lot worse. He took so much for granted when in fact he was very lucky.

He had a good job, a home with running water and heat, and he could buy groceries and medicine. Even after all of these years, he still got royalties from any wrestling merchandise sold with his likeness. He had the means to spoil his cat absolutely rotten and buy all the fancy treats and food she wanted.

He had a lot to be thankful for.

Two bad his depression didn't give a shit.

After using the bathroom, Goldie pulled his pill organizer out of the medicine cabinet. He took his morning dose of steroids and anti-inflammatories plus an antacid to ease the inevitable stomach cramps. He needed to ease off the drugs for a while to give his ulcer time to heal, but he could barely walk if he didn't take them.

“Damned if I do, damned if I don’t,” he mumbled.

He slapped a lidocaine patch across the base of his neck and then two more down on his lower back. He didn’t really think they did much, but he continued to hope that he could trick his body into responding to them to help get him moving.

Mornings were the worst. He was always stiff and sore, and sleeping on the couch had been a spectacularly bad idea. Not that he had *meant* to pass out there, and he swore to himself that he would make it to his bed tonight.

It was Friday, so he only had to make it through today. Then he’d have the whole weekend to rest and relax and do absolutely nothing.

Glorious, wonderful nothing.

Well, except Goldie finally checked his phone and saw he had an unread text message from Florence. He hadn’t noticed it when he was fighting with his alarm because he’d still been half asleep. It had been sent last night long after Goldie had already zonked out, and he made a face when he read it.

hey man u busy this weekend

So much for his glorious nothing.

He knew if Florence was asking, that meant he was coming to town and would expect to have one of their usual hangout sessions. The idea of sitting around and reminiscing over beer in some dirty sports bar didn’t sound like a good time, and Goldie debated how he was going to reply.

He could ignore it, but Florence would just show up at his front door if he didn’t answer. Florence was one of the only people in the world that had a spare key to his place.

He could lie and say he had plans, but Florence was nosey. He’d ask questions. He’d want to know what the plans were and who they were with.

Accepting his inevitable fate, Goldie replied:

Nothing much, you?

The phone rang.

Goldie groaned loudly.

The whole point of texting was to avoid talking, and he really did not want to answer. He waited for the ringing to stop, hoping Florence would take a hint and just leave a message.

The phone rang again.

Dammit.

Goldie picked up. "Hello?"

"Ha, you are awake!" Florence cheerfully greeted him. "Getting ready for work?"

"I was until you called," Goldie grumbled, heading back to his bedroom.

"Oh, I'm sorry, princess. You need me to let you go so you can do your hair?"

"Fuck off." Goldie smiled as he plopped down on the edge of his bed. "What the hell are you doing up so early?"

"Getting ready for work, same as you. Just checking in. I'm coming around your way this weekend, wanted to see if you were free. Which I'm guessing you are."

"I might have plans," Goldie replied defensively.

"Yeah?" Florence challenged. "What plans?"

"I met someone." Goldie smirked.

Ha, it wasn't a lie.

Technically.

"Oh?" Florence sounded intrigued. "Serious?"

"Still early, but maybe. I hope."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"What? You can't see shit. We're on the phone."

"No, but I can hear that big ass smile on your face." Florence laughed. "All right, damn. Good for you. I guess you're too busy to be a guest on my podcast then, huh?"

“A what on the what now?”

“My podcast. Me and you.”

Goldie was instantly suspicious. “You’ve never asked me to be on your stupid show before.”

“Ow, that hurts. Asshole.” Florence chuckled. “Well, I’m asking now.”

“Why?”

“Do you remember your golden cape from your second heavyweight championship?”

Goldie blinked. “The wings?”

“Yeah, the big ass golden wings!”

Goldie laughed in surprise. “Yeah, I do. Totally got the idea for them after I saw RuPaul on the VH1 Fashion Music whatever it was Awards back in, like...” His brow furrowed. “1995? ’96? God, that was a fucking lifetime ago.”

“Yeah, yeah, well, whatever. Listen.” Florence’s tone grew serious. “Those wings just sold at auction for over fifty big ones.”

“Fifty thousand?” Goldie scoffed. “*Dollars?*”

“Yeah, buddy. Seems like you still got quite the fan base out there. Everybody’s talking about you.”

“Everybody where?”

“On social media!” Florence groaned. “Come on, man. Twitter, Instagram, all that shit. You are literally a trending hashtag right now—”

“I don’t know what that means.”

“Where’s Goldilocks gone. Hashtag, WGG for short. It’s insane, man. Everybody is talking about their favorite matches of yours, how much they wished you could have come back from the Syndicate. They’re actually writing to Global Wrestling and telling them that letting you go was the dumbest thing they’ve ever done.”

Goldie did not like where this was going. “So?”

“So, I wanted to see if you wanted to come on the podcast with me.”

Goldie scowled. “Seriously?”

“Yeah, man! We sit down, we hang out, we talk like we always do—”

“Except I’ll be recorded, yeah?”

“Yeah! How about it?”

Goldie sighed.

He could tell Florence was excited, no doubt salivating at the chance to have an exclusive interview with him. Florence had never seemed that interested in having him on the show before. Then again, Goldie hadn’t been a trending pound sign or whatever it was before either.

“I’ll think about it,” Goldie said at last. “I just woke up, I’m tired, but I’ll think about it, okay?”

“Okay!” Florence exclaimed as Goldie had already said yes. “Can’t wait to see you, buddy! I should be by Sunday—”

“Man, I might be busy—”

“No, wait, wait. Next Sunday! *Next!*” Florence laughed. “Got my dates all mixed up. I’ll be coming into town next weekend.”

“I still might be busy, you know.”

“Ha! Well, good luck. You can tell your new fellow to come over. Let him meet a real wrestling legend.”

“Eat a dick, Flo.”

“Later, man!”

Goldie rolled his eyes and hung up.

It was weird to think that there were still people out there who were big enough fans of his to drop thousands of dollars on his old gear. He was surprised that he had become a trending anything after more than a decade had passed, but it made him smile. He actually sort of wished he had some of

that social media stuff to check it out, but he decided it was better not to.

Goldie didn't understand a whole lot about the Internet or how viral things worked, but he did know they didn't tend to last.

This outpouring of praise and interest wouldn't be around long.

He knew that was why Florence was making his move now, to catch Goldie and use his popularity for his own benefit. It was a shitty thing to think about his friend, but Goldie knew Florence was a businessman first and foremost. The podcast was important to him, and it would be good to get Goldie on if people were really that interested to find out how he'd been doing since his retirement.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

It would be nice to give fans his side of the story now that he wasn't worried about losing a contract. He could tell them about the surgery and physical therapy and share everything he'd been through. He could tease about returning to the ring, really get them all going, and—

Purrcy began her morning yowling from the kitchen for food.

“Hang on, hang on,” Goldie called. “Daddy's comin'. Be right there, your highness.”

Purrcy continued to meow.

Who was Goldie kidding?

The only ring in his future was the damn ringing in his ears from his headache.

Goldie wanted to get changed out of his sweats and get dressed for the day, but he knew Purrcy wouldn't stop fussing until she was fed. He pulled out the frozen dinner he'd forgotten about from the microwave so he could pop in her food. He decided he could just eat it for a quick breakfast.

The meatloaf or whatever it was supposed to be was hard as a brick and just as tasty.

Maybe he'd skip breakfast today.

Once Purracy's food was ready, he set it on the floor for her. "There you go, madam. Enjoy."

Purracy stared at her bowl, and then flicked her eyes up at Goldie as if displeased with her offering.

"Remember. You, fuzzy butt, freezing cold."

Purracy meowed.

"Yeah, that's what I thought." He tossed the old dinner in the trash and was crossing back by the front door to head to his bedroom when there was a knock on the door.

At this early hour, his heart clenched in dread.

His first thought was that his next door neighbor's ex-boyfriend had come back around. The mother of two, Dana, had some trouble last week when her ex put his hands on her. Goldie had raced to her apartment when he heard her and the kids screaming, and he got a hold of the ex-boyfriend and dragged him downstairs.

All three flights.

Totally worth the backache the next day.

He was pretty sure that piece of human garbage was in jail now, but he couldn't imagine anyone knocking on his door at a quarter of seven unless it was an emergency.

Goldie peered through the peephole.

Holy shit.

It was the young man.

He was wearing the trench coat Goldie had given him yesterday as well as his backpack. His headphones were slung around his neck, and he was holding a to-go tray with coffee. In his other hand was Goldie's wallet.

Goldie immediately opened the door, smiling brightly. "Hey!"

The young man's smile was shy, but he waved with the hand holding the wallet.

“Come on in.” Goldie ushered the young man inside. “Wow, I really never thought I was gonna see you again. You brought my wallet back. Oh, well, I guess that’s how you found me, huh? My license? And coffee!” The tray had four cups. “That’s a lot of coffee.”

The young man didn’t say anything, but he was still smiling. He didn’t seem to notice the wild collection of memorabilia around him as his only focus was on Goldie. He grinned and handed him the wallet.

Goldie saw there was a slip of white paper sticking out, and he opened his wallet to see what it was.

It was a receipt from a local coffee shop, and there was a note on the back written in curly cursive handwriting.

“Dear Mr. Nash, I borrowed money to buy you coffee. I didn’t know what kind you would like. Hi. My name is Day,” Goldie murmured as he read it.

Ah, so that was why there was so much coffee.

The young man politely set the tray down on Goldie’s coffee table and then took a step back. He clasped his hands together, looking around with wide eyes as he finally seemed to notice the big collection of wrestling merch. He tiptoed toward the shelf, clearly entranced by the various items.

“Well, hi, it’s nice to meet you, Day,” Goldie said. “You can call me Goldie. Most of my friends do.” He looked over the tray of coffee. The cups weren’t clear, so he wasn’t sure what he was picking when he grabbed one, but coffee was coffee, and it smelled awesome. “Thank you so much for bringing my wallet back. And the coffee.”

Day glanced back at Goldie, and he tugged on the collar of the trench coat.

“Well, you’re welcome for the coat. Hope it’s keeping you warm enough out there, huh?” Goldie took a slow sip of coffee, and he sat down on the couch with a grunt. The coffee was a bit sweet, maybe vanilla or something, but he kept drinking it.

Day nodded, and he smiled again. He pointed at the posters and then at Goldie with a quirked brow.

“Yup, that’s me.” Goldie’s smile dipped. “I used to be a professional wrestler. You ever watch wrestling?”

Day shook his head.

“Ah.”

Well, that definitely eliminated Day being a starry-eyed fan, so then why was he so captivated by Goldie yesterday? What was that all about?

Maybe it was Goldie’s ruggedly handsome good looks.

Ha.

“You can have some of this coffee if you’d like,” Goldie offered. “I’m not gonna drink it all.”

Day smiled and shook his head again.

Goldie watched Day for a few moments, amused by his curious exploration of the memorabilia.

Day seemed particularly impressed with the championship belt once he got the dirty laundry out of the way so he could see it properly. He stood the toppled action figures along the shelf after carefully inspecting each one as if they were made of glass. He was smiling like it was Christmas or something, and Goldie was struck by the weird thought that Day hadn’t seen a lot of toys.

Goldie could have easily made a crack about how he had more exciting stuff in the bedroom, but that didn’t feel right.

There was something about Day that seemed... special.

Innocent, maybe? Perhaps even a touch naive?

After all, what kinda guy came looking for a stranger and let himself be invited into the stranger’s house?

For all Day knew, Goldie was a crazy killer or something.

Of course, Goldie wasn’t and there hadn’t been anything exciting in his bedroom for several years now, but this did make him question how trusting Day was. He looked so very

young, and Goldie felt more than a bit lecherous as he admired the long lines of Day's legs. He quickly diverted his thoughts away from the rampant filth they were surely trying to dive into, and he cleared his throat.

Day looked back at him.

"Are you from around here, Day?" Goldie asked politely.

Day nodded.

"Okay, do you have somewhere to go? A safe place to stay?"

Day nodded again, moving on to the next shelf and fixing the arrangement of cups and keychains.

Goldie didn't want to press the obvious question, but he was curious. "I'm sorry to ask, but can you talk?"

Day shook his head, looking back to Goldie with his index finger over his lips.

"Oh, okay." Goldie wasn't sure what that meant exactly, but he took it as Day not being able to speak. He didn't want to pry beyond that as it would have been rude and the cause might be potentially unpleasant, so he asked instead, "Do you sign at all? Not that I can, heh, but I could learn if it would help bein' able to talk to you."

Day smiled and shook his head. He pointed at himself and then moved his hand through the air as if he was writing something.

"You just write stuff down, huh? Like the note?" Goldie yawned, pausing to take a big gulp of coffee.

Day nodded and went back to straightening out the shelves.

Goldie had almost made it through the first cup, and he was still tired. He was actually getting *more* tired, which was weird. He blamed his hangover and finished off the cup he was currently drinking so he could grab another.

This one was some sort of wintery spice flavor and very sweet.

He'd have to tell Day to cut back on the sugar next time.

Next time—Hell, Goldie hadn't even had Day inside his apartment for ten minutes and he was already thinking about seeing him again. There was something so endearing about watching Day fix up his old wrestling stuff as if they were magical artifacts truly worthy of such devoted attention, and Goldie was no longer in a hurry to leave.

He could go to the bank later.

Fuck, he might not even go to work today.

Goldie hadn't used a single sick day in about two years, and he could stand to miss one day to get to know Day a little better. Besides, he wasn't totally convinced that Day actually had anywhere to go, and he wanted to help him. He couldn't explain the insistent urge he felt to take care of Day, but it was clear to Goldie that Day was in serious need of some assistance.

Goldie was far from rich, but he could help Day out with some food, a little bit of cash, or maybe some clothes and a pair of shoes that didn't have any holes in them.

Anything to see that dazzling smile again.

Goldie got his phone from the bedroom, texting that he wasn't going to be coming into work today period and to let his clients know he'd see them all next week.

Fuck it.

“That was the prize you could get for mailing in five box tops from Goldie-O's cereal,” Goldie said as he came back out to the living room, seeing Day closely examining a small golden figure of himself. “It's not really gold, of course. Just cheap paint on even cheaper plastic, but wow, kids went crazy for it.”

Day smiled, and he gingerly placed the figure back up with the others.

“You really don't have to do that, you know.” Goldie yawned again, sitting back on the couch. “Purrey is always

knockin' stuff over, and I just hadn't felt like reorganizing it, you know?"

Day mouthed, "Purrey?"

"Oh! My cat." Goldie looked around, but he didn't see any immediate sign of her. "She's here somewhere. Not allergic to cats, are you?"

Day shook his head.

"Okay, good. I don't exactly have people over much, so she's probably hiding."

Day had finished with the big shelf, and he walked over now to the series of smaller shelves above the television. He pointed at the one right above the TV with a frown, clearly questioning why there wasn't anything on it.

"Yeah, that one's about empty now." Goldie chuckled. "It's one of Purrey's favorite spots to hang out, and I think I'm gonna let her have it. Tired of putting the crap back up there every time she knocks it off."

Day turned around to face Goldie, and he stuck his hands in the pockets of the trench coat. He smiled, and he was watching Goldie expectantly, as if he was waiting for something.

What for, Goldie had no idea.

"So," Goldie said, "you have any family here? Parents? Brothers, sisters?"

Day's smile faltered, and he shook his head.

"Hey, I'm sorry." Goldie wished he could reach out and take Day's hand, but he was having trouble keeping his eyes open now. "I didn't mean to upset you. Losing the people you love is the worst... my parents... they..." He blinked a few times, his thoughts fogging over, and he was worried he was about to pass out. "I'm sorry, I..."

This couldn't be from the hangover, and he hadn't had anything else to eat or drink all morning except for some water with his medicine, and—oh, the *coffee*.

“Is there something...?” Goldie couldn’t put the words together to make a complete sentence. It was worse than being drunk, and his brain was melting into nothing. He tried to set the coffee down, but he missed the edge of the table. It dropped, spilling all over the carpet. He reached for it, the room spun, and then he fell right off the couch flat on his face.

Day was eerily calm, and he didn’t make a move to help Goldie.

Fear spiked through Goldie’s core, and he knew something was very wrong now. Every primal sense in his head was screaming that he was in danger, and he had to act fast. He had to get up. He had to get out of here. He had to run.

“What did...” Goldie pushed himself up on his hands and knees, but he couldn’t get his limbs to cooperate and stand the rest of the way. The carpet was calling him back down, and his body weighed a thousand pounds. It was impossible to move now, and his eyes were closing no matter how hard he tried to keep them open as he fell back to the floor. “What did you... what did you do? What’s wrong with that coffee?”

Day pulled something out of his pocket. It was a small, white piece of paper. He set it on the coffee table in front of Goldie and then tapped it insistently.

Goldie clumsily grabbed it, but he couldn’t immediately read what it said. The words wouldn’t hold still long enough so he could focus on them, and his head was swimming faster. He grunted, fighting through the fog to make out what it was Day wanted him to see.

There wasn’t any handwritten note this time. It was a receipt with a single purchase:

Zzz-Ease x 20

“Sleeping... sleeping pills?” Goldie managed to look up at Day, and his stomach turned violently. “You gave me... sleeping pills? How... How many did...?”

Day smiled.

“Shit.” Goldie dropped the receipt, and he threw his arm up on the couch, feeling around urgently as he struggled to

stay conscious.

He needed to find his phone and call for help. Shit, where was his phone? Where did he leave it?

Oh, fuck, he'd left it back in his bedroom after he was done talking to Florence. He'd gotten distracted when Purrey started fussing for her breakfast, and it was probably sitting right there on his bed.

New plan, new plan.

He should scream or yell or something, anything, anything at all.

Anything...

Shit.

The last thing he saw before he passed out was Day's smile beaming down at him.

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Goldie groaned as he came to, and he tried to reach up to rub his head. God, it was pounding, and he grunted when his hand caught on something. His memory was fuzzy, and he didn't immediately remember what had happened. He opened his eyes, waiting for them to focus, and discovered he was in bed. He pulled his arms again, but he was still stuck.

No, just not stuck.

He was *handcuffed*.

Goldie's heart leapt into the back of his throat when he saw his hands were handcuffed above his head to the headboard, and he instantly regretted ever buying a cast iron bed frame. He'd certainly thought about being tied up to the thick rungs, but definitely never under these particular circumstances.

Day had drugged him.

Sweet apparently not so innocent Day had fucking drugged him and...

He'd somehow managed to drag Goldie into his own bed and handcuff him. While that was pretty impressive as Day didn't look like he was strong enough to stand through a big gust of wind, Goldie was much more concerned with escaping as soon as possible.

The bedroom door was shut, and he didn't see any sign of Day.

Wait, his phone!

Goldie tried to lift his head and look down at the foot of his bed where he thought he'd left his phone earlier, but he didn't see it.

Either that's not where he'd left it or Day had taken it.

Wait, no. Goldie had brought it with him to the living room to text work that he wasn't going to be coming in today, which meant no one would be wondering where he was and no one would think to come looking for him all weekend.

Fuck.

Goldie was a complete and total moron.

Day was probably robbing him blind right now.

It had to be because of that stupid auction that Florence had told him about. Goldie was trending or whatever it was now, and Day had to have recognized him when they bumped into each other on the street.

That could have even been a setup, Goldie realized.

Day could have seen the auction and looked Goldie up online. Once he figured out Goldie was a local, he could have kept searching until he found out where Goldie worked and planned the whole thing to get in good with him.

That was why Day was so fascinated with all of the merchandise. He was appraising everything he was planning to steal from him, that little shit.

Goldie didn't know if Day really was as bad off as he appeared or if that was part of an act to gain his sympathy, but either way didn't excuse drugging Goldie and tying him to the damn bed.

He didn't even have a damn shirt on, still just in his sweats and a tank top from last night.

It was dark outside, but he had no idea what time it was. Not knowing how many pills Day had drugged him with, there was no telling how long he'd been passed out.

Shit, Day could have killed him.

The thought made Goldie's stomach clench, and he decided it was time to get the fuck out of here.

He pulled at the cuffs and shook the bed frame as hard as he could. He slammed it back against the wall, hoping that Dana would be home and she'd hear the noise. "Hey!" he shouted. "Hey! Hey! Come on! Can you hear me?"

The bedroom door slammed open, and in came Day.

"Oh, you're still here?" Goldie spat.

Day bared his teeth, his angelic face contorted in rage, and he launched himself onto the bed. He jumped on Goldie's chest and slapped his hands over Goldie's mouth, shushing him urgently.

"Fuck you!" Goldie yelled through Day's fingers. He opened his mouth and caught Day's hand, biting as hard as he could.

Day yelped, jerking his hands away. He growled and bopped Goldie's forehead. He shook his finger at him like he was scolding a dog.

"Are you fucking serious right now?" Goldie scoffed.

Day held up his pinkie where Goldie's teeth had left dents but hadn't quite broken skin.

"What? Yes! I bit you!" Goldie scowled furiously. "You drugged me and tied me to my fucking bed. How about you finish robbing me and get the fuck out of here?"

Day's brow furrowed, and he mouthed something, maybe "Robbing?"

Something like that.

Day shook his head and rolled his eyes.

Goldie tried to buck up and knock Day off of him, but he couldn't arch his back high enough off the bed. The attempt hurt like hell, and he winced as pain shot down his hip and his leg. He didn't manage to accomplish anything except to give Day a little shake and conclude he had to have been passed out

for at least twelve hours because his meds had definitely worn off.

Day arched his brow, clearly not impressed.

“Come on.” Goldie tried again, ignoring the pain and pushing up as hard as he could.

Day lurched forward and caught himself on the bed frame. He slid down so he was sitting on Goldie’s stomach, and then he slammed down with his full weight.

“Asshole!” Goldie wheezed, the air knocked right out of him.

Day smirked smugly.

Goldie twisted his hips, and Day just scooted farther down so Goldie couldn’t move. He ignored how pleasant Day’s ass felt right fucking *there*, and he glared at the beautiful and very infuriating would-be thief. His back was throbbing now, and a small fire had broken out in his hip and lower back.

Oh, if this was ten years ago, he would have flipped Day right off onto the damn floor.

Yes, Goldie still would have been handcuffed, but at least Day would be eating carpet.

“Help! Dana! Hey! Kids! Anybody!” Goldie shook the headboard, shouting at the top of his lungs. “*Help!*”

Day gritted his teeth and grabbed one of Goldie’s pillows. He shoved it on top of Goldie’s face.

Goldie didn’t panic. He’d been held in many chokeholds and strangled and smothered with props for years. He knew how to hold his breath and really sell it.

Then again, that was always inside a ring with safety measures like hand signals and a referee and...

Shit.

Day didn’t seem to be letting go anytime soon, so Goldie went still.

He could breathe a little if he turned his head to the side, and his thoughts ran together as he tried to figure out what to do. The situation wasn't great. He had no idea if Dana or her kids or anyone else could have heard him. It was possible they heard the noise and assumed the noises were from normal nocturnal bedroom activity.

Shit, shit, *shit*.

No phone, no way to call for help, and he couldn't break out of the handcuffs.

Think, Goldie, fuckin' think!

Maybe the best thing he could do was wait for Day to take whatever he wanted and then scream his head off after he was gone. As long as Day was here, he was going to stop Goldie from getting help, and one of these attempts to silence him could turn lethal.

Goldie waited for Day to finally remove the pillow, and he tried to gauge his reaction.

Day appeared cautious, but he didn't seem surprised Goldie was breathing.

That was good. It hopefully meant he hadn't intended to kill Goldie, just quiet him.

"Look," Goldie said, a bit breathless, "just take what you want, okay? The belt, the figures, the stupid Goldie-O's toy, whatever. I don't care. Just take it all and go."

Day's eyes widened, and he was visibly stung.

"What?" Goldie didn't understand. "You're here to take all the wrestling shit, aren't you?"

Day shook his head.

Goldie's head was hurting still, his many joints were protesting, and he didn't feel like holding his temper. Given the current situation, he decided it was an absolute miracle that he had up until this point. He reared up, snapping his teeth as he snarled, "Then what the fuck do you want, huh?"

Day's eyes widened, and he recoiled, blinking rapidly in obvious shock and on the verge of tears.

Goldie had to bite his tongue to stop himself from apologizing.

No.

He was not going to feel bad for hurting the feelings of the man who had drugged him and tied him up.

Day pointed at Goldie, silently mouthing, "You."

Fuck.

"Me?" Goldie wanted to slam his head into the headboard when Day nodded frantically. "You're here because of *me*?"

Day beamed.

"But you don't know anything about wrestling? You don't know who I am?"

Day shook his head.

"And you..." Goldie sighed haggardly. His back was on fire, and his hip was throbbing. "For fuck's sake, if you're gonna leave me like this, can you at least get my fucking medicine?"

The harsh language made Day flinch, but surprisingly he jumped up. He looked around the bedroom as if in search of it.

"Bathroom," Goldie droned. "Diclofenac sodium, tramadol, and some fresh lidocaine patches would be fucking super."

Day repeated the words with little twitches of his mouth, and then he dashed out of the bedroom.

Goldie thought about trying to scream again, but he was in a very precarious position. Until these cuffs were off, he couldn't do much to stop Day from smothering him or worse.

Not unless he could get his legs around that skinny kid and choke him out.

Then maybe.

He definitely entertained the thought when Day came back with an armful of medicine. He could almost stretch out his leg far enough to hook Day's shoulder, but he decided against it when the slightest twitch made his back ache more.

Day hadn't found the pill organizer, and instead he was carrying pill bottles and a box of patches from under the sink. He set everything on the bedside table, pausing to pick up each item and read the prescription.

"Look, just get one of those, two of those, and one of those." Goldie tried to point at the bottles as he spoke.

Day picked out the pills, but he only got one of each.

"Hey, I said two for those little oval ones."

Day pointed at the bottle and held up one finger.

"I don't care what the prescription says. I can take two."

Day held up one finger more emphatically.

"Oh, for fuck's... Okay, fine. Please just give them to me."

Day left the room.

"Hey! Where are you going now?" Goldie craned his neck to see what Day was doing, but gave up when he couldn't see two feet past the bedroom doorway. "Fucking *great*."

He could distantly hear cabinets opening in the kitchen and then Purracy's annoyed yowling.

Purracy!

Goldie's dread hit a new level of fear, and he was suddenly terrified that Day might hurt his pet. He'd hate to have to kill Day, but he'd do what he had to.

He heard the microwave door open and shut. About a minute later, it dinged, and Purracy had stopped meowing.

Did Day...

No.

No, he fucking wouldn't...

Would he?

Goldie felt sick.

Day walked back in with a cup of water and a Goldilocks Goofy straw.

“What did you do to Purrpy?” Goldie demanded, immediately assuming the worst. “Where is she?”

Day sat on the edge of the bed and made a munching motion with his hand.

“Wait, you fed her?” Goldie narrowed his eyes. “How did you know to put it in the microwave for her?”

Day snorted. He held his hand in front of his face like a bowl, and then he made a snooty face and turned away from it.

“Oh.” Goldie couldn’t hide his surprise. “You tried to feed her right out of the can and she wouldn’t eat it, huh?”

Day shook his head.

“Thanks. You know. For not...” Goldie swallowed hard, hating how he and his beloved pet were literally at Day’s mercy. “For not hurting her.”

Day frowned and shook his head again. He picked up the pills to stick in Goldie’s mouth. He offered the cup out, lining up the straw so Goldie could take a sip.

Goldie drank deeply, eager to wash down the medicine and struck by a sudden thirst. He didn’t stop until he heard the telltale slurp of an empty cup. “Thank you.”

He’d said it reflexively, realizing after it was already out that it was probably unnecessary to thank the person who had kidnapped him inside his own home. He wanted to survive this, however, and for now playing nice might be his best bet.

Day smiled though, and he mouthed, “You’re welcome.” He picked up the lidocaine patches, giving them a wiggle and arching his brows questioningly.

“Yeah, uh...” Goldie hesitated. “Look, they’re all on my back. You don’t have to—”

Day grabbed Goldie's hip and pushed just so, effortlessly forcing him to twist over onto his side.

"Ow! Fuck!" Goldie hissed in pain, his lower back lighting up at the rough treatment and his wrists stinging from the bite of the cuffs. "Easy, okay?"

Day rubbed Goldie's side in what may have been an apology. He pushed up Goldie's tank top to find the patches and peel them off.

Goldie froze when he realized Day would have to pull his pants down to put new patches on. He wore them pretty low, practically just on the top of his butt, and he hated how hot he blushed. This was ridiculous.

It had been far too long since anyone had seen his bare ass.

He tensed, preparing himself to be groped or grabbed. He really had no idea what Day would do, and he wanted to be ready for anything.

Day didn't seem interested in doing any groping, only meticulously placing the new patches exactly where the previous ones were. He only lowered Goldie's pants just enough to put the patches on and then immediately pulled them back up. Gently, he rolled Goldie back over.

"Thanks," Goldie said.

Day smiled brightly.

Goldie's heart thumped. He wondered if he'd hit his head when Day dragged him into bed. He cleared his throat. "There's, uh, one more."

Day tilted his head.

"It's here on the back of my neck."

Day leaned in close, sliding his hand over Goldie's shoulder. He patted around the collar of his tank top until he found the edge of the patch and then he peeled it off.

Goldie considered jerking up and cracking his head right into Day's nose. It wouldn't have been hard, but again

wouldn't do much to increase his odds of surviving this bizarre ordeal.

Day's eyes were a rich shade of brown that reminded Goldie of warm, delicious coffee—ha, like the coffee Day had used to drug him.

Damn, Goldie had to keep it together.

Day opened up a new patch, and he frowned as he seemed to realize it was going to be awkward to get it into position since Goldie was handcuffed on his back. He crawled right back on top of Goldie, straddling his hips.

Goldie commanded his cock to stand down.

Do not engage. I repeat, do not fucking engage. Yes, it feels very nice, but that deliciously firm ass is attached to a whole wagon of whacko!

Day grabbed a big handful of Goldie's hair to sweep it out of his way. He pulled Goldie's head forward, urging him to sit up, which was next to impossible with his arms trapped above his head. Day pressed close, wiggling the patch around and trying to put it in the correct spot.

Goldie was struggling to ignore how good it felt to have a beautiful young man on top of him, and he was losing fast. Day's face was hovering right next to his, and Goldie's eyes drifted to his full, pouty lips.

Day finally got the patch more or less straight, but he didn't pull away. He remained as he was, resting on Goldie's broad chest with his arms loosely wrapped around Goldie's shoulders. He was smiling, shy and sweet, gazing longingly into Goldie's eyes.

Goldie had no idea what he'd done to earn that level of emotion, and it was flattering and equally uncomfortable. "So, uh."

Day's smile grew.

"When you said that you wanted me," Goldie said carefully, "what exactly did you mean by that? Like, do you

want my organs or something? I... I'd kinda like to know what I'm in for if you're not here to rob me."

Day's brow wrinkled, and he looked like he was lost in thought. He shifted back suddenly, giving himself enough space to touch his chest and then tap Goldie's.

"Huh?"

Day did it again, harder.

Goldie had no idea what Day was trying to say. His loins were continuing to insist on serving a very enthusiastic response to the gorgeous man straddling him, and he was having trouble keeping certain things from escalating of their own accord. He tried to think of anything to derail the desire, but not even reminding himself that Day had drugged him was enough.

Fuck, he had to be going insane.

Yup. That's all.

Just finally losing his mind.

Shaking his head, Goldie mumbled under his breath, "Dear God, please just wake me up already."

Day gasped.

"What?"

Day was grinning excitedly, and he hopped off Goldie to kneel beside the bed.

Though Goldie missed the physical contact, it was easier to focus now. He didn't have to worry about his dick getting hard and poking his kidnapper. He watched Day clasp his hands together and bow his head, and he had to bite back a laugh.

Day was praying.

Right now.

Goldie didn't get why Day decided right this very second was a good time to chat with God, and he was shocked when he heard Day *speak*.

“Dear God,” Day whispered, his voice husky and much deeper than Goldie would have expected, “I don’t know how to tell my angel that I’m not supposed to talk to him. I’m not supposed to talk to anyone. I can only talk to You. Father says that’s okay. Maybe this is sort of like fibbing, but—” He peeked up at Goldie. “—I don’t want my angel to hate me.” His eyes darted away. “I just... I just want him to know that I don’t want to hurt him. I’m just trying to understand.”

“Understand what?” Goldie said quietly. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to pretend that he didn’t hear Day or not, but he desperately wanted some answers.

“I need to understand why I can hear him,” Day whispered. “Why does he speak as an angel does when the world is drowning in filth? Why does he sound like a thunderstorm and the wind in the trees? I don’t know, a-and I’m afraid it’s a trick to distract me from my mission. I’ve never felt like this before, and I’m really, really worried it’s not real. He seems very nice, like *really* nice, and I know he wants to help me. But I don’t know how. I don’t know why he’s here. Please. Please help me understand, Lord.”

Day paused, inhaling shakily, and his eyes clouded with tears. He squeezed his hands together so tightly that his knuckles turned white, adding sadly, “I have been so lonely since You took Father away. I miss him every day. I want this to be a gift from You. Please, *please* let it be a gift. I’ve tried to be so good, but it’s getting harder...” He sighed. “In Your holy name, I pray for your guidance to keep me on a good and righteous path. Amen.”

Goldie had listened intently, and he was even more confused than he was before. He didn’t have a clue what Day was talking about, but the pain in his eyes was real enough. Goldie had been inside the ring with dozens of guys who couldn’t sell a chest chop and the rare few who could have sold sulfur to the Devil.

Day’s anguish was definitely genuine but only raised more questions.

First of all, there was no doubt the poor young man was insane.

Praying and asking for Goldie to be his gift? Hearing thunderstorms and wind? And what mission exactly was Day on that kept him from talking when he definitely had the ability to? Had he taken a vow of fucking silence?

Growing up gay in a conservative religious household had left Goldie unimpressed with faith, and he wasn't familiar enough to speculate what particular denomination Day might be a member of.

Seven Day Druggists? Eastern Orthodox Kidnappers?

Dammit.

Now Goldie had to piss.

Day was still kneeling beside the bed, smiling sweetly and very pleased with himself for finding what was apparently a loophole in his not-speaking deal.

“So, uh.” Goldie cleared his throat for much longer than he needed to, his mind racing for what he was supposed to say in response to Day's prayer. “That's... nice.”

Day crawled back up on the bed to sit beside Goldie.

“You, uh...” Goldie cleared his throat again. He suddenly understood how gazelles felt when lions were creeping in on them. “You can't hear... other people?”

Day shook his head.

“But you can hear me?”

Day nodded, grinning.

“Okay. That's nice. Maybe that means I'm special somehow?”

Day shrugged.

“Special enough that you might be willing to let me out of these cuffs?”

Day's eyes narrowed, and that jumpy gazelle feeling was back.

“Look, I need to use the bathroom,” Goldie said, hoping the mention of bodily functions might stir Day into releasing him. “Please. I promise I’m not gonna kick you out or anything. I won’t even call the cops, I swear. I still want to help you.” He was surprised how much he meant that. “You need help, right?”

Day’s expression was uncertain, and he glanced over Goldie’s face warily as if searching it for any sign of deceit. He nodded slowly.

“Then let me try to help you,” Goldie pleaded, “and you can help me by letting me go to the bathroom.”

Day fidgeted, and he held up one finger and then two. He seemed to be asking a question.

“One or... oh! Just one. I just gotta piss,” Goldie replied.

Day abruptly left the room.

“Hey!” Goldie scowled. “What are you doing now?”

He listened, and he could hear cabinets in the kitchen opening and closing. Day was looking for something, although Goldie had no idea what. Maybe Day had hidden the key for the cuffs in there and forgot where he stashed it.

Instead of a key, Day returned with a plastic pitcher.

It took Goldie’s brain a moment to register what Day was intending to do with it. When Day sat beside him on the bed and started to pull the front of his pants down, it became clear.

“Whoa, whoa! Wait a second!” Goldie tried to scoot away. “Easy there, kitten. Why don’t you just let me up to go piss, huh?”

Day snorted, and he waved the pitcher.

“Come on now. You can’t be serious.” Goldie’s pulse was up, the throb tickling the back of his throat and flushing his face.

Day stared.

Goldie was overcome by helplessness, and the idea of Day grabbing his dick and making him pee in a pitcher made his

stomach turn. It was also creating a weird cloud of heat, and the unexpected blood flow headed between his legs.

No, there was no fucking way he was getting hard from this.

The shame of what was about to happen was humiliating and still somehow turning him on, and he couldn't explain why. He'd never felt so weak before and being out of control was wild and surprisingly thrilling. He told himself he was only going to go along with this because he wanted to keep Day happy.

Day couldn't hold him prisoner here forever, and Goldie's best chance of getting out of these cuffs was staying on his good side and playing along with this crazy angel bullshit. He was confident he could talk Day down and get him to release him, but it would take time.

Goldie reasoned that Day hadn't shown any signs of violence, and that made him more sure he could survive this if he continued to play nice. Day didn't want to hurt him. After all, he'd had multiple chances to, so Goldie made up his mind that the best way to get through this was do what Day wanted him to.

Plus, he really did have to piss.

"Okay, just... just do it." Goldie averted his eyes to the ceiling. He didn't think watching was going to help how uncomfortable this was.

Ever so delicately as if he was performing surgery, Day pulled Goldie's sweats down. He gently grabbed Goldie's cock, guiding it to the lip of the pitcher. He made a small grunt, as if signaling Goldie to go.

Except Goldie couldn't.

The pressure was right there and ready to burst, but he couldn't piss. He took a few deep breaths to relax, but it didn't help. Trying to piss in front of someone was awkward. Goldie used to have to do that for drug tests when he was a wrestler. But trying to piss in front of someone who was also holding

his half-hard dick and watching him was apparently impossible.

Day tugged on his dick.

“Hey! Hey now!” Goldie sputtered. “I’m trying, okay? This is a little weird, okay?”

Goldie couldn’t be sure since he was looking at the ceiling, but he swore he heard Day roll his eyes.

He took another deep breath, focused on getting the seal to break, and there, finally! He sighed in relief as he finally let go and pissed, relaxing now that the hard part of this was over. He was still quite aware of Day’s warm fingers, but he tried not to pay them any mind. He spared a quick glance at Day and was surprised to find he was also staring off at the ceiling.

Goldie had almost expected him to be sneaking a peek at his dick, but Day was acting surprisingly... what was the word? Medicinal? Clinical even? Was that it?

It seemed like this was something he’d done before, and Goldie grimaced.

Maybe he wasn’t Day’s first angel.

Now there was a horrifying thought.

When he was done, Day gave him a quick shake and then removed the pitcher. He pulled up Goldie’s pants politely and left to take care of the pitcher’s contents.

Goldie was never drinking out of that thing again, though he was happy he’d gotten to relieve himself. He willed his cock to behave, and he tried to gather himself together while he had some privacy. He attributed his dick’s actions to pressure and unexpected emotions, nothing more. He was tempted to try screaming for help again, but if he—

There was a knock at the door.

A very loud, aggressive knock.

Goldie’s heart fluttered.

Maybe Dana and the kids had heard him after all!

Day was back, flying into the room with a snarl and glaring at Goldie. He pointed back at the door, gesturing angrily.

“Don’t look at me like that!” Goldie protested. “It’s not like I can call anyone. I don’t know who the fuck it is.” He smiled weakly. “Hey, maybe it’s your sign from God. You did ask for one, right?”

Day actually appeared to be considering that.

“So, maybe you could go ahead and get these cuffs off me ___”

Day swiftly left the bedroom.

Alone again, Goldie sighed in frustration.

The door opened, but the sound was wrong. It was a heavy *clunk*, and there was a distinct snap of the chain breaking.

Wait, was someone actually breaking in here? Had Dana called the cops and they were breaking the door down?

Goldie tried to sit up, but he couldn’t with the stupid handcuffs holding him down. He tried to stretch over to see through the open bedroom doorway, but his spine disagreed and forced him back down.

Footsteps approached.

A broad man with a thick beard walked into the bedroom, and he was scowling.

Oh, *fuck*.

It was Dana’s ex-boyfriend, Michael Parker.

This was wonderful.

Handcuffed to a bed while the guy he’d personally dragged down three flights of stairs last week was standing right there.

Fucking fabulous.

Not to mention the extremely crazy young man who was hiding somewhere in his apartment who thought he was some kind of angel.

Shit.

Where was Day at? What was he doing?

Sure would be great if he gave Michael some fucking coffee.

“Waiting for a Grindr date, Princess?” Michael sneered. “Shoulda known big freak like you would be into some sick gay shit.”

Goldie didn't even flinch at the taunting, too busy zeroing in on the object in Michael's hand.

He had a gun.

Chills ran up Goldie's aching spine, and he wondered what kind of evil person he must have been in a past life to go out like this.

At least the chances of pissing himself were slim.

Fuck.

“Something I can help you with?” Goldie asked with all the courage he could muster. He refused to appear weak. “Need to find the stairs again?”

“Ha, that's real fuckin' cute,” Michael sneered. “You stupid bitch. You got me arrested and fucked up the biggest deal of my life! You're fucking dead!” He aimed the gun at Goldie. “When I'm done here with you, I'm gonna go get that lying bitch next door.”

“Don't you fucking dare! Don't you touch her!” Goldie leapt up, the cuffs catching him and cutting into his wrists. He thrashed as hard as he could, and the headboard rattled against the wall. “Fuck you, you fuckin' cowardly motherfuckin' piece of shit!”

Michael flinched, watching Goldie warily as if he was afraid the handcuffs might break. When they didn't, he laughed. “Wow. Nasty mouth you got, Princess. How about you just—”

A shadow appeared behind Michael.

It was Day!

He had the liner from the shower curtain, and he wrapped it over Michael's face from behind. His elbow firmly locked around Michael's neck, and he did not let go. His other hand shot out like a striking snake and snatched the gun away in a blink. His eyes were dark and hazy as if he was off on another planet, and he was terrifyingly calm.

Michael flailed like a wild animal, trying to reach back and claw at Day.

Day ducked his head out of the way, and he refused to loosen his grip for a second. He raised the gun and slammed it repeatedly into the side of Michael's head.

Michael only fought harder, gurgling and wheezing as he tried to break free.

Goldie could see Michael's desperate gasps and panting fogging up the clear vinyl, and he was too stunned to speak. Everything was happening so fast, and he'd sworn he was about to die a few seconds ago, his entire body trembling in the wake of an adrenaline surge.

When Michael got particularly frantic, Day brought his other hand up to the side of Michael's head.

Twist.

Pop.

Michael fell to the ground in a noisy heap of crinkling vinyl and heavy limbs.

"Holy fuck," Goldie gasped.

Michael was dead.

The faraway expression in Day's eyes was gone now, and he blinked quickly as if waking up. He looked around with a frown, and he sighed loudly when he saw the dead body at his feet. He appeared annoyed.

"What the actual fuck?" Goldie stared. "You... you killed him. I mean, okay, I appreciate not being shot, but..." His blood froze over as he recalled how calm Day was throughout the entire ordeal. "You've done this before. Haven't you?"

Day frowned.

“Well?”

Day clasped his hands together and closed his eyes. “Dear God, I really need my angel to understand that sometimes maybe my mission involves killing people.”

“Oh, *fuck*.”

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6

DAY



~~I'm gonna kill that bitch and her kids.~~

~~Fuck that stupid cunt. Fuck this stupid freak.~~

~~I'll kill again and again and again and again.~~

Day could still hear the man's filth echoing in his head when he saw the body at his feet. He'd done it again, but this time he could vividly remember what the man had said. That was new. He wondered if it had to do with his angel being here with him that was giving him some sort of new clarity.

That made him smile, although right now his angel didn't seem very happy with him.

"You need to call the police," Goldie was saying firmly. "You just killed someone. You understand that, right? That it's wrong?"

"Dear God," Day said, "please let my angel know that yes, I do know it's wrong, but my Father was charged by You to carry out Your wrath against those who would harm others, and that mission was passed to me when You took him to Your kingdom."

"What?" Goldie spat in disbelief.

Day sighed heavily. He wanted to put his headphones on so he wouldn't have to hear how upset Goldie was, but he decided not to. He had to fix this so Goldie would understand. "Oh, and God. Please let him know this man was going to kill

his neighbor and her kids, so it was very good that I killed him first. Thank you. Amen.”

“Come on. You knew that because you heard us talking,” Goldie accused, but he paused. “He didn’t say anything about hurting the kids.”

Day nodded and pointed at his ear.

Just because Goldie hadn’t heard it didn’t mean it didn’t happen.

Day knew that because Father explained that the gift couldn’t be shared. Only one person could have it at a time which is why Day didn’t get it until after Father died.

A gift and a curse, my boy.

Now, get rid of the body.

“Are you saying that God told you?” Goldie asked with obvious doubt. “Does He... talk to you?”

Day held up a hand to Goldie to tell him to wait.

He had to clean up his mess first.

Having looked around the apartment earlier while Goldie was still sleeping, Day knew what he was going to do already. He saw these things in his mind like a picture sometimes, and this was crystal clear. He opened the door to the balcony and then stepped outside.

It was freezing cold, and there was a light dusting of snow clinging to the screen. There was a big lawn chair, a table, and an elaborate cat-sized maze of platforms and ramps carpeted in fake grass and burlap. Day moved the chair and table to get to the screen in the corner.

Down below was the alley between this building and the next.

And an open dumpster.

Day smiled.

Go on, son. Take this as a blessing.

Day moved quickly. He carefully peeled the mesh back from one section of the screen, pulling it out from the staples piece by piece. He kept going until enough of the screen had been opened up to accommodate his needs.

The need, specifically, to shove a body out onto the street below.

Day returned to the bedroom, sparing a quick glance at Goldie.

Goldie appeared concerned.

Day grabbed the man's feet and dragged him through the apartment, being mindful of Purrty approaching the open screen door. He didn't want her to accidentally slip by him and discover the hole in the screen.

Purrty meowed loudly and darted out of the way, but her eyes remained fixed on the doorway.

Once Day had the man all the way outside, he shut the door behind him.

Careful now. Lift with your legs.

Day resisted the urge to roll his eyes, hauling the man up until he could get the upper half of his body onto the railing. That was arguably where most of the weight was, there at his torso, and then all Day had to do was wait for the right moment, let go, and allow gravity to do the rest.

He watched the man's body fall.

Thwump!

Clang!

The man's body landed in the dumpster, and the lid closed behind him.

A blessing, indeed.

Day put the screen back, fighting with numb fingers to get the mesh perfectly back into place beneath each individual staple. He wasn't sure how long it took him, and he lost track of time with the meticulous task. He rather enjoyed it, picking

at each strand with his fingernails, tucking them in over and over...

Wow, it was cold.

Day blinked himself out of the weird haze he'd gotten lost in. His fingers were so cold they burned, and his nose and lips were chilled. He had no idea how long he'd been out here.

He moved the chair and table back and then stepped inside. He shut the screen door, shooed away a very curious Purrcoy, and retrieved the liner for the shower curtain from the bedroom floor. He smiled at Goldie.

Goldie didn't smile back.

Well, shit.

Guess he was still upset about the man.

Day retreated to the bathroom to put the shower liner back up. He was starting to think that this may have been a mistake, and his stomach clenched miserably.

Not killing the man. No, that had to be done.

But maybe Goldie wasn't meant to be his angel. Maybe he shouldn't have come here after all.

Day wasn't sure what to do with that thought. There had to be a reason he could hear Goldie. There just had to be. Everything so far seemed to be happening as if part of a very special plan—meeting Goldie, finding his wallet, having that man show up when he did so Day could save Goldie...

But Goldie still seemed unhappy with him.

Perhaps he needs time.

Maybe.

Day sighed.

He still had a gun to get rid of and a door to fix.

The gun ended up on top of the medicine cabinet, hidden out of sight. The door was a bit harder. The man had picked the lock and snapped the chain, though the deadbolt remained intact. Upon closer inspection, Day realized it hadn't been

turned because it didn't line up properly with the plate in the frame.

All Day could do now was lock the doorknob.

He needed tools, something to reset the plate, and...

Day's head hurt.

He needed to eat. Eat, eat, eat.

Inside Goldie's fridge were some frozen dinners, and he followed the instructions to make two in the microwave.

Goldie was probably getting hungry by now too.

Day ate and then finished cleaning up until there was no sign that the man had ever been here except for the broken chain. He brought the other dinner to the bedroom and offered a smile again.

To his surprise, Goldie actually smiled back this time.

"Ah, I see you are a master chef like me," Goldie teased.

Day chuckled, shaking his head as he approached the bed with the little tray of food. It was frozen chicken nuggets, mashed potatoes, and an assortment of mixed vegetables. He offered a nugget to Goldie's lips.

"Thank you." Goldie accepted it and chewed, humming as if it was absolutely delicious.

Day waited for him to finish that one and then offered the next. He actually enjoyed this, and it made him smile as it reminded him so much of taking care of Father.

Such a good boy.

Once the nuggets were done, Day moved on to feeding Goldie the mashed potatoes and vegetables with a spoon. Goldie didn't say much, eagerly taking one bite right after another. He must have been really hungry. Day loved the quiet in a way. He didn't have his headphones on, and it was so peaceful and nice.

No filth. No cursing. No screaming.

Just wonderful, blissful silence.

“Thank you very much,” Goldie said when the tray was cleared.

Day nodded and smiled sweetly. He placed the fork in the tray and got up to take it back to the kitchen.

“You know, it would be a lot easier if you let me out of these cuffs,” Goldie said casually. “You wouldn’t have to keep waiting on me like this.”

Day paused, looking back at Goldie with a frown. He shook his head and shrugged, pretending he didn’t understand as he left.

He knew eventually he would have to take off the cuffs. It was mean to keep Goldie locked up like this, and he couldn’t do it forever. He would have to let Goldie go and hope he didn’t do anything that might interfere with the mission.

The mission mattered most.

The mission was *everything*.

If Goldie tried to stop him or called the cops...

No. Day was not going to think about that. He didn’t have to think about that because this was going to work out. Goldie would understand. They were going to be happy. Day was finally going to be happy.

You know what you’d have to do...

Day clamped his hands over his ears, gritting his teeth as he tried to quiet Father.

Not even his most sophisticated headphones could make *that* voice go away.

He waited until he thought Father was done, and he threw away the tray with the fork in it. He grumbled as he had to reach back into the trash to retrieve the fork and toss it into the sink. He thought Goldie might be thirsty and poured him a cup of tea from a jug he found in the fridge.

He still had more sleeping pills, but he hesitated.

No. He didn’t need to do that. Not again.

Day walked to the bedroom with the tea.

“Hey.” Goldie smiled. It was a little too friendly. “Can we try to talk some more?”

Day was immediately on guard.

“You saved my life,” Goldie said. “There’s no doubt about that. Michael would have killed me. So, when I say thank you, I really mean it. And thank you for Dana. And her kids too.”

Day nodded slowly.

“But,” Goldie began.

Ah, there it was.

Day scowled and took a step back.

“Hey, hear me out,” Goldie pleaded. “What I’m trying to say is that while I really appreciate your help, I think you might need some help. People don’t usually go around killing other people, okay? They don’t claim to have missions from God either.”

Day shook his head.

He doesn't believe you yet.

Day shook his head harder.

He thinks you're sick.

“I think you’re a very sweet kid, but you need to let me call someone,” Goldie went on. “Please? Before things get worse. I don’t know what you did with Michael’s body, I kinda don’t wanna, but you have to know someone is going to find it.”

Day huffed in frustration.

Of course someone was going to find it. It was a body in a dumpster. It was only a matter of time, but Day wasn’t worried about being caught. As long as he listened to Father, he’d be safe.

Always.

“People will have questions,” Goldie said. “You know someone could have seen you do... whatever it is you did.” He

took a deep breath. “Could you maybe let me out now and we can try to talk some more? Please?”

Day went back for the sleeping pills.

He nodded along while he fed Goldie sips of drugged tea, waiting for him to pass out again. Day was sad, and he didn't want to talk anymore tonight. He should have been in a good mood since he'd dispatched another evil soul, but he couldn't enjoy it.

Once Goldie was asleep, Day returned the cup to the kitchen. He got ready for bed, stripping down to his underwear and a thin T-shirt.

His thoughts were heavy when he laid down beside Goldie. His many doubts about whether or not this was actually where he was supposed to be were festering, and he wished that God would be more direct with his guidance.

Having that man show up when he did had to be a sign, right? Plus the dumpster right there under the balcony?

It had given Day a chance to save Goldie, his neighbor, and her family, and show Goldie what it is that Day's mission was all about.

But it didn't work.

Goldie thought he was sick.

Goldie didn't believe him.

He will, my son.

Day wanted to believe Father. He really did. He sighed miserably and rolled over to look at Goldie.

He'd turned off the lights for bedtime, but even in the darkness, he could make out little bits of Goldie's face—the broad lines of his nose, his soft lashes, and the curve of his lips.

Goldie was very handsome, strong, and so kind.

Day thought being here with Goldie could be part of God's plan for him, but he had to wonder if he felt this strongly because Goldie was attractive.

You need to spread your seed.

That is the way you stay sharp, strong, healthy.

Day rolled back the other way.

No, that wasn't right at all. He couldn't do that right now. He wouldn't.

Maybe he'd feel better if he got some sleep. He closed his eyes and wiggled around to get comfortable. He was tired. Hauling Goldie and the man around had done a number on his back, and he was sore.

Tense.

Anxious.

Maybe if he...

No.

Day was determined to go to sleep.

His thoughts drifted back to touching Goldie's cock, the heat of it in his hand, and how he'd longed to place a kiss right there in that thick nest of curls framing it...

He knew he shouldn't have looked. He was trying to be good. He used to help Father use a urinal can when he got sick. He figured it would be like that. He was helping, that was all.

With Goldie, however, it wasn't so simple.

Day's *feelings* weren't simple.

He wanted Goldie in ways that made his body throb and his head light, and again his mind was awash in the vivid fantasy of bowing his head down and then pressing a soft kiss in that intimate place.

Day's hand was between his legs before he knew it, and he rubbed his cock into his palm.

Oh, it wasn't right to want someone so much. He pressed into his palm more urgently, hoping he was being discreet. He was fairly certain Goldie was still asleep. He felt guilty

drugging him again, but he'd only given him a tiny bit this time.

His angel deserved a good night's sleep.

Day thought he'd heard Goldie stir, and he glanced back to gauge whether he was sleeping or not. Satisfied that Goldie was, Day turned back over to face him while he touched himself.

The bed was cozy and comfortable, and it smelled like Goldie. It was a warm blend of sweat and cologne that was uniquely his, and Day wanted to drown himself in it. He dared to scoot closer, trying to lean in and breathe in Goldie's scent directly from his skin.

He paused, waiting again to make sure Goldie stayed asleep.

It was hard to hear over his heart pounding in his ears, but he was pretty sure he could continue without being caught.

Feeling braver now, he dared to press his face right into Goldie's side. Oh, it was *heavenly*, and he greedily nuzzled his way up to Goldie's armpit for a luxurious inhale. Day pushed his own underwear down, quickly trying to get his cock out. He was losing himself fast, and he was desperate to come with that beautiful, musky scent in his nose.

He stroked himself with short jerks, focusing around the head of his dick, and he whimpered. He wanted to touch Goldie more, but he couldn't. That wouldn't be right. That wouldn't—

“Day?” Goldie's groggy voice rumbled.

Day froze exactly as he was, trying to hide what he'd been doing though he couldn't stop himself from panting. Maybe Goldie would just think he was trying to snuggle him and go back to sleep.

“What are you...?” Goldie turned his head to squint at Day. “Oh!”

Day gulped.

“Turn on the light,” Goldie said, his voice still drowsy but hoarser now. “Let me see.”

Day flinched. He didn’t know why the stern command affected him so, but he couldn’t fight the impulse to obey. He stretched his arm out to reach the lamp on the bedside table behind him, fumbling until he found the switch.

Orange-tinted light cast a glow over the room. It made everything look hazy and hot, though it wasn’t bright enough to hurt Day’s eyes. He blinked briefly to adjust and then turned to Goldie.

Goldie’s eyes were half-closed, his gaze fuzzy, but he was smiling slyly. “Look at you... Couldn’t help yourself, huh?”

Day shuddered and shook his head.

“Go on,” Goldie said. “Touch your dick. Let me see you.”

Day’s eyes widened.

Was this the same Goldie who told him he needed to call the cops and get help earlier? The same one who kept begging for Day to let him out of his cuffs? He didn’t understand why Goldie’s attitude had changed so drastically.

Does it matter? He wants you.

Day hesitated. He was having trouble thinking clearly through his own desire and scattered thoughts. He wondered if this was some new ploy to escape, but he couldn’t stop his hand from stroking himself. He wanted to make Goldie happy and do what he wanted. He nuzzled Goldie’s side, breathing him in again as he squeezed his dick.

“There you go,” Goldie murmured, his voice slightly slurred. “God, yeah. You’ve got such a pretty cock.”

Day had heard a lot of filth in his life. Hundreds upon thousands of disgusting garbage had flooded his head for years, but nothing had sent chills down his spine and made his very insides clench with lust the way they did listening to Goldie. He pushed his nose up into Goldie’s armpit, his tongue darting out to taste his salty skin.

“Mm, that’s nice,” Goldie mumbled. His eyes were closing again. “That’s real nice...”

Day glanced down at Goldie’s crotch. He could see Goldie’s cock bulging out the front of his sweats, and he whimpered. He glanced back up at Goldie’s face, but he couldn’t tell if he was awake or not. He nudged him, and there was no response.

Fuck.

Day shifted, trailing his lips over Goldie’s broad torso and hips, his stomach swimming with white-hot excitement. He nosed along Goldie’s hard cock through his sweats, moaning sharply at the wonderful scent of musk and heat.

He kept jerking himself off as he smothered his face in Goldie’s crotch. His cock was so wet that it was slipping through his fingers and making the most obscene sounds. He was getting dizzy as he pushed himself toward the edge, fantastic images flashing through his mind and driving the pumping rhythm of his hand.

Goldie on top of him while pounding him into the bed, Goldie kissing him and holding him tenderly as they fucked, and God, yes, Goldie’s hot cock sliding into his mouth.

Day dared to tease his lips through the sweats there at the thick base of Goldie’s cock where he’d been longing to kiss. He swore he could almost taste him even with the fabric in his way, and he flicked out his tongue, desperate for more. He lapped at Goldie’s cock until a small wet spot was forming in the fabric, and he got carried away, wrapping his mouth around the shaft with a low groan.

So close, fuck, he was so damn close. If he pulled Goldie’s sweats down just a few inches, he could have one quick little—Day suddenly cried out as he came hard enough to make his hips violently jerk forward.

Ducking his head against Goldie’s hip, he whined as he worked himself through the fast pulses of pleasure, tears in his eyes from the overwhelming rush. He lay there while he

caught his breath, his cheeks warm and flushed, heart pounding, and he smiled.

When he looked up at Goldie, he was certain Goldie was smiling back.

Yes, he was.

He had to be.

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When Goldie woke up, it took him a few seconds to decide whether or not he was really awake. His eyes were fuzzy and his head was horribly heavy. He'd had such weird dreams, and he didn't immediately register that Day was currently glued to his side and snuggling him like a koala bear. It felt good, and it would have been even better if he could wrap his arm around Day and hug him close.

But handcuffs. Right.

Goldie longed to rub the sleep crusties out of his eyes, but there wasn't anything he could do to relieve them. He was still really groggy, and he closed his eyes again, trying to hold on to the echoes of his dream.

It was so vivid.

He'd been dreaming about Day. He felt like a total perv, but he'd been watching Day jerk off next to him in bed, and he looked so hot and desperate that Goldie wanted to break the handcuffs and take him right then. He'd said some dirty stuff, and he swore he had actually felt Day's hot mouth teasing his cock through his sweats, and then...

Oh, *shit*.

No.

That wasn't a dream.

Day wasn't wearing a shirt because that's what he'd used to clean up with after he'd come.

That really happened. That was real.

Goldie flinched and his brain shut down briefly. He was certain Day had drugged him again. That was why he'd fallen asleep so fast. It must not have been as much as before because Goldie had been able to wake up and have that loopy ass dream that wasn't actually a dream.

His traitorous dick twitched as if angry with him that he hadn't told Day to finish the job.

Goldie had fallen back asleep before Day had the chance, and he was at least grateful it didn't seem like Day did anything else once he was back out.

As if that somehow made up for being tied to the damn bed and being drugged again.

Goldie ignored all that for now. His goal today was to get the fuck out of these handcuffs. His shoulders were aching from his arms being held up for so long, he needed to use the damn bathroom without any assistance, and he really wanted a shower.

At the moment, however, it was sort of nice to be held.

Day's skin was wonderfully warm against his own, and he looked so beautiful while he was sleeping. His arm draped over Goldie's chest was nice too, and Goldie actually found he didn't want to move just yet.

It had been a long time since someone had been in his bed with him, and the memories of Day touching himself last night sent intense electric chills down his spine—a spine that was currently aching because he needed his medicine, but he could stand a couple more minutes like this. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

Well, at least he tried to.

The early morning hour and reliving last night's events chubbed up his dick, and he wasn't comfortable. He wanted to shift his hips to get into a better position, but doing so risked waking up Day. He glared at his dick tenting the front of his sweats like a damn pole, and he tried to think of anything to deter his raging erection.

Like seeing Day kill someone.

There. That should do it.

Wait, no.

That only made it worse.

It had been *thrilling* to see Day dispatch an armed man so effortlessly, and he couldn't believe the strength hiding in that slender frame. Day had been fearless, methodical...

Okay, but he was also *insane*.

Yes, he'd undoubtedly saved Goldie's life, but the holy mission from God to kill people or whatever it was made zero fucking sense. Goldie wasn't an expert on religion, but he was fairly confident there was nothing in the Bible giving a pass for killing people. He was also certain the police would be here before too long looking for Michael, and he was honestly ready to give Day a strong defense.

Michael was going to kill Goldie. Day stopped him. The end.

Okay, but Day also refused to call the police and then did who knows what with the body.

Goldie sighed haggardly, and he couldn't take his discomfort another second. He tried to stretch his hips, tilting them at an angle as he pushed his feet toward the footboard. He heard and felt his hips and knees pop, and he grunted.

Day stirred, his fingers digging into Goldie's chest as if he was afraid Goldie was going to vanish. He peeked up at him, yawning a little and then smiling warmly. His touch relaxed, and he rubbed Goldie's chest, mouthing what was probably, "Morning."

"Good morning," Goldie replied. He smiled back, shivering at the delightful caresses. He had to talk fast before Day noticed his dick predicament. "Look, so, about last night?"

Day beamed, his eyes bright and happy. His hand swept over Goldie's chest to his stomach, exploring eagerly as he pressed his very firm cock into Goldie's hip.

Goldie wasn't the only one who had woken up in a good mood.

"Look, I was a little out of it," Goldie said quickly. "Not that you were doing anything wrong because I was encouraging it, very much so, but it was wrong because I also was fucked up on those sleeping pills I know you fed me."

Day kissed Goldie's chest, then his nipple, and he continued to descend with a coy grin.

Goldie tried to twist away, but his hips wouldn't cooperate. He hissed at the sudden burst of pain, insisting, "Hey, hey, just wait a second!"

Day did not wait.

Day did not stop until he was at the hem of Goldie's sweats and peeling them back to kiss the base of Goldie's hard cock. "Mmm..."

"Day!" Goldie gasped, his entire body tensing from the sudden stimulation. The wet tease of Day's kiss so close to his dick made him twitch again, and he tried to think through the lingering haze to make a good and rational decision.

He shouldn't let Day do this. It was wrong on a variety of levels. He didn't want to take advantage of a person who clearly had mental health issues, and it was more than a little wrong that this was happening while his hands were still in cuffs. He needed to stop this at once.

But then Day's mouth was gliding down his shaft, and any sense of rationality departed.

Goldie would later blame the sleeping pills for making him wake up in a fog, but the truth was he wanted this. Day was crazy, clearly, but he was also gorgeous, and the temptation of a beautiful young man sucking Goldie's dick was too much for him to resist.

Day pulled Goldie's sweats until his cock sprang out, and he hungrily caught the head with his lips. He sucked it into his mouth with an eager groan and then pushed it right into the back of his throat.

“Day!” Goldie grunted in surprise at the sudden wet heat surrounding every inch of him. All he could do was watch in awe as Day deepthroated his cock like he was made for it, and wow, it was incredible. He wanted to run his fingers through Day’s thick curls, but he couldn’t do anything except tug at the cuffs. He thought about asking Day to take them off, but he didn’t want Day to stop what he was doing for any reason.

Being tied up actually made this even hotter as Goldie was totally at Day’s mercy. He didn’t allow himself to be vulnerable during sex very often. Part of that was his own preference, and the rest was a mix of ego and expectation. He was a very strong man, a literal heavyweight champion—he didn’t want to be put in any position that might be construed as weak. And even if he did want to, his partners never wanted that from him.

They’d always wanted Goldie to be the one in charge, the one dominating and calling the shots.

Day didn’t seem to care much about that.

Goldie told himself he didn’t like it, but the reality was he found it exciting. To finally let someone else take the lead was weirdly refreshing and he was instantly addicted to it. Funny how it had taken a young man drugging and chaining him to his bed to realize that.

Day continued to bob his head, creating the most brilliant suction as he pushed Goldie’s cock as deeply as he could every time. He was kneading at Goldie’s hips as he blew him, using only his mouth to take on each inch of Goldie’s thick cock. His lips looked so pretty stretched around Goldie, and Goldie pulled at the cuffs just because he could.

God, *yes*.

There was nothing he could do to stop Day, and he loved it. He wished he could rock up into his mouth to increase the delicious friction, but his back declined to cooperate. His only choice was to lie there and take Day’s hot mouth as Day wished to give it to him.

Fortunately, Day was sucking his cock as if he needed to taste Goldie's come to live. It was hot and fast, and Goldie's toes were left curling. Day's tongue was sliding up and around the head of Goldie's dick with each thrust, and he sucked hard enough to make Goldie's balls ache. The tension was growing fast, and Goldie's thighs tensed.

"Fuck, yes," Goldie murmured. "God... suck me... suck me just like that..."

Day moaned.

"You like that?" Goldie met Day's ravenous eyes. "You like me talkin' to you?"

Day whimpered, gazing up at Goldie through his lashes adoringly.

"Come on, baby," Goldie urged. "Suck me. You look so pretty with my dick in your mouth. Fuck, you were born to suck cock, do you know that? Mmm, keep goin'. Keep suckin' me. I'm gonna come so fuckin' hard..."

The dirty talk definitely had an effect, as Day went on to bob his head even more frantically.

"Fuck! Yes!" Goldie gasped. "Give it to me, baby. Come on. Gonna swallow me, aren't you? Huh? Gonna swallow my load like a good boy, aren't you? Oh, f-fuck!" He groaned, right on the edge of climax. "Yes, yes, yes, baby. Right there. Right fuckin'... *there!*"

He came with a stunted shout as the very force of his climax made his back twitch and sent a shooting pain down his leg. The discomfort didn't completely distract from the pleasure, and he fought against it as he pushed himself up into Day's hot throat to force his load as deeply as he could. He wanted to make this good, so damn good. Each pulse created hot flashes of bliss, and he couldn't look away from Day swallowing him down.

"Oh, baby," Goldie sighed. "Look at you. Get every drop... there you go. Fuck, yeah."

The extra hint of suction from Day's eager swallowing felt amazing. Day finally pulled off with a happy groan, licking his

lips slowly as if he'd just enjoyed a rich dessert. He beamed up at Goldie, whispering sweetly, "Dear God, I think my angel and I are starting to understand each other."

"Well, this is one language I speak very well." Goldie chuckled. "I know all the different dialects too."

Nothing weird going on here. Just flirting with the crazy guy who'd given him an incredible blowjob.

Jesus fucking Christ.

Day licked the head of Goldie's cock one last time before climbing his way up to sit on Goldie's chest. He got comfortable, and he petted the top of Goldie's head, running his fingers through his long hair. He bit his lip shyly as he pulled out his cock, stroking himself a few times, the slick head just a breath away from Goldie's mouth.

Goldie's spent dick twitched with interest.

Even Day's cock was beautiful.

He wasn't as thick as Goldie, but he was long. Somehow it fit the rest of his slender, lithe figure, and Goldie already knew where this was headed. His mind was clearing, but Day was already right here, and Goldie wasn't sure he could say no even if he wanted to.

The commanding manner in which Day rubbed the head of his cock over Goldie's lower lip made his mouth open at once, and Goldie shuddered as Day's fingers tightened their grip in his hair. Day was watching him like a tiger ready to pounce, and Goldie was consumed by a new desire he'd never felt before.

He wanted to *submit*.

He wanted Day to take charge and tell him what to do with his body, and he was scaring himself with how much he wanted this. His head was light as if he was high, and his muscles thrummed with the buzz of his orgasm and a new ache to give himself over to Day completely.

Day tapped his cock against Goldie's lips and then slid inside with a soft sigh. He thrust slowly, keeping his grip on

Goldie's hair so he couldn't move, and pushed in deep.

Groaning, Goldie sucked hard and let Day fuck his face. God, yes. Day was fucking his face like he was a toy, and Goldie couldn't believe how turned on he was. He couldn't wipe the drool running down his chin or pull off to catch his breath. He was only able to get puffs of air in through his nose while Day slammed into his throat without mercy.

Goldie's eyes were watering from the rough treatment, and he almost choked a few times.

Day never slowed for a second, and he tangled both of his hands in Goldie's long hair to drag him into each thrust. With the early morning sun peeking in from the windows and catching his face, he was absolutely stunning. His full lips were especially lush as they parted for each and every pleasurable gasp, his lashes fluttered in the golden light, his pale skin was practically glowing.

He was a gleaming vision, practically ethereal, and the moan that left his beautiful lips as he came was the sweetest music Goldie had ever heard. It was breathy and deep, a throaty howl that made Goldie shiver, and he wanted to hear it over and over again on repeat forever as he swallowed Day's come.

Day pushed himself as far as he could, holding Goldie down on his cock as he continued to unload, his breath coming out as stunted little pants. His expression was soft, relaxed, and if he'd told Goldie right then that he was actually an angel descended from heaven, Goldie might have believed him.

Goldie gasped when Day finally pulled out, desperately trying to catch his breath. He licked his lips to swipe up some of his spit. "Wow."

Day smiled, and he nodded happily in agreement. He teased the head of his dick against Goldie's lips.

Goldie kissed the slick head, and he teasingly flicked his tongue back over it. "Did you like that? Hmm?"

Day nodded again, his eyes closing as he pushed his cock into Goldie's mouth.

Goldie was surprised, but he sucked on it again, listening to Day whimper and squirm, no doubt sensitive from just coming. He pushed his head forward to take more, sucking and swirling his tongue around the hot shaft of Day's dick. His jaw was tired, his neck was throbbing, but he would have happily sucked Day off again.

Day cried out, wiggling away with a loud sigh. He petted Goldie's ruffled hair, beaming down at him.

"Get enough, baby?" Goldie teased.

Day nodded, and he scooted back so he was sitting on Goldie's hips.

Goldie's cock was definitely interested, but even after delivering that rough face fucking, he didn't think he could go again. At least, not right now. Maybe later—fuck, was there going to be a later? Was there going to be a next time?

The spell Day had cast over him was fading, and Goldie felt filthy. He was shocked that he'd let Day use him like that, but he couldn't deny the echoes of the deep white-hot pleasure still burning within him.

He needed to say something.

He needed to do *something*.

As he opened his mouth to speak, Day leaned over to the lamp at the bedside table. Goldie thought he was turning it on, but he was grabbing...

The handcuff key!

Goldie didn't dare say a word that might stop or slow Day from finally releasing him.

Day unlocked the left cuff first, and he gingerly pulled Goldie's hand free. He drew it up to his mouth, kissing along the side of his hand and around his wrist where the cuff had set. He let go and then moved to the right cuff.

Goldie flexed his hand and stretched, his muscles jittery and light. He felt like he should act now while he could, but he didn't even know what to do exactly.

Day had freed his other hand, and he pressed kisses all over it as he had the left one. He laid it against his cheek, nuzzling into Goldie's palm with an adoring smile. "Dear God," he whispered, "I'm so happy my angel understands now. We can be together now. He can be mine."

"Hey, slow down a sec." Goldie reached for Day's hips as he sat up, groaning from the painful stretch in his back. He really needed his medicine, but setting some boundaries was a much more pressing necessity. "Before we go any further with this, we need to have a serious talk, okay? I like you, obviously. I must be fucking crazy too, but—"

Day kissed him.

Goldie forgot how to breathe. Day's lips were soft and warm, and his hands were framing the sides of Goldie's face with such reverence, as if Goldie was something fragile and special, and his heart skipped over itself.

He was so absolutely fucked.

Goldie slid his hands up over Day's slender hips to caress the small of his back, kissing him back passionately. The kiss was getting deep with hot slides of their lips, the barest tease of tongue, and damn if Day didn't feel absolutely perfect here in his arms. The kiss seemed to go on and on, and the seductive grind of Day's hips lulled a deep groan from Goldie's throat.

So absolutely fucked.

"Dear God," Day murmured, "thank you for my angel. I think we're going to go take a shower, and then I can make us breakfast. I finally understand why he's here." He smiled. "He's here to be mine."

"How about we shower, eat some breakfast, and talk?" Goldie urged. "We need to talk about Michael."

Day quirked his brows in questioning.

"The man who tried to kill me last night. We need to talk about what happened to him, okay?"

Day shrugged. “Dear God, please let my angel know that there’s nothing to worry about. I took care of him.”

“Oh, I know. I saw.” Goldie fought not to grimace. “And again, not trying to downplay how very grateful I am. You saved my life and probably Dana’s too. Well, I guess there’s no probably to it. You really did save us all.”

Day smiled and kissed Goldie again.

“Mmm, but. Big but here. I’m a tiny bit concerned about your mission? And that maybe this is something that happens... a lot?”

Day frowned.

“Day.” Goldie took a deep breath. “Have you killed more people?”

Day shook his head.

Goldie sighed in relief. “Oh, okay, because I was starting to think—”

“Dear God, please let my angel know that I only dispatch sinners,” Day cut in. “Those whose lips speak with venom, those whose tongues spit lies, those whose hands shed innocent blood, those with hearts that beat with corrupt schemes, those whose loins swell from conflict. I am here to repay God’s wrath like my Father before me until I take my last breath.”

Goldie’s stomach clenched.

Day smiled as if what he’d just said should have cleared up any confusion, and he kissed Goldie’s cheek. He hopped off his lap and then reached for him to help him up from bed.

Goldie was numb as Day led him into the bathroom. Day laid out his medicine for him on the counter, and he smiled like he was giving Goldie a treat when he dosed out the extra pain pill Goldie had asked for yesterday. Goldie took the medicine and thanked him, and he watched Day get undressed so he could get the shower going.

Day really was stunning, an athletic creature with strong shoulders and arms, and his long legs were especially

captivating. He was beautiful, thoughtful, and oh, he was also totally insane because he thought he was on a mission from God to kill people.

Swallowing down the lump in his throat, Goldie weighed his options.

Other than what happened with Michael, Goldie didn't have any proof that Day had hurt anyone. Maybe he really was just crazy and what happened with Michael was a one time thing. He was torn because of his growing attraction to Day, and there was something here that was special and strange that he'd never felt before.

But he needed to call the cops, right?

He had to tell someone, didn't he?

And where the hell was the damn body?

Goldie had only taken a quick glance down the hallway on the way to the bathroom, and he didn't see anything except a slightly perturbed Purrey. She was no doubt getting ready for her morning meow fest to demand breakfast.

"Dear God," Day said as he pulled Goldie's sweats down abruptly, "it's time for me and my angel to shower." He kneeled to help Goldie step out of them, smiling up at him. He peeled off the old lidocaine patches to toss in the trash. He put their dirty clothes in the hamper and then took hold of Goldie's cock.

Goldie flinched, and he groaned as Day gently led him by his cock to the toilet.

Day acted as if this was perfectly normal, and he gave Goldie's cock a squeeze, aiming it toward the bowl. He stared at him expectantly.

"Yeah, uh... just hang on." Goldie was having trouble getting his urine flow started. It was more than a bit awkward trying to take a piss with someone's hand literally on his dick. He studied the ceiling, trying not to think about it and ignore how his stomach clenched.

He wasn't sure if it was embarrassment or desire or some shameful mix of both, but he was finally able to go.

Day smiled, clearly pleased, and he held Goldie's cock until he was finished. He gave him a little shake, and then he urged Goldie into the shower.

Goldie groaned as he stepped into the hot spray, and he turned so it was beating on his neck and the top of his back. He'd had the shower head positioned as high as the ceiling would allow to accommodate his extra height. While he stood there, he reflected on how natural it felt to follow Day's directions.

It was downright eerie in a way, and he realized he'd never had any partner who wanted to dote on him like this. His few boyfriends over the years had expected him to do the bulk of the romancing, and he never felt like any of them wanted to take care of him like Day did.

It was scratching an itch he didn't know needed to be scratched, and he really, *really* needed to have a serious talk with Day about this mission of his. There also needed to be an understanding that there would be no more dispatching sinners or drugging or handcuffs—okay, wait, a strong maybe on the handcuffs, and they needed to get the kind Goldie could actually slip out of.

Wow, he was actually considering this.

Being with Day...

Shit.

Goldie was crazy too.

Day joined him in the shower, sliding his hands over Goldie's chest and shoulders. His fingers glided over his wet skin, and he stood up on his toes to claim another kiss.

Goldie eagerly kissed him back, sliding his tongue into his mouth with a happy grunt. He was starved for physical affection, and he loved how Day's hands felt as they caressed his body. It had been ages since someone had just held him, and he hugged Day's waist to keep him close. He couldn't

shake the sense that this was the start of something special, and he wanted it to be real.

Their start was certainly beyond unconventional, but they could work through it. He could get Day the help that he so clearly needed, and they could continue to explore this unique dynamic.

Goldie was unable to stop thinking about how Day had taken control of him earlier, the way he'd held his hair and completely owned him while driving every inch of his cock down his throat...

Day's hands descended, sliding over Goldie's crotch and fondling his half-hard cock.

Hell, when did that happen?

Day chuckled, and he playfully nipped at Goldie's lip.

"What have you done to me?" Goldie whispered. "I've never felt anything like this... I don't know what you're doing to me, but I don't want it to stop." He kissed Day again. "God help me, I don't want it to ever stop."

Day nuzzled Goldie's cheek, and he reached up for the bodywash in the rack hanging on the neck of the shower. Instead of grabbing a washcloth, he squirted the liquid on his hands and put the bottle back up. He rubbed his hands together and set about soaping up Goldie's neck and down over his pecs. He rubbed his arms, his hands, and moved back to his torso to stroke his stomach and his hips.

Goldie longed for him to touch lower, but Day seemed to be purposefully avoiding his cock. He rubbed his chest to get some of the soap and share with Day, moving his hands over Day's hips and sides. Soon their bodies were sliding together, and their lips found their way back to one another's for a sweet kiss.

Desire was simmering between them, as thick as the steam fogging up the air, and Goldie pressed his hips forward. He found Day's dick was hard again too, and he tilted his body so their cocks could rub together between their bellies. The soap

made everything slippery and slick, and he loved the wet slide of their dicks.

Goldie didn't think he'd messed around like this since he was a teenager, and he loved how easy it was to lose himself with Day. It was a little dangerous to be honest, but right then he didn't care. He wanted to feel good, to feel *wanted*, and he was humbled that this stunning and vibrant young man desired him so intensely.

Day found shampoo and then urged Goldie to turn so he could wash his hair. It was heavenly to feel the drag of Day's nails over his scalp as he lathered up his long locks, and Day having to stand on his toes to help Goldie rinse was pretty adorable. They traded places so Day could wash, and Goldie spent those moments admiring the young man.

He watched the soapy water cascading along the long lines of his lithe form, and he couldn't resist reaching out to stroke that lovely little dip in the crease of Day's hip.

Day wiggled as if it tickled, and he laughed. He swatted at Goldie's hand.

"Sorry." Goldie grinned. "Found a touchy spot, huh?"

Day wrinkled up his nose.

"Mmm, well. I'll behave, I swear." Goldie grabbed his cock, still hard and heavy, and he started to stroke. "Let me just take care of this, and I'll—"

Day's eyes widened, and he suddenly lurched forward, grabbing a firm handful of Goldie's hair. He pulled Goldie in close, pushing his hand off his dick as he whispered heatedly in his ear, "God wants you to know that you will not touch yourself right now. He wants you to turn around for me so I can put my fingers inside of you."

Goldie's loins surged with a flash of heat, and his cock *throbbed*.

He couldn't even remember when someone had been inside of him. Maybe when he was still a wrestler and was dating in secret, and that was easily over a decade ago. Even back then, his lovers had always assumed Goldie would want

to top based on his physical size and he would have to ask them otherwise.

The mere thought of Day fucking him made his knees weak, and he immediately turned around to offer himself up.

Day hummed, clearly pleased, and he ran his hands over Goldie's hips and lower back. He rubbed gently, massaging lower until he was palming Goldie's ass cheeks. He spread them and sighed, a rumbling sound of pleasure that echoed throughout the small bathroom.

Goldie gasped when Day's cock slid between his cheeks, teasing there against his hole. He didn't know where Day's hands were now, and all of his attention was focused on the hot cock probing at his ass. God, he wanted it. He wanted Day to open him up on just his dick and fuck him into the wall.

He tried rocking back to give Day the hint, but Day squeezed his hip, humming in the negative to stop him. He patted Goldie's ass cheek, and then removed his cock to replace it with a single slick finger.

It had to be bodywash or shampoo probably, as there was no lube in the shower. Day pushed the very tip of his finger in, rocking it in and out slowly, and he held Goldie's hip, massaging there gently as if urging him to relax.

Goldie bowed his head, stretching his neck back and forth as he raised his arms up to grab the edge of the shower stall. He breathed in, he breathed out, trying to get his body to remember how to do this.

The stretch was familiar, the burn too, but his desire trumped his discomfort. He kept breathing, arching back as Day pushed in deeper. God, that was nice. To be filled, even this little bit, was amazing. Day's long finger was sliding more easily now and hitting nerves Goldie had forgotten even existed within his own body.

Day draped himself across Goldie's back, though he didn't allow him to take his full weight. He kept pumping his finger, now down to his knuckle, and Day's hard cock was rubbing against Goldie's ass cheek. He reached around to grab

Goldie's dick and gave him a tight squeeze, jerking him off in time with his probing finger.

"God, yes," Goldie moaned. "Come on, baby. Fuckin' open me up. It's been too fuckin' long. Please give it to me. Come on, I can take another. Gimme some more, please. Open my ass the fuck up."

Day whined, quickly stuffing a second finger inside Goldie's ass. It was too fast, burned like hell, and Goldie had to pant through the ache. It felt like Day had already shoved his dick in there, and he rocked back weakly to work himself through the stretch.

It was amazing, and Goldie groaned excitedly, looking down to watch Day's hand pumping his cock. "God, yeah... come on... Oh, God, you're gonna make me come. Make me come, baby. Please, fuck."

Day grunted, a needy and desperate sound, and he fucked Goldie's asshole faster. His hand stroked his cock in the same frantic rhythm, picking up the pace as Goldie whimpered and tensed.

Goldie couldn't believe he was about to come again, and when he did, he saw a flash of white and stars bursting in front of his eyes. "Yeah, oh. Fuck, there it is. There it is, baby. I'm comin'. Fuck, I'm comin'." He watched the first shot of come hit the shower wall, and he groaned noisily through the following pulses that splashed over Day's fingers. "Yeah, baby. Fuck, yes."

Day gave Goldie's hole one last thrust before withdrawing, and then the head of his cock was there. Goldie could tell from the rhythmic pants that Day was jerking himself off, teasing himself against Goldie's slick hole.

Goldie bit his lip, fighting against the urge to tell Day to stick it in and come inside of him. He twitched as Day continued to play with his dick, and he clawed at the top of the shower, trying to be good and not jerk away yet. He whimpered, the pleasure now teetering toward overstimulation, and he sighed in relief when he heard Day come.

Goldie could feel Day's hot load splashing over his hole, and Day rubbed the head of his pulsing dick there behind Goldie's balls. He briefly teased at Goldie's hole, and Goldie thought he was going to slide in for a moment. Day was definitely thinking about it judging by how he lingered, but he pulled away.

Goldie turned around, and Day was right there to grab the sides of his face and drag him into a sweet kiss. Goldie was dizzy from the steam, the heat, and the buzzing aftermath of his climax, and yet it was Day's lips that made his heart skip over itself.

Yeah, he was totally fucked.

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They rinsed off and left the shower, though Day insisted on drying Goldie off from head to toe. He wrapped one of the extra-large towels around Goldie's waist, applied fresh patches, and then he wanted to brush out Goldie's long hair. He hummed happily as he did it, and Goldie was content to be pampered a little. He loved having his hair brushed, and it was just another amazing level of pleasure to stack on an already wonderful morning.

Goldie got dressed, relieved it was Saturday and he could throw on another pair of sweats and a T-shirt. He noticed that Day was pulling ratty clothes out of his little backpack, and he offered him one of his T-shirts to wear. It was a Goldilocks Heavyweight Champion shirt, faded and soft, and Day's face lit up like it was Christmas.

Purrcy was meowing now, and Goldie grumbled, "Ah, time to feed her majesty."

He left Day to finish getting dressed and headed into the kitchen.

Purrcy was yowling away, and she danced around Goldie's feet as he walked over to the pantry where he kept her food.

"Yes, my beloved empress," Goldie soothed. "I am going to feed you, don't worry. Just give me a second, and I'll..." He frowned, staring at an empty shelf. "Well, shit."

Somewhere between being drugged and handcuffed, he'd lost track of how much food he had left for Purrcy.

Purrcy meowed more frantically, and she pawed at Goldie's ankle.

“Right, so, uh...”

Day was there now, and he tapped Goldie's shoulder.

Goldie turned around, surprised to find Day was handing him a list.

It was a grocery list, and cat food was at the very top with little stars around it.

“Dear God,” Day said with a cheerful smile, having to speak up to be heard over Purrcy's angry protests, “my angel and I need to go to the store.”

Oh, sure.

Going out in public with a beautiful killer to get groceries.

This was a great idea.

Just fantastic.

What could possibly go wrong?

Goldie knew there was a small grocery store just two blocks away, though he hesitated to go there since they'd found some poor guy hacked up in the bathroom last week. He'd either been ordering his groceries to be delivered or driving to the other side of the city to get to the big chain grocery store. The issue was that neither the big chain store or the delivery service could provide Purrcy's particular brand of food.

Weirdly enough, the small grocery store actually carried it.

“I asked them one time like three years ago if they had any,” Goldie was explaining as he put on jeans, silently promising his sweats that he'd be returning to them soon, “and they didn't carry anything for that brand. All of a sudden, they started ordering it. It's either go there or drive twenty minutes to Petz R Us to get it.” He sighed. “I really should just set up some sort of online subscription delivery thing, but I never think about it.”

Day was listening patiently, dressed and ready to go. He had his headphones around his neck, and he'd put on his hoodie, Goldie's trench coat, and the pitiful torn sneakers.

"Hey, what size shoe do you wear?" Goldie asked.

Day looked down at his feet. He held up ten and then a three.

"Thirteen? Shit. I wear a sixteen." Goldie rummaged through his closet. "Here. Try these." He handed a pair of black leather boots to Day.

Day shook his head.

"Take them. They've always been way too tight on me, and it's better than you walking around with holes in your shoes. I got some real thick woolly socks you could put on so they're not so big on you." Goldie smiled kindly as he grabbed them out of his dresser, a fluffy pair of black wool socks, and then handed them to Day. "If you want, we might be able to do a little bit of clothes shopping while we're out today."

Day quirked his brows as he hesitantly accepted the socks. "God, my angel needs to know that he... he doesn't have to do that for me. I don't need anything."

"It's freezing cold outside, so yes, you do need warm clothes," Goldie replied firmly. "Take the boots, and uh, hang on. I've got another sweater you can have too." He retrieved a forest green wool sweater from his closet. "Here. The color will look nice on you too."

Day accepted the sweater, and he stared at it and the boots for a moment. He set them down on the bed and launched himself into Goldie's arms, hugging his neck tight.

"Hey!" Goldie grabbed Day's waist and held him close so he wouldn't fall, cradling him gently. "Easy now. Remember, I'm an old man with a busted back." He felt Day's shoulders shake, and he realized that Day was crying. "Hey," he soothed, "there's no reason to get upset. It's okay. I want to help you. I said that before, and I still mean it, okay?"

Day hugged Goldie tighter.

“I’ve got you,” Goldie said. “Okay? It’s okay.” He rubbed Day’s back until he thought he might be done. He carefully set him back down on his feet, and Goldie smiled warmly as they parted. He wiped the tears from Day’s cheeks, and he kissed his forehead. “You take care of me, and I take care of you. That’s the way relationships work, all right?”

“We’re in…” Day had to catch himself. “God, my angel is saying we’re in a relationship? And I’m not sure what that means.”

“Well.” Goldie realized he’d backed himself in a corner. “Being in a relationship means we’re committed to each other. We don’t see anybody else, so it’s just the two of us together, and we help and support each other. You know, like dating.”

Day mouthed, “Dating?”

“Yeah.” Goldie smiled. “You did say I was yours, right? That’s pretty much like calling dibs, so yeah, I’d say we’re hanging out right now. Then comes dating, and you know, uh, a relationship.”

Day frowned, but he nodded.

“I like you a lot,” Goldie said, hoping to ease that frown away, “but this is happening very fast, and dating takes time, okay?” He cleared his throat. “Plus, uh, I still have some pretty big concerns about you know what.”

“God, is my angel still concerned about my holy mission?”

“Yes, your angel is very concerned because I’m worried you need some serious help. And well, to be honest, I’m worried. Yes, Michael was an abusive piece of trash that arguably got what he deserved, but I’m still waiting for the cops to show up any second at my door looking for him.”

Day laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“God, please let my angel know that he doesn’t have to worry about that.”

“And why?”

“God, let my angel know it’s because I have Your blessing. I won’t ever get caught as long as I listen.” Day kissed Goldie’s cheek, humming as he pulled away to put on the new clothing.

“A blessing?”

Day nodded.

“A *blessing* is gonna keep you safe from the cops?”

Day nodded again.

“Day, you might be crazy.”

Day just smiled.

Purrey yowled.

The walk to the store was quiet. Day had put his headphones on, and Goldie quickly gathered that they were designed to cancel out noise. He wasn’t sure how much they blocked out, but if he needed to get Day’s attention, he had to wave at him where he could see it.

The sidewalk was slushy, the air was chilled, and there was a light sprinkling of snow showering down on them now.

Goldie hated it.

He wanted to walk faster, but Day was there clinging to his arm and urging him to slow down so he could keep up. Perhaps it wasn’t so bad to walk with a beautiful man at his side, but damn, it was fucking *cold*.

There was a discount clothing store on the other side of the street from where they were now, and it looked very warm. Goldie tapped Day’s shoulder to get his attention. He pointed at the store.

Day frowned, and he shook his head. He pointed ahead in the direction of the grocery store.

“Come on,” Goldie insisted with a grin. He paused and glanced at Day’s headphones. “Can you even hear me?”

Day pointed to Goldie’s lips.

“Okay. You can read lips. Good.” Goldie nodded. “So, we’ll just grab a few things, okay? Just enough to hold you over for the next couple of days.”

Day made a face.

“Come on,” Goldie urged. “We’ll be in and out.”

Day dragged his feet the whole way, but he let Goldie lead him through the crosswalk and to the clothing store.

Once they were safely inside the blissful stuffy warmth, Day froze to the floor. He looked around the store like a deer in headlights, and he tucked his hands to his chest as if he was afraid to touch anything.

The store was hardly glamorous, stocked with clothing sold at discounted rates for missing buttons or other small defects. Goldie had been here once or twice before, but they rarely carried anything in his massive size so he didn’t return.

His earlier fear about going out in public with Day seemed silly now. He didn’t know if he’d expected Day to suddenly go on a killing spree while screaming about his holy mission, but the only thing that was an immediate concern was getting Day to move out of the way so people could enter and exit the store.

“What kind of stuff do you like?” Goldie asked once he’d successfully herded Day into the men’s section. He made sure Day was looking at him when he spoke, and he smiled reassuringly. “Hey, it’s okay. Just tell me what you like.”

Day shrugged helplessly. He looked miserable.

“How about I point at something and you just tell me yes or no?”

Day nodded, hugging himself tight.

“Okay, here we go. Let’s start simple.” Goldie guided Day to a rack of flannel shirts. The colors weren’t great, but they

looked like they'd be warm. "What about these?"

Day nodded immediately.

Goldie picked out a green-and-purple one, and then another in purple and black. He guessed an extra-large because of Day's height, though certainly it would be baggy on him because he was so thin. He moved Day over to some T-shirts with graphic designs on them, and he tried to get him to pick some out.

Day just nodded at anything Goldie pointed out, and Goldie realized Day was saying yes to whatever he showed him, probably in an effort to get out of the store as quickly as possible. He gave up for now, and he took it upon himself to grab some T-shirts and a few long-sleeved shirts for Day in colors he thought might look nice on him.

If Day wasn't going to shop for himself, then Goldie was going to take care of it.

He got Day to find the tag in the front of his jeans so he knew what size to buy him and then set about picking out some new pants. He got a pair of khakis and more jeans, and soon he wished he'd grabbed a cart for them as his arms were overflowing with the new wardrobe. He wanted to get Day some new shoes, and he realized he'd lost track of him.

Goldie turned around, finding Day had drifted toward the edge of the women's section.

Day was staring at something pretty intently, and Goldie followed Day's eye. He was surprised to see he was looking at a rack of women's sweaters. They were the slouchy oversized kind that would be worn off the shoulder, and Day seemed particularly captivated by a pastel pink one.

Goldie gently tapped Day's shoulder to get his attention. "You want one of those?" He pointed at the sweaters. "Those right there?"

Day shook his head, eyes wide and cheeks blushing as if he'd been caught doing something wrong. He scurried back around to Goldie's side, but he stole a quick, longing glance back at the sweaters.

Goldie wasn't sure if Day had some hang-ups over wearing women's clothing because of his upbringing—presumably as it was a very religious one—but that pink sweater was the only thing here that he'd seen Day show any genuine interest in. He grabbed the biggest size on the rack and added it to the pile in his arms.

Day's eyes widened, and he shook his head, gesturing for Goldie to put it back.

“It's for you,” Goldie said firmly.

Day shook his head again.

“Do you like it?”

Day hesitated, but he nodded.

“Then we're getting it.”

Goldie didn't want to give Day a chance to hang the pink sweater back up, so he decided to head to the register and check out. He'd already gotten plenty for Day, and he decided they could always come later for shoes.

The boots seemed to be working fine, though Goldie reasoned Day probably needed more wooly socks. There was a pack of three by the register—white, black, and gray—and Goldie tossed them into the pile of clothing he was buying.

He hadn't thought to buy Day any underwear, but that was also something they could shop for later.

Day stood far away from the register while Goldie checked out, and that was probably for the best. Goldie didn't want him to freak out when he saw how much the clothing had cost. Discount store or not, he'd gotten quite a bit for the young man, and he couldn't wait to see Day in his new outfits.

Especially that pink sweater.

The way Day's face lit up when he saw it seemed special, and Goldie wondered if there were other soft and pretty things Day wanted to wear. He was happy to encourage him, but he didn't want to push him too hard just yet.

It could simply be that Day was curious and hadn't been allowed to explore those feelings. Goldie didn't mean to assume the worst about Day's religious background, but he hadn't exactly had the best times with his own religious family.

Goldie didn't get around to doing much of anything until after he was out of high school because of his family's crap, though they didn't seem to care about the crazy way Goldie dressed back then. It reminded him of his wrestling career in a way—he could wear all the flamboyant and crazy nonsense he wanted, but there was no way he could show any interest in someone of the same sex.

He frowned at having just discovered a strange parallel between wrestling and conservative religion, and he decided to focus on happier things.

Like the stunned smile on Day's face when Goldie handed him the big shopping bag full of clothing.

Goldie prepared himself for another tackle-hug, but he was rewarded instead with a soft kiss on his cheek and that was even better.

Arm in arm, they headed back outside into the cold to go to the grocery store. Day was still smiling, and the glitter of snow on his lashes made the moment seem magical. Goldie's heart was full knowing that something as simple as some new clothes could make Day so happy, and it was humbling as Goldie was reminded again that there was so much in his life that he took for granted.

If nothing else, Goldie could learn to really appreciate just how lucky he was from Day.

Recalling the steamy moments from the shower this morning, Goldie was confident that there were probably a lot of *other* things he could learn from Day too.

They finally arrived at the grocery store, and Goldie got a cart. He wasn't expecting to get much, but it was nice to have something to lean on and Day could put the clothing bag on the bottom so he wouldn't have to carry it around while they

shopped. He glanced at the list Day had made for them, and he chuckled.

cat food

chicken nuggets

juice

macaroni and cheese (blue box)

soup

poptarts

“You know we can buy actual food?” Goldie wiggled the list at Day.

Day pointed to his headphones and shrugged.

“Real food?”

Day pointed at his stomach and then rubbed it with a little grin.

“Come on. I’ll get you your junk food, but we’re gonna get some real food too.” Goldie nudged Day’s shoulder. “Just stay away from the bathroom. Some poor guy got sliced up in there last week, and I’ve heard they weren’t able to clean it all up.”

Day smiled, and Goldie was certain that Day had to have misunderstood him.

Goldie had heard about the murder on the news, and it had chilled him to the bone. He’d almost gone to the grocery store that very night, but he’d been too tired from work and stayed home.

He hated to think that it could have been him chopped up in that bathroom.

Goldie led the way into the produce section to grab red potatoes and brussels sprouts. He got some white grapes and apples too, and then it was off to the meat section for bacon and steaks. Being a smaller store, Goldie wasn’t expecting

much in the way of selection, but he was happy to find some overpriced filets. He grabbed two packs, laughing at the shocked expression on Day's face.

He patted Day's back to reassure him it was all right, and they continued on through the store to get the rest of the items on the list, including every last can of Purrey's cat food on the shelf.

And yes, Goldie made sure to get the macaroni and cheese in the blue box.

He noticed Day eyeing other snacks as they shopped, but Day didn't want Goldie to put anything else in the cart. Goldie was able to sneak in some popcorn when he saw Day checking it out, but that was about it. Goldie grabbed a case of beer and then it was time to check out.

Day almost passed out when he saw the total.

They each took some of the bags to carry home, though Goldie tried to make sure he took on the heavier ones with the cat food since Day also had his shopping from the clothing store to tote with him.

They started on the walk home, and Day was smiling again.

Goldie playfully nudged his shoulder and smiled back at him, asking, "Happy?"

Day must have understood because he nodded.

Goldie made sure to walk at Day's pace so they could stay side by side as they headed back to the apartment. The snow was sticking to the sidewalk now, and Goldie was glad for the slow pace. He didn't trust what was merely slick and what may have been ice, and the last thing he needed was to slip and break a damn hip.

Since he couldn't talk to Day, Goldie was left to keep himself company inside his head, and he was chasing his tail as he mulled over his current issues on repeat.

He really did not know what to do about Day. He hadn't expected things to become physical between them so quickly,

and he was worried that he was taking advantage of Day as it was crystal clear that he had some mental health issues.

No one had a blessing from God to protect them while they carried out their holy mission. That was insane.

More insane was that Goldie didn't want to stop the physical side of their blossoming relationship because he'd never been so satisfied. He wanted Day's firm dominance and commanding touches, and the spark he felt burning between them when they were together was like nothing else he'd ever experienced in his whole life. The intensity surprised him given Day's obvious youth, and Goldie knew—with more than a small pinch of shame—that he didn't want to give it up yet.

Maybe Goldie could get in touch with someone at the health department. He vaguely recalled they had a mental health hotline, and he could try to get Day to talk to someone.

Not that Day would talk unless it was in the guise of a prayer to God.

Shit.

Goldie wondered how much a private shrink would cost, and he decided that was probably the best way to move forward getting Day the treatment that he needed. He did sincerely want to help him, and he hoped that Day would be agreeable to talking to someone whenever Goldie could figure out how to arrange it.

He could get Day a big whiteboard to scribble on or something.

Goldie wanted to learn more about Day, including where he was staying. Though Day had insisted that he had somewhere to go home to, Goldie definitely had his doubts about that. While he wasn't ready to offer Day a permanent residence, he was more than comfortable letting Day stay with him until they got everything sorted out. He was sincerely concerned that Day had been living on the streets, and he wasn't going to let him sleep out in the cold.

Especially with it snowing like this.

Ugh.

Goldie may have walked just a tiny bit faster when he noticed the snow coming down harder, but Day had no problem keeping up, probably just as eager to get out of the cold.

Up ahead, there was a man standing by the front door of the apartment building.

The city was a big place, so Goldie wasn't bothered that he didn't recognize the man. That wasn't so unusual. What was, however, was how intently he was staring at Goldie and Day.

Goldie was planning to ignore him and walk around him to get inside, but the man reached out suddenly and grabbed Goldie's arm. "Hey, you must be stupid or high if you—"

"You that wrestler, Goldilocks?" the man demanded.

"Yeah?" Goldie frowned.

This guy didn't look like a fan.

Day slowly set down the groceries he'd been carrying. His expression was blank, and his eyes were getting that weird, far-off look to them again.

Goldie's adrenaline crept up his spine and made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. Something was very wrong, and he glanced at the man's other hand.

It was jammed into his coat pocket, but there was definitely something in there and the man was pointing it at Goldie.

Another gun.

Great.

"I need to talk to you about Michael Parker," the man said firmly.

Goldie couldn't believe this was fucking happening. For the second time in less than twenty-four hours, someone was threatening him with a gun. It was mid-morning, broad fucking daylight, and this asshole was pulling a gun on him and Day.

Wait, shit, where did Day go?

One second he was there putting the groceries down and then—

“Hey! Fucker!” the man snapped. “I’m talking to you. You best listen to what I gotta say before we take a little stroll around the corner, do you fuckin’ understand me?”

“Yes,” Goldie hissed between clenched teeth. “I understand.”

“Put your shit down. Let’s step over here, huh?”

Goldie slowly set down his groceries next to Day’s, and he glanced around quickly. He didn’t see Day anywhere, and he also didn’t see anyone approaching on this side of the sidewalk that he could try to signal for help. Traffic was light, and he had no idea how to possibly flag someone down.

Was there a special hand sign for “Help, this fucking asshole is pointing a gun at me”?

Probably not.

Goldie was forced to retreat away from the entrance of the apartment building down to the corner near the alley where the construction was.

There was absolutely no one to ask for help, and Goldie had no idea where Day had gone.

“Did Michael Parker come to pay you a little visit last night or what?” the man demanded.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Goldie said firmly.

“Really?” The man laughed. “Because you were number one on his fucking shit list the second he made bail. You fucked up a real good thing we had going for him, and he told us he was gonna come see you to straighten you out before he got back to work.”

“I don’t know who *us* is or what any of this is about,” Goldie said. “All I know is that I dragged a piece of trash down a few flights of stairs last week for putting his hands on a friend of mine.”

“Well, that piece of trash is missing now, and the last time I saw him was when I dropped him off here at this very apartment to see you.”

Goldie’s stomach twisted.

Well, that wasn’t good.

“After he was done with his little visit, he had a real important errand to run.” The man smirked. “Imagine our surprise when he didn’t make it.”

“Huh,” Goldie grunted.

“So, let’s try this again,” the man drawled. “Did Michael come see you or—”

From around the corner of the alley came Day.

He leapt at the man, quick as a blink with a knife gleaming in his hand. He grabbed the man from behind, pressing the blade to his throat in an eerie echo of how he’d killed Michael. He looked ready to kill this man too, and Goldie had to do something.

“Wait!” Goldie held out his hands, waving at Day and trying to get his attention.

“What the fuck?” the man snarled.

“Hey, you!” Goldie pointed at Day. “No killing!” He pointed at the man. “You! Take your hand out of your pocket! Right now!”

The man obeyed, scowling as he raised his hands in the air. “You motherfucker.”

Day pressed the knife in harder until blood dripped down the man’s throat.

“Hey, hey!” Goldie waved again, and he tried to get Day to meet his eyes. “No killing, okay? This is different. We can stop this right now. We can call the cops, okay? We can make this better without killing anyone, I promise.”

Day definitely did not look convinced.

Goldie reached into the man's pocket to take the gun. It was a small revolver, and he opened it up and removed the bullets. He shoved the empty gun back in the man's pocket, but he put the bullets in his own.

"Hey, hey, call your bitch off!" the man cried as Day continued to press the knife into his neck. "Fuck, come on!"

"Day!" Goldie warned. "Come on. No. We're gonna call the cops, okay?"

Day narrowed his eyes. "God wants me to remind you—"

"Yes, yes, I know! Holy mission, got it." Goldie shook his head.

"The fuck?" the man demanded.

Goldie ignored him and continued to focus on Day, saying earnestly, "Please, listen to me. There is another way. Okay? A way that doesn't involve you having to kill someone. We can call the cops and have him arrested. He can go to jail."

"Fuck you!" the man barked.

"Day," Goldie pleaded. "Just let him go. Please." Goldie smiled reassuringly. "Just let him go and we can go home, okay? I can cook us those nuggets for lunch? The macaroni and cheese in the blue box? How does that sound?"

"God, please... He... He doesn't understand." Day's eyes filled with tears, and panic flashed over his face. "*You* don't hear. *You* don't hear it. What he *did*. What he's done. What he's going to do." He closed his eyes, and the tears ran down his cheeks. "Sick, he's sick." He shook his head so hard that his headphones fell off part of the way, and he lost any pretense of control, screaming hysterically, "His own fucking nephew! His fucking nephew! Again and again and again and *again!*" He lifted the knife as if to strike and snarled hatefully in the man's ear, "There will be a pit of hungry vipers waiting for you in Hell, you fucking—"

"Day! Please!" Goldie stepped closer. "Hey, whatever he did, we can tell the police, okay? You can tell them what you heard about whatever it is he did, and they will take care of it!" He looked around again, hoping that their shouting would

have drawn some attention, but the noise at the construction site was drowning most of it out.

The man was trembling, and every ounce of color had drained from his face. He was trying to look back at Day, whispering fearfully, “Who the fuck sent you? Is... is this some kinda fuckin’ setup? Who the fuck are you?”

“God said His way is in whirlwind and storm,” Day whispered with a furious growl, “and the clouds are the dust of his feet—”

“You can be God’s dust or whatever later!” Goldie snapped impatiently. He saw an elderly couple making their way into the apartment building, and he shouted, “Hey! You! Please! Call the police!”

“What?” the elderly man shouted back, holding his hand up to his ear.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake.” Goldie raised his voice, trying again to be heard over the noise of power tools. “Call the cops! Please! Call the cops right now! This man just attacked us!”

The elderly man looked confused, but his wife was already pulling out her cell phone from her purse.

Goldie turned back to Day. He approached him cautiously, and he then gently placed a hand on his shoulder. “Let him go, Day. It’s over. It’s okay.”

Day hesitated, his eyes glancing away as if he was listening to something. He looked back to Goldie, and he nodded. He let go of the man, and then he tucked the knife away into his boot.

The man stumbled off in a panic, staring at Day and panting frantically. He couldn’t take his eyes off of Day as he stammered, “Who... who are you? Who the fuck are you really?” His voice rose to a screech. “Tell me! Tell me who the fuck you are!”

Goldie swept his arm around Day’s shoulders and drew him in close, pressing a kiss into his hair. “Hey, hey, I’ve got you. It’s okay.”

Day was tense at first, but then he slowly melted. He pressed against Goldie's side and scrambled to get his headphones back on, holding them over his ears as if trying to block out the man's voice.

"Who the fuck are you? Who the fuck are you?" the man continued to scream. He was nearly hysterical now, and he teetered, backpedaling away into the alley...

Right into the path of an oncoming dump truck leaving the construction site.

Goldie watched in horror as the man's body vanished beneath the wheels of the giant truck, and the truck's horn blared frantically, but it was far too late.

The elderly woman screamed.

Goldie thought he was going to throw up.

Day whispered, "I am God's wrath."

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9

GOLDIE



This was the second time Goldie had seen someone die.

Both times the person had been threatening his life, and Day had killed them.

Maybe it wasn't fair to blame this man's death on Day, but it was hard not to.

Goldie couldn't explain how Day knew when that truck would be coming through, much less how he knew exactly what to say to upset the man and make him spiral out of control and walk right into the truck's path. There was no logical explanation for any of it, and there was no way that Day could have planned it happening so perfectly.

And yet, there it was.

Another sinner dispatched.

The police came, they asked questions, and Goldie did his best to answer them honestly. There wasn't much to say. The elderly couple had also witnessed the man walking backward into the street and corroborated Goldie's story, and there was no suspicion being cast on him or Day. Goldie flubbed a little on what the man wanted from them, saying vaguely that he'd been asking him about Michael Parker.

The detective who arrived on scene was the same one who had come to the apartment after Goldie helped Michael find the bottom of the stairwell.

He was an older Hispanic man named Heratio Alvarez. He was brisk and blunt, but he seemed to be a good man judging by how kind he'd been to Dana and her kids when he was here last. The flubbing, however, was not going to work on him.

“So,” Alvarez asked, “the deceased asked you about Mr. Parker?”

“Yes,” Goldie replied. “I assume he wasn't happy with me about messing up his buddy. He kept asking me where he was, and I told him I didn't know.”

“You haven't seen Mr. Parker recently?”

“Well...” Goldie hesitated.

Okay, perhaps Goldie wasn't going to answer *all* the questions honestly.

“Last night,” Day said, suddenly speaking up. “He came to the apartment to threaten us.”

Goldie stared at Day in shock.

He had no idea what Day was about to say, and it was also weird to hear Day speak without the guise of prayer to frame his words. Day hadn't said anything since the man got hit by the truck, not even to the cops.

Then again, Goldie realized, the cops hadn't asked Day a single question. The cops had only spoken to Goldie, which was also quite strange now that he thought about it. It was like Goldie was the only person here despite Day standing right beside him.

Alvarez appeared startled, as if just noticing Day for the first time. “Threaten you? He threatened you how, Mr. Hanley?”

“He broke in. He said he wanted to kill Goldie,” Day replied calmly. “I forced him to leave.”

“Why didn't you call the police?”

“He disappeared. We didn't know what to tell you.”

Goldie reasoned everything Day had said was technically the truth, and he cautiously added, “He made threats against

me plus Dana and her kids. He wanted to kill us for messing up some kind of deal. And then... Well, I don't know where he went after Day got him to leave."

There.

That should do it.

Alvarez eyed Day suspiciously, and then he glared up at Goldie. "You still should have reported it—"

"Why?" Goldie found himself snapping. "To get him arrested so he could just make bail again in a few days and come right back to do it again?"

Alvarez scowled. "Mr. Nash—"

"He beat the shit out of Dana. He broke her jaw. And some judge thought it was a good idea to let him go? Are you seriously telling me that you would have kept him longer over a door?"

"Breaking and entering and damage to property would have been more charges," Alvarez countered shortly. "We could have shown the judge that he's a clear danger to the community."

"Wow." Goldie scoffed. "Because breaking a door says he's a danger but not breaking a woman's face?"

Alvarez sighed, and he looked very tired. "Mr. Nash, if you see him again, please call." He reached into his pocket to grab a business card. "Call *me*, all right? That's my cell phone number on there, and you can reach me day or night."

"Sure." Goldie tucked the card into his coat. "Will do." He shivered, and his stomach was twisting into multiple knots. He really wanted to leave. "Anything else, Detective?"

"No, that's it for now. I appreciate your cooperation." Alvarez eyed Day again. "I'll call you if I have any other questions."

"Thanks." Goldie quickly guided Day back over to the sidewalk where they'd left their shopping bags. The only perk about it being absolutely freezing outside was knowing that the groceries would be okay at least. He and Day shook off the

snow from the bags, gathered them all up, and then headed inside.

Goldie had never been so happy to be back home in his apartment.

Purrcy was laying in the middle of the floor by the couch, yowling weakly as if she was on the brink of death. She meowed frantically as Day and Goldie walked in, her tail high in the air as she cried.

“Hey, princess,” Goldie greeted her. “Just wait one second. We got your food okay? I promise we got it.” With Day behind him, he walked into the kitchen to drop the bags on the counter.

Day set his bags down beside Goldie’s, and somehow he’d ended up with the bag of Purrcy’s food. He grabbed a can and pointed at the case of beer. He pointed at the cat food and then to himself.

“You’re gonna feed her?” Goldie asked.

Day nodded as he slid his headphones down around his neck.

“Thank you.” Goldie went for the beer. He popped it open with a loud sigh. It was barely lunch time now, and he was already exhausted. His bones hurt from standing out in the cold, he’d had to deal with cops for over an hour now, and oh yeah, he saw someone *die* again.

At least the beer was cold.

Day got Purrcy’s food dish from the floor and brought it over to the sink to rinse out.

Goldie chugged his beer, watching Day meticulously dry the dish before dumping the contents of the cat food inside. As Day went to the microwave, Goldie asked him, “So, just to clarify something... you *can* talk?”

Day nodded, pushing the buttons on the microwave and placing the food inside. After hitting start on the timer, he turned to face Goldie.

“But, like what?” Goldie slurped at his beer. “You’re only supposed to talk to God and whenever it pleases you?”

“Dear God,” Day said, “please let my angel know that I’m only supposed to talk to You and when I need to for the sake of preserving the mission.”

“And what about when you were screaming at the man about what he did to his nephew?” Goldie asked gently, reaching out to touch Day’s shoulder. “What was that about?”

“That... that wasn’t...” Day’s face contorted in anguish, and he grimaced. “God, please, please let my angel know that wasn’t supposed to happen. It’s just... it’s too much sometimes. What I hear.” His eyes clouded with tears. “What I hear them all say.”

Seeing Day hurting tugged at Goldie’s soul, and he put his beer down so he could pull Day into a big hug. “Hey, hey, talk to me. What is it? What is it that you hear out there?”

“It’s noise,” Day replied brokenly, his voice choked by emotion. “Awful, awful noise. It’s nasty words and filthy thoughts and then it’s clear, *crystal clear*, and I know what they all did. I know what they’ve done, and I know what they’re going to do.” He looked up at Goldie. “I hear *everything*, angel.”

“With everyone?” Goldie paused. “Except me.”

Day nodded.

The microwave dinged.

Day broke away suddenly, wiping at his face as he went to retrieve Purracy’s food.

Purracy’s meows hit a feverish pitch as she danced around Day’s feet, and she didn’t stop until she was able to launch herself face-first into the dish. She ate so aggressively that she drove the dish into the side of the fridge, and there she sat, growling as she devoured her very late breakfast.

“Hey, what about Alvarez?” Goldie asked. “You talked to him. Did you hear his sins or whatever?”

Day grimaced, and he replied, “God, please tell my angel, yes. The detective thinks about sleeping with his partner. He wants to spank her and put things in her asshole—”

“*Okay*, got it.”

“Oh, and he lies at work.”

Goldie reasoned that could be said about a lot of people, though it was a bit more troubling when that person was a police officer. Day claiming to have heard Michael wanting to kill Dana’s kids wasn’t so far a stretch considering Michael had openly threatened to kill Goldie and Dana. Goldie couldn’t explain the vividly accurate accusations Day had laid on the man who died via truck today, but maybe that was just luck.

The man had certainly looked creepy. Assuming he was abusing a member of his own family wasn’t too far a leap to make, so again, perhaps Day was just lucky.

But perfectly timing their conversation so that the man happened to stumble right back into the path of that truck?

Day should go play the lottery.

“That’s why you wear the headphones?” Goldie asked. “To block out all the crazy stuff you hear?”

Day nodded, hugging himself and sniffing quietly.

Goldie didn’t know if Day could actually hear people’s sins, but he knew it was real enough to Day to affect him so deeply. He finished off his beer, chunked it into the trash, and then he wrapped Day up in another hug. “Come here.”

Day immediately latched on to Goldie’s waist, burying his face into his chest.

“It’s okay,” Goldie soothed. “I’m right here, okay? It’s safe in here, all right? Just me and you.”

Purrcy growled, nearly finished with her food.

“And Purrcy.” Goldie paused. “You don’t hear anything from animals, do you?”

Day shook his head.

“Oh. Okay.” Goldie rubbed Day’s back. “You know I’m not really an angel, don’t you? You know that, right? I have pervy thoughts about other people’s assholes and stuff too. I lie. I lied to that cop today.”

Day peeked up at Goldie, and he shook his head. He hugged Goldie tighter.

Goldie sighed. “I don’t know why you can’t hear me. I’m not saying I’m a monster or anything, but I am definitely far from perfect, okay?”

Day smiled at that, and he touched Goldie’s cheek.

“How about we finish getting these groceries up and have some lunch?” Goldie managed a smile. “Maybe we can talk about some other ways to work on your mission?”

Day’s smile grew.

“Without killing anyone,” Goldie quickly added.

Day pouted.

They put the groceries away except for the frozen nuggets and macaroni and cheese. Day insisted on cooking for them, and he handed Goldie another beer and then steered him toward the couch. Goldie decided Day could probably handle the simple meal without any help, and sitting down honestly sounded wonderful.

Before he could turn on the television, he heard his phone beeping.

He looked around. “Hey, uh, where’s my phone?”

“Dear God,” Day called out from the kitchen, “please let my angel know that his phone is under the couch.”

Goldie bit back an annoyed groan. He leaned forward and tried to feel under the edge of the couch, but he couldn’t find it. He had to get off the couch and down onto his knees, his hips popping as he moved. “Motherfucker,” he grunted, straining to drop to his elbows to get a proper look underneath the couch.

He spied his phone and grabbed it, grumbling to himself as he climbed back on the couch. He flopped into the cushions, and he made a face when the only notifications he'd missed were calls and text messages from Florence.

hey man you gotta check out this auction

people are going nuts for ur stuff

u still have any of your gear???

what about your neon feather boa from our tag team championship

hit me up man!!!

Curious what all the fuss was about, Goldie did an Internet search for wrestling auctions. After a bit of scrolling, he found one being hosted by Global Wrestling. Once he accessed the listings, he was stunned to see his own memorabilia going for tens of thousands of dollars.

“Holy fuck,” he whispered.

There was a gold-colored Goldilocks toy, just like the one on his shelf right now, and the current bid was over fifteen thousand.

No wonder Florence was trying to find out what he had, the greedy jerk.

“Not for sale,” Goldie murmured as he said as much to Florence in a text reply.

While it was flattering that so many fans were clamoring for his merch now, he wasn't sure what to do with his regained popularity. It wasn't like he was in any shape to wrestle, and he was struck by the sharp prick of bitterness all over again at what he had lost.

He could have been a movie star like the Rock or John Cena, but *no*, he was a fucking trainer at a shitty little gym, trying to learn yoga to stay relevant as his body gave out on him.

All because of some fucking jobber with a baseball bat.

Angrily, he slammed his phone down on the coffee table.

He jumped when Day touched his shoulder. “Oh, hey.”

Day tapped him again, frowning at him in concern.

“I’m okay,” Goldie replied. “Just... just stupid shit. Wrestling stuff.”

Day handed him another beer.

“Thanks.” Goldie polished off the one he’d been sipping on so he could open the new can. He was surprised when Day sat beside him, looking at him expectantly. “What? Aren’t you making lunch?”

Day looked at his wrist as if looking at a watch and then shrugged. He motioned for Goldie to speak.

“You wanna know what’s wrong?” Goldie asked.

Day nodded.

“What’s wrong is I broke my body for a sport that most people think is a joke, wrecked my entire career over it, and I’m left here in this shitty little apartment with nothing to show for it except a bunch of junk.” Goldie paused to drink his beer. “Junk that’s now apparently worth a lot of money because someone somewhere remembered who I am and everybody has decided they love me again. For fuck’s sake, Flo, my old partner, he’s trying to get in on it now, and wow, that hurts.”

Day put his hand on Goldie’s knee.

“It *really* hurts,” Goldie repeated, stunning himself a bit with the revelation. “He’s supposed to be my friend, but he only ever talks to me when he wants something. He comes to town to hang out and talk about the good ol’ days when we still wrestled, and it’s just to make himself feel better because he got fucked over too. He invited me over onto his podcast for the first time ever because I’m finally relevant enough for him to use for his own gain.” He snorted. “Fuck, I must sound like an asshole, huh?”

Day squeezed Goldie’s knee and shook his head.

“No?”

Day smiled, shaking his head again.

“I feel like one. I feel like a grumpy old asshole.” Goldie leaned his head back on the edge of the couch.

Day scooted closer, and he snuggled into Goldie’s side.

Goldie lifted his arm to make room for him, and he hugged Day close. “Sorry, you probably don’t wanna listen to this. I get in these moods this time of year, and I’m just... angry. I miss what I had. Miss what I could have had.”

Day trailed his hand over Goldie’s chest, caressing him lightly as he listened. He didn’t seem upset or bothered that Goldie wanted to vent, and he peeked up at him when Goldie fell silent as if checking on him.

“I’m okay,” Goldie promised. “It’s been a pretty crazy day, you know? Heh.” He took another sip of beer. “Pretty crazy everything lately. Not just you, but this whole getting famous again thing has been wild. Stirred up a bunch of stuff.” He snorted. “Wonder if anybody will want my VHS copies of *Starax*.”

Day mouthed, “*Starax*?”

“Yeah, it was a movie.” Goldie grinned. “A very terrible, awful sci-fi movie I was in. You ever see it?”

Day shook his head.

“Oh, I know what we’re watching.”

Something in the kitchen beeped.

Day held up his finger as if to say he’d be right back, and he kissed Goldie’s cheek. He got up to hurry into the kitchen to tend to whatever was going off.

Goldie lurched off the couch with a groan. He had to get on his knees again and crawled over to the cabinet that the TV sat on. Inside were movies, DVDs mostly, but there was a boxed VHS set of the *Starax* trilogy.

Right on the cover was Goldie in a shiny silver-and-purple leotard, with his glorious blond curls, holding a ray gun.

God, he looked ridiculous.

He made it back to the couch, and then he glanced to see what Day was doing.

Day had pulled the chicken nuggets out of the oven, and he was stirring up the macaroni and cheese. He'd moved the paper towel holder away from the stove and put the salt and pepper shakers in its place, and Goldie noticed that a few dish towels were hung now on the handle of the oven instead of being shoved in a drawer.

Humming to himself, Day pulled two plates out of the cabinet and set them out on the counter. He divided the macaroni and cheese between them, and then he started scooping the nuggets onto their plates.

The sight made Goldie's heart flutter unexpectedly, and he smiled.

It was funny in a way. He'd always been such a stubborn person, infamous for never changing his mind once it was made up and vehemently resisting change.

And yet here he was with this mysterious young man practically living with him and rearranging his kitchen, and Goldie didn't mind.

The apartment didn't feel like a tomb with someone else here to brighten it up. Though Day hardly spoke a word, his very presence was uplifting, and Goldie truly enjoyed his company.

Even if Day was maybe possibly an insane killer with the most incredible luck in the world, Goldie was still willing to believe that all of this was the result of the wildest set of coincidences ever. He was very aware that his willingness to believe that was being led by his intense desire to be with Day again.

To feel Day's touch on his skin, to carry out his every silent command, to be good for him and please him...

Shit.

The depth of these physical cravings was startling, and Goldie had never wanted to surrender himself over to anyone

before. He had no idea what Day had woken up inside of him, but he definitely wanted more.

No—he *needed* it.

Day brought the plates over and set them down on the coffee table. He left briefly to go grab napkins and silverware plus another beer for Goldie and a glass of water for himself. He pointed at the boxed set with a laugh.

“What?” Goldie grinned and handed it to him so he could see it. “This is it. This is *Starax*. It’s about an alien prince, that’s me, who gives up his throne to go adventure around the galaxy and save people. Fall in love with a hot princess, kick the bad guy’s butt, all that good stuff.”

Day nodded eagerly and pointed at the TV.

“Okay, baby. Go put it in.” Goldie gestured to the cabinet. “The VCR is in there. You know how to work a VCR?”

Day stared flatly.

“What? I’m allowed to ask! You’re what, twenty?”

Day rolled his eyes and flashed his fingers to make twenty-two.

“See? You’re a baby. A lot of people your age probably wouldn’t know what to do with these.”

Day rolled his eyes again, and he took the first tape over to put it in. He smirked smugly as he was able to successfully get the movie going, and he came strutting back to the couch.

“Yes, very good. I will never doubt you again.” Goldie changed the channel on the TV until he selected the correct input for the VCR. “Ah, there we go.”

Day sat beside him and snuggled in close.

“Thank you for making lunch.” Goldie kissed Day’s hair. “Smells great.”

Day blushed, shrugging off the compliment though he was clearly pleased by it.

Heavily synthesized music signaled the start of the film, and flashing neon letters popped up onscreen spelling out Starax as the music reached a fantastic crescendo.

“You just hang on to your butt,” Goldie declared. “This is gonna blow your mind.”

Day gave him a thumbs up, his eyes now fixed on the television.

Oh, it was bad.

It was so very bad.

The movie was even more terrible and corny than Goldie remembered, and a few more beers helped fuel his laughter. Day laughed so hard a couple of times that he cried, and he was nearly hysterical when it was time for Goldie to battle the evil emperor and a painfully obvious stunt double was swapped in for certain shots.

“They wouldn’t let me do my own stunts,” Goldie defended, “but they couldn’t find anybody as big as me! So, you know, they did the best they could!”

Day was snickering away, shaking his head.

“Okay, yes, it’s awful,” Goldie finally agreed, “but I think it just adds to its charm!”

The evil emperor was defeated, Starax got the princess, and it was a happy ending for all. Over the final credits, however, there was a quick flash showing the emperor crawling out of the giant hole Starax had thrown him into.

Day gasped.

“Dun dun *dun!*” Goldie teased dramatically. “And that’s why there were two more equally awful movies.” He chuckled. “Wow. They were a lot of fun to make though. They really were. I haven’t watched these in years, you know.”

Scrunching his brow, Day mouthed, “Why?”

“I dunno.” Goldie shrugged. “I guess I figured they’d just depress me or something. You know, I got that big stick up my ass about losing everything...” He paused, glancing over the

light reflecting in Day's big brown eyes. He suddenly didn't feel like he'd lost much, not when he had this beautiful young man here in his arms. He smiled. "Thank you for watching it with me."

Day grinned, and he leaned up for a kiss.

Goldie loved how the simple touch of Day's lips made his heart beat faster, and the rest of the world vanished away.

A loud truck outside disrupted the tender moment and immediately forced Goldie to recall images of the man getting splattered into the pavement. He tried to ignore the memory, and he looked outside, seeing that the snow was blanketing the city in white. He usually hated it, but right now he found it sort of beautiful.

Maybe it was just because he was in such a good mood. The horrors of the day were dim compared to Day's smile.

Day held up two fingers.

"Oh, ready for the second one, huh?" Goldie laughed. "Really?"

Day nodded.

"Okay, well." Goldie grunted as he sat up and stretched. "How about we take a quick break? You cooked, so I'll clean up." He smirked. "Maybe try on some of your new stuff, huh? I'm definitely changing into some sweats and making some of that popcorn."

Day's eyes widened, and he suddenly sprang up from the couch. It was almost as if he'd forgotten about his new clothing. He hurried into the kitchen where he'd left the shopping bag, and then he whizzed back by on his way to the bedroom, no doubt to change.

Laughing to himself, Goldie gathered up their plates and Day's glass to take to the sink. He rinsed everything off before sticking it in the dishwasher, including the pot and spoon Day had used to cook their lunch. He shook off the crumbs from the baking sheet that the nuggets had been cooked on and stuck it back under the oven.

He retrieved the popcorn out of the pantry, debating before he grabbed two bags. He wasn't sure how much Day would eat, but he knew he'd eat at least one bag by himself. Given the snow falling outside, he decided to heat up some milk on the stove for some hot chocolate too.

He got the popcorn and milk going, and he left to reunite with his sweats.

Day was coming out of the bedroom, and Goldie stopped dead in his tracks.

“Wow,” Goldie whispered.

Day was wearing the big white slouchy socks, the new pink sweater, and apparently nothing else.

His legs looked fantastic, and the sweater was just long enough to keep whether or not he was wearing any underwear a mystery. The reveal of skin at Day's shoulder where the sweater hung off was somehow especially sultry, and Day had tucked his hands into the sleeves, worrying them together as he stared at Goldie, clearly apprehensive about his selection.

“You look so fucking sexy,” Goldie was quick to assure him, holding out his hand to take Day's so he could pull him in for a deep kiss. He hugged him against his chest, and he groped hungrily over Day's hips. He wanted so badly to reach underneath the sweater and see if he'd find bare flesh or not, but he resisted for now.

Day sighed breathily, his cheeks nearly as pink as his sweater.

“Popcorn is in the microwave, milk for hot chocolate is heating up on the stove,” Goldie said. “If you can switch over the movie, I'm just gonna go change, all right?”

Day shook his head.

“What?”

Day's gaze had turned positively ravenous, and he pulled at Goldie's T-shirt.

“Oh? This is coming off?” Goldie chuckled as Day insistently yanked the shirt up and over his head.

Day went for Goldie's pants next, pulling them down along with Goldie's underwear. He motioned for Goldie to step out of them, and he looked over Goldie's naked body with an openly lustful stare.

"Now what?" Goldie asked.

Day pointed at the couch.

"Oh, I'm sitting naked?"

Day nodded firmly.

"Seriously?"

Day nodded again and crossed his arms, clearly refusing to accept any other answer.

"All right, well, you'd better think of some way to keep me warm." Goldie winked.

Day licked his lips, and it was obvious he had some ideas. He shooed Goldie away and then darted back to the bedroom.

Goldie grunted as he bent over to collect his clothes. He stepped into the bathroom to drop them off in the hamper, use the toilet, and come back out to finish making their snacks.

While he was pouring the milk in their mugs for the hot chocolate, he saw Day slinking to the couch with the comforter from the bed. He brought over their mugs first, one in each hand, and went back for the popcorn. He combined both bags in one giant bowl for them to share, and he enjoyed how Day's gaze obviously lingered on his half-hard dick.

Goldie sat beside Day, sliding under the covers with a smile. "Already got the next movie in?"

Day pointed at the TV and nodded.

The screen was paused.

"Ah, you gotta go hit play. I haven't seen the remote in years."

Day made a face.

"I'll get it," Goldie offered, but Day wagged his finger at him to stay put. Goldie was then treated to Day's long legs

strolling over to the TV and the flash of his bare ass when he bent over to start the movie.

Nope, no underwear after all.

And wow, was it a splendid view.

Day snuggled back in beside Goldie on the couch under the blanket, and he seemed content to watch the movie and eat popcorn for a few minutes. He sipped his hot chocolate, laughed at the latest ridiculous antics of Prince Starax, and the tension between them continued to boil.

Goldie's dick was so hard that it was throbbing, and he was dying for Day to make a move. He shivered as Day's hand slid over his thigh beneath the blanket, and he was surprised when Day suddenly laid his head down in his lap. He petted Day's curls, readjusting the blanket to make sure he was covered.

Day continued to pet Goldie's thigh, and his fingers were slowly making their way up to his balls. He squeezed them gently, though his eyes were still fixed on the television.

Goldie sighed contentedly, and he kept his touch in Day's hair light. He wanted Day to go at his own pace—he wanted him to be in charge—so Goldie made no move to encourage or give Day pause.

His patience was rewarded when Day pulled Goldie's dick out from under the blanket to stuff into his mouth.

The wet heat was welcoming and perfect, and Goldie groaned as Day sucked him eagerly. He ran his fingers through Day's hair, murmuring, "God, I love how you suck me."

Day only had about half of Goldie's dick swallowed down, fidgeting around until he found a comfortable position to keep his head in Goldie's lap and still suck him. He was slowing down now, but it still felt absolutely fantastic. With no real friction forming, Goldie didn't think he could get off like this, but he didn't care.

The seductive suckle of Day's hot mouth was incredible, and he was happy to let Day play with his cock however he wanted to. Goldie relaxed, basking in the warm and sweet

suction with a happy sigh. “There you go, baby. Suck me nice and slow, just like that. Just like that, baby. God, yes.”

Day moaned quietly, petting Goldie’s leg and flicking his tongue over the head of his dick. He kept on sucking with no real pressure, just enough to keep Goldie’s dick hard, and he continued to watch the movie. He pulled off a few times to laugh, but then he went right back down to pull Goldie’s cock back into his mouth.

Some drool had inevitably run down around Goldie’s balls and pooled behind them as the minutes ticked by, and Day’s fingers slipped between Goldie’s legs to seek it out. Day took a single finger and played in the wetness, teasing back and forth over Goldie’s taint.

Goldie shifted slightly, wanting that pressure just a little farther back. He wanted Day to push inside of him, and he tried to tilt forward.

As soon as he did, Day stopped.

Goldie returned his hips to their original position, and he gasped as Day’s finger moved again, this time teasing closer to his hole. He didn’t know when he’d begun to sweat, but he was suddenly hot all over, and he wanted Day to open him up again, to stuff his fingers inside of him, and then his cock—

Goldie’s phone beeped.

He ignored it.

It beeped again.

Day popped off with an annoyed grunt, running his tongue over his lips as he frowned up at Goldie.

“It’s probably nothing.” Goldie grabbed his phone from the arm of the sofa, quickly swiping through to see what it was.

Two text messages from Flo.

yo did u see this??

isnt this your place?

A third came through, and it was a link to a news article with the following headline:

BREAKING NEWS: Body Found In Dumpster, Organized Crime Suspected

A quick skim of the article revealed the body of Michael Parker had been found in a dumpster, and there was indeed a photograph of Goldie's building included. The police suspected the criminal gang Michael was affiliated with had become angry with him over a deal gone wrong and chosen to take care of him themselves.

There was no mention of Goldie or what had happened to Dana, and there was not a single word about Day.

Day had gotten away with murder.

Again.

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DAY



Day didn't understand what was so upsetting on Goldie's phone, and he peeked at the screen to see what was the matter. He got a glimpse of a news article, read a bit, but he still didn't get what was wrong.

It appeared to be good news.

He patted Goldie's hip to get his attention.

He doesn't see this is a blessing.

"Sorry. It's... it's about Michael." Goldie tilted the screen to show Day. "They found him inside the dumpster outside my building. I guess that's where you put him?"

Day nodded.

"They think his gang killed him. That's it."

Day nodded again, and he quirked his brows together. He didn't like seeing Goldie so bothered, but he really didn't understand why any of that was a bad thing. He bowed his head to lap at Goldie's cock with a low whine.

"Mm." Goldie's lashes fluttered. "You, uh, you really did it, didn't you? You got away with it."

And he always will.

Father sounded surprisingly smug.

Day wished Father would leave him alone while he was being intimate, but he already knew he didn't have any control over him. He continued to lap at Goldie's cock, eager to fix his

soured mood and rekindle the passion that had been burning so sweetly between them.

Goldie seemed to be relaxing, but then Day caught him glancing at his phone again.

Day's heart sank.

Look at you.

You look ridiculous, son.

No wonder he doesn't want you.

Father's smugness continued.

Day's temper flared, and he gritted his teeth.

No, he looked sexy in this. He was soft and beautiful and sexy. His angel had told him so. His angel had told him so. His angel had fucking told him so, even though his angel was ignoring him right now.

When Day was little, he liked soft things.

Lace. Silk. Velvet.

Father took them away.

He'd had a doll that he liked. A girl had given it to him at church when they still went.

Father took that away too.

Father didn't want him to like soft things because the mission was going to be hard.

It wasn't fair.

None of this was fair.

Anger bubbling over, Day snatched the phone away from Goldie's hand.

"Hey!" Goldie frowned. "I'm sorry, I was just—"

Day slammed the phone over on the coffee table, and then he whirled back around on Goldie. He grabbed Goldie's jaw, whispering heatedly, "And God said, hold fast to the body embracing you until you have become one flesh. Come unto them and spread your seed."

“What?” Goldie sputtered. “Wait, is that in the Bible or—”

“I am coming unto you and spreading my seed,” Day said in a tone that indicated he was not accepting any question or refusal. He slid into Goldie’s lap, still holding his jaw and the other hand tangling in his long hair. He tightened his grip and watched Goldie’s expression go slack. “I am taking you, my angel. I am taking what is mine. Right now.”

“Yes. Please.” Goldie’s eyes glazed over, and he nodded obediently. His entire body sagged beneath Day’s strong hold, and he was staring at Day as if he’d painted all the stars dotting the heavens.

The look was worshipful, beautiful, and Day felt *powerful*.

Day wondered if this was what God felt like—

Careful, my son.

Day stroked the line of Goldie’s strong jaw with his thumb, admiring his bright eyes and how eager he was to offer his submission. It was thrilling to have his angel want to be his so desperately, and he could already tell that Goldie would do anything and everything he asked of him.

Goldie *wanted* this.

He wanted to belong to Day, to serve him and fuck him and take his seed, to kneel at his feet and yes, maybe even love him. He was his angel, now and forever, and Day’s heart was so full that it was hard to breathe.

“Tell me what you want me to do,” Goldie pleaded.

“Go to bed,” Day replied. “Wait for me, angel.” He pressed a hot kiss to Goldie’s lips and tugged on his hair just to hear him moan.

It was magical.

A simple touch, a visceral response.

Instantly addicting, Day had to do it again. When he was satisfied that Goldie was squirming sufficiently, he gracefully slid off his lap so he could get up. “Go.”

Goldie stood, his hard cock bouncing as he moved, and then he headed directly to the bedroom without a single second of hesitation. His commitment to obedience was stirring something up inside of Day, and he didn't want to lose this feeling.

He was happy.

For the first time ever, he was happy. His angel loved him, he was sure of it, and they could be together always. His angel was going to help Day, they were going to take care of each other, they were going to be happy forever and ever and ever.

You broke your vow today.

Day's upper lip curled.

You broke your vow—

"I know," Day snapped, trying to keep his voice down so Goldie didn't hear him.

What good are the pieces of a shattered oath sworn to God, my son?

"Shut up, Father," Day hissed as he slapped his hands over his ears. "Shut up, shut up, shut up, *shut the fuck up.*"

He waited.

He *waited*.

Silence.

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GOLDIE



Wanting to have sex with someone after confirming that they'd gotten away clean with two murders was probably not a normal response.

Goldie knew it wasn't quite as simple as that, and the many layers of the bizarre mystery wrapped in an enigma that was Day were getting more complicated by the second. Goldie now found himself not wanting to refuse Day and dying to surrender himself over to him completely. The aggressive way Day had snatched Goldie's phone away like that and taken charge had made Goldie whimper, and the haze that had come over him was nothing he'd ever experienced.

He hadn't been able to apologize and explain that he was texting Florence back not to worry about him because none of that mattered anymore.

All that mattered was being good for Day.

Even now, Goldie was waiting patiently—without question—in bed for Day to join him because it was what Day had told him to do.

He wanted Day to order him around.

To command him.

To *own* him.

It was somehow equally the most relaxing and exhilarating feeling in the world. He didn't have to worry about what to do or what to say because Day was going to take care of everything. Day was going to tell him exactly what he wanted.

There wouldn't be any confusion or misunderstandings, only the simple bliss that would come from the satisfaction of obeying Day.

Goldie was warm and buzzed from the beer, and it dulled the familiar aches in his neck and back. He felt good, his muscles were deliciously languid and heavy, and the pulse in his cock was reverberating throughout his entire body. It was making his lips and the tips of his fingers numb, and the anticipation charged the air until it was crackling.

He hadn't been sure how Day wanted him, but he chose to stretch out on his back because that was the most comfortable. He could actually see his heartbeat twitching in his cock, and he watched its rhythmic dance until Day appeared in the doorway.

Day was flushed, his eyes wide, and he stared in awe over Goldie's display like he was admiring a work of art in a museum. The softness of his sweater and the thick slouchy socks were a lovely complement to the sharp hunger that was brewing in his gaze and his lean frame was coiled as if ready to pounce.

Goldie was not a small man by any stretch of the imagination, but he felt so tiny in this moment. He was being hunted, and the new vulnerability created a unique thrill he was fast growing addicted to. There was an element to this play that was absolutely real—Day was dangerous.

He'd killed a man with his bare hands and was able to manipulate another into walking right into his own death without lifting a finger.

Somehow that made this even hotter, and Goldie lifted his hands up to grab the headboard. He would have let Day handcuff him again if he'd wanted to, but he wanted to make it clear that his submission was genuine. He was offering himself to Day, and the subtle shifts in Day's expression let Goldie know this was the right move.

Day's lashes fluttered, his throat bobbed, and he ran his tongue over his top teeth.

It was startling how fast Day could move, and he was at the foot of the bed between the space of two twitches of Goldie's throbbing cock. His voice was deeper than usual, deliciously husky as he said, "And God said, upon thy belly thou shalt go. *Right now.*"

"Yes, sir." Goldie rolled on his side, but he didn't immediately go on his stomach. Instead, he went to his hands and knees, arching his hips back. He wanted to stretch, but also he wanted to tempt Day with the enticing view of his ass.

He heard Day grunt.

Goldie smiled, and he slid his arms forward, letting his upper body drop first to keep his ass in the air. He heard Day's sharp inhale, and only then did he finally lay flat on his stomach. The bed dipped as Day climbed up, and Goldie shivered as Day's long fingers stroked the backs of his thighs.

"How beautiful you are, my angel," Day whispered hoarsely. "The curves of your thighs are like jewelry, the work of a master..." His hands moved up to cup Goldie's ass, and he parted his cheeks, audibly inhaling. "I shall drink from the fountain of your beauty forever and never go thirsty."

Goldie moaned happily when Day's tongue flicked over his hole. It was wet, hot, and that first agonizing tease left him aching for more.

Still holding Goldie's ass cheeks firmly spread, Day lay down between Goldie's thighs. He licked at his hole again, lavishing the puckered flesh with long laps of his tongue punctuated by soft, greedy gasps.

God, it was wonderful.

Goldie grunted and groaned to make sure Day knew how he was enjoying himself. The slick pressure against his asshole was the perfect appetizer to what he was confident was going to be a monumental feast of flesh.

Day was devouring his hole and roughly kneading his cheeks, already trying to force the tip of his tongue inside.

Goldie quickly surmised that Day was not the sort of hunter that played with his food for very long before going in

for the kill. As wound up as Goldie was, he didn't mind. He just wanted to go, go, go, faster and faster, and he was glad Day was on the same page as he was.

Day was moving his thumbs closer inward to rub around Goldie's asshole as he ate him out, and Goldie gasped when one suddenly pushed in. He was surprised how easily it slid inside his spit slick hole, the resistance miniscule and the new pressure sweet.

"Yes," Goldie murmured. "God, yes."

Day replied by thrusting his thumb in deeper, making room for his tongue to tease just inside the rim of Goldie's hole. He reached between Goldie's legs to grab ahold of his balls, squeezing them tight and pulling.

Goldie jerked at the unexpected tension, and he grabbed the lower rung of the headboard so he'd have something to hang on to. "F-fuck... mmm. *Mmm.*" Day's hold teetered on painful, and Goldie whimpered from the surge of adrenaline crashing over him knowing what those two hands were capable of.

Pain, death, pleasure, murder.

And he wanted Goldie.

This exquisite, dangerous creature wanted *him*—a broken old wrestler who had always been too afraid of change to do a damn thing about how miserable he was until now.

Day's thumb continued to slam into Goldie's hole, and his tongue was now thrusting inside too. He smothered his face right between Goldie's cheeks, growling low as he tugged on Goldie's balls again.

"Ah, *yes!*" Goldie hissed at the sharp zing of sensation, and he squeezed the headboard rung tighter. His cock was trapped between his stomach and the bed, and he pressed his hips forward to gain some much needed friction to counter the intense feeling.

What he got was another tug, much crueler than the others, and Day didn't release him.

“Ah, oh, fuck. Mmm, fuck.” Goldie shoved his face into the pillows, his body caught between the throbbing pressure of Day’s tight grip and the slippery penetration of Day’s tongue and thumb rubbing inside of him. He knew this had become a punishment now, and it was terribly unfair since he didn’t know what the rules were. He didn’t know how to be good if Day didn’t tell him, and he whimpered, gasping, “I’m sorry.”

Day relaxed his hold, and his touch turned tender. He massaged Goldie’s balls to ease the ache, though with one final squeeze as if to remind Goldie not to dare disobey him again. He finally lifted his head up from his meal, noisily licking his lips. “God said to bring the lampstand, also for the light and its utensils, and its lamps, and the oil for the light.”

“Huh?” Goldie didn’t have a clue what Day was asking for, and he was lost somewhere clenching his soft hole around Day’s thumb.

“The *oil*.”

“Oh!” Goldie assumed Day must mean lube. “Bedside table.” He let go of the bed to point.

Day surged forward, keeping his thumb still firmly planted inside of Goldie as he stretched out his other arm. He pulled open the drawer of the bedside table, fumbled around, and returned to his original position in record time.

No sooner had Goldie grabbed back a hold of the headboard rung did he feel the cool rush of lubricant gushing over his asshole.

Day made a quiet sound, something akin to a sigh, and he withdrew his thumb to make way for two of his fingers. He slid the lube around in a lazy arc before plunging inside, twisting his fingers and curling deep within.

“Mmph. Yes.” Goldie reminded himself to relax, and he sagged into the bed as Day stretched him open. It was a little easier than this morning, though he still enjoyed the stretch. He knew better now than to try and move or touch his cock, and he let himself sink into a warm, fuzzy haze. His erection flagged as he dipped deeper into the submissive fog, and he

closed his eyes, his face flashing hot and his heartbeat climbing up the back of his tongue.

He didn't hurt.

Nothing ached.

All his body registered was the sweet pressure inside of his body as Day's fingers plunged in and out, stroking around his most intimate parts with firm thrusts. His breathing was steady now, and it was almost like being right on the edge of sleep, lulled into this beautiful trance by Day's firm fingers touching on long forgotten nerves.

Day reached beneath Goldie to grab his cock, pulling it back between his legs to stroke around the head.

It didn't hurt, not exactly, but it felt weird. Goldie wasn't fully hard now, which allowed for some flexibility, and he remained in that drowsy cloud as Day squeezed and thumbed over his slit, playing in his precome. He gave Goldie's cock one final, firm stroke, and then he let go. His fingers circled around Goldie's hole and then also withdrew.

Goldie remained as he was even as a slight prickle of excitement danced up his spine.

Yes.

Finally.

Goldie moaned when he felt the slick head of Day's cock right there at his asshole, and he had to fight not to arch back into it. He had to wait. He had to be good. He had to wait until Day gave it to him.

"So my seed will not be wasted, I will lay it inside of you," Day whispered, though it almost sounded like a question.

"Yes," Goldie confirmed to make sure there were no doubts about what they were about to do. He wanted Day like this, bare, and he wanted his come. "Please. Lay it in me. Give it to me."

Day hummed, and he tilted forward, his cock sinking syrupy slow into Goldie's asshole.

Goldie groaned as his body swallowed up every inch, eagerly accepting Day deep inside of him. It was slick, hot, and nearly effortless, his body having surrendered most of its resistance to Day's probing fingers already.

Day pushed until he was fully seated inside of Goldie, and he grunted softly, readjusting himself so he was spread across Goldie's back.

Goldie loved the soft texture of the sweater rubbing against his skin, and he turned his head so he could see Day mounted above him. Goldie's hole was practically pulsing from being so full, and he had to breathe through the overwhelming feeling. It throbbed, it *ached*, and he whispered, "Day... you feel so good."

Day smiled at that, and his lips parted as if about to speak. Whatever words he might have said never came, and he rolled back and then forward, sliding out and back into Goldie's body. He clung to Goldie, gasping sharply. "O-oh..."

"Oh, God." Goldie gasped along with him.

Actual movement was creating a fantastic new tier of pleasure, and Goldie grabbed the headboard tight enough to turn his knuckles white. Day's cock was so long that the depth it reached made Goldie's breath catch, and he moaned as Day thrust harder, using enough force to rattle the headboard Goldie was clinging to against the wall.

Day lifted himself up onto his hands, using his knees to spread Goldie's legs wide as he fucked him.

Goldie groaned low. "God, baby. Yes, there you go. Fuckin' get in there. Mmm, God, I love your cock."

Day grunted, and he grabbed a handful of Goldie's ass, squeezing hard. He made another small sound, giving Goldie a particularly rough thrust. He was asking for something, and it took Goldie a few moments in his blissed out state to realize what it was.

"Oh, you want me to keep talkin', baby?" he asked.

Day moaned, and he reared back, both of his hands now on Goldie's ass and spreading his cheeks wide as his cock thrust

into him.

“Oh, f-fuck. Yeah. I can do that, baby.” Goldie needed a moment to get his head together and pull himself at least partially out of the pleasurable fog. “You like fucking me, baby? Mmm, I bet you’re watching yourself fuck my little hole right now, aren’t you? Just swallowin’ you up. You feel so goddamn—”

Day spanked Goldie’s ass, a vicious strike that made Goldie yelp.

“What?” Goldie flinched, his ass stinging wildly from the unexpected slap. He was surprised how much he liked it, and he grinned cheekily when he realized what had caused it. “I’m sorry, baby. I can’t help it. You just feel so *goddamn* good!”

Day growled, and he smacked Goldie’s ass again, even more brutal than the first.

“F-fuck! Fuck me!” Goldie smothered a moan into the pillows as he clenched around Day’s cock, his ass white-hot from the spanking. The unexpected pain made every nerve even more sensitive, and he shouted when Day fucked him impossibly harder. He’d thought Day was giving him everything he had, and oh, how wrong he was.

Day pressed a hand into the small of Goldie’s back to hold him down, and he pounded into his hole with ferocious strength, fucking him like a machine, relentless and without mercy.

“God, *God*, fuck! Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” Goldie had to move now. He had to stretch and arch his back to relieve the intense friction, and he cried out when Day spanked his ass again. He couldn’t stop himself now, his body demanding a reprieve, and he moaned when Day rewarded his disobedience with another cruel smack.

Goldie didn’t know if this was heaven or hell or some plane of existence in between. The only thing he was confident of right now was that he’d never been fucked like this before. One or two lovers from his youth liked to get rough and could

pound his ass for a little while, but never with this much strength or stamina.

Day slammed into Goldie's hole hard enough to make his entire body jerk, each rough thrust shaking Goldie from head to toe as if he was half his actual size. Day never slowed for a moment, continuing to fuck Goldie down into the bed in this savage rhythm without any sign of breaking. The only sign that Day was in fact human and tiring out was his desperate panting.

Day dragged his fingers over the welts he'd left in Goldie's ass cheeks, whining low as he pushed in as deeply as he could and circled his hips wide.

"O-oh, baby. Oh *yeah*. That's it. That's so good." Goldie had nearly forgotten to keep up the dirty talk, but he'd lost the ability to speak while Day was pounding his brains out. "You're fuckin' me so good, baby. God, that's *amazing*. Mmm, nobody's ever given it to me like you. I want more, baby. Please, let me have some more."

Day sighed, breathless and deep, and he squeezed Goldie's hips. He pulled out, tapping Goldie's side. "And I shall look upon my beloved's face as I lay with them."

"Whatever you want, baby." Goldie started to turn, grunting as his back twinged in slight complaint as he twisted over onto it. He was definitely going to need some extra meds later, but he was happy to accept any and all consequences for this phenomenal evening.

Day's strong hands were there to help guide him, and he slid between Goldie's legs with a soft smile. He stroked Goldie's thighs and hips, and he tilted his ass up and off the bed. His long fingers glided over Goldie's spanked cheek and paused as if to savor the heat there. He bowed his head to claim a kiss.

Goldie reached for Day's hair, but he paused, asking quietly, "May I touch you, sir?"

Day nodded, and he kissed Goldie again, slipping his tongue into his mouth.

Goldie moaned into the passionate kiss, and he ran his fingers through Day's thick curls. This was a radical shift from the rough fucking, but Goldie liked it. He loved how Day felt on top of him with his hard cock rubbing against Goldie's inner thigh in a promise to return soon, and Day was kissing him so adoringly that it was making his heartbeat stutter.

They kissed for several long moments, and Day lazily sucked on Goldie's tongue as he caressed his broad sides. He tilted his hips until his cock found its place between Goldie's cheeks, rubbing there and trying to slip back inside.

Since Goldie had been given permission to touch, he assumed it would be all right to move. He angled his ass down and then up, helping Day's cock catch on his wet hole. He was so open that Day slipped right back in, and Goldie groaned loudly. "There we go, baby. There we go. Fuck, yeah."

Day smiled, playfully dragging his teeth along Goldie's jaw. He slid his arms behind Goldie's back as he began to thrust once more, deep but slower, taking his time now as he fucked him.

Goldie had to lean upward to kiss Day because of the difference in their height, but it was worth the neck strain to taste those perfect, full lips. He stroked Day's hair, encouraging him along with more filthy praise. "Yeah, baby. There, just like that. Fuck, your cock feels so damn good. You fucked me so wide open, mmm, you just slip right fuckin' in. I'm so in love with your fuckin' dick, baby."

Day's smile grew, and he squeezed Goldie's thigh. He was flushed a lovely shade of red, his brow glittering with sweat, and he looked absolutely stunning.

Goldie was blown away by how intimate this felt now, to be so close as Day held him tight and moved inside of him. The energy between them was buzzing with a new kind of heat, and Goldie swore he was glowing. He slipped his hands underneath Day's sweater to rub his back, tracing the lines of his flexing muscles as he fucked him, and he leaned up for another hot kiss.

God, this was *amazing*.

Day encouraged Goldie to lift his hips higher off the bed as he thrust a little harder, finding a position that was pleasurable but still comfortable. Day was incredibly attentive, and he read Goldie's body like a book, turning through every beautiful page to seek out the most incredible levels of bliss. He noticed the tiniest flinch of pain, and he quickly readjusted Goldie's thighs around his waist until the discomfort eased.

"God, that's it. Just like that. Fuckin' flawless, baby. God, don't stop. Please don't fuckin' stop." Goldie glided his hands down from Day's back to grab his ass, urging him to keep up this perfect pace forever. It was just on the right side of intense, almost too much and yet just enough, and his joyful moans soared over the frantic banging of the headboard against the wall.

"Oh, my angel." Day's voice was a rumbling whisper, his lips teasing Goldie's ear as he pressed forward. He had to bend Goldie nearly in half to reach him, and he pinned him in place, mouthing over Goldie's earlobe as he crooned, "Your chest is a mountain surrounded by lilies. Your neck is a tower of bronze, your eyes like pools of the deepest oceans..."

"Day," Goldie gasped as Day abruptly slammed inside him. He clung to Day's back, tilting into his hot mouth and hanging on his every word. Day was giving it to him harder, faster, and the entire bed was shaking.

"Your hair is like fine satin, a king could be held captive in your tresses." Day groaned low, his praise flowing from his lips in stunted little growls as he dove into Goldie's body over and over. "How beautiful you are, and you are all mine, just as I belong to you. Your desire is for me alone."

The beautiful litany was matched by Day's increasing frantic pace, and he moaned into Goldie's throat, grazing his teeth there with an accompanying snarl. Goldie was helpless to do anything except to lie there and take it, his feet pointed to the ceiling as Day fucked him down into the bed. His hole was throbbing from the merciless friction, and his head was getting light from the constant barrage of overwhelming sensations.

Day's hot mouth, his pounding cock, his fingers like brands as they dug into Goldie's thigh—God, Goldie never wanted it to end. He wanted Day to keep saying those wonderful things and fuck him like this until the very end of time itself. Goldie hadn't been prepared for the wave of emotion Day's words had set upon him, and his eyes stung with tears as he took them all in, repeating them in his head on an endless loop.

How beautiful you are.

You are all mine, just as I belong to you.

Beautiful, Day had said.

Beautiful.

Goldie had never been beautiful before.

Strong, beastly, giant, massive, even handsome or sexy on occasion, but never beautiful. Beautiful was delicate and fragile, something to be treasured and protected and taken care of, and Goldie could be almost anything except for that.

Until now.

Under Day's firm commands and strong hands, Goldie could be whatever he wanted to be, and yes, he could be beautiful. He could open himself up, give himself over completely, and let Day absolutely worship him. Day would take care of him, and there was literally no doubt that he'd protect him.

Day had *killed* for him.

Goldie let out a sob, frantically twisting his fingers into the fabric of Day's sweater. He was flushed, his skin stinging with sweat, and his hole was aching from the relentless slam of Day's hips. He forced his legs as close to his chest as he could go, pushing down on Day's cock and yearning for more. The cloud of sensation he was trapped in was suffocating, and he needed release, he needed to come.

“Come to me,” Day demanded breathlessly, “and I will give you my love. I will give all that I have to give.” His nails cut into Goldie's hips as their bodies collided. He leaned back

with a ravenous snarl, punctuating his words with devastating slams. “Now, *come to me.*”

“Yes.” Goldie grabbed his cock, pumping his hand fast to bring himself off. His chest heaved from the weight of the evening’s pleasure, and he focused every morsel of his attention on the slick thrust of his cock against his palm. The fire was right there, burning bright like a star, and he tensed, every muscle twisting and straining for release. “Ah... ah... oh, God.... *yes!*”

His orgasm sapped his remaining senses, and he let himself go, hips twitching erratically as his cock shot his load across his chest. He was falling, his stomach clenching from the rush, and every fiber of his nervous system convulsed with fireworks. He openly cried, wrung out from so many overwhelming passions, and he kissed Day even as he sobbed, pleading, “Yes, more, please, keep going, keep fucking me, God, yes, yes, yes—”

Day silenced him with his tongue. He was coming, his relentless rhythm shattered into a series of stuttering thrusts. He stuffed himself inside of Goldie, holding there as his cock pulsed. Each thick burst was followed by a hoarse groan, and Day smothered every sweet sound in Goldie’s mouth.

Goldie trembled beneath Day, and his fingers and tongue were numb. Even the tip of his nose was buzzing, and the tremors continued to run from his balls and through his thighs and up his spine. He rocked slowly, trying to drag out the sweet ache for as long as he could before he was finally exhausted. He raked his fingers through Day’s hair, and he kissed him and squeezed his legs around his waist.

Day hummed, a happy sound, and he let the kiss linger until they were both left gasping for air.

“Day,” Goldie murmured. “Wow.”

Day grinned.

Goldie tucked Day’s curls behind his ear and affectionately bumped their noses together. “You were fuckin’ amazing, baby.”

Day snuggled close against Goldie's chest, whispering, "As were you." He stroked Goldie's hip, asking shyly, "Not too much? I didn't... I didn't bring harm to you?"

Goldie chuckled heartily. "Well, I'm glad I don't have to work tomorrow 'cause I dunno if I'm gonna be walking right, but no, I'm fine. Really. I'm more than fine." He smiled. "Thank you."

"For?"

"For giving me everything I've ever wanted." Goldie surprised himself with such an honest answer. His heart skipped a beat, and he cradled the side of Day's face. "For letting me... for letting me be beautiful."

Day's smile could have rivaled the sun. "But you are beautiful, my angel." He leaned in for a soft kiss. "And you're mine."

"Yours." Goldie shifted, wincing slightly as Day's softening cock dragged inside his tender hole. His neck and lower back also had their own agenda, burning now from the exertion. As the orgasmic fuzz faded, Goldie was faced with the realization that he was going to be a lot more sore than he'd first anticipated.

"What's wrong?" Day asked.

"Just hurtin', baby." Goldie chuckled. "Your angel is an old man with a bad back."

"I'll make it better," Day promised earnestly. "I'll take care of you."

"It's okay." Goldie swiped his thumb over Day's cheek. "You didn't do anything I didn't want you to. Been a little while since, you know, I was with someone. I'm all right."

Day kissed Goldie's chin. "You must never withhold good from someone who deserves it when it is in your power to do so."

"Well, if you insist, I guess I'll just have to take some good." Goldie paused. "Not that I'm complaining, but, uh,

can't help but notice that you're talking a mighty bit much. Is that all right? With... your mission?"

"I think..." Day took a deep breath. "I think it's all right to talk to you. When it's just us. There are certain bonds that are sacred in the eyes of the Lord. Like the ones between family, and..." His lashes fluttered, and his smile turned bashful. "Other kinds."

"Like lovers?" Goldie suggested.

"Yes. Like that. I want to take care of you, angel." Day eased Goldie's legs down with gentle caresses, and then he made them both gasp when he pulled out.

Goldie enjoyed the special treat of watching Day finally remove his sweater. It was somehow more sensual now, especially knowing his come was certainly staining it. Day didn't seem to mind, although Goldie noted that he folded the sweater neatly instead of balling it up. Goldie watched him dive back between his legs so fast that it made him laugh.

Day grinned as he got settled with Goldie's thighs up on his shoulders, and he sighed longingly. "Oh, my angel. If only you could see what a vision I've made of your body."

"Tell me," Goldie said softly, a shiver of lust trying to get his cock stirring again. "Tell me what you did."

"You're so open." Day bowed his head and licked over Goldie's asshole. He moaned and licked it again, his tongue easily sliding inside. "Mmm, you're so wet. So soft." He was lapping up his own come, hugging Goldie right against his face. "Mmm, angel."

Goldie melted all over again, and he wished he was about twenty years younger and not a broken wrestler with a bad back. He would have gladly hit the sheets with Day again, but he enjoyed the sweet attention anyway. He stretched his arms over his head, grunting happily. "Oh, that's nice, baby. God, yes. Lick it fuckin' clean."

Day eagerly licked and sucked at Goldie's hole, his feet lazily kicking back and wagging back and forth in the air. He was so relaxed that he might as well have been chatting on the

phone and gossiping instead of eating out Goldie's asshole. It was weirdly endearing, and Goldie loved every second of it.

When Day was finally satisfied, he pulled back and reverently slid his fingers down the cleft of Goldie's ass. "Mmm, my angel." He kissed Goldie's thigh. "Roll over. I need to get you ready for bed."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, I do."

Goldie worked on turning over onto his stomach while Day left the bedroom. Goldie wasn't sure what he was up to, but he was happy to stretch out and enjoy the residual thrum of pleasure from getting most righteously fucked.

God, that was good.

No, that was better than good. That very well might have been the best sex of Goldie's entire life. He felt wonderful, happy, and there was an itch deep within his very being that finally felt like it had been scratched. He hadn't known how badly he wanted to give himself to another person like this, and wow, there was nothing that could compare.

He was happy.

He didn't care about his old stuff going for ludicrous amounts of money in those stupid auctions or Florence trying to hit him up to use him for clout. He was hurting, yes, but not so much that he regretted anything he'd done tonight. Whatever silly pound sign bullshit might be trending on social media right now was of no consequence when he had a young man with the most gorgeous big brown eyes and the brightest smile...

Day returned with a washcloth, a bottle of lotion, lidocaine patches, and a cup. He seemed to be holding something in his fist, which turned out to be a pill he offered to Goldie's lips once he'd set everything else down. "Here, angel."

Goldie hoped Day wasn't offended that he checked the pill first. He recognized it as his pain medicine. "Thank you." He took the pill and lifted his upper body up enough to accept the cup, getting a sip of water to wash it down with.

Day set about wiping Goldie's body down, paying special attention to his cock and between his legs. He kissed Goldie's hip before urging him to move onto his stomach. It wasn't graceful, but Goldie managed to roll over, flopping flat on his face. Once he was there, Day put new lidocaine patches on.

He placed each one carefully, and he made sure they were perfectly straight and free of wrinkles. He picked up the lotion then, squirting some out on his hands and rubbing them together so it was warm when he touched Goldie's back.

Oh, Christ, he was going to give Goldie a *massage*.

Goldie moaned, immediately in love with Day's strong fingers rubbing along his spine and shoulder blades.

Day started off gentle and slow, gradually increasing the pressure as he worked his way around Goldie's back. He straddled Goldie's thighs as he got more into it, and he rubbed Goldie's tender ass cheeks, tracing the lines of all the handprints he'd undoubtedly left behind. He then shifted upward to focus on the tension in Goldie's neck and shoulders with wide sweeps of his hands.

It was the perfect end to a perfect afternoon.

"You're gonna put me to sleep," Goldie mumbled drowsily.

"Go on." Day was smiling judging by the sound of his voice. "Go on and lie down, and may your sleep be sweet."

"Mmm, oh, without a doubt." Goldie chuckled. "Make sure you wake me up for dinner, all right?"

Day kissed Goldie's shoulder. "Yes, my angel. I will."

Goldie smiled, and he let Day's adoring touch lull him away into a deep sleep. He'd had professional massages that didn't feel half as good as this did. As he drifted off, he thought he heard his phone ding off in the living room where he'd left it.

It was a text message.

Whatever it was, it could wait until he woke up from his nap.

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GOLDIE



Goldie woke up with a smile, a sore ass, and a hard dick.

Wow.

The mere memory of what he and Day had shared earlier made him shudder, and he wouldn't have been opposed to going again.

Once they were both awake, anyway.

Day had fallen asleep as well, and he was burrowed into Goldie's side. He had one leg kicked up over Goldie's hips and his arm draped over his broad chest. He was snoring softly, a quiet rumble that sounded like a growl.

Goldie curled his arm tighter around Day's shoulders, and he kissed the top of his head.

Day stirred, his snoring stopped, and he hugged Goldie's chest. "Angel?"

"Hey, baby," Goldie said. "Have a good nap?"

"Mm. I must give sleep to my eyes and slumber to my eyelids."

Goldie chuckled. "I take it that means you're not getting up?"

"Uh-uh."

Goldie kissed Day's forehead. "Go on, baby. I'll get you up when dinner's ready."

"Uh-huh."

Goldie carefully extracted himself from Day's embrace, glancing back to smile at the beautiful young man sprawled across his bed wearing nothing but a sleepy smile and big slouchy socks. He hated to cover up such a lovely sight, but he didn't want Day to get chilly without him to cuddle with.

He pulled the blankets out from underneath Day and then up over him to tuck him in. He made a mental note to change the linens out later and got some sweatpants and a T-shirt from his dresser. He got dressed and then headed to the bathroom to use the toilet and freshen up.

Goldie came out into the kitchen, and the clock on the stove said it was a quarter to eight.

Damn, he hadn't meant to sleep half of his Saturday away.

He pulled the steaks out of the fridge so he could season them with salt and pepper. He wanted to let the steaks rest and get to room temperature, so he lumbered over to the couch with a beer to relax while he waited. He felt really damn good, and the extra pain pill had taken off the edge of his usual discomfort.

Mmph, except his ass.

That was a unique ache, however, and one that he didn't actually mind.

It had been ages since he'd been so deeply satisfied, and he was impressed that a young man practically half his age had rocked his world like that.

Yes, that same young man whose sanity was more than a tad questionable and had killed for Goldie—twice—but wow, Goldie had never been so entranced by another person before.

And so quickly.

They'd just bumped into each other the day before# yesterday, but already it felt as if a lifetime had passed between them. It was startling how close he felt to Day, and he figured a lot of that had to do with how he'd shared himself in the bedroom. He'd let Day know him in ways that no one else ever had, and Day had shown him things about himself that he'd never even known were there.

The thrill of a well-executed submission in the ring was a mere speck in the towering shadow cast from the joy of surrendering himself in bed.

Now he understood why he always got a little hard when he got pinned.

The thought made him chuckle, and he took a sip of beer.

Damn.

He saw his phone on the coffee table where Day had slammed it down earlier, and he remembered he'd been in the middle of texting Florence back.

“Shit.”

Goldie rolled his eyes at the slew of messages from a very frantic Florence, but there was also a missed call, a voicemail, and a text message from a number he didn't recognize. He ignored the voicemail and read the text:

Mr. Nash, Detective Alvarez. Please call me at your earliest convenience.

Goldie made a face.

Alvarez was definitely the last person he wanted to call right now, but maybe it would be better to go ahead and get it over with. He swallowed a big swig of beer for luck and then dialed.

“Detective Alvarez,” Alvarez answered briskly.

“Hello, Detective,” Goldie said. “Cassidy Nash here. I got your text.”

“Thank you for calling me back, Mr. Nash. I was hoping I could talk to you a bit more about when Mr. Parker visited your residence last night.”

“All right.” Goldie cleared his throat. “How can I help?”

“When Mr. Parker was in your apartment, he didn't happen to leave anything behind, did he? A small package or an envelope?”

“What?” Goldie frowned. “No. Nothing.”

“Are you absolutely certain?”

“Yes, Detective. He wasn’t here very long. He busted in, screamed, waved a gun at us—”

“He had a gun?”

“Yes.”

“Huh.”

“What?” Goldie didn’t know why, but it felt like he’d just fucked up.

“No weapon was recovered with Mr. Parker’s body,” Alvarez replied. “Forensics checked every inch of that dumpster today. He had his wallet, his phone, but no weapon, no envelope.”

“And the envelope is what now?” Goldie tried to keep up, nervous that Alvarez was trying to corner him somehow.

“We have it on good authority that Mr. Parker was expected to make a delivery that night. Could have been drugs, could have been money, we’re not sure, but we do know he didn’t make it to the drop-off.”

“I saw something about that on the news earlier,” Goldie said quickly. “His gang was angry with him over a deal gone bad or something like that?”

Alvarez sighed. “Yes. Something like that.”

“Well, I’m sorry I can’t be more help. I knew Michael was a piece of shit, but I didn’t know what all he was into.”

“Just keep an eye out. Maybe look around your place one more time.”

“Okay?” Goldie didn’t like the tone of Alvarez’s voice. “Why?”

“Mr. Parker’s criminal affiliates are angry because the item he was supposed to drop off, whatever it was, is unaccounted for,” Alvarez replied grimly. “I believe that’s why Mr. Lass—”

“Who?”

“Mr. Lass. The man who went under the truck.”

Goldie grimaced.

“I believe that’s why he was so aggressive with you and Mr. Hanley. Many others are very eager to find it. I would not advise holding on to it, if you catch my drift.”

“Nope, can’t say I do.” Goldie scowled, and his grip on the phone tightened. “Maybe you wanna try that one again, Detective?”

“Don’t be stupid enough to keep cash dropped by a criminal,” Alvarez retorted bluntly. “His associates will come looking for it.”

Goldie scoffed, realizing now that Alvarez thought he had this mysterious envelope or whatever it was. “Yeah. Thank you, Detective. I appreciate your concern.” He really wanted to get off the phone now. “Anything else?”

“Just one more thing. How did Mr. Hanley get Mr. Parker to leave?”

“Excuse me?” Goldie’s blood froze.

“You said Mr. Parker was armed when he threatened you. How did Mr. Hanley get him to leave?”

Goldie heard a distinct *crack* echoing in his ears, and he replied hastily, “He’s very convincing.”

“How so?” Alvarez pressed.

“Day got a little rough with him,” Goldie said before thinking better of it. “It’s why we didn’t want to call the cops, all right? Michael was threatening me, and Day caught him from behind, and—” Broke his fucking neck like a twig. “—he messed him up a little. I was afraid Michael was gonna try and press charges on Day because hey, you know that kinda shit happens, and we just didn’t want any more trouble, all right?”

“And what exactly were you doing during all of this, Mr. Nash?”

“Huh?”

“I think Mr. Hanley is covering for you,” Alvarez said pointedly. “I find it hard to believe that you simply sat back

and watched this man, a man with whom you'd already had one violent altercation, threaten you—”

Shit, shit, shit.

Alvarez didn't believe him.

Why hadn't Goldie asked for a lawyer?

Why did he think it was a good idea to call Alvarez back?

Fuck, fuckity fuck-fuck-*fuck*.

“I was handcuffed at the time,” Goldie blurted out.

“Pardon?” Alvarez coughed.

“I was handcuffed at the time,” Goldie repeated, more sure of himself. “Michael happened to break in while Mr. Hanley and I were being intimate. I was physically unable to do much of anything since I was quite literally tied up.” He could taste Alvarez's discomfort, and he decided to keep going, happy to have the upper hand again. “I was naked, of course, and Day had just so happened to leave the room to get ice cubes or lube or something, I'm not really sure—”

“Thank you for clearing that up, Mr. Nash,” Alvarez said quickly. “If I have any other questions, I'll be sure to reach out.”

“Thanks so much, Detective. You have a lovely evening.”

The line clicked.

Goldie chugged his beer.

Well, shit. That could have gone a little better, but at least he was able to throw Alvarez off the scent of “oops, maybe Day is actually a murderer.”

Goldie went to the fridge for another beer and finally replied to Florence's barrage of text messages.

Florence really wanted Goldie's gear and memorabilia.

It was ironic in a way because Goldie had been ready to trash everything not even two days ago, but now he was passionately motivated to hold on to every single keychain. He'd tried once or twice over the years to see if Florence

wanted anything out of the collection, particularly items that Goldie had worn in their tag team matches, but Florence had never been interested.

Of course, the items hadn't been that valuable then.

It bothered Goldie more than it should have, and he was quick to reiterate that nothing was for sale. He also threatened to blow off the podcast if Florence didn't stop hounding him about the gear. Satisfied, Goldie sent the final text with a mumbled, "Fuck you."

There.

He leaned his hip against the counter, stretching his back and nursing his beer.

Fuck Florence and fuck Alvarez too. He wasn't going to let either of them ruin his good mood. He'd had the most amazing sex today, sex that he could still feel echoing all throughout his body, and hell, he might even get to do it again tonight.

Fuck yeah.

Goldie heard the toilet flush and realized Day was awake now.

Day shuffled out of the bathroom, wearing his slouchy socks and a baggy Goldilocks T-shirt. It was from Goldie's dresser, and it hung down to mid-thigh on Day. His hair was extra fluffy, and his eyes weren't quite open all the way, but he smiled when he saw Goldie.

"Hey, baby." Goldie offered his arm out for a hug, and he pulled Day against his chest.

Day stood up on his toes to hug Goldie's neck, mumbling something that might have been, "Good morning."

"Morning, huh? You know it's a wee bit later than that."

"Hmmp."

"Have a good nap?"

"Mmmhmm."

“Gettin’ hungry?”

“Mmmhmm.”

Goldie rubbed Day’s back. “I’m gonna make steaks and potatoes roasted with bacon and brussels sprouts. How’s that sound?”

“Brussels sprouts?” Day sounded mildly horrified.

“You just wait, baby. You ain’t had brussels sprouts until you’ve had them how I make ’em.”

Day peeked up at Goldie suspiciously, but he nodded slowly as if accepting his fate.

“Can I get you anything? I’ll start cookin’ in just a minute.”

“I’m all right.” Day glanced over to the couch where they’d left their mugs and popcorn. The hot chocolate was long gone, but there was still some popcorn left. “Could I put on the last movie? *Starax Part III: The Moon’s Awakening?*”

“Sure.” Goldie laughed. “Whatever you want, baby.” He kissed him, holding his hand there at the small of Day’s back to keep him close. He didn’t want to start anything before dinner that he couldn’t finish, but God, he loved kissing Day.

Day stroked his fingers through Goldie’s long hair, sliding his tongue deep into Goldie’s mouth with equal adoration. “Mmm, my angel.”

“Yours,” Goldie whispered without hesitation. His heart was pounding when they finally parted. “You are very, very good at that, you know.”

“Yes. So are you.” Day slinked away with a cheeky little grin.

“Forgive me, but with your, uh, background... I guess I thought you’d be... hmm.” Goldie looked to his beer for inspiration. “Less adventurous?”

“It’s important to spread your seed,” Day replied, kneeling in front of the TV cabinet to switch out the tapes from the VCR. “For your health and strength, it should be done often.”

“Oh.” Goldie didn’t know what to say to that. “Well, I hadn’t spread mine in quite some time, so, thank you. You’re quite the Dom, baby.”

“Dom?” Day echoed.

“Dom. Dominant. Uh, you’re really good at being in charge.”

Day smiled at that, though he still seemed a little confused by the word. “Thank you, angel. I will endeavor to be very dom for you.”

“Thank you.” Goldie pulled out a cast iron frying pan to set on the stove. He turned on the heat and then grabbed the bacon out of the fridge. He went ahead and grabbed the brussels sprouts too, and he put them in the sink to wash off momentarily.

Day waited to make sure the new tape was going to play on its own and then stretched out on the couch.

From here, Goldie could just glimpse Day’s long legs and the bottom of his ass peeking out from the bottom of the T-shirt. He grunted to himself and turned back around to focus on cooking. He’d almost forgotten to preheat the damn oven. “So, uh. Since you’re talking now, can we talk?”

“Of course, my angel,” Day replied. “What do you wish to talk about?”

Goldie considered bringing up the mission, but he decided not to lead with that. Especially right now when they were both in such good moods. “Your father. If I may ask, that is. He passed away?”

“Yes. He went to the Lord three years ago. He was very sick long before that. He had lung cancer, but he didn’t want to go to the hospital, and I took care of him as best as I could. It was just the two of us.”

“I’m so sorry,” Goldie said with genuine sympathy. “My mom died from emphysema and my dad from COPD. They were both smokers.”

“So was mine. He used to say it was his only sin.”

Goldie checked to make sure the pan was hot before dropping the bacon in and glanced at Day. “What about your mom?”

“She left when I was little.” Day shrugged. “I don’t remember her. Do you have any brothers or sisters?”

“Nope. Just me.” Goldie let the bacon cook while he washed off the brussels sprouts. “Closest thing I ever had to a brother was my tag team partner, Florence. He was one of the only people that knew I was gay when I still wrestled. Well, heh, I think everybody *knew*, but he was one of the few I’d actually told.”

“The one who only talks to you when he wants something?” Day’s frown returned.

“Yeah, that’s him.” Goldie sighed. “He wasn’t always like that.” He hesitated. “Well, he was always *ambitious*. Fuck, we all were. Everybody wanted to win. Everybody wanted the best story lines, the best deals, the glory of it all.”

“Glory?”

“Yeah.” Goldie picked up the bag of red potatoes so he could clean those next. “The roar of the crowd, everybody cheering your name.” He chuckled. “Or even the booing, heh, when you’re the bad guy. There was something special about getting up in that ring and feeling like a god.”

Day frowned.

“In an absolutely not blasphemous way,” Goldie assured him.

“Were you not... raised with faith?” Day asked the question carefully, clearly trying not to be offensive.

“No, I was.” Goldie stepped over to the pan to turn the bacon. “But my parents had that deep Mississippi version of the Lord with all the fire and brimstone and shit. Being gay was a one-way ticket to hell and made me an abomination and all that fun stuff.”

“Father told me that sex outside of marriage was a sin, but God would forgive us.” Day frowned. “He used to bring

women over for himself, men for me, because he said it was more important for us to spread our seed and stay healthy for the mission.”

Goldie had just started cutting up the potatoes, and he wasn't sure he'd heard that correctly. “He'd bring men for you? What, uh, what do you mean?”

Day's frown deepened, and he cowered until Goldie couldn't see him behind the back of the couch. “He would pay them.”

“Oh. Sex workers.” Goldie was stunned. He tried to focus so he wouldn't accidentally cut off one of his fingers as he moved on to the brussels sprouts. “Your dad paid sex workers. To come see you.”

“Yes. Is it... is it very strange? You're acting like it's very strange.”

“It's definitely... unusual.” Goldie cleared his throat. He decided to change the subject. “The mission was that important?”

“Yes. It still is.”

“So, were you still seeing sex workers? Before we met?”

“No.” Day peeked back over the edge of the couch. “Not since Father died. I didn't want to. I wanted you, my angel.”

“Me?” Goldie set a casserole dish on the counter. He layered the brussels sprouts and potatoes across the bottom, salting them as he glanced at Day. “But we just met.”

“I wanted someone like you,” Day clarified. “Someone special.”

“That's sweet, baby.” Goldie picked out the bacon from the pan to lay across the potatoes and brussels sprouts in the casserole dish. The bacon wasn't all the way done yet, but it would finish cooking off in the oven.

“Do you believe in my mission?” Day asked quietly. He sounded uncertain, and perhaps even a little scared.

“I believe that you believe in it,” Goldie replied with a soothing smile. “I know it’s important to you to, uh, punish bad people and make the world better, right? Is that more or less the general idea?”

“Yes.”

“There are other ways to do that without killing people.”

Day’s eyes narrowed. “But that’s not the mission. The mission is to cleanse sinners from the face of the Earth. Those whose lips speak with venom, those whose tongues—”

“Yes, tongues spitting lies and the hands with the blood, I remember, baby,” Goldie gently cut in. He turned around to give Day his full attention. “Instead of dealing out God’s wrath, maybe you could work on spreading some of His love and kindness instead?”

Day ducked down. “That’s not the mission.”

“Why don’t you take on a new mission?” Goldie suggested. “Why not find another way to do some good in the world? I am definitely not the biggest fan of religion, but I do remember my parents’ church running big canned food drives and collecting toys around Christmas for kids whose families couldn’t afford to get them anything. You know, stuff like that.”

Day didn’t say anything.

Goldie sighed.

The oven beeped.

“Just something to think about, baby.”

Goldie put the casserole dish in the oven, set a timer, and adjusted the heat for the frying pan to sear the steaks. He didn’t mean to upset Day, but he was getting the feeling that Day’s father had given him a pretty limited view of the world.

Not only that, but what kind of father paid sex workers to sleep with their own kid? That was weird. No, wait, what was *really* weird was the fact that Day’s father had told him he had to kill people to make God happy. That was leagues beyond weird—it was absolutely insane.

Goldie made up his mind that Day's current plight was not his own fault, laying the blame squarely on Day's father. It cemented Goldie's desire to help Day because clearly he'd only ended up like this because of his crazy ass dad selling him this ridiculous holy mission crap. It would take time, but Goldie was certain he could get Day through this.

Purrcy came prancing into the kitchen to demand her dinner with agonized meowing. She circled around Goldie's feet, and he gently nudged her away, promising to get her food ready soon. Soon wasn't good enough, and Purrcy sat in the middle of the floor, reared her head back, and yowled.

Goldie rolled his eyes at her dramatic antics, and he stopped what he was doing to grab one of her cans of cat food out of the pantry. He got her dish ready and then popped it into the microwave just in time to turn the steaks.

Purrcy flopped onto her side, as if death was approaching.

"Chill out, your highness," Goldie soothed. "It's almost ready."

Purrcy meowed pitifully

Goldie took her food out of the microwave. He snorted at her dramatic display, kneeling down to give her the dish as he teased, "And the Oscar goes to..."

Purrcy was up on her feet immediately, her meowing muted as she chowed down.

"You're welcome, fluffy empress."

Purrcy was too busy eating to reply.

By the time the oven dinged to signal it was time to remove the casserole dish from the oven, the steaks were ready to go in for their turn. Goldie had seared them in a mix of butter and bacon fat in the hot frying pan, and Day snuck a few curious looks as the savory smell filled the air, but he still hadn't said another word.

Goldie wasn't going to push, content for now to sip on his beer until everything was ready. He plated two big servings of the roasted brussels sprouts and potatoes with the bacon

chopped and then sprinkled over top to accompany the filets. He wouldn't normally cut someone's steak for them, but he decided to go ahead and do it for Day.

He hated to keep assuming things, but he didn't think Day had eaten much steak in his life.

Goldie brought over the plates to the coffee table, asking politely, "Would the gentleman like a drink with dinner?"

Day sat up when he saw the food, and his eyes widened. "Wow. You made that? For me?"

"Sure did." Goldie smiled. "So, a drink?"

"Water?"

"You got it, baby." Goldie leaned in to kiss the top of Day's head, but Day grabbed his arm and pulled him down to press a passionate kiss to his lips. "Mmph, hi." He laughed. "So, I should cook more often is what you're saying?"

"I'm sorry." Day kissed him again.

"Uh, while I definitely don't mind you kissing me like that, I don't understand why you're apologizing?"

"You were trying to be kind," Day replied, "and it made me angry. I thought you didn't believe in my mission. You do believe, but you're worried about me." He let Goldie go so he wouldn't have to stay bent over. "You don't understand that I'm protected. You don't want me to get into trouble."

"You're right. I don't." Goldie grunted and stood up straight. "And while you do seem to be very, very lucky, I don't think anyone's luck sticks around forever."

"You think God would abandon me?"

"No, I didn't say that—"

"But perhaps He would test me!" Day gasped. "You're right. I need to think about this. I need..." His brow scrunched, and he tilted his head as if straining to listen for something. He suddenly appeared alarmed, and he pulled at his ear.

“Hey, baby,” Goldie soothed. “How about we start with you thinking about what you want to drink with dinner?”

“Water? I thought I said...”

“Oh, right. You did.” Goldie chuckled. “You and those kisses distracted me.”

Day smiled a little.

Goldie poured a glass of water and returned, settling on the couch beside Day. He bowed his head as Day said a quick prayer, and he waited for it to conclude before diving into his plate. He was hungry and always a fan of steak, eagerly devouring two big bites with hardly a breath in between.

Day was more cautious, and he only took a tiny nibble of his steak. His eyes widened almost comically, and he stared at Goldie in disbelief. “You made this?”

“Yes, indeed.” Goldie smiled. “Do you like it?”

“It’s like it came from a restaurant with cloth napkins,” Day gushed. “It’s wonderful.” He eagerly stuffed the rest of the piece of steak into his mouth with a moan that was practically pornographic. “Oh, *angel*.”

Goldie preened. “Well, you know, I am pretty good with meat.”

“Do you cook many meats?”

Goldie snorted when Day didn’t catch the innuendo, and he replied, “Sure. Beef, chicken, pork, anything. Tried to cook alligator once, the tail, eh, and that didn’t work out so great. So, I stick to what I know.”

Day ate every last bite of the filet, and only then did he tentatively taste the bacon and potatoes. He very obviously ate around the brussels sprouts.

“You can try one of them,” Goldie teased. “They don’t bite.”

Day wrinkled his nose.

“Well, if you don’t want them, I’ll eat them.” Goldie chuckled.

His phone beeped with a new text notification.

It was Florence.

Again.

Goldie scrolled through to see what Florence wanted—asking him to reconsider selling his gear, what a surprise—and he dropped his phone on the coffee table to ignore it. He wanted to enjoy the last of his meal without his mood being soured by his friend’s pushiness.

“Detective Alvarez contacted you?” Day asked warily.

“Saw that, huh?”

“Yes.”

Goldie snorted. “It was nothing. He wanted to grill me again about Michael. Didn’t believe you were the one to, ahem, make him leave. He thought it was you covering for me.”

Day tensed. “What did you tell him?”

“The truth. I was handcuffed. I couldn’t do a damn thing.”

Day actually laughed. “Really?”

“Yeah!” Goldie grinned. “He didn’t wanna hear anything else after that. I think the gayness scared him. Oh, he did ask about an envelope though. Said Michael was supposed to make some sort of drop-off for his gang, and whatever it was that he was gonna drop is missing. It wasn’t on his body and his gang is apparently looking for it. He asked if I’d seen an envelope or a small package or something.” He paused. “Did you happen to see anything like that when you...”

“Were disposing of his body?”

“Yes.” Goldie cringed.

“No.” Day frowned. “I can check the balcony if you’d like.”

“The balcony...?” Goldie grimaced. “God, that’s how you did it?”

“Don’t worry. I fixed it.” Day beamed.

Goldie tried to take another bite of steak, but then he remembered Mr. Lass versus the truck. He suddenly wasn't hungry. He didn't want Day to know, so he said instead, "Well, if you don't mind, I'm gonna go take a peek. Purrcey is pretty particular about her cat palace."

"As you wish, my angel." Day shrugged and continued to eat, watching the flashing lasers from the latest battle in the *Starax* movie.

Goldie stepped outside, wincing as he was immediately hit with a gust of icy air. He turned on the light so he could see, and nothing appeared out of place. There were a few patches of snow from what had managed to work its way through the screen, and Goldie wondered how Day had managed to get a body through the mesh without disturbing it.

Maybe it was better that he didn't know.

Purrcey meowed from behind him, and he kept his body wedged in the open doorway to prevent her from running out. He pushed her back with his foot, but she continued to try and slither through. He was about to go back inside to stop her from getting out, but a bit of white that was a little too clean caught his eye.

There beneath his chair, half-buried in snow, was a large envelope.

Well, *fuck*.

Goldie tiptoed the minimum distance required to bend down and grab it, quickly retreating back inside. He shooed Purrcey back away from the door so he could close it, and then he was left standing there with a very thick and slightly damp envelope.

"Oh!" Day blinked in surprise. "You found it?"

"I guess so." Goldie turned the envelope over. "It was under my chair in the snow."

"Well, are you going to open it?"

"I should probably let Detective Alvarez know that I found it. He can just come get it, and... holy shit." Part of the

envelope had opened, the glue no match for the moisture from the snow, and Goldie could see what was inside. “It’s money.”

“Money?” Day munched on a potato. “Like, a lot?”

“This is... *Wow*. I don’t even know how much money this is. A lot.” Goldie still didn’t want to open it, but what little he could see through the opening made for a very impressive stack of cash.

“We should keep it!” Day gasped.

“What?”

“Yes!”

“No, come on, baby. Let me just call Alvarez and he can come get it.”

“You wanted me to find other ways to do good,” Day insisted. “That money would help me do a lot of good.”

“You mean, like, give it to a church?”

“No.” Day wrinkled his nose. “Houses of worship are seedy tabernacles, devoid of God’s light and filled with shadows of man’s greed and idolatry. We should take it to a soup kitchen! Or, or, or the youth shelter!” He grinned. “We could do so much good work with that money, my angel. The heart of my mission has always been to serve God and make the world a better and safer place for His children.”

Goldie hated to argue when Day seemed so excited. It was a worthy plan for the money, but he couldn’t shake the gut feeling that they needed to turn it over to the police. “Day, we could find another way to make this kind of money. Actually, you know, I do have all of this wrestling gear that’s pretty popular now—”

“Gear that you want to keep,” Day argued. “This is clearly a gift for us to use for good.”

“Or it’s a trap because this money belongs to criminals who will absolutely come looking for—”

“My angel,” Day said firmly, “it is better to live in the corner top of a house than within with a bickering wife.”

“Did you just call me a bickering wife?”

“Soft answers turn away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” Day’s eyes were growing dark, and his gaze was flooded with a new and intense hunger. He leaned back, his posture stern, and he spread his legs as his voice dropped down into a commanding growl. “Submit to me. Now.”

Heat seeped into Goldie’s loins instantly, and his mouth went dry. “Right now?”

“Right now,” Day declared, “least of all your quarrelsome tongue, you will submit in *everything* to me.”

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GOLDIE



Goldie's entire body shuddered, and the relaxing fog of submission was already starting to roll in. Christ, it happened so quickly that he probably should have been worried, but he knew he didn't have to be.

When Day was in charge, he didn't have to worry about anything.

He didn't have to worry.

He didn't have to think.

All he had to do was listen and obey.

And God, what an incredible feeling that was.

Submit.

Submit to me in everything.

"Put the money down." Day pointed at the coffee table.

Goldie dropped the envelope.

Day pointed at the floor between his legs. "Kneel, my angel."

That took a bit longer, but Goldie was able to get on his knees before Day. He hadn't been given permission to touch yet, so he braced himself on either side of Day's thighs by grabbing the edge of the couch there.

Day watched him for a moment, and he took the last bite of steak from his plate. He chewed thoughtfully, as if he was thinking over what he was going to do next. He leaned around

Goldie to set his plate on the coffee table, and then he hovered close to whisper in Goldie's ear, "You shall submit to me, as we all submit to the Lord."

"Yes, sir." Goldie gasped quietly, and he swore the door to the balcony was cracked open because of the way he shivered. His nipples were hard, his cock well on its way, and he was startled by the speed at which his body reacted to Day's words.

They had been together only a few hours ago, but Goldie was aching as if he hadn't been touched in years. His entire being was *burning* with the need to reconnect with Day, and he was ready to do anything to feel him inside of his body once more. This sense of completion was what he'd been missing for his entire life and now that he'd had it, he couldn't get enough of it.

"I am your husband in flesh now." Day cradled the sides of Goldie's cheeks, smiling at him adoringly. "I will be the head of our home. You will submit to me as your husband, and I will love you, I will care for you, and I will sanctify you with my body. I will lay myself within you every night, as long as you submit to me."

"Yes." Goldie nodded. "I will submit. I want to be... I want to be a good husband too."

"You are perfect, my angel." Day kissed him softly. "We are going to give the money away. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes. I do." Goldie was surprised how easily his urge to argue was stamped out. "We are going to give the money away."

"That is my will, and I am not afraid. You should not be afraid either." Day smiled. "I will protect us."

"I know you will." Goldie closed his eyes. "I know."

"My beautiful angel."

"Yours."

"You didn't finish eating yet." Day ran his hands down Goldie's chest. "Are you not hungry?"

“I didn’t want to eat anymore.” Goldie gasped as Day’s thumbs found his nipples and rubbed them.

“Why?”

“I... I thought about Mr. Lass. The truck. Then I wasn’t hungry.”

Day rolled Goldie’s nipples between his thumb and index finger. “That bothered you? Seeing that?”

“Yes.” Goldie moaned, the touches to his nipples absolutely electric now. His cock was hard, and he kneaded the couch like a cat to work himself through the urge to rut forward.

“I’m sorry.” Day squeezed harder. “I will protect you better, I promise.” He relaxed his hold and rubbed instead, soothing the lingering sting from Goldie’s nipples. “I should have known it would be upsetting.”

“It’s all right.” Goldie sighed contentedly. “Really, sir. It’s okay.”

“Whoever knows the right thing to do and fails to do it, for him it is a sin,” Day said firmly. “I will sin against you no longer, my angel. I will be better.” He patted Goldie’s chest. “Do you want to finish eating now?”

“No, sir.”

“Surely your appetite for meat hasn’t been completely satisfied?”

Goldie opened his eyes, and he watched Day lean back, showing off his own erection tenting the front of his borrowed T-shirt. “Oh. No. I could definitely take some more.”

“Come.” Day pulled the shirt up to present his cock. “I offer you then this feast.”

Goldie slid his hands over Day’s thighs as he bowed his head, lapping at the head of his dick with a lusty groan. Yes, this was good. This was what he wanted. He sucked the first few inches into his mouth, pausing to sweep his hair out of his face.

Day was quick to assist, dragging his fingers through Goldie's hair and holding it out of the way. His grip also served as a handle of sorts, and he used it to push Goldie down, urging him to take on more.

Goldie obliged, opening up his throat to take Day there as deeply as he could. He let Day guide the pace, slow and deep, bringing him almost all the way off his dick before pushing him down to his balls. He moved his hands up to Day's hips, hugging him close as he sucked him, and he moaned when Day pulled on his hair.

"Yes, my angel," Day murmured. "Yes, just like that. Just like that, my beautiful, beautiful angel."

Goldie was getting hot, his cheeks flushing, and he loved it when Day fucked his mouth. Day's tight hold on his hair made sure Goldie didn't move, and Day forced his cock up into Goldie's throat without mercy. His eyes were watering, and there was nothing he could do except take it, his broken moans interrupted by the ruthless slams of Day's dick.

Day got both of his hands in Goldie's hair, and he pulled Goldie closer. "Yes, my angel. Mmm, yes." He was arching his hips further off the couch, driving himself into Goldie's mouth harder and faster. He grunted from the effort, and his nails dug into Goldie's scalp.

Goldie grunted and swallowed back the spit pooling in his mouth as best as he could. He loved listening to Day's cries of pleasure knowing he was the cause of them. He was being good and making Day happy, and that was enormously pleasing.

His only concern was to keep this up and continue making Day feel good. He wanted him to be happy, he wanted him to fucking come, he wanted to hear him moan and know he was the one who brought this beautiful creature such bliss.

Day must have been getting close before he suddenly pulled Goldie off.

"What's wrong?" Goldie licked his lips, wiping off his mouth with the back of his hand. "Too much teeth? I can do

better, baby. I promise.”

“You were glorious.” Day smiled breathlessly. “But I am not nearly done with you, angel. I want you to trust me. I want you to listen to me and follow me forever.”

“I do. I... I am!” Goldie didn’t understand. “I do trust you.”

“You didn’t trust my decision about the money,” Day reminded him.

“I’m sorry.” Goldie tried to lean back in to lick at Day’s cock. “Please. I’m so sorry.”

Day pulled at Goldie’s hair to keep him where he was. “It’s all right, my angel. We’re going to learn.” He kissed Goldie’s brow. “Together.”

Goldie’s heart fluttered, and he smiled at the kiss. “Just tell me what you want me to do, sir. I’m yours.”

“First, I want you to finish your meat.” Day smirked. “You worked so hard on our dinner, and it would be a shame not to eat it all. Here.” He released Goldie’s hair so he could grab his plate. There were only a few bites of steak left, and Day used the fork to offer one to Goldie’s lips. “Eat, my angel.”

Goldie obediently opened his mouth and took the bite, letting himself enjoy the rich flavor. He was certain it tasted better being fed to him by such a beautiful young man. When he was done chewing, he opened his mouth again for the next piece.

“When you’re done, you’re going to bed.” Day smiled. “I’m going to clean up because you did such a wonderful job with dinner. While you wait, you may open yourself up for me. But do not come. You will not come until I am with you.” He held out the last bite of steak. “Do you understand?”

“Yes. I do.” Goldie ate it with a loud groan.

“Good boy.” Day caressed Goldie’s cheek. “Go now, angel. Make yourself ready for my seed.”

Goldie felt like he was floating as he walked to the bedroom. He was warm and buzzed, and the lingering taste of

steak on his tongue was nice too. He didn't even feel any pain as he undressed and got into bed, stretching out and running his hands over his body with a happy grunt.

Day's commands hit that hidden switch and Goldie was suddenly transported into a new reality. He didn't even feel like himself here, no—he was someone else, someone joyful and new, a man who was happy and excited and was looking forward to the future because he knew it was going to be amazing.

He knew so because that future included Day.

Wonderful, beautiful, sweet Day.

Goldie touched his nipples, teasing them and feeling the echo of Day's fingers there. He squeezed them, sighing pleurably and letting the heat inside of his loins build. He could hear dishes clattering off in the kitchen, and he tried to focus on himself. He had to get ready now.

That's what Day wanted him to do.

The lube was where Day had left it on the bedside table earlier, and Goldie grabbed it. He slicked up one of his fingers and then reached between his legs.

Well, he tried to.

The act of arching forward lit up something in his neck, and it cut through the relaxed fog like a chainsaw. He took a deep breath, steadied himself, and rolled onto his side, trying to reach his hole from behind. That was better in the sense that it didn't hurt, but he wasn't sure how deep he'd be able to push in from this angle.

He spread the lube around his hole, tracing the puckered flesh with slow, steady circles. He was still tender, deliciously warm, and the tip of his finger slid right in. He thrust a little harder, trying to get the lube spread around and open himself up. He didn't think Day would take that long to clean up the kitchen, and he wanted to be prepared for him.

Goldie stopped to get more lube, and he made a mess of his hand in his haste. He wiped as much of it as he could between his ass cheeks before sticking his finger back in to

continue stretching himself out. He couldn't quite press deep enough to hit his knuckle as trying to tugged at something in his upper back, but he added a second finger and kept going.

Oh, it felt *nice*.

The stretch was a welcome ache, and he fucked his hole slowly with short, hard thrusts. Now that he'd found a comfortable position, he was able to slip back fully into the submissive cloud, and he couldn't wait for Day to join him. He fingered his hole faster, listening to the slick smacking sounds as he fought to push deeper, and he made himself moan.

He stretched out on the leg he was lying on and bent the other, bringing his knee to his chest. He turned his hips so he could grind his hard dick into the bed, and he could almost push his fingers in all the way. He wanted to make sure he was open for Day's cock, and he wasn't sure if he'd done enough. He didn't feel much resistance now, and God, it would have been so easy to finish himself just like this.

The anticipation was growing thick, and it made even the slightest movement intense. He caught the head of his dick on a wrinkle in the blanket beneath him, and he grinded there until he was worried he might come. The friction was unbelievably powerful, and knowing that he wasn't supposed to come yet only made him want it more.

He stilled his hips and his fingers, taking a few moments to pant into the pillows.

Sweat was already beaded across his brow, and his cheeks were burning. His pulse was throbbing in his balls and radiating outward until his entire body was thumping in time with the frantic beat of his heart.

"Beautiful," Day murmured.

Goldie turned his head to see Day standing at the doorway, and he wondered how long he'd been watching. "Thank you."

Day approached the bed with slow, cautious steps, his eyes moving over Goldie's body hungrily. "Are you ready for me, my angel?"

“Yes,” Goldie replied without hesitation as he pulled out his fingers. “Please. I’m so ready for you.”

Day pulled off his socks one by one, folding them together and dropping them onto the floor. His T-shirt followed suit, folded with equal care and deposited alongside the socks. He slinked into bed, his hands moving over Goldie’s thighs and hips as he settled in behind him. “Stay just as you are, angel. I’m going to take you like this.”

“Whatever you want.” Goldie shivered, his cock flexing as he eagerly awaited Day to push inside of him. His hole was clenching and unclenching with the need to be filled, and he trembled as he listened to the click of the lube bottle opening. He was looking forward to the press of Day’s hot cock, but instead Day’s fingers thrust inside of him. “Ah, baby... *mmp*h.”

“You’re so tight, my angel,” Day murmured. “Did I not tell you to make yourself ready for me?”

“I did,” Goldie insisted.

Day shoved his fingers in deep and twisted.

Goldie grunted, protesting, “It’s fine, baby. I can take it. We just did it earlier. Just give it to me.”

“No.” Day withdrew.

“Come on.” Goldie tried not to whine. “Please. You can open me up on your dick, baby. Just go nice and slow.”

“Yes, I can, but I won’t.” Day slid his hand over Goldie’s ass cheek. “Because that’s not what I asked for, now is it?” His hand went up and then crashed down on Goldie’s ass in a mean smack.

“Fuck!” Goldie yelped.

“I wanted you to be ready for me, to be taken hard and fast and to spill my seed into you quickly, and I cannot do that now without fear of harming you, my angel.” Day rubbed where he’d spanked Goldie’s ass, and then slapped him again. “I must prepare you properly, but now I am not sure you deserve my cock.”

Goldie's ass stung wildly, and he clawed at the blankets in front of him as he panted. He wanted to roll over and hump the bed until he busted, but he couldn't imagine the punishment he'd receive for that. "I'm sorry. Mmph. I'm so sorry. I couldn't..."

"Couldn't what?"

"I couldn't get in a good position, all right? With my back, I just couldn't get into it how I wanted to." Goldie sighed miserably. "I tried."

"Why didn't you tell me that?" Day traced around the burning handprint he'd left behind on Goldie's ass.

"Because..." Goldie couldn't think.

Day spanked him again, harder than before.

Goldie moaned, smothering his face into the pillows and slapping the bed. Day kept hitting the same damn spot, and his skin was absolutely on fire. "Ah, God. *Fuck.*"

"Why?" Day demanded again.

"I was embarrassed," Goldie croaked. "I was embarrassed that I just couldn't get my fingers up my own ass, okay? I thought I was goin' deep enough."

"Oh, my angel." Day scooted down, and he kissed Goldie's scalding cheek. "My sweet angel. You should have told me. I wouldn't have asked you to ever do anything that would harm you." He rubbed Goldie's hip. "You must never be ashamed of sharing your truth, not with me."

"I'm sorry." Goldie inhaled slowly, his cock still throbbing. "I'm so sorry."

"It's all right, my angel." Day kissed around the welted skin. "Once you finish your punishment, I shall care for you, I promise."

"Punishment?"

"Yes, my angel." Day smiled sweetly. "Do not despise my discipline and do not resent my rebuke. I discipline you

because of how special you are to me, to help you stay on a good path.”

“All right, baby.” Goldie nodded, readying himself for what was probably going to be another wicked spanking. “Please. Yes. I’ll take my punishment. I wanna be good.”

“I know, sweet angel, and so you shall be.” Day kissed Goldie’s hip before rising from the bed. He went to the bedside table to open the drawer, and he frowned when he looked inside.

Goldie wasn’t sure what Day was hoping to find, but there wasn’t much except for an old phone charger, some loose change, and another unopened bottle of lube. He’d had condoms in there a while back, but he’d thrown them out once they expired. “Baby? What is it?”

Day didn’t answer him, and he walked around the room, opening drawers and pawing through boxes in the closet. He was definitely trying to find something, although Goldie had no idea what it could be—especially if it was meant to be used as a punishment.

“What is this?” Day asked suddenly.

“Huh?” Goldie craned his head back to see what Day was asking about.

From the closet, Day had dragged out a large plastic pickle. It was attached to a small wooden base with a bronze plaque.

“That’s my Real Dill award,” Goldie replied with a laugh. “They used to give it out to wrestlers who didn’t break kayfabe.”

“Break what?”

“Kayfabe. Staying in character.” Goldie smiled. “It’s basically an Oscar for wrestlers. I got two, but Purrey broke the other.”

“Fear not.” Day smiled back, but his was absolutely wicked as he stalked back to the bed. “I will be very careful with it.”

“What?” Goldie grunted as he rolled over onto his back. His pulse sped up, and his eyes widened as it dawned on him what Day was up to. “You can’t be serious.”

“Yes. I can be.” Day kneeled between Goldie’s legs with the pickle, and he picked up the lube. “Spread yourself for me.”

“You’re gonna stick that thing in my ass?” Goldie stared at the pickle, and he laughed reflexively.

The pickle was at least ten inches long, and as if that wasn’t intimidating enough, it was a very girthy pickle. It was as thick as a soda can, and Goldie hadn’t gone for anything even close to that since the last time he’d been fisted.

Christ.

His stomach clenched with a mix of trepidation and excitement, and he watched Day lubing up the statue with a sly little smile. Goldie’s hands were shaking as he reached down to grab his cheeks, bending his knees and presenting his ass to Day even as his mind screamed at him to stop this insanity at once. “I don’t think I can do this, sir.”

“Shush now.” Day dropped down, lying with his chest on the bed, and he kissed the underside of Goldie’s thigh. “Yes, you can. You’re going to be so good for me and take your punishment. Then I’ll lay my seed in you.”

“Day.” Goldie whined, shaking his head in protest. “Baby, please.”

“Quiet, my angel.” Day rubbed his fingers against Goldie’s asshole. He pushed two in right away, thrusting hard. He seemed satisfied after a few slams, and then he added a third.

Goldie groaned as Day hit resistance, and he reminded himself to breathe. It absolutely felt like a punishment now with the way Day was fucking his hole, and every twirl of his fingers made him whimper. He reached up to hold the headboard, focusing his strength there so that the rest of his body would relax.

“Behold,” Day murmured, “your body is giving up all of its treasures to me. How beautiful you are, angel, open and

wanting of something to fill you...”

Goldie could only moan in response, a breathy sound born from the back of his throat as his hole stretched around Day’s thrusting fingers. His heartbeat was thudding heavily where his body was being opened up, and his stomach flexed as he tried to keep his head up to watch.

He wished he could see what Day did right now, though Day himself was a spectacular vision worth appreciating—his brow furrowed in concentration, his full lips parted in a lush pout as he panted, and his eyes gleaming with sinful delight at what he was doing to Goldie’s hole.

“G-god... baby... that’s so good.” Goldie had to drop his head down as it had become too heavy with sensation to hold up now. He was hot, his lips and nose tingling, and he couldn’t believe how *open* he was. His hole was surrendering to Day’s long fingers, and he didn’t even know how many Day had inside of him now.

All he could think and feel was *pressure*, his body reeling from the sheer intensity, and he rocked his hips down in search of a way to counter it.

Day bit his inner thigh.

“Oh! Fuck!” Goldie jerked in surprise, gasping at the sharp press of teeth striking such a sensitive area of skin. “F-fuck, baby!”

“Don’t move, angel,” Day commanded. “Not until I give you leave to.”

“Yes, sir. I won’t. I’ll be good. I’ll be so good.” Goldie tightened his grip on the headboard. “I just had to, I have to... mmm, I have to do something. It’s making me crazy.”

“Breathe for me, my angel,” Day said sweetly. “You’re nearly ready.”

“Baby, *please*.” Goldie groaned as he became keenly aware that Day’s knuckles were pushing up against his hole now. All four of Day’s fingers were inside of Goldie, pointed like a spear and thrusting hard.

“No,” Day replied firmly. “Not yet.”

Goldie shouted, a cry of frustration and overstimulated bliss. Day’s thumb was slipping in and out now too, and still Goldie’s hole would not allow Day’s knuckles to pass. There was new pain, a deep burn as his already stretched asshole fought to open up even more, and Goldie was a squirming mess.

If he held on to the rung of the headboard any tighter, it was going to snap off in his hands. He fought to lift his head, still wanting to see, gasping frantically. “Fuck, baby. You’re gonna do it, aren’t you? You’re gonna fuckin’ fist me?”

Day’s eyes flicked up to meet Goldie’s, nearly black in their lust, and he murmured, “No, my angel. Not tonight.” He pushed his hand in deep, his knuckles threatening to make him a liar as they pushed against Goldie’s aching entrance.

Goldie groaned as Day slowly withdrew, leaving him out of breath and sagging against the mattress. He let go of the headboard, and his fingers throbbed from how tightly he’d been holding on. His hole was *gaping*, soft and wet, and he tried to clench down just to feel how open he was. “F-fuck, baby.”

Day had picked up the pickle statue, and he kissed Goldie’s thigh where he’d bitten him earlier. “You’re going to take this now, my angel. Every inch.”

“Fuck.” Goldie stared at the giant statue, and he was having second thoughts. He honestly would have much preferred Day’s fist. “Baby, I... I still don’t think I can take it. That’s fucking huge.”

“Shush now,” Day crooned as he rubbed the slick tip of the statue against Goldie’s hole. He paused to add more lube, smearing it around in a lazy circle. “You’re going to take it, my angel. I know you can.”

The drizzle of lube was cool enough in contrast to how overheated Goldie was to make him shiver, and he shook his head, mewling in protest. “No, baby. I can’t. I’ll fuckin’ break.”

“No discipline seems pleasant at the time it is being dealt,” Day said sternly, “but it will bear a harvest of righteousness and peace for you if you allow your body to be trained by it.”

“Fuck.” Goldie inhaled sharply. “I...”

Day smiled, and he pushed the statue in.

The first taste of penetration was smooth, firm, and absolutely unyielding. It stole Goldie’s breath away, leaving him gasping shallowly until his mouth was dry. The statue filled every inch of his body up, stretching him out until he was totally stuffed and his most intimate walls were throbbing. He was trapped by it, speared on this giant *thing*, and his heart was about to pound its way up the back of his throat.

“There, my angel,” Day whispered. “There you go. Look at you... in all your divine splendor, opening your innermost house to me and me alone.” He pushed the statue a little deeper before he withdrew, setting a steady pace as he worked it steadily further into Goldie’s body.

Goldie braced himself on the headboard to keep himself from trying to buck away from the intense intrusion, and he gritted his teeth through a desperate moan. His erection had wilted, leaking there against his stomach and twitching every time Day thrust the statue. His muscles had been seized by lethargy, and he laid there and took everything Day gave him, writhing away beneath the steady slams.

Day nuzzled Goldie’s inner thigh, and he lapped at his balls and up the crease of his groin. He mouthed over his soft dick, his tongue flicking out to taste the precome as he fucked him with the statue faster. He was relentless, pumping it harder and licking around the head of Goldie’s cock.

“Oh, God,” Goldie cried out, the sensation of being fucked so raw and the tease of Day’s tongue enough to make his mind shatter. He’d never been fucked with anything like this before, his body stretched beyond its limits as his insides quivered. “Oh, God, I... I need... *fuck!* Baby, please. Please, fuck, please, please.” He didn’t even know what he was begging for—just for something, *anything*, to relieve these incredible waves of stimulation that had him in tears.

“You must be prepared in and out of season,” Day said with a growl. “Do you understand, my angel? To be corrected, to be rebuked, and yes, I will be there. I will be there to encourage you with great patience and precise instruction. I will be there to take you as you submit yourself in your education and discipline to me.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Goldie chanted miserably. “I understand. I will. I’ll take it. I’ll take everything. Just, please! Fuck!” He would have said anything in that moment to end this torturous bliss, and he was nearly howling when Day finally pulled the pickle statue out. “Oh, God. Yes. Christ, yes. Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.”

Day was pushing between Goldie’s legs now, and he moaned softly as he dragged his fingers over Goldie’s hole. “Oh, my angel. I am ready to harvest the fruits of my labor from your body. How ripe you are for me...” He sighed, sliding his thumbs into Goldie’s ass and spreading him wide. “How very ripe.”

Goldie was exhausted already, and he gazed up at Day with a quiet cry. “Yes, baby. I’m ready for you now. I’m ready. Please. Fuck me. Please, baby.”

Day rubbed his thumbs around the inside of Goldie’s hole, holding him open as his cock pushed inside. He gasped, effortlessly pushing in all the way and making himself groan. “Yes, my angel. I will. I will fuck you.”

Goldie welcomed the first hard slam with an excited cry, letting his legs fall apart as Day kept his hole stretched around his thrusting cock. His face was burning up, and he was dying to move, to grind—

“Go on,” Day urged breathlessly. “Come on, angel. Move with me. *Touch* me.”

Goldie latched on to Day’s shoulders, wrapping himself all around Day’s lean body and grinding furiously down on his dick. “Yes, baby! Yes! God, yes, I need you. I need you so much, I can’t fuckin’ breathe.”

“I’m here. I’m yours.” Day’s thumbs slipped out of Goldie’s asshole as he shifted his position, now bracing a hand on the headboard as he fucked Goldie to match the frantic grind of his hips. “I’m always yours. I will take you by the hand and keep you always, I will be there. I will always be here for you.”

“Keep me,” Goldie pleaded. “Never let me go.” He loved how feverish Day’s thrusting had become, sloppy and wet and erratic in a way that betrayed how close Day was to losing himself. Goldie wanted to encourage it, and he mouthed along Day’s throat, nipping at his ear as he urged, “Come in me, baby. Give it to me. Give me your seed. Lay it all in my ripe fuckin’ ass, baby.”

“Angel,” Day gasped, his face scrunching up. “Oh... *fuck...!*”

Goldie gasped as he felt it, the rush of heat as Day’s cock swelled inside of him. He hugged Day close, and he dragged his fingers up his back and into his hair. “Yes, baby. Give it to me, give it to me, mmm, yeah.”

Day’s hips stuttered, and he nearly collapsed right on top of Goldie’s chest. He managed to catch himself on a lower rung of the headboard, pushing his cock in deep and holding there as the last pulse left him. “Oh, my *angel*.” He beamed, flushed and grinning like a lovesick fool. “How I adore you.”

Goldie twirled his fingers through Day’s curls, and he pulled him down for a sweet kiss. He circled his hips on Day’s cock, enjoying the wet, slick feeling of his body trying to swallow Day up even as his load dripped out. “You’ve fuckin’ ruined me, baby.”

“Good.” Day’s eyes flickered with a surge of heat, and Goldie wouldn’t have been surprised if he wanted to go again. “This is how you should always be. Ruined by my cock and full of my seed.”

“Yeah.” Goldie’s dick was getting hard, and the earlier lack of urgency was now being consumed with the fervent need to come. “Please. I need you, baby. I need to bust or I’m gonna lose my damn mind.”

Day glanced over Goldie's lips, and he smiled. "Only because you took your punishment so well." He kissed him once more before descending his body, leaving hot kisses in his wake until his mouth found Goldie's cock. He grabbed the base of it and sucked on the slick head, and his fingers found their way back to Goldie's stretched hole.

"Oh, G-God. Yes. Suck me." Goldie's eyes rolled back in his head as he moaned, ready to blow at any second in response to the wet heat enveloping his dick. "Yes, baby. Just keep sucking me."

Day sucked him deep into his throat, soon letting go with his hand because he already had every inch stuffed in his mouth. He bobbed his head quickly, and he was doing something with Goldie's hole—oh, *fuck*, it was the pickle again.

Goldie moaned helplessly as the pickle statue breached him once more. He rocked his hips up and down, thrusting into Day's mouth as he slammed down on the statue, the flashes of pain adding to the sweet pleasure of Day's tongue. He groaned and clenched his teeth, his pulse rising to a roar until it was thundering in his ears and whiting out everything else except the statue fucking him and Day's perfectly sinful mouth.

His pleasure was rising, about to bubble right over, and his entire body spasmed as he finally slipped over the precipice of ecstasy and came hard enough to make fireworks explode before his very eyes. "Day! Oh, f-fuck!"

It felt as if his very soul was being sucked down Day's eager throat, and the fall from such a climax made his eyes tear up. He couldn't breathe, couldn't even utter a single word, and he twitched down to his toes as Day swallowed every drop of his come. He was shaking, heat flashing over his skin and prickling up each pore, and he gave one last thrust before his body gave out.

Day eased out the statue as he pulled off Goldie's cock. He bowed his head to nuzzle and kiss Goldie's hip, slowly making his way back up his body to claim a kiss from his lips.

Goldie numbly moved his mouth to kiss back, too drained to give much at the moment. “Oh, Day. Fuck. That... that was...” His brain hadn’t returned to a high enough functioning state to finish that sentence, so he kissed Day again, trying to summon more passion into it and express what the experience had meant to him.

Day didn’t seem to mind, and he smiled. “You were amazing, my darling angel. Rest now. Let me take care of you.”

With all the same affection and reverence as before, Day cleaned Goldie and tidied away any mess from their intense coupling—the pickle had a new spot on top of the dresser. Goldie didn’t mind as the award had a new meaning now. Having to work so hard for his climax made it a victory he’d not soon forget, and his muscles were still thrumming from their pleasurable exertion.

Wow.

Just when Goldie thought he’d reached the apex of his sexual exploration, Day came crashing into his life and blew him away over and over again with his firm dominance and passionate touches. Goldie couldn’t get enough of it—especially the aftercare, these quiet moments when Day doted on him that were arguably somehow more intimate than the sex itself.

Day had left briefly, returning now with a cup of water and a pain pill. “Here, angel.”

“Thank you.” Goldie grinned as Day fed him the pill and brought the water to his lips. He took a small sip. “Mm, you really are spoiling me.”

“Yes.” Day grinned. “Now roll over so I may continue.”

“Happy to oblige.”

Day rubbed Goldie’s back and hips in an adoring massage that was sure to send him off into a deep sleep. “You were so perfect for me,” he murmured. “You were absolutely perfect. Oh, how I adore you. Every part of your body is a masterpiece, from the curve of your smile to every whisper of your lips and

the sweet songs you sing beneath me... You are mine. Always.”

Goldie smiled at the praise, mumbling sleepily in reply, “Yours, baby. Mmm. You’re amazing. Fuck, the things you do to me...” He stretched his legs with a groan. “I think you broke me.”

“Broke you?” Day tensed. “Angel, are you all right? Are you hurt?”

“No, no. I’m fine.” Goldie chuckled. “Just a touch of hyperbole. Sorry.”

“I believe there is a cream for that.”

“No.” Goldie laughed. “Hyperbole is—”

“Angel,” Day teased, “I know what hyperbole is.”

“Oh. You were joking. Shit, I’m sleepy.”

“Rest now,” Day urged, resuming his massage. “Sleep sweetly, my angel.”

“Good night, baby.”

“Good night, angel.”

GOLDIE



Goldie slept so soundly that when he woke up in a puddle of his own drool, he was hardly surprised. His body felt heavy, solid, and he had muscles in his thighs and hips aching that he didn't even remember using last night. His hole was pleasantly sore in that magical way that a bruise could be, where he wanted to pet it even though it hurt because the hurt felt so good.

He smiled and sighed loudly in satisfaction.

Wow.

Day had thoroughly rocked his world *twice* yesterday.

A sharp twinge in Goldie's neck made a strong argument against having a repeat of that much activity today, but he regretted absolutely nothing.

Okay, *maybe* he wished Day had fucked him with something other than his pickle trophy, but other than that...

Goldie stretched out his arm to feel around the bed to find Day, but he realized he was alone. He grunted as he struggled to roll onto his back, staring up at the ceiling with a groan. Oh, he was definitely going to be hurting today.

Still worth it.

He could tell it was early judging by the soft light trying to peek in through the curtains, but he wasn't sure why he didn't hear Purrey meowing for her breakfast yet. There was a noise off in the kitchen, and he realized that Day must have already taken care of it.

Goldie managed to drag his legs to the edge of the bed and sit up, but his joints insisted that he stay as he was before trying to stand. He rubbed his hands, his wrists, and he worked his way up his elbows and shoulders.

Though he'd very much enjoyed Day's massage last night, it wasn't near enough to ease the years of arthritis from his body. He had just made his way to his neck when Day walked in carrying a to-go cup of coffee.

Day was fully dressed in another one of his new shirts and jeans, and he grinned when he saw Goldie was up. "Good morning, my angel."

"Good morning." Goldie smiled sleepily. "Mmm, you got up early, huh?"

"I did!" Day offered out the coffee. "I rose with the rays of the sun and beheld all of God's great glory."

Goldie sniffed the coffee. It smelled warm and a little spicy, like nutmeg perhaps.

Day looked offended. "It is not drugged."

"You know what they say," Goldie teased. "Once bitten, twice shy."

"There has been no biting, and your coffee is fine." Day wrinkled his nose.

"Joking, baby. Just wondering what it was."

"It is a winter blend. I don't know what that is, but the barista who is sleeping with her stepbrother insisted that it was very good. Also, Purrty has been given her breakfast, and I cleaned her box."

"Oh! Thank you." Goldie took a small sip of coffee. "You didn't have to do that, baby."

"I also put up the dishes, straightened the living room, washed your counters, and I swept and mopped the kitchen."

Goldie nearly choked. "What time did you wake up?"

"Five?" Day shrugged.

“I think that’s well before God’s glory is up.”

“I like to stay busy.” Day sat beside Goldie on the bed. “I would have changed the bedding, but you were still sleeping, and I wanted you to rest.” He kissed Goldie’s cheek. “I hope you slept well?”

“I did.” Goldie grinned, and he caught Day’s cheek to pull him in for a smooch. “Mmm, *very* well.”

Day beamed. “I am glad.”

Goldie took another sip of coffee. “Just give me a minute to catch up, baby. I still gotta grab my medicine, switch out my patches.”

Day pointed to the bedside table. “I got it for you just in case you woke up while I was still out.”

Goldie laughed when he saw his pills neatly lined up in a little row beside a stack of patches on the bedside table. “Thank you, baby. Damn. You’re spoiling me.” He picked up the pills to take with a swig of coffee.

“I wanted to make you breakfast, but I don’t know how to cook very much.” Day rested his head on Goldie’s shoulder. “Could you teach me?”

“How to cook? Of course.” Goldie stretched his arms, being mindful of the hot coffee, and then he hugged Day close. He kissed his curly hair, and he could still smell the kiss of snow lingering there. “We can start with eggs and bacon.”

“Thank you, angel.”

“Thank you. For everything.” Goldie smiled, getting a few more slurps of coffee in.

Day wiggled out from Goldie’s arm to kneel behind him on the bed. He removed the patches from last night, but Goldie shook his head when he tried to apply the new ones.

“Hold up, baby,” Goldie said. “I wanna get a shower in a minute.”

“You can’t shower with them on?”

“Well, you’re not supposed to.” Goldie chuckled.

“Hmm. Fine.” Day got to work gently rubbing Goldie’s neck and shoulders.

“Keep that up and you’re gonna put me back to sleep,” Goldie warned with a soft chuckle. “It feels so good.”

“I’m glad. I want to please you.” Day kissed behind Goldie’s ear.

“Trust me. You please me plenty, baby.” Goldie yawned, and he stretched his legs out, popping his knees and ankles.

“Do you have plans for today, angel?”

“Not really. Just hanging with you.”

“If I wasn’t here, what would you do?” Day asked curiously.

“Nothing.” Goldie smirked. “I’d sit on my butt, watch some TV, and try to pretend that I don’t have to go to work tomorrow.”

“Work?”

“Yeah, I work at a gym.” Goldie was reminded now of how little they actually knew about each other. “I teach introductory wrestling classes and some basic fitness training. Helps keep me in shape, pays well, and I’ve been trying to learn yoga too.”

“Will you have to be gone for very long?” Day frowned, and his hands paused on Goldie’s shoulders.

“I usually get off around four or five except for the days I’m doing yoga. Then I may not finish until around seven.”

“Oh.”

“All this means is we have to go to bed at a good time so I can get up early.” Goldie laid his hand over Day’s. “I was thinking...”

“Yes?”

“You could stay here while I’m at work if you’d like.”

Day’s grip tightened. “Really?”

“Yeah.” Goldie smiled. “I’m sure it sounds crazy, but I don’t wanna worry about you being outside somewhere in this weather. If you’re here, I know you’re safe and warm, all right? Plenty of food in the pantry, I can always get more too, and hey, you’ll be waiting for me when I get home.”

Day hugged Goldie’s neck. “Thank you.”

Goldie choked a little, and he patted Day’s arms to get him to ease up. “You’re welcome. Mph. I just wanna make sure you’re okay.”

“I do have a home,” Day said with a hint of stubbornness. “But... but it’s not like your home.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s not very nice.” Day pulled his arms away. “It was Father’s home. And then mine. And... well, it’s very cold.”

Goldie couldn’t turn his head to look at Day without catching that sore spot in his neck, but he was able to reach back with his hand and hold Day’s leg. “Hey, cold as in just a drafty house or something? Or cold as in there’s no power?”

“No power.” Day fidgeted. “I have a stove! A kerosene one. I always make sure a window is open, don’t worry.”

Goldie’s stomach twisted, and his mind was made up. “Is there anything there you want?”

“What do you mean?”

“Is there anything there you actually want or could you just walk away from it all and come stay with me?”

Day audibly gasped. “Angel, I...”

“Look, I know it’s fast, but you need a place to stay. A real place that’s warm and not gonna kill you with some carbon monoxide fumes, okay? We’ll figure it out. Even if *we* don’t work out, I’m not gonna kick you out until I know I’ve got a safe spot for you to go.”

“Even if we...?” Day clung to Goldie’s back. “Why would you say that, angel?”

“Hey, I didn’t say it to hurt you,” Goldie soothed. “I just don’t want to worry about you ending up back in your kerosene heater hell if you decide you don’t want to be with me.”

“I always want to be with you,” Day retorted stubbornly. “You’re mine.”

“Baby, you’ve known me for like three days. Give it time.”

Day hugged him harder. “You shouldn’t think so little of yourself. You’re a gift, my angel.”

“I…” Goldie was going to correct him, but he realized Day was right. He reached up to squeeze Day’s forearm, saying instead, “Do anything long enough and it becomes a habit. I’ll work on it, all right?”

“Yes. We will.” Day kissed his cheek.

Goldie finished his coffee, took a shower, and got dressed. Although he’d bathed alone, Day was waiting for him to help dry him off and put on new lidocaine patches. Goldie enjoyed the attention, and he smiled when Day insisted on holding his hand to walk into the kitchen. Since Purracy had already been fed, Goldie could focus on making breakfast for himself and Day.

He showed Day how to cook the bacon and use a little bit of the leftover grease for the eggs, which may or may not have ended up with a few pieces of shell in them from Day’s enthusiastic cracking. He let Day add the milk and season them, and then Day mixed them all up to pour into the pan.

Day was nervous about actually cooking, but Goldie guided his hand with the spatula around the pan and encouraged him to keep going. It was sweet, intimate in a way, and Goldie loved how proud Day was of himself when he got the hang of it and wanted to finish cooking the eggs on his own.

When the eggs were done, they were absolutely delicious.

Goldie didn’t even mind when he bit into a piece of eggshell.

They got bundled up to brave the cold outside, and Goldie smiled seeing Day in his trench coat. He knew he should get Day something that fit him a little better, but he still liked how Day looked wearing something of his. His smile faded when he saw the envelope of money, however.

“I decided that I want to divide the money between the youth shelter, the soup kitchen, and the animal rescue.” Day must have noticed Goldie staring at it as he tucked it into his backpack. “The shelter and the kitchen are on the way to my house. We can stop at the animal rescue on our way back.”

“All right. Yeah, we can do that.” Goldie didn’t want to argue.

Yes, there was a bratty part of him that did want to if only for another intensely sensual punishment, but ultimately he wanted this whole mess over and done with so they could move on.

The sooner they got rid of the money, the better.

Once Day got his headphones and Goldie had thrown on an extra scarf to top off his winter armor, they went downstairs to the car. Goldie made a face at all the snow, but at least the plows had already been through and cleared the roads. He cranked the car, urged Day to go ahead and get in, and then he cleared the snow off from the roof and windshield.

He happened to glance through the window, and he thought he saw Day talking to himself.

He looked upset too.

Goldie quickly climbed into the driver’s seat and slammed the door behind him. He checked to make sure the heat was on full blast, glancing over at Day.

Day seemed fine now, and he smiled.

“You okay, baby?” Goldie asked.

Day pointed to his headphones.

“Right. But are you okay?”

Day nodded.

Goldie thought maybe he'd imagined it, and he headed to their first stop, the soup kitchen, without further questions. Day's hand on his thigh reassured him that everything was all right, and it was a welcome warmth as he drove through the cold city.

The roads were slushy and slick, the snow piled up on the sidewalks was gray mush, and everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. Even traffic was dragging more than usual, as if it was too cold to run at normal speeds. Goldie sat at a red light for so long that he wondered if it was frozen over.

The soup kitchen was located in a small building nestled behind the city library. The pitched metal roof was leftover from its early days as a chain pizza restaurant, and there was already a big line going around the block in spite of the snowy weather. Two volunteers were going up and down the line, passing out blankets, coats, and steaming mugs of what Goldie assumed was coffee or tea.

Day patted his arm and pointed to the curb, indicating for him to pull over.

"Be quick," Goldie said when Day met his eye. "I can't technically park here."

Day nodded, agreeing quietly, "I'll be quick."

Once the car was stopped, Day hopped out and hurried up onto the sidewalk. Goldie watched him bypass the line and head right inside, and he was surprised that no one tried to stop him. He waited for a few anxious minutes, glancing around to make sure he didn't see any cops or meter maids or whoever coming to get him for parking here illegally.

He glanced back at the soup kitchen in time to see Day coming out. Day hurried over to the car, quickly diving into the passenger seat. He shut the door and then whipped his seat belt on, waving for Goldie to take off like they were fleeing the scene of a bank robbery.

"Here we go!" Goldie laughed, pulling out a little faster than he needed to. He sped until he merged back into traffic, and he grinned. "So, how did it go?"

Day gave a big thumbs up. He rubbed Goldie's thigh eagerly. "Good," he replied softly. "Very good."

"All right. On to the next!"

The youth shelter wasn't as exciting, and there was no one standing outside except two young teenagers sharing a cigarette. They didn't even look up when Day was coming and going, and Day's bright smile was still shining when he hopped back in the car. It dimmed, however, as he directed Goldie to his house.

The neighborhood was old, and it appeared to be in an active state of decay. Many of the homes were falling apart and missing siding or had broken windows. Some were boarded up and clearly abandoned, their porches swallowed by the tall grass overgrown from yards littered with trash. The neglect spread to the street in a plethora of waste, and a city dumpster on the curb was filled to the brim with garbage.

The fresh snow did little to hide the debris, as much of it was broken furniture and mountains of forgotten trash bags. The street hadn't been plowed here, and Goldie was honestly worried about running over something as he carefully navigated the cluttered, icy pavement.

Day pointed to one of the houses near the end of the row with windows that were still intact, though the yard was a veritable jungle like so many of the rest.

Goldie pulled into the driveway, and he tried not to let his concern show. He didn't want Day to be embarrassed, especially when it was clear he was already getting upset about being here.

Day squeezed Goldie's hand once they'd parked, and then he wordlessly got out of the car. He went not to the front porch but around the back. There was a path worn through the grass here leading to a back door. Goldie didn't notice if Day used a key or not to open it, and he followed him inside to a small living room.

The furniture was battered, but the home was generally very tidy from what Goldie could see. There weren't any

lights, and he suspected there hadn't been power here in a long time. He didn't notice much in the way of personal items. There weren't any books on the bookshelf, and no photos or paintings on the walls. Though clean, the room was practically barren.

There were, however, large squares of black foam on nearly every flat surface, from the ceiling to the walls and over the front door and windows. Goldie assumed it was some sort of sound insulation, but he decided not to ask.

"Wait here," Day said quietly, pulling his headphones down around his neck.

"Do you need help?" Goldie asked. "With getting your stuff?"

"No." Day shook his head. "There's... There's not very much."

"All right."

Day vanished up a flight of stairs, and Goldie could hear his footsteps creaking around overhead. He glanced around the living room a bit more, but there wasn't much to see. Peeking around one corner revealed a cramped kitchen and another was an empty dining room. Once upon a time, the home must have been beautiful, though now it was merely a husk of its former self.

Goldie could relate.

The creaking of the staircase signaled Day's return, and he was holding a large box.

"Here, you want me to get that?" Goldie offered.

"No. I want to carry it." Day hugged the box tighter.

Goldie couldn't tell what was in it, and he figured he'd see what it was later. "That's everything you needed?"

"Yes." Day sniffed. "Could... Could you please fix my headphones?"

"Of course." Goldie smiled as he pulled the headphones back over Day's ears. He adjusted them to make sure they

were on straight, and he gave Day a thumbs-up.

Day smiled wearily, but he nodded. “Let’s go.”

Goldie held the back door open for Day so he could bring the box out, and he walked ahead of Day to open the trunk. Day set the box down very carefully, as if what was inside was fragile.

Eager to get out of the cold, Goldie got back behind the wheel and cranked the car, but he noticed Day was lingering in the yard.

Day was standing at the edge of the tall grass, gazing up at the house. He put his hands over the headphones, holding them to his ears and shaking his head. Goldie only got a glimpse of his face, and it looked like Day was on the verge of tears or screaming or both.

Goldie was about to get out of the car to make sure Day was all right, but then Day was coming back in a hurry.

Day practically jumped into the passenger seat, and he slammed the door with an angry huff. He’d knocked his headphones askew, and he was so frustrated that he tore them off and threw them onto the floorboard. His eyes were glassy, and he stared sullenly at the dashboard. “We can go now.”

Goldie reached over to pat Day’s shoulder, soothing, “Hey, it’s okay, baby.”

Day flinched.

“Hey. Talk to me, baby. What’s going on?”

“Memories,” Day said quietly.

“Bad ones?”

“Yeah.” Day sniffed, and he wiped at his eyes. “Living with Father was not... It was not easy. He could be very cruel. I never told him, but I hated that God spoke to him. I didn’t want him to be an agent of God’s wrath. I just wanted him to be... my *dad*.” His voice cracked on the last word, and he pressed his face into his hands, his shoulders shaking as he cried.

“Oh, baby.” Goldie wrapped his arms around Day, pulling him as close as he could. “Come here. Come here, baby. Just let it out. It’s okay.” He kissed Day’s hair. “You’re allowed to be pissed off. Agent of God or whatever it was he believed, your dad still had a duty as a parent to be your father too.”

Day sobbed, his fingers curling into Goldie’s coat. “It’s all I ever wanted. I just wanted a normal life. I just wanted to be *happy*.”

“And you will be,” Goldie soothed. “Your father isn’t here to make you do anything that you don’t want to do now. You don’t have to do what he wants, do you understand? He’s dead, baby. You’re not, and this is your life to live. Not his.”

Day sniffled, and he shook his head. “I... I don’t know. The mission—”

“It was his, right? And he put it on you. Did he ever ask you if you even wanted it?”

“N-no.”

“See, that’s bullshit.” Goldie kissed Day’s hair again, slowly rubbing his back. “You should be able to make your own choices, baby. You should be able to live your life the way you want to. I wish I had. I wish I could go back in time and change so fuckin’ much... but you can. You’re still young. You’ve got your whole life ahead of you to do what *you* want to do with it.”

“And you’ll be with me?” Day asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Yes,” Goldie promised. “I’ll be with you for every step of the way, for however long you want me.”

“Forever.” Day whimpered. “I want you forever.”

Goldie wasn’t sure if Day meant that, assuming it was something he was just saying in the heat of the moment because he was so emotional. Still, it made Goldie’s heart flutter a bit, and he held Day closer. He rubbed his back and pressed little kisses into his hair until Day stopped crying.

“I’m sorry,” Day mumbled as he pulled away. “I made a mess of your coat.”

“It’s okay.” Goldie smiled, and he grabbed some napkins out of the glove compartment. “See? That’s why I keep these. Never know when you might need them.” He offered them to Day.

Day took them to dry off his face and blow his nose, sighing in disgust at himself. “Ugh.”

“It’s all right.” Goldie rubbed Day’s leg. “You get as snotty as you need to, okay? This was a big step for you today. I know it was hard, and I’m really proud of you.”

“Really?” Day blinked.

“Really.” Goldie leaned over to kiss his cheek.

Day’s blotchy cheeks turned a deep shade of red, and he smiled weakly. “Thank you, my angel. You really are amazing.”

“So are you, baby.” Goldie smiled reassuringly as he said, “We’re gonna get you through this, okay? You don’t have any reason to ever come back to this place now. It’s over. Done. That part of your life is behind you, and we can move forward together.”

“Together,” Day repeated.

“Damn skippy.” Goldie settled into his seat to take the wheel. “So, where to, baby? Do you still want to go to the animal rescue or do you wanna go home?”

“The rescue,” Day said firmly. He wiped his face off again, hurriedly getting his seat belt on. “I want to finish what I started. I still want to do good.”

“All right. Let’s go.”

Goldie was happy to leave the dismal neighborhood behind, and Day’s mood seemed to brighten the farther away they got. Goldie was confident that Day was feeling much better—that is, until Goldie pulled up to the front door of the animal rescue.

“What is this?” Day asked worriedly.

“The city’s animal rescue?” Goldie replied.

“No, no, no.” Day fidgeted. “This is a church.”

“Uh, no. It used to be a church, like, ten years ago.” Goldie frowned. “The church closed down, and the city got the property. Gave it to the rescue—”

“But the rescue is beside the hardware store!” Day argued frantically. “That’s where it is. I remember seeing the puppies when Father went to the hardware store.”

“Yes, that’s where it was ten years ago,” Goldie gently corrected. He reached for Day’s hand. “Hey, talk to me. Did you and your Father come here when it was still a church?”

Day nodded sadly.

“More bad memories?”

Day nodded again, and he stared out the windshield.

“Look, I know it’s been a big day, and we don’t have to do this right now if you don’t want to.” Goldie squeezed Day’s hand. “We can always come back.” He paused. “Do you want me to come in with you? Would that help?”

Day looked to Goldie, nodding again. His eyes were wide and damp with unshed tears, and he whispered, “Yes, please. I don’t... I don’t wanna go alone.”

“You got it, baby.”

Goldie pulled back out so he could circle around to find a place to park. There was a lot behind the rescue, and Goldie snagged a spot close to the building. There was a large, fenced in play area with an iced over water trough, and two dogs were out romping through the snow and chasing each other.

There was an older man watching them, and he started fussing for them to go on and do their business so they could go back in.

The dogs paid him no mind and went on playing.

Goldie led Day to the front door, and he opened it to allow him to go in first.

Day's feet appeared to be frozen in place because he didn't move.

Goldie was patient, and he squeezed Day's hand. "Hey, I'm right here, okay?"

Day nodded, and he took a deep breath, finally stepping inside the lobby.

It was small, cramped enough that Goldie almost ran right into the counter to get out of the way so he could shut the door behind them. There were animal-themed posters covering the walls with titles like "Is A Puppy Right For You?" and "10 Things To Know Before You Adopt!" and a single gray plastic chair. The counter was lined with various pamphlets and brochures about pet ownership, and there was a large cardboard box with "Kittens" written across it.

A makeshift screen was stretched behind the counter to separate the rest of the building from the lobby. Judging by the sounds of barking and howling in the distance, Goldie assumed the kennels for the animals were back there. Any evidence that the building was once a church was gone save for the high angled ceilings and a single stained glass window depicting a red cross surrounded by bright yellow rays of light.

Day visibly shuddered when he saw it, but he quickly turned away.

"So," Goldie said quietly, "do you just wanna leave it on the counter or...?" He looked around, but he didn't see anywhere to leave a donation. Knowing Day was probably going to leave a big stack of cash, Goldie hesitated to have him leave it on the counter out in the open.

Day pointed at the cardboard box.

"Well, let's see." Goldie peeked inside the box, and he grinned when there was indeed a kitten inside. "Aw, hey there, little one."

The kitten was small, orange, and its fur was oddly patchy. It wasn't missing enough to be a Sphynx, and it had too much to be a Devon Rex. Goldie's first thought was that the poor thing had some form of mange, and he hesitated to pet it.

Day, however, did not. He gasped when he saw the patchy kitten, and he immediately scooped it out of the box to cuddle it against his chest.

The kitten meowed, kneading on Day's coat and headbutting his hand aggressively.

"May I help you, sir?" It was the older man who had been out back playing with the dogs. He had a friendly smile, and his name tag said Evan.

"Hey!" Goldie smiled. "Yeah, we're just, uh..." He looked to Day still loving on the kitten. "Looking at kittens."

"You are?" Evan's brow furrowed.

"Well, he is." Goldie nodded at Day.

"Oh!" Evan blinked in surprise as if he hadn't noticed Day standing there. "I see you met Patches."

"What kind of cat is he?" Goldie asked.

"We're not real sure, but he's a special little guy." Evan beamed. "See, someone threw him and the rest of his litter in a box and dumped it in our trash can out back. Couldn't even be bothered to bring the poor little things to the door. Just left them in the trash to freeze to death."

"Christ," Goldie murmured. "What an asshole."

Day cautiously moved one side of his headphones off, frowning as he listened.

"My sentiments exactly," Evan said. "But that little guy there? He went off like a siren, kept meowing and meowing and he did not stop until I finally heard him. I was out back with the dogs, and I couldn't figure out where it was coming from at first. Got scared he was gonna stop before I could, but nope, he wailed like a fire truck until bam, there they were in the trash can."

“He saved them,” Day whispered, smiling down at the kitten.

“Did the other kittens look like him?” Goldie asked.

“Nope. Just him.” Evan shrugged. “Best as I can figure, he’s got the genetic mutation they used to breed Lykoi cats.”

“A what now?”

“Lykoi. L-Y-K-O-I.” Evan chuckled. “They call them werewolf cats. They kinda look like him. Patchy all over like that. S’why we started calling him Patches.”

Patches purred loudly, and he snuggled under Day’s chin.

Day was completely entranced, and he turned his head so he could press his ear against Patches’ side to listen to him purr. He smiled at Goldie and hugged Patches close, and that was the moment when Goldie knew they were taking the kitten.

The paperwork was quick, and Evan gasped when he saw Goldie’s name.

“It *is* you! You’re Goldilocks! Wow, I’m such a big fan!” Evan gushed. “See, I was pretty sure it was you. Not many guys your size running around town, but I didn’t wanna assume and make an a-s-s outta myself. I just loved your finishing move, the Honey Pot. Still never been anything else like it in wrestling!”

“Thank you, I appreciate that.” Goldie smiled politely.

“Wow. Is it okay if I get your autograph? I mean, on something other than the adoption papers.”

“Of course.”

Day put his headphones back on, visibly cringing. He cradled Patches close, and he nudged Goldie with his elbow.

Goldie caught his eye, and Day glanced back at his backpack. “Got it.” He dug around until he found the remaining money, and it was still a very impressive stack of cash.

Day gasped, and his brow scrunched as if in physical pain. He shook his head frantically, and he pulled on Goldie's arm.

"Hey, breathe," Goldie soothed quietly. "Just breathe for me. Listen to the kitty, okay? Just hold him close and listen to those purrs, all right? We're almost done."

Day nodded weakly, and he nuzzled his cheek against Patches' side.

Goldie saw Day's eyes getting that far-off look to them, and he knew it was time for them to go. He waited for Evan to bring him over an index card to sign, and he quickly traded him the card for the money. "Here you are, sir."

"Wh-what is this?" Evan stammered.

"An anonymous donation," Goldie replied as he scribbled his signature across the card.

"M-Mr. Nash, I..." Evan appeared faint. "Are you quite sure?"

"Yes." Goldie smiled and handed him back the card. "Thank you for all that you do here for little guys like Patches. We've gotta go now, but keep up the good work."

Day was already headed to the door.

"Th-thank you! Thank you so much!" Evan was beside himself, and Goldie could hear him shouting as they left, "Hey! Guys! Guys, come here! You're never gonna believe what just happened..."

Day was all smiles as they headed back to the car, and he wrapped Patches under his trench coat to keep him warm. Whatever had happened or started to happen inside was over now, and he was relaxed and happy again when he got in the car.

Goldie turned the key and made sure the heat was on full blast. He waited until Day was looking at him to ask, "So, are you keeping the name Patches?"

Day wrinkled his nose and shook his head.

Goldie chuckled. “Didn’t think so. You, uh, got something in mind?”

Day pulled off his headphones, saying firmly, “He is a hero with a valiant and wise soul, and those who are wise shine like the brightness of the sky above, like the stars forever and ever.”

“So, are you naming him Star then?”

“No.” Day beamed down at the fuzzy orange head poking out from his coat. “I’m naming him Twinkle.”

“Twinkle, huh?” Goldie grinned. “That’s the name for a valiant, wise hero?”

“Yes.”

“All right. Twinkle is a good name.”

“It speaks of the glory of God and heaven’s brilliance. It is a very good name.”

Twinkle meowed.

“I guess that settles it.” Goldie laughed. “Well, come on, Twinkle. We gotta stop by the pet store to get you some kitten stuff.” He frowned, adding, “And, eh, probably something for Purrey. Maybe some treats or a new toy or something. Try to smooth things over...”

“You think she’ll be unhappy with Twinkle?”

“Oh, I don’t think it. I *know* it.”

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DAY



Twinkle was wonderful.

Twinkle was sweet and playful and *fast*.

Oh, and Purrcey most certainly did not like him.

Day watched the patchy ball of fur zoom around the apartment in absolute delight, and he grinned when Twinkle came running back to him for scratches and pets. Twinkle would purr and *purr* like a lawnmower, and then he'd run off again like an orange rocket.

Purrcey had hissed the moment she saw him, and she ran off to the bedroom with an angry yowl.

Goldie shut the door to lock her in, saying that they probably needed to give them some space before trying to make proper introductions. While he got the new kitten food and toys unpacked, Day parked himself in the middle of the living room to play with Twinkle.

He'd never been able to have a pet of his own before, and he couldn't stop smiling.

He was happy.

Twinkle discovered the couch and promptly climbed up the side of it like a spider, and then he jumped off to attack a small speck of lint in the carpet.

Goldie suggested now might be a good time to give Twinkle the grand tour, and Day hopped to his feet immediately. He grabbed Twinkle up to show him where the

litter box, food, and water were, although Twinkle didn't seem very interested.

He kept chewing on Day's sleeve and tried to bat at his hair.

As soon as Day set him back down, Twinkle raced over to attack the lint again.

Day didn't think he'd ever laughed so much.

Goldie brought over some of the new cat toys—a fuzzy bird on a stick, some jingly balls, and a catnip Christmas tree.

Day offered Twinkle the Christmas tree, but Twinkle wanted one of the jingly balls instead.

Which was then promptly batted under the stove, never to be seen again.

Goldie relaxed on the couch while he watched them play, and Day's heart skipped over itself when Goldie smiled at him.

Today was a good day.

He woke up with Goldie, learned how to cook eggs, and retrieved his belongings from home that wasn't home now.

Oh!

And the cat.

He got a cat.

Something magical had happened when Day picked up Twinkle. He'd felt something when their eyes met, and Twinkle's loud purring was almost enough to block the rescue man's filth. That was nearly as special as being able to hear Goldie, and Day was so grateful that Goldie let him bring Twinkle home with them.

He was happy. He was so, so very happy.

And he was determined to be the best cat parent ever. He knew Goldie would help him learn what he needed to do to take good care of Twinkle like Goldie did with Purrey. Day was taking responsibility for another life, and he was proud of himself.

He thought Father would be proud of him too.

Silence.

Father still wasn't speaking to him.

Fine.

Day huffed, and he brought Twinkle another jingly ball to play with.

He didn't want to talk to Father anyway.

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GOLDIE



Watching Day play with the new kitten was easily the most adorable thing in the world.

Goldie loved how Day lit up, and his bright smile was absolutely dazzling.

And his laugh?

His laughter was like music.

For someone who probably didn't get a chance to laugh very much growing up, Goldie suspected it was long overdue. He had a feeling that Day hadn't been allowed to play much as a kid either, and definitely never with something as fun as a new kitten. He was glad he was able to do this for him because, *wow*, that smile was everything.

The very dichotomy of Day's personality on display right now made him all the more fascinating. On the one hand, Goldie knew Day could be cold, and he was capable of terrible things. He also possessed an intense sexual dominance that made Goldie shudder just thinking about it. And on the other, here Day was, having the most marvelous time playing with a kitten as if it was the most fantastic fun in the entire world, innocent as could be.

Goldie wondered what kind of twisted shit Day's father had raised him with that Day knew how to kill but had never been able to play before.

Whatever.

That fucker was dead, and Goldie was here now, and he and Day could help take care of each other. They could learn a lot from one another, both in and outside the bedroom, and Goldie thought them pretty well matched so far. Though it had only been a few days, he was very fond of Day, and he was looking forward to seeing how their relationship would blossom.

Hell, they weren't blossoming—they were exploding.

They'd already blown through the first kiss, the first time, and jumped right to moving in together.

Goldie knew it was a bit more complicated than that because of Day's previous home situation. He'd only invited Day to stay because he'd been pretty sure that wherever Day was living was not habitable. It had saddened Goldie to think of Day somewhere awful, alone and freezing.

Seeing it today cemented his decision as the correct one.

Day was right where he belonged, safe and warm and about to do the impossible—exhaust a kitten.

Goldie stretched out on the couch while Day ran Twinkle around in loops with the bird toy, and Twinkle had finally conceded by curling up in Day's lap and purring loudly as his eyes closed. Goldie was in danger of falling asleep too. He was tired from driving and probably still recovering from yesterday's intense sexual acrobatics. He needed to get a shower so he wouldn't have to take one in the morning, but right now he was too damn comfortable to move.

Day carefully turned around to face Goldie, pointing excitedly at Twinkle. "He fell asleep on me!"

"That is a high honor from a cat," Goldie said with a sage-like nod. "Treasure this moment."

"I will. He's wonderful. I like his purring. Do they always do that when they're happy?"

"Most of the time. Other times they might be stressed or hurting. Mama cats purr sometimes when they give birth."

“Oh. I didn’t know that...” Day scratched behind Twinkle’s ears. “He’s happy though, right?”

“Yeah.” Goldie yawned. “Don’t worry about that. He’s very happy.”

“Does he need a sweater?”

“Hmm?”

“A sweater.” Day frowned. “Because he’s missing fur.”

“I mean, he’s missing a little.”

“He looks like an orange opossum.”

Goldie snorted. “Do you want to buy the opossum a sweater?”

“Yes. If I had yarn, I could make one.”

“Make one?” Goldie quirked his brows. “Like, knit one?”

“When Father still took us to church, the ladies who taught Sunday school taught me. I made a small sweater for a doll once. I think I could make one for him.”

“What do you need? Just yarn and knitting needles?”

“Yes?” Day didn’t sound sure.

“Tell you what.” Goldie yawned again. “After I get off work tomorrow, I can stop by Michael’s and get you some stuff. Just tell me what I should pick up.”

“Who’s Michael?”

“It’s the name of a craft store.”

“Oh. How long do you have to be at work?” Day frowned.

“At least until five. Wait, unless tomorrow is a yoga day. Then it’s seven.” Goldie closed his eyes. “Shit, I’m sleepy. Sorry, I’ll have to double check.”

“What should I do while you’re gone?”

“Well, what do you usually do?”

“Pray. Rest. Read.” Day shrugged. “Wait.”

“You like to read?” Goldie perked up. “I don’t have a lot of books, but I’ve got a few kickin’ around here somewhere if you’d like.”

“There were some in the closet next to the pickle.”

Goldie snorted.

“I’ve only really ever read Father’s Bible.”

“Well, you know there’s an entire world of books out there if you wanna try them.” Goldie smiled kindly. “They even got these tablets called Kindles and stuff now that are full of e-books, electronic versions of books.”

“Maybe.” Day kept rubbing Twinkle, and Twinkle’s purrs rose to nearly a growl.

“For a tiny kitten, he sure is loud.” Goldie chuckled.

“I think he is very happy.”

“Good.”

“Are you going to sleep?”

“Probably.” Goldie smirked. “Sorry, baby. You wore me out. I’m an old man. I need naps.”

Day laughed softly. “Sleep, my angel. Thank you. For everything.”

“You are more than welcome, baby.” Goldie smiled, and he let himself doze.

Just a quick nap, that’s all, and then he’d be ready to finish doing whatever the hell else he was supposed to be doing today. He’d already helped Day drop off the criminal’s dirty money to several charitable locations, picked up Day’s stuff from his dilapidated wreck of a home, and hey, they’d gotten a kitten.

Not only had he actually completed the list, but he’d done stuff that wasn’t even on it.

Goldie had earned this nap.

He drifted in and out, and he could still occasionally hear Day and Twinkle moving around the apartment. The jingly

ball jingled, there was a small ruckus in the kitchen, and Day tried very hard not to laugh and then attempted to laugh as quietly as possible. It was peaceful, and Goldie's lips twitched in another smile when he felt Day draping a blanket over him.

Goldie was distantly aware that he needed to wake up for lunch, or maybe it was getting closer to dinner by now, but he was so damn comfortable...

There was a knock at the door.

"Shit." Goldie mumbled a few more cuss words as he lurched into a sitting position, rubbing at his eyes. He didn't see Day or Twinkle anywhere, and he groaned as the knocking came again, louder and more impatient this time. "For fuck's sake. Hang on!"

Day emerged from the bathroom just as Goldie was heading to the door. Twinkle was in his arms, and Day frowned, visibly tense. "Who is it?"

"Dunno."

"Do I need the shower liner?"

"Do you need...? No!" Goldie scoffed. "Hold your horses there, murder muffin."

Day pouted.

Goldie looked through the peephole.

It was Florence!

Florence was billed at 6'6", but he was really only about 6'2". He'd stayed in good shape since retiring, though his face was fuller and he'd gone bald on top of his head. Despite his hair loss, he refused to cut his hair and wore what was left in a thin ponytail. He was wearing a neon green-and-black insulated tracksuit that made his fair skin look a touch sallow, and he knocked again, calling through the door, "Hey, you dead in there or what?"

"Hold on!" Goldie shouted back. He looked at Day. "It's Florence, my old tag team partner that I told you about. Can you...?"

He didn't want to explain what was going on with Day to Florence right now, and Day would probably hear the usual filth or whatever it was he did from Florence. Not that Goldie thought his friend had any weird hidden sins that would justify being murdered, but he didn't want to risk upsetting Day either.

Day nodded in understanding. "I'll go lie down. With my headphones." He kissed the top of Twinkle's head. "And my Twinkle."

"Thank you. He shouldn't be here too long." Goldie kissed Day sweetly.

Day smiled. "Good. I'll make us eggs for dinner."

"Yeah? Breakfast for dinner? Sounds great, baby." Goldie watched Day disappear into the bedroom, and then he finally opened the door. "Hey!"

"Hey!" Florence came lumbering in and wrapped Goldie up in a big hug, slapping his back. "How the hell are ya'?"

"Good, good!" Goldie shut the door. "Uh, what the fuck are you doing here?"

"Didn't you get my texts?"

Goldie honestly had no idea where his phone was. "Thought you said you weren't coming by until next weekend?"

"Plans changed." Florence grinned. "Did you know you're still trending? Everybody is dying to know what's going on with the Great Goldilocks."

"What?"

"I'm surprised Pryor hasn't called you yet! You know everybody is screaming that you need to be inducted in the Global Wrestling Hall of Fame now too." Florence glanced around the apartment. "You really haven't seen any of it online?"

"No," Goldie replied. "You know I don't do any of that social media stuff."

“Well, you should.” Florence clapped his hand on Goldie’s shoulder. “Luckily, I’m here to help.”

“Help with what?” Goldie was instantly suspicious.

“Help get you into the modern era, my man!” Florence grinned. “I can set up your Twitter, your Instagram, we can make some TikToks—”

“Those can’t be real things.”

“Come on. Before you come on as my co-host, you’ve gotta get this shit ready.”

“Wait, wait.” Goldie scoffed. “Co-host?”

“Yeah!” Florence sat on the couch and kicked up his feet on the coffee table. “I’m thinking about rebranding as Big Bear and Goldie’s Man Cave. Or Goldie and the Big Bear’s Hive. I don’t really care whose name goes first—”

“Fuck, hang on a second!” Goldie took a deep breath. “You want me to come be your co-host now?”

“Hell yeah, I do. It’ll be just like old times, man. Papa Bear and Goldie back at it again! What do you say?”

“No,” Goldie replied flatly.

“What? Come on.” Florence laughed. “What else do you have to do?”

“I got work. I got other stuff going on.”

“Like your new fellow, huh? What, you get a boyfriend and you can’t hang out with your best bud now?”

“He has nothing to do with this.” Goldie crossed his arms with a scowl. “This is between me and you. You can’t just fly off and make fuckin’ decisions like this without talking to me first.”

“What? You always love my ideas—”

“*Used* to love,” Goldie corrected. “We’re not tag team partners, Flo. You’re not in charge anymore. You come to town a week early—”

“Hey, I texted you.”

“—you show up here uninvited, and you’ve already made these plans for me to join your stupid podcast without even fucking asking me? And wanting to take over my social media that I don’t even have?” Goldie glared. “The fuck, man?”

Florence looked sheepish.

Goldie narrowed his eyes. “What did you do?”

“What?”

“What did you do, Flo?”

“Well, I wasn’t expecting you to be so fuckin’ *pissy*,” Florence muttered, raising his voice to confess, “so, yeah, maybe I went ahead and set you up with some stuff, okay?”

“What stuff?”

“Twitter, all right?” Florence rolled his eyes. “I wanted to take advantage of that hashtag while you were still trending, and—”

“Take it down. Right fucking now.”

“What? No! Just listen for a second—”

“Fuck you!” Goldie barked. “That’s fucking fraud! You can’t just make some bullshit Twatter thing and pretend to be me!”

“You are so fuckin’ stupid!” Florence exploded as he leapt off the couch. “Do you have any idea how many guys would kill for the kind of fuckin’ attention you’re gettin’ right now?”

Goldie flinched, but he refused to budge, glaring angrily down at Florence as he shouted right in his face. He half-expected Day to come flying out of the bedroom with the damn shower liner and right at the moment, he wasn’t sure if he would have stopped him.

“Everybody’s wanting you in the Hall of Fame, to come out and commentate on matches, to host pregame shows!” Florence raged on. “Hell, there’s even people talkin’ about you getting back in the ring! You know as good as me that nobody gets second chances in this industry,”

“Yeah, so?” Goldie scoffed. “That doesn’t mean you get to bust up in here and decide what I fucking do with mine! You never even thought to stop and fuckin’ ask me what I want to do! All you thought about is *oh, gee, how can I use this to help out Flo?*”

“Fuck you, I deserve it!” Florence shouted. “After everything I fucking did for you while we were coming up? Selling the hell out of our tag team every chance I fuckin’ got and fighting for us to get the best fucking contracts?”

“I was there too, Flo. I fuckin’ know!”

“Bullshit!” Flo snapped back. “You weren’t there. You were busy getting your hair done and worrying about Pryor findin’ out about your flavor of the fuckin’ week! Everything was on me!”

“Oh, fuck you, you selfish fuckin’ asshole!”

“Fuck you, you big stupid son of a bitch—!”

There was a loud yowl followed by a crash from the bedroom.

Shit.

Purrcy!

If Goldie had to guess, Purrcy had encountered Twinkle. From the sound of it, it didn’t seem to be a positive encounter.

“What was that?” Florence asked.

“Just wait here.” Goldie hurried to his bedroom. “Day?” He opened the door. “Hey, everybody okay in here?”

“Hi.” Day looked distraught, sitting against the headboard with wide eyes. He was cradling Twinkle while Purrcy hissed from the end of the bed.

The lamp had been knocked off the bedside table, and Twinkle appeared ready to climb up the side of Day’s head.

“She does not like him.” Day struggled to hang on to Twinkle while trying to put his headphones back on from where they’d slipped off.

“I’m sorry. Shit.” Goldie sighed, stepping over to pluck Purrey off the bed. “I forgot she was locked up in here already. I got her.” He turned around just in time to see Florence at the doorway.

“Oh, hey.” Florence grinned, looking at Day. “And who is this? Your new fella?”

Day cringed.

“Out,” Goldie said firmly.

“Does his mom know he’s here?” Florence teased.

“Out!” Goldie turned Florence around to march him out. He quickly glanced back at Day.

Day was holding the headphones to his ears and squeezing his eyes closed while Twinkle purred and nosed at his cheek. He gathered Twinkle up in his arms and buried his face in his patchy fur.

Hoping Day was going to be all right with help from Twinkle, Goldie left the room with Purrey and shut the door.

Florence was standing directly behind him, still grinning. “Wow.”

“What?” Goldie snorted.

“Did you guys already get permission for the sleepover?”

“Shut up.”

“Is he even old enough to drink?”

“Go on. Go ahead.” Goldie walked briskly by him, petting Purrey and rolling his eyes as hard as he could. “Get it all out of your fucking system.”

“He’s staying in there? What, is he in trouble?” Florence followed Goldie to the couch. “Did you have to put Junior in timeout?”

“He’s shy,” Goldie replied flatly as he set Purrey on the couch and then sat next to her.

“A shy boy, huh?” Florence was clearly loving this. “Can’t be that damn shy. You know there’s still handcuffs on your

headboard, right?”

“Eat a dick, Flo.” Goldie tried not to smile.

“I think that’s his job.”

“Shut up.”

“So, has he taken the training wheels off his bike yet?”

“Are you done?”

“Just one more.”

Goldie gestured expectantly.

“Are you gonna be his date to prom?”

Goldie laughed without meaning to and then groaned.
“You’re awful, you know that?”

“Yeah, yeah, I know.” Florence cleared his throat, adding quietly, “I’m an asshole.”

Goldie couldn’t have heard that correctly. “Is that you apologizing?”

“I know I’m an asshole, okay?” Florence went on. “I got excited about this good shit happening for you, and I wasn’t thinking about what you’d want. I was just thinking about what I’d want if I had that chance.”

Goldie frowned.

“I hate the podcast.” Florence scoffed. “I *fucking* hate it. I wanna be back out there in front of a crowd. I just kept thinking that if you got back in, well, maybe you’d bring me back too.”

“Flo—”

“I know, I know!” Florence grunted. “Stupid, I know. But the Ballroom Blitz is comin’ up, and I thought if you got a match, then it could be a tag team match for us.”

The Ballroom Blitz was a yearly promotion hosted by Global Wrestling, a highly anticipated charity event. It was black tie only, tickets to attend started in the thousands. and the wrestling matches were headlined by the biggest stars. However, GW would also invite retired wrestlers to perform

and help draw additional donations as all proceeds went to various charitable organizations.

Goldie had wrestled at the Ballroom Blitz many times before when he was still pro, and it had never occurred to him to be invited back as a retiree. Retiree's roles in the matches varied by their age and physical health, as one might stop by just to deliver a few lines while others could potentially fight in a full bout.

"You really think they'd ask us?" Goldie asked hesitantly.

"I think they'd ask you, and then you'd talk them into askin' me!" Florence grinned.

Goldie laughed. "You fucker."

"Will you at least think about it?" Florence asked earnestly. "Come on. We're both fuckin' solid as hell. We could do a full fuckin' match and show some of these damn kids what *real* wrestling is all about."

Goldie knew how much Florence wanted this, and the yearning in his old friend's face was breaking his heart. He didn't like being put on the spot like this, and he certainly didn't appreciate Florence's manipulation either. Still, he said, "I'll think about it."

Florence's grin returned in full force. "Okay! There we go! That's what I'm talkin' about!" He stuck out his hand to shake Goldie's. "Thank you."

"No promises," Goldie warned. "This is not a yes."

"Nah, I got you now." Florence smirked smugly. "Because you're gonna be thinking about it, you won't be able to stop, and then you're gonna think about how much you want Junior in there to see you get in the ring and shit."

"Uh-huh."

Goldie didn't think Day would be interested, but then again, maybe he would be. It might be fun to take Day out to a match, maybe get him a private box seat so he wouldn't be disturbed by the rest of the crowd and could just enjoy the show. He could picture Day cheering him on, getting excited

watching Goldie in his natural element, sweating and flexing, Day maybe even getting a little turned on, and then they could celebrate—

“So, hey,” Florence piped up. “About the podcast...”

“Yup. Time to go.” Goldie smacked the arm of the couch. “It’s been a real barrel of laughs, Flo, but you are really fucking pushing it.”

“Okay, fine!” Florence threw up his hands. “We can do it next weekend.”

“You’re coming back?” Goldie snorted. “You got time for that in your busy schedule?”

“As a matter of fact, I do.” Florence held his head high. “I’m makin’ the time to get you on my show, man. From there, you’re gonna get us back in the ring.”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever you say, man.”

“Well, I’ll let you get back to Junior,” Florence teased. “Find your damn phone, huh? Text somebody back next time and let ’em know you’re busy.”

“You still would have come over,” Goldie accused.

Florence cackled as he bent to give Goldie a hug. “Hey, fuck you. I’m gonna go have shit nachos and even shittier beer by my little lonesome in a shit bar ’cause I don’t think they’d let Junior in.” He winked.

“Ha ha.” Goldie waved Florence away. “Get the fuck outta here.”

“Very sorry to have intruded upon your little love nest. Oh, but next time for real.” Florence gestured to the shelves of memorabilia. “We’ve gotta talk about some of this—”

“Get out!”

“Shit!” Florence opened the door quickly. “I’m goin’, I’m fuckin’ goin’! Later, jackass!”

Goldie sighed in relief when the door shut, and he quickly got up to lock it. He wouldn’t have put it past Florence to try and pop back in again. He felt a little bad that he wasn’t going

out with him tonight, but hey, it wasn't Goldie's fault Florence hadn't called ahead.

Speaking of...

Goldie found his phone in the kitchen. He must have left it on the counter when he was putting up the stuff from the pet store. He did indeed have several unread texts from Florence, and he decided they could stay unread a little longer.

He headed to the bedroom, frowning when he saw under the door that the lights had been turned off. He stepped in, asking cautiously, "Baby? You okay?"

Day was curled up in the middle of the bed with Twinkle in his arms and two pillows stacked on top of his head. Twinkle was purring away like usual, content to snuggle against Day's chest.

"Hey." Goldie sat on the edge of the bed, and he assumed Day still had his headphones on. He reached out to gently tap Day's leg.

The top pillow lifted just enough for Day to peek out.

"Florence is gone. It's just us, baby."

Day pushed the pillow out of his way, being mindful not to hit Twinkle. He pulled his headphones off, sighing haggardly. "He's loud."

"Oh, I know, but he's gone now." Goldie hesitated. "You meant loud in the other way, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I don't need to know about who Florence wants to fuck in the ass," Goldie teased, hoping to coax out a smile.

Day frowned instead.

"What's wrong, baby?"

"He's a liar," Day said quietly. "He hurts people, and he doesn't want to be your friend. He wants to use you."

Goldie sighed. "Yeah, well, you don't have to be blessed by God to see that." He reached out to touch Day's hair. "I

know he does.”

“He wants to steal your stuff.”

“That... I also kinda figured.” Goldie frowned. “He’s been all about it since that auction. I don’t think he’d actually steal from me, though. Now that I’m getting popular again, he thinks he can use me to get back on top somehow.”

“Do you... do you want to be popular again?”

“I don’t know,” Goldie replied honestly. “I’d dreamed about it for so long, thought about what I’d do if I ever got another chance, and well, now that one is here, I kinda don’t want it. I spent so long being angry at wrestling, I don’t think it’s healthy to give it anymore of my time or emotions. Even the good ones.”

Day bit his lip anxiously.

“What?”

“Would you make another *Starax* movie if you were popular?”

Goldie laughed. “Really? You’d want to see another one of those space nightmares?”

“I like them!”

“What about seeing me wrestle? Would you want to watch me get in the ring?”

“Does that lead to the making of another *Starax* movie? Because then yes.”

“Oof, come on, baby.” Goldie offered out his hands to Day to pull him and Twinkle out of bed. “Let’s go.”

“Where are we going?”

“To watch something not fucking *Starax* to show you what you’re missing out on. Trust me, there are so many much better movies out there.”

“I want to show it to Twinkle.” Day narrowed his eyes.

“How about we watch something else with Twinkle?”

“We’re watching *Starax*.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Come on, Day...”

“Please?”

Goldie had fought some of the most brutal competitors to ever set foot inside a wrestling ring, but he was no match for big brown eyes and a loudly purring kitten.

They did indeed watch *Starax* again, and Goldie worked on a list for groceries to be delivered through the app on his phone. Day hadn't had a big variety of foods in his life, and Goldie was happy to cook different things for him to try. He got ingredients for several types of meals ranging from simple pastas and salads to rich and savory dishes like barbeque pork and pot roast.

Once the groceries arrived and were all put away, however, Goldie was tired and decided that tonight Day was going to learn about takeout.

Specifically, Chinese.

Day was clueless as to what any of the items on the menu were, and he deferred to Goldie to order for him.

Goldie figured sweet and sour chicken was a safe bet, and he also got some vegetable lo mein and egg rolls for them to share. For himself, it was General Tso's chicken and an order of beef and broccoli.

Purrcy yowled for her dinner, and Goldie opted to feed her in the bedroom to keep her and Twinkle separated. Purrcy still didn't seem happy about the new addition to the house, but she was hissing less at least, so Goldie considered that to be a big win.

After *Starax* was over, Goldie was able to convince Day to watch something else with dinner. It was difficult trying to pick a movie for someone who had never seen any at all, and Goldie decided to go with a beloved and treasured classic of cinema:

Die Hard.

Day was instantly captivated, and Goldie had to keep reminding him to eat because Day kept zoning out—especially when Alan Rickman was on screen.

It turned into a marathon because Day wanted to see the other movies in the series, and Goldie found himself fighting to stay awake during number three. This was his favorite after the first film because he loved Samuel L. Jackson, but he was tired. He caught his head dropping to his chest twice before he finally decided to call it a night.

He told Day he could stay up and finish the movie, but Day didn't want to watch it without him. They got ready for bed, and Goldie smiled when he saw Day's toothbrush in the cup on the sink with his own.

Fuck. This was really happening.

He'd never gotten close enough to anyone to cohabitate with them, and perhaps a large part of that was not wanting to make any concessions in his personal space for someone else. He didn't know why it was so easy with Day, but the changes taking place didn't bother or upset him in the slightest.

Day was very clean, neat, and he seemed to blend in seamlessly with Goldie's quiet life.

Even Twinkle would be a good fit once Purrey stopped hissing at him.

As for Day's personal belongings, the contents of the cardboard box didn't turn out to be very much. There were some ratty clothes that Goldie made a solemn oath to replace and trash as soon as possible. He made room in his sock and underwear drawer for Day's, and he cleared out a drawer he'd been using for junk for Day to put the rest of his clothes in. The new sweaters got hung in the closet, and Goldie was again struck by how easy it was to let Day share his home.

He'd been meaning to empty out that junk drawer for months, and needing space for Day was the motivation he'd needed to finally do it. He liked seeing Day's clothes in there now. They were a mix of the new items Goldie had bought and Day's old things, and Goldie thought the contrast between the

two perfectly showcased Day's dismal past with what was hopefully a very bright future together.

The only other items in the box were a giant beat-up Bible and a silver necklace with a thick medallion. Closer inspection of the medallion revealed a surprisingly sensual engraving of a half-naked man with arrows sticking out of his stomach and chest.

"Saint Sebastian," Day said when he saw Goldie looking.

"Oh, he's a saint?"

"Yes. He's the patron saint of archers, athletes, and those who wish for a saintly death." Day smiled. "My father admired him greatly. He didn't like the Catholic church because of their never-ending parade of lies and filth, but... he always did like the saints. Especially Sebastian."

"And what exactly is a saintly death?"

"Dying for your love of the Lord."

Goldie looked over the pendant. "That includes being shot by arrows?"

"Ah, that was only the first time he died."

"Huh?"

"Exactly." Day grinned, and he picked up the Bible. "Come here! I'll show you." He hopped into bed with the giant book in his lap, urging Goldie to join him. Twinkle took the invitation first, and he snuggled his way across the pages.

As Goldie sat beside Day to look at the book, he immediately realized this was no normal Bible.

The pages had been butchered, edited, and glued back together several times over. There were also several pages that had been added, many of which were handwritten. What had started as a Bible was now an erratic scrapbook of rambling religious litanies with the verses pasted in between. There didn't appear to be any rhyme or reason to the madness, but Day was able to turn right to the page about Saint Sebastian.

A small copy of a Renaissance era painting of Saint Sebastian was glued next to a handwritten passage that Day read out loud.

“To punish Sebastian for being a Christian and converting his fellow soldiers, the Roman emperor Diocletian ordered that Sebastian be tied to a tree and shot with arrows. He died, but he was later found and resurrected by Saint Irene, who then nursed him back to health. When he had fully recovered, Sebastian confronted Diocletian with his sins.”

“I don’t imagine that ended well,” Goldie mumbled.

Day paused to remove Twinkle from exploring the pages and kept reading, “Though Diocletian was stunned to have his sins revealed to him by a man he thought dead, he called again for Sebastian’s death and had him beaten with clubs.”

“Didn’t come back from that one, did he?”

“No. He did not.” Day picked up a very stubborn Twinkle again and held him against his chest. “Father said his first vision from God came to him when he was reading about Saint Sebastian. He admired the courage it took for a man who had already died once to confront the very man who had him killed with his sins because his love for God was so great it commanded his need to take action.”

“Uh-huh.” Goldie felt like he needed to say something else because Day seemed so excited, and he managed, “And he’s the patron saint of athletes, huh?”

“Yes!” Day beamed. “Like you.”

“Me?”

“You’re a wrestler! You’re an athlete.” Day’s eyes widened, and he took the necklace from Goldie’s hand. “This is for you.”

“What? No. I can’t take that.”

“Yes!” Day grinned as he put the necklace over Goldie’s head, sweeping his long hair out of the way. “It was meant for you. All of this time, it’s been waiting for you, my angel.” He

smiled, tapping the medallion where it now lay on Goldie's chest. "There. He'll protect you now too."

"Baby, are you sure?" Goldie frowned. "This obviously means a lot to you."

"You mean a lot to me," Day argued, "and I want you to have it." He kissed him firmly to quiet any other protests.

"Well, thank you. It's real sweet of you." Goldie smiled, and he pushed himself down under the covers and dropped his head into the pillows. "It was your father's, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Day closed the Bible and set it on the bedside table closest to him. He slipped beneath the covers to snuggle up on Goldie's chest with Twinkle between them. "That necklace and his Bible are all I have left of him. I never felt right wearing the necklace though, and now I know why."

"Me?" Goldie smirked.

"Yes." Day narrowed his eyes. "You don't believe me again."

"Just a tiny bit." Goldie chuckled, and he kissed Day's brow. "I promise that I believe it's a very thoughtful gift, and I will treasure it."

Day seemed to accept that, and he laid his head down without any further argument, cuddling closer as he petted Twinkle. Twinkle had settled in the space between Day's chest and Goldie's side, curling up tight and closing his eyes.

Maybe the funny-looking kitten really did need a sweater.

"Are you gonna be okay by yourself tomorrow?" Goldie asked.

"I won't be by myself," Day argued. "I will have Twinkle and Purrpy."

"Fair." Goldie snorted. "I guess I should have thought about getting you a cell phone in case you need to get a hold of me."

"I will be fine." Day kissed Goldie's shoulder, rubbing his chest. "I am very capable, and I know how to use the

microwave so I don't starve."

"You're not just gonna eat junk, you know. I got good food to cook for dinner."

"Will you teach me how to cook more?" Day asked hopefully.

"Of course. As long as you teach me the *other stuff*."

"Other stuff?"

Goldie wagged his eyebrows.

"Oh! When I come unto you and spread my seed?" Day grinned slyly.

"Uh-huh."

"Mmm..." Day glanced over Goldie's stomach and then down between his legs, letting his gaze linger there very purposefully.

"I have to go to bed," Goldie warned.

"I can be fast, my angel."

"I have to get up early."

"So *very* fast."

"Well... Maybe not *too* fast."

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GOLDIE



The following week was wonderful.

Day got up with Goldie every morning to help with his medicine, change out the patches, and deal with Purrcey's yowling by feeding her while Goldie got dressed. Purrcey and Twinkle could finally share the kitchen to eat together without her fussing now, and Day was delighted that they were finally getting along.

Goldie would go to work, and then he was actually excited to come home because he knew Day would be waiting for him. He got Day the yarn and other knitting supplies they'd talked about, and Day always had a new project to show Goldie. It was usually the makings of a sweater for Twinkle, though now Day had started on a scarf that he not so slyly was knitting for Goldie.

It was hardly a secret when Day asked Goldie what his favorite colors were and then later requested yarn in those same colors.

Goldie would tell Day about work, Day would talk about what new movies he'd watched, and then they'd cook dinner together. Day was a very quick study, and he loved to help out in the kitchen. He was an instant fan of pasta, and Goldie predicted they'd be buying a lot more of it in the future.

Huh.

The future.

It was funny to think about a future with Day, but it made Goldie smile. He wanted to come home to that dazzling smile every day and go to bed under the spell of firm commands every night.

The intimacy ranged from mind-shattering sex to the simple joy of Day enjoying the hard throb of Goldie's cock in his mouth while they watched television. Other times, Day stripped Goldie naked to lay across his lap so he could finger his asshole and tease him until the credits rolled. It was hot, intense, and Goldie was blown away by the passion each and every time.

There was more to a relationship than sex, but Goldie was indeed grateful that it was so damn good.

He couldn't get enough of surrendering himself to Day, and the glow from carrying out his orders was a thrill incomparable to any other.

Even more than what he'd felt when he was inside the ring.

The glory of the crowd was mighty, yes, but Goldie had never been as alive as he was when he was being held captive by the lust in those gorgeous brown eyes and pinned to the bed by long, firm fingers.

Christ, it was amazing.

There hadn't been a word from Detective Alvarez, and what little bit Goldie saw on the news was always a repeat of a previous report. The police still believed a criminal organization was responsible for Michael's death, though exactly which one varied. Sometimes it was a rival gang, and then other times it was Michael's own fellow criminal associates who had turned against him.

Eventually, the story would leave the news cycle, and Goldie wouldn't have to hear about it ever again.

The donations they'd made didn't make the news, which gave Goldie mixed feelings. He was grateful their good deeds hadn't drawn too much attention, but he was also annoyed

because huge anonymous donations to charities seemed like it would be a nice story to share.

Whatever.

As far as Goldie was concerned, he and Day were putting all of that mess behind them.

Day seemed to be happy, and he wasn't complaining of hearing voices anymore. Staying isolated in Goldie's apartment seemed to be working well for him, and he didn't show any inclinations to be anywhere else. As long as he was with Goldie, he was perfectly content.

Goldie still wanted Day to get in touch with a mental health resource and find someone to talk to, but he decided it was a problem to pursue later. Everything was going so well right now, and he didn't want to fuck it up by pressuring Day into therapy he vehemently opposed. That day would certainly come because he absolutely believed Day needed it, but he wanted Day to enjoy his newfound freedom from his father's twisted mission.

Day didn't talk about it much now, and Goldie was glad. He hoped that meant Day was making progress recovering from the horrible abuses his father had put him through to drill that insane mission into his head. Goldie made a point not to talk about it unless Day mentioned it. Usually, it would be in passing, like Day commenting how his father never let him go to school because it took time away from the mission.

Which gave Goldie another mission of his own—to help Day finish school.

There were several online high school diploma and GED programs to choose from, and Goldie made up his mind to buy a laptop with his next paycheck so Day could start doing some classes. He had no doubt that Day would do well because he was so bright and picked up things quickly, and it would give him something else to occupy himself with while Goldie was at work.

Florence continued to message Goldie incessantly about coming over to do the podcast, and Goldie resisted. He still

didn't see himself wrestling again, especially now that he was so happy with his life as it was. He agreed to be Florence's guest on the show, but he drew the line at being his co-new host. Florence remained vigilant that he could change Goldie's mind, but Goldie just didn't have the time.

He was much too busy hanging out with Day and showing him the big, beautiful world that had been denied to him for so long.

Movies were only the beginning.

Goldie got off work early one day that week and decided to take Day to the art museum. Day had been as nervous he always was to venture out into public, but the museum was practically empty and very peaceful. They wandered for hours looking at the paintings and sculptures, and Day even took his headphones off a few times because it was so quiet.

Seeing Day's awed expression as he got lost in a beautiful work of art was priceless, and Goldie was already making plans for them to come back this weekend.

He pushed Florence's podcast crap off until Sunday because he wanted to spend more time with Day before dealing with him, and Goldie was practically skipping as he finished his shift up at the gym on Friday.

Several of the patrons at the gym had commented on his viral fame, and many confessed they hadn't known who he was before. It was fun signing autographs for everyone even if he was sure they were going to end up on Ebay, and he could pretend he was famous again for a little while. Despite Florence's incredible expectations, Goldie was certain that this wasn't going to last.

It was snowing again, but even the cold weather couldn't dampen Goldie's good mood as he walked to his car.

Day would be waiting for him, smiling and happy, no doubt with a new sweater or maybe he'd finally finished his surprise scarf. Goldie was going to stop by his cell phone provider's store so he could surprise Day with a new phone of his own.

Oh, shit. He still wanted to get Day a laptop too.

Mind buzzing with the errands he needed to run before he could go home, he didn't notice the two men trying to flag him down as he opened his car door.

"Hey! Goldilocks! Is that you?" a tall man wearing an orange parka shouted.

"Pour some sugar! Hey!" hollered a shorter man in a navy coveralls.

Goldie stopped when he realized they were talking to him, and he offered a friendly smile. "Yeah, hey. Thanks."

Acknowledging them apparently gave them the courage to run over, both of them grinning wide as they offered their gloved hands to shake Goldie's.

"Wow! Holy shit, it really is you," the tall man gushed. "Glorious Goldie!"

"Are you gonna go to the Ballroom Blitz?" the shorter one asked. "Come on. You've gotta go! We're trying to save up for tickets and shit so we can fly out there to Vegas and see you!"

"Uh." Goldie tried to keep smiling. "Well, GW hasn't officially invited me yet, but hey, we'll see, guys. Anything could happen."

Nearly in perfect unison, they both asked, "Can we please have your autograph?"

"Sure thing." Goldie glanced inside his car, but he didn't have anything to sign or even a pen.

The tall man had a receipt from a fast food restaurant and the short one found a permanent marker in one of his coverall pockets.

Goldie signed both ends of the receipt, tore it half, and then presented each piece to them. "There you go, guys. You have a good night now!"

"You too!" the tall man said.

"Say hi to Day for us!" said the short man.

Goldie froze. “Excuse me?”

“I said, have a nice day!” the short man said with an unflinching smile.

Goldie got into his car and quickly left. He hadn’t even decided on a destination. He just wanted to get the hell away from whoever those men were. He knew what the hell he’d heard, and it stung and drove his adrenaline up as only a fucking threat could.

He had no idea who the men were, but they were making themselves very clear—they knew where Goldie worked, and they knew he was going home to Day.

It had to be because of Michael.

He quickly admonished himself for leaving so fast. He should have pressured those assholes to tell him what the fuck was going on and find out who sent them. He had his cell phone right there in his pocket. He could have taken pictures to send to Detective Alvarez to see if he knew who they were.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

Stuck on autopilot, he found that he was already halfway home before remembering he’d wanted to make those stops for Day.

Fuck.

Now he just wanted to get home and make sure Day was okay.

There was also a lingering fear that Day may have had to do something to defend himself if anyone had tried to break into the apartment, and suddenly the very good week didn’t feel so good. Goldie had repaired the door and put a new chain and deadbolt on himself so as to not tip off his landlord to the damage, but he knew that wouldn’t be enough to stop someone if they really wanted to get in.

Even as his hips screamed in complaint, Goldie raced up the stairs when the elevator took too long. He sprinted down the hall to the door, knocking frantically with one hand while

he struggled to get his key out with the other. “Day? Hey! Baby, you in there?”

The door opened a little, and Day peeked through the crack. “Angel?”

“Hey!” Goldie sighed in relief. “Hey, it’s me.”

Day shut the door to undo the chain and then opened it again. He was wearing his pink sweater and gray slouchy socks. He welcomed Goldie in with a big hug, asking quickly, “What’s wrong, my angel?”

“These fuckin’ assholes.” Goldie kicked the door shut behind them, and he hugged Day tight. “Some guys at the gym. They followed me to the parking lot. I thought they were fans. Wanted my autograph and shit—”

“Slow down,” Day urged, worriedly petting Goldie’s hair.

“Sorry.” Goldie groaned. “They wanted my autograph, they asked if I was going to the Blitz, and I thought everything was fine, normal, whatever. But when I was getting ready to leave, one of these pricks told me to say hi to you.”

“What?” Day blinked.

“Yeah. I asked him what the fuck he said, and he said oh, *have a nice day*. But I know what I heard. He told me to say hi to Day.”

Day frowned. “So?”

“First of all, how the fuck did they know who you were? Our names were never reported by the news, but I bet we’re in the police reports, right?” Goldie took a deep breath. “I think it’s Michael. I think it’s the people he worked for or the ones who wanted that money.”

Day’s brow wrinkled, and he said carefully, “So, I need to kill them?”

“What? No! No killing people.”

“Why?” Day’s frown deepened. “You’re upset. They threatened us.”

“I’m going to call Alvarez and give him a description of them. Maybe he’ll know who they were.” Goldie broke away from Day to check that the door was properly secured.

Day crossed his arms as he watched, and Twinkle zoomed by his feet, followed by Purrey.

Goldie barely noticed that the cats were actually playing together, so caught up in making sure that the dead bolt was actually locking. “I should have taken pictures of them or something. I don’t think there’s cameras in the parking lot, so I doubt anything got recorded or whatever.”

“My angel,” Day soothed. “Calm down.”

“They say there’s cameras there, but I don’t think so. And if there are, they don’t fuckin’ work—”

“Angel!” Day raised his voice to get Goldie’s attention.

“What?” Goldie turned to face him, and he was instantly struck by the dark glitter of lust in Day’s eyes. It made his heart pound, his tongue dry, and his loins clenched in anticipation of what was to come.

An order.

“Kneel,” Day commanded.

Goldie dropped to his knees without delay, and he inhaled shakily. “I’m sorry... I... I’m worried, baby.”

Day slid his fingers through Goldie’s hair. “You don’t need to worry, my angel. I told you that I will protect you, always. Don’t you believe that?”

“I do, but—”

“No buts.” Day shook his head. “Either you believe me or you don’t, sweet angel. You need to listen to me, trust in me, that I will always keep you safe.” He reached down to palm himself through his sweater.

Goldie followed his hand, watching his fingers work over the growing hard bulge beneath the soft fabric. “I’m so sorry, baby. I don’t doubt you. It just scared me, okay?”

“Why?”

“I got scared that somebody got here before I did.”

“And what about that scared you?”

“That you did something.”

Day smiled softly. “You’re afraid of what I would do?”

“I know what you can do.” Goldie groaned as Day pulled his head forward, lining up his hard cock with Goldie’s lips. Goldie mouthed along the shaft through the sweater, mumbling, “I don’t want you to, though. You shouldn’t have to.”

“The faithful are meant to leave vengeance in the hands of God, to let his wrath be carried out as He sees fits.” Day pulled up his sweater, and he guided the head of his cock to Goldie’s mouth, rubbing over his lower lip. “I am an agent of that wrath, sweet angel. Should someone attempt to bring harm to my home, to you, vengeance is mine and I will repay it swiftly.”

“Day...” Goldie licked over the warm head of Day’s cock, and he tried to think through the sensual fog overwhelming him. His fears were being swallowed by another primal emotion, and he was torn between giving in and fighting against it.

He didn’t want Day to kill anyone. He didn’t want anyone to die if they didn’t have to.

But if they come here, if they come into your home...

Fuck.

“Hush now,” Day whispered, “and open your mouth.”

Goldie opened his mouth wide, and he grunted as Day pushed the first few inches of his cock in. He reached for Day’s hips, sliding his hands under the sweater to find his naked flesh and hang on tight.

“Suck me,” Day ordered. “Suck me slowly, angel.”

Goldie took a quick breath in through his nose and started to suck, rubbing his tongue along the underside of Day’s dick.

He squeezed Day's hips, tilting his head back and forth as he lost himself in the deep suction, urging Day to thrust deeper.

Day gasped, a breathy pleasurable sound Goldie always enjoyed, and his fingers tightened in Goldie's hair. "Mmm, just like that, my angel. Just like that."

Goldie braced himself as Day rocked forward, pushing his cock into the back of Goldie's throat with gentle thrusts. He loved sucking Day's cock, and hearing him moan was the sweetest reward imaginable. His worries were sinking beneath the weight of his desire, and all he wanted to focus on now was the dick sliding over his tongue.

"You're so good, angel," Day praised. "So very good. You look so beautiful with my cock in your mouth. Oh, how I wish I could paint... This stunning vision of you with your lips wrapped around me would be hung in the museum." He smiled sweetly. "I want you to prove that you trust in me now."

Goldie grunted as Day pulled his cock out, and he swallowed the spit that had gathered in his mouth. "I do trust you, baby. I *do*. I know you would do anything to protect me."

"Do you trust me with your pleasure like you do your life?"

"Of course."

Day fed his cock back into Goldie's mouth.

Goldie closed his eyes and sucked gently.

"I'm going to use your body to lay my seed in," Day said, his voice a hoarse whisper. "You will remove your clothes and go make yourself ready for me. I'm going to take you across every inch of this house and lay my seed into you until you're dripping with it. But you will not spill a single drop of your own. Not until I say so. Do you understand?"

"Mmm." Goldie grunted, and his loins flashed with heat. The very idea of being denied an orgasm made him want to come immediately, and he squeezed Day's hips, looking up at him pleadingly.

“I’m going to take you like it’s our wedding night.” Day smiled, and he stroked Goldie’s hair. “You are my husband in flesh now, and we shall become one until I am exhausted. The authority over your body belongs to me now, and I plan to intoxicate myself with every delicious inch of it.”

Goldie took Day’s cock as deeply as he could, sucking frantically. He needed it. He needed Day to fuck him right now, and he could hardly stand it. Sucking on his dick was all he could do to relieve the brewing pressure, and he moaned as Day slammed into his mouth.

“Now, my angel,” Day cooed, slowly withdrawing, “go ready yourself for me.” He nudged his cock against Goldie’s cheek. “If you need assistance, I am here for you.”

“I can do it,” Goldie said earnestly. “I’ll do it right, I promise.”

“Go.”

Goldie stood up so fast that his head spun, and he felt dizzy as he hurried into the bedroom to strip. His hard cock bounced around as he kicked his way out of his pants, and he nearly tripped trying to take his shirt and sweater off at the same time. The only thing that mattered now was getting himself prepared for Day’s cock.

Into bed he went with a bottle of lube, and he slicked up his fingers to fuck his hole. Going around behind his back was still the most comfortable, though hardly the most effective. Once he had two fingers going in about halfway, he switched over to reaching between his legs. It pulled at his neck to bend forward like this, but he found that if he went slowly, it was a good stretch and not painful.

He was panting as his fingers pushed back inside his hole. He pulled them out to tease up his taint and then back inside again, making himself groan. His mind was consumed with nothing else except opening his body for Day’s cock, and his heart was pounding so hard that he swore it was making the entire bed vibrate with its frantic pulse.

The apartment was quiet except for the sounds of his labored breathing and his wet fingers fucking his asshole. He curled his fingers in, thrusting harder and grabbing a hold of his balls. He squeezed, pulled, groaned, and he smothered his face into the pillows. His fingers were sliding easily now, and he wanted to come so badly that his head hurt.

But he had to wait.

He had to be good.

Day was here now, his eyes on Goldie, hungry and wanting as he prepared to pounce.

Goldie felt him staring before he saw him, and he lifted his head with a low groan. "I'm ready, baby. God, I'm so fuckin' ready for you."

"Come here. On your back." Day patted the edge of the bed. "As close as you can."

Goldie found that scooting down was harder than he thought as the movement did something weird with his back, and he grunted in frustration as he had to stop about two feet away from the destination. He gasped when Day grabbed his hips and simply pulled him into place, his ass nearly hanging off the bed.

"There. Just like that. Thank you, angel." Day smiled, and he slid his hands over the outside of Goldie's thighs before slipping between them, spreading them abruptly. He rubbed his cock up against Goldie's hole, and he sighed contentedly. He wasn't pushing in yet, happy to tease and glide around in the excess lube.

"Baby," Goldie murmured quietly. He knew better than to ask for more, but he still wanted Day to know what he wanted.

"Yes, angel." Day smirked as if he could read Goldie's mind. "I'll give it to you. I'll give you everything."

Goldie stretched his arms, folding his fingers beneath his head and leaning up to watch. He wished Day didn't have his sweater on so he could admire his body, but the vision of his angelic face was heaven enough.

Day was watching his cock sliding between Goldie's cheeks, teasing up against his balls and then back down again. His eyes were hooded, dark, and a pleased and absolutely wicked smile was playing over his lips. Finally, he pushed the head of his cock inside Goldie's hole. His lashes fluttered. "Oh, angel... the things you do to me."

Goldie barely had time to take a breath before Day slammed in, and he gasped as the last of his body's resistance was demolished by Day's rough thrusts. "Oh, G-God! Yes!"

Day wrapped his arms around Goldie's thighs as he fucked him, spreading them wide and pounding into him hard and fast. His balls were smacking Goldie's ass as their bodies crashed together, and Day gritted his teeth, growling low from the raw passion.

Goldie lay back, clawing now at the covers beneath him as Day plowed his hole. Yes, this is what he'd been craving. He didn't want slow and sweet; he just wanted to get *fucked*. Day was taking everything he wanted from him without mercy, and Goldie didn't have to do anything except enjoy the brutal ride.

He was always impressed with Day's immense strength, and he swore his ass was going to have bruises from where Day's hips were nailing him so hard. He fisted the covers, crying out as Day changed the angle of his slams and aimed his thrusts just so to nail Goldie's prostate. "Oh! H-holy fuck!"

The upward momentum lifted Goldie's ass right off the bed from the force of Day's thrusts, and he groaned low, frantically slamming into Goldie faster and faster. "Don't spill your seed," he reminded breathlessly. "Don't. That is for me. That is for me to take when I see fit!"

"I'll be good, I'll be good, I'll be so good," Goldie chanted.

"I know, angel... mmmph, I know."

Goldie gasped as Day's ferocious fucking actually scooted him up the bed, and he scrambled to find the edge of the mattress to pull himself back down.

Day snarled, grabbing Goldie's hips and impatiently dragging him down on his cock.

"F-fuck!" Goldie moaned, delirious with pleasure, and he held on to the mattress to keep himself from getting moved again as Day continued to fuck him without stopping. His hole was hot, throbbing, and there, fuck, Day was coming.

Day thrust in deep, circling his hips as his cock flooded Goldie's hole. "There, my angel. There you go... take it... take my seed."

Grinding down on Day's cock, Goldie clenched around him as if he could milk out every last drop. "Yes, baby. Give it to me. Give it all to me, baby."

Day rubbed Goldie's thigh, smiling as his cock gave its final pulse. He stayed buried inside of him to the tilt, and he leaned over to kiss Goldie. "Oh, my angel."

Goldie ran his hands up Day's back beneath the sweater, kissing him passionately. His hole was pleasantly throbbing, and his balls had their own rhythm of complaint thumping away since he hadn't come yet. He could be good. He could wait.

"Are you hungry, angel?" Day asked with a little grin.

"Mmm, I could eat." Goldie chuckled. "What do you want, baby?"

"Eggs, please."

"I can do that." Goldie smiled. "We got some biscuits too. We could do a whole breakfast for dinner thing again if you'd like."

"Yes, please."

Goldie grunted as Day stood up and pulled out of him. Day had a damp towel ready to clean him up with, and Goldie was grateful Day at least hadn't been serious about leaving him dripping. It sounded hot in theory, but dried come pulling on his ball hair was not his idea of a sexy time.

"I'd like to get something for you," Day said as he swiped one last time between Goldie's legs, kissing his hips gently. "I

want something... to put inside of you.”

“Oh?” Goldie laughed as he sat up. “Like the pickle? You want to get me a dildo?”

“No. I mean yes, but also... something... something to stay.” Day bit his lip. “Something to keep my seed in you.”

“Like a plug,” Goldie said. “You want to get me a butt plug.”

“Yes. If that would do it.”

“Sounds like we need to go shopping.” Goldie got to his feet, stretching his chest and shoulders. He grunted, his arms dropping as he headed out to the kitchen. “There’s all kinds of toys out there we could try.”

“Are there any you like?” Day asked, following behind and taking Goldie’s hand. Even though they were just walking to the kitchen, he clearly enjoyed being close.

“Dildos are fun,” Goldie replied. “Never used plugs much, but I’m down to try it. They got ones that vibrate too.”

“Really?” Day’s eyes widened.

“Yup.” Goldie pulled eggs, bacon, and a tube of biscuits out of the fridge. He went back for milk, but he had to bend down when he dropped the butter.

Day slid a finger into his asshole.

“Whoa, hey!” Goldie grunted in surprise.

“Don’t stop.” Day kept pushing his finger in.

Goldie’s cock twitched, and he gasped as he stood up, Day’s finger thrusting inside of him. He stepped over to the counter, and Day simply moved with him, pressing deeper to find his come. “Ah, f-fuck... baby.”

“Don’t stop,” Day repeated, and it sounded like he was smiling. He kissed Goldie’s shoulder and then rested his forehead there, pumping his fingers in and out slowly. “I love how you feel after I’ve had you. I love knowing it’s my seed here, my come, and that I’ve made you mine.”

“Me too,” Goldie murmured brokenly. He knew he was supposed to be cooking, but it was not easy to concentrate on mixing up eggs while someone was finger fucking his hole like that. He poured too much milk, definitely put in too much pepper, and he nearly spilled the entire bowl when Day pressed in another finger.

It wouldn't have been such a distraction if he didn't want to come so terribly. His cock was rock hard, and it kept bumping across the top of the counter because of how tall he was. He nearly knocked the pepper shaker over with his dick swinging by as he tried to hurry up and finish.

“I gotta get a frying pan. A-and a fuckin'... a damn thing for the biscuits.” Goldie was panting.

“I am not stopping you, angel,” Day replied with a chuckle. “Go ahead.”

Goldie groaned, but he bent down to get the dishes he needed. Day thankfully let his fingers slip out, and Goldie was able to get the biscuits on the baking sheet and into the oven. It was when he put the cast iron pan on the stove that Day pressed inside of him.

This time, however, it was with his cock.

“Mmm, baby.” Goldie sagged against the counter, dropping his hips to allow Day to push deeper. He whined when Day didn't and only continued to give him shallow thrusts. “F-fuck. Come *on*, baby.”

“Keep going, angel,” Day teased. “I'm very hungry.”

Goldie groaned in frustration, but he continued, making sure the heat was on for the pan. He stood there and waited for it to get hot enough to drop the bacon in while Day fucked him slow, and he shuddered.

Day kissed and nuzzled Goldie's back, murmuring, “You feel so good, my angel. I wish I could stay inside of you forever.”

“So do I, baby,” Goldie said. “God, I want you all the time... come on. Fuck me, baby. Please.”

“No.” Day kissed up Goldie’s back. “Not yet.”

It was such a tease to not be entered fully, and Goldie tried to arch back to take on more. He yelped when Day spanked his ass, leaving his cheek stinging and his body clenching around Day’s dick. “F-fuck, baby.”

“Quiet now,” Day soothed as he moved his hands up Goldie’s back, massaging around his sides and then moving in toward his spine. He continued to leisurely thrust, and he groaned as he allowed himself one single, deep thrust. “Mmm, pan’s hot now, isn’t it?”

Goldie’s lashes fluttered. “Y-yeah. It is.” He laid the bacon down, and he leaned on the edge of the counter beside the stove to keep an eye on it. His cock was dripping precome on the counter, and he closed his eyes as Day pushed deep again. “God, yes. That’s it, baby. That’s what I want.”

“Yes, my angel.” Day slid his fingers down to spread Goldie’s cheeks as he thrust, and he made a small growling sound. He fucked Goldie harder as if the very visual of seeing his cock vanishing into Goldie’s body was too much for him.

Goldie arched his back, pushing his hips down to encourage Day to keep going. “Yeah, baby. Fuck, that’s it. That’s fuckin’ it, right there.”

Day fucked Goldie now as if he was possessed, slamming up into him with furious slams. He was pounding Goldie so hard that Goldie was forced forward onto the counter. He draped himself across it and stuck his ass out, letting Day fuck him however he wanted.

“It is written that we should never deprive ourselves of our marital bed,” Day declared, his fingers digging into Goldie’s cheeks and squeezing hard. “I’ve waited so long for you, for my angel, and I have so much to make up for... for I have been deprived of you, denied your body because of its absence. I missed you without ever having known you, but now I have you, and I am going to bless the temple of your flesh with my offerings.”

“Ch-Christ, Day!” Goldie’s face heated up as Day spoke, and he didn’t know why but the crazy dirty talk was really doing it for him. “Yes, fuckin’ bless me with your cock. Come on, baby. Give it up, give me your fuckin’ hot offerings in my ass, baby. Please, baby, come on!”

Day suddenly snaked his hands up into Goldie’s hair, and he grabbed two firm handfuls. He pulled back, forcing Goldie’s spine to arch as he pounded into him. With a wicked smile in his voice, he crooned, “Don’t burn the bacon, my angel.”

“Oh, for fuck... yes. Fuck!” Goldie fought to lean over, stretching out his arm to grab the fork he’d been using to quickly turn the bacon. It was difficult to move when his entire body jerked with every one of Day’s frantic thrusts, and Day was fucking him hard enough to hurt so fucking good. “G-God, baby, yes. Oh, my...” He gasped. “Fuck!”

“Yes, my angel,” Day groaned, out of breath and desperate now. “Yes, my sweet, sweet angel. Here it comes. Here... my offering to your body.” He gasped, his body slamming forward as he hit his climax. He kept going, fucking Goldie as he pushed his load deep into his hole. “Yes, my angel. There... there you go.”

“Ohhh, baby...” Goldie laughed, breathless and dizzy, squeezing down on Day’s cock just to hear him groan. He felt so full and hot, and his cock was throbbing so intensely that it burned. His balls had reached the peak of their discomfort, and he reached down to squeeze them, trying to massage away the ache as Day gave him one last thrust.

“Mmm, angel.” Day’s deep voice was a lovely purr as he withdrew, and he slid his fingers over Goldie’s hole. He pushed inside, playing in his own come. “Twice now I’ve taken you. Oh, how I wish I could plug you and keep it all inside you. I wonder how many times I could spread my seed within you...”

“Sounds like a challenge,” Goldie said, aiming for teasing but it came out as a hoarse croak. His hand was trembling as he pulled the bacon out of the pan. He cursed under his breath

for not getting the paper towels draped over the plate, and he smiled when Day laid them down for him. “Thank you, baby.”

“Of course, angel.” Day stood on his toes to kiss Goldie’s cheek.

Goldie was confident that his very soul was trying to escape from the pressure in his sac, and he moaned pitifully as Day’s fingers curled inside of him. “Oh, f-fuck. Baby. Mmm, gimme just a minute. Lemme finish the eggs, okay?”

“Mmm. You did so well for me... I’m sure this will be delicious, but hurry, please.”

“Hurry?”

“Yes, please.” Day smiled. “I am *very* hungry for my dessert.”

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GOLDIE



Dinner was scrambled eggs, fluffy biscuits, and bacon that was slightly more crispy than it should have been on one side. It was still good, though eating in the living room was different tonight than it had been previously. For one thing, Goldie was naked while Day still had his sweater and his big socks on.

Also, Goldie was eating from the floor because Day wanted him to kneel in front of him so he could feed him.

And not just from his plate, no.

Day gave Goldie his spent cock to suck on first, and then Day would have him stop so he could feed him a few bites before having him continue.

Goldie didn't even know what movie Day had put on to watch. His back was to the television, and he was distracted by the soft swell of Day's cock slowly growing hard again in his mouth. He only looked up when Day tapped his shoulder, and he gently pulled off his dick to receive a forkful of eggs and a nibble of bacon.

"Good boy," Day praised, sweeping Goldie's hair out of his face and back behind his ears. "Do you want some more, angel?"

"Yes, please."

Day gave him another bite of eggs.

When Goldie was done chewing and had swallowed, he bowed his head back down to suck Day's cock.

Day went on petting his hair and pausing every few minutes to feed Goldie until their dinner was done. He set the plate aside, and he stroked the top of Goldie's head as he sucked him obediently. He sighed, a soft and happy sound, and he smiled down at Goldie. "Are you almost ready for bed, my angel? Do you want me to have you again?"

"Mmmhmm," Goldie hummed.

"When the movie is over, I will," Day promised.

A cursory listen identified the film now as the second movie in the *Starax* trilogy, and Goldie continued to suckle on Day's half-hard cock. He didn't suck with any true pressure, just enough to hold Day in his mouth. As it went on, his cheeks were getting tired and he had to stop, laying his cheek against Day's thigh.

Day didn't reprimand him, instead continuing to pet his hair and smile. He glanced at Goldie here and there, but for the most part seemed to be enjoying the movie.

As soon as Goldie could, he got going again, sucking Day's cock a little deeper. He was relaxed, full from dinner, and the familiar fuzz of surrendering himself to Day made everything warm and wonderful. He'd almost forgotten what he was so upset about when he first got home today.

Something about Michael...

It didn't matter right now.

All that mattered was being good for Day.

The credits were finally rolling now, and Day tapped Goldie's shoulder. "Come along, my angel. It's time."

Goldie was drooling as he pulled off, and he had to wipe his mouth with his hand because he couldn't get his tongue to cooperate with his numb lips. His damn mouth had fallen asleep, and he smiled as Day slid his thumb over his chin to wipe up some spit.

"There. All better." Day leaned forward to kiss his forehead. "Do you need help getting up?"

“Possibly.” Goldie didn’t see any point in lying. His knees were stiff from being on them for so long, and he was glad for Day’s strong arms to help boost him back to his feet. Some of his joints popped and cracked as he followed Day into the bedroom, and he made a mental note to really take it easy tomorrow.

That is, if Day would allow it.

Day had never been cruel in his domination, and he seemed to know when Goldie needed to rest. Goldie was confident that Day wouldn’t push him too hard as long as he was good. It was that simple. He just had to listen, follow Day’s instructions, and he could be *perfect*.

“On your stomach, angel,” Day ordered.

“Yes, sir.” Goldie tipped himself forward to flop into bed, gathering up the pillows to bury his head into as he stretched his legs out. He turned his head to watch Day, and his heart skipped a beat as Day took off his sweater and socks.

Though there was something undeniably sexy about Day wearing that particular sweater with his big fluffy socks, Goldie much preferred the vision of Day without anything on at all. As Day lifted the sweater over his head, the lines of his stomach and narrow waist reminded Goldie of the painting of Saint Sebastian in Day’s father’s Bible.

The blissful expression on Day’s face in the low illumination of the bedside lamp was equally reminiscent of the saint, though instead of looking toward heaven with such transcendent admiration, Day was looking at Goldie.

Day climbed into bed and on top of Goldie, kissing up his side and across his back as he mounted him. “You are so beautiful, angel. I cannot wait to feast upon you.”

“I’m all yours,” Goldie said. “Whatever you want, baby.”

“Do you want to come?”

“God, yes.” Goldie shuddered. The ache between his legs had waned to a dull throb, but the mere mention of orgasm dragged it up to an insistent pounding. “Yes, please, please, please.”

“You must learn to trust me,” Day warned, pausing to grab the lube from where Goldie had left it on the bedside table. He lubed himself up, continuing firmly, “You must trust in me with all of your heart and lean not on your own understanding. You must submit in all ways to me, and I will guide your path for all of your days.”

Goldie shivered. “Yes, Day. Yes, baby. I will. I want to understand. I do.”

“I’m not sure if you can.” Day rubbed the wet head of his dick up against Goldie’s hole. “You say you believe in me and my mission, and yet you still have so many doubts... I don’t know how else to teach you, my angel. You must believe in me without understanding, just as we believe in God without understanding His way.”

“I do believe in you,” Goldie argued.

“Put your hands up on the headboard.”

“What?”

“Hands. Headboard.” Day was smiling. “I’m going to cuff you.”

Goldie’s stomach lurched, and he broke out into a pant as his trembling hands moved to comply.

The handcuffs hadn’t been touched since Day last removed them. They’d made their way eventually into the bedside drawer along with the keys, and that was where Day pulled them out from. He leaned forward, gingerly clicking one set around Goldie’s left wrist and attaching it to the headboard. He grabbed the other for Goldie’s right wrist, and he checked both cuffs when he was done to make sure they weren’t too tight.

“They’re good,” Goldie said. “Thank you.”

“You trust me with so much of you,” Day murmured, tracing his fingers over Goldie’s left wrist where the cuff sat. “I hope you come to believe in me fully, my angel.”

“I do,” Goldie insisted. “I believe in you, baby. I trust you. It’s just... I worry.” The concerns from earlier were trying to resurface and tainted his submissive fog. “I worry about you.”

“You don’t have to worry about me,” Day said firmly. He withdrew to settle back between Goldie’s thighs, spreading his cheeks as he lined up his cock with Goldie’s hole. “I am safe, my angel.”

“I worry...” Goldie pulled on the handcuffs lightly, struggling to get his words out. “I worry about what you have to do to *stay* safe.”

“Worry not, angel. God is with me.” Day pushed inside with a low gasp, holding on to Goldie’s hip to steady himself. “Always.”

Goldie groaned as Day entered him for the third time that evening, and he shuddered at the hot, aching feeling of being so full. His hole was tender from so much use, and he swore Day’s cock felt even bigger now.

“Oh, angel.” Day was taking his time, thrusting gently, and he petted Goldie’s hips as he pushed into him. “You’re so perfect for me. God, you feel like heaven. My body craves to be joined with yours every second that we’re apart.”

“Mine too,” Goldie whispered. “Mmm, mine too, baby.”

This was sweeter than the first two hard fuckings Goldie had taken, and he was glad for a change of pace. He loved the hot friction of Day’s cock gliding in and out of him, dragging against his most intimate walls, velvety smooth. Day was pressing closer, nuzzling and kissing along Goldie’s shoulder blades, and Goldie’s cock was already fully hard once more, throbbing beneath him.

Day could take him harder at any time. He could fuck him senseless like he had before, even hurt him, and Goldie would be helpless to stop him with the handcuffs holding him. Even without the cuffs, Day was more than capable of physically subduing Goldie, and that knowledge made Goldie’s skin prickle with arousal.

He arched his hips up as much as he could to take Day’s cock at a deeper angle, and he groaned as the delicious pressure inside of him climbed higher. His nerves were more sensitive now, so achingly tender and firing off at the slightest

stimulation, and he pulled at the handcuffs for the sheer thrill of struggling, groaning loudly.

Day's hand slid over Goldie's ass, his thumb moving inward to touch where they were joined. "If you are willing and obedient, you shall eat the good of the land, angel." He lowered his head so that his teeth could graze over the crook of Goldie's shoulder. "Refuse and rebel, you shall be eaten by the sword." He slammed his cock in deep.

Goldie cried out in surprise, gasping sharply as Day's thumb pushed inside next to his cock. The burn made him squirm, and his struggle with the handcuffs wasn't mere play now. He was overwhelmed, sweating, and he swore passionately, "I'll be good. Fuck, I promise, I'll be so fuckin' good. I trust you. I'm yours. I'm fuckin' yours."

He didn't know what else to say, and he laid his head down, surrendering his body to Day's incredible torments.

Day withdrew his thumb to focus on his thrusting, holding Goldie's hips up off the bed as he plunged inside of him. His thrusts were shorter, harder, and the hoarse quality of his panting signaled that his end was fast approaching. Goldie had no idea how long Day had been fucking him like this as everything was an endless haze of sensation, but he was ready for his own end. Fuck, he wanted to come.

He needed to fuckin' come.

"Baby," Goldie pleaded. "Please."

"What is it, angel?" Day asked, surprisingly calm for someone who was about to climax.

"Please. Touch my dick. Please, I wanna come, baby."

"Yes." Day slipped his hand around Goldie's hip to grab his cock. "You've been so good. Yes, you'll eat the good of the land with me. Yes, spread your seed with me, my sweetest angel."

Goldie's attention focused in on the pressure of Day's fingers on his cock, slipping in his slick precome as he jerked him off. He closed his eyes, spreading his legs and trying to fuck Day's tight fist, desperate for relief from the intense

evening. The incredible build of bliss and the echoes of the evening's sweet torture rose around him like a storm cloud, and his pulse thundered in his ears as he let himself be consumed by it.

There, Christ, yes!

He jerked forward, pumping his dick into Day's tight grip as he came, his body shaking so hard that his back spasmed. He ignored it, groaning as his climax crashed over him in a hot wave that made his head ring and his thighs tremble. He gritted his teeth, gasping as he felt Day coming now too, filling him up with another load while his hand continued to stroke Goldie's cock through his orgasm's final quivers.

His muscles were like stone now, his body exhausted from coming so forcefully. Having to hold off for so long had definitely increased the intensity of his climax, although he was left with a lingering throb in his head and his balls in its wake.

Totally worth it.

Day let go of Goldie's dick once Goldie twitched from being too sensitive, and he pressed himself against Goldie's back and wrapped his arms around him. He hugged him tight, sighing adoringly. "Oh, my angel. My beautiful, beautiful angel."

Goldie couldn't do much since his hands were still cuffed, but he smiled, murmuring, "Yours, baby."

"You were such a very good boy for me." Day shifted to grab the key for the handcuffs from the bedside table. "You were perfect." He unlocked Goldie's wrists one by one, rubbing around where the cuffs had laid, and he pressed sweet kisses into his hair. "Did you enjoy it? Do you like being mine?"

"Yes, baby." Goldie smirked. "Not sure if I can be yours like that all the time, but whew, it was amazing."

"Well, I wanted to teach you a lesson," Day said stubbornly. "It was important."

“Lesson learned. Message received. Fuck, trust me, my knees aren’t gonna let me forget that one for a while.”

“Did I hurt you, angel?” Day tensed. “Are you all right?”

“I’m okay,” Goldie soothed. “Just sore, baby. Can’t keep up with you, you know.”

“Yes, you can. You can do anything, my sweet angel.” Day hugged him tight. “Stay here. I’m going to take care of you now.”

“Not going anywhere.” Goldie grunted as Day’s cock slipped out, and he stretched his legs out. He watched Day leave the bedroom, and he closed his eyes. His most demanding workouts didn’t tire him out like this, and he knew he was already in danger of passing out. As sleepy as he was, the lull of his submission was fading, and he finally remembered what he’d been so worried about earlier.

Those pricks in the parking lot.

Shit.

He’d never called Alvarez.

Maybe just a text or something would do, but he definitely needed to let him know.

Goldie didn’t feel like moving, even as he felt Day’s come trying to drip out of him. He’d ask Day to bring him his phone before they went to sleep so he could let Alvarez know what had happened and go from there.

Day returned with a damp washcloth, water, and medicine. He hummed to himself as he fed Goldie the pill and gave him a sip of water to take it with, and then he occupied himself with cleaning up Goldie. He wiped underneath him, washing the come from his stomach and cock and wiping up what he could from the blankets, and then he passed the cloth back between Goldie’s cheeks to tidy up the slick come.

Goldie loved this.

The level of care Day always exhibited was so endearing, and Goldie ate up all the sweet touches. It was humbling that Day cared for him so much, and he didn’t see this level of

attention ever dwindling. Once Day seemed satisfied that Goldie was clean, he helped him slip under the covers and pulled off the dirty blanket. He left only briefly, probably to put the blanket in the laundry room, and he came back to snuggle in beside Goldie.

Goldie still hadn't moved, still on his stomach, but he lifted his arm to wrap around Day and draw him in close. "Mmm, hey, baby. Thank you."

"Of course, angel." Day beamed. "I like taking care of you. It makes me happy."

"Me too. Mmm. I was gonna take you to the museum again this weekend, but I think tomorrow is gonna be a sitting on our butts kinda day."

"I like those days too. We can visit the museum another day."

"Okay, baby." Goldie smiled.

Day tried to cuddle more aggressively, pushing under Goldie's side to get at his chest. "I wish to hold you."

"On it." Goldie turned to roll over, but he winced when that spot in his back that had spasmed earlier flared up again. "Fuck, or not. Mmm, hang on one sec, baby."

"What's wrong?"

"Just my back. It's all right."

"You said I didn't hurt you."

"You didn't. Technically, I hurt me. I think I came so hard I fuckin' pulled something."

"Here." Day urged Goldie back onto his stomach. "Let me help you."

"I'm okay," Goldie protested. "Happens sometimes when I work out too. Just aggravated something is all."

"I am helping you," Day said more firmly, indicating there was no room for argument. He grabbed the lotion from the bedside table and sat on the backs of Goldie's thighs.

“Well, I’m not gonna say no to a massage.” Goldie chuckled as he reached up to pull his long hair out of the way. “Thank you, baby. You really don’t have to though.”

“Yes, I do.” Day squirted out the lotion in his hands and then rubbed them together to warm it. “I broke you. I must fix you.”

“I’m not broken. Just, you know...” Goldie paused. “Okay, maybe a *little* broken.”

“Where does it hurt?”

“Below my right shoulder blade. It just keeps twitchin’. I have some other muscle relaxers somewhere, but damn, they really dope me up.”

“I’ll get them if you want. Let me try this first.” Day placed both hands where Goldie had indicated, and he rubbed there gently. He went back and forth with firm sweeps, gradually building pressure as he dropped his weight into the heels of his hands.

“Mmm... oh, God.” Goldie groaned happily. “Oh, that’s good, baby.”

Day kept rubbing, moving around the area in slow circles. He figured out pretty quickly the exact spot that was bothering Goldie, and he focused his attention there. After working on it for a few minutes, he got more lotion and massaged the rest of Goldie’s back. He rubbed his neck, his shoulders, and then eventually returned to rub the offending muscles again.

Goldie didn’t know how he hadn’t fallen asleep yet, but he was right there on the brink.

Day’s hands felt so good and warm, and even the smell of the lotion was soothing. It was lavender, and Goldie loved the relaxing scent. His thoughts were fuzzy, and he could finally feel himself drifting off to sleep...

Fuck.

Alvarez.

“Baby,” Goldie mumbled, “can you get my phone?”

“Your phone?” Day asked.

“Yeah. I need to text Detective Alvarez.”

Day snorted. “Why do you need to do that?”

“To tell him about what happened today.”

Day’s fingers dug in a little hard.

“Ow. Easy, baby.”

“I’m sorry.” Day resumed his gentler massaging. “I thought you were going to trust me.”

“I do trust you, baby, but hey, I’m supposed to help take care of you too, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, just as you take care of me, your fleshy husband, I’m supposed to take care of you too. And I’m not just talking about me doing whatever you tell me to, but doing stuff for you to help you.”

“You do help me,” Day protested. “You feed me, you teach me things—”

“Yes, but I can help in other ways too. Like letting Alvarez know what’s going on. If he can identify those guys from my description, he could arrest them or whatever before they ever become a bigger problem.”

“How is that helpful?”

“Because you wouldn’t have to kill them,” Goldie replied bluntly.

“But dispatching sinners is not a problem.”

“It’s kind of a problem.”

“Why?” Day honestly sounded confused.

“It...” Goldie tried to think up a reason that Day couldn’t refute. “It takes time away from being with me.”

“I...” Day fell silent.

“See, if we can let the police handle some of the sinners, then I don’t have to worry about not being able to spend as

much time with you.”

“You mean, like... sending the sinners to them?”

“Yes!” Goldie beamed. “I know you can’t help hearing things sometimes, but hey, we can call the police tip line and make reports when you do. Let the cops handle the dirty work, you know?”

“I... I suppose that still might work.” Day traced his fingers along Goldie’s spine. “It would keep sinners from harming people, right?”

“Exactly. Plus, then you get to spend all that extra not-killing people time with me and Twinkle and Purrey.”

“I will need to think on this.” Day slid his hands back down to Goldie’s hips to massage there. “But thank you, angel, for thinking so much of me.”

“Of course, baby.” Goldie smiled, and he considered this conversation a win.

Worst case scenario, the city’s police department had to chase down a bunch of bogus tips. Best case, if Day was able to somehow magically spot out criminals, it would give the police a legitimate source of assistance to make some arrests.

Either way, it meant less potential murder.

Goldie let himself be rocked back to the edge of sleep by Day’s strong hands, and he realized he still hadn’t alerted Detective Alvarez.

Ah, well.

It could wait until tomorrow.

Day leaned in close to rub Goldie’s shoulders, kissing behind his ear as he murmured, “Oh, angel. How I adore you...” His cock rubbed between Goldie’s ass cheeks. “Do you feel what you do to me?”

“Yes, baby,” Goldie mumbled. “I do.”

“May I have you again, angel?”

“Go right ahead.” Goldie smiled sleepily.

Day slid back a bit, and Goldie could hear the lube bottle opening. "I'll be so gentle, angel."

"Mmm, I know you will be." Goldie's heart fluttered as he felt the head of Day's cock pushing back in. "Mmm, there you go, baby... go on. Take what you need, baby."

Day inhaled shakily, spreading himself over Goldie's back as he slowly thrust, working himself in inch by inch. "Oh, angel..."

Goldie murmured drowsily, no real words but just a soft sound of contentment. The weight of Day on top of him was comforting, grounding, and he loved the slick slide of his cock. He was so relaxed and fucked out that there was no resistance, and Day slipped within Goldie's body effortlessly deep. Being so tired made it almost feel like a dream, and the sensations were far away somehow, but still marvelously sweet.

Letting Day use him like this was also strangely arousing, as if he was merely a toy for Day's cock. It made Goldie's face flash hot, though he was far too tired for his body to get on board physically. He didn't think he could have gotten off if he'd tried, but he enjoyed the closeness of the act anyway.

Day's kisses were feathery and soft, and his skin was deliciously hot where it pressed against Goldie's. Day's fingers were caressing Goldie with such tenderness, and his breath was tickling Goldie's ear as he whispered the most beautiful things, "Oh, my darling... oh, my sweet angel. A single touch of your hand makes my heart beat faster, and not even the deepest waters on Earth could quench the thirst of my passions as a single kiss from your lips can. I could take my fill of love from your body until morning and every morning after, and it would still never be enough. My angel... my perfect, beautiful angel."

Day's climax approached with soft moans and increased thrusts, and then he let out a passionate cry as he filled Goldie's body once more. He rutted into him, peppering his shoulder and arm with more kisses, murmuring more sweet praise until he too was finally exhausted. He rose from bed to

clean up again, and Goldie managed to roll over on his back so he could pull Day on top of his chest when he returned.

“Good night, my angel,” Day mumbled. “Sleep sweetly.”

“Night, baby.” Goldie held Day close and kissed his brow, smiling as he finally fell asleep.

Sleep was heavy, deep, and wonderful, and the morning was a repeat of the same bliss Goldie had come to expect since Day had come to stay with him. They woke up together with Twinkle nestled between them, and he was surprised to find Purrey had joined their snuggle party by wedging herself onto Goldie’s pillow behind his head to nest in his hair.

It was pretty perfect.

Day was up first as always to get dressed, grab Goldie’s medicine, and then give him another gentle massage as he replaced the patches on his back. He had remembered to bring Goldie’s phone to him so he could text Alvarez this morning like he wanted to. Determined to make breakfast on his own, Day left Goldie in bed with the cats to go to the kitchen.

Goldie enjoyed the furry cuddles for a few more minutes before dragging himself up to text Detective Alvarez. He explained what happened and gave as much detail as he could remember about the two men who had confronted him in the parking lot. He still had no idea if Alvarez would be able to do much with his vague descriptions, but maybe it would be enough.

Too bad one of those assholes hadn’t had some crazy facial scar or a big tattoo like the bad guys always did in the movies.

When Goldie was done, he lumbered out of bed to put on sweatpants and go use the bathroom. He was definitely sore, and he was glad they’d decided to stay home today because walking around a museum for hours didn’t sound like fun for his back right now. When he was done washing up, he paused to check his reflection.

Yes, the same wrinkles were there as always, and his hair hadn’t gotten any less gray, but he was surprised by something else.

His smile.

How easily it came now and the minimal effort required to keep it was a magical experience for him, and he swore the muscles in his face had to be getting sore by now.

Being with Day was wonderful.

Also slightly terrifying at times, definitely a bit worrying, but ultimately blissful.

Everything was going to be all right. Alvarez was going to text him back about those assholes from the parking lot, he would make sure Day got the help he needed soon, and they were going to be happy together.

Maybe even forever.

God, now there was a truly terrifying thought.

Commitment.

Goldie chuckled to himself and opened the bathroom door, stopping in his tracks when there was someone waiting for him on the other side.

The tall man from the parking lot was there.

Fuck, no time—

Every muscle in Goldie's body set to go, and he swung his fist and heard a satisfying crack as it collided with the man's face. Something pressed over his mouth and nose—soft, cloth—and he swung again. He lurched forward, using his weight to take the tall man to the floor. He punched him again and again, but there was something wrong. The man wasn't letting go, and the cloth was stress stuck on his face.

Goldie kept struggling, but he was getting weaker.

The cloth over his mouth...

Huh.

This must be what chloroform smelled like.

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GOLDIE



Cold.

That was the first sensation Goldie felt as he woke up. His head was throbbing miserably, and he tried to reach up to touch it.

His hands were bound, and he was half-naked.

Fuck, he was having the weirdest feeling of déjà vu right now.

He opened his eyes, blinking as he found he was lying on the rickety couch in Day's living room. His hands were tied behind his back, and more ropes were slung around his bare chest and biceps. It was freezing, dim, but it had to be sometime during the day still because light was peeking through the foam that covered the windows and around the door.

How the hell did he end up back here?

Shit, where was Day?

Goldie spotted him tied to the armchair next to the couch, and he wasn't moving.

Day's head was bowed, the ropes bound him directly to the chair, and Goldie couldn't tell if he was breathing or not. Day had to be cold too as he was just wearing that Goldilocks T-shirt he liked so much with underwear and his white wooly socks.

Goldie tensed when he heard voices—in the house? Outside in the yard? They were a bit muffled, and he couldn't tell for sure. With all the soundproofing foam in place, he thought it was reasonable to assume they were inside the house somewhere.

He tried sitting, fighting the spin as he pulled himself up. He leaned against the back of the couch and tried to catch his breath. The floor was icy cold on his bare feet, and he wished like hell he'd put on socks.

What the fuck had happened?

He remembered him and Day getting up together. No, that wasn't right. Day got up first and went to make breakfast. Goldie got up and was doing something, something in the bathroom, and then he was attacked when he opened the door.

It was that bastard from the parking lot.

They had to get the fuck out of here.

“Day?” Goldie asked, whispering urgently. “Baby? Can you hear me?”

Day twitched, but he did not respond.

Goldie realized in horror that Day didn't have his headphones on. It was quiet in here, yes, but if Goldie could hear the men talking, that meant Day could too. Day was likely being overwhelmed by his auditory hallucinations or whatever the fuck it was that he heard around anyone who wasn't Goldie, and he had to think of something fast to try and snap him out of it.

“Hey, hey,” Goldie pleaded, “listen to me. Hey, baby. Don't listen to those assholes. Just try listening to me, okay? Can you hear me?”

Day lifted his head, revealing the bloody mess that was his face.

“Oh, fuck,” Goldie gasped. “Day...”

Day's lower lip was split and crusted with blood, and there was bruising around his eyes and jaw. There was a large cut above his eyebrow, the likely source for the blood smeared

across his face. He clearly had not been taken without a fight, and the very sight of his injuries filled Goldie with an unspeakable rage.

“Baby,” Goldie said firmly, trying to keep his voice as calm as he could, “listen to me.”

“I... I’m trying.” Day sighed miserably. He looked like he was going to pass out, and his brow scrunched up as if he was in pain. “They’re so... they’re just so loud.”

“Keep listening to me,” Goldie said. “You know me. I’m your angel. Your husband in flesh, right? I’m right here, baby. I’m right here.”

Day shook his head.

“I’m Lord Commander and Prince Starax,” Goldie tried, projecting his tone dramatically. “Savior of the Seven Galaxies and the Milky Way, Captain of the S.S. Spaceship Serenity. I am here to commandeer your ship’s fine booty, and then after that I want your treasure too.” He held his breath, waiting to see if the quote worked any better. “Did you hear me?”

Day’s vision cleared a little, and he nodded. “I hear you. Yes, I hear you now.”

Goldie attempted to keep the same dramatic tone, asking quickly, “Do you know what happened here? Why were we taken?”

“The money.” Day’s head dipped again. “You were right. Father was right. I... I messed up.”

“What are you talking about, baby?”

“They’re mad.” Day laughed suddenly. He might have been crying. Maybe it was a mix of both. “Oh, they’re so very mad at me.”

“What did you tell them?” Goldie asked.

“Nothing.” Day smiled sadly. “I’ve told them nothing. Nothing except my favorite prayers, Father’s favorite prayers, and oh, other prayers. Every prayer.” He laughed. “But they know. They already know.” He cringed as the voices got closer. “They’re coming back.”

There were creaks in the ceiling above them, and Goldie realized their captors were upstairs. He tensed, turning to face the stairway as they descended.

The tall man and the shorter one from the parking lot were here, and they were dragging something with them wrapped in a sheet. The sheet was horribly stained, and they were laughing, cracking comments about the smell. There was a third man with them. He was about the same height as the tall man, but he was dressed in a sharp suit and a wool peacoat.

The man in the suit flashed a nasty smile as he greeted them. “Ah, hello. I see you’re both awake. Warm enough?”

The other men laughed.

“The fuck do you want?” Goldie demanded.

“My name is Lionel Graham,” the man in the suit said. “Michael was my nephew. I believe you two were acquainted.”

“Yeah. I helped his head get acquainted with a few flights of stairs.”

“So I’m aware.” Lionel’s mouth twitched. “Michael was always a bit of a *fuckup*, and that’s putting it mildly.”

“That’s what this is about? Michael?”

“Well, that’s what I’m telling my sister anyway,” Lionel teased as if they were old friends and this was all some kind of joke. “She’s very upset, you see, but I wasn’t really motivated to get involved. Not until I realized that you and your little boyfriend had stolen from me. You stole a lot of money from me, in fact.

“Now *that* is certainly motivating. Took us a little while to figure out it was you. We thought it was our competitors for a time, but...” He grinned. “You just had to make that little donation to the rescue, didn’t you?”

“What?” Goldie scoffed.

“Evan, the clerk,” Lionel replied. “He was very eager to tell anyone who would listen about his surprise donation from a famous former wrestler.”

Fuck.

So much for the donation being anonymous.

“It took a little *persuading*,” Lionel said, “but Jack and Lin here were able to get your home address off the adoption paperwork.”

“They killed him,” Day whispered. “They killed him. They killed him. They fucking killed him. They killed him—”

“What the fuck is he babbling about?” the tall man demanded.

“Hush, Jack,” Lionel chided. He cleared his throat, ignoring Day’s frantic whispering as he continued, “What I need to know now is what did you do with the rest of my money? Hmm? You didn’t donate it all to the rescue, so where is it?”

Goldie swallowed thickly, and he tried to decide how to play this. Stalling seemed like the best option, and he countered, “How did you guys find this place? None of Day’s information was on that paperwork.”

“Oh, quite right.” Lionel smirked. “But his name was in the police report filed about poor Mr. Lass. What a terrible tragedy that was, huh?” He glanced around the house. “Funny in a way that’s not so funny. My nephew died after coming to visit you to discuss your little disagreement, and then Mr. Lass died after he confronted you about it. I’d almost say you were cursed, Mr. Nash.”

“Blessed,” Day muttered. “Blessed.”

“I decided to have my men visit Mr. Hanley first,” Lionel went on, “and they made a most unexpected discovery upstairs. I told them we should extend an invitation to you to discuss our little situation, and I was so delighted to hear that Mr. Hanley was with you. I’m sure he’ll be able to help clear this right up.”

“Clear what up exactly?” Goldie asked.

“Our surprise.” Lionel snapped his fingers at his men. “Jack. Lin. Now, please.”

Jack and Lin, the shorter of the two men, dragged the sheet over. They grabbed the end of the sheet and pulled, and a desiccated corpse tumbled out onto the floor at Goldie's feet.

Goldie recoiled instantly, staring down in horror at empty eye sockets and gleaming white teeth. The body was a skeleton wrapped in leathery skin, practically mummified, and there were a few wispy strands of white hair still clinging to its scalp. He thought it was a man because of the pants and polo shirt it was wearing, but it was impossible to be sure in its current condition.

Day screamed.

"Somebody you know, hmm?" Lionel eyed Day warily.

"Father. It's Father." Day slammed his head back into the chair. "Why? Why did they move Father? He wanted to be alone. He wanted to be alone. He just wanted to be alone!"

Goldie grimaced. "Oh, *Christ*."

This was the corpse of Day's father.

He must have been upstairs this entire time—no wonder Day didn't want him to go up there when they were here before. Judging by the state of the body, Day's father had to have been rotting here for years to be reduced to such a dried-out husk. Despite Jack and Lin's earlier complaint, Goldie didn't smell much of anything.

Which was a relief, but only a small one as the body was still right there practically laying on his bare feet.

Day was crying as he stared down at his father's body, whimpering, "I didn't mean to. I really didn't mean to. I'm so sorry. I'm being punished, and you're both suffering for it. I messed it up. I messed everything up."

"No, no, no, hey," Goldie soothed, hating to see Day so distraught. "Please calm down, baby. It's okay. You didn't mess up anything. It's okay. Just try to calm down. I'm gonna figure this out."

Goldie had to figure out how to get them out of this, and he wished to God that Alvarez would understand that

something was wrong. He hoped Alvarez would try to call him and get suspicious that Goldie didn't answer. Maybe Alvarez would immediately recognize Jack or Lin from the descriptions he gave them and know Goldie was in trouble.

Fuck.

Something.

Anything.

Day's cries quieted, and he turned his head to bury his face in the side of the armchair. He seemed to be trying to muffle his ears, but it didn't appear to be working. He was getting frantic again, writhing against the ropes holding him in place, and his cries rose to an angry sob.

Lionel cleared his throat loudly.

"The fuck do you want?" Goldie demanded sharply, trying to keep his attention on Lionel and ignoring the gross corpse. He had to raise his voice to be heard over Day.

"I want to know what happened to my money," Lionel replied firmly. "We were unable to recover any from the rescue, and we already checked your apartment. We know it's not there."

Goldie's stomach clenched, and he was worried for Purrcey and Twinkle.

Fuck, he hoped they were okay, but he was terrified to ask.

If these assholes weren't going to mention the cats, he decided it was better not to say anything and hope they'd hidden themselves under the bed and stayed safe.

"So," Lionel said, "you tell us where my money is or I leave you both here to rot with our new friend." He looked to Day. "Your father, was it? He was so nicely tucked into bed up there, I almost hated to move him."

Day's head snapped up, and he glared at Lionel with wide, wild eyes.

Lionel pressed the heel of his shoe against the corpse's wrist, putting enough weight down to snap the delicate bone.

“Don’t touch him,” Day warned. “Don’t you fucking *dare*. Don’t you fuckin’ touch him!”

“How about you tell me where the money is, and I make your deaths quick, hmm?” Lionel kept pressing forward. “It doesn’t have to be messy, you know. It can be quite clean.” The bone snapped.

Day roared, standing up with the chair still tied to him and then charging at Lionel.

Lionel quickly stumbled out of the way, and Day crashed right into Jack. They went down, chair and all, and Jack screamed.

“Ah! Get him off me! He’s fuckin’ biting me!” Jack cried.

“Oh, fuck!” Lin couldn’t lift Day and the chair together, and he had to undo the ropes. Once the ropes were undone, he pushed the chair out of the way.

Goldie’s heart was pounding frantically, adrenaline making his muscles light and springy, and he watched intently.

He’d seen what Day could do.

It horrified him, yes, but right now they could use a little horror of their own.

He waited, holding his breath and tensing, expecting that Day was going to fight back and that something magical would happen—like the ceiling collapsing and crushing Lionel or the floor giving way and sending Lin to his death. Hell, he’d take a sudden pulmonary embolism or a heart attack, anything to take these men out so he and Day could escape.

Goldie wanted to believe that Day wasn’t just crazy and that he was actually blessed by God, and he found himself praying for a miracle to take place before his very eyes.

But no...

Shit.

Nothing happened.

Nothing fucking good anyway.

Once Lin got the chair out of the way, he hit Day in the back of the head with his gun.

Day grunted in pain, clearly stunned.

Goldie gasped, waiting for Day to get up, to *fight*, to do fucking *something*, but he watched helplessly as Day went limp and flopped on top of Jack.

“You little fucker! Ugh!” Jack shoved Day off of him, and he cursed, holding his bleeding face. “He fuckin’ bit me! This is gonna get fuckin’ infected for sure!”

“Get the damn chair!” Lin shouted. “Quit your bitchin’!”

Day was facedown on the floor, still reeling from the blow, but Goldie could see he was trying to get back up.

Come on, come on, come on! Goldie chanted inside of his head. *Baby, please! Come the fuck on!*

Maybe this was it.

Maybe Day was just waiting to lull these assholes into a trap, make them think they had the upper hand, and then he was going to take them all out in a nasty surprise attack.

“Uh-uh,” Lin taunted. “Stay put, little bitch.” He dropped his knee down on Day’s neck, pinning him to the floor as he grabbed some of the rope to tie his hands behind his back. “There we go. Come on.”

Jack had righted the chair, and he joined Lin in lifting Day up. Together, they dragged Day to the chair and dropped him there. Goldie couldn’t tell if Day was even conscious now, and any hopes of Day saving them were evaporating like smoke.

Day’s head tipped back and then forward, and there was fresh blood on the fabric of the chair from where he’d been hit.

“Fuck.” Goldie pulled against the ropes holding him in place. “Baby? Hey! Day! Can you hear me? Day! Baby!”

“Oh, what can wash away my sin?” Day sang hoarsely. “Nothing but the blood of Jesus! What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus!” He laughed weakly.

“Precious is the flow...” His eyes fluttered. “White... as snow...”

“How hard did you fuckin’ hit him?” Jack mumbled, cutting his eyes at Lin.

“Shut the fuck up,” Lin snapped back.

Lionel had remained surprisingly calm throughout the entire ordeal, though he didn’t approach Goldie again until he appeared certain Day wasn’t going to pounce. He feigned a polite smile, saying, “So, how about we try this one more time?”

“Fuck you,” Goldie snarled.

“I would like to know where my money is, please.”

“Why the fuck should I tell you?” Goldie spat. “You gonna let us go if I do?”

“No, but I did promise you a quick death,” Lionel replied sweetly.

“Yeah, no, I don’t think so.”

“I think you might be more agreeable once we start removing parts from your boyfriend,” Lionel said. “He’s already not doing so well. Perhaps we could take off an ear, maybe his nose? I am afraid it wouldn’t take much before—”

“Okay, okay! Fuck!” Goldie gritted his teeth.

Lionel smiled coldly.

Goldie took a deep breath. He had to lie. He had to think of something that could stall these assholes and maybe buy him and Day a bit more time. There was nothing to stop them from blowing them both away once he told them this, but maybe they’d keep them alive a bit longer to verify their story.

Which, of course, was a big fat fuckin’ lie, but Goldie had run out of ideas.

Day couldn’t save them, so he had to try and come up with something on his own.

“At the gym,” Goldie replied. “I left it in a bag in my locker, okay? In the employee lounge, it’s number sixteen.”

“Where’s the key?” Lionel asked.

“Don’t need one. It’s a combination lock,” Goldie replied. “One, two, three, four.”

“That’s a terrible code.” Jack snorted dryly.

“Fuck you,” Goldie growled.

“Hey, man, fuck you!”

“Fuck you!”

“Gentlemen.” Lionel raised a hand for silence. He was studying Goldie’s face carefully, as if he couldn’t decide whether or not Goldie was telling the truth. “I’m going to go check this little gym of yours.” He snapped his fingers at Jack and Lin. “You two, stay here. I’m going with Ron. I’ll let you know what to do shortly.”

“You got it, sir,” Jack said.

Lionel eyed Goldie again. “I hope for your sake and your little boyfriend’s that you’re telling the truth. If not, well...” He smiled cruelly. “Jack and Lin can be very creative.”

Goldie refused to look away, and he stared Lionel down until he turned to leave. Goldie huffed in frustration, and he watched Lionel vanish into the back of the house. Since the front door was boarded up and covered in that thick black form, the back door was the only way in or out.

He could always try to break a window, but that would definitely take too long.

And that would only be possible if one, Goldie actually could get out of these ropes, and two, Jack and Lin both went to take a piss at the same time or something.

Shit.

Goldie had bought him and Day at least twenty minutes, more if traffic was bad and the staff at the gym put up a fight. He felt bad putting them in danger, but he hadn’t been thinking about that when he concocted that ridiculous ploy.

“So,” Lin said, clicking his tongue loudly, “wanna tell us why you went all Norman fuckin’ Bates with your daddy, tough guy?”

Day hummed quietly, but he didn’t reply.

“Come on,” Lin taunted. “Bet you’re a real fuckin’ freak, huh? You eat people too? Did you take a little nibble outta Daddy?”

“Shut up,” Jack grumbled. “You ain’t gotta talk to ’em.”

“What?” Lin scowled. “This might be our only chance to talk to a legit whacko.”

“How do you know he’s whacko?”

“Go look in the mirror for one, stupid.” Lin snorted. “He ate your fuckin’ face. Think about it. What kinda person eats on people and keeps their old man dead in bed like that? All tucked in and shit? That’s fuckin’ nuts.”

“Don’t listen to them, baby,” Goldie said quietly, trying to get Day’s attention. “Day? Can you hear me?”

Day lifted his head, and he was still humming the song.

“Hey, are you okay?” Goldie tried to scoot closer.

“Hey, fucker!” Jack shouted. “Don’t you fuckin’ move!”

“Fuck you!” Goldie yelled back. “I’m tryin’ to see if he’s okay!”

“What are you talking about?” Lin sneered. “He’s fine.”

“Day, hey, are you there, baby?” Goldie pleaded. He was scared that something was actually wrong with Day from being hit in the head too many times. It could be a concussion or some kind of internal bleed or even a fracture.

Having been a wrestler and seeing guys get knocked around hard for years, he knew the dangers of a head injury could be lethal.

Day’s eyes met Goldie’s, and he frowned. He stopped humming to reply, “Father isn’t speaking to me.”

Goldie glanced at the corpse, and he looked back to Day. “Does... does he normally do that?”

“Yes,” Day replied, blinking as if that was an odd question. “Father always spoke to me. He guides me. He helps me. With the mission.” He glared down at the corpse. “Always about the fucking mission! Always about *that!*”

“See?” Lin elbowed Jack. “Total whacko.”

“Never had time to wish me a happy birthday or ask me how I was doing, to see if I was fucking happy! See if I needed anything! *No!*” Day gritted his teeth, growling angrily and on the verge of tears. “All you ever fucking cared about was the mission! The stupid mission! Fuck! You were always blabbing in my damn ear, telling me what to do, and you never once asked me about *me!* You were a terrible fucking father! There! I fucking said it!”

Goldie recoiled as Day got more upset, and he was more than a bit concerned that Day was now apparently screaming at the corpse.

“Yes, I know it was important!” Day sobbed. “I know!” He paused as if he was hearing a response. “But you could have tried harder too! I didn’t want you to be a fucking agent of the Lord’s wrath! I just wanted you to be my dad!” He scoffed. “Forgive me? For what?” He rolled his eyes. “Oh, sure! Now you’re gonna *bitch* at me about breaking my vow!”

“This is some fuckin’ *Exorcist* shit,” Jack mumbled to himself.

“Isn’t it great?” Lin cackled. “I ain’t never seen anybody actually lose their mind before. It’s pretty fuckin’ nuts, yeah?”

Nuts was right.

Goldie was helpless as he watched Day completely crack right in front of his eyes, and he had no idea what to do. They were running out of time, and they were going to die here unless he did something.

Too bad Day’s father couldn’t get up and help them out.

Ha.

Wait...

What did Day say a minute ago, something about his father being in his ear? Telling him what to do?

If Day needed his father's voice to carry out the mission and be a murder muffin, then he needed to make up with his father's corpse.

Immediately.

"Day!" Goldie snapped. "Hey! Baby, listen to me. Listen to me right now."

"What?" Day groaned.

"Why did your father stop talking to you?"

"Huh?" Day blinked, a few tears sliding down his cheek.

"Why did your father stop telling you what to do?" Goldie urged. "About the mission?"

"I broke my vow of silence." Day frowned. "He was angry with me. I..." He shook his head. "Why does it matter now?"

"It fuckin' don't," Jack barked. He was clearly no longer amused by any of this. "Both of you shut the fuck up right now before I put holes in you."

"Ah, come on," Lin grumbled. "It was like an episode of Dr. Phil with a dead guy and everything. You never let me have any fuckin' fun."

"This ain't fun! It's work! Work ain't supposed to be fuckin' fun!"

Day sighed, and he hung his head. "Father used to say things like that." He sniffed. "I miss him... I... I miss him so much."

"Enough crazy talk, fucker!" Jack narrowed his eyes. "Both of you." He glared at Goldie. "Not another fuckin' word."

"Day!" Goldie ignored Jack, and he leaned as close as he could to Day. "Hey, baby! Listen to me! Don't listen to them! Goddammit! Goddamn you, listen to me right now!"

Day flinched at the cursing.

“Ask your father for forgiveness,” Goldie all but shouted. “Ask him to forgive you! Ask and you shall receive, right? Ask him! Right fucking now!”

Day frowned, and he looked worriedly toward the corpse of his father. His lips moved, but no words came out.

Goldie wasn't sure what he was expecting to happen.

Whatever it took to maybe not fucking die here in this shitty ass house with his boyfriend and the corpse of his boyfriend's crazy ass dad would be great.

Goldie had already gotten his hopes up so many times, but he didn't want to give up.

Not yet.

This had to work. This just had to.

Day's eyes glassed over, and he laughed. He sang again, louder than before, but it was hard to understand him because he was laughing so frantically. “Nothing can for sin atone! Nothing but the blood of Jesus! Naught of good that I have done, nothing but the blood of Jesus! Nothing but the blood!”

“Shut up,” Jack snapped as he drew a gun from his hip.

“Nothing but the blood! Nothing but the blood!”

“I said shut the fuck up!” Jack roared, stalking toward Day.

Day kept laughing, almost hysterical now, and Jack hit him in the face with the butt of the gun. His head snapped to the side, the cut on his lip reopened, and his smile was bright red as he beamed at Goldie. “Oh, my darling angel, you'll want to close your eyes now.”

“Why?” Goldie asked, honestly terrified from the unhinged look in Day's dark eyes.

“Oh, my angel. A lot of people are going to die.”

Jack lowered the gun, and he turned to Lin to complain. “Do you hear this little psycho? Fuck, laughing like the goddamn Joker or something. He just wouldn't shut up—”

Day's long leg swung out and up, and he kicked Jack's wrist holding the gun.

Jack's arm jerked, and the gun went off.

The bullet hit Goldie right in the chest.

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DAY



Kill that fucking pig. He's a fucking shit. I've
/ gotta / kill / him / Look at him. He's
crazy. He's so clean. Fuck that crazy pig. Put
him down. Like a fucking dog.
/ X / He's a goddamn dog. Like a
dog.
- Why won't he stop fucking his pig?
- Why?
- I'm / gonna / kill / him / Put him down
like a dog. Like a fucking
dog.
/ He / won't / stop / fucking / his / pig / Why /
won't he stop just sitting there?

Oh, my sweet boy. Of course I forgive you. I love you. Now, dispatch these vermin so you can lay me to rest and take your sweet angel home.

I'll show you the way, son. I'll protect him.

The knot is loose. You can free yourself.

Now go.

Day knew Goldie was going to be okay because Father said so, and he didn't even look his way when the gun went

off. Day used Jack's shock as his moment to strike, and Day's newly freed hands aimed the gun beneath Jack's chin.

He forced him to pull the trigger.

"Jack!" Lin cried in horror. "I'm... I'm gonna call somebody! I'm gonna call somebody!"

Day let Jack's body drop to the floor, and he stalked toward Lin.

"Fuck you, you fuckin' psycho!" Lin screamed, aiming his gun at Day and pulling the trigger.

Click.

Nothing.

It was jammed.

The rope that had bound Day was still tied to one of his wrists. They really should have done a better job tying him up, but it was hardly their fault Father had noticed the knot was loose and told Day to slip it.

Day swung the rope around Lin's neck as he slipped behind him, pulling it taut.

Lin choked, and he flailed desperately.

Day twisted the rope tighter.

Hurry, son. Be done with it before the others come.

Day snapped Lin's neck and then let him go.

Lin's body landed a few feet from Jack's, though it was considerably less messy.

Day wiped off his face and grimaced, not sure whose blood that was now. He sighed, kneeling down to take Lin's gun and clear the jam.

"D-Day?" Goldie stammered. "Baby?"

"Angel." Day smiled and tucked the gun into the back of his underwear. He stepped over the corpses to untie Goldie. He offered his hands to help him stand, and he touched the Saint Sebastian medallion around Goldie's neck.

The medallion was warped now.

Because it had caught a bullet.

There would no doubt be some curious bruising, but Goldie was alive. That's all that mattered.

No, my son. It's not. We have work to do.

"Holy fuck," Goldie hissed in a mix of awe and absolute horror as he stared at the necklace. "Holy fuck. Holy. Fuck. Holy *fuck*."

"Thank you, angel." Day squeezed Goldie's hands. "I couldn't have done this without you."

Goldie grimaced, glancing at the bodies and then back to Day. "Oh, sure. It was nothin'. Anytime."

"I don't think you mean that."

"I sure as hell do right now if it means us getting the fuck out of here alive. Come on. We can make a fuckin' run for it."

You won't make it. Tell him to go upstairs. Your old room.

"Upstairs," Day said. "First door on the right. Go there. Now."

"But Day—"

Day kissed him.

He wanted to tell Goldie what he meant to him, that this past week had been the happiest time of his entire life, and how much he adored him and treasured him and loved him...

It's time to retake your vow, son.

Day smiled.

Yes, it was time.

Day touched Goldie's cheek, mouthing silently, "Go. Now."

Goldie seemed reluctant, but he nodded. "You come get me when you're done. Then we're going the fuck home."

Day grinned.

Yes, home.

They were going to go home and see Twinkle and Purracy and everything was going to be okay again.

Day watched Goldie head upstairs, and he looked down at his father's corpse with a frown.

Don't worry about me. There will be time for that later. You need to be ready for what's coming.

Be the agent of God's fury.

Become His wrath.

Go now, and make me proud, son.

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GOLDIE



Of the many scenarios Goldie had considered for their escape, being shot was definitely never part of one.

He'd expected to see Jack and Lin die. He had accepted that was inevitable if he and Day wanted to leave this house alive. He knew Day was going to have to hurt them. With their lives on the line, Goldie would have done the same.

Maybe not as skillfully, but still.

As Goldie hurried upstairs, he reconsidered that being shot had always been a possibility.

After all, there were statistically many more potential situations that ended with him and Day being shot and dumped in a ditch than successfully fleeing their captors.

Being shot and *surviving*—that was the truly unbelievable bit.

Goldie couldn't believe the medallion had stopped the bullet. He'd heard stuff like this happening on the news, freak accidents like a child's crucifix catching a stray bullet during a Fourth of July party or a woman's gold chain blocking a ricocheted shot from a nearby shootout.

But this...

Actually saving Goldie's life at such close range?

It was a miracle.

Goldie didn't use that word lightly, and he didn't have enough time to fully appreciate all of its ramifications.

Not to mention that talking Day into asking his dead father's corpse for forgiveness had totally worked and turned him back into an elite merciless murder muffin again.

Holy fuck.

Goldie made up his mind that he and Day were going to have a long talk about all of this when they got out of here.

He turned when he reached the top of the stairs, and the door he found there led into a small bedroom. He assumed at first that it had to be a guest room because it was so empty, but then he saw a faded painting on the wall above the bed with Day's name scribbled at the bottom.

It was a cluster of rudimentary trees, a big sun, and two vague figures kneeling in what was probably meant to be a depiction of prayer. Other than the small bed, there was no other furniture in the room except for a tall dresser. A large brass crucifix hung from the footboard of the bed, tied there with a red ribbon.

Goldie thought about dragging the dresser in front of the door, but he wasn't sure if he could move it or if moving it would attract too much attention from whatever might be going on downstairs.

He shut the door and leaned into it, checking the doorknob to see if there was a way to lock it. There was a keyhole, but no key.

Of course.

Goldie pressed his whole weight against the door, panting as he listened and tried to make out any sign of what might be happening now.

Nothing.

He heard a car door shut, and his head snapped to the single window in the room. It was covered in cardboard, and he hurried over to peel it back so he could see outside. The glass was dirty, but the snowy yard provided contrast to see a large dark-colored sedan parked in the driveway and five men getting out.

Fuck.

He saw one that might have been Lionel though it was hard to be sure, and he assumed the rest were more of his goons like Jack and Lin.

Shit. Had it really been long enough for Lionel and whoever to go to the gym and already come back?

Wait, weren't they supposed to call first? Wasn't that the plan? Lionel was going to call Jack and Lin to tell them what kind of death Goldie and Day were supposed to be receiving?

Goldie never heard a phone go off or Jack and Lin say anything about a call.

Something else must have happened, but Goldie had no idea what.

He watched the men vanish around the corner of the house and out of his sight, and he quickly returned to his post by the door. He held his breath, his heart pounding in the back of his throat and trying to launch itself out over his tongue.

This was stupid.

He shouldn't be hiding up here like a fucking coward. There was another gun down there. He could have grabbed it and helped Day. He could have—

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Three gunshots rang out in quick succession, and Goldie cringed as a barrage of gunfire replied. He couldn't even tell how many guns were going off, and there was a man screaming in pain.

A loud crash shook the entire house—maybe the bookcase being turned over?—and Goldie now heard rapid footsteps zooming up the stairs. He braced himself to open the door in case it was Day needing his help, but the footsteps ran right by him. He kneeled to peek through the keyhole.

A man in a big coat was racing by, and Goldie could see a gun in his hand.

Shit, shit, shit.

Should Goldie do something?

Try to get his attention?

There was no need.

Day dropped down from the *ceiling*, and the man went to the floor with Day on top of him. There was a brief struggle as the man tried to buck Day off of him, but Day got his arm around the man's throat. He hit him—no, he *stabbed* him with a big jagged piece of wood or something. It was over too quickly for Goldie to tell what it was, and the spray of blood made his stomach clench uncomfortably.

Day dropped the weapon and stood up from the body, cocking his head as if listening to something.

Probably his dead father, what else?

Goldie stood and backed away from the door when he saw Day approaching. He swung it open, immediately gathering Day into a tight hug. “Oh, baby. Fuck. Are you okay?”

Day hugged him back, burying his face into his chest. He squeezed hard, sighing tiredly as he gave a little nod.

“Is it over?” Goldie asked worriedly, patting Day down to make sure he was really okay and that the blood splattered all over him wasn't his.

Day nodded again, and he smiled up at Goldie. His smile grew into a sly grin, and he pulled Goldie into a hungry kiss.

Goldie was startled by the passion, but he eagerly returned it, kissing Day passionately.

He had been kidnapped, shot, and could have died a dozen times in just the last thirty minutes. He was grateful to be standing here with Day in his arms, both of them breathing, and wow, Goldie had never felt so lucky to be alive.

Day's kisses were growing frantic, and his hands clawed through Goldie's tangled hair as he shoved his tongue into his mouth. He rolled his body forward, pressing his hard cock into Goldie's groin.

Goldie shuddered, surprised by the sudden surge of lust washing over him, and he grabbed Day's hips. "Hey, baby. Mmm, easy now. Come on. We gotta go."

Day pulled Goldie's hair harder, and he growled low, a needy and desperate sound.

"Baby, no, come on." Goldie tried to pull away.

Day yanked Goldie's hair and shoved him up against the door. He kissed him hard enough for their teeth to click together, and he pushed his hard dick into Goldie's hip.

"F-fuck!" Goldie gasped, and he grabbed a firm handful of Day's ass as he rutted into him so forcefully. His own cock was growing hard from the friction, and he had an entire galaxy of insane emotions trying to swallow him up right now. The easiest one to focus on was desire, and he moaned as Day continued to rub their cocks together.

Day continued to kiss him like he was trying to devour him whole, and he sacrificed part of his grip on Goldie's hair to reach for Goldie's cock. He slid his hand inside his sweats, and he grabbed a hold of him and squeezed.

Bucking in Day's hand, Goldie groaned. "Yes, baby... yes, baby. I'm yours. I'm all fuckin' yours."

The freezing cold was but an afterthought now as Goldie's insides cranked up to boiling temperatures from Day's firm strokes. Day broke their kiss to ravage Goldie's throat, biting and sucking under his jaw as he jerked him off.

Goldie closed his eyes, and he dragged his hands under Day's shirt to grope his bare skin. He checked every inch, looking for the slightest indication of any injury. He needed to know that Day was truly unharmed, and he hugged him tight against his chest. "Oh, baby. Fuck, I was so scared. I was so fucking scared. I thought we were gonna fuckin' die. I thought I was gonna lose you."

Day licked the bite mark he'd just left on Goldie's throat, and he leaned in to whisper at Goldie's ear, "As God said to Jacob, do not fear for I am with you. Do not be dismayed for I am your God. I will strengthen you. I will help you. I will

uphold you with my righteous right hand.” He squeezed Goldie’s cock for emphasis.

“Thank you,” Goldie murmured breathlessly. “Thank you. For everything. Everything, baby.”

Day kissed Goldie’s neck, and he grabbed Goldie’s hip, urging him to turn around and face the door.

Goldie went willingly, and he grabbed the top of the doorframe to brace himself. He gasped as Day pulled his sweats down and exposed his ass to the cool air. Goldie’s mind reeled as he wondered what Day was going to do to him. The smell of blood was weirdly exciting as Day pressed up against him, and he grunted when Day’s cock slid between his legs.

Day pushed Goldie’s thighs together and thrust forward, his cock slick with spit. He pressed his forehead into the middle of Goldie’s back, groaning low and digging his fingers into Goldie’s hips.

“Oh, God... Day...” Goldie loved the friction of Day’s cock rubbing against his hole, and he squeezed his thighs together to increase the pressure. He heard Day groan appreciatively, and he rocked back to meet his thrusts.

The head of Day’s dick thrust against his balls, and Goldie reached down to rub it. He teased his fingers over the slit as Day pushed forward, and he massaged his balls when Day pulled back. He fondled each one, pulling on them just to feel the delicious pressure, and he arched into Day’s thrusts. “God, come on, stick your finger in me. Please, put your finger in my ass.”

Day growled low, and then Goldie heard him noisily sucking his fingers into his mouth.

“Yes, baby. Come on, come on,” Goldie pleaded as he shoved his ass back. He took a deep breath when Day’s finger probed between his cheeks. “Yes, there, come on. Yes, baby. Give it to me.”

Day pushed his finger in, thrusting in time with his cock, and he bit down on Goldie’s back, gasping desperately.

The spit only allowed Day to go so deep and it burned, a sharp contrast to the sweet glide of his cock between Goldie's thighs. The flashes of sensation accentuated the friction, and Goldie's cock was leaking where it rested against the door. Goldie tilted his body forward to chase the pressure, rubbing his dick into the unyielding surface to pursue his climax.

It was going to be quick.

He was wound up tight from the countless crashes of adrenaline, and everything Day was doing was checking every single box to guarantee a fast climax.

The burn of his thrusting finger, the slick slide of his cock grinding between his thighs, and the harsh drag of his teeth over Goldie's flesh.

Fuck, he was getting so close.

He was gonna bust all over this door—

Day stopped.

“Huh?” Goldie grunted, surprised and equally frustrated as Day withdrew his finger and stepped back. “Hey! Baby, what's wrong? What is it?”

Day's mouth was open as he panted, clearly struggling to catch his breath, and he shook his head. He pulled his shirt off as if he was about to wipe the blood off his face with it, but he stopped when he realized it was the Goldilocks shirt he liked. Even though it was clearly stained, he rubbed his face in the crook of his arm instead. Much of the blood was dried, and it crackled off like flakes of paint.

“Baby, are you okay?” Goldie asked again.

Day stared at his shirt for a long moment before dropping it on the floor. His face still had splotches of blood, and there was more on his chest that had seeped through the shirt. He seemed dazed, but he smiled as he sat on the bed, the mattress squeaking a bit from his weight.

“Seriously?” Goldie grabbed his dick and squeezed hard, making himself grunt. His balls thudded in complaint from being denied, and he frowned. “Hey, what is it, baby?”

Day spread his legs and pointed to the floor in front of him.

“Right now?”

Day pointed again, narrowing his eyes as his smile curled into one most wicked.

“Yeah, you want me to suck you, baby?” Goldie licked his lips as he pulled up his sweats so he could come kneel before Day. He slid his hands over his thighs, and he grabbed the hem of his underwear to pull them down. He ignored the blood even as the heavy iron scent invaded his nose. He buried his face in Day’s crotch to breathe him in instead, and he moaned quietly.

Day petted Goldie’s hair with quick, frantic strokes, eagerly pushing his cock up into Goldie’s mouth.

Goldie opened wide to take him in, and he sucked hard, bobbing his head quickly. He wanted to come, but he wanted to be good more. He wanted to be a good boy for Day, and he knew he would be rewarded.

All he had to do was listen and obey.

He took Day’s cock deep into his mouth, slamming the head into the back of his throat with a lusty growl. He grabbed Day’s thighs to urge him to rock upwards, and he sucked hard, his eyes stinging as he nearly choked.

Day groaned hoarsely as he tightened his fingers in Goldie’s hair, pushing him down on his dick as he fucked up into his mouth.

Goldie did choke then, and he had to hold his breath and swallow against his gag reflex. He was able to get a breath in through his nose, and he was ready again to take the brutal pace. He couldn’t stop thinking about the sound of the gun going off, the pain in his chest when it struck the medallion, and those fleeting moments when he was certain he was about to die.

Day.

He’d thought about Day.

Facing down death, his final thoughts were of a dazzling smile, big brown eyes, and laughter that sounded like music.

With a cry dangerously close to a whimper, Goldie opened his mouth as wide as he could to take Day's merciless thrusts deeper. He wanted to be as close as he could to Day. He had to taste him, inhale his very essence, and he clawed at Day's thighs, trying to gain as much bodily contact as possible.

The tears clouding his eyes were from more than testing the boundaries of what his throat could handle, but also from the rising swell of emotions that soon became suffocating. His chest was tight, his face was flushed, and his pulse was pounding in his ears like a drum until his entire body was trembling in the same thunderous rhythm.

He'd never needed anyone like he did Day.

The struggle to not burst into a violent sob while in the midst of such an intimate act was becoming a losing battle, and he had to pull off with a miserable gasp. "Oh, Day. God. I'm sorry. I just need... Oh, baby—"

Day frowned in concern, but his eyes cut to the door when footsteps came thumping up the stairs.

Goldie's heart stopped. "Day, is that—"

The door burst open, and it was a bearded man with a gun. He was bloody, certainly wounded, but very much alive.

Judging by how annoyed Day looked, alive was not his intended state.

"Dead! You're fuckin' dead!" the man roared as he rushed them, aiming his gun right at Day's face.

Goldie moved to intercept him and defend Day, but Day snatched Goldie by the iron grip he had in his hair and forced him to stay as he was on his knees.

The man tripped.

The bloody shirt Day had left on the floor was enough to catch the man's foot, and he fell forward with a startled cry. He dropped the gun, the weapon sliding across the floor, and he caught himself on the foot of the bed with both hands.

Day grabbed the man by the back of his head and slammed his face into the metal frame of the footboard.

The *clang* was loud enough to ring in Goldie's ears, and he watched in horror as Day continued to pound the man's face into the railing. After a few firm bashes, Goldie couldn't even make out the man's nose or mouth because of all the blood.

And Day wasn't stopping.

His eyes still focused on the struggling man, Day pushed Goldie back on his dick.

“What? W-wait, baby—” Goldie tried to protest, but he couldn't argue with Day's hard cock sliding into his mouth. He could have pulled away. He could have told Day to stop. He didn't have to do this.

But he wanted to.

He moaned helplessly as Day fucked his throat once more, now in the same devastating rhythm in which he was beating the man's head against the footboard. Being under Day's control allowed Goldie to do anything he wanted without having to shoulder the full weight of its shame. He could tell himself he was only doing this because Day was forcing him to. He had no choice, and he had to suck him.

Goldie could circumvent the guilt of this heinous situation by blaming Day, but he knew his own desire was just as responsible. He wanted to suck Day off while he beat the shit out of that man because it thrilled him knowing how powerful Day was.

Day was dangerous, strong, beautiful...

And he belonged to Goldie and him alone.

The man gurgled something, but Goldie couldn't understand him.

Day patted Goldie's hair and then moved his hand away.

Goldie had closed his eyes, but he opened them now.

He couldn't explain why, but he had to see. He had to know what was happening.

Day was untying the crucifix from the railing while the man cried weakly. Day forced the man to tilt his head back, and he raised the crucifix up into the air—

Don't look, don't look, you stupid bastard, don't look!

Goldie squeezed his eyes shut, but it was impossible to escape the man's agonized scream of pain and the wet squelch of the crucifix repeatedly passing into soft tissue. There was a heavy thump followed by silence. Only then was Goldie brave enough to open his eyes again.

The man was on the floor, and he was not moving. Goldie couldn't see what Day had done with the crucifix, and maybe it was better that he didn't in spite of his perverse curiosity.

The crucifix was still in Day's hand, dripping with blood, and Day's face was flushed. He turned his attention to Goldie, reaching for him with his other hand. He petted his hair, nodding urgently as he thrust faster.

Christ, Day was about to come moments after killing a man.

Goldie's guts clenched in shame, his own dick throbbing, and he sucked Day's cock until his cheeks were aching. He watched Day's chest rise and fall quickly, and he saw the muscles of his lean stomach tense as he got ready to blow.

"Mmm... mm... oh, angel!" Day whispered brokenly, letting out a quick shout as his hips jerked forward.

Goldie was ready for a hot splash of come, but nothing came. Day's hips stalled out and went still. Goldie's eyes flicked up to Day's face, grunting in confusion. He didn't understand why Day was stopping when he'd clearly been ready to bust.

Day shook his head, and he tugged on Goldie's hair, urging him up.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Goldie asked, licking his lips and wiping off his mouth. "Why didn't you finish?"

Day wiped his bloody hand off on the side of the bed, and he stretched over to reach beneath the mattress. He pulled out

a tube of KY Jelly that had been hidden there, and he smirked.

“Are you fucking serious?” Goldie actually laughed.

Day stretched out on his back, scooting up until his head hit the pillow. He slid off his underwear, naked now except for his socks. “And God said, I shall provide a mount for you, a steed sired by a royal stud, and you will ride him into paradise.” He ran the tip of his tongue seductively over his top lip, his eyes dark. “You will ride him into paradise forever.”

“Fuck, baby. Yes. Yes, sir.” Goldie obediently crawled into bed with Day, and the bed squeaked louder from his added weight. His arms and legs were shaking as he shuffled out of his sweats. He didn’t know if it was still the residual clutches of adrenaline, but he couldn’t stop trembling. He gasped as Day impatiently grabbed him and pulled him right on top.

Day’s fingers greedily clawed at Goldie’s inner thigh, and he untwisted the top of the lubricant with his teeth. He spat it out onto the floor and then squeezed a big dollop to slick up his cock with. He slapped his hand against Goldie’s hole, massaging the excess lube there as he slipped a finger in.

“Ah, God. Yes. Yes, please.” Goldie whimpered as Day’s finger thrust, trying to get into position. He was so much bigger than Day, and he didn’t know where to put his hands. He was afraid of being too heavy, and he hesitated to straddle Day’s hips properly. He pushed down against Day’s hand, but he didn’t sit back any farther.

Day’s brow scrunched, perhaps trying to work out the source of Goldie’s discomfort. He guided his cock up to Goldie’s hole, pushing in until the head was seated, and then he grabbed Goldie’s hips.

Goldie threw his head back, whipping his hair out of his face as he tried to ease himself lower. He groaned, rocking up and down in short bursts to work himself open on Day’s cock. He reached out to brace one of his hands on the wall beside him, the other hanging at his side. “Oh, baby... God, you feel so fuckin’ good like this.”

Day rubbed Goldie's flanks soothingly, urging him to keep going.

Goldie cried out as another thick inch pushed inside of him, and fuck, it was happening so fast. He didn't want to hurt himself, but he needed Day's dick. He needed to be full, he needed the intense friction, and he needed Day to fuck him so badly that he was going to lose his mind if he didn't get it.

Day reached for Goldie's hands, urging him to rest them on his chest and come closer.

"Baby, are you sure?" Goldie hesitated. His self-conscious feelings about his body were sharp enough to cut right through his lustful cravings, and he frowned as his hands splayed across Day's chest. They appeared comically huge on Day's lean chest, and he felt so small beneath Goldie, as if he might break. He winced as he was confronted with a lifetime of doubts crippling his desire.

They were born from the barrage of expectations consistently impressed upon him due to his size, and the irony of how crushing they were was not lost on Goldie. He'd come so far under Day's sensual commands, and he hated how quickly they returned to shackle him. Especially right now, when Day was an erotic vision of beautiful horror covered in blood from saving their lives yet again by killing five men.

No, seven.

If he counted the others, what was that? Nine?

Fuck!

Goldie's emotions were in far too fragile a state to handle the unexpected turmoil, and he felt ridiculous, now convinced that he was crushing Day. He needed to move and change their positions immediately—

"And God said to my angel, I shall provide a mount for you!" Day surged upward, forcing Goldie down on his cock and bending his knees for leverage. He grabbed Goldie's shoulders to keep him in place, slamming up into him as he continued to growl in low, husky tones. "A steed sired by a

royal stud to ride into paradise. When God gives you a mount, my angel, you *fucking ride it.*”

“Fuck!” Goldie cried helplessly as Day bounced him on his dick, twitching from the deep thrusts. His hole ached from the sudden penetration, the discomfort easing as his body opened up around Day’s cock. He clawed at Day’s chest as he chanted, “Yes, baby, fuck, yes, I’ll ride it, I’ll ride it, fuck, *yes!*”

He rolled his hips forward and saw fireworks, groaning as the added movement created a wealth of blissful sensation. He closed his eyes, letting himself just fucking *feel*, and he sat fully on Day’s dick and started grinding relentlessly. His hole was wonderfully full, his skin blistering hot, and Day was staring at him with the same transcendent beauty as that damn painting of Saint Sebastian, caught somewhere between euphoria and madness.

It was humbling to be the object of such devotion, and Goldie’s heart stumbled over itself in a barrage of flutters.

Day was either the most fortunate insane person or he might very well be blessed by God Himself, and he had chosen Goldie to be his. Strangely, Goldie felt small now, pitifully ordinary in comparison, and he had no idea what he’d done to deserve being the one voice in the world that Day could hear.

But fuck it. He’d take it.

Goldie kissed Day hard, nicking his tongue on Day’s teeth as he licked into his mouth. He used his larger size to his advantage now, dropping his hips down and taking control of the fierce rhythm.

Day’s eyes widened in surprise, but he seemed pleased, growling as he kissed Goldie back just as ferociously. He dug his nails into Goldie’s hips, wordlessly pleading for more.

“Yeah? You like that, baby?” Goldie pushed Day flat on his back, pinning him there with his hands on his chest as he rode his dick hard and fast. The bed’s squeaking rose to a frantic wail now, and Goldie fucked himself down on Day’s

cock with everything he had. “You like me ridin’ your dick like this? Fuck, feels so good. Fuck, you feel so fuckin’ good, baby!”

Day whined, arching his hips up to make the most of every slam. He greedily groped Goldie’s muscular thighs, squeezing them along the way before grabbing Goldie’s cock. He stroked him fast, locking eyes with Goldie and baring his teeth.

The primal appetite Goldie found when he looked at Day made him shudder, and he arched his back, using his entire body to power the roll of his hips. He fucked himself until it *hurt*, forcing himself right over the edge of pleasure and pain, and he shouted in delight as he felt the rumblings of his climax taking over.

Day’s hand was touching him just right and his cock was hitting every exquisite nerve inside of Goldie over and over until the sensations imploded into a spectacular orgasm.

Fuck, *yes*.

“Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!” Goldie chanted like a frantic prayer to the ceiling, his head dropping back as his hips jerked forward. He bounced between grinding on Day’s dick and thrusting into his hand, gasping for air. He’d come so hard that the very oxygen from his lungs felt like it had been knocked out of him, and he dug his fingers into Day’s chest with a low groan. “Ah, yes... yes, baby. Fuck, yes.”

Day took back over, slamming up into Goldie like a machine. He clawed at his hips, grunting and growling as he fucked him hard. It was almost too much, and Goldie was grateful that Day came fast so overstimulation didn’t steal any of his afterglow away. Goldie sighed as he felt Day’s come filling him and he lazily rocked his hips to guide Day through the final pulses of his climax.

“Wow.” Goldie grinned. “I’m sorry, baby, but *goddamn* that was good.”

Day rolled his eyes and spanked Goldie’s ass hard.

“Ow!” Goldie yelped.

Day smirked, and he beckoned Goldie down for a sweet kiss.

Goldie smooched back with a little chuckle, his mind and body still reeling from the awesome sex. He wasn't quite sure what planet he was on, but fuck, it was incredible.

It was also very cold.

Now that they weren't actively engaged with one another, Goldie was keenly aware of the low temperature. Since he was sweaty now, it was even worse.

He shivered, asking, "So, uh, it's time we get the fuck out of here, right?"

Day glanced down between their bodies as if he seriously had to think about it.

"Day!" Goldie scolded.

Day huffed, and he nodded.

With a grunt, Goldie eased his way off of Day's lap.

Day sat up and stripped the pillow, offering the pillowcase out to Goldie.

"Ah, such a gentleman." Goldie wiped himself down and then handed it back for Day to clean up with.

Day did so and then put his underwear back on. He grabbed the Goldilocks shirt and yanked it over his head despite the blood, though he visibly cringed. It was probably cold.

Goldie pulled his sweats back on and winced as his back suddenly seemed to remember that it was in fact still injured and he'd just put it through some carnal hell. "Time to go home?"

Day rubbed Goldie's shoulder, frowning in concern.

"I'm okay." Goldie smiled warmly. "Look, if you feel that bad about it, you can give me a back rub later."

Day beamed.

Goldie reached for Day's hand, and he gave it a little squeeze. He touched the medallion around his neck, tracing where the bullet was still stuck. He blinked in surprise as it suddenly came loose and clinked onto the floor. He made the mistake of watching where it went, grimacing as it rolled over toward the body at the foot of the bed. "Right, so..."

Day blinked expectantly.

"What exactly are we planning to do about him? And, well, all the others?"

Day shrugged.

"That's it? Just what? Meh?"

Day gestured toward the ceiling.

"What?" Goldie frowned. "What does that mean? You're trusting in God? Your father? Both?"

Day smiled and nodded.

"Well, fuck." Goldie sighed. "I guess it got us this far. I mean, what the fuck could possibly happen—"

There was a crash downstairs, and a male voice shouted something.

"Why did I ask?" Goldie complained to the ceiling. "Why?"

Day rose from the bed, taking a defensive position in front of Goldie. He snatched the bloody crucifix from the bed. He held it out, his muscles tensed and ready for anything.

Goldie stood, quickly scrambling for a weapon. Desperate, he pulled one of the drawers out from the dresser. After dumping out some old papers and a torn pair of shorts, he held the drawer up high, prepared to crack it over whoever's head came through that bedroom door.

Footsteps cautiously ascended the stairs, and the voice called again, "Hey! Police! Is anyone up here? Show yourself! Now!"

Goldie knew that voice...

Day leaned forward, turning the knob, and slowly opened the door so he could peek through. When he saw who it was, he opened the door the rest of the way.

Standing on the other side with wide eyes and weapon drawn was Detective Alvarez.

“Detective?” Goldie sputtered.

“You two?” Alvarez spat. “Really?” He sighed, returning his gun to its holster and then pinching the bridge of his nose. “Oh, this should be good. Okay. Go ahead. Please explain to me why there are at least half a dozen dead men scattered all over this house? At least three were shot, one was *crushed*, another was beaten with some kind of damn hammer, and oh! Let’s not forget there’s a rotten corpse that looks like it’s been dead for a million years and is missing a fucking arm?”

“An arm?” Goldie glanced at Day.

Day made a stabbing motion with his hand and pointed at the body behind Alvarez.

Goldie then realized what he’d seen Day stab that man with was not a piece of wood.

“Well?” Alvarez prompted.

“So, uh.” Goldie cleared his throat. “How much time do you have exactly?”

GOLDIE



They told Detective Alvarez the truth.

Well, more or less.

Day took responsibility for the money and explained he'd donated it without Goldie's knowledge. Evan at the rescue was so flustered over meeting the great wrestler Goldilocks that he'd said the money came from him and not Day because it made for such a good story to tell people that a famous athlete had made such a kind donation.

The rest of their story was more in line with the truth—getting attacked at the apartment, being brought here to Day's house, and having their lives threatened by Lionel and his goons over the money. They left out the part about Day making up with his dead father and simply said Day managed to get out of the ropes and fought back.

Alvarez had a hard time believing that Day was solely responsible for the carnage that left seven men dead, and he was particularly distressed about the corpse.

Day explained that his father's final wish was to stay at home after he passed, and they hadn't had the money for funeral services anyway, so letting him stay in bed where he'd died seemed like the best plan.

Alvarez did not agree.

Emergency services came to provide first aid and clothing, and Goldie had never been so happy to see a pair of yellow hospital socks with the little grippy bits on the bottom. Goldie

was uninjured, and Day had refused treatment, though he also took a pair of socks and a set of scrubs since their clothing now had to be taken as evidence.

Day was not happy about losing the Goldilocks shirt, and Goldie promised to get him another.

They spent what felt like hours sitting in the back of Alvarez's car in their matching scrubs and socks while forensics and the medical examiner's team cleared out the bodies from the house, including Day's father. Day was upset to see him moved, and Goldie did his best to comfort him. Though Alvarez was clearly not a fan of either of them, he did reassure Day that he would be able to make the decision for his father's final disposition.

He also cleared up a few lingering questions, like how he'd ended up at Day's house when he did.

There was a critical cellular network error that disrupted cell phone service in the city for twenty-seven minutes. Those vital minutes spurred Lionel to return early and in force when he wasn't able to get a hold of Jack or Lin. Goldie assumed Lionel had tried calling them for some reason before he'd reached the gym. That explained why he showed up with as many men as he did.

Alvarez received Goldie's texts that morning about the men in the parking lot, and he'd thought one of them could be Jack Willoughby, a recent parolee and known associate of Michael Parker's. On a hunch, he had decided to visit Jack.

Jack lived with his mother, whose home just happened to be two houses down from Day's.

The neighbors had heard the gunfire, but they weren't able to get through to emergency services because of the cell phone service being out. When they finally did and the call to law enforcement to respond went out, Detective Alvarez was the first one on scene because he was already in the neighborhood, having just arrived at Jack's mother's house.

Goldie's mind was boggled as the many pieces of the puzzle clicked into place, and he was left with more questions

of his own.

Did this mean that Day was actually blessed by God with some Old Testament-type mission to dispatch sinners to hell?

Or was he still just that damn lucky?

Day had dozed off with his hands over his ears, burying his face in Goldie's lap while they waited for Alvarez to finish up. They'd already given statements, gone through their stories multiple times, and Goldie was hoping they could go home soon. He was worried that they might be charged with something, though he didn't have any idea what.

Murder? Accessory to murder?

The driver's side door opened, and Alvarez got in. He sighed, turning to glance back at Goldie and Day. When he saw Day was sleeping, he lowered his voice to say, "Swallow any horseshoes lately?"

"What?"

"Eat a bunch of four-leaf clovers?"

Goldie snorted, waiting for Alvarez to get to the point.

"Well, you must have done something, because you two are the luckiest assholes on the planet." Alvarez scoffed. "Just got off the phone with the district attorney's office. No charges. Not even obstruction for tampering with evidence by donating it all to some dog pound."

Goldie bit his tongue, resisting the urge to correct him.

"As long as the autopsy on Day's father comes back with natural causes, which I'm just going to assume that it will, there's nothing except Mr. Hanley here is getting smacked with a misdemeanor for failure to disclose his father's death."

"That's... it?"

"Yeah, it's a damn fine." Alvarez turned around to take the wheel. "You guys got some sort of guardian angel watching over you, that's for damn sure."

"Yeah. I guess so." Goldie petted Day's curly hair, and he smiled.

Guardian angel, spirit of Day's dead father.

Potayto, potahto.

"Some of it is political, you know," Alvarez said. "The mayor doesn't want everybody hearing about your little friend there slaughtering a whole house of people, even if they all were career assholes. Might send the wrong impression, encourage vigilantes, all that. Like with that teacher they found all cut up."

"Over at the grocery store?" Goldie frowned.

"Oh yeah. That's him."

"I thought it was just a random attack?"

"With all the nasty crap they found on his computer, probably not so random," Alvarez replied. "They started interviewing parents of the kids at the school he taught at."

"Looking for victims?"

"Suspects."

Goldie frowned. "That doesn't feel right. Shouldn't it be more important to figure out who he hurt? Try to get them help?"

"Justice still must be carried out, Mr. Nash. A man was murdered." Alvarez didn't sound like he meant it. He sounded tired. "We can't run around killing people we think are bad. That kinda thinking undermines the entire justice system. No, it's not perfect. Yes, it's a fucking mess at times. But without it, we'd just have more chaos."

"Who are you trying to convince over there, Detective?" Goldie smirked wryly. "Me or you?"

"To be honest, I don't even know anymore." Alvarez sighed. "Guess it's all up to God in the end, right? Or something like that."

"Something like that," Goldie agreed.

The remainder of the ride to Goldie's apartment was quiet, and Goldie was glad for it. He didn't feel like talking much.

He was eager to get home and make sure the cats were all right.

Alvarez had assured him and Day that the officers who were sent over to investigate Goldie's apartment—no doubt looking for evidence to corroborate their kidnapping story—had eyes on both cats before they left. They'd locked up too using the landlord's copy of the key, and they would leave it on top of the doorframe so Goldie and Day could get inside.

Goldie would have carried Day inside if he could have, but those days were years behind him now. He settled for wrapping his arm around Day's shoulders, keeping him close while they waited for the elevator. He didn't think either of them were in the mood to mess with the stairs. The elevator finally came, they went up, and Goldie frowned at the yellow crime scene tape that had been left plastered over the front of his door.

"Really?" he scoffed.

Day shrugged, and he tore it off.

"God, I hope none of the neighbors saw this," Goldie mumbled. He reached up to grab the key hidden on top of the doorframe. It was right there like Alvarez said it would be, and he opened the door so he and Day could hurry inside.

Jack and Lin must have picked the lock because the door was intact other than the chain being cut. That would explain why Goldie didn't hear anything when they broke in.

He swore he was going to put in a damn moat next.

He didn't know how that would work in his apartment hallway, but fuck, he was going to do something to make sure no one ever broke in here. He shut the door behind them, locked it, and then took in the state of the apartment with a grimace.

It was an absolute disaster.

The kitchen appeared to have exploded outward, the makings of breakfast strewn across the counters and the floor. The frying pan was on the living room floor with a single shred of raw bacon remaining, and the knife block was tipped

over. There was blood on the linoleum in the kitchen, and Goldie's stomach tightened.

He felt sick.

His home had been violated by criminals, and he didn't know where to start cleaning. The mess seemed overwhelming, and Goldie was struck by a surge of helplessness. He was drowning and lost, and the terrible events of the day were repeating in the forefront of his mind like a video on loop, and he couldn't—

Twinkle and Purracy both came running up, their tails high in greeting, meowing frantically.

Seeing them broke Goldie out of his stupor, and he kneeled to scoop Purracy up into his arms. "Aw, my little princess! There you are!"

Day plopped on his butt, dragging little Twinkle into a big hug and grinning as he started to purr. He petted Twinkle and kissed the top of his head, sighing happily.

Purracy allowed the snuggles, and she even purred, headbutting Goldie's jaw.

"I'm so glad you guys are okay." Goldie reached over to give Twinkle some love too. "We're having steaks tonight. I'll even make little kitty-sized steaks for you two."

Purracy was done being held, and she wiggled out of Goldie's arm with a swish of her tail. She continued to dance around in front of him for pets, and Goldie ended up sitting on the floor beside Day.

Day leaned his head over on Goldie's shoulder, and he smiled.

"Good to be home, huh?" Goldie asked.

Day nodded.

"So." Goldie scratched behind Purracy's ears. "I guess this means you're back to not talking unless it's that, uh, scripture stuff?"

Day nodded again, and he frowned, mouthing, "I'm sorry."

“It’s okay. We’ll figure it out. I know we talked about getting you a whiteboard or something to write on, but I think I’m just gonna get you a phone. Hell.” Goldie grunted, stretching out his legs. “I was supposed to get one yesterday when I got off work. I was gonna stop by the store, get a phone, maybe even a laptop.”

Day quirked his brows in question.

“For you,” Goldie said. “Thought maybe you’d use it for... stuff.”

Day stared expectantly.

“Well, I thought you’d maybe wanna go back to school. There’s all sorts of high school diploma programs, GED’s, and then college too. Hell, you can even do therapy online now that I think about it.”

Day actually seemed excited by the idea, and he nodded eagerly.

“Yeah?” Goldie smiled. “You think you’d wanna do that?”

Day nodded.

“Good.” Goldie kissed his forehead. “I like that. Thinking about helping you. Thinking about the future.” He bumped their shoulders together. “Maybe with a tiny bit less killing people? How about it, murder muffin?”

Day shook his head. He mouthed something, but Goldie wasn’t sure he caught it.

“Mission? The mission?” Goldie confirmed.

Day nodded again, and he pressed his cheek into Twinkle’s scraggly fur.

“I know.” Goldie frowned. “I know you... have to do that. Or whatever. I still think there are other ways to help, but... I’m also starting to think maybe you really are meant to do this.” He laughed. “I feel kinda crazy saying it out loud, but I cannot explain how else you do any of the stuff I’ve seen you do. I mean, just *this* is insane enough.” He touched the medallion. “If I wasn’t wearing this, I’d be dead, wouldn’t I?”

Day shook his head, and he snuggled in close to Goldie's side. "God said to be strong and courageous," he said quietly. "Do not be afraid or terrified for God goes with you. He will never leave you nor forsake you." He glanced around as if to see if someone was listening, adding in a whisper, "And neither will I."

"Thank you, baby." Goldie wrapped his arm around Day's shoulders.

Day grimaced as if he'd been caught, maybe by the voice of his father scolding him for technically breaking his vow again. It was brief, so perhaps the unheard conversation went well.

For a second, Goldie thought he was starting to hear it too.

Maybe the crazy or whatever it was truly was contagious.

"Well." Goldie looked over at the mess in the kitchen and living room. "I guess I need to clean that shit up. Then a shower. Like, the longest, hottest fucking shower in the universe." He pressed a kiss into Day's hair. "How about Chinese for dinner?"

Day grinned, and he nodded. He pointed at Goldie and then to the bathroom. He shoed him in that direction.

"What?" Goldie frowned. "I gotta clean up—"

Day lightly patted Goldie's arm and shook his head. He pointed at himself and then to the mess, making a waving motion with his hand.

"Baby, no. You're not gonna clean all that up by yourself. Come on." Goldie grunted as he lumbered up to his feet. "At least let me help you—"

"And God said, submit to me," Day argued as he stood, glaring up at Goldie.

"Day, there's literally *blood* on the floor."

Cradling Twinkle underneath his chin with one hand, Day reached with the other to grab Goldie's jaw, saying firmly, "Submit to me, my husband. In *everything*."

That commanding tone made Goldie's knees buckle, and he shivered.

The urge to surrender was right there, enveloping him slowly like a warm blanket fresh from the dryer, and he sighed softly. The accompanying haze was familiar now, and Goldie found it comforting. He could sink right in, his thoughts would gloss over, and all that mattered was listening to Day.

He'd never known how much he *needed* this.

To surrender.

To succumb.

To *submit*.

Having now discovered its sweet hold, he knew he could never let it go.

Goldie took a deep breath, enjoying the slow descent and nodding. He closed his eyes as his muscles relaxed, and he nodded again. "Yes, sir."

Day smiled, and he stood tall for a kiss, murmuring, "My sweet angel."

Goldie headed to the bathroom, and he pulled off the scrubs and hospital socks. He stuffed them into the trash can. He never wanted to see those things again. He glanced in the mirror, and he touched the medallion of Saint Sebastian. It was disfigured from catching the bullet, but he could still make out part of the saint's face, his eyes blissfully gazing to heaven.

He could also see a smear of blood on his cheek, and there was some in his hair. He didn't want to find more, so he went on and stepped into shower before even getting the water turned on.

Goldie cringed from the icy cold blast of water, and he tried to step back while he waited for it to heat up. Once it was finally warm, he offered his back to the scalding spray.

He breathed in the steam clouding around him, and he stood there, soaking up the hot water. It felt good on his sore back, and he smirked a little when he remembered exactly how

he had gotten so worn out—namely, riding Day’s cock in the squeakiest bed in the universe.

Right next to the corpse of a man Day had murdered.

Christ.

He should have been disgusted with himself, but the memory got him hot. He’d never known anyone like Day, and he wondered if he truly was a blessed agent of the Lord’s wrath, an avenging angel in the body of a beautiful man placed here on Earth to serve as an instrument of His fury.

Or, still quite possibly, Day was insane and very, very lucky.

Even with everything Goldie had seen, he didn’t know what to believe.

But he did feel safe.

And he was happy.

That was good enough.

Goldie didn’t move for a long time, content to let the hot water beat on his tender muscles. He knew he needed to actually wash himself, but he was suddenly overcome with exhaustion. If he hadn’t been worried about slipping, he would have sat down on the shower floor.

He heard the bathroom door open, and he tensed.

Day cleared his throat.

Goldie relaxed.

Day poked his head in around the curtain, and he smiled as he openly admired Goldie’s naked body. He was naked too, and he stepped into the shower to join him. He slid his hands over Goldie’s broad chest, tracing a circle around the medallion before cupping Goldie’s cheeks. He smiled again, and he kissed Goldie.

There was no real urgency to the kiss, and it was soft and slow.

Goldie held Day close, loving how cool his skin felt against his own, hot from the steamy spray of the shower. He rubbed Day's back and bowed his head, pressing his forehead against Day's. He was happy just to hold him and feel Day's strong arms wrap around his neck, and the rest of the world vanished away as he let himself melt in Day's embrace.

Day eventually parted to grab the soap and shampoo, and he bathed Goldie from head to toe. He kneeled to scrub Goldie's feet, and he chastely kissed Goldie's thighs and hips. He rose, washing as he went, sliding his fingers around Goldie's cock and between his legs. It didn't feel sexual, just intimate, and Day moved on to bathe the rest of Goldie's torso.

He had Goldie raise his arms so he could scrub his armpits, and he nuzzled his face there, placing little kisses along the underside of his bicep. He washed around Goldie's neck, and then he shampooed his long hair.

The attention was wonderful, and Goldie loved the warmth bubbling up inside of him. Day always touched him so reverently, as if he truly was beautiful and special. He groaned as Day scratched his fingers through his scalp while he rinsed out his hair, and he wrapped Day up in a big hug.

Day laughed, trying to wiggle out so he could finish, but Goldie wanted to hold him.

Goldie squeezed Day against his chest, resting his cheek against Day's curls, and refused to let go.

Day huffed as if deeply annoyed, but he hugged Goldie back, caressing the lines of his back with soft touches.

They stayed there until the water cooled, and Day quickly bathed and rinsed off before it got too cold. Goldie felt bad for having taken all the hot water, but Day assured him that it was fine with a sweet kiss.

They got out, Day helped Goldie dry off, and he got his medicine ready for him. He put on new lidocaine patches, brought him water to take the pills with, and then steered him into the bedroom to get him dressed.

Goldie smiled when Day gave him a pair of his wooly socks to wear with his pajama bottoms, and he suddenly remembered something. He told Day to wait before he picked out a shirt, and he went to his closet. There was a box full of old merchandise he'd been keeping for who the hell knew why—maybe for this exact moment—and he opened it up.

Inside, he found an old *Starax* T-shirt. It had the picture from the cover of the first film in a neon color scheme, and Day actually squeaked in delight when Goldie handed it to him.

For himself, Goldie opted for a plain white T-shirt that was a bit tight, but Day's lustful gaze told him it was a good choice.

Day wore the *Starax* T-shirt and borrowed a pair of Goldie's sweatpants. He had to get a pair that had a drawstring so he could tighten them, and Goldie resolved to make sleeping attire a priority for their next shopping trip.

Comfortable and warm, they headed out to the living room.

The apartment was spotless, and there was no sign that anyone had ever trespassed. Goldie could still smell the lemon cleaning spray Day had used, and it felt like home again.

Day got up to put a movie on, and it was no surprise when it was the first *Starax* movie.

Goldie eventually found his phone, but he had to put it on the charger in the bedroom because it was dead. He needed to text Florence as soon as possible. There was no way he was going to be able to record for the podcast tomorrow, and he didn't even know how to begin explaining what had happened.

He knew Alvarez or whoever would no doubt be in contact soon to deliver the details of Day's fine, though Goldie wasn't worried about it. Whatever it was, he'd help Day pay it, and they could move on.

He hadn't thought to ask Alvarez if they should be worried about any more criminal creeps showing up. Day had made a significant dent in their organization's membership, and

Goldie wasn't sure if they should be concerned about retaliation.

Then again, maybe they'd be too afraid.

Day had pretty much slaughtered them.

Goldie shuddered.

Clearly having sensed Goldie's growing discomfort, Day urged Goldie to stretch out on the couch. He left for a moment, returning with a hairbrush from the bathroom. He sat with Goldie's head in his lap, and he slowly brushed out his hair.

Goldie had been wearing it down more since he'd met Day. He enjoyed how Day always pulled and played with it, and having it brushed was heavenly. The heavy events of the day were weighing on him, and he was happy to slip back into his submissive fog to alleviate the pressure.

He rolled over to face away from the television, snuggling against Day's stomach and closing his eyes. Day kept brushing his hair, from root to scalp, gently guiding the bristles through his long tresses. It was so soothing, and Goldie sighed softly.

"Thank you, baby," he said. "For everything."

Day continued to brush Goldie's hair, and he traced his thumb over Goldie's bottom lip, dancing over the curl of his smile.

Goldie couldn't resist sucking the tip of Day's thumb into his mouth, and he chuckled when Day gasped. "Mm, sorry. I mean, you put it there." He peeked up at Day, grinning slyly.

Day raised one brow, and he glanced very purposefully down at his crotch. He then looked at Goldie, as if asking him a question.

"I dunno," Goldie replied, heat rising in his cheeks. "If you pull it out, yeah."

Day's eyes turned dark, and he bit his lower lip, shifting his hips.

"Go on," Goldie urged. "Let me suck on you for a little bit."

Day untied the drawstring of his pants very quickly.

Goldie grinned, and he tilted his head back, opening his mouth to accept Day's cock. He closed his eyes as the hot head slid over his lips, and he sucked softly. He didn't feel the need to suck with any real pressure, just enough to feel Day grow thick against his tongue, and he moaned quietly as Day started brushing his hair again.

He relished the slick texture of the head of Day's cock, and he rubbed his tongue over the velvety shaft. He suckled gently, enjoying the shivers of pleasure when the bristles of the brush glided over his scalp. Behind his ear was particularly sensitive, and he groaned whenever Day dragged the brush over there.

After a little while, Goldie's stomach rumbled loudly, and he pulled off Day's cock to say, "Mm, so, uh, dinner?"

Day smiled, and he nodded in agreement.

He brought Goldie his phone so he could order Chinese takeout to be delivered and then put on the next *Starax* movie. He rejoined Goldie on the couch and offered his cock to suck on some more until the food was delivered. They ate, and Goldie got so stuffed that he thought he might explode or pass out.

Maybe both.

Day took Goldie to bed and laid him down with a loving massage. It was dark now even though it wasn't that late, though Goldie had lost track of time after lying on the couch for so long. He'd expected that Day would want him to finish what he'd started with his mouth, but Day didn't seem too concerned.

"Don't you want me to...?" Goldie asked.

Day shook his head and smiled. "In peace you will lie down and sleep, and you will dwell in safety."

"So, that's a no?"

Day chuckled.

"Mmm. All right, baby." Goldie closed his eyes. He would have happily given Day anything he wanted, but perhaps it

was for the best that he went to sleep. He could barely keep his eyes open now, and Day's firm touch was so relaxing that Goldie had fallen asleep without even saying good night.

Goldie woke up with Day snuggled against his side, little Twinkle wedged between them, and Purracy on his pillow. He smiled, always glad to wake up like this. As he stretched his legs and tried to gently untangle himself from the cuddle pile, it suddenly hit him that he'd forgotten to text Florence and cancel doing the podcast with him tonight.

Well, shit.

He felt guilty for not supporting Florence more, even though he could be a pushy prick, but he knew he wasn't up to recording anything. He was sore, hurting from yesterday, and his hips were especially loud in their complaint as he tried to move.

Twinkle meowed loudly, and Purracy fussed too.

"Sorry, sorry," Goldie mumbled. "I gotta piss."

Day smiled sleepily. Perhaps he'd already been awake and just hadn't moved, but his eyes were open now.

"Good morning." Goldie paused to give him a quick kiss, and then continued on his mission to get out of bed. "Breakfast?"

Day nodded, and he stretched across the bed as soon as Goldie vacated it.

Goldie admired the sight of the young man sprawled across his sheets, and he went to the bathroom. Other than his body rebelling from yesterday's intense adventures, he wasn't feeling too bad. He was still tired, a little drained, but he was looking forward to a quiet day alone with Day.

Once Day was up, he got Goldie his medicine, changed out the lidocaine patches, and he went to the kitchen to make breakfast and feed the cats. Twinkle joined Purracy for the

morning yowl session. Goldie was fond of their little routine, and he enjoyed sitting on the couch while Day was determined to cook by himself.

Some of the bacon was a little black, but the eggs were delicious.

Goldie sent Florence a text canceling their podcast session along with several sincere apologies. He couldn't possibly explain everything that had happened in a text, but he swore to Florence that he would make it up to him soon. He promised to even do *two* podcasts if he wanted because he felt so badly about having to blow him off again.

Day wanted to watch a new movie, and he found the stack of *Lethal Weapon* VHS tapes in the TV cabinet. He held up the first one, showing it to Goldie with a questioning look.

"Excellent choice, baby." Goldie grinned. "Go on and put it in. Today can totally be a *Lethal Weapon* day."

Goldie lounged across the couch, Day put Goldie's legs in his lap along with a purring Twinkle, and they had a wonderfully lazy morning. After such an exciting time yesterday, it was nice to do a whole lot of nothing. It was almost like being in that wonderful submissive fog; he didn't have to think, he didn't have to worry about anything, and he could just enjoy his time with Day.

Day had brought his knitting with him to work on a new sweater for Twinkle, but he kept getting distracted by the movie. It didn't help that Twinkle was very fascinated with the yarn, and Day barely got three loops done.

Loops? Stitches?

Goldie wasn't sure exactly, but he was glad Day was enjoying the movie so much.

They'd just made it to the second film when there was a knock at the door.

Goldie grimaced.

His immediate gut reaction was not to open it.

“I know you’re in there!” Florence’s voice shouted. “Come on!”

“Motherfucker,” Goldie mumbled.

Day scowled.

“He’s probably pissed that I canceled the podcast.” Goldie sighed. “Let me talk to him. I’ll give him the *Cliffs Notes* version of what happened and then tell him to go, all right?”

Day nodded, and he gathered up his knitting and Twinkle.

“Going to the bedroom?”

Day nodded again.

Goldie swung his legs off Day so they could both get up, and he groaned as Florence banged on the door again. “One fuckin’ second! Asshole!”

Day scowled some more as he headed into the bedroom, shutting the door behind him in a huff.

Goldie peeked through the peephole to confirm it was Florence, and then he opened the door. “Hey, Flo. Look, I—”

“You asshole!” Florence shouted as he barged in. “How the fuck could you do this to me?” He shoved Goldie. “Leave me some bullshit whiney text message that you don’t feel up to doing the podcast now and then you don’t respond to any of my fucking messages? What the fuck?”

“Easy!” Goldie snapped. “Watch it, Flo.”

“No! Fuck you!” Florence growled. “After everything I’ve done, I literally ask you for one fucking thing—”

“You ask me for shit all the time!”

“—and you totally fucked me! I’m about to lose the podcast, you fucker! This was my last shot to stay on the air, and—”

“Whoa, whoa!” Goldie held up his hands. “Slow down. What do you mean, you’re losing the podcast?”

“Sponsors!” Florence replied angrily. “I’m losing all my sponsorships unless I can pull in more listeners! That’s why I

was counting on you to do the show for me! You're fucking hot right now, and I know I could lock down some sick ass advertising if I had you with me!"

"You should have told me the truth! Then I could have—"

"Could have what? Bitched out on me again?"

"Fuck you, Flo! I had a really fucking bad day!"

"Oh yeah, how fucking bad?"

"I got fucking shot, you stupid motherfucker!" Goldie pulled out the Saint Sebastian necklace from underneath his T-shirt to show him.

"What?" Florence scoffed. "Bullshit." He looked at the medallion, and he blinked in shock. "Wait, what? Are... are you fucking serious?"

"Yes!" Goldie wanted to strangle him. "Got into some shit after I roughed up this asshole who was messing with my neighbor. The guy they found in the dumpster? Him. He had friends. They busted up in here, took me and fuckin' Day—"

"Junior? Where's he at?"

"Don't worry about him, jackass. I'm trying to tell you—"

As if summoned by his name, Day came rushing out of the bedroom. He had his headphones on, and he was holding them onto his ears as if his life depended upon it. He was clearly distraught, nearly in tears, and he grabbed Goldie's arm. "Angel! Now!"

"Hey, what's wrong?" Goldie frowned.

"Now!"

"Look, one sec," Goldie said to Florence, letting Day drag him into the bedroom. He didn't want to be rude, and he tried to keep his voice even as he asked, "Hey, what's wrong, baby? I was sort of in the middle of something with Flo."

"Father, God, please forgive me!" Day inhaled sharply, fighting to speak through a sob as he shook Goldie's shoulders. "Listen to me! Please! I wasn't listening before, I

was trying *not* to listen, but now I can hear him clearly! It's so loud, and, and I heard everything! He's so fucking angry!"

"Who? Florence?" Goldie was alarmed to see a tear sliding down Day's cheek, and he gently wiped it away. "Hey, hey, easy. It's okay. He's pissed at me right now, but—"

"No, no, no!" Day cried. "Listen! The squishy match!"

"The *what*?" Goldie scoffed.

"Squishy...?" Day shook his head, and he cringed in obvious agony. "No! *Squash*! The squash match! The baseball bat! You were hit with a baseball bat! It had black stripes! I can *see* it!"

"How do you know that?" Goldie frowned, and dread was coiling up in his guts. "I never told you—"

"It was *him*!"

Goldie's blood turned to ice. "What?"

"It was Florence!" Day sobbed miserably. "He set it up! He wanted you gone!"

"What are you talking about, baby? Take a breath, please. Just calm down."

"I fucking can't!" Day's anguish morphed into a resolute rage, and he gritted his teeth furiously. "I have to kill him. You know that. I have to. I have to kill him before—"

"No, no, wait!" Goldie pleaded. "Even if that's true, that's not a reason to kill anyone!"

Florence was at the doorway, asking coldly, "Is there a problem here? What's Junior got his panties in a twist about?"

"Nothing, just hang on a damn second," Goldie replied quickly. He focused back on Day. "Baby, please, calm down. Take a few deep breaths for me—"

"Angel!" Day screamed, grabbing the sides of Goldie's face and shaking him. "He's here to fucking kill you!"

"Day! Whoa! Hey!" Goldie laughed because it was ridiculous. "Come on now, baby." He looked over at Florence,

certain he was going to see his old friend laughing too. “Do you hear this...?”

Florence wasn't laughing.

He was holding a gun.

“Well,” Florence said with a shrug, “what do you know? Junior's right.”

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GOLDIE



Goldie laughed again.

He couldn't help it.

Maybe it was because he'd had so many guns pointed at him here recently, but seeing one in Florence's hand was bizarrely surreal. He felt like he was having an out-of-body experience right now, and the only thing dragging him back to reality was the clench of Day's hand on his arm.

"What the fuck is so funny, huh?" Florence demanded.

"Put the gun down," Goldie said. "Come on, Flo. What are you doing?"

"About to get the story of the fucking century, that's what I'm about to do!" Florence barked. "Just imagine the headline. Depressed old fuckin' wrestler kills himself after murdering his boyfriend, their bodies tragically discovered by his best friend."

"That's a load of bullshit," Goldie snapped, panic setting in when he realized Florence was serious. "No one is ever gonna believe that. You're insane if you think you can get away with this."

Day took a step forward.

"Wait, wait!" Goldie grabbed Day's arm. "Hold your horses, murder muffin. I'm trying to talk to him." His eyes snapped to Florence. "Hey! Is it true? Did you set up that jobber to shoot on me? To hurt me for fuckin' real?"

Florence's eyes widened, and his grip on the gun trembled. "How did..."

Goldie's heart shattered, and he thought he was going to throw up. His eyes stung, and his emotions teetered between agony and absolute rage. He didn't want to believe it, but there was no denying the expression on Florence's face. It was the look of an arrogant man who didn't think he was ever going to get caught and was now stunned to be confronted with his crime.

"Holy fuck." Goldie hissed. "It is. You did it. You really did it." He didn't understand, and his stomach twisted violently. He had a million questions zooming through his mind, and the only one he could manage to get out was, "Why?"

"Why?" Florence spat. "Are you fucking kidding me? You are surrounded by an entire museum of your bullshit, and you don't understand why I was pissed?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You fucker!" Florence shook the gun at him. "The cereal! The action figures! The movies! All the fucking merchandise! You got everything I wanted, and we were supposed to be a fucking team!"

"You fucked my entire life up because I got more fucking merch deals than you?" Goldie was starting to feel a little murderous himself, and he had to fight to keep his temper in check. "Are you fucking serious?"

"The only reason you got any of that shit was because of me! You wouldn't be fucking shit without me, and you left me in the fucking dirt when you turned heel and joined the stupid Syndicate!" Florence raged. "My career was worthless! All they were using me for was a prop for your fucking story line."

"But we were going to get back together after that four-way!" Goldie argued. "Don't you remember? We were—"

"No!" Florence shook his head. "I talked to Pryor, that bitch. He was only gonna let us put the tag team back together

for one more season and then split us up. He wanted you to focus on your solo career, and I was gonna get shafted with some newbie piece of shit! I was never gonna see a main event ever again!”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Goldie demanded. “I could have talked to Pryor! I could have helped you!”

“You stupid son of a bitch.” Florence laughed sadly. “I *did* talk to you.”

“What?”

“We were at Clancy’s, that bar in Austin, and I told you what Pryor wanted to do—”

“Wait, wait, you tried talking to me about this serious shit while I was *drunk*?”

“Fuck you, you were always drunk! You were always into fucking something, sneaking around and crying, getting fucked up and trying to get some dick! It was the only time I could talk to you!” Florence groaned in frustration.

“I’m sorry, okay?” Goldie honestly didn’t remember being so unavailable, but this was also over a decade ago. “Can you please put the gun down so we can talk now?”

“No! Fuck you!” Florence shouted. “I tried talking to you in that damn bar, and you told me to quit my bitching and enjoy the ride! You told me nothing lasts forever and we should just be ready to fuckin’ move on!”

Goldie cringed because that did sound like his brand of melancholy bullshit.

“After everything we’d been through, you told me to move on. So, yeah, I paid some nothing jobber to bust your ass up.” Florence sneered with a disgust Goldie could hardly believe his jovial friend was capable of. “I wanted you out. I want you fucking gone, and I was gonna get what the fuck I deserved.”

“You should have tried talking to me again,” Goldie said firmly. “We could have tried to get through—”

“No, fuck you! You had to go!” Florence barked. “I was fuckin’ done with you! I gave you everything and you stabbed

me in the fucking back! You wouldn't stand by me when I needed you—”

“Dear God, can you please ask my angel if I can kill him now?” Day whispered, a bit impatiently. “My head hurts.”

“No!” Goldie wedged himself between Day and Florence.

“What the fuck is he talking about?” Florence scoffed. “You ain't doin' shit, Junior. This is my party.”

“That's right. It's your party.” Goldie held out his hands as if trying to calm a wild animal. “Nobody has to die here, Florence. Think about the podcast. You still want me to do it? I will. Fuck, you want me to be your co-host, I'll do that. Let me help you now, okay?”

“No, man.” Florence shook his head. “It's too late for all that. I... I tried to...” His brow furrowed, and he sighed haggardly. “This is it. This is the final story, okay? I was there for the birth of Goldilocks, and I'm gonna be here to watch you die.”

“Flo, don't do this. Please.” Goldie could see Day slowly creeping around him out of the corner of his eye. “No one has to die—”

Florence aimed.

Day pounced.

“No!” Goldie grabbed Day's arm.

Day grabbed the gun and pushed Florence's arm back. It went off, and the bullet shattered the window.

“Hey! Get the fuck off me!” Florence swung with his other hand, punching Day in the side of the head with his big fist.

Day's head snapped to the side, but he didn't let go. He wrenched the gun away, and he tried to turn it on Florence.

“Day, don't!” Goldie yanked Day's arm again, trying to push in between him and Florence.

Florence was on the attack, and he punched Day again while Day was distracted trying to break free of Goldie's grip.

“Fucking stop it!” Goldie slammed his elbow into Florence’s throat. “Don’t you fucking touch him!”

Choking, Florence stumbled back a few steps and hit the doorway. With nothing to catch him, he fell to the ground, gasping for air.

Day growled. “Angel, do not try to stop me.”

“Please, baby!” Goldie tried to grab the gun from Day’s hand. “We don’t have to do this.”

“I do not want to hurt you,” Day warned.

“Then don’t!” Goldie pleaded, finally wrenching the gun away from him. “Let’s just call the fucking cops! We can—”

“Angel, look out!”

Goldie turned too late to see Florence swinging—oh, for fuck’s sake—the damn Real Dill pickle award from the dresser right at his head. It caught his temple, and everything went black for a few moments. He dropped the gun, going to the floor as blood ran down the side of his face.

He heard Day roar, and then there was a loud crash.

Trying to get his eyes to focus, he saw Day with his hands around Florence’s throat after having slammed him into the wall by the door. Florence hooked his arms around Day’s chest and stepped forward, swinging his hip to toss Day off into the hallway.

Day went flying, landing with a heavy thump on the floor.

“No! Flo... fuck you, stop!” Goldie groaned as he struggled to get to his feet. The room spun, and he went down again. Blood ran into his eye, and he wiped it away clumsily. He couldn’t see what had happened to the gun, and his phone was back in the living room.

Someone had to have heard the shot.

Someone had to be calling the police.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck*.

He didn’t want anyone else to die.

Squinting against the blood, Goldie grunted and dragged himself up. He used the footboard of the bed to steady himself and tried to lurch forward. He could hear Day and Florence struggling out in the living room now because that was definitely the sound of the coffee table flipping over.

He didn't want Day to get hurt, but he didn't want Florence to die either. Traitorous prick and would-be murderer that he was, he had still been Goldie's friend for years.

It didn't have to end like this.

The room shifted, Goldie's head spun, and he went down again. He was on his hands and knees now, crawling through the doorway into the hall.

It was only a matter of time before Day killed him.

The two of them were wrestling back and forth, and Florence had Day on the defensive. Florence was trying to put Day into some kind of arm lock and get him on the ground, but Day was able to slip away. Day lunged forward to go for Florence's throat and got a brutal kick to his knee instead.

Day hunched over, grunting in pain, almost falling, but he managed to stay standing.

Florence tackled him, finally taking Day to the floor. Florence had always been a great wrestler, and he was effortlessly using his weight to keep Day pinned.

Day didn't try to reverse the hold. Instead, he kept scooting his back along the floor, forcing Florence to move with him as Florence scrambled to keep Day trapped. It didn't seem like Day was actually trying to escape, and although he was grateful, Goldie didn't understand why Day was letting this happen.

Until he realized Florence was inadvertently moving with Day into the kitchen where there was a plethora of potential murder weapons waiting.

Well, fuck.

Goldie stumbled toward them as Day's hand shot up to open one of the lower cabinets. Goldie watched in horror as

Day got a hold of the cast iron frying pan.

“Day!” Goldie lurched forward, collapsing just in time to stick out his arm and try to block Day’s swing. “No!”

It didn’t stop him entirely, and Day still clipped the side of Florence’s head.

Florence groaned in pain, and he let go of Day, holding his head as a trickle of blood ran over his fingers.

Goldie pushed Florence away, and then he jumped on top of Day. “Hey, now! Stop!”

“You will not interfere with God’s righteous wrath!” Day scowled, and he swung the frying pan again.

“The fuck I won’t!” Goldie caught Day’s wrist, and he knew immediately Day was holding back.

He had very intimate knowledge of Day’s full strength, and it was weirdly sweet that Day wasn’t trying to actually hurt him when they both knew he could. He wasn’t sure for how long Day might pull his punches though, and Goldie had to move fast.

“Don’t make me hurt you, angel!” Day snarled.

“Please stop for just two seconds—” Goldie wrenched the pan away, throwing it aside. He straddled Day’s hips and sat down to pin him. He grabbed his thrashing hands and pushed them to the floor. “Fuck! Look, the cops are probably on their way from that shot—”

Day bucked up against Goldie. “You don’t understand! It won’t stop! I have to make it fucking stop! All the filth, the lies, the noise—”

“Listen to *me*,” Goldie said sternly. “Nothing else, just me, baby. I’m right here. I’m not gonna let anything happen to you.”

“I’m not the one in danger, angel!” Day pushed up again. “You are!”

“Baby, look, we can... mmmph!” Goldie couldn’t hold back a moan when Day’s very hard cock pressed up against his

ass. He couldn't ignore the lusty shivers the unexpected friction provided and how his own dick was inclined to respond, and he glared. "Really? Right now?"

"Man has his wants as God intended!"

"You're trying to murder Flo!"

"The luscious wealth of your body is writhing on top of me!"

"I'm not fucking writhing—" Goldie choked as Florence's thick arm hooked around his neck, dragging him backward off of Day. Goldie clawed at Florence's grip, and he desperately gasped, trying to breathe. His head immediately throbbed from the lack of oxygen, and he was already disoriented from getting clubbed with the pickle statue.

Day was up, and he had the frying pan. He darted around Florence like a shadow to swing at him from behind.

The *thunk* of the frying pan connecting with Florence's skull made Goldie grimace, but Florence's arm fell away as he collapsed. Goldie gasped for air, wheezing as he whirled around to confront Day.

Florence was still alive, on his knees and clutching his bleeding head.

Day was circling him like a wolf ready to strike, and he lifted the frying pan high, his eyes far-off and dark.

"Mercy!" Goldie shouted. "Wait! Have mercy!"

Day flinched, and he didn't bring the pan down. He froze in place, poised to deal a lethal blow. "What?"

"Doesn't God say to have mercy?" Goldie pleaded. "To forgive one another? Forgive their trespasses and all that?"

"That man was going to kill us," Day spat. "Hands that shed innocent blood—"

"But he didn't! You stopped him. *You* stopped him, baby. So, you'd be killing him for something he didn't actually do!"

"What?" Day's brow wrinkled up, and he shook his head. "Stop it, angel. You're trying to confuse me."

“No, I’m just trying to save my really, really shitty friend’s life.”

“What about what he did to you? To all the others he’s hurt? The filth flowing from his lips is an unclean river!” Day lowered the pan, and he held his forehead, clearly in pain. “No. I... I have to do this!”

“Baby, please. No.” Goldie was afraid to make a move because it might spur Day into action, but he hesitantly offered out his hand to Day. “Let him go. I know the mission is important, I do, but we can do the right thing a different way.”

Day refused to take his hand. “No, there is only Father’s way.”

“Baby, no!”

“Stop,” Day ordered firmly. “You’re not going to talk me out of this, angel, and you’re only delaying the execution of God’s wrath.”

“Forgive...” Florence gurgled. “Forgive... me...”

“What?” Day spat, yanking Florence’s ponytail and jerking his head back.

“Let him talk!” Goldie begged. “Hey, Flo, you got something to say, you better say it fuckin’ fast.”

“Forgive me,” Florence gasped, sputtering through the blood dripping down his face. “Please. I pray to God and Jesus Christ to please forgive me for my sins. I... I wanna be better. I’m so sorry. I’m so, so sorry. I am begging for forgiveness, please!”

“God may forgive you,” Day snarled as he raised the frying pan, “but I fucking won’t.”

“Day,” Goldie warned.

“Angel,” Day replied in a mockery of Goldie’s firm tone.

“Please don’t... The police are coming. They’ve gotta be after that gunshot—”

“No,” Day said. “They aren’t.”

“How could you possibly know that?”

Day snorted and stared at Goldie expectantly.

“Your dad?”

Day nodded.

“Well, come on, there’s—”

Florence took the distraction offered by their fighting to grab Day’s arm and pull him down, socking him right in the mouth. Day jerked and replied with a crack of the frying pan over Florence’s head.

Florence tipped onto the floor with a pained groan.

“Shit!” Goldie cringed.

Though bloody and beaten, Florence still appeared to be alive.

For now.

“Baby?” Goldie looked worriedly to Day. “Are you all right?”

“Kneel,” Day said, blood trickling down his chin from the reopened cut.

“What?” Goldie scoffed as he watched Day stalk toward him, backing him up against the kitchen counter and cornering him there.

“Kneel,” Day repeated.

Goldie shuddered, and he shook his head. “Baby, no... not right now.”

Day’s tongue flicked out over the blood. “As long as I breathe, your knee shall bow to me, and your tongue will be silent in your complaint. Now, *kneel*.”

“I...” Goldie’s resistance was melting, and his limbs weakened. The urge to surrender was overwhelming and impossible to escape, and his resistance crumbled beneath Day’s fierce eyes. It wasn’t fair for someone to wield this much power over him. He’d given it over so freely, and there was no way to take it back.

Goldie was dropping to his knees before his brain even registered the descent, and he gazed helplessly up at Day.

“Oh, my sweet angel.” Day’s voice was a hoarse growl. “Through your suffering, you will learn obedience, and through your submission, you will be rewarded. Now submit to me, my angel. Give me everything you are.”

“Yes, baby.” Goldie closed his eyes, leaning into Day’s palm as he stroked his cheek. “I will. God help me...”

“God is here with us, my sweet angel.” Day smiled. “He is always with us. Submit to God as you do by my word. Draw closer, and He will draw nearer to you as I do. Cleanse your hands, purify your heart, and let your mourning be turned to laughter. Let your gloom be turned to joy. Humble yourself before Him, and He will exalt you as I do.”

“What do you want me to do?” Goldie asked quietly.

Day set the frying pan down on the counter with a loud clang. “I am going to take you. I am going to spread my seed within you. I am going to baptize you as mine. When I’m done, I am going to kill that man, and you will not stop me.”

Goldie whimpered, but all he could manage to say was, “Yes, baby.”

His submission was an iron cage now, and he couldn’t find the strength to escape. The only thoughts reeling through his head were the incredibly powerful urges to comply, and everything else was fading into the background.

He wanted Day to take him, to make him his, and any concern for Florence had all but vanished.

The only residual presence Florence had in his mind was the sting of his betrayal now knowing he was the one responsible for the downfall of Goldie’s entire career. Goldie still had yet to unpack any of that emotional disaster, and he was actually grateful that he didn’t have to worry about it right now.

All that mattered was listening to Day.

He didn't have to hurt. He didn't have to worry. He could lay down the burdens of guilt and obligation, letting Day master him completely—mind, body, and soul.

“I want your mouth,” Day said. “I have a much better use for it than being the fount of your quarrelsome tongue.”

“Yes, baby.” Goldie watched Day's long fingers untie the drawstring of his pants. His mouth filled with spit, and he licked his lips hungrily in anticipation.

Yes, this.

This he could do.

This would make him good.

He didn't want to fight with Day anymore. He hated it. He wanted to be happy.

He wanted to be *perfect*.

Day's pants fell to the floor, and he gracefully stepped out of them. He grabbed his cock, pulling it against his stomach, and urged Goldie toward his balls with a sharp tug of his hair.

Goldie opened his mouth wide, wrapping his lips about the side of Day's sac. He sucked one ball in, using his tongue to massage around it. He popped off and then switched to the other, moaning as he stuffed it into his mouth.

“There, angel,” Day urged, already breathless. “Keep going. Harder. Get them both in your mouth.”

Eager to obey, Goldie grabbed Day's sac and pushed his other ball into his mouth. His cheeks were totally stuffed, and he wagged his tongue between them and then all over them as he sucked. He breathed in Day's scent, a pleasant blend of sweat mixing with the rich scent of blood that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

Stroking Day's hips, he continued to massage Day's balls with his tongue and rolled them against the roof of his mouth. He gasped when Day's bare foot pressed between his legs right on his dick. He was hard already, and he dragged his fingers over Day's thigh, humping the bottom of his foot.

Day smiled as he slid his foot back and forth, catching the shaft of Goldie's cock beneath its arch. "Every part of you belongs to me. Every inch of you in subjection beneath my feet."

Goldie groaned loudly, muffled as it was, when Day applied more pressure. Goldie's dick was now being crushed against his leg, and he whimpered as the added weight made him throb. There was a flash of shame cutting through him for enjoying this, but it only increased the fires of his lust burning within his loins.

"Here, angel." Day pushed at Goldie's forehead. "Indulge yourself in my offerings."

Goldie let go of Day's balls, gasping in a quick breath of air and licking the drool from around his lips. Day was already sliding his cock into his mouth, and he took it with a happy growl, hollowing out his cheeks and sucking hard.

Day rewarded him with another firm press of his foot, and Goldie pushed his hips up to increase the pressure. He kept humping Day's foot as he sucked his cock, whimpering in delight when Day grabbed a firm fistful of his hair.

Day pulled Goldie forward, fucking his mouth on his cock like he was a toy. Day's grunts were low thumps of bass, and he buried Goldie's nose in his groin with every slam. Goldie let his arms fall to his sides, going nearly limp as Day used him like his own personal Fleshjack.

Spit ran down Goldie's chin, and he closed his eyes, losing himself to the furious rhythm.

Day dragged his fingers over Goldie's scalp, digging his nails in hard. He slid his foot in, gasping as he drove his heel into Goldie's balls.

It was enough force to make Goldie squirm, just on the verge of pain, and he rocked up to meet Day's foot to invite more pressure. Day pushed his heel in harder, and Goldie gasped softly, nearly choking as his breath was stolen away by the sudden flash of sharp sensation.

“There, angel,” Day purred. “There you go... my perfect, beautiful angel.” He jerked Goldie off his cock, gazing down at him with a gentle smile. He slid his thumb over Goldie’s slick lower lip, playing in the spit.

“Baby,” Goldie panted out.

“Come to me.” Day urged Goldie to stand, and he took his hands to help him up. He put his hands under Goldie’s shirt, caressing his pecs and thumbing over his nipples. He licked the drool from his chin and then placed a sweet kiss there. “I’m going to plow the fields of your ripe body and plant my seed there now, my angel.”

“Yes, baby.” Goldie moaned. “Yes, please.”

Day pushed Goldie to the counter, roughly bending him over next to the sink. He pulled Goldie’s pants down to his knees in one swift yank, and then he hungrily caressed Goldie’s bare ass cheeks. He didn’t spend too long admiring him before he gave Goldie’s hip a little pat. “And God said, wait for me. Be strong, and let your heart take courage.”

Goldie nodded firmly. “Yes, sir. I’ll wait.”

Day gave Goldie’s ass a pat before he left, and Goldie watched him head to the bedroom. With the way Goldie was positioned against the counter, he could see Florence’s foot out of the corner of his eye. He faced forward again, allowing himself to stay numb to the awful sight.

Florence...

No.

Goldie dropped deeper into the thick fog clouding his brain, and he waited for Day to return.

That’s what mattered.

Being good for Day.

Day didn’t waste any time getting back, and he had the lube with him.

Goldie shuddered.

Day stood behind Goldie, and he slicked up his fingers with lube. “I will gift you with a bounty of sensation, angel. You will take everything I bestow upon you, and your reward shall be great.”

“Yes, baby. I’ll take it.” Goldie breathed in deeply. “I’ll take it all, baby.”

“Good boy.” Day was smiling.

Goldie melted into Day’s probing fingers, breathing through the stretch of two already sinking deep inside of him. He dropped his head, and he relaxed, taking Day’s hard thrusts with quiet gasps. He could tell Day was in a hurry by how quickly he was fucking Goldie’s hole open, and Goldie’s heart fluttered with a flash of anxiety knowing what Day was going to try and put inside him.

God, Day was going to stretch him open so wide.

Day’s third finger brought up a wave of tingling and a faint burn, and Goldie groaned then. The pressure was increasing as Day continued to push, and the only reprieve was when Day paused to add more lube. He kept pushing his fingers in—how many now? Goldie was certain it was all of them when new resistance cropped up as Day’s knuckles were barred from slipping inside.

Day was trying to push in, but Goldie’s asshole was still too tight. He flattened his hand, tucking in his thumb as he continued to thrust, and he squeezed Goldie’s hip reassuringly.

Goldie grunted and moaned, rocking back against Day to gather more friction. He kept pushing, arching this way and that, trying to open up and take more. He didn’t know why, but there was such a sense of urgency. The air was tense, Goldie’s skin was hot, and he needed Day’s hand inside of him as soon as possible.

The wet slapping sounds of Day’s hand fucking his hole were deliciously obscene, and Goldie’s thoughts returned to Florence once more only to shamefully wonder if Florence could hear what they were doing right now.

Fuck, was Florence listening?

Could he see what Day was doing to him? Was he watching?

Licks of shame crept up alongside the heat burning within him, and Goldie let out an explosive groan when Day's hand finally slipped all the way in. Goldie whimpered as his hole swallowed it up, Day's knuckles now deep inside of his body and thrusting slow. Time itself was dragging to a crawl as Day speared Goldie's body on his hand, and Goldie's insides were stuffed to the point of aching.

Every nerve in Goldie's body was cranked up to their highest level of sensitivity, and Goldie shivered in spite of the sheen of sweat clinging to his skin. His nipples were hard, his dick flexed, and gravity was pulling at his muscles until he thought he was sure to melt into the floor. The only thing keeping him standing was the curl of Day's hand inside of his hole, and he sobbed as Day curled his fingers into a fist.

Day let out a little groan as he pumped his fist in and out. He didn't pull his hand out, and Goldie's body tried to clench around Day's wrist even as he was being so wildly stretched. He could almost swear that Day was hitting his heart because he could feel his pulse thudding around his fist, and he had to lay his head down on the counter.

It was too heavy, too hot, and he moaned pitifully as Day sank in up to what had to be part of his forearm. Day's fist shifted, and Goldie's entire world moved, leaving him clinging to the counter and the edge of the sink, whatever he could reach. He didn't know if he was going to come or scream or both, but he was dying for a way to relieve the awesome tension.

"Look how beautifully you receive me," Day murmured, his voice deep and husky. "Your body is a gift, and I am going to devour you, angel."

"Do it. Take me." Goldie sobbed softly. "Make me yours, baby. Please."

“Yes, angel. I will.” Day gave one final thrust before he carefully withdrew his hand, mindful to uncurl his fist before attempting to do so. He kissed Goldie’s shoulder as he went to the sink to wash up.

Goldie had to touch himself, and he reached back to pet the soft edge of his hole. He was tender, a little swollen, but then he couldn’t stop. He pushed his fingers in, playing in the lube and stroking his inner walls just to feel what Day had done to him.

He felt *ruined*.

Day stepped back behind Goldie, and his hands were cool as they slid over his warm skin. He pushed up Goldie’s shirt and traced the lines of his spine. His cock pressed between Goldie’s cheeks, and he rocked his hips, letting their bodies naturally connect.

It only took a few lazy thrusts before Day’s cock slipped inside of him, and Goldie moaned appreciatively.

Yes, he needed friction, he needed to get fucked, he needed to come.

Goldie pushed off the counter when Day slammed into him, and he cried out, “Fuck! Yes!”

Day snatched Goldie’s long hair and pulled, forcing Goldie’s spine to curl as he fucked him harder. Their bodies were crashing together faster and faster, and Day kept pulling Goldie’s hair, encouraging him to bend farther.

Goldie went back as far as he could until his muscles rebelled, and Day held him there at that angle as he pounded into him. There, fuck, yes, this was the sweet friction Goldie had been craving, and he gritted his teeth, focusing on the beautiful drag against his most delicate nerves. His hole was drawing up syrupy slow, and he tried to clench down on Day’s cock to provide more resistance, but fuck, he was still so velvety soft. “Baby, please... can I?” He reached back, wanting to touch where they were joined.

“Yes, my angel.” Day released Goldie’s hip in favor of grabbing his dick, and he stroked him in the same brutal pace

at which he was fucking him. “See how I’ve laid your precious body to ruin in the wake of my passions. I want you to feel it as I lay my seed inside of you.”

“Yes, fuck, yes.” Goldie easily plunged his fingers in alongside Day’s thrusting cock, and the new pressure made him moan. Day was jerking him off so fast that his dick felt hot, and he panted frantically, pleading, “Please, I need to come. Please, baby.”

“Yes, angel,” Day replied. “Spread your seed with me. Now. Now, my angel!”

Goldie’s eyes fell closed, and he gave his final surrender to Day’s stroking fingers. He came with a hoarse shout, and his vision blurred as his muscles tensed and then exploded with sparks of white-hot pleasure as his body gave up a fantastic climax.

Each pulse of Goldie’s come was driven far across the counter by Day’s pounding dick, and fuck, yes, maybe Goldie really was an angel because in that perfectly blissful moment he thought he could have flown.

Day growled as he came, driving his load into Goldie’s asshole with fierce, stuttering thrusts. He pushed himself forward to bite Goldie’s shoulder as he pulled Goldie’s hair, giving him one last fierce slam that made Goldie’s knees nearly buckle.

Goldie teased his finger over Day’s cock still buried inside of him, and he moaned when he could feel the slick heat of Day’s come making everything slippery wet. He pulled out as the need to brace himself trumped playing in his hole, and he steadied himself against the counter by dropping to his elbows.

“Oh, *angel*,” Day said breathlessly. “There is no greater pleasure than spreading my seed inside you, my beautiful husband of flesh.” He kissed Goldie’s back with a tender brush of his lips. “Tell me, angel. Will you obey and serve me always? Will I be your only husband for the rest of your life?”

“Yes,” Goldie whispered without hesitation. “Yes, baby. Just you. Only you.”

“Keep your faith in me, dear husband, and I will be yours forever too.”

Goldie didn't immediately recognize the source of the hot liquid gushing over his hole. It ran down his legs, pooling around his feet on the floor. He sucked in a sharp breath, groaning helplessly when he realized Day was pissing on him.

The beautiful moan that left Day's lips was one of relief, and it was a twin of his previous orgasmic cry of pleasure. Both sounds signaled relief of a vast tension and the alleviation of great pressure, and Goldie groaned along with him, echoing his satisfaction.

Day was holding Goldie against the counter and marking his territory. He held the head of his dick against Goldie's gaping hole, rubbing there as he continued to piss. “You're mine, angel. Just as John baptized converts in the wilderness and proclaimed it a repentance for the forgiveness of sins, I baptize you here and now as my husband of flesh forever.”

“Yes, baby. Yes, I'm yours.” Goldie closed his eyes. “I'm yours forever.”

Day pressed his cock inside as he finished, and Goldie shuddered at the heat of it. There was just so *much*, and the searing temperature was accentuated by the sheer volume. Goldie felt used, claimed, and—

There was a knock on the door.

Day growled.

“What in the actual fuck?” Goldie mumbled as he tried to break out of his stupor.

Another knock came, much more impatient than the first.

“It's Detective Alvarez!” Alvarez shouted. “On my way home and wouldn't you know it? Got a noise complaint come through dispatch. Some damn kids were setting off fireworks in that construction site next door, but I got some very fine witnesses saying they swear they heard a gunshot. I got a real

good feelin' that you two might know somethin' about it. Come on, open up."

"For the love of... fuck!" Goldie scrubbed his hands over his face.

Perfect. Great. Because trying to explain this to the grumpy detective was exactly what he wanted to do right now when half of his brain was still the consistency of porridge.

"All will be well, my husband," Day promised.

"Are you sure about that?" Goldie muttered.

Day paused, no doubt listening to his father, and he smiled. "Yes. I am."

"I'm glad one of us is."

"Two of us."

"Whatever."

Goldie grabbed paper towels from the counter to wipe himself down with while Day ran off to the bedroom. Goldie didn't know what he was going for until he came back with two fresh pairs of pants and his headphones slung around his neck.

"Mr. Nash! Mr. Hanley!" Alvarez banged on the door. "Come on!" There was a pause. "Do not make me come back with a warrant."

"One sec!" Goldie called out as he quickly stepped into the new sweats. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*."

"Do not worry, angel. I will tend to you properly later." Day used the pants they'd been wearing previously to mop up the floor, and then he gave Goldie a big thumbs-up and a smile.

Yeah, sure, because the puddle of piss all over the floor was what they needed to be worried about—not Florence's unconscious bloody body.

Goldie hoped he looked halfway presentable as he hurried to the door. He took a deep breath before swinging it open

with a strained smile that was probably more of a grimace. “Detective. Hi—”

“What the fuck happened to you?” Alvarez demanded. He glanced around Goldie, and he cringed. “What the fuck...? Is that a fucking *body*? Mr. Nash, I swear to Almighty Christ—”

“He’s alive,” Goldie said quickly. “It’s Florence Bair. My old tag team partner. He came here to kill me and Day, set it up as a murder suicide. He attacked us, and we, uh, struggled a little bit—”

“No shit!”

“He’s just unconscious. Day hit him with a frying pan.”

Alvarez planted his hands on his hips and breathed in slowly, no doubt preparing for an epic rant.

Goldie cringed as he tried to brace himself.

“Do you guys just love fucking with me?” Alvarez snapped. “Is that it? Is there a big sign on my back that says I love being fucked with, please make my entire fucking life a living hell? Oh, look! Some crazy ass bullshit going down. You know who we should call? Detective Alvarez! He loves getting fucked with crazy ass bullshit!” He threw up his hands. “Ever think about moving? How about taking a vacation?”

“Detective—”

“Go to the beach and get a whole new bunch of assholes to try and kill you?”

“Detective,” Goldie tried again. “Maybe you should call for an ambulance before this really does turn into a murder?”

Alvarez glared. “Tell me how to do my job again and there’s gonna be.”

“Noted, sir.”

Goldie got out of the way as Alvarez barged in to check Florence’s pulse and call emergency services. Day hugged Goldie’s side, and he snuggled his face against his chest. Goldie wrapped his arm around Day’s shoulders, murmuring,

“You’re not gonna try to sneak over there and finish the job, are you?”

Day shook his head, smiling. “And God said, I will give to each person in accordance with their deeds.”

“Does that mean you’re letting him go?”

Day gestured to Alvarez. “Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand.”

“So, getting arrested is good enough for you and your father?”

Day rolled his eyes, and then he put his head back down.

“Thank you,” Goldie said earnestly. “Really. Hey, you know... This could be the start of a whole era for your mission ___”

“And God said, don’t press your luck.”

“Okay, fair.”

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GOLDIE



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Three months later...

“Great counter by Goldie! Oh! Look! It’s the Honey Pot, ladies and gentlemen! It’s the Honey Pot! That’s it! That’s it right here!” the announcer screamed triumphantly as Goldie pinned his opponent in the ring with his signature hold. “Goldilocks has got him right where he wants him! It’s over!”

“One! Two! Three!” the crowd screamed in time with the pounding of the referee’s hand against the mat, calling the count for the pin.

The bell rang.

“Here is your winner of the Ballroom Blitz Heavyweight Match!” the announcer declared. “The Great and Glorious Goldilocks!”

Goldie rose with a triumphant shout, covered in sweat and glistening beneath the spotlights. He could hardly see the crowd because of the blinding glare, but he could hear them. He was totally exhausted, his back was killing him, and his right knee was throbbing. He pumped his fist into the air, and he let the roar of the audience wash over him and ring in his ears.

He’d done it.

He’d won a match for the first time in twelve years.

Winter had come and gone, and spring was finally returning.

Gone was the awful snowy slush and freezing winds, and Goldie eagerly welcomed the rising temperatures and being able to put away his thick coats and scarves. After what would quite possibly be the most insane winter of his entire life, he was grateful for the warmer season to arrive. Spring was a time of rebirth and new beginnings, and Goldie was ready.

Alvarez had placed Florence under arrest at the hospital, and the story exploded all over the news by the next morning. With Goldie's already newfound popularity on the rise, the insane tale of betrayal and attempted murder went national.

Florence survived, and his trial was scheduled for that summer.

His defense attorney initially claimed that Day and Goldie attacked him first and he was only acting out of self-defense, but then screenshots from Florence's phone were leaked. They included notes from a writing app for how Florence planned to write his article about Goldie and Day's murder suicide.

Goldie nor Day ever heard a peep from any other criminals associated with Michael Parker or Lionel Graham. Goldie couldn't say for sure, but he felt confident they had decided it was best for their health to stay as far away as possible from Day Hanley.

The autopsy findings for Day's father revealed he'd died of natural causes, and Day was able to finally put him back to rest. He picked a cemetery just outside the city with plenty of trees and buried him there in a small private ceremony. It had only been Day, Goldie, the funeral home staff, and the priest, and Day didn't shed a single tear.

After all, he still talked to his father every day.

Detective Alvarez put in for an early retirement. Goldie and Day spoke with him a few times as Florence's case was preparing to go to trial, and Alvarez revealed he had decided he'd had enough of law enforcement for a lifetime. Goldie couldn't blame him, though he did wonder if Alvarez ever got around to confessing his sensual feelings to his partner.

Day offered to ask him about it, and Goldie declined.

Some things were better left unsaid.

Goldie took Global Wrestling's offer to headline the Ballroom Blitz in what was an incredible and very well-received return to the ring. He used his time back in the spotlight to announce his wrestling memorabilia being sent to

auction to raise money for several charities in the city—except for any item related to the *Starax* trilogy, of course.

Day wanted to keep those.

They raised millions, and they donated a very large portion to the city animal rescue for a new building and dedicated it in Evan's memory. The rest went to the youth shelter, soup kitchen, and a few other places in the local area.

After the success of his match at the Ballroom Blitz and the publicity from the auction, Global Wrestling offered Goldie a full-time position as a commentator and his very own pre-show, but he declined.

Getting one more taste of wrestling had been enough, though Goldie teased that perhaps he'd be back at the Blitz next year.

He was happy to return to his quiet life, working at the gym, and coming home to his boyfriend and their two cats.

Once the apartment had been emptied of its wrestling memorabilia, Goldie and Day got busy redecorating. They bought prints of paintings they'd both liked at the city museum, took pictures of their cats and printed them out to arrange in collages, and an original *Starax* movie poster got a place of honor in the living room above the TV.

For the first time, Goldie didn't think of his apartment as a tomb.

It felt like a home now.

He had finally gotten Day the cell phone and laptop he'd been planning to, and Day was nearly done with completing his high school diploma. They were already looking at colleges for the fall, and Day had expressed an intense interest in art. Perhaps he'd been inspired by looking at the many beautiful paintings at the museum, and Goldie was happy to encourage him to do something that he would love.

Day's *other* pastime remained his priority, however.

Goldie no longer fought with Day about it. He already knew it was pointless, and Goldie had learned by now that

certain things in his life were inevitable:

His back was always going to hurt the worst in the morning, coffee would run straight through him, and Day was going to keep killing people.

Goldie didn't always know when Day was doing it. They'd already established a pretty consistent routine, but Day started taking walks in the evenings after all the drama with Florence had blown up. At first, Goldie thought Day wanted the time to clear his head as the attention from reporters was quite overwhelming. They couldn't go anywhere without being hounded for weeks, and Day declined leaving the apartment because his headphones weren't enough to block it all out.

Eventually, the fuss died down, and Day felt comfortable enough to come out with Goldie again. They visited the museum regularly, stopped by the zoo sometimes, and they even found a restaurant with a very quiet patio table they could eat at when the weather was nice.

Still, Day insisted that he needed to take his evening walks and that he wanted to go alone.

That's when Goldie suspected it was happening, and he was happier being ignorant.

Although he still did not consider himself to be very religious, he had taken his baptism with Day seriously enough. He trusted Day's miraculous ability to target sinners and escape all responsibility for dispatching them, and the best thing Goldie could do was stay out of the way.

The things Goldie had witnessed were too incredible to deny that there wasn't some kind of mysterious force at work that protected Day, though he still secretly hoped one day Day would no longer need to take those late night strolls. Day wasn't taking them as often now, and for that at least Goldie was thankful.

Blessed by God or not, Goldie still worried about his murder muffin.

Another perk of the baptism was that Day and his father had decided that it was okay to speak with Goldie as long as

they were home alone. Goldie had proven himself to be a faithful husband of flesh. Day maintained his vow of silence outside of the apartment, but otherwise he was free to speak with Goldie as he pleased.

Which was really great because Goldie did get a bit tired of the weird Biblical talk.

Well, except in certain situations of the unclothed variety, anyway.

Then it could be pretty hot.

That aspect of their relationship remained passionate, and Goldie enjoyed it immensely. They bought new toys, explored the internet for sensual inspiration, and Day would spend hours and hours worshiping Goldie's body. He was respectful of Goldie's limitations with his back, especially after that charity match had taken its toll last week, but Day was always happy to please himself in other ways when Goldie wasn't up to joining him.

Goldie was content to help out when he could, whether it was his mouth, his hands, or even letting Day just use his hole as a toy before they went to bed. However they did it, it was wonderful.

They were cuddling on the couch with Twinkle and Purrey, watching television before it was time to head to bed. It was a Saturday, so it was a bit later than usual, and Goldie was near dozing already. Having the warmth of Day in his arms plus the two cats was a recipe for a quick snooze because there was nothing so comfortable as snuggling with the ones he loved most.

His eyes were closed, and Day was flipping channels, trying to find something to watch.

Goldie was about to suggest they turn in for the evening when Day paused on a sports show that was talking about wrestling.

Naturally, the subject of the conversation was Goldie.

"Goldilocks was amazing," one of the male hosts was saying. "Twelve years didn't do a damn thing to hinder his

athletic ability.”

“Do we have to watch this?” Goldie mumbled.

Day shushed him.

Goldie laughed.

Though Day pretended not to care about wrestling, Goldie knew Day was becoming a bit of a superfan.

After watching his match at the Ballroom Blitz, Day had spent days looking up Goldie’s old wrestling videos and hinted more than once that he wouldn’t mind if Goldie ever wanted to do more performances. Because of Day’s aversion to the public and also since he generally posed a danger to the public, Goldie had set Day up in a private skybox at the arena where the Blitz was held—one of his terms for agreeing to the match—and he swore he could hear Day cheering for him through the glass that night.

Maybe it was the spandex.

Whatever the reason was, Day was very interested in hearing anything and everything people had to say about Goldie. The good always made him very happy, though the bad had led to an intense debate with his Father about how taking out trolls on the internet should arguably be considered a form of dispatching sinners.

“Don’t get me wrong,” the first host went on. “I miss that blond hair, but he was rockin’ the gray.”

“He is a bona fide silver fox now,” the female host chimed in. “He looks so sexy. I want a ladder so I can climb him like a tree.”

Goldie couldn’t be sure, but it sounded like Day growled.

“I was just so glad to see the Honey Pot in action again!” a second male host said. “I almost broke my neck so many times when I was a kid tryin’ to pull that off!”

“Oh, I’m sure everybody did.” The first host chuckled. “No official word from Global Wrestling on whether or not Goldilocks is going to return to the main roster—”

Goldie snorted at that because he'd already given GW his answer, but he supposed they wanted to milk the possibility for a bit longer.

“—but one thing is for sure. The fans have all spoken. They want more Glorious Goldilocks.”

“I know I do,” the female host gushed. She turned to smile directly into the camera. “Goldilocks, if you're out there listening right now, trust me. Everybody wants more of you, especially me.” She winked.

The male hosts laughed, and the first one teased, “She's trying to get herself a Goldie-O!”

The second male host groaned at the joke. “Oh, come on now—”

Day turned the TV off.

“What's wrong?” Goldie peeked his eyes open to find Day scowling.

“That vile harlot,” Day said sternly. “The things she said about your body. What she would do to it.”

“Aw, baby.” Goldie grinned. “She's just talkin' crap. It's fine.”

“It is not fine.” Day narrowed his eyes. “Do you enjoy that? The thoughtless praise from mindless sycophants?”

“Uh, sometimes?” Goldie was tired and not really sure what to say, but apparently that was the wrong thing.

With a snarl, Day grabbed Twinkle and abruptly got off the couch.

“Hey! Baby!” Goldie blinked in surprise. “What's wrong?”

Day held his head high, and he didn't say a word as he stalked to their bedroom.

“Ah, dammit.”

Well, he'd fucked that up.

Goldie moved Purrey out of his way to follow Day. He paused at the bedroom door, blinking in surprise when Day

was already stretched out in bed and wearing nothing but that very special sweater.

The pink one.

“You’re mine,” Day said firmly. “Do you know that, angel?”

“I do,” Goldie replied.

“Take off your clothes.”

Goldie’s heart took off immediately, and his skin flushed as he obediently pulled his shirt over his head. He stuck his thumb in the waistband of his sweats and pushed them down. He stepped out of them, kicking them to the side along with his shirt. His cock was already half-hard, and he could feel himself slipping away.

Yes.

To that warm, fuzzy place...

Where all he had to do was listen, and he could be good for Day.

Day’s eyes roamed over Goldie’s naked body, and he smiled. “She’ll never know what you look like bared. She’ll never know the beauty of your naked flesh, the sweetness of how you taste, or the lovely music of your pleasurable cries. All of that belongs to me.”

“Yes, sir.” Goldie took a few steps closer to the bed. “I’m yours.”

“My husband in flesh,” Day said with a happy sigh. “Yes, you are.” He beckoned Goldie into bed. “Come here to me, husband. It’s time for you to submit to me and let me lay my seed in you.”

Goldie went easily, climbing into bed and laying down in front of Day. He wasn’t sure how Day wanted him yet, and he was surprised when Day pulled him in right away for a kiss.

Day stroked Goldie’s cheek, kissing him slow and sweet, murmuring, “My beautiful angel. Mine.”

“Yours,” Goldie whispered in reply. He reached for Day’s waist, rubbing his soft skin.

“You will only ever desire me,” Day said, his tone becoming more insistent. The heat of the kiss rose, and Day’s tongue pushed into Goldie’s mouth. “Only I will ever rule over you.”

“Only you, baby,” Goldie eagerly agreed.

Day slid his hand down Goldie’s chest, cupping his pec and squeezing. He pressed close so he could push his cock forward, meeting Goldie’s and letting them slide together and gain precious friction.

Goldie loved how Day was touching him right now, so passionate and tender, and he slid his hand up Day’s back. He held him close, kissing him adoringly as the temperature between them continued to climb toward boiling. He wanted to touch more, to take things further, to open himself up for Day’s cock and—

No, not yet.

He hadn’t been given permission yet.

He had to wait. He had to wait and be good, and then yes, he would be rewarded.

Day was clearly not as patient, and he reached down to grab Goldie’s cock. “You obey my voice, mine alone. As long as you obey me, you will be my most treasured possession, and I will give you everything that I am.”

“Yes, baby.” Goldie groaned against Day’s mouth. “I will. I swear I will.”

When they finally parted, Day’s lips were slick and pink from kissing, and his eyes had a unique sparkle about them Goldie hadn’t seen many times before. It was hard to pinpoint the exact emotion responsible for putting that gleam there, but it was beautiful and totally humbling.

“I’m going to take you now,” Day whispered. “I’m going to take you and spread my seed within you.”

“How do you want me, baby?”

“On your back, angel.” Day kissed him. “I would look upon you as I spear you open. I want to see your eyes and the heavens they hold as I claim the bounty of your body.”

Goldie shuddered, licking his lips eagerly as he rolled over to his back.

Day moved with him, pressing on top and between his muscular thighs. He connected their lips again with a deep kiss, and he slid his tongue deep within Goldie’s mouth as if he needed to reclaim every inch of him.

Goldie moved his hands along Day’s hips, and he dipped beneath the sweater to get at Day’s bare skin. He rubbed circles along his spine, sucking on Day’s hot tongue as the kiss heated up. So lost in Day’s lips, Goldie didn’t even register that Day had grabbed the lube until Day’s wet cock was pressing up against his asshole.

“Slowly,” Day promised. “I will take you so slowly, angel.”

“Take me,” Goldie whispered. “Take whatever you want. I’m yours. I’m all yours.”

Day rubbed the head of his dick up and down, smearing the lube and getting Goldie’s hole slick. He started to press in, using only the barest amount of pressure.

The tease made Goldie moan, and he rocked his hips a little, trying to help urge Day’s cock to enter his body.

Day pushed harder and then stopped, taking a few moments to kiss Goldie sweetly. He tried pushing again, applying enough pressure to make Goldie writhe, and ceased once more. He kept thrusting like that, torturing them both, until finally the head of his dick forced its way in.

“Ah, there you go. There you go, baby.” Goldie groaned, his fingers digging into Day’s back. He adjusted his legs to ease the sharp burn, and he hugged his thighs around Day’s waist. “Yes, baby. Keep going, please. Please don’t stop.”

Stop is exactly what Day did, holding himself at that shallow depth and occupying his attention with another passionate kiss. He rocked his hips with the tiniest of thrusts,

and the torturous pace made Goldie want to sob. It wasn't enough, and the stalled position felt weird, left his hole aching, and he needed Day to give him more.

He whined, and Day replied with a firm slam, his cock finally sinking deeper into Goldie's hole. "G-God, yes. Baby, yes."

Day slammed again, fucking Goldie with only about half of his length. He mouthed down Goldie's jaw to suck at his throat as he thrust his cock, murmuring, "Oh, angel... no one... no one else will ever know the heaven that is your body..."

Goldie groaned, clinging to Day's back as he gave him the delicious friction he'd been craving. His hole was still tight, and Day was taking his sweet time opening him up on his cock. It felt good, and the burn made him want to move, grinding his ass down to meet him just to feel more and more. He was prepared for Day to get going and fuck him into the mattress, but it didn't seem to be happening.

Not tonight.

Day was still thrusting hard, but he continued to pause here and there. He'd kiss Goldie's lips, his cheeks, his throat, and then he'd move again, giving Goldie another inch or two before the whole wonderful cycle began anew. He kept this up until he was fully seated within Goldie's body, and he slid his arms underneath Goldie to hold his shoulders. "Mm, angel... how perfect you are for me."

"You feel so good. So fuckin' good." Goldie could hardly catch his breath, and his face was on fire from the rush of being so full. His hole throbbed from being opened like this, and he had to move again, pushing his hips down because holding still was maddening. "God, please, baby. I need you."

"Then you shall have me." Day pressed a searing kiss to Goldie's lips and thrust firmly, giving Goldie his cock in a firm and steady pace. He grabbed Goldie's shoulders, pulling him down into every slam, and the entire bed was rocking as he shoved his tongue back into Goldie's eager mouth.

Goldie couldn't quite define what was happening. It was sex, obviously, but the energy was charged in a way he couldn't quantify. Day was fucking him hard, but this didn't feel like a punishment. Day was being mindful not to be too rough, and the way he was angling his cock and seeking out exactly where to thrust to make Goldie squirm felt particularly intimate.

It wasn't as if they hadn't made love before...

There, that was it.

Those were the words on the tip of Goldie's tongue, and he smiled when they finally came to him.

Yes, they had made love before, Goldie was sure of it, but it hadn't happened often. Without a doubt though, that's exactly what this was—the way Day couldn't get enough of Goldie's lips and the beautiful way he was pumping his cock into Goldie's tight body, and the tender caress of his hand now moving along Goldie's thigh.

Day was holding Goldie like he was the most precious thing in the entire universe, and Goldie couldn't stop himself when his eyes stung with tears. He clawed at Day's back, one of his fingers getting caught in the sweater and twisting it. He got a handful of Day's curls and held him tight as he sucked on his tongue, using it to muffle his greedy moans.

God, it felt so fucking perfect.

Day shifted one of Goldie's legs up on his shoulder to increase the depth of his thrusts, and he fucked Goldie a little harder, a little faster, making the entire bed shake now. He gathered him closer, bending Goldie's leg as he leaned in for another adoring kiss.

Goldie found himself overwhelmed by the intense angle, and Day's cock was hitting all the right places to make his thighs quiver. His whole world was the man on top of him, and he breathed in the scent of his sweat, savored his spit, and he pushed up his sweater to feel his bare skin pressing against his own. He needed to be as close as humanly possible, and he let

out a shout when Day's cock pounded into him with a fresh wave of passion.

"I am going to make you mine again," Day whispered huskily. "I'll make you mine forever. Oh, my angel... you and I..." He moaned, his face scrunching up in pleasure. "You and I will never end. Prophecies pass away, tongues cease wagging, and knowledge fades to dust. But you and I will be everlasting. Always."

"Always," Goldie breathed. "Always, baby."

"Touch yourself," Day commanded. "Bring yourself off with me."

"Yes, baby. Fuck, yes!" Goldie immediately grabbed his cock and stroked fast, his fingers sliding in the precome that had pooled during their sensual coupling. He pumped his cock in the same fast rhythm of Day's thrusting hips, and then it was a race to the finish line. He closed his eyes as the sensations piled on, focusing on the sensitive head of his cock with twists of his thumb and jerking himself off even faster now, trying to reach his end.

Day's cock was fucking Goldie mercilessly now, driving the pressure inside of Goldie's loins up until he was certain his insides were going to catch fire. Goldie slammed up into his fist and nearly lost his grip from how hard his thighs were trembling as they tensed, and he gasped, "Day! Baby! I'm... I'm coming!"

Day growled, and he instantly switched gears, pounding into Goldie's asshole with a new surge of strength. The stuttering rhythm betrayed how close he was as well, but it was clear he wanted Goldie to get off first.

Goldie was already right there, and his spine curled off the mattress as he came, crying out with every thick pulse of his cock. He shuddered, his head spinning from the hot flashes of bliss lighting up every muscle in his body, and he sobbed, wrecked from the extraordinary feelings overwhelming him.

Just when he thought it was over, Day came inside of him, and his come provided a new level of intensity. He hugged

Day close, smothering his face into the soft sweater and moaning there, panting desperately as Day pumped his load as deeply as he could.

Day gave one final thrust, as if to make sure Goldie really got every last drop, and he cradled the side of Goldie's face. "Oh, my angel. My perfect angel."

"Baby," Goldie whimpered. His tongue felt strange, a little numb, and it was hard to speak.

Day kissed him as he gently lowered Goldie's leg back down, rubbing his thigh and hip. He let them both catch their breath, trading gentle kisses in between pants, and he smiled. "Mine."

"Yours," Goldie agreed, wincing from a twinge in his hip where he'd had his leg stretched out for so long.

Ever observant, Day asked, "What is wrong, my angel? Are you hurting?"

"Yeah, I..." Goldie sighed in frustration. "I need to roll over, but..." He grinned shyly. "Can you put your dick back in me, baby?"

"Of course, my angel." Day beamed, and he gently pulled out. He helped Goldie roll over onto his side, and then he quickly tucked in behind him. He lined up his cock, sliding back inside Goldie's wet hole with a low groan. "Mmm, there, angel." He hugged Goldie's waist and pressed a kiss to his shoulder. "Right where I belong."

"Damn right." Goldie chuckled. He stretched his legs, waiting for the cramp to pass. "I'm sorry, you know."

"For not immediately denying the empty praise of that harlot?" Day snorted. "I know. I'm sorry too."

"For?"

"For being jealous." Day snuggled in closer. "It made me angry, and it shouldn't have."

"It's okay," Goldie soothed. "I promise. I know you don't think I'm actually gonna run off with anybody."

“Never. I trust you, my angel,” Day said earnestly. “I trust you more than anyone in the world, you’re everything to me, and I...” He stopped short of saying something, and he buried his face into Goldie’s back.

Goldie’s heart skipped a beat, and it was suddenly very hard to breathe again. His pulse thumped in his ears, and his mouth went dry. He couldn’t be positive, but he was pretty sure he knew what Day had been about to say.

And he wanted to say it too.

Day was still quiet, but his hand had tensed on Goldie’s chest.

“What is it, baby?” Goldie asked gently. He didn’t want to push, but he wanted to know if he was right. He turned back as far as he could, trying to meet Day’s eye.

Day continued to hide, keeping his head ducked against Goldie’s back.

“Come on, baby,” Goldie urged, his stomach going all aflutter as the anticipation continued to rise. “You can tell me anything. I mean, you already told me you’re on a holy mission from God and your dead father tells you what to do to dispatch sinners because God supposedly works in mysterious ways or whatever.” He laughed nervously. “What else is there that you’d be afraid to tell me?”

“Well...”

“Well?” Goldie waited patiently, and he dropped his hand to find Day’s, lacing their fingers together.

Day slowly peeked up to meet Goldie’s gaze. He was definitely nervous, but his eyes had that glittering gleam again like before. He took a deep breath, and then said, “Love is patient and kind. Love does not envy or boast. It is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way, and it is not irritable or resentful.” He paused, and he looked at Goldie expectantly.

Yes, there was an expectation to understand, but also...

To reciprocate.

And Goldie was so very, very happy because he had been right.

“I love you too,” Goldie said with a smile, giving Day’s hand a gentle squeeze. “Very much.”

“Really?” Day gasped.

“Yes, really.” Goldie grinned. “Really really.”

Day inhaled sharply, perhaps in relief, and he hugged Goldie tight. “Oh, angel. I love you. I love you so, so much. Oh, I do.”

“I love you, baby.” Goldie closed his eyes, groaning when Day’s cock shifted inside of him. “Mm. My precious little *murder muffin*.”

Day snorted.

“No?” Goldie laughed.

“Not so much.” Day shook his head and then rested his cheek against Goldie’s back again. “I’ve been wanting to tell you for weeks now. How I felt, I mean. And I didn’t know how. When that woman said those things on the television, it made me angry because all I could think about is that she could never love you like I could.”

“Damn right, she couldn’t,” Goldie said firmly. “No one but you.”

“No one but me.” Day sounded like he was smiling. “My sweet angel, I will tend to you and care for you as I always do, I promise, but...”

“What is it?”

“Is it all right if I hold you for a little longer? I like...” Day sighed contentedly. “I like this.”

“Baby, you can hold me forever.”

Day was definitely smiling now. “I will hold you with every second that God sees fit to grant me.”

“Well, here’s hopin’ he gives you a fuck ton.”

“Oh, how I love you, my darling angel.” Day snuggled in close.

“I love you too...” Goldie hesitated.

Day sighed in annoyance. “Go on. Say it.”

Goldie grinned. “Say what?”

“You know. What you want to call me.”

Goldie turned his head back for a kiss, teasing, “What? My sweet, adorable, precious murder muffin? That?”

“There.” Day made a big show of rolling his eyes. “Are you happy now, angel?”

“The happiest, baby.” Goldie smiled as he settled once more and closed his eyes. He listened to Day’s gentle breathing, and he was warm and happy, drifting off to sleep with Day’s cock inside of him.

Goldie was really happy, the happiest he’d ever been. He could hardly believe he had this beautiful young man to wake up with every morning and to fall asleep next to every night. He was actually excited about what the future might hold for them, and he had barely thought about next winter because he was confident that his usual depressed mood wasn’t going to be coming back with the snow like it normally did.

Should it even attempt to make a return, he knew Day’s bright smile could chase it away.

All because they’d bumped into each other on the street one day.

Huh.

Maybe God really did work in mysterious ways.

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DAY



Day woke up with his arms wrapped around Goldie and his soft cock nestled between his cheeks. He hadn't meant to doze off like that, especially not before he'd taken care of Goldie. He smiled drowsily as he pulled away.

Goldie was still sleeping.

Day crept out of bed to use the bathroom, and he debated whether or not he should wake Goldie to clean him or if they could just take a shower in the morning.

A nice hot shower sounded like a relaxing way to start the day, so he opted to do that.

He finished in the bathroom and then headed back to bed, pausing at the doorway to admire Goldie's sleeping form.

Yeah, a shower in the morning would be best. Goldie looked so peaceful, and Day hated to disturb him.

His attention was drawn away by someone shouting outside in the hallway.

~~Stupid fucker! Stupid little fucker! I want my shit back! He stole my fuckin' drugs! I know it was him! If he keeps fuckin' around, I'm gonna kill him!~~

Do you still hear them, son?

Day nodded. He did hear them. He always heard the voices of the unclean.

Then you know we still have work to do.

The mission.

Those whose lips speak with venom, those whose tongues spit lies, those whose hands shed innocent blood, those with hearts that beat with corrupt schemes, those whose loins swell from conflict.

We are here to repay God's wrath.

Stay strong, my son.

Goldie stirred, reaching for Day and waking when he didn't find him there. He blinked over at Day, mumbling, "Hey. You up?"

"Just woke up," Day replied. "Go back to sleep, my angel. It's late."

"Mm." Goldie rubbed at his eyes. "You're not coming back to bed?"

~~I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna get the gun out of my car and shoot that motherfucker.~~

"Not yet." Day smiled. "I'm gonna go take a walk."

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REFERENCE GUIDE

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Chapter 1

- Why won't they stop lying?
- Whores. They're all fucking whores.
- They're going to eat you right up, you know. Eat you right up.
- Want me to suck your dick?
- Come on, just suck me. Just suck me.
- Let me touch. I promise it won't hurt.
- Whores.

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Chapter 6

- I'm gonna kill that bitch and her kids
- Fuck that stupid cunt. Fuck this stupid freak.
- I'll kill again and again and again and again.

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Chapter 20

- Kill that fucking piece of shit. I've gotta kill him. Look at him. He looks crazy. He's clearly fucking crazy. Put him down like a fucking dog. Like a goddamn dog. Like a dog.
- Why won't he stop laughing? Why?
- I'm gonna kill him. I have to kill him. Put him down like a dog. Like a fucking dog.
- He won't stop fucking laughing! Why won't he just stop?

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Chapter 25

- Stupid fucker! Stuid little fucker! I want my shit back. He stole my fuckin' drugs. I know it was him. If he keeps fuckin' around, I'm gonna kill him.
- I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna get the gun out of my car and shoot that motherfucker.

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Virtuous Sinners is a collection of gay romance stories that center on killers who are guided by a virtuous code. These dark novels are connected only by theme and can be read standalone.

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2. [Dark Valor](#) by Helena Novak
3. [Day of Judgment](#) by Aurora Crane & Briar Kearney
4. [Speak & Obey](#) by Ki Brightly & M.D. Gregory
5. [Nightingale](#) by Laura Lascarso
6. [Man of Carnage](#) by Nicholas Bella
7. [Pure Silence](#) by K.L. Hiers
8. [The Right Way to Wrong](#) by Ashlynn Mills

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

K.L. “Kat” Hiers is an embalmer, restorative artist, and queer writer. Licensed in both funeral directing and funeral service, they worked in the death industry for nearly a decade. Their first love was always telling stories, and they have been writing for over twenty years, penning their very first book at just eight years old. Publishers generally do not accept manuscripts in Hello Kitty notebooks, however, but they never gave up.

Following the success of their first novel, *Cold Hard Cash*, they now enjoy writing professionally, focusing on spinning tales of sultry passion, exotic worlds, and emotional journeys. They love attending horror movie conventions and indulging in cosplay of their favorite characters. They live in Zebulon, NC, with their family, including their children, some of whom have paws and a few that only pretend to because they think it's cute.

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AUTHOR LINKS:

Website: <https://www.klhiers.com>

Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/klhiers>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/klhiers>

Twitter: https://twitter.com/kl_hiers

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