



THE FOREVER

*Vault*

RINGS TRILOGY BOOK 3

**FINN DIXON**

THE FOREVER  
*Vault*

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# THE FOREVER VAULT

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Rings Trilogy Book 3

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FINN DIXON

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THE FOREVER VAULT

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This is a work of fiction. Any similarity between the characters and situations within its pages and places or persons, living or dead, is unintentional and coincidental.

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## Disclaimer

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*Content Warning: Instances of homophobia and homophobic language, a traumatic on-page injury, several medical scenes, including a live birth, mentions of prescription drug addiction, performance-enhancing drugs, and on-page intoxication, an on-page open relationship of side characters, and dealing with a past dub-con partner face-to-face.*

*This book is intended for adult readers only as it contains numerous explicit consensual sex scenes between two strapping male gymnasts that often use graphic language to enhance their pleasure.*

*Additionally, The Forever Vault is a work of fiction, and takes place in an alternate reality, i.e. the Olympics have never been in San Francisco. This was done on purpose to allow the reader to imagine it whenever they would like. Enjoy!*

## Lucas

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FLORIDA

“If you don’t hurry up, we’re going to be late. How many pairs of underwear do you need?”

“You’re seriously asking me that?” I dragged my suitcase out of our bedroom and was met by Cam’s folded arms and impatient stare. “Wait a minute.” I unzipped the front, reached my hand in, and started digging around.

“Now what?!”

My fingers felt around as I ignored Cam’s nostril flare. We were like five minutes late. That was on time for me and he knew that.

“Here it is.” Triumphant, I pulled out a purple jockstrap and held it up for Cam to see.

“That’s it. Your lucky jockstrap?”

“I don’t hear you complaining when it’s all I’m wearing around the house.”

Cam didn’t say anything. Well, any words. In three steps, he had my arms pinned above my head and his tongue tangling with mine. After a good twenty seconds, he pulled back to say, “I do like half-naked chore time,” then resumed what I could only describe as a world champion kiss. Cam would win, hands down. The way my body responded to just his mouth on mine...my libido would be set for life.

I was breathless when he took a second to gulp some air. “I thought we were late.”

He smirked, looking down from his whole-inch-taller-than-me vantage point, then slithered his hands around my waist and under the elastic band of my shorts.

“Had to check. I knew you’d be going commando.”

“Easy access, handsome. I was hoping for some quality in-flight entertainment.”

Cam groaned and pulled back. “I bet. Stuff your jock in the bag. If we forgot something, my mom can bring it later.”

“Oh yeah, I see that going well.” I held an imaginary phone to my ear. “Hi Heather, we’re going to need you to swing by the house to pick up a few things we forgot. Cam’s leather harness and metal cockring, my crotchless booty shorts, and the silver nipple clamps. Not the ones in the bathroom next to our matching Fleshjacks, the ones on the dresser. And don’t go in the den, we don’t want you to see the sling just yet. It’s not finished.”

Cam rolled his eyes and shoved me towards the door, then picked up both our suitcases. “Let’s go!”

I grabbed the keys from the hook by the door and held it open for Cam, locking it behind us.

Cam’s mother lived about fifteen minutes from our house. What was once Cam’s mother’s great aunt’s cottage was now our home. It took us a few years to make it livable - the flooded bathroom was no joke - but we had been in it for over a year now. I still had to pinch myself every now and then. It seemed like a fantasy.

I SLOWED the car down in front of the flower shop, rolling to a stop.

“Cutting it a little close, boys,” Heather warned, as she opened the door.

“You know whose fault that is, Mom.”

I gave her a sheepish grin in the rearview as she sat down and buckled up. It was a thirty minute drive to Tampa International Airport. After dropping us off, Heather was taking our car back to the house, so we didn't have to pay parking for three weeks. She'd be coming to San Francisco in a week or so, in time for the opening ceremony.

"What was it this time? The coin, or something I don't want to know about?"

*The coin!*

I let off the gas and tried to remember.

"Don't worry, tiger. I got it." Cam read my mind.

*"¡No manches!"*

"I'm not joking. It's right here." He pulled the platypus coin out of his pocket.

I let out a big breath. His ability to know what I was thinking was uncanny. One of the benefits of living together for almost four years.

"Haven't you done this before?" Heather asked, leaning forward to rub my shoulder.

I chuckled and unclenched my asshole.

Well, just a little bit. Tampa traffic was a bitch.



"I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE your mom got us these tickets for my birthday." Heather surprised me with them at my birthday dinner in May. Cam smiled, leaned over, and puckered his lips. I kissed him, knowing he needed it. He hated flying.

"It's like she loves you or something." Cam shrugged and fiddled with the safety brochure.

"Can I get you gentlemen *anything* before we take off?"

I glanced up to see an appreciative smile and amber eyes that seemed to sparkle. *In that way.*

Stereotypically, male flight attendants had a reputation. I laughed a little on the inside because the reputation was not unearned. Every flight. It never failed. A guy would find us and give us extra of whatever we needed. It happened with the women, too.

I knew Cam and I were famous. Not like Chris Hemsworth or anything, but something told me this gentleman wasn't going to be our first admirer of the day.

After all, it was a six hour flight.

"I'll take a Sex on the Beach," Cam replied.

I watched the guy's eyes bulge for a second before he hid his smirk. It was early, but I knew Cam was nervous. I didn't mind a tipsy Cam either. He got handsy when he drank, a fun combination at high altitudes.

"We're actually not supposed to serve alcohol just yet," he said, lowering his voice, "but I'll make an exception for you two. Would you like something, Lu-?"

*There it is.*

"I mean, sir."

I knew he recognized us.

"Just a Diet Coke, thanks."

"If you need anything else, just let me know. My name's Sean."

IT HAD BEEN a few hours since they served us breakfast, and despite having two dedicated flight attendants for first class - including Sean from earlier - I had counted at least four others traversing through the cabin at different times. Seemingly, they had purpose, but I made eye contact with every one of them before they glanced away. I still found it odd to be recognized, especially in non-athletic settings.

Cam's hand slid up the leg of my shorts, causing me to twitch in my seat. The calluses on his palm tickled as they rubbed over the fine hairs on my thigh. He was going for my-

*Jesus!*

I glanced around out of habit. We had some privacy since the seats were asymmetrical across the aisle, but anyone could walk by and see us, including Sean.

“Really, Cam?” I whispered. “Here?!”

“What? You’re the one that went commando. That’s practically an invitation.”

“Last night’s fuckfest wasn’t enough for you?”

Cam seemed to think about it for a minute. “That was your send-off. Like when they break the bottle of champagne on the bow of a ship, you know, for a good voyage.”

“If only cum were champagne-flavored.” I jolted in my seat as his fingertips made contact with my balls. My hormones were on their way to kill my brain cells. Rational thoughts were trying to form. I looked down, knowing what I’d see. My shorts were tenting.

Cam’s touch still drove me wild.

“Not here, Cam!” I managed to get out. “The bathroom on the right. Meet me in a minute. Knock twice, I’ll let you in.”

“You sure?”

“Better than in front of everybody!”

“Aren’t two guys in the bathroom kind of obvious?”

“Now, you’re bashful?! I don’t think Sean is going to give us any problems. He probably would either watch or participate, and the other first class passengers are asleep or watching TV. No one will care.”

“Who’s Sean?”

“The flight attendant that’s been undressing us since we left Tampa.”

“Oh.” Cam smiled, before whispering, “I kind of like the idea of him knowing.”

I gave him a kiss and headed to the back of the first class cabin. As I waited for Cam, I had a slight moment of panic

that he might knock on the other bathroom door, but my worries were misplaced. I heard two knocks and cracked the door. It was Cam.

“Hey, got a dick in there for me?” Cam giggled.

I wanted to roll my eyes, but my dick responded for me. Cam slipped in and immediately cupped my bulge through my shorts. He maneuvered around me, pushing me against the door, as he took a seat on the toilet lid.

In mere seconds, my shorts were on the floor and his mouth was wrapped around my dick. Cam was a natural from the start, but he had perfected his technique with some coaching over the years. While he still couldn't deep throat, he knew exactly how rough he could be with my junk and that knowledge was paying off. I could feel my balls tightening already. When his other hand made its way up my inner leg and a finger snaked its way to my hole, I about lost it.

“I'm gonna nut if you don't stop, Cam. Don't you wanna cum?”

He smiled, then fished something out of his pocket.

*Travel lube.*

He stood up, handed me the lube, pulled his shorts off over his sneakers, and tossed them on the sink. And then, in a way only a gymnast could, braced himself against the wall and brought his feet up and around to rest on the angled ceiling over his head. It was like something from a Spider-man porn parody and my dick approved. Having a thing for Tom Holland may have helped.

Cam's hole was ready and waiting at the perfect height. Quickly, I slathered my dick with lube and squirted some on his hole, pushing a few slicked-up fingers inside of him. I watched him squirm. His dick flexed with each ingress.

“Fuck me.”

I tossed the lube onto his shorts and moved closer, positioning my dick perfectly before pushing in. I knew after last night he was loose, so as soon as my head breached his muscle, I pushed the rest of it all the way.

Cam's eyes rolled back and his legs dropped from the angled ceiling to my shoulders. I wrapped my left hand around one for leverage and started pistoning in and out, making sure to slam in hard. Cam liked it like that, and I liked hearing the sound of my balls slapping against his body. They liked it rough too.

"Mmm," Cam moaned.

"Not - so - loud." I said between thrusts.

"Can't help it! Ah!" *Unintelligible noises.* "You're hitting the right spot."

Cam tried to reach for his dick, but he'd start slipping down the wall if he let go on either side. After two failed attempts, I said, "Here, let me."

I stopped thrusting for a few seconds. That gave me enough time to push his left leg off my shoulder and brace his foot on the sink before I started pounding him again. My right hand was free to wrap itself around that which gave me more orgasms than anything else. The cock of my dreams.

It surprised me a bit when Cam wanted to get fucked again, especially since we did just that the night prior, but I wasn't going to question it. And not that I was keeping score, but his cock had been inside me way more times than the other way around. Honestly, I'd take sex any way I could get it. And while I would never admit it to him - not wanting to take away his enjoyment of being on the receiving end - I much preferred being on the bottom. Kneeling on all fours with Cam pulling my hair as he literally forced the cum out of my dick via pummeling my ass was my heaven.

"Harder! I'm close."

Brought back to the moment, I renewed my pelvic intensity and focused on the cock in hand.

"Ah. Aaaah. Fuck me! More! Fuck the cum out of me."

At this point, someone had to have heard the sound my balls were making, but I gave zero fucks. Well, I gave one fuck. To Cam. What seemed like the fuck of our lives.

“I’m cumming!”

I kept my current pace and watched Cam reach to pull up his shirt as the first blast painted his abs. The spurts kept coming and only took a few more seconds before the first wave of ecstasy crashed down, pushing me over the edge. With each of my deposits, I slammed all the way in until I had nothing left but a shudder.

Cam was panting, trying to catch his breath, barely able to say, “Fuck, that was hot.”

“You think that was? I’ll be hard for the rest of the flight knowing you’re filled up with my cum.”

Cam rolled his head back. “Fuuuck. This is like the dirtiest sex we’ve ever had.”

I pulled my dick out slowly and pushed his shorts and the lube aside to wet a paper towel, attempting to wash my dick as well as I could before pulling my shorts up. I pocketed the lube, then gave Cam some space at the sink.

He exhaled loudly and collected himself. “You think anyone noticed?”

“Would we have done that if we cared?”

Cam shrugged. “I guess not. The price to pay for being a horny twenty-seven year old.”

“For two more months.”

“Why do you have to point out I’m older than you all the time?”

“Maybe I like ‘em older.” I gave his neck a nuzzle and a little lick.

“Hmm. I bet. All those guys you see behind my back, right?”

I mock-gasped. “You know about them?”

He shoved me back against the wall. “You dick. Are you ready? I’ll go first, then you can come a bit later.”

“Isn’t that what I just did?”

“You’re impossible.”

“You love me.”

Cam paused - “Fuck yeah, I do,” - then popped the door open just a bit.

“Warm washcloth?”

*Fuck!*

Sean was holding a washcloth in front of Cam’s face. “Uh, thanks.” He grabbed it, then shut the door behind him. I locked it.

*He was probably listening the whole time.*

I was sure he didn’t get paid enough to deal with this. But maybe he enjoyed it? Surely, this must happen all the time. I rechecked my reflection in the mirror. *Yup, sex face. Definitely sex face.* Whatever. I was nervous to get caught before, but now that we had successive fan-fucking-tastic orgasms, I didn’t care anymore.

I opened the door. It looked like a washcloth for me too. I smiled, said, “Thank you,” and then dared to look him in the eye.

“Wish I could be of more service,” Sean said, glancing down at my crotch.

*I bet you do, you dirty minx.*

Cam and I weren’t ones to fool around with other guys. We had tried something with a masseur a few years back, but it was clear we were too possessive of each other. Heavy flirting was about all we could handle. Colton and Zephyrus were fun to hang out with, and Ty and Declan as well, but other than some naked vacations, and some voyeurism shit, we never added a third.

“Uh, thanks.” I handed him back the washcloth I had only used on my hands. I wasn’t sure what he expected. Was I supposed to pull my shorts down and swipe my cock in front of him?

I made my way back to the seat where Cam had his head back and eyes closed. He wasn't worried about hiding the tent in his shorts.

"I can see your dick," I whispered.

"I can't help it. I'm committing all of that to permanent memory."

"Top five?"

"Top three! Easily."

Not bad for tiny airplane bathroom sex.

THE REST of the flight was uneventful. Sean was attentive without being overtly inappropriate, though I saw him scoping out Cam's bulge a few times. Honestly, it was always hard to miss. Even when he was flaccid, he more than filled his briefs.

After our fuck, he fell asleep and stayed that way the rest of the flight. I spent my time watching the news, looking through the Olympic information Shane had sent me, and playing with the Olympic app. The Olympic Village was built around newly constructed dorms at the University of California's San Francisco campus. A few new venues had been constructed, including the Olympic Stadium. It would become the new home of the 49ers afterward.

San Francisco had a good transport system, but it wasn't quite as sophisticated as London. And there wasn't a huge Olympic complex like at either of the other games. The venues were spread throughout the city, with some as far south as Palo Alto and San Jose. The gymnastics events would be held at the Chase Center, home of the Golden State Warriors.

"We're here." I nudged Cam awake.

"Wh-what?"

*Fuck.* Sleepy Cam was hot. His bed head was my Viagra, and despite having fucked my cum into him three times in the last twenty-four hours, I felt blood rushing to my dick.

“Hope you enjoyed the flight, gentlemen. Good luck, Lucas.”

“Uh, yeah, thanks.”

Sean disappeared into the galley as Cam and I gathered our belongings.

“Someone has a fan,” Cam whispered.

“I think he would’ve taken either of us.”

“Probably at the same time, spit-roasted.”

Now, there’s an image. He did look pretty lean under that button down.

*Down, boy.*

## CALIFORNIA

We didn’t have to wait for our bags or our Uber for long. Despite having been up for almost eight hours, it was still early here. Pacific time. Yay. One of the many reasons to get to the Olympics early. Our bodies could adjust to the time difference.

The driver was pretty friendly. He hadn’t recognized us when we said what we were in town for, and gave us some recommendations for restaurants and other stuff to see. It was nice to see mountains again. I’m sure they were actually hills, but to a Floridian, they were mountains, and while downtown Tampa had some overpasses, it was nothing compared to this. I was thankful to not have to drive in an unfamiliar city.

The UCSF campus was just south of Golden Gate Park, another area of the city where they had constructed a few Olympic venues, including the Aquatic Center used for swimming, diving and water polo. I had read that the university had almost all of its residences demolished to build new ones, and the college hadn’t had to pay for any of it. They’d have entirely new facilities for their students after the games were over.

The driver pulled into the dropoff area and parked. The next stop was already requested, but I wanted to make sure he'd wait.

“We’re just going to say goodbye, if you wouldn’t mind waiting for a minute.”

“That’s fine. The app will figure it out.”

Cam let go of my hand and got out on his side. The driver had popped the trunk. I slung my gym bag over my shoulder and pulled my suitcase out of the back. Cam followed me to the sidewalk. The flirtiness of the airplane was gone. Nothing we had done with our dicks could help at this moment. We tried. I tried. But I always knew this was going to be hard.

“Say hi to Orion for me. Hope the babies don’t give you too much trouble.”

My sweet Cam. Putting on a brave face. I knew he was crushed, so I just nodded and smiled.

“I love you. Text me when you get to the hotel.”

“I wish you could stay with me.”

“I do too, but Coach is relying on me to help the new guys. They’re pretty green.”

“I know. I just needed to say it.” Cam paused. “I guess I’ll see you when I see you.”

“It won’t be more than a few days.”

That would be the longest we hadn’t seen each other in years.

Cam bit his lip and nodded. “O-okay.” His body slammed into mine and his arms wrapped around my torso, squeezing me as hard as he could. “I miss you already,” he whispered into my ear.

“I know. I’ll miss you too, handsome.”

He pulled back, grabbed my face, and gave me a kiss. There was tongue, there was need. It said everything he needed to say.

“I love you.”

“I love you more,” I replied.

Without a second glance, Cam slammed the door and the car pulled away, leaving me at the curb, watching his blond waves recede into the distance.

## Camden

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AS THE CAR PULLED AWAY, I fought back tears and lost. They streamed down both cheeks and I let them. The driver knew where he was going, and seemed to have the sense to not say anything.

*God damn it.*

I knew being an alternate would be hard, but for fuck's sake, it was worse now that I was here. I kept it together for Luke. I didn't want him to feel any worse for me than he already did, and I wasn't going to ruin this for him. For a moment on the sidewalk, I had the thought that I shouldn't have come, but Luke needed my support. I knew he'd be there for me if our positions were reversed. As tough as it was, I knew I made the right decision. I'd just have to make the best of it.

Luke had certainly humored my attempt at distracting myself. The aforementioned fuckfest, and he hadn't even said anything when I ordered a drink for breakfast, which was followed by our mile high fun. I mean, don't get me wrong, I was never going to turn down sex with Luke, but I purposely went out of my way to ask for it the night before.

Well, it was less of an ask, and more like an advertisement? I bent over naked in front of Luke and he got the message. He knew what I needed, anyway. He always seemed to. A combination of my transparent emotional status and Luke's intuition. Spending four years attached at the hip had helped him become proficient.

I pulled out my phone.

Cam: When do you get here?

While I waited for his reply, I texted my mom to let her know we made it, and Noah as well, to see if he and Shane had arrived yet.

“We’re here, sir.”

I didn’t notice the car had stopped. I felt a wave of embarrassment at my tears and my obliviousness, so it was a miracle I was able to say thank you to the driver at all. He had been nice enough to retrieve my suitcase from the trunk.

My phone vibrated, but it was just a notification from Uber about the trip with the total, asking if I wanted to leave a tip. Normally, I’d have smirked at the mention of tip but I sighed. Right now was not normal. It felt like anything but.

I looked up at the boutique hotel he had picked out. It was right in the heart of the Castro. An enormous rainbow flag hung in the front window. I glanced towards each end of the street and rainbow banners adorned each light post as well. He picked it because he said we needed the distraction. I wasn’t sure what he meant, but at least there was eye candy on the street. Two taller-than-me bare-chested jocks with their shirts tucked into their waistbands passed by me, drawing my attention. I even got a wink.

*Well, that makes me feel a little better.*

I walked up the stairs to open the front door, but was caught by surprise by a black-and-white, completely professional-looking sticker on the door that read: ‘Be prepared for cock.’

*What the fuck?*

The lobby was dimly lit and it took a few moments for my eyes to adjust. The front desk was to the left with what looked like a dining area beyond. There were two hallways to the right, and directly in front of me were three large windows overlooking a pool surrounded by vegetation. It reminded me

of the pool in the Maldives, especially because of the naked men in and around it.

“Hi, welcome to The Cock and Bull. Are you checking in?”

I thought Colton was joking when he told me the hotel’s name.

“That’s really the name of the hotel?”

“How’d you get here if you didn’t know the name of it?”

“I’m s-sorry. My boyfriend ordered the Uber and my friend booked the room. I thought it was a joke.”

“Ah, I see. Nope. Not a joke. ‘Cock’ is in the name for a reason.”

“I see that,” I said, taking another glance at the pool. “And yeah, I’m checking in. Camden Kane. Colton Walker made the reservation.”

Cam: What the fuck kind of hotel did you book us?

Colton: So you’re there? Great!

Colton: Zeph and I will be there in 10.

KNOCK KNOCK.

“Open up, you big-dicked stud!”

I couldn’t help my smile after hearing that voice. I stood up from my seat on the bed and went to the door. Colton scooped me up into his arms and twirled around before I could say anything. “It’s so good to see you!”

“You saw me like a month ago at trials,” I said, matter-of-factly.

“Well, that was business. This is all pleasure. It’s different.”

“How come you never pick me up like that?”

Colton turned to look at Zephyrus. “You serious, darlin’?” As if the stance of his six-foot-five frame wasn’t obvious. “I didn’t know that was somethin’ you wanted. I can bench your weight, but I’d have to lift you over my head to get your feet off the ground.”

“I know. I get-”

“Jealous,” Colton and I said simultaneously.

Zephyrus rolled his eyes. “That doesn’t help.”

“Zeph, sugarbear...”

I ignored whatever reassurances Colton was giving him and walked over to grab something from my suitcase. I returned, waiting for Colton to finish. Once he had, I held up a jewelry box in front of their faces. As I pulled it back and opened it, I watched Zephyrus’s eyes practically jump out of his head.

“You can’t be serious. We’re dating!”

“They’re not for me and Colton! I’m proposing to Luke. Seriously, Colton, what have you done to his brain?”

“I agree. Zeph? Why’d you almost hulk out on Cam there?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. I just- When you two get together, I just get...really insecure.” He ran his hand over his locs and rubbed his neck.

This, coming from a towering, Super Bowl MVP kitted out with the body of Zeus and the face of Tyson Beckford. Insecurity really could be found anywhere.

“You know I’d never step out on you. And you knew Cam before you knew me. He’s not that kind of person either.”

“I know, Colt. I guess I’m still...” he paused to look at me, then lowered his voice, “...getting over our time apart maybe?”

I felt like I shouldn’t be there and tried to slink back, but Colton grabbed my hand and thrust it into Zephyrus’s.

“Best friend,” Colton said, grabbing my cheeks with both hands for a second before letting go. “Boyfriend,” he added, doing the same to Zephyrus.

Zephyrus took a deep breath and nodded. Opening his eyes, he apologized to both of us for overreacting. “I just like Colton so damn much, and despite having the support of my team, most of this still isn’t easy for me. As easy as it seems for you.”

“Well, I had a big head start on both of you,” I said, trying to layer my voice with comfort. “And I’m your friend, too. Did you forget that?”

Zephyrus lowered his head. “I didn’t. Well, maybe for a bit. I don’t see you as much anymore since I got traded.”

“That’s true,” I admitted.

“Okay, well, that’s enough about our drama. When are you gonna propose? Let me see them again.”

“I’m not sure yet, but I was thinking of waiting until Luke’s events are over. I don’t want him distracted.” I held the box out for him to take.

Colton whistled. “Pretty sharp. Nice colors.”

I had gold bands made for us, with ‘I love you’ engraved on one and ‘I love you more’ on the other. I took the box back and resecured it in my suitcase. “Where’s your room?”

“Zeph got us the suite, but it connects to your room, so you can use the kitchen and living room whenever you want.”

Colton walked over to the door next to my bed that I had somehow missed. *Probably because you were moping.* He unlocked the door and pulled it open to reveal another door.

“I already unlocked our side,” he said, pushing the second door open. It led to a cozy living room with a kitchen to the right and a hallway in the middle. “There’s a bathroom down there and our bedroom. This was part of why we booked here. Because it had a room like this. We could all have privacy, but also hang out.”

“And swim naked in the pool,” I added.

“Hell yeah!” Colton grinned.

“He just wants to show off my dick. The team would love it if photos leaked of us here.”

“What? They’ve already all seen your dick in the showers. It ain’t that big a deal.”

“You know it’s a big deal. It certainly makes you scream.”

For once, Colton had no retort. And while I hadn’t seen Zephyrus’s dick up close or anything, I remembered the day he met Colton and the bulge that developed while I was working his hamstring. Admittedly, I was curious. Who wouldn’t be?

“Uh yeah. Whatever you say, darlin’.” Colton turned back to me. “I also figured we’d be together a bit. You know...with us being-”

“The alternates,” I finished for him.

“Yeah. That.”

He and I shared a look. I knew exactly how he felt. To be so close and feel so far.

“It will build character?” I half-heartedly suggested.

Colton shrugged.

“Alright, boys, let’s go see this pool. Time for some frowns to turn upside down.”

“Can you turn me upside down tonight?” Colton asked.

“Whatever you want, tater tot.”

“Tater tot? Do I want to know?” I asked.

Zephyrus flashed his pearly whites. “Because I like popping him in my mouth.”

*Well, that is certainly a visual.*

“So, what do we wear down to the pool if we’re going to be naked?!” I yelled through the open door.

Colton waltzed in, wearing a tiny pair of shorts. If you could even call them that. They looked like pajama bottoms made for a doll. I stared. Hard.

“What?”

“Those are tiny.”

“We’re gonna be naked.” As if that were enough of an explanation. “Haven’t you and Luke been to a bunch of nude resorts? Just wear what you wear to those. Anything’ll do.”

I rummaged through the pile of clothes on my bed. Pulling off my shirt, I decided on a pair of running shorts. I pulled my jeans off and the briefs underneath.

“Fuckin’ hell! It’s a nice ass, Cam, but really?” Zephyrus had entered my room. “You gonna do me like that? You trying to piss me off?”

I quickly pulled the shorts on and turned to see Zephyrus with his arms wrapped around Colton. Despite being the tallest gymnast on the team - well, “on” the team - he was still a good six inches shorter than Zephyrus.

“Sorry, Zephyrus. He’s seen my ass like a thousand times. I didn’t think once more was going to matter.”

“Well, it matters to me. Got me all hot and bothered. How am I gonna go swimming with half a chub?” he asked, grabbing his junk through his sweatpants. “And when are you gonna start calling me Zeph? You’re all Zephyrus, all the time. You sound like my mom. You try calling me Zeph, and I’m gonna try to relax after seeing your fine ass just now.”

“Hey, you ain’t the only one who can be jealous. What about my ass?” Colton pulled down his shorts.

“And this feels like a porno I watched last week on CockyBoys,” I said, turning around.

“We’re gonna need a minute. Sorry, Cam,” Zeph explained, before I heard the sound of their retreat and the door closing.

“I think they’ll frown upon lingering semen in the pool!” I yelled through the door.

Then again, I wasn't entirely sure they would.

IT WAS A WEEKDAY, so it didn't seem too crowded. At least, that's what Jesse at the front desk said. We had to see him to get our pool towels. Apparently, they sold day passes to guys that weren't overnight guests. My guess that it was a male only hotel was confirmed. The five guys that were using the pool all stopped to watch us as we entered.

"Uh, are they all still staring?" Zeph asked.

"What do you think, darlin'? You're six-five and two hundred and forty pounds of fit-as-fuck tattooed muscle."

"I'm two hundred and *thirty-eight* pounds, Colt."

"So sorry. And to be real for a minute, you're a huge black guy, they definitely all wanna see what you're packin' down there. Let's not keep 'em waitin' too long," Colton said, pulling his shorts off with a smile.

"Well, fuck. It's a good thing you just took a load from me up there. Otherwise, they'd be getting the full show down here."

"If you guys don't shut up, I'm going to be giving everyone a show. Could you maybe not talk about loads while I'm about to strip in front of everyone?"

"Oh, so sorry, Camden. I didn't know you couldn't handle it."

I flipped Zeph off as we both got naked.

"Jesus Christ!"

I turned towards the voice. It was one of the other guys in the pool. They were all looking. Staring, really. At Zeph. A jaw or two may have been lowered. I couldn't help but look as well. It was two feet away.

*And Luke thinks I'm big.*

To be blunt, Zeph was almost as big soft as I was hard.

“That’s my boyfriend,” Colton said. He leaned in to plant a kiss on Zeph’s lips. “It’s not polite to stare, Cam.”

“I wasn’t staring!”

I totally was. It was a dick, and it was huge.

“It’s okay. I get it. *Trust me.*”

I made my way to the stairs, hoping to get my lower half below the water before something started pointing to my upper half. It didn’t help that the other guys were checking *me* out now. The lukewarm water felt refreshing on my balls. It had been a while since I swam naked.

With great effort, I kept myself at half mast, though a glance told me at least one of the strangers wasn’t shy about his...attraction. “Fully hard” slipped into the water himself and I found myself holding my breath. He was walking over to me. Slightly panicking, I glanced over at Colton, but he and Zeph were already snuggling in their own corner of the pool. *Damn it.*

“My name’s Brody,” he said, adding a wink. “If I’m lucky, you’ll be screaming it later.”

I couldn’t help but smirk at his confidence, though I had no idea what to say. “Does that line ever work?”

“One way to find out, champ.”

“Look, I’m really flattered, but to get straight to the point, I’m in a serious relationship and we’re monogamous.”

He put his hands up. “Can’t blame a guy for trying. Your body is award-worthy, but I have to ask-” He paused to look around. “Where’s your guy?”

“Uh, he’s actually here for the Olympics. Probably training right now. We just got here.”

*Why the fuck did I just tell him that?!*

“Oh shit! That’s who you are! You’re Camden Kane! I thought for a second I recognized you from work or something.” He laughed and ran a hand over his chest. “Well,

fuck, I gotta say you're a helluva lot hotter in person and you're pretty goddamn nice, too."

I just stared, my mouth slightly agape.

"Oh my God, I'm such an ass. I can't believe I hit on Camden Kane and didn't even know it."

I finally found some words. "To be honest, I noticed you, too. Your hard dick was, you know," I made a finger gesture, "noticeable. And I am flattered, but I'm just here to relax with my friends."

"I understand." His attention focused on Colton and Zeph. Mine did as well. "So, I should know them too, shouldn't I?" He continued staring, until he snapped his fingers. "Colton Walker and Zephyrus Jones. I should've recognized the tattoos. He had a dick pic leak last year. I have to say...that's also better in person."

"Hey Cam, you make a friend?" Colton asked as he and Zeph moved closer to me.

"Zeph had a dick pic leak last year?" I blurted.

Colton laughed. "Yup."

"Not my best moment," Zeph admitted.

"How did I not know about it?"

"It's not something we put in our Christmas letter, Cam."

"Yeah, it was kind of embarrassing, to be honest."

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about. It's an honor," Brody said, holding out his hand.

Zeph smiled and shook his hand. "Thanks, I guess. Come here often?"

Colton slapped his shoulder.

"Oh, I think I'll swoon now," Brody said.

"Cam turn you down yet? Y'all together?" Colton asked, motioning to the other guys in the pool.

"Yeah, they're with me. It's a work trip."

“What do you do for work?” I asked.

Brody grinned. “Each other.”

My brain cells hit their brakes and I temporarily lost all cohesive thought. Zeph’s whistle pulled me back to reality. “I thought some of ‘em looked familiar. Corbin Fisher, right?”

“That’s right!”

“I reckon I should be upset, but I’m also impressed.”

“What, Colt? You know I like twunks.”

“You two ever thought of going at it in front of a camera? I could talk to my producer.”

“Oh hell yeah, we’ve thought about it,” Colton said, to my surprise.

“Done it even,” Zeph added. “But as long as I’m playing in the NFL, a publicly released porno would be impossible.”

“Well, I’ll have to give you my number and you can let me know when you retire,” Brody said. “I’ll see you guys around. We’re here for a few weeks.” There was a flash of a perfectly tan ass above the water as Brody dove towards his friends.

“Well, shit, isn’t that a coincidence?” Zeph mused.

“Nice pick on the hotel, Colton. Now, I’ll have porn stars to stare at,” I mused.

“At least they’ll be a nice distraction.”

I sighed. He was right. “What was that about you two and a camera?”

“Don’t kink shame us, Cam.”

“I would never, Zeph. I was just curious about it.”

“I bet you were.”

## Lucas

---

AFTER MAKING IT THROUGH SECURITY, I consulted the app. It was new for this Olympics, some partnership with a tech startup in Silicon Valley. My entire personal schedule was there, as well as the schedule for every event for when we wanted to be a spectator. Shane could add things to my schedule that only I could see, and Woodward could add things to the team's and it would notify all of us. It also had a map, not just of the village, but of every venue related to the Olympics and included navigation as well.

Because of it, I didn't need to check-in. Everything would be waiting for me in my room, which I would access with a punch code that was sent to me this morning. I brought my schedule up and clicked on 'Arrival.' The map popped up and showed me the way to the American dorm.

I was on the fourth floor.

I punched in the code and opened the door. "Hello?"

"Lucas, is that you?"

"You can call me Luke, but yeah, it's me."

My roommate, Ezra Barnes, entered the room.

"Hey, man. I still can't believe I'm rooming with you. This is so exciting! We share this common area and the bathroom, but we each have our own bedroom. I took this one, though they're both the same, but I can switch if you want."

Ezra was five years younger than me and had come on strong the last few years. His brown hair was shaggy but straight and he was always sweeping it out the way. I couldn't help but notice his brown eyes as he sent a killer smile my way. He was the tallest on the team, so I had to look up at him, which felt weird since he was younger.

"I'm sure the other bedroom is fine."

I made my way to it, but felt Ezra following me. To be honest, I didn't know much about him. I knew that Woodward had paired me and Orion with two of the newer members of the team, so we could help them out blah blah blah. I got Ezra, the youngest on the team at twenty-two. I think O's roommate was Preston. Somehow, the fifth member, Miles, had his own room. I thought Ty had worked with Preston and Miles in California, but I wasn't one hundred percent on that.

"You've been training in Colorado with O, right?"

"Who?" Ezra asked.

"Oh, sorry, Orion. I call him 'O'."

"Oh yeah, I was. He was with you in London? You went to school together too, I think?"

"Yeah, he was and we did." I tossed my suitcase on the bed. Ezra leaned against the door.

I had to smile inwardly at his attitude. He was a bubbly one. I was sure I'd be feeling like that if Cam were with me. Instead, it felt like a part of me had stayed with him. It wasn't a surprise I felt that way, but I was going to have to get used to it.

"You want help unpacking?"

"No!" Ezra looked disappointed, which made me feel guilty. "I mean, no thanks. I have some personal stuff in he-"

"If it's like a dildo or something, I don't care. It won't bother me."

I must've stared at him for too long.

“Hey dude, I know you don’t really know me, but *everyone* knows you and Cam. It’s not as big of a story anymore, but I’m gay, too. My parents and coach know, a few friends back home, the guys I’ve been with, obviously.” He paused and smiled, then his hands continued weaving what I could only describe as the world’s most intricate invisible scarf. “My coach said I could learn a lot from you and I know you don’t really know me that well, but I really look up to you, and Cam too. And I know it’s probably a huge understatement to say it sucks that Cam isn’t here, and I have no idea what that must be like, but I’m really glad we’re roommates and we’ll hopefully be spending a lot of time together because you seem like a great guy and Orion had nothing but nice things to say about you-”

“You can take a breath, Ezra.”

He laughed. “Sorry. I’m just really excited.”

“I can tell.” I chuckled. “Your enthusiasm is refreshing. It’s making it a little easier for me to be here.” I swallowed. “Without Cam.”

Ezra left the door to make himself comfortable on my bed.

This boy had no boundaries and I kind of liked it. He was a little bit of Cam, Colton, and Orion all packed into one tall, likely ripped, body.

*Maybe this won’t be so bad after all?*

“JESUS! IS THAT YOUR DILDO?”

I thought he was on his phone and didn’t think he’d notice. “Uh, yeah.”

“Mind if I take a look?”

“Seriously?”

“I mean, if you aren’t comfortable, I understand. I just don’t have a lot of gay friends and while my coach is super supportive, it’s a little weird to talk about *that* with him. My parents are obviously out of the ques-”

“Okay, okay. I get it. I should be less weirded out and more supportive of your curiosity. I’m an only child and Orion’s not a baby gay anymore, so I haven’t been a mentor for a while. Here ya go,” I said, handing him my Cam-sized toy.

His eyes widened. “You can take this?”

I nodded, smiling. Cam would never believe this. “My boyfriend’s actually bigger than that.”

“No fucking way, you lucky bitch. I mean...you’re lucky. I didn’t mean to call you a bitch.”

“It’s okay, I am a lucky bitch. You can be jealous.” I finished unloading my clothes into the dresser.

“Okay, good. I mean, don’t get me wrong, you’re hot, but Cam...woo.” He dramatically fanned himself.

“So, boy-next-door is your type?” I sat down next to him, trying not to be distracted by how he was absent-mindedly stroking the dildo.

“Yeah, probably. Your beard definitely gives off a little daddy vibe, and that’s not a bad thing, just not quite what I’m looking for.”

“Well, my first piece of advice is to focus on the Olympics! Dick can wait.”

“*You* didn’t follow that advice.”

“I know and it made things way more complicated. Trust me. Medals first, dick later.”

“We’ll see about that.”

I grabbed the dildo back from him and placed it in my dresser. “You want to do some exploring or grab something to eat before our first team meeting?”

EZRA and I ended up at the American dining hall. It wasn’t the largest, but it was the closest. Since we had a team meeting in an hour or so, I didn’t want to get caught up in exploring the new village just yet.

“So, I’ve seen you at meets, but I don’t know much about you. Why don’t you give me the Cliff Notes version?”

“The what now?”

“Jesus, I’m not that much older than you. What would your Wikipedia say about you?”

“Oh.” He thought about it for all of one second. “Well, I’m Ezra Barnes. I’m twenty-two, five-foot-nine, and a hundred and fifty eight pounds. I’m an ESFJ Gemini. I was born and raised in Bellevue, went to Washington University in Seattle, and majored in sociology with a minor in kinesiology. I have an older brother and a younger sister. I came in second at the last National Championships and medaled in the parallel bar and vault.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“Uh...my favorite color is blue. My favorite cartoon is Spongebob Squarepants. My favorite cereal is Cinnamon Toast Crunch and my celebrity crush is Henry Cavill.”

“Henry Cavill? Not Camden Kane?”

Ezra gave me a smirk. “Cam’s definitely my sports crush, but I’m a sucker for Henry’s accent.”

“¿Entiendo que te gustan los acentos?”

“Spanish is kind of hot too.” He winked. “Is that all you wanted to know? Is it my turn to grill you yet?”

I finished the last of my chicken salad sandwich and shrugged. “What do you want to know?”

“How the fuck can you balance a relationship and the Olympics?!”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “It definitely hasn’t been easy.”

“Well, you make it look that way. You and Cam.” He lifted his shoulders and exhaled dramatically. “Goals, dude. Goals.”

“To be honest, this is a huge test.”

“You mean, that you’re here and he’s an alternate?”

I nodded. “It sucks. It felt like we were competing against each other for the same slot.”

“You can’t think of it that way. Cam did his best and it wasn’t enough. That’s it. Period. End of story. The fact that he came so close. What are you guys? Twenty-seven?”

I nodded again.

“Exactly. And you’re all-arounders, not specialists. Sure, there are guys here older than you two, but they’re here for one event. You were both - are both - still doing all of them. That’s literally ridiculous. There’s no one else doing that right now except maybe Jack Davies.”

*Fuck, he’s making some good points.* “You’re right.”

“Of course, I am.”

“You’re a brat, aren’t you?”

He looked taken aback. “Me?! Never. And I’m sure you’re worried about Cam, but don’t be. I’m sure he’s fine.”

“Speaking of - shit - I haven’t checked in with him. I was trying to give him space. Normally, I kind of suck at that.”

Luke: How’s the hotel? Colton there yet?

I didn’t have to wait long for a response.

Cam: Yeah, Zeph’s here too. Hotel is nice.

Cam: All male, clothing optional. You’re missing out, tiger.

Luke: You’re joking.

Cam: Already got hit on by a porn star.

I couldn’t stop myself from laughing. And here I was, thinking he was going to be depressed.

“What?”

I showed Ezra my phone.

“How are you guys this lucky?”

Luke: So, when's our threesome?

Cam: Funny. He didn't ask after I said we were monogamous

Cam: Zeph and Colton were big fans though.

Luke: I bet. Plans post-porn star flirt sesh?

Cam: Not sure. Exploring the Castro?

Luke: Have fun.

Cam: How's the roomie?

Luke: Hasn't shut up about you. I should be offended, but I understand his appreciation.

Cam: Apparently, I attract younger men.

Luke: Don't let it go to your head.

Luke: And don't you dare type 'it's not going there'

Cam: You don't know me. :-P

An alert came through on my phone. Same for Ezra.

"We should head out soon. Meeting time," he said.

Luke: First meeting's coming up. Call you later.  
Love you.

Cam: Love you more.

"WELCOME, everyone. As you can see, we've got quite a crowd."

I looked around the table and he was right. I recognized maybe half the room. Shane was sitting to my left. Ezra had taken the seat to my right. I assumed his coach was next to him. Orion was across the table from me. He was still flying

solo, coach-wise, but he was dating Austin and they were both about to get their first taste of Olympic romance.

“Based on limitations on the coaching staff for this Olympics, the people you see around you are the representatives of US Men’s Gymnastics in San Francisco. I’ve already spoken with all of the personal coaches and let them know that they may have to take on other roles as the team needs them, but only time will tell. Our only assistant coach this year is Cassandra Marudas. She’s been with me and Team USA for a few years and was integral in helping Lucas qualify for the London Olympics.”

Cassandra and I had made our peace in London, so I was happy for her when Woodward invited her back as a national team coach after Ty left to stay local. I had seen her at competitions and she checked in via text from time to time, but I usually spent all my time and energy on Cam, Heather, Shane and Noah.

“Luke, his preferred name, is one of our returning Olympic veterans, and this is his coach, Shane Sullivan. This will be Luke’s third Olympics, which is quite an accomplishment.”

Shane waved to the table, so I did the same. Woodward continued around the room, introducing the rest of the team.

“Ezra Barnes, and his coach Zane Korhonen.”

I blurred out the room for a second. *Zane*. That name was familiar. All of a sudden, it hit me.

*The asshole that used Cam in high school had the same name. Zane Hunter.*

“Preston Hayes, and his coach Dmitry Laskin.”

Preston was O’s roommate and based on their expressions, I’d say they hadn’t got as chummy as Ezra and myself had. Neither Preston nor Dmitry looked like they wanted to be here.

“Orion Ellis, our other returning Olympic veteran.”

O had packed on some muscle and a lot more confidence. Austin had helped him some, but from what I had seen, he had

done the same to Austin, who wasn't Erika's awkward little brother anymore. They seemed good for each other.

“And last but not least, Miles McQueen and his coach, Hudson King.”

Miles smiled and waved. He seemed cheerful, but was paler and smaller than Ezra and had darker hair. His coach, Hudson - *fuck* - reminded me of Zeph. Although he was sitting, I could tell he was well over six feet tall. His tight shirt did little to hide the muscles beneath his dark skin. He had a fresh line-up with a pattern on each side and scruff around his jawline. I hadn't seen him before. I was curious how long he had been working with Miles.

“I'd just like to say that Miles and I are honored to be here. I know we'll all contribute to the best of our ability. We're gonna get that gold this year, Coach. I can feel it.”

“Thank you, Hudson. I believe that as well. I just wanted everyone to meet today, so we can get straight to business tomorrow in the gym. It's not mandatory, but I'd like the team to hang out and have dinner together tonight if possible. I know everyone is probably jet lagged, so try to get to bed early. It will help get your body synced to this time zone and our schedule. Guys, you're free to go. Coaches, I'd like you to stay for a few more minutes.”

“AREN'T you coming with us, Preston?”

Preston turned to look at me and the rest of the guys. “As much as I'm sure you'd love to recruit me into your little gay group, I'm straight and wanna stay that way. Leave me out of it.” He turned and left.

*Seriously?*

“Is he fucking with me?”

“Naw, man. I don't know what his deal is, but he doesn't seem to be pro-homo,” O replied. “He, uh, switched rooms with Miles already because he didn't want to room with me. Legit, didn't want to room with a fag.”

I turned, grabbing O by the shoulders, “You’re not joking? He actually said that?”

O nodded and I felt my blood pressure skyrocket. “We’re telling Coach.”

“Forget it, Luke. It’s my word against his. I don’t wanna deal with this right now. At least, it wasn’t the N-word. I can easily brush off a homophobe. If it gets worse than his little comments, then we can do something. There’s always gonna be haters.”

“You don’t expect them to be on your team,” Ezra added.

I agreed. “I don’t like ignoring it.”

“He’s a twenty-three-year-old immature shithead. If I can ignore him after the shit I’ve heard, you can too.”

“I thought this was all behind me. It’s like middle school all over again.”

O and I turned to see Ezra scratching his head, a worried expression on his face.

I pulled him towards me and O in a half-hug. “Don’t worry,” I said. “That little pissant isn’t going to bother you. Not if I have anything to say about it.”

“Uh, can I be on Team Homo? If that’s what you’re calling it,” Miles asked.

“That’s not what we’re calling it, but sure,” I answered. “Is that your way of coming out to us?”

“More or less, I guess. I’m not one to announce anything really. And I could’ve warned you about Preston. He was pretty conceited in California, especially about his body. The majority of my time there I thought he was gay, and Coach Tyler did his best to loosen him up. But after his religious parents hired Dmitry, he became much worse. Having a conservative, Russian, ex-gymnast for a coach didn’t really expand his social graces, or acceptance of *alternative lifestyle choices* as I heard Dmitry call it.”

“I’ll call Ty and see if I can find out anything useful.”

“Forget him for a minute, Luke. If we’re the team that wants to hang together, then let’s make the best of it.”

I’d do my best to take O’s words to heart because the team was what mattered. But I knew I had to tell Shane, because Woodward needed the heads up. They needed to know we had an apparent homophobic piece of shit as an Olympic teammate.

## Camden

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"EVERYTHING OKAY, tiger? You sound stressed? Wanna make this a video chat and *release* some tension?"

"Sorry, Cam, maybe in a few minutes, but I need to vent."

*Fuck, I knew something was wrong.*

"I don't know what to do, Cam. Well, I know what to do, but it sucks it's even happening."

"Okay, you need to just spit it out because I'm imagining a lot of really bad things."

"Preston Hayes, you know him?"

"Not well. A little young for my tastes."

"Well, if you said something like that to his face, he'd probably call you a fag."

"Did he say something to you?" I sat up in bed, kicking off the covers.

"Not to me, but he may have said it to O. I think so anyway. He didn't want to hang with the team today because we're all gay gay gay and he didn't want us to turn him gay or some bullshit. I haven't dealt with this in so long. I can't believe I have to deal with it here." Luke sighed. "It's fucked up."

"Well, you know what you have to do. I'd talk to Shane and Woodward. They need to know. It's not fair to you, Orion, or Ezra."

“And Miles too, apparently.”

“Jesus, you guys *are* gay as fuck. That means Alex and Preston are the only straights on the last three teams, though I’m not so sure about Preston.”

“What do you mean?”

“That kind of anger’s obviously hiding something.”

“Well, whatever’s happening with him, I can’t have him spouting off whenever he feels the need.”

“I know.” I let a comfortable silence linger, though my earlier horniness hadn’t dissipated. “You wanna watch me nut on my face?”

Hearing Luke’s laughter made me glad I offered.

“Fuuuck. Yes, I want to see that.”



IT WAS nice to sleep in, but my mind immediately went back to last night’s conversation. I couldn’t believe the team would have to deal with a homophobe. It kind of seemed like nothing was going quite our way this time. It hurt a little more knowing Luke would have to deal with it without me there to back him up.

I did my best with last night’s performance. But our fuckfest wasn’t enough to distract me, so my self-facial would only help Luke so much. At the very least, maybe it helped him fall asleep. I sent him a quick text to let him know I was thinking about him, then got up to start the shower. I wiped my face with a shirt last night, but I needed to give it a good rinse before we headed out today. I took a piss while the water warmed up, then opened the glass door to step into the torrent coming from above.

Everything about this hotel was gorgeous, and that included the bathroom. Natural light filtered in from tiny windows along the top of the east wall. If Luke ever joined us here, there was plenty of room in the shower for two. I started

to harden at the thought of shower sex with him. After four years together, our sex life was still everything I wanted it to be. If we weren't working or working out, we were most likely fucking.

I ran my fingers down my shaft, squeezing the head.

“Mornin’, sugar!”

“Jesus, Colton. Knock much?!” I turned my body away from the door as he entered, followed by Zeph.

“I told you he’d be in the shower,” Colton said.

Zeph added, “We heard the water running.”

“That’s usually how a shower works,” I said, my dick softening quickly.

“We know that, darlin’. Just wanted to make sure you weren’t lying on the floor. The bathroom is the number one place for household accidents.”

“Don’t worry, Colton. Zeph probably just wanted to see my penis.”

“No! I just wanted to make sure you weren’t pumpin’ the keg in here. We’re hungry!”

“Sure. Let me rinse off and I’ll be right out. Feel free to stay and supervise.”

“We’re leaving, Cam. No worries.” Zeph dragged Colton out of the room and shut the door behind them.

OVER BREAKFAST, I told Colton and Zeph about Preston. Both were as pissed as me since their coming out processes were fairly recent. To put it mildly, Colton made some waves in his Texas town when he came out of the closet, and Zeph was only the second out player in the NFL at the time. It hadn’t been an easy road for them.

“It sucks that gay people have to deal with this shit, but Coach should be able to handle it,” Colton suggested.

“Based on what Colton’s told me, he’s been supportive of you and Luke. The coaching staff at the Stallions was like that for me. They didn’t renew this guy’s contract because he kept giving me shit. Sent a clear message to the rest of the team.”

“I know. I just hate not knowing. Being away from him. It’s not even been two full days and I feel like I haven’t seen him in weeks.”

“Aw, that’s sweet, but I can’t relate. Two days away from Zeph and I’m still enjoying myself.”

“Oh really?” Zeph’s eyebrows went up an inch.

“Don’t worry, darlin’. By the time you’re back in my bed, I missed you an awful lot. I’m just sayin’ some people enjoy some alone time more than others. Cam doesn’t appear to be one of those people.”

“So we need to distract him?”

“It’s not a huge deal. I’ll see Luke tonight. We have plans for dinner.”

“Is it dinner or ‘dinner’?” Colton asked, using air quotes.

“Hopefully, a little of both.” I waggled my eyebrows, trying to convince myself and the guys that I was okay. I was and I wasn’t, and I was glad they were here with me.



“THE COCK AND BULL? REALLY?” Luke asked, stepping out of the Uber.

I ignored his question and scooped him into my arms, squeezing as tight as I could.

“I missed you too, handsome,” he said into my ear.

Once his feet had touched the ground again, I pulled his mouth to mine and kissed him. “That was my first thought when I saw it.”

“I thought you were joking.”

I laughed. “I thought Colton was joking.”

“So...where are these porn stars at?”

I slapped his shoulder. “Funny! Are you hungry? Do you want to get something to eat, then come back here for a bit? I’m not sure how late you want to be out.” I wanted him to break the rules and spend the night, but I knew the importance of keeping a set schedule, especially before a competition. And the Olympics wasn’t just any competition.

“Um, I have no idea what’s around here, so...your decision?” He shrugged and held his hands up.

“There’s a Mexican café we walked by earlier today. It looked nice. We can head that way. It’s just a few blocks away. You up for that?”

“If you’re there, I’m up for anything.”

“Total cheese, but I’ll take it.” I shoved at his shoulder but moved closer. “I missed it. Give me more cheese.”

Luke’s fingers threaded into mine and we headed down the sidewalk.

THE SERVER LEFT to put in our order. It was dim inside and busy, so I wasn’t surprised we weren’t recognized. It was about fifty-fifty most of the time anyway.

“How was your first day in the gym?” I asked, hoping Luke had talked to Woodward about the Preston situation.

“Good, a little tightness in my chest but I worked through it.”

I nodded, took a sip of my soda, then asked, “Did you talk to Shane or Woodward?”

“Yeah.”

“How’d that go?”

“About as good as you’d expect.”

“So...bad?”

Luke nodded. “Uh, yeah. Coach spoke with all the guys including Preston, then immediately ended practice and told us to go back to the village. Shane said the coaches were going to have an emergency meeting.”

“Did Shane tell you what happened?”

“Like you have to ask! I texted him to call me as soon as their meeting was over. He met me at the village afterward. Basically, if Preston says anything like that again to anyone on the team, he’s off the team. Coach was adamant. Apparently, Dmitry tried to deny everything, but Coach said Preston admitted it, so Dmitry kind of looked foolish. Preston’s keeping his room and Miles will stay with O. Coach didn’t want any of us to have to live with Preston after that. Press conferences will be closely monitored and if Preston doesn’t support the team, he’ll be reprimanded. Whatever that means. But I doubt anyone’s going to ask him about his feelings on sexuality.”

“I still say he’s repressing something.”

“Well, whatever he’s doing, he can stay the fuck away from me and the guys.”

I rubbed his leg under the table and offered a sympathetic smile.

“I’m too old for this shit. You’d think being on a team with a two-time Olympic veteran, the reigning Olympic all-around gold medalist, that that would garner some respect, but God forbid, I stick my dick in the wrong place-”

Of course, it was at that moment the server arrived with our food.

“Here we are, gentlemen,” he said, setting our plates down. “Just know that we don’t discriminate based on where you stick your dicks.” He winked. “Can I get anything else for you?”

I asked for more soda. Luke shook his head. I didn’t hold back my laughter as the server turned to leave. Luke’s cheeks pinkened up as he started picking at his chicken tacos. “Shut up!”

“I didn’t say anything!” I held my hands up. “I’m glad it’s been dealt with and hopefully, he’s not a shithead again.”

“One can only hope.”

“DO YOU WANT ANY DESSERT?” Luke asked.

We were on our way back to the hotel. I squeezed his hand and replied, “I’m good for now, but maybe later. Wanna see my room?”

Luke laughed. “Of course.”

We enjoyed the balmy weather. San Francisco in July was close to Florida’s winter. It was almost cool enough that I needed a sweatshirt, but Luke’s proximity and the expectation of the sexy times ahead were enough to keep me warm.

The street was fairly busy. I was surprised since it was a Tuesday. Just six more days until the opening ceremony. It was still hard to believe that I wouldn’t walk in another one. London had been my last. I certainly couldn’t complain. I left London with a gold and three silvers and a steady long-term relationship with the sweetest man ever.

*This must be the acceptance stage of grief.*

“What are you thinking about? You went quiet. I was expecting a sex joke. Something raunchy about dessert.”

I smiled. “Sorry. I was just thinking about the Olympics.”

“Ah, I see.”

“I’m good with it, Luke. It is the way it is.” I leaned in to whisper close to his ear. “And I’ll just have to make do with fucking the two-time all-around Olympic gold medalist.”

“Uh...can that happen, like, now?”

“Of course, it can. And for my dessert, I’ll swallow.” Luke’s mouth dropped a little and his pace picked up. I couldn’t help but notice him adjust his dick.

*Fuck. I’m so happy he’s mine.*

"UGH, CAN I STAY HERE TONIGHT?"

Releasing Luke's dick from my mouth, I answered, "You can stay here any night." Looking up from my position, I could see Luke's head back against the pillow, his eyes were closed. True to my word, I had swallowed, though I made a mess of the towel underneath me.

I ran my fingers through his trim pubes and up to his belly button. His chest had filled in and the treasure trail as well. It didn't take long for it to happen once Luke stopped waxing per my request. It looked really good with his facial hair too. I was a bit jealous. He looked so fucking brawny with it. I had the muscles to match, but naturally had very little body hair, which worked because he liked my body like that.

I carefully folded the towel over and around my cum, and got up to drop it in the bathroom.

Startled by banging on the living room door, I turned to see Luke bolt up in bed.

"Are you guys done having sex yet? We wanna say hi to Luke!"

"Colton wants to say hi! I just wanted to leave y'all alone."

Before I could respond, Luke yelled, "We should wash this cum off of us first! Unless you want it to smell like Jizz-Loving Twinks Number Four in here!"

*Jizz Loving Twinks Number Four?*

"Fine!" Colton replied.

"That one was not as good as the first three!" Zeph added.

I laughed. I was happy to have Colton and Zeph nearby, and I knew I felt happier since Luke was just getting out of my bed. His presence always made me feel that way. Even after spending a record two-ish days apart, my tear-filled car ride already seemed like weeks ago.

"You gonna stare at me all day, handsome, or come shower?"

I smiled, accepting his kiss as he walked by me, then followed him into the bathroom.

“I’d like to try to see you every day if possible,” Luke said. “We can figure it out. I didn’t like not seeing you yesterday.”

I stepped into the shower with him. “Alright, I can meet you wherever and whenever, but tomorrow, I’m having lunch with Erika.”

“That’s fine...I was thinking early before practice or later after dinner. I’m going to be with the team during the day and I don’t want to leave them to deal with Preston by themselves. It’s my responsibility to look out for them.”

I nodded, turning his body to face away from me, so I could soap his back, butt, and legs. “You’re such a good person, Luke.”

“I’d do it for anybody.”

“Exactly.”

“Erika must be close, right? When’s she due?” He turned back around and took the soap from me.

“Uh, yeah. First week of August, I think.”

“Hmm. Uncle Cam.”

“You like that?”

“Not as much as leather Daddy Cam.” He made a move for my dick.

“He only comes out for special occasions. Just don’t corrupt my nephew with your pornographic...tendencies.”

Luke scoffed. “*My* pornographic tendencies? First of all, he won’t be able to understand anything for a few years. Secondly, you’re the one that kissed me on live television. If anyone’s trouble, it’s you. And third, he’s going to have you, me, Austin and O in his life. The kid won’t be able to avoid it.”

“How are you still this logical after an orgasm? I can never win an argument with you.”

“Is it really an argument if I have your dick in my hand?”

I shoved at him and rinsed off.

“And I have news for you, Camden. You better get used to it, because I plan on winning every argument for the rest of our lives.” He winked as he slipped out of the shower to grab a towel.

Okay. Well, I could live with that. If it meant spending my life with him. Hearing Luke talk about *our* future made me giddy inside.

*Shit! Did he find the rings? Was that a hint?*

I quickly brushed my fear aside. I was usually terrible at hiding something like this, but I was pretty confident Luke had no idea. Colton and Zeph were surprised, so it only made sense that Luke wouldn't suspect anything either.

“LUKE!”

“Hi, Colton.”

“‘Hi, Colton.’ Oh so serious. Get over here!” Colton held his arms open for Luke and Luke accepted the hug. Zeph gave him the bro hug.

“I can't believe this is the hotel you get for my boyfriend.”

“What? You didn't think we'd be happy at some roadside motel, did you? And so what if there's a few cocks in the roost.”

“A few?” I said.

“I didn't know there were going to be porn stars here!” Colton shrugged and held his hands up.

“Well, I'm glad you and Zeph have things to play with.”

I pinched his elbow.

“Ow.”

I had never acknowledged that Colton and Zeph messed around with other guys to their faces, and Luke just spilled the beans on that piece of information.

Colton smiled and looked at Zeph. He seemed pleased. “Teamwork makes the dream work, Luke.”

*Whew.*

“I doubt the Stallions would like that kind of teamwork,” Luke said.

“Hey, if I’m not committing any crimes, they’re happy. Besides, Colton and I are in a committed relationship. If we want a guest star every now and then, it’s our choice.”

Colton pulled Zeph in for a kiss.

“I guess the cat’s outta the bag now.” Colton winked. “Didn’t mean to keep it from you Cam, but I wasn’t sure what you’d think about it.”

“Am I that much of a prude?”

“Naw. It’s just you and Luke are...”

“Are what?” Luke asked.

“Wholesome,” Zeph finished for Colton.

The bark of laughter that came from Luke’s mouth matched my feelings perfectly. “Well, we haven’t had a threesome, but I wouldn’t say our sex life is wholesome. I mean, just now, Cam swa-”

“That’s enough, Luke. It’s not a competition. We don’t need to go through all our kinks with our friends.”

“Well, not right now anyway, but maybe later, cowboy.” Colton clapped Luke on the shoulder. “Y’all wanna get some ice cream with us. We’ve been fixin’ to try that shop next door since we saw it. Then maybe we can walk Luke back to the village?”

“Are you sure it’s safe?” I asked.

“Zeph’s six-five. I don’t think anyone will bother us.”

## Lucas

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“SO, which one of the guys did you bang?” Cam asked.

I stopped licking my frozen yogurt, waiting to hear their answer.

“If I said the cute one, would that answer your question?” Colton replied.

“Was it Brody?”

“You know their names?” I asked.

“Just the one that talked to me.”

“Not Brody. The short one with blonde hair. He said his name was Gabe.”

I pulled out my phone and asked what studio they were with. Cam leaned over to see what I was doing. He whispered, “You know you have nothing to worry about.”

“I know. I just wanted to see for myself.”

Well, the photos were as expected. Both would’ve gotten my attention at the gym, but I trusted Cam. Besides, it sounded like Colton and Zeph were going to have their hands full, which meant the boys at the hotel were going to have their holes full.

Colton asked me the usual questions about training and the village and the new app, filling the time on the walk back. Zeph hung back with Cam, but I couldn’t hear what they were talking about.

I could see the security checkpoint up ahead. Colton must've seen it too because he slowed down and switched places with Cam. We walked the last bit in silence, holding hands. I was soaking in all I could. I'm sure he felt the same way.

When we were about fifty feet away, Colton interrupted the silence. "Well, Luke, it was nice hangin' out for a bit. I'm sure we'll see you soon. Good luck with training."

I hugged him and Zeph goodbye and they walked back the way we came to give Cam and I some privacy.

"So..."

"This was nice. I know you're probably worried for me, but I'm doing good. I've got plenty of distractions--"

"The porn stars?"

Cam pushed my chest playfully. "I suppose, but I meant Colton, Zephyrus, and Erika. I should probably text Noah too. If Shane's with you during the day, then he's alone as well."

I nodded. "See you tomorrow?"

"Of course."

Cam pulled my face towards his and we kissed. It didn't matter how many kisses we shared, when Cam's lips and tongue came together on mine, my stomach still tilt-a-whirled every time. I savored the moment, knowing as soon as he left, I'd be walking back into a possibly stressful situation.

"Maybe tomorrow you can bring the guys? It would be nice to see them, and I'm sure they'd like to relax a little too. That way we can see each other *and* you can be a good Olympic veteran. I'll see if Colton and Zeph want to come too."

"That sounds good. I'll ask."

"I'm assuming you won't be inviting Preston."

"Fuck no. That was a given."

Cam gave my hand one last squeeze. "Love you."

“Love you more.”

I waved goodbye to Colton and Zephyrus and headed through the security checkpoint. Heading back to the dorm, I pulled out my phone.

Luke: Hey guys, want to grab dinner with me and Cam tomorrow night? Colton and Zephyrus will probably be there too.

Orion: Count me in. It'll be nice to see Cam.

Miles: Zephyrus Jones?

Luke: Yup.

Miles: I'll be there.

Luke: Big fan?

Miles: Yeah...there's a lot to be a fan about.

The guys could see who I texted, and his name remained unmentioned. He hadn't caused any trouble at today's practice and I hoped that yesterday's shit was the end of it. He wasn't in the locker room afterward either. I'd have to double check with Shane that that was a permanent move.

I got off the elevator, headed to our room, and punched in the door code. “Ezra,” I called out, curious why he hadn't responded to the text. I found him sitting on the floor on a yoga mat, holding his phone. “You okay?”

“Why is Jack Davies such a dick?”

“What?” I sat behind him on the couch. He held his phone out to me, so I took it. “What am I looking at?”

“Twitter, duh. He's throwing shade at me. Look!”

“I don't know what I'm looking at.”

“Ugh!” Ezra grabbed his phone back. “Here. His comment on my post. He says he can't believe it either.”

“Which post?”

Ezra scrolled up and read it aloud. “Excited to be in SF. I can’t believe I’m here. #Olympics, #TeamUSA, and more hashtags.”

“Maybe he’s saying he feels the same, like he can’t believe he’s here either? Has he targeted you before?” I sat down next to him on the floor..

“Well, I may have said something snarky to him at the World Championships.”

“Do I wanna know?”

Ezra shrugged. “I was just being sarcastic. I mean, he’s clearly better than me.”

“Well, congratulations, sarcasm doesn’t always translate even when you both speak English.”

“I should ignore it, right?”

“Definitely!” I gave his shoulder a squeeze. “I doubt it will get worse, but you can always talk to your coach or Woodward if it does. However you look at it, he’s giving you attention, expending energy. Either he wants to be friends, or he considers you a threat. He could just be trying to make a bad joke, too?”

“Well, I guess that’s something, but still, I’m not thrilled.”

“Welcome to the big leagues, Ezra. You might have your first rival.”

He grabbed a pillow and let out a brief muffled scream into it.



“YOU’VE BEEN on that phone since we all sat down. What’s up?” O asked, before taking another bite of his eggs.

I answered for Ezra. “He has a rival now. I’m sure he’s obsessing over the latest tweet.”

“I am not!”

I grabbed his phone before he could react. “Riiight. I was wrong. You’re not obsessing over tweets, you’re ogling him instead!” A shirtless Jack filled the screen.

“I’m just looking at his profile.”

“That’s not his profile. Those are his abs.”

O leaned over to take a look, and added, “And his crotch.”

“Give that back to me!” Ezra snagged his phone, shoved it into his pocket, and focused on his oatmeal. As he started to push his spoon around, he changed the subject. “You got any sage advice, veteran Olympians? Unless you want to harass me some more?”

For the next twenty or so minutes before we had to leave for practice, O and I told them about our first Olympic experiences.

By now, Cam and I had admitted to the press that our relationship started in Brisbane, and that we took a break between then and London. We lied about the break, saying it was to work on our gymnastics, but only a few people knew the reality of my parents’ ultimatum and my cowardice. To an extent, I was still in touch with my mother, but my father and I had never fully healed the rift. Other than one awkward Christmas visit with Cam, I hadn’t been to see them in the last four years. My home was in Florida now.

I knew Ezra wasn’t asking about the personal side of the Olympics, but I shared it anyway. With that covered, I explained things from the athletic perspective, including the crippling anxiety in the locker room before going into the arena, and the overwhelming emotions that hit before your first event begins, especially in front of such a large crowd.

O talked mostly about his nerves and advice on how to combat them. If he was becoming more confident in London, he was a full-blown superstar now. Halfway or so to a law degree and he had already partnered with a non-profit to open the first of what could be many scholarship-based gymnastics centers in areas with higher immigrant populations.

“I still can’t believe you’re going to law school *and* you’re in a relationship. How do you have time to do it all? I feel like I’m barely getting by,” Ezra said.

My phone buzzed.

Cam: Have a good day of training. Love you.

Cam: The boys on for tonight? Colton and Zeph will be there.

Luke: Yes, they’re excited lol. Love you more.

Cam: <3

The conversation had continued without me. I tried to catch up. “Remind you of what?” I asked Ezra.

“His rivalry!” O teased.

“We should go, guys. We don’t want to be late.”

I had almost forgotten Miles was there. He was super quiet, and reminded me of O in college. And not that it was my responsibility to make him come out of his shell, but I was going to do everything I could to make him comfortable. Having O as a roommate would be a good match for him.

“You heard the boss, gentlemen,” O teased, drawing a smile from Miles. “Let’s get going.”

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT, LUKE?”

“Yeah, I must’ve slept on it funny,” I replied, rubbing my chest and left shoulder.

“Right.” Shane didn’t sound like he believed me. “Just be careful with whatever you do outside of the gym. Sexual acrobatics can-”

“Okay, that’s enough of that. You’re practically my dad. I don’t want to talk about-” I made an erratic gesture, “-with you.”

“Just looking out for you, Luke.”

We headed for some empty space along the edge of the podium. I could feel the need to roll out some of my muscles, and a few stretches wouldn't hurt either. We had been focusing on the parallel bars for the last thirty minutes or so. I'd ask about an ice bath later. Admittedly, I wasn't as young as I used to be, and I wasn't ashamed to admit I was starting to feel it.

"Not that we said anything just now that reminded me of Cam, but how's he doing?"

I grabbed the roller he held out to me and started working my muscles, taking a few seconds to formulate an answer. "Alright, I guess? I think it was hard for him at first. We, uh... tried to distract ourselves. But he seemed okay last night, and we have plans to have dinner with the team tonight."

Shane nodded, arms crossed.

"Speaking of, I didn't see Preston in the locker room yesterday. Does he have his own now or something?"

"Yeah, Woodward and Cassandra sat down with Dmitry and made things pretty clear. He and Preston are to keep to themselves while the team is training, and Coach got him access to a separate locker room. Perks of being the host country, I guess."

"How's it going, gentlemen?"

I smiled at Cassandra as she approached us. "Going well."

"Just letting this guy work out some kinks," Shane said.

"I thought Luke's kinks were a private matter?"

"Ha ha."

Apparently, Shane thought that was hysterical. I hadn't heard him laugh like that in a while.

"So I get two coaches this time around, huh?"

"Oh, come on, Luke. You know you missed having me around!"

"From what O told me, no. I didn't. You're just as much a hardass as you were before."

“Well, now I have feelings and compassion. Did O not mention that?”

Cassandra’s joke made me smile. Our relationship had come a long way from what it was in London. So much so that she stayed with us for a few weeks and helped with the cottage. She even roped her brother into coming down to help us get our pool functional again, which would’ve been a nightmare to figure out on our own. Living in Florida had its perks. Apparently, degunking an abandoned pool was better than freezing cold weather and snowstorms.

“Keep working on those muscles, Luke. We’ll run through some ring sequences after lunch, okay?”

I nodded.

“I know your body’s not as supple as it used to be.”

I flipped him the finger and rolled my eyes. “Really? Supple?”

Shane shrugged. “I’m just teasing. You’ve still got it.”

I ignored the backhanded compliment and continued rolling.



“HOW’S YOUR NEW ROOMMATE, O?”

“Oh...” O glanced sideways at Miles and smiled. “He’s alright. I would say I was disappointed, but the bedrooms are separate this time. Austin and I don’t seem to be bothering him too much. I don’t think so, anyway.”

Ezra and I looked across the table at Miles, expectantly, and were met with a blush and a diverted gaze.

“Who’s Austin’s roommate?” I asked, pivoting the attention back to O.

“Uh, another wrestler, big black guy. Not in the same weight class as Austin.”

“And he’s cool with you two?” Ezra asked.

O nodded. “Yeah, he is. He’s fine with it. Everyone on the wrestling team is.”

The unspoken words seemed to hover over us. That certainly did not describe our team.

“Would he ever have to wrestle Austin?” Miles asked.

O shook his head. “Nope, not in the same weight class.”

“Oh that’s right. You said that. Sorry,” Miles said, a little flustered.

“Plus, Austin’s freestyle. Keion’s Greco-Roman.”

“You act like we know what that means,” Ezra said.

O sighed, then explained. “Just like gymnastics, there are different disciplines of wrestling. We don’t do trampoline or rhythmic. We do artistic. It’s pretty much the same. The biggest difference is Austin can use his legs while wrestling. Keion would get penalized for doing so.”

“It sounds like you’re a wrestling expert, O.”

“You know I am, Luke. After years of watching him compete, I better be. Any more questions?” O asked the group. “Ezra? Ezra!”

“Wh-what? Sorry, I was thinking about Austin’s legs.”

O crinkled up his napkin and threw it across the table.

“I mean, can you blame me? A wrestler and a gymnast.” He paused. “Still, two gymnasts is probably better. Right, Luke?”

I finished my water, then replied, “Not gonna answer that. Maybe you should find out?”

“Yeah, right. With who?” Ezra asked.

“You mean, with whom.”

“Oh, whatever, Miles.”

“What about Jack Davies?” I suggested. “I have zero experience, but apparently, hate sex is hot.”

“Uh, hell no. Is he even gay?”

“So you do care?”

“I do not!”

“As much as I’d love for this to continue, we should think about heading back to the gym.”

I smiled at O’s suggestion. “We’re on for dinner tonight, by the way. Fanboys unite. Zeph will be there.”

“And Cam too?”

“Yes, Ezra.” I couldn’t help but roll my eyes. “I’m going to have to find you your own boyfriend, so you can leave mine alone.”

“I’m not holding my breath.”

“Well, this *is* San Francisco.”

AFTERNOON TRAINING WENT JUST AS WELL as the morning, though it was weird with Preston keeping to himself. We felt more like a team of four, but I was grateful to not have to deal with him. I hadn’t met many bigots in my life and I certainly had never had one on my team before. To my knowledge, anyway. I’d like to think it was progress, but maybe it had just been luck.

After over a decade out of the closet as a world-class athlete, it was kind of a shock, but fortunately I had plenty of distractions. When I wasn’t worried about Cam, I was minding the rest of the guys. O had some Olympic experience, but even with him on the team, I felt responsible for everybody. I knew I didn’t *have* to be their pseudo big brother. And certainly, no one pressured me into that role.

*Well, Coach did insinuate that I was a leader.*

But in the end, I didn’t mind. I was a social butterfly anyway, and even though it felt like I hadn’t stopped talking all day, I was used to it. Typical extrovert shit. I was made for it. It was my life now, and I could handle it.

“Do you think we’ll win the gold this year?”

“You’re not supposed to talk about it, Ezra!”

I was brought back to the moment. Showering with the team. Apparently, I had matured. I wasn't focused on their bodies as much as I had in Olympics past. I mean, we're all elite gymnasts. It's no surprise we look like fitness cover models. But I had a sneaking suspicion it was more likely because I was completely in love and attached at the hip to one of my very own.

"Well, this is my first Olympics! I didn't realize there were rules."

Unlike the partitioned showers of the past, we were together in an elongated room with shower heads along three of the walls. Ezra and Orion were next to each other, I stood across from them, and Miles was keeping to himself a little farther down, though it didn't seem like he had a reason to be shy.

"I'm only semi-teasing."

"That's not the only semi, I see." Ezra motioned to Orion's prick.

*Silly Ezra, O's dick is flaccid. It's just that big.*

"You sure you want to check out my junk? If I tell Austin, I'm not sure you'll be competing later."

That seemed to shut Ezra up, though I knew O's threat was a joke.

"Jeez, Luke. Were we this into scoping out dicks when we were young?"

"First of all, ouch. I am still young. Second, yes, we were that into dicks when we were as *immature and horny* as poor Ezra over there."

That earned a grin from Miles. It appeared that ganging up on Ezra was becoming an important team-bonding ritual.

"I am *not* horny!"

"I don't know. Your dick says otherwise."

"Miles!" Ezra cried in mock-outrage, though he cupped his dick with his hand and turned away from us.

“See, Luke. I told you it was a youth thing. Now, Miles is dick-watching too.”

I laughed and faced the stream to finish rinsing the soap off. “You guys are going to have to behave at dinner.”

*At least everyone will be clothed.*

THE FIVE OF US - ME, O, Austin, Ezra, and Miles - were waiting for our UberX outside of the village. We were likely to be recognized, but to mitigate that, we were all dressed in street clothes. Austin and O were holding hands and whispering. Miles had his hands in his pockets - he kept pulling one out to glance at his phone - and Ezra was like a puppy, excited to be going out. It could also be that he was meeting Cam or Zeph. It was hard to tell.

Cam and Colton had picked out an Italian bistro close to downtown. Before we left, I made sure they had phoned ahead, since there were eight of us. Just as our ride was pulling up, my phone rang. It was Ty. I answered as I settled into the third seat, next to Ezra.

“Hey there, I was meaning to call you. How’s everything going with the wedding?”

“I should be asking you. You’re the best man.”

“Hey, I’m in charge of the rings, not the wedding.”

“Is that Coach Ty?!” O yelled, turning his head towards me.

“Cock rings?” Ezra asked.

“Are you with all the guys?” I heard Ty ask, as I blocked my other ear with my finger.

“Yeah, we’re in a car on our way to dinner. Meeting Cam, Colton and Zeph.”

“Who’s there with you?”

“O, Austin, Ezra and Miles.”

“How’s Miles doing?”

“Good, but hard to tell. He’s a little quiet. Speaking of…” I turned away from everyone and lowered my voice. “We’ve had some issues with Preston. He’s pretty much been banned from working with the team. To put it nicely, he’s a homophobe. I know you worked with him and Miles. Was he like that then?”

“Ah, fuck. Yeah. He was a handful. He never seemed completely comfortable with me and Declan, but he wasn’t an ass about it. Honestly, I thought he was in the closet and possibly jealous. Then he got his new coach and it was over. He stopped working with me after that. Sorry, I should’ve warned you.”

“That’s alright. You have enough on your plate.”

“Tell me about it, bro. I didn’t think a wedding in California would be so much planning. We might as well have gone to Hawaii.”

“Planning it during the Olympics so a lot of your friends could go was nice of you though.”

“It’ll be a miracle if everything goes well.”

“When will you get here?”

“In a few days, bro. I’ll be there to watch you guys compete, for sure.”

“Sweet. We’ll see you then. We’re pulling up to the restaurant.”

“See you soon. Miss ya!”

“Me too. It’ll be good to see you.”

## Camden

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"HEY, LUKE! OVER HERE!"

I had been keeping an eye on the door since Colton, Zeph and I arrived at the restaurant early.

Luke smiled as he made eye contact with me and I watched him lead the guys to our table near the back.

"Hey, handsome. Miss me?" Luke leaned down for a kiss, which I returned.

"Of course."

"Well, you guys know O and Austin, and you probably know of but may not have met Ezra and Miles. The goofy one's Ezra, the quiet one's Miles."

"I am *not* goofy. I am a delight!"

I watched as Ezra made a move for the seat next to me. Luke grabbed the chair from him and pushed him to the side.

"Oh also, Ezra has a crush on you, Cam."

*What?*

"I do not!" he yelped, taking the seat on the other side of Luke with a pout.

"Naw, he's too busy lusting after his mortal enemy."

I had been away from the team for too long. "Do I wanna know?" I asked.

Austin answered, “Ezra’s been trading jabs back and forth on Twitter with Jack Davies. It’s true love, for sure.”

“Does everyone know?!”

“Everyone does now, cowboy,” Colton, to my left, added with a wink.

“You might want to follow through on that, Ezra. Hate sex can be great,” Zeph added.

“That’s what I said.”

“Excuse me, Luke. How would you know?” I asked.

“I meant...that, uh...I had heard...from...”

“Uh huh. I’m teasing anyway. I’m sure you meant to be helpful.”

“When did you have hate sex that was great?” Ezra asked Zeph.

“Would you gentlemen like anything to drink?”

“Oh, sweet Jesus.” Ezra buried his head in his arms on the table.

“Don’t worry, hon. I’ve heard a lot worse in my time.”

After we ordered, Zeph went on to explain. “Well, as most of you know, there was a time where Colton and I weren’t together. I was struggling to come out of the closet. There were rumors about me and other players as well. Shit talking with this one guy on another team turned into a private bet about who would get fucked by the winner. Needless to say,” Zeph stretched his huge arms behind him and rested them on the back of his head, “I won.”

I had heard the story before, in more detail, but watching Miles and Ezra soak it up was hysterical. Miles’ mouth hung open and Ezra looked like he was in heat. Like that gif of James McAvoy fanning himself.

“I think you broke Ezra,” Austin teased.

“I think he would break me if the rumors are true,” I heard Ezra mumble under his breath, though it was likely everyone

had heard. He wasn't very quiet.

I felt Luke's hand run down my thigh to find my knee. I pulled my hand from off the table to meet his and intertwined our fingers.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you more," I replied.

"Oh jeez, rub it in my face, why don't ya?"

"I'm sure you'd like that, Ezra!" Austin kept at it.

"Can't I say anything without it becoming a dick joke?"

"Y'all have met, right?" Colton asked. "It's always been about dicks with this group, buddy boy."

"Welcome to the club," Orion added, raising his glass, which led to an impromptu toast to, apparently, our discussing dicks club.

"If you wouldn't mind..."

I turned to look at Miles. It was the first time he had spoken that night.

Easily the smallest on the team, Miles had short dark brown hair, shaved on the sides. He had a great smile on the rare occasions he showed it. I heard he was gay from Luke, but he was more reserved than the rest of us and I wasn't confident that would change over time like it had with Orion. Miles pulled off his hoodie, but in doing so, it pulled up the shirt he had on underneath to reveal his bare stomach and... nipple rings.

"Shit, I didn't know you had piercings," Ezra said.

"Oh, uh, they're usually barbells. He- I changed them today."

"They're hot," Zeph added.

Miles' face turned red immediately, and he glanced down at his hands. His fingers were fumbling with the ends of the hoodie's drawstrings. That's when I noticed his shirt wasn't a t-shirt. It was a Dallas Stallions jersey.

“It’s probably inappropriate or something, but I figured you’re with one of my teammates, so if you wouldn’t mind—“ Miles said, digging in his pocket and holding out a Sharpie to Zeph, “-signing my jersey.”

I saw Zeph’s eyes go wide for a second as the recognition dawned on him. Sitting next to Miles, he didn’t have the view of the shirt I did.

“Of course! Where do you want me to sign?”

“Here, please.” Miles pointed to his chest, over his heart.

The joyful expression on Miles’ face was enough to make me smile. Zeph didn’t need to but since he was a shameless flirt, he braced his left hand on Miles’ pec as he signed, no doubt trying to get a feel of one of the rings.

Miles didn’t seem to notice or care. “I’ve been a fan ever since you came out. It really, uh... helped me with my own stuff.”

“I’m glad to hear it.” Zeph handed back the Sharpie and his hand migrated up to Miles’ shoulder.

“Down, boy,” Colton warned. “You know the rules. No teammates.”

Miles didn’t seem to hear Colton. He was too enamored with the autograph.

“Can I get a photo with you, too?” Miles looked back to Zeph.

“Sure thing, chicken wing.”

“Ch-chicken wing?”

“Ignore him,” Colton snarled.

I took Miles’ phone from his hand and I lined up the shot. “Say cheese!”

Zeph’s huge arm made it all the way around Miles and then some. Sitting down, one couldn’t see the exact height difference, but it was noticeable. After all, Zeph was over a foot taller than Miles. For the photo, Miles fit snugly into Zeph’s armpit.

“You gotta boyfriend?” Colton asked.

I handed Miles his phone back.

Miles hesitated. “No.”

“Shame,” Zeph replied. “Ouch!”

I knew Colton had kicked him under the table.

“Okay, okay. I’m done.” Zeph held his hands up in surrender. “I’m only human.”

“So, you guys are open?” Miles asked. He seemed to realize what he said, because he stumblingly added, “I-I’m n-not interested. I was just making conversation.” He ran his fingers through his hair and scratched his neck.

Our food came, but I ended up eating left-handed so Luke and I could hold hands a little longer. Not that we stayed that way the entire dinner - sometimes it was easier to use a napkin with both hands - but our fingers always found each other again.

“Yeah, we’re open,” Colton answered.

“But we have rules,” Zeph added.

“What kind of rules?” Ezra asked, between bites.

“The big one is that we play together,” Colton said. “That’s the only one that really matters. Well, that, and we play safe. Most of the time.”

“Cool.”

Miles echoed Ezra’s appreciation. “Thanks for being so open about it. I don’t have much experience, so I was curious.”

“No problem.” Zeph rifled his hand through Miles’ hair and I had to pat Colton’s leg to calm him down. I had a feeling Colton was going to give it to Zeph later. It wouldn’t be hate sex, but angry sex was probably close enough.

“WELL, this was fun, guys. We should do it more often,” Orion said to the group as we filed outside.

His unfortunate choice of words did not go unnoticed by the less mature of us in the crowd. It drew a few snickers.

Colton picked up the joke. “We do it often enough. I don’t know about you and Austin.”

“Not what he meant, asshat,” Austin practically growled. “We do it plenty. Thank you!”

“I meant the dinner, of course. It’s nice to have a big group of friends. And besides Zeph, we’re all Olympians.”

“Hey, I don’t need to be an Olympian, I’m a Super Bowl MVP.” Zeph waved his ring in the air.

“I can’t believe you wear that out. Isn’t it worth like fifty grand?” I asked.

“How else can I show it off if I don’t wear it?”

“The motto of his life,” Colton added.

“Thanks for the autograph. It was nice to meet you,” Miles held out his hand to Zeph. Zeph grabbed it and pulled him in for a hug, then grabbed Colton too, and they surrounded him. Miles was sandwiched in the middle and I could barely see him. He looked like he was in shock afterwards, but happy.

Ezra came out of nowhere to give me a hug. “Good to see you again.” I didn’t remember meeting him before, but I just smiled and said, “Likewise.”

“Hands off my boyfriend, please,” Luke said, pulling Ezra’s hands off my back.

“Jeez, everyone’s so possessive all of a sudden. I thought flirting was what you guys were about?”

“Dicks first, remember? First rule of the discussin’ dicks club. Flirtin’s second,” Colton quipped.

“Find yourself a boyfriend and then watch your behavior change when everyone flirts with him,” Orion replied. “Trust me, it’s different.”

“Need a boyfriend for that. Am I right, Miles?”

“Oh-uh...yeah. Wait, Ezra, you’re not asking me out, are you?”

“Why? You wanna date me?”

“No-no... no. Just confused.”

“Well, ouch.”

“I mean, you’re great. Don’t get me wrong. Tonight’s been... a lot. I’m, uh, definitely feeling overstimulated.”

I did not imagine it. Zeph’s chest was actually puffed out.

A few minutes later, everyone else had said their goodbyes. The guys were waiting for Luke by their Uber. Colton and Zeph were waiting for me. It was close enough to walk back. Whether it was luck or foresight, Luke hadn’t told anyone about the porn actors. Otherwise, I had a feeling we’d be having a pool party at the hotel. It was always a possibility after their events were over. Ezra and Miles probably wouldn’t find a boyfriend, but maybe they could have some fun?

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” I asked Luke.

“Yup, I can swing by the hotel again. If you want?”

“Sounds good.” I leaned in, grabbing his hands and resting my forehead against his. “Miss you already.”

“Oh, so we’re that kind of couple, are we?”

“Of course, schmoopie.”

“I think I like tiger better.”

“Whatever you say...tiger.”

His lips pressed against mine again. I closed my eyes and enjoyed his enthusiasm. It was only another two weeks until we’d be asleep in the same bed again every night. I could handle it.

“Love you.”

“Love you more. Text me when you get back.”

“Likewise, handsome.” Luke turned, jogged to the Uber, and he was gone.

I walked over to Colton and Zeph. “Well, that was fun!”

“Oh yeah.” Colton turned his head towards Zeph and added, “Though you better cork your pistol, mister.”

“What did I do?”

“Miles needs to be hosed down after all the drool you were slingin’ at him.”

“I don’t know, Colton. I think Miles was the one drooling, Zeph’s head was just getting bigger.”

Colton lunged forward, grabbing a handful through Zeph’s shorts. “It better just be this head,” Colton warned, stabbing Zeph in the temple with a finger. “I’ve avoided that sexy-ass tight end on your team out of respect for you. You need to do the same. We don’t fuck teammates.”

“Well, *we* don’t, but Cam sure does.”

“That joke never gets old. You know that?” They both lost their shit. They always did.

One of them said it every time I was a witness to this particular discussion. It happened frequently enough for me to get sick of the joke, but not frequently enough that it was a problem for them. Gymnasts and football players were pretty much off limits. Coaches, cheerleaders, fans, apparently porn actors, and whoever else was willing to get railroaded by two hung athletes, were on the table.

And in their bed.

And on the floor.

Against the hood.

It was something I could never do. I wouldn’t want to share Luke. And I knew he was pretty possessive of me too. But it worked for them and they seemed happy.

“Plans for the rest of the night, Cam?”

“Nope. How about you?”

“Fancy a swim?”

“Are you guys just hoping you’ll find another Corbin Fisher hunk in the pool?”

“Maybe,” Zeph added.

“Come on,” Colton pleaded. “You make a good wingman.” He tickled my stomach. They didn’t have to twist my arm. After all, looking wasn’t off limits.

“I’ll wrangle up a speedo.”



“SO, HOW’S THE PREGNANCY BEEN?”

Erika waved her hand. “That’s been fine. It’s all the fuss about me being pregnant that’s been annoying. It’s sweet, really, I suppose, but now that my parents are here *helping*,” adding air quotes, “we’ve just been one big happy family.”

We were sitting outside, under the shade of a patio umbrella by the pool in the backyard of her and Isaak’s Palo Alto mini mansion. If you could really call it a yard. Luke and I made the mistake of looking it up on Zillow once. Isaak had done really well for himself. I mean, gymnastics certainly didn’t afford Erika this kind of lifestyle.

“At least they have Austin at the Olympics to entertain them?”

“Oh that? Yeah, I’ve already heard how I should have timed my pregnancy better.”

“Your parents did not say that!”

Erika shrugged. “Okay, maybe that was my hormones talking. I don’t know. I just want him out of me already. I feel like I’m carrying free weights around in there. Except, you know, it’s alive and kicking.”

“Everything good with Isaak?”

“Oh, he’s been amazing. No complaints. Foot rubs whenever I want, ice cream whenever I want. He worked with the designer to get the nursery the way I wanted it.”

“I do like the jungle theme. Luke does too, of course.”

“Enough about me and the parasite. How are *you* doing?”

I thought about it for a second, but didn't want to burden her with my feelings, so for the first time in our relationship, I lied. “Oh, I'm alright.”

“Don't bullshit me, Cam. I'm thirty-eight weeks pregnant. It's fucking illegal to lie to me.”

I chuckled. I never could get anything past her. “How do you think it is? Awkward? Disappointing? Weird? Half of me is miserable because I didn't qualify this time and the other half of me is trying to be the best, most supportive boyfriend I can be, while working out a proposal at the same time.”

“There's my Cam. Ninety percent feelings and ten percent words.” She leaned back with a satisfied smirk. “My baby's gonna have the best guncles.”

“That's all you have to say?”

“I'm not gonna bullshit you. Life after being an Olympian isn't easy.” She seemed to realize our surroundings. “Well, psychologically. Try to find something in the near future to get excited about and focus on that. How's your house? Isn't that done? That's something.”

“Yeah, it's pretty much done. Just have to do one more bathroom and that's it. We're, uh, installing a dual shower.”

“You boys and your locker room fetish. There's that to look forward to, and if that doesn't work, plan a vacation. Take your mom somewhere. Aren't things with the Thunder going well?”

She was talking about my part-time job as an assistant physiotherapist. “They are. My boss wants me to stay on. I'm not sure if I want to pivot and go to strength and conditioning with the athletes, or leave the team and go into physical or massage therapy. It's kind of up in the air.”

“I understand. Lots of big unthreatening life choices are coming up. At least you haven't gained twenty pounds!”

“You've got a good reason, Erika. Are you going to-”

My phone rang. Luke's ringtone. She let me answer.

"Hey, how's training today?"

"Not great, Cam." My heart dropped. I heard it in his voice. Something was wrong. "I'm waiting for the team doctor. He's a few minutes out. I pulled something in my chest while I was on the rings. Made me fall off. I'm sure it's nothing, but it would be nice to have you here. Do you mind coming?"

"Yeah, I can take an Uber and be there-"

"I can drive you, Cam."

I covered the phone. "You don't have to do that, Erika."

"Oh, fuck. That's right. You're with Erika. Nevermind, Cam. It's fine. I'll be fine."

"No! I'll come."

"Tell him it's not a big deal, Cam."

"She says it's not a big deal."

"I heard."

"It'll be good to see him, and he can see my big belly and say hi to the baby."

"If she's fine with it, I'm fine with it. It will be good to see her. See you in a little bit. Love you."

"Love you more." I hung up.

"He sounds good despite the circumstances," she said.

I nodded, but noticed I had texts from Shane.

Shane: He's lying. It's not nothing.

Shane: He can't lift his left arm. I think he tore something.

I felt the hairs on my neck stand up and a pit formed in my stomach. *Fuck.*

"Shane thinks it's bad."

Erika stood up. “Well, let’s get going.”

I went to clear the plates and grab my glass. “Leave it. It’ll be here when I get back or I’ll make my mom get it later.”

## Lucas

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SHANE'S HAND hadn't left my shoulder since he carried me off the mat. I was so thankful for him. He helped break my fall too. He was the best coach and an even better friend.

It had all happened so fast. Looking back, it felt like my body just stopped working. The bolt of pain that traveled across my chest seized my entire body up so quickly that I let go of both rings and just dropped. It didn't matter that I was eight feet off the ground. I didn't even think about that. All I could do was clutch uselessly at my chest with my right hand.

On the phone, I put on a front for Cam that he probably saw through, but I was fairly confident I was not competing in the Olympics this time. And more than likely, any future ones.

If Cam and I were specialists, we could've made one more, maybe two. Maybe more? After all, there was a thirty-nine-year-old gymnast from Bulgaria competing in the rings in what would be his sixth Olympics. But we were all-arounders, and that took more of a toll on the body.

Case in point.

Woodward was here too, pacing back and forth in front of us. He had been on the phone with someone earlier. Shane was sitting with me on the examination table, helping me hold an ice pack to my chest. The pain was still there, but not searing like it was at first. I could already see bruising peeking out from behind the pack. I think Cassandra had stayed behind to finish training with the team.

There was a knock at the door. I looked up, hopeful it was Cam, as Woodward opened the door.

“Hello there. Sorry to keep you waiting. It’s been a busy day. Let’s take a look at your chest.”

After struggling through several failed attempts, it was obvious I couldn’t pull my training tank over my head. The doctor offered to cut it off, but with Shane’s help I pulled it off my right side first, and then slowly down my left arm.

*What a promising start.*

Now that I was bare-chested, I attempted to show the doctor my range of motion. Or lack thereof. He asked when it was painful. The answer was yes, ninety percent of the time. After just a few minutes, he had already made his decision.

“Obviously, Mr. Rivera, we can’t tell exactly what’s wrong without some tests, but as you and your coaches may have guessed, I believe you’ve torn a pectoral muscle. It seems like it’s the major, based on the bruising and the sensitivity, but we’ll know more once we get an MRI and an ultrasound done. I’m ordering an x-ray too, just to rule out fractures and dislocations.”

Woodward nodded, but stayed quiet. Shane’s hand was trying to comfort me, slowly rubbing my back.

“If you had to rate the worst pain you’ve experienced in the last few minutes with one as nothing and ten as horrible, what number would you give it?”

I thought a bit before answering. “It’s around a six, with moments of eight.”

“I’ll get a prescription for pain meds going, but I know I don’t have to tell an athlete the dangers of prescription drug addiction. I don’t give them out lightly, but an eight is past my threshold and I don’t want you suffering. Only take it if you need it. And never more frequently than the instructions say. Do you have any questions?”

I shook my head.

“A nurse will come get you in a few minutes, and they’ll take you upstairs to Diagnostics. I’ll meet you in Radiology.”

I DIDN'T HAVE to wait long. The x-ray results were instantaneous - digital tech - and the doctor said they were clear. Normally, he explained, the results wouldn't be delivered as quickly, but since I was an Olympian, he knew we'd need to know today. The ultrasound was inconclusive, but after the MRI results, which would take one to two days, it was possible he'd try ultrasound again. What happened at the next visit would determine if I needed surgery or not, though the doctor seemed to indicate it was likely.

Overwhelmed with information, I pulled Shane towards me with my good arm, close enough to whisper, “Can you remember all of this? I can barely focus.”

“Of course. It's a lot to process.”

I was fitted with a sling. At the very least, the injury was a strain, and I was to limit my movement as much as possible. I could get the sling wet since it was a new type of fabric that was quick drying, but he gave me an extra one just in case. With or without the pain meds, I could alternate a heating pad and ice if I wanted to. We were just about finished when there was another knock on the door.

The doctor said, “Come in.”

It was Cam and Erika. His eyes immediately diverted to the sling. “What happened? Did you break your arm? Why didn't you tell me that?”

“You already know the answer to the first question. I fell. I didn't break my arm. And I didn't tell you because I just found out myself. Just got back from getting scanned and poked and prodded.”

“Ah, sorry. I might be wound a little tight right now.”

“A little?” Erika asked. “He was yelling at me the whole ride. ‘Faster! Faster!’ Sounded like he was starring in a porno.”

Cam balked at her comment, but came over to me to give me a chaste kiss. “How bad is it?”

After Shane, Woodward, and the doctor united to explain everything so far, the doctor said he’d call with the MRI results as soon as he had them, then said his goodbyes.

“Camden, I’d like to speak with you for a moment. Shane, Luke, I’ll see you outside in just a minute.”

Shane and I left the room with Erika, who said she’d give us a minute and walked a little ways down the hall. I turned to look at Shane, knowing what Woodward and Cam were discussing. “I’m probably out, right?”

“I’m afraid so, kiddo. It looks that way. I’m so sorry, Luke. I should’ve seen this coming.”

“What do you mean?!”

“Your chest has been bothering you, right?”

“Oh fuck! I hadn’t even thought of that. I just thought I was overtraining. I just- I...didn’t even think about it.”

*Jesus Christ!* I should’ve known better. Ty went through the same shit. I didn’t even see it happening to me.

“I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to be sorry, Shane. It really isn’t your fault. You couldn’t have known. I didn’t know and it’s my body.”

A calm silence settled over us.

“I can’t believe that’s it then. Damn.”

Shane pulled me in for a hug and I couldn’t help but release the tears I had been struggling to hold back. I wasn’t a cryer. But I hadn’t told my tear ducts about that fact, apparently. I took a deep breath and tried to relax. I heard the door open behind me and before I could extricate myself from Shane’s arms, I felt a warm body press against my back, adding another member to our hug. Literally.

I could feel it against my ass.

“If that’s you, Coach, we need to talk about boundaries.”

I felt a slap on my butt. “You know it’s me.” The smell of his body wash reached my nostrils.

It was Cam. But I already knew that.

AFTER SAYING our goodbyes to Erika, we shared a shuttle van to get back to the village. Shane had said Noah was on his way to meet us. Cam and I hadn’t had a chance to be alone yet, so we just held hands. We could’ve texted even though we were in the same car, like the old days, but it would be better to talk about it. Plus, I was kind of down a hand.

I knew why we were going to the village. And I knew why Noah was on his way. Cam was the Olympian now. I was tomorrow’s headline.

I was anxious for whatever the MRI revealed, especially with the possibility of surgery, but I always knew this was my last Olympics. Cam and I had already discussed that. It was our last blast together, and he was supportive of me.

Now, it was going to be the other way around. He didn’t need to be distracted by my torn pec muscle. I needed to stay strong so he could do his best. Considering he had no warning this was coming, he had to be in shock. I don’t think he’d trained the last few days either. It was going to be a lot of pressure on him.

I couldn’t imagine these two weeks being tougher than they already were.

WE MADE it to the village, and after handing our IDs to the driver for security to verify, the shuttle pulled up to the main quad. We were heading for the same building we had our first team meeting in, only this time, it felt like I was going to a funeral.

It was in a way, I suppose. The end of my Olympic dream.

And then Cam helped me out of the van, and I felt a little better. It was a rebirth for him. A second chance. If it couldn't be me, then I was glad it was him.

Noah met us there. He gave me a gentle hug, careful to avoid my arm, and a furtive glance at Cam before making his way over to Shane for a quick kiss. He came back to Cam's side and we filed into the building.

"IF THIS WERE months or even weeks ago, this would've been a lot of phone calls and back and forth, but we're all here, and the Olympics start in three days." Coach Woodward paused. "But, it seems, with the two of you, nothing is typical." He paused to give Cam and I a sympathetic smile.

Cam and I sat on one side of the table, Noah and Shane were on the other.

"I updated Cassandra, but after this meeting, I'll be letting the entire team know. Based on your pain level and the doctor's assessment, I don't think it's likely you will be at an Olympic level of fitness in three days time, Lucas. I'm sorry, but I think it's best to withdraw you from the team."

I tried to swallow my upset in order to say something, but words didn't come, so I nodded.

"It's one of the worst things that can happen to an athlete, but on the bright side, the doctor seemed optimistic about the outcome, though I know we have to wait for the MRI. The other positive - trust me, I know that's a loaded word - is that this happened before the opening ceremony. If something happens after that, the team is the team. At least this way, we can have an alternate step in."

All eyes turned to Cam.

"Due to your strength in every event, Cassandra and I believe you to be the best choice, Camden. Colton is a master in two of the six events, but Lucas was strong in all of them. And you're the closest we have to him. The other reason this was better to do in person is because of your relationship. I know you'd want to do this together, since so much of your

Olympic experience has been that way. No one wanted this to happen, but here we are. I will be calling Colton after this meeting to let him know. Do either of you have anything you want to say?"

Cam spoke first. "As an alternate, all I've dreamed of was another chance. But now that it's here, I feel so conflicted. I wanted this, but not like *this*." He turned to look me in the eyes. "If that makes sense. I know in my head someone had to drop out for me to compete, but never in a million years would I have wanted this."

"I know that, Cam." My voice came out scratchy, so I cleared my throat and continued. "You were so supportive going into this-"

"And I will do everything I can to help you heal-"

"I know, Cam, but now it's my turn to support you. We're teammates *and* partners. I know if things were reversed how you would be because that's what's happened since the trials. You were disappointed, but you love me and you want me to succeed. I can be all of that for you, and I'll prove it. Though I might only have one good arm for a few weeks."

Cam couldn't help himself. He grabbed my neck with his left hand and half stood so I didn't have to, and kissed me.

"You two are amazing, you know that?" Coach mused.

"I couldn't be prouder of both of you," Shane added.

"We've got some work to do, Cam. You've had what? Five days off? Prepare your ass to be whooped."

"I'll be ready, Noah."

"I've heard about your hotel. I'm assuming Cam will move to the village?" Noah turned to Coach.

"Yes, Cam and Luke, are you okay to switch for now? I could maybe swing one night together in the village with security while we transfer official athlete status, but that's probably it. "

"That would be great."

“Who’s going to tell the team?” Cam asked.

“Well, we’ll need to do a lot in a small time frame. I’ll message the team in a few minutes. I’m sure they’re worried. I’ll also have to let USA Gymnastics know and the Olympic Committee. They’ll want us to do a press conference since this is a big deal. I know how much you love those. I’ll let you tell your families. Please try to do that tonight. Cassandra and I can deal with anything else that comes up and work through Shane and Noah. Shane, I’m assuming you can help Luke since Cam will be training?”

“Yes, if Luke chooses to stay in Cam’s hotel room, Noah and I are staying between the village and that hotel. It’s close enough that I can walk.”

“I’m sure Colton and Zeph will help too,” Cam said.

That didn’t sound too bad. Now I’d be staying at the porn star hotel with a Super Bowl MVP and a cowboy waiting on me.

I just hoped the MRI wasn’t apocalyptic.

I HADN’T LOOKED at my phone since I left the gym. Shane had grabbed my bag before we left for the hospital. It was in there, so I fished it out and saw a flood of texts from Ezra, O, and Miles. There was even one from Preston, which was a shock. It appeared he wasn’t a complete dick.

I didn’t have the energy to text everyone back individually, and if that made me an ass, so be it. I just didn’t have it in me. The pain had amped up a little and the adrenalin had definitely worn off. I was wiped.

“I’m gonna need to lay down soon, or maybe eat something, Cam. I’m starting to feel tired.”

“Okay, we can do either of those. I’ll ask Noah to get my gym bag from my room. I can share your toothbrush for a night, right? I’ll get my other things later.”

Both our phones vibrated.

Woodward: Some news to deliver, gentlemen. Lucas most likely pulled a pectoral muscle and is not able to compete. We'll know more with MRI results in a day or two. Camden has been selected to replace him. See you at team practice tomorrow at 9.

Orion: I can't believe it, Luke. I'm so sorry.

Miles: Same. Our team won't be the same without you.

Ezra: That really sucks. Fingers crossed for good MRI results.

Even Preston played nice. The other players' coaches texted as well. The range went from supportive to shock.

"Let's get a little something to eat, and then we can head to your room," Cam suggested, carrying my bag for me. "I'm assuming all these numbers I don't know are Ezra, Miles, and the other coaches?"

I was so grateful for him. "Yeah, I can tell you which ones are which later."

"Cool. I'm going to call my mom on the way, if that's okay."

"Yeah, that's fine."

I heard Heather half-scream if I was okay. She calmed down after I spoke with her for a minute, but she seemed to connect the dots. I heard her ask if it was him or Colton. Her pride and excitement at Cam's answer was exactly how the happy half of me felt. He would be amazing. I knew it.

The other half of me - I guess, the left half with its limp arm - was grumpy and hungry and wanted snuggles.

Cam said his goodbye just as he held the door to the dining hall open for me. It was packed. Not surprising considering it was close to dinner time. I received a few wide-eyed looks as my sling caught their attention. Everyone steered clear of us, however, for which I was grateful.



“HOW ARE YOU? Do you need anything? Oh, that sling looks awful. How does it feel? Cam, it’s good to see you again! It would be better under different circumstances, but-”

“I told you he’d be like an excited puppy.” That calmed him down.

“Aw, Luke. He’s just happy to see me again. Want me to text Jack Davies and have him come up for a visit?”

Ezra looked horrified.

“He’ll probably be thrilled to hear I’m out of the running.”

“What? You don’t think I can beat him?” Cam asked.

“Oh, I’d like to beat him, for sure.” Ezra gained the power of speech again.

“You mean you’d like to beat him off,” I countered.

“Not this again! This is not how I imagined an evening with two sex- I mean, two Olympians.”

“Should we make out in front of him? Rock his world?” Cam read my mind.

I turned to wrap my good arm around his body and looked up at him, licking my lips. I edged closer to his, but just as our lips were about to touch, we both turned and smiled at Ezra.

“Sorry, kid. Not tonight.”

“You bastards!” I’m sure he would’ve thrown something at us if my arm wasn’t in a sling.

“I might need some help in the shower if you want to join us later,” I called out to his retreating figure.

He flipped us off and closed the door to his room.

“Poor kid.”

“He just needs some ass, Cam. Think of what it felt like before me.”

“Ah yes. My hands remember it well,” Cam replied.

“So, we’re going to pretend we’re having really loud sex in here to fuck with him, right?”

“Why pretend?” Cam asked, before pulling my pants down.

## Camden

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AFTER A QUICK BREAKFAST at the dining hall with Ezra, O, and Miles, we met Shane and Noah outside of the dorm. Luke had his things ready to go. I would get mine later tonight when I met him at the hotel. Shane was going to hang out with him today before and after the afternoon press conference while we anxiously awaited the MRI results.

"CAMDEN!" Coach greeted me with a smile as I entered the locker room.

Just like almost everything I had seen on campus so far, it had been recently remodeled and looked brand new. The showers were in a long room to the left of the entry door and the lockers were to the right with a bench on both sides. It was smaller than the one in London, but only four of us were using it. Luke said that Preston had his own somewhere else. Even though he *had* checked in with Luke, I was happy he appeared to be keeping his distance.

I dropped my bag on the bench and chose a locker while Noah headed into a small office with Woodward. Apparently, Ezra's locker was on my side. I watched Orion and Miles walk past us to use the other side. I had to take a piss, so I asked Ezra where the bathroom was.

"Past the office on the left, across from the meeting room."

"Thanks."

When I got back, Ezra asked me. "You excited?"

“That I just took a piss?”

“No! About being on the team!”

“Yeah. Mostly, I feel weird. Like this isn’t even happening to me. Almost like I’m not here.”

“I can understand that.”

“But I’m super grateful for the opportunity, and I’ll do whatever I can to help the team.”

Ezra stared at me for a few seconds.

“What?” I asked.

“I don’t feel so bad for being insecure now.”

I laughed. “Trust me. It’s intimidating to be here for everyone.”

“I don’t know. Jack Davies seems pretty confident.”

I shook my head. “It’s a front.”

*Ezra’s definitely crushing.*

I unzipped my bag and pulled my warm-up shorts and a tank out of it. After pulling my shirt off over my head and pushing my shorts down to the floor, I tossed both into the locker.

I turned back around and caught Ezra staring at my ass. I had adopted Luke’s jockstrap habit because he was right. They were comfortable.

Clearing my throat, I watched his eyes travel up my torso quickly to meet mine. His cheeks flushed. “Sorry. Just surprised you train in that.”

“I’m confused. Haven’t you been training with Luke for a few days? He wears jocks all the time.” I realized as I said it that he had indeed been training with Luke, but hadn’t noticed his underwear or hadn’t cared. *He’s watching you for a reason.* Luke’s teasing was properly placed. The kid had a crush on me.

“Have you dated anyone before?” I asked, hoping to divert his attention from my bare ass and perhaps, lessen his

embarrassment.

“I had a boyfriend in high school,” he said, changing out of his street clothes. “But gymnastics became too much of a timesuck. He didn’t handle it well. I mostly chat to anonymous strangers online for fun and explore the kink community.”

I couldn’t help my eyebrows from rising.

“I can’t believe I just told you that.” He lowered his voice. “I haven’t told anyone that.”

“Truth be told, you didn’t really tell me anything. The word kink covers a lot of ground.”

“I’m not into feet or anything, or like, getting shit on. Not that there’s anything wrong with either of those things, I guess, or that liking feet is equal to shit. It’s just kind of like a role play thing. Oh for fuck’s sake, why am I still talking?”

“I don’t really need to know, Ezra. But I’m not going to judge you.”

I heard the door open behind me, just as I pulled my shorts up. I couldn’t hear what was being said, but the voice was smooth and the laughter accompanying it made me turn.

“Oh good, Cam, you can meet my coach. The other guy is Hudson Ki-”

I didn’t hear whatever else he said. My heart had dropped into my stomach. I felt my breaths grow shorter and despite being shirtless, I felt like I was suddenly wearing a heavy blanket.

Zane Hunter just walked into my locker room like he belonged here.

“What the *FUCK* are you doing here?” I stared daggers. Ezra wasn’t talking anymore, and the man I assumed was Hudson King seemed to have the sense to move aside. I noticed Miles and Orion came from behind the lockers, likely curious as to why I just yelled an expletive at a volume I had last employed against Etienne in London.

“I’m Ezra’s coach.”

I just stared in disbelief at my shit luck.

“And I need to explain and apologize.”

“About fucking time!”

“Cam! Why are you so angry?”

“Ezra, it’s fine. I-”

“It sure as hell isn’t fine.”

“Cam, what’s going on?” Noah asked, as he and Coach practically stumbled through the doorway at the same time.

Quickly, I pulled my tank on. “Coach’s office, Zane. Now.” I walked swiftly between Noah and Woodward, ignoring their baffled expressions. “This is between me and him. I’ll let you know if I think you need to know.”

I could feel my heartbeat in my fingertips. It was like they were going to explode from the pressure. Luckily, I only had to wait a few seconds for Zane to follow me inside before I slammed the door.

“How the fuck did Luke not know who you are?”

“I got married and took my husband’s last name. Luke didn’t recognize me and I didn’t say anything.” Zane was pacing.

*Well, that explains why Luke didn’t say anything. He’s going to be so pissed.*

“And you have something to say now?!”

“Of course. I should’ve said something a long time ago. I...I’ve been avoiding it because I knew it would be-”

“Awkward? Difficult? As difficult as losing your virginity to your teenage crush who turned out to be a huge fuckwad that just used your ass for a good time and then never spoke to you again?”

All the pain and anger came back, giving my words weight. I wanted to punch a hole through the door. I wanted to push him through that hole and never see him again.

FOR YEARS, I had dreamed about telling him off, and it was finally happening. It felt surreal. I was watching him the moment he broke. But after the first tear fell, I couldn't silence the part of me that immediately felt bad.

*No! He is a piece of shit asshole. Lock that shit up, Cam!*

He tried to speak, but had to take a deep breath and try again. "I've thought of this moment for years. You don't know how many times I looked you up, typed up a message, and deleted it. I never thought I'd see you again, so I was pretty nervous when Ezra made the Olympic team. I told myself that it was a good thing. Obviously, for Ezra, but also for me. For you. It would force me to do what I'm trying to do now. What I've been trying to do for years."

"And that is?"

Without skipping a beat, he answered. "Apologize. I could blame it on my immaturity, and I'd like to, but I knew you were a virgin and I did it anyway." I couldn't help but wince, hearing it described again. Even with no details. "I knew what I was taking from you. I just never stopped to consider your feelings at all. In that moment, or even after...until..."

I leaned against the door, waiting for him to continue. He wiped the remaining tears from his eyes, collected himself, then said in a quieter voice, "Until the same thing happened to me in college. One of the captains on the gymnastics team toyed with me all freshmen year. He knew I had a crush on him, to the point where we were sexting almost daily, but not doing anything in person. It came to a head sophomore year when he finally bent me over the pommel horse after practice one day and well, you get the idea. He stopped talking to me after that, the texts too. When I tried to speak to him, he just told me we both got what we wanted and now it was time to move on."

He sat on the desk, crossing his arms in front of his chest. "About three seconds after he said that I immediately thought of you, of us, back then. And how you must've felt. I'm sorry to say it took that long for me to realize, but it did. I don't know if that makes it worse or better, but I knew at that moment that I

had wronged you. I'm sorry for what I did to you. I'm sorry for what I took from you. I'm sorry for any negative effects it's had on the rest of your life. And lastly, I'm sorry for taking so long to tell you all of this. It's not easy to own up to the worst thing you've ever done to another human being."

I knew my brain was processing everything it just heard. I knew I should say something, but I didn't know what. What he took was something I could never get back.

Truthfully, Luke had helped me through my issues related to *that*. Other than my anger, Luke and I had already dealt with and moved past everything else. And after his apology, I'm not sure how much anger was left.

"Not sure what to say, but after all these years, the apology helps. And I'm not gonna lie - not that I'd wish it on anyone, but it already happened - knowing you went through something similar does make me feel better. Does that make me a bad person?"

"You could never be a bad person, Cam."

"After admitting that, I'm a bit surprised to hear you say that."

"I didn't just go around fucking everyone in high school. I picked you for a reason, Cam. I liked you. I was just a fucking hormonal teenager that had no idea what he was doing, and I thought if I told you about feelings and shit like that, you'd no longer think I was this cool upperclassman."

"You mean to tell me that this could've been avoided if some dumbass kid talked about his feelings?"

Zane answered timidly, "Yes?"

I hated to admit that if Zane was a more mature teenager, it was possible he and I would be together, and the rest of my life as it was might never have happened.

I OPENED the door to head back into the locker room to gather the rest of my things for practice, but Noah, Woodward, and the rest of the guys were gathered outside and in my way.

“What’s going on, Cam?” Woodward asked.

I sighed, knowing he wouldn’t drop it and Noah wouldn’t either, and the rest of the team would just pester someone until they found out everything anyway. I didn’t have anything to hide, though it was intensely personal.

“Do you wanna tell everyone, Zane? I didn’t mean to make this into a production, but I wasn’t expecting to see you here.”

“I mean, it’s embarrassing as fuck, but if you don’t mind everyone knowing, I don’t. I think we’re good now, right?”

I nodded in agreement.

“Will you just tell us already?!” Ezra was practically shimmying in anticipation.

“Well, basically,” I explained, “I had a huge crush on him in high school, and he pretty much just wham-bam-thank-you-Sam-ed me. He got off, didn’t care about my feelings, and ignored me until he graduated. We hadn’t seen each other since.”

“So you’re saying Zane was an asshole in high school that did what his dick told him to do?” Woodward asked.

I nodded, while Zane hemmed and hawed.

“Hey, that’s my coach you’re calling an asshole...Coach?” Ezra seemed to figure out who he was semi-yelling at halfway through his outburst.

“But you talked it over, and things are good?” Noah asked.

“Yeah, we’re good,” I answered.

“Great,” Woodward said. “Let’s get out there then. We’re already fifteen minutes late.”

AFTER MY WARM-UP, Noah had me on the rings. We only had a few days before the opening ceremonies. It felt good to be back in the gym. Last month, I had come to terms with never being an Olympian again, and now, here I was. I tried to clear my head as I pulled out another giant front handstand into a straddle L-sit. The rings had been my most challenging event

years ago, but I had been nailing this routine for years. It wasn't going to dazzle the judges, but it was enough.

My core events had remained the vault and the floor. My innovation and creativity had been focused there. Luke had helped me spice up my parallel bar routine since that was his strength.

Despite the suddenness of it all, I felt prepared physically. It was my brain that was playing catch up. With the combination of Luke's injury, its probable effect on our relationship, and the revelation that Zane Hunter was involved with the gymnastics team, I was on information overload and struggling to compartmentalize everything so I could focus.

"That was good, Cam, but you can do better."

"Thanks," I said, grabbing the offered water bottle.

"I figured we'd do some high bar work and call it good for the morning. I'd like you back here for an afternoon session since you've missed a few days. I know that's a lot, but I can get an ice bath ready later if you think you need it. Also, I've got all your official team gear being delivered to the locker room."

"Sounds good."

We made our way to some chairs along the wall of the gym. The team was training in one of the smaller gyms on campus. The Olympic events themselves would be held in the Chase Center along the waterfront.

"So, I'm guessing Zane took your V-card?"

*I knew this was coming.*

"Nothing gets past you."

"And you had no idea he was here, which means Luke didn't recognize him."

"Yup."

"Have you told Luke yet?"

"No, I was saving that for right before the press conference. What's his last name now?"

“Korhonen. I’ve met his husband, Torben. Seems nice.”

“What kind of name is Torben?”

“He’s Finnish, played semi-pro ice hockey. I’ve met him a few times over the years. I’ve seen him at meets before, in the stands. And Shane and Zane-”

“Sounds like a terrible crime-fighting duo.”

“The *coaches* have gone out a few times while you athletes were doing whatever it is you do when we’re not around. Torben’s been out with us, Hudson too. We’ve even dragged Cassandra out with us this week.”

“Huh.”

“We can have friends too, Cam. We’re not old hermits yet. I’m only a few years older than you.”

“Five. You’re five years older than me.”

“Oh, okay. That’s *so* much older. Where’s my cane?”

“He’s a good coach?” I changed topics.

Noah glanced over at Zane, who was going over something with Ezra on the pommel horse.

“Ezra seems to like him. I’ve never seen them at odds. I’m sure Ezra will have more to say to you later.”

I smiled. “I don’t know what you mean.”

Noah laughed. “He reminds me a little of you, actually. The way you used to ramble.”

“Used to?”

“Hard to believe, but you don’t do that as much as you used to.”

“It’s because I’m all mature and shit now.”

“That’s *definitely* the reason.”

I DON'T KNOW why I thought Ezra would wait until later to grill me about my past with Zane. As soon as we were naked and

showering next to each other seemed like the perfect time to discuss my past sexual history.

I didn't feel like baring my soul and I didn't want to potentially alter his relationship with his coach, either. I needed to be delicate.

“Hey, how about you tell me about your first time?”

“Wh-what? Why would I do that?”

“Because that's what you're trying to discuss with me right now. It's not a pleasant memory and I don't mean to be a dick, but to be blunt, Zane pretty much used me for sex and I've hated his guts for over a decade. I'm still processing his apology, so if you don't mind talking about something else, let's do that.”

I knew that wasn't delicate, but I had no idea how else to say it. It's what I felt and it was my truth. Ezra didn't seem to know what to say, but mumbled an apology.

Thankfully, Orion rescued us from further awkwardness.

“How did it feel to be out there today?”

I turned away from Ezra to meet Orion's gaze and we chatted back and forth a bit. Our conversation eventually morphed to include the other guys. They were about to have their first official press conference as Olympians. Albeit, Luke's injury and withdrawal was going to be the main focus.

Hudson poked his head into the showers. “Just a heads up, you've got twenty minutes, boys.”

“Fuck, he's hot,” Ezra said, once Hudson had left.

“What'd you say?”

I turned to look at Miles, who was staring at Ezra, waiting for a reply.

“Just appreciating the male form. I mean, wouldn't you all agree?”

I definitely would. I'd say he was tall, but as a gymnast, pretty much everyone was tall to me. His frame was dominated by broad shoulders and massive biceps. I'd seen his

Instagram fitness posts. He could do one-handed pull ups with weights hanging off a belt all day. I didn't know much about him other than he was a multi-sport athlete in college, a personal trainer slash fitness influencer, and was friends with Ty's fiancé, Declan.

Orion spoke first. "Dude is ripped, for sure. I can't say he's my type, but whoever ends up in his bed is a lucky...person."

I wasn't sure if Hudson was gay either. Being friends with Declan didn't mean he was or wasn't, but I didn't know much about any of the coaches, so anything was a possibility. I could always ask Noah, but I didn't really have a reason to care.

Miles seemed to have retreated back to wherever he went when the rest of us were talking. I'm not sure if he didn't hear Ezra earlier or if there was a tone. Hudson was his coach, so it's likely he was just being protective. I would definitely pipe up if someone mentioned Noah's name. Although if they mentioned how hot Noah was, I'm not sure what my reaction would be.



BACK NEAR THE village outside of one of the media rooms in the press building, I was impatiently waiting for Luke's arrival. In twelve minutes, he'd be late for his own press conference. I knew why we were holding one. The team had changed. But without the MRI results, we didn't know much.

"Have you heard from him?" Coach asked.

"Not since he texted earlier. He hasn't answered me."

"I just heard from Shane. They're close. It seems they had trouble finding an Uber."

"Alright, that's something. We can't really have it without him."

"Makes sense, Coach. So how many more of these do we have?" Ezra asked.

“Well, as the host country, you can expect quite a lot of interest in us.”

“Oh.”

“You nervous, Ezra?” Orion asked, coming over to us.

“How could you tell?”

“I’m not sure if it’s the hair swishing or the way you keep unzipping your jacket and possibly checking to make sure you’re still wearing a shirt underneath?”

“What? I just want to look good.”

“I forgot. It’s your first one, isn’t it?” I asked.

He nodded.

“Well, buckle up, buttercup.”

Ezra stared at me, speechless.

“I’m kidding. It’ll be super easy. Just answer from your heart and don’t swear.” And I added, “And try not to offend Jack Davies.”

Ezra rolled his eyes at me, but before he could come up with a sassy comeback, the hallway door opened and my handsome boyfriend was there in his radiant, tousled glory.

He saw me immediately, popped a sexy lopsided grin, and said, “Sorry we’re late.”

## Lucas

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"I TAKE it your day was good?"

"Yeah," I answered. "Shane distracted me with a trip to the zoo. We, uh, lost track of time, and then for whatever reason, it took forever to get an Uber."

Cam leaned in for a kiss, but before we could add tongue, Woodward interrupted.

"Your tracksuit is here." He held up a garment bag. "I'm glad Cassandra grabbed it for you."

I mouthed a thank you to her, then glanced back at Cam. He was staring at me.

He tried to whisper. "How are you feeling?"

"A little sweaty." I shrugged.

"I meant your chest, you goof."

"I know. And...it feels alright. I took the pain meds this morning, so they're apparently working."

"By the way, I have them with me if you need more. I think you can take one or two every eight hours," Shane said, then stepped back.

"After this, USA Gymnastics will send out the official press release and announce it on their social media platforms that the team has officially changed. No need to keep the secret after that."

I nodded and didn't bother asking if there was anywhere to change. Cam and I just made our way over to a corner and thankfully, it seemed everyone in the room was giving us a brief moment of privacy.

"I wish I could've been with you today."

I looked up at Cam as I kicked my flip-flops off and tried to take off my shorts. Cam noticed I was having trouble with my button-up fly, so he helped me out of them and I turned away from everyone. My ass was less embarrassing of a view than my hardening dick. Cam's hands fiddling around in that area were more than enough to turn me on, especially since I was super-horny.

Despite wanting to perform for Ezra, my adrenaline had worn off as soon as Cam and I fell into the twin bed in the dorm at the village. I was out in a few minutes, and we didn't have time to fool around in the morning. It had been a few days since the last time - Cam blowing me at his hotel. Well, my hotel now.

I saw him smile as he noticed my jockstrap straining.

"Glad to see that still works," Cam said, before freezing. "Shit. I didn't mean to-"

"It's okay, Cam. It was funny. And you'll be better than glad to see it work later." I leaned down to whisper, "I'm gonna lay on my bed tonight and watch you ride me."

"You're up for that?" he asked, pulling my pants up for me.

"What does it look like to you?" I eyed my dick. "Plus, I don't need both hands for you to do that."

That finally got him to smile, and he helped me out of my shirt. I was just going to change back after the press conference anyway, so we skipped the team shirt and just put the jacket on over the sling. It was a pain, literally, to dress and undress with it, and the doctor had said the less movement the better. Cam gathered everything together, stuffed it in the garment bag, and we rejoined the team.

"Fuck, that was intensely erotic," Ezra blurted.

I couldn't help but laugh. "So you were watching?"

"What else was I supposed to do?"

"Do you feel the same, Luke? Any worse?" Woodward asked.

"About the same. Still getting used to only using one arm for everything. Nice to have help."

"Cam makes a good nurse," Ezra continued.

"His experience with the Thunder will certainly help me."

"I'm not quite a physical therapist yet," Cam added.

But before we could get into a discussion of Cam's future any further, the press coordinator knocked and told us it was time.

I HEARD the chatter stop as soon as Cam entered the room behind me. Since the conference was about us, Cam and I flanked Coach in the center of the dais. He got straight to the point, but it was clear after the third question that the press still didn't believe it despite Cam's presence and Coach's pronouncement.

I stood up and started to unzip my jacket. Cam knew what I was trying to do and came over to help me out of the jacket. It was annoying, but as the saying goes, seeing is believing. And of course, it clicked as soon as the room saw my sling. Not quite what I had in mind for today, standing shirtless on a dais getting photographed with my sling, but here we were.

The first few questions we couldn't even answer without the MRI results, and once that became clear, the press turned to my feelings instead and the impact of the injury on Cam and I's relationship. After years of this kind of stuff, I had learned not to roll my eyes. It helped that Cam was on the ball with answers, knowing which questions I absolutely did not want to answer, and letting me take the ones that didn't make me want to leave the room.

After about thirty minutes of focusing on me and Cam, Coach steered the reporters back to the team and Ezra, Miles

and Preston got their first taste of the Olympic spotlight. Orion got a few, considering he was also here with his boyfriend, and it was Austin's first Olympics.

Their situation reminded me of Brisbane, except Cam and I were hiding our relationship back then, which was a little bit of a difference. After all these years, I was happy to know it wasn't sneaking around that made it special for us.



"So, did you call your mom this morning? I'm guessing you didn't want her to find out from the news."

Cam and I finally had privacy and were enjoying a quick lunch at a café outside of the village.

"Yeah, I called."

"How was it?"

I wanted to say, 'Like it always is,' but I knew Cam was just being supportive. "She was sorry, shocked...didn't really know what to say. I told her not to come. I hope that's okay with you, but I didn't feel like dealing with her right now."

"And your dad?"

"He texted."

Cam nodded.

"I'll be happy to see your mom," I said.

"She'll be happy to see you."

We didn't need to say it out loud, but Cam knew that they were my family. My mother and I had repaired our relationship, but it would never be what Cam and Heather had. And we were fine to ignore the elephant in the room that was my father. It was better for me to focus on the future anyway.

"I've got some news as well."

"Oh?" I asked, putting my sandwich down.

"Now don't freak out."

*Uh oh.*

“You know Ezra’s coach, Zane?”

“Yeah?”

“It’s Zane Hunter.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I stood up so quickly my chair fell over.

“What? Are you going to go beat him up with one arm? Sit down, it’s fine.”

“Wait, it is?”

“Well, it will be.”

I put my chair back in place and sat down. “I asked Ezra his last name. It was something with a K.”

“Korhonen.”

“Yeah. That.”

“He got married. Took his husband’s name.”

I took a deep breath and exhaled. “Well, that explains it. I’m so sorry I didn’t recognize him.”

“Well, when’s the last time you thought about him? It had been a few years for me, so...it’s understandable.”

“I know, but still. Fuck.” I wiped my hand across my face, eyes closed, trying to regain some composure. “What happened?”

“Oh, I recognized him immediately. I swear I could see the rage materialize, I was that pissed, so I pulled him into Coach’s office where I laid into him. He talked and apologized. It’s still new and it’ll take some time, but I’ll be okay. Turns out, some guy in college gave him the same treatment. Unfortunately, that’s what made him realize how terrible he treated me.”

“And it took him this long to say something?”

“Apparently he tried and failed, multiple times, and if I’m following the advice I gave you about your mother, people can change. I mean, it’s not perfect, but she did change.”

“This.” I reached across the table to grab his hand. “This is why I love you. You’re such a good person. I don’t think I could forgive someone after that.”

“Well, let’s not get too ahead of ourselves. It’s okay, not perfect. I figure I need to, you know, focus on the Olympics first, and possibly deal with intense personal trauma after.”

“True. You just seem so chill about it.”

“Well, I wasn’t so chill at the reveal.”

I finished my sandwich as Cam told me in more detail exactly everything that happened. After he finished, I jokingly said, “I bet his husband’s ugly,” hoping it would make Cam smile. “And missing teeth.”

It did.

“Haven’t met him yet, but let’s hope so. Where are we meeting Shane again?”

“Passing me off to my babysitter already?”

“No! I just want to make sure you have someone to look after you.”

“I’m not helpless.”

Cam leveled me with a look. “You can’t even undress yourself. Why’d you pick button-ups today? How did you even pee at the zoo?”

“Oh, alright. Shane had to help me! Happy?”

Cam smirked. “Just take all our help and shut it.”

“Is this how I treated you in London?”

That shut him up for a minute.

“I’m just trying to help.”

“Oh I know, Cam. I was only teasing.”

“I know I’m not the alternate anymore, which is great, but it’s hard to see you like this. I still can’t believe it.”

And then a tear fell down my sweet Cam’s face.

I stood up and went to his side of the table, sitting next to him in the booth. “Well, we’ve been through a lot, and we’ll get through this. If anyone can do it, it’s us. You’ll do great. I know it.”

Cam sniffled and wiped his eyes with his napkin. “Shit. I should be the one comforting you.”

“Well, it doesn’t always work like that. It doesn’t matter what’s happening. If you need me, I’ll be there.”

“IT’S TY,” I told Shane. We were walking back to the hotel from the village. Noah wanted Cam to train in the afternoon as well until the games started.

“Say hi for me. I’ll give you some space,” Shane said before he slowed down to walk behind me.

“Hey Ty, what’s up?”

“What’s up? That’s all you have to say? You should’ve told me right away! How’s your chest? Any details you couldn’t announce?”

“Wow. Someone’s pushy.”

“Come on, bro. If anyone knows what you’re dealing with, it’s me. Be real.”

“I didn’t want to bother you. Your wedding is like a week away.”

I heard him sigh on the other end. “Luke. I love Declan, but he and our moms can handle it. I’m coming up there today or tomorrow.”

“You don’t need to do that.”

“Sorry. You’re breaking u-... Can’t hear anyth-”

I checked to confirm he had hung up.

“So how’s Tyler? Things for the wedding going well?”

I nodded.

“And you’re the best man?”

“One of them. But you knew that. What are you getting at?”

“Relax.” Shane brought his arm around my shoulders. “I was only trying to check in to see if you were still planning a proposal now that-”

“Now that I’m not competing anymore?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, my plan of asking him at a press conference after I win a gold medal is out the door.”

“Whenever you’re up for it, we can brainstorm. Maybe think of something else? Like when he wins a gold medal perhaps?”

“That could work, but I’ll think about it.”

“What do you want to do the rest of the day? Cam’s coming over tonight?”

“Yeah. I think I’ll see what Colton and Zeph are up to. I might just take a nap.”

“Okay, I’ll be around. Text me if you need something.”

THE DOOR between our rooms was closed but I could hear some music playing, so I knocked. Twice. When no one answered, I tried the door.

It was about the same time my brain connected the slapping sounds with sex that I saw Zeph’s ass pounding into someone.

“Hey, cowboy. We’re almost done.” Colton’s head peeked from behind Zeph’s muscular back.

“Get your mouth back on my cock, Ryan.”

They obviously weren’t shy, but I wasn’t going to watch. I mean, if Cam was with me, maybe.

*Fucking hell.*

I was hard as a rock now and hadn't cum in... I don't know. It had already been too long. I wanted Cam with me right now. Just the thought of slipping into his smooth, tight hole had me taking my dick out. Thankfully, Cam gave me his athletic shorts, so I was able to do it easily by myself. I propped a pillow up and lay on the bed.

If I couldn't have Cam's hole with me, then I could tease him from afar. I opened my camera and held the phone in my sling hand, so I could position my hard dick with my right hand. Hopefully, Noah didn't have his phone, but whatever.

I wanted to save my load for Cam, but that didn't mean I couldn't stroke it a little.

I didn't get very far before my phone vibrated.

Cam: Fuck. Looks tasty.

Cam: Can I have some of that later?

Luke: Fuck yes.

Luke: I'm storking it right now.

Luke: \*stroking!

Cam: Phew. I was gonna have to ask what storking was.

Cam: But I know you're texting one-handed and playing with your dick.

Cam: I'll forgive you.

Luke: I'd ask how training's going but I'm too horny.

Luke: Just do real good, so Noah lets you go early.

Luke: I'm saving it for your ass.

Cam: It'll be ready for ya..

Cam: :-\*

Luke: Love you.

Cam: Love you more.

I let off my dick and lazily stroked the hair on my stomach, letting my dick soften against my belly.

“Hey Luke, sorry about that.”

“Knock much?” I slipped my dick under the elastic waistband of the shorts, but had to arch my legs off the bed to pull it over my ass.

“Eh, I’ve seen it before.”

Colton sat next to me on the bed, making it hard to ignore him.

“Done with your latest spit roast?”

“Oh yeah. Fuck, he was a good one.” Colton flopped back, head on the pillow next to mine.

“Watched the press conference. How ya feelin’?”

“Alright. Kind of don’t know what to do with myself. Sucks having one arm out of commission.”

“You never broke your arm or anything like that before as a kid?”

I shook my head.

“Shit. Beau and I were spraining and breaking things all the time when we were little. When I got serious about gymnastics, I stopped doing the wild shit, and he got into the ranch.”

“Are you still close?”

“It took him a while to come to terms with me being gay, but he did. And yeah...we’re in a good place now.”

“It helps that he’s a football fan?”

“It helps that he’s a football fan, yes.” Colton laughed.

I looked over as Zeph came into the room, shirtless in a pair of boxer briefs, still partially wet from the shower. “Sorry about earlier, Luke. I thought the door was locked.”

“Yeah, sure.”

“You send Ryan on his way, darlin’?”

“Yup.”

“How many of those guys have you not banged?” I asked Zeph.

“Funny you should say that, Luke. I just asked Ryan if there were any others that wanted a go with us.”

“And?” Colton propped himself upon his elbows.

“Well, we met Brody, but haven’t plugged him yet. There was Gabe, and now Ryan. Not including Brody, he says there are three others.”

Colton whistled. “Challenge accepted.”

Zeph laughed.

“You guys never fool around at home?”

They both shook their heads. “Nope, only when we travel together,” Colton answered.

“We try not to have repeats. If we found a good fuck near Dallas, we’d be too tempted to fuck him again. We make the relationship. To be blunt, these guys are just holes.”

“To be honest, that sounds hot as fuck, but I know Cam and I couldn’t do that.”

“You should come to Folsom with us.”

“Folsom?”

“How have you not heard of it? It’s a big kink, leather, alternative sex festival thing. I’d’ve thought Mr. Nudist would’ve heard about it since public nudity and sex are a big part of it.”

“Sounds interesting.”

“I already checked. It’s this Sunday, Cam won’t have any events that day or the next.”

“I’m sure I can convince him to go.”

“Yes!”

“It’s gonna be a lot of fun, Luke. You’ll see.” Zeph winked, then flopped onto the bed on my other side and turned the TV on.



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## Camden

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"HEY, TI."

I shouldn't have been surprised, but I kind of was - and turned on too. There were three practically naked men in my bed - though now it was Luke's bed - and they were all asleep.

Colton had his arm over Luke's stomach, and Luke's black curls were nestled into Zeph's very unclothed back. A totally insecure and possessive boyfriend would've freaked out stumbling onto something like this, but that wasn't me.

*Who are you trying to kid, Cam?*

It was kind of me, though deep down, I knew nothing happened. Luke would never do that to me. We had discussed threesomes - or even fourgies - and had agreed that wasn't something we thought we could do. I wouldn't put it past Colton and Zeph to joke about sex cheering him up, though they would never do that to me either.

I closed the door and slunk onto the bed under Colton's arm and behind Luke, careful to avoid his sling. He was usually a light sleeper, but I theorized that his pain meds made him less sensitive. I was able to wrap my arm around his body and press my dick against his ass before he stirred.

"If that's Colton, we're going to need to talk about boundaries."

"Aw, you can't recognize your favorite penis just from the impression it's left on your buttcheeks?"

"Second favorite."

“What?”

“It’s my second favorite penis.”

“Ah yes. How could I forget Orlando Bloom’s Italian vacation.”

“I meant mine, you jerk.”

“Oh, I’m the jerk? Look who’s in bed with two studs?”

“Studs? That’s all we are to you? Not magnificent god-like beings?”

“Shut up, Colton. I’m trying to have a conversation with my boyfriend.”

Zeph turned over to face the three of us. “I saw those Orlando pics. Not as good as my leaked shot, but close.”

“Mmm. This is nice. It’s like a cuddle party and I’m the center of attention.”

*Swoon.* My boyfriend was so cute and despite our audience, I felt myself smiling - and holding him a little closer.

“Ow!”

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I think my pain meds are wearing off.”

Luke’s stomach gurgled. I couldn’t help but laugh.

“And I guess, I’m hungry too.”

“I could eat,” Zeph agreed.

“Yeah, the last thing we had in our mouth wasn’t very fillin’. He was definitely a complete bottom.”

“So then it wasn’t Brody?”

“Not yet, Cam. I have a feelin’ he’ll be the last one we conquer,” Colton answered.

“Ah, yes. I can see it now. ‘Colton, Zephyrus and the Final Frontier: Brody’s Hole’.”

“Lord willin’.”

*Oh Jesus.*

BACK FROM DINNER, I shoved Colton and Zeph towards their room. Luckily, they got the hint. I secured the door in between the rooms, then turned to find Luke staring at me.

“I won’t be up for much.”

“There’s only one part that needs to be up as far as I’m concerned.” I worried for a second that he wasn’t actually up for it. “Unless you really don’t want to do anything.”

He smiled without showing his teeth, one corner of his mouth traveling a little farther up his face than the other. “What’d you have in mind?”

“Did you forget already? Just lay back and find out.”

“I’m getting pretty good at lying on a bed lately. I actually think-”

I pressed my lips against his. I knew it had been a few days, and I wanted this to be good for him. He needed to get out of his body for a few minutes and I needed to get out of my head. Focusing on his needs always helped with that. It was one of the reasons I liked being dominated at times. And if he couldn’t physically do that to me now, I could be the best little sub I could be in the meantime.

“Close your eyes.”

Luke nodded. I left a trail of soft kisses down his body. Across his bearded cheek, behind his ear, down his neck, careful to avoid the sling.

No button-up fly this time. Luke was still wearing the loose-fitting gym shorts from earlier and nothing underneath.

“When did you lose the jockstrap?” I asked.

Luke glanced down. “Honestly? I have no idea.”

We both laughed. “Jockstrap thief?” I suggested. “Doesn’t really matter, makes it easier to do this.”

I fit his entire semi-hard dick in my mouth in one go, moving my tongue from side to side, trying my best to lick it, but there wasn’t a lot of room since he was hardening quickly.

I braced myself with one elbow next to his thigh, while my other hand busied itself removing my shorts and briefs.

I pulled off so I could ask, “You still good to fuck me?”

“As long as you’re good with me lying here, you can do whatever you want with my dick.”

I smiled and grabbed the lube I had left on the nightstand. I could spend another thirty minutes giving him the best blowjob ever, but I knew he likely had less energy than he was letting on. In the back of my mind, I also heard a little voice telling me to get back to the village. The responsible voice.

I ignored it for now and slipped two lubed-up fingers inside me and drizzled a generous amount around the head of Luke’s dick.

“Fuck, Cam. Your hand feels so good on my cock.” Luke arched off the bed.

“Easy with the arm!” I warned. “Better than my mouth?”

“Both-”, he thrust into my grip, “-seem to have their benefits.”

I couldn’t help but flutter my eyes back as my fingertips hit that spot inside of me that Luke’s dick was about to claim for itself.

“Jesus, you look fucking incredible.” Luke’s voice brought me back to the moment. I watched his fingers trail down my stomach until they wrapped themselves around my shaft. “I’m not gonna be able to keep my hands off you, seeing you like this.”

I drove forward, into his hand and scooted up his body, my knees pressed against the bed. I felt his slick head sliding under me and stopped when it seemed close to my hole.

“You ready?” I asked.

Luke nodded. “God, yes.”

It was always a little awkward this way, trying to get his slippery dick blindly into me, but that was part of the fun.

“Need some help?” he asked.

“Shut it.”

I fumbled for another minute before I felt Luke’s hand back there, holding his dick still. Our efforts paid off, and I finally felt the appropriate pressure before my hole opened up and-

*God damn!*

“You’re so tight.”

I couldn’t imagine how. It was his fifth trip inside me in a week. “Guess I’m all muscles everywhere?”

“That’s the fuckin’ truth,” Luke said with a smile. “Now, ride me, handsome. Fuck yourself on my dick.”

I leaned back, not wanting to get anywhere close to his sling, and used my quads to flex up and down. The bed must’ve shifted after a few fucks because it started rhythmically knocking the wall. I would’ve felt self-conscious years ago, but not now. Colton and Zeph knew we were fucking. Anyone else would know we were fucking, but who cared?

Anyone that could hear us was likely also fucking or using our noise to get themselves off. I still remembered being a horny, single gay teen. It’s what I would’ve done.

All those months of fingering myself, imagining pulling Luke’s dick out of his leotard to get a taste, before bending over to offer him my virginity.

Christ, *gallons* of sperm had been spilled over him, and here I was, getting fucked by the man of my dreams.

“Gonna change the angle,” I said. “Let me know if it’s better.”

I brought my left foot forward first, then the right. I was now squatting on his dick, but needed some balance.

“Grab the headboard,” Luke suggested. “You’ll be able to balance on my beam that way.”

I barked out a laugh. “Don’t! Oh God, don’t bring gymnastics into this.”

“You’re the one up there being all muscular and athletic.”

I ignored him and started pistoning up and down. From the sounds coming from Luke, I guessed this was better. I was able to fuck faster.

“I’m already close,” Luke said, trying to get a handle on my cock. He eventually gave up, so I took it into my own hands. Well, hand.

Luke started meeting my ass with his hips. He bit his lower lip and closed his eyes, throwing his head from side to side. He was holding back. It’d be any second now.

I furiously jacked my cock, trying to catch up, but when he unloaded, he slammed up inside me and it...hit...that...spot.

“Cumming, Luke!”

The first spurts rocketed out, coating his chest. A smile broke across his face as his thrusts petered out. I watched him wriggle as I clenched with each spurt until I was done.

“You drenched me!” He laughed, swiping at his collar bone. It was pointless, the cum had already dribbled over his shoulder, onto the pillow.

I ran a finger across his hairy chest and over his abs, trying to collect my cum along the way. Before I could even try to swallow what I had gathered, Luke grabbed my arm and licked it off himself.

“You’re beautiful when you lose yourself,” I said.

“You make me feel so good. That’s all you.”

“Let me get a washcloth to clean you up.”

Once the water was warm enough, I saturated two strangely tiny washcloths and headed back into the bedroom. Luke’s eyes were closed and when I swiped at his stomach, he barely flinched.

“Hey tiger, you asleep?”

“No, m’okay,” he mumbled. “Thank you. Just this is just fine, just fine.” He sighed and rolled away from me, his sling arm pointed up.

I chuckled and did my best to clean up what I could, then maneuvered the blankets out from under him, so I could tuck him in. I sent him a quick text, letting him know he fell asleep, plugged his phone in and got dressed.

It was getting dark out, and time for me to head back to the village.

I was glad Luke was able to sleep, and hopeful that my sexual diversion offered him a reprieve from any stress or negative thoughts.



“HEY CAM!”

Ezra stood up from the couch as I came through the door.

*Luke was right; he is like a puppy.*

“How’s Luke doing?”

“When I left, he was sleeping, so...good?”

“I guess he was tired then, so you two didn’t...you know. Forget that. I don’t even know why I said it. What you two do together is no one’s business.”

I made a move for my room.

“But while we’re on the subject of sex-”

“Is that what subject we were on?”

At least it was fun to tease him.

“I just wanted to apologize earlier when I asked about Zane in the showers. It wasn’t any of my business, but I’m sure you’ve noticed, I tend to just say stuff and not realize it’s inappropriate until after. That’s the angriest I’ve ever seen you - not that that’s why I’m apologizing - but I realized I was an ass to bring it up at all. If you want to talk about it, at any time, you can. Don’t feel like because he’s my coach, we’re best friends or anything.”

“I accept your apology, Ezra. Thank you. That was kind of you.”

“Looking back at some conversations now, I think he was talking about you a lot, honestly.” Ezra scratched his head, then brushed his bangs out of his face.

“Really?” I dropped my bag by the door and went to sit on the couch. A shower could wait a few minutes. “What do you mean?” Ezra followed and sat at the other end, facing me.

“I’m not gonna be able to quote him exactly, you realize?”

I nodded. “Of course. I’m just curious.”

“Well, he’s been my coach since high school, so he was there for my gay awakening. I think my parents knew I was gay before I did and that’s why they hired him. He was the first person I came out to, and helped me through coming out to everyone else. I guess I said what I said because when I started to talk about sex stuff with him, he was adamant about me being safe and careful and had a pretty long speech about consent.”

Ezra glanced up at me. He had been fiddling with his fingers in his lap.

“I’m a lot less angry now. If there’s more, you can keep going. I’ll let you know if I want you to stop.”

“That’s the kind of stuff he would say. ‘If you’re with a guy and you’re in the middle of...stuff, and you want to stop, you have every right to stop. You don’t need to keep going just because you got naked.’ He was really protective of me, kind of like a big brother. I kind of did the same thing to my younger sister when she started dating.”

I smiled at that though I couldn’t relate. Colton and Ty had both delved into the dick pool before their brothers even knew they were gay, and I was an only child, who had only been with two guys. One of them had just fucked me; the other was who Ezra was talking about.

“I started looking for safe spaces to explore my sexuality in Seattle and...” Ezra hesitated.

“And what?”

“You have to promise not to tell anyone, Cam. I haven’t really told many people and it’s pretty kinky. If you have to tell Luke, I understand, but I’m not super comfortable just letting everyone know about it.”

“I won’t say a word to anyone, Ezra. I promise.” I brought my hand up to his shoulder for a reassuring squeeze.

*Pretty kinky. What is he talking about?*

Ezra took a deep breath and continued. “I found a pup community. I don’t have a handler or anything. I guess I should ask if you know anything about it first.” He looked at me expectantly. “Do you?”

I was a little surprised, but had seen some pics with guys wearing hoods and harnesses and even tails...in their butts. It was hot to look at, but I hadn’t felt the need to participate.

“I’m aware of it, but haven’t ever participated.”

“Cool. Okay, so my puppy name is Tadashi. It means loyal in Japanese, but I also liked it because I had a huge crush on Tadashi in Big Hero 6. The other guys call me Tad for short. I haven’t done a lot of stuff, but I’ve been to a few meetups. I don’t have a ton of gear either, but I do have a hood and some other stuff.” Ezra’s cheeks grew red quickly. “I can’t believe I told you.”

“It’s okay, Ezra. I won’t say anything.”

“And you’re totally fine with it? That I like pup play?”

“Everyone has kinks. I’m happy you felt comfortable enough to tell me about one of yours.”

“Does that mean you’ll tell me about one of your kinks?”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Colton says I’m pretty vanilla, so I’m not sure how exciting it is to hear that Luke and I switch up a lot.”

“Like, you change positions when you fuck?”

“Well, yeah, but I meant that we both top and we both bottom.”

“Oh!” Ezra’s eyes went wide, then his brows furrowed. “I thought you’d always be the top.”

“In your dreams maybe.”

Ezra mock-gasped, then punched me in the shoulder. “You’re probably right. I just don’t have a lot of time to date, and all the pup stuff usually happens late at night. Hard to fit that in when you’re qualifying for the Olympics.”

“I know how that is. I still can’t believe it. It’s surreal being on the team again.”

“I bet. It’s kind of like you had no warning, no time to prepare.”

“I had prepared! I just prepared to watch and support Luke. I had already accepted it was over and done for me. Now, I feel like I’m playing catch up.”

Ezra laughed. “You had, what? Like a week off? You’re an amazing athlete, Cam.” Now, it was his turn to shoulder-squeeze. “You’re going to crush it. Besides Jack Davies, you have the most experience of any all-around gymnast here.”

“You sure know a lot about Jack Davies for someone who doesn’t like him.”

Ezra, for once, had no response.

“I was just teasing, Ezra.”

“Oh, I know.” He sighed. “I just kind of wish he wasn’t so gorgeous.”

“So you admit he’s hot?!”

“Of course! I never said he wasn’t, did I?”

I shrugged. “To be honest, I don’t remember. Too much has happened in too short a time frame.”

Ezra rolled his head back onto the couch. “Tell me about it. I don’t know how you’ve done this twice already and are still alive. I’m so stressed. I have fifty billion thoughts going through my head. This is, like, a really big deal. What if I blow it?”

“Motivation for next time? And if you don’t like that answer, then do your best this time. Try to not put so much pressure on yourself that you choke. Find something to take the stress away.”

Ezra chuckled. “That’s why I like the puppy play. For the pupspace.”

“The pupspace?”

“The headspace you get into as a pup. Interactions as pups are wordless. We can make noises, but it’s all body language and behaviors. It’s extremely relaxing for me.”

“Do you want to be a puppy in here? Not offering to be your owner or anything, but if it helps you relax, then go for it.”

“It’s handler, not owner, but really? You’d let me do that.”

“I assume you’re not going to hump my leg or anything.”

“Well, fuck. I wasn’t thinking about doing that, but now I am.” His face burst into a grin. “Just kidding!”

I watched as he shifted in his seat and tried to hide the fact that he was adjusting his dick.

“Um, I’d probably just want to cuddle a little or lean against you. Have you never had a dog?”

I shook my head. “I’ve seen enough of them in real life and movies to imagine what you’d be like. It’s fine with me. If you do something I don’t like, I’ll tell you to stop. Simple as that.”

Ezra seemed to consider it for another moment. “I’ll think about it, Cam. I appreciate how comfortable you seem with the idea, and being such a good listener. Thanks for all of it.”

“It’s no problem at all, Ezra. I’m happy to help. It’s getting late. I’m going to shower up and hit the sack. You need the bathroom first?”

“Yeah, gotta pee and brush my teeth, thanks. I’ll be quick.”

“No worries. I’ll see you tomorrow for breakfast.”



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## Lucas

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"YOU DRENCHED ME."

"I did what now, bro?"

"You just came all over me," I mumbled.

*Wait a minute. Bro?*

I opened my eyes to see a beautiful blond man sitting on my bed, but it wasn't Cam.

"Sweet dream?"

"What are you doing here, Ty?" I pushed myself up, careful to keep my junk covered. "And how'd you get into my room?"

"It's a gay resort. Have you seen me lately?" Ty flashed a charming smile and pulled his tank inward from the sides, exposing both nipples. His chest puffed out a little.

"Okay, so that answers my second question, but not the first. Aren't you a little early? Your wedding isn't for another two weeks."

"Come on, bro. You think I'm gonna leave you here all by yourself after what just happened?" He gestured to my arm. "At least when I got hurt, I wasn't already at the fucking Olympics. You're never gonna say it, but you're glad I'm here. Just take my help."

I lunged forward as the tears fell.

“Whoa! Easy, bro, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you cry.”

“You didn’t,” I managed to say. “I’m just glad you’re here.”

“Okay, so you *can* say it.” Ty chuckled, rubbing his hand across my back.

I calmed down enough to pull back. I wiped my face as best I could and gave him a smile.

“It’s a nice dick, Luke, but could you put it away? I’m almost a married man. What would Declan say if he walked in here right now?”

I glanced down and sure enough, the blanket had shifted. I swore and covered up. “Is Declan here?”

“Nah, he’s back in LA, waiting for our custom tuxedos to be finished. I didn’t want him up here yet though because I wanted all of my focus to be on you.”

“Shane’s here, you know.”

“It’s not the same and you know it.”

I smiled and admitted he was right.

“Cam’s been here too, evidently, because I can smell that your dream actually happened. You need a shower.”

“Cam’s an amazing fuck.”

“I’ll take your word for it, and I’ll keep my mouth shut about how earth-shatteringly amazing Declan is in the sack, so you can still feel good about your sex life.”

“It isn’t a competition, Ty.”

“Have you met us? Of course it’s a competition.”

“Well, how about we all whip our dicks out at your wedding and see who’s the biggest?”

“I don’t think my mom would like that very much, Luke.” Ty shook his head. “And we know who has the biggest one already.”

“Zeph,” we said in unison, laughing.

“If it wasn’t for that Gatorade bottle next to it, it would’ve been hard to tell,” I said.

“Next to it? You mean, standing in the shadow of it!”

“Okay, okay. Are you going to get off my bed so I can shower?”

“There ya go, bro.” Ty stood up and made his way over to the window, so I headed to the bathroom. “Need any help in there?”

“I’ll let you know if I do,” I called out, starting the water. “Where are you staying, anyway?”

“With you for now. If that’s okay.”

“Oh, I’m sure Cam will be thrilled. He hasn’t said it, but I know he’s worried about me. I get-”

“I’m by the door now,” Ty interrupted.

I continued at a normal volume as I started to soap up. “I get that we pretty much just switched roles, and I was worried about him. Now, he’s the one competing and I’m not. Plus, I’m injured.”

“Should you be getting the sling wet like that?”

Ty had poked his head around the door, then made a beeline to sit on the toilet. I didn’t mind being naked in front of him, considering he’d already seen it all and our relationships were both solid.

“It’s a new fabric apparently. Doesn’t matter if it gets wet.”

“Well, fuck, that must be nice. When I was hurt, doing anything that required two hands was such a bitch.”

“I guess it’s lucky for you *and* Declan that you were all healed when you met.”

“Funny, but accurate. Speaking of healing, I watched the announcement. When do you get more results?”

“Hoping for today actually. Want to come to the hospital if I do?”

“You’re stuck with me for a while, Luke. Of course I’ll go to the hospital with you.”

“Like, stuck with you for two weeks?”

“Possibly?”

I shut the water off and slid the glass door back. “Can you hand me that towel please?”

“Sure thing, boss.”

I couldn’t help the eye roll, but thanked him anyway.

“We hanging around here today? Doing something with Colton and Zeph?”

“Uh...I haven’t decided. I’m sure Shane’s already texted. I’d imagine dinner with Cam if he doesn’t have anything to do with the team.”

I headed back into the other room. Ty stood up to follow. “You need help getting dressed.”

“I can do it myself, but it’s easier if someone helps, if you don’t mind.”

“That’s why I asked. I remember what it was like.”

“You’re making me feel bad for not jetting across the country to help you back then.”

“You had your own issues at the time,” Ty replied. “And Pierce made a great babysitter. Plus, with him there, I got roped into the Nines trip and met Declan. So, I guess I should thank you for not coming!”

We had a laugh at that as he helped me into my briefs and some mid-thigh length shorts. Before I could get a shirt on, there was a knock on the door between our room and Colton’s.

“Come in!” I yelled.

“You two done knockin’ boo-. Whoa, you’re not Cam.”

“Hold up. Y’all weren’t banging last night, were you?” Zeph asked.

“Of course not,” I answered, as Zeph pushed into the room behind Colton.

“Sweet Jesus. Coach Ty, you nearly gave me a heart attack. I thought we were gonna have to whoop your ass.”

“Oh really?” Ty asked.

“Yeah. For Cam’s honor.”

“Cam’s honor is still intact, and I’m not your coach anymore, Colton.”

“Well, I can’t help it if I still see you like that.”

“Why wouldn’t you whoop my ass?” I asked.

“You woulda been next, Luke.” Zeph pointed at me, his other hand still resting on Colton’s shoulder. “Trust me.”

“When did you get here, Ty?” Colton asked.

“This morning. Any plans today?”

Zeph and Colton gave each other a look.

“Not trying to lure another porn star back for some double penetration,” I said. “You guys need to pace yourselves.”

“Do I need to ask?”

“I’m sure they’ll explain the whole ordeal shortly, Ty. Let’s go grab something to eat. I’m starving.”

“You gonna finish gettin’ dressed?” Colton asked.

“That depends on where we’re eating, doesn’t it?”

“Actually, no, bro. It’s a health code violation unless we’re outside. Plus, it’s like sixty out. Wouldn’t you freeze in those conditions?”

“How do you know it’s a health code violation?” Colton had a lot of questions.

“Experience.” Ty smirked, before heading out the door.

I only had my shirt halfway on by the time I got into the hall. Zeph helped me get it on the rest of the way since Ty was apparently now the group leader.

“You gonna text Shane? He’s probably worried. Maybe on the way here, too,” Colton suggested.

“Right, thanks. A little distracted this morning.”

“Too much hole last night.”

“Shut up, Colton.”

“You can’t ever complain about us having sex again! We thought it was an earthquake for a second. We ended up going for a walk.”

I ignored Zeph’s taunt and texted Shane and Cam, letting them know Ty had shown up.

Shane: Oh, that’s great! You mind if I meet up with you at the hospital then?

Shane: Whenever they call.

Luke: Sounds good.

“WELL, I won’t keep you in suspense,” the doctor said. “I don’t believe surgery is required. The damage isn’t extensive enough. I can’t say with one hundred percent confidence how much function you will regain, but based on previous cases like this, it’s more than likely to be a full recovery. However, everyone is different, so despite my optimism, there is a chance your mobility will be limited.”

“So we won’t know until we know?” Cam asked.

Woodward left the rest of the team at practice after I called him. Cam didn’t answer, so I called Noah. Shane and Ty were here too. It was crowded.

“More or less. It will also depend on what happens at rehab.”

“How long before the sling can come off, and how long until it’s healed? When can I start rehab?”

“Well, Lucas, that depends on your body. Once the pain is gone and you no longer require medication, it would be fine to stop using the sling, though it might make it easier to remember not to try to overuse it. It’s going to take months to

fully heal. I can set you up with a physical therapist, but I'm guessing you won't need help with that," he said, gesturing to Woodward.

"You're correct, doctor. As an Olympian, he'll have access to the best care possible. His boyfriend is also a physiotherapist," Woodward replied.

"*Assistant* physiotherapist," Cam corrected him.

Woodward shrugged. "You're still gonna take good care of him, and you're familiar with what recovery is like."

"Plus, he's got a sling bro!" Ty spoke up.

"A sling bro?" I asked.

"Yeah, I know what it's like to be in a sling." I repressed the urge to call out the innuendo. "I'm here to help you deal with it, to give you a hand if you need it."

I ignored Cam's snicker, and asked the doctor, "So what's the next step?"

"I'll send your files to the team doctors. Like I said, at this point, you're in recovery mode. I'd advise caution and patience. There is a chance you can make it worse if you push too fast. I wouldn't lift anything over five pounds with that arm until you've started physical therapy."

I thanked the doctor, then headed outside with Cam and Ty while Shane and Woodward hung back to talk to the doctor.

"So, you're gonna give him a hand, huh, Ty?" Cam teased.

"What?" Ty asked.

"He really doesn't get it. Must be because he's almost married. He's lost all perversion," I said.

"A hand. You're gonna give Luke a hand," Cam repeated, motioning with his hand exactly what Luke and I had immediately thought of when he said it.

"Jeez, bro, not that kind of hand. With you around, I doubt he needs help with that. Here I was being genuine and you guys turned it into a porno."

“To be fair, I’ve literally had a porn star hit on me this week.”

Cam and I explained to Ty what he meant.

“Well, don’t tell Declan. He’ll get super jealous.”

“Isn’t he supposed to trust you? You *are* getting married,” I said.

“Well, yeah, but five porn stars naked in the pool. I mean, come on...”

“You can tell him he doesn’t have to worry. They’re too busy getting dicked down by Zeph and Colton, and there’s six total, according to Ryan.”

Ty laughed. “I bet they’re in paradise.”

“Don’t get me wrong. I’m glad I was selected to compete, but I would’ve loved to see Colton leave Zeph behind at the hotel with all that beef.”

I threaded my fingers through Cam’s. “I’d much rather watch you in the Olympics than Colton.”

“I know that, Luke.” Cam squeezed my hand. “But it still would’ve been hilarious!”

UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES, Cam would’ve stayed with me the rest of the day, but he was nervous that he wasn’t prepared enough and I wasn’t going to dissuade him from what he thought he needed. I just told him to listen to his body and not push too hard. I told myself he had Noah to watch out for him, but then I’d remind myself that Shane was watching over me when I got hurt.

*Damn it.*

Luke: I mean it. Listen to your body. Anything you think is little, bring it up to Noah or Coach.

*Jesus!*

“Whoa, bro! Take it easy.”

All Ty had done was put his arm around my shoulders and I nearly jumped twenty feet in the air.

“Sorry. Just...got a lot going on up here.”

“That’s understandable, but I’ve never seen you this jumpy. We gotta loosen you up.”

“Are you trying to sound sexual today, or is it just a happy coincidence?” I asked.

“Really? I can’t say ‘loosen you up’ without you getting horny?”

“I didn’t say I was horny.”

“Okay, Mr. Everything’s Dirty, you’re not horny, you’re a sixth grader. What are we doing today?”

“I feel like I should be asking you that. Don’t you have anything to do for the wedding up here?”

Ty sighed. “Well, Declan did give me a checklist,” he said, pulling out his phone.

I looked over his bare shoulder. Despite the cooler weather, Ty liked his tanks.

“You have a wedding planner?!”

Ty gave me a blank stare. “I forget. You haven’t met Declan’s parents that live in *Beverly Hills*. Does a wedding planner seem unexpected for people like them? Imagine your mother-shit.” Ty winced. “Sorry, bro.”

“It’s fine. I can imagine what that would be like. And you’re right, my parents would’ve hired one too,” I admitted. “Have you met them? Do you like the plan?”

“I’ve met him...twelve times.”

“Twelve?!”

“He’s a perfectionist.” Ty shrugged.

“How complicated is this wedding that you need twelve meetings to get it perfect?”

“Complicated enough to be wanted for, like, three magazine covers?”

“Wow. Um...I guess I forgot how famous you two have become.”

“I wouldn’t say we’re famous.”

“Oh okay.” I shoved him with my good arm. “Where are we walking, anyway?”

“Ah, Grayson’s office is just down the street. You okay or you want me to get an Uber?”

“I’m fine. I forgot you’re pretty familiar with the city.” I said. “I’d get lost without my phone here. It’s a lot bigger than Dunedin.”

“Is that how you say that? I always pronounce it wrong.”

“You’ve been to our house a few times,” I said. “How could you not know?”

“It’s not like I need to say Dunedin when we visit. I just say Tampa.”

WE ENTERED A LARGE FOYER, but before the receptionist could greet us, I heard, “Tyler! *Mi amor!*”

Ty leaned over to whisper, “He’s a hugger, by the way,” as a slim and attractive man approached us through an ornate archway to our left. As he walked across the entryway, he held his arms out to Ty and went in for a hug.

Grayson, I presumed, was taller than me, but shorter than Ty and had short, dark hair. His skin was lighter than mine and flawless. I thought he might have been wearing a little makeup.

“Oh, Lucas. I heard about this.” He pointed to the sling and shook his head, his other hand clutching the top buttons of his shirt. “I’m so sorry this happened.” And then as if a switch went off. “Where are my manners?! I am Grayson Vega, event and wedding planner. I am so honored to meet you. You are the other best man, yes?”

I nodded and managed to croak out a reply. I don’t know why I was surprised someone had heard about my injury. I did

just have a press conference after all. I guess it was just a shock to randomly bump into someone that cared enough to apologize.

“Where are my manners? I shouldn’t have brought it up. I just feel like I know you.” He gestured to Ty. “This one, if he’s not busy climbing up his fiancé, he’s talking about you or Pierce or Freddie. How is Declan, by the way?”

“He’s good. Waiting on the tuxes,” Ty answered.

“Oh, thank you. That reminds me.” Grayson pulled out his phone. “I’ll give them a call. Light a fire under their asses. They should’ve been ready last week. We still have to double check the fit.” He turned to me. “All the muscles you guys pump up, they’re a nightmare for the tailor!”

“I’ve also got a list of stuff from Declan to go over,” Ty said, waving his phone.

“That’s right, honey. Keep me on target. That’s what I’m being paid for. Let’s head to my office.”

And then he turned and walked briskly away from us. I heard him say something about Declan being a perfectionist and scurried to keep up with them.



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## Camden

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"NICE WORK TODAY, CAM," Noah said, giving my shoulder a squeeze. "I know you're worried, but you look great."

I scoffed, dropping a towel on the floor. "You still think I have a shot? Even though I'm like the oldest all-rounder here?" I started to pull the bands off my biceps and down my arms. My parallel bar routine this time around was a skin ripper.

"There are actually four athletes older than you I consider to be all-rounders, and yes, you're a medal contender. Obviously, I wasn't part of the selection committee, but your scores were close. Woodward followed the scoreboard instead of his heart. He's a fair man. He didn't want to play favorites, and that's honorable of him."

"I suppose."

"It's also why he took you instead of Colton. He can say it's because you're more of an all-around athlete, but I know it was the scores. I can look it up. You were probably a tenth of a point away from the team."

"No, no. It's fine. I'm on the team now. That's what matters."

"Damn straight. Shower up and say hi to Luke for me. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Night, Noah."

I shoved everything in my bag as I watched him walk away and headed for the locker room. I hadn't made it two steps inside when I heard Orion say, "I can't believe he's out. We need to hire security for you immediately. I'm not going to-"

And that's when he saw he wasn't alone. I offered him a concerned smile.

"Send me your location and leave it on. Is Keion with you?"

He turned away from me and I didn't hear anything else. Not that I was trying.

I put my bag down on the bench and started to peel off my clothes. By the time I was down to just my jock, Orion came around the corner.

"Everything okay?" I asked.

"I gotta go, but I can explain later. I need to get to Austin."

I nodded. "Totally fine. Let me know if there's anything I can do. Do you want me to call Woodward?"

"Nah, man. Thanks. I need to talk to Austin first. We'll figure it out."

We said our goodbyes and I was left alone, questioning if I should call Luke about it. Maybe he knew something I didn't?

I dropped my sweaty jock on top of the rest of my clothes on the floor, then brought the whole pile over to the laundry bin. There were facilities in the dorms, but we could also get stuff washed this way. I never liked carrying around clothes that were that sweaty.

I grabbed my towel and headed to the showers. I wished this could be a long relaxing one where I played with my dick, making it semi-hard and aching for Luke, but I had plans to grab a quick snack and hit the gym.

I knew Luke was concerned I was pushing myself too hard, but he let it slide when I told him I was getting an evening workout in. He might've been slightly disappointed,

but Ty was there. I told myself I was giving them a night alone.

My mom should be here tomorrow, the day of the opening ceremony. The next day was the qualifiers. I had two days. Well, less than that, technically.

Normally, I'd already be relaxing, but I couldn't. Not yet. I could relax tomorrow.

I turned the water off and dried myself as best I could quickly before heading back to my locker, thoughts of Orion's conversation popped back into my head.

I checked my phone.

Tyler: Hope I didn't scare you off.

Tyler: Luke's worried you're pushing yourself too hard. Don't.

Tyler: Hope to see you tomorrow.

Cam: Have fun tonight! Glad you're here. See you tomorrow.

I had one from my mom with her flight info, and one from Luke. I told him I'd call him later if he was still awake when I got back to my room.

Then I thought about the conversation from earlier, and sent one to Orion.

Cam: I mean it. I'm here if you need me.

I pulled on some sweatshorts, a tank, and socks, and slipped into my Metcons. After I tossed my towel in with the laundry, I stopped at the mirror to fix my hair before heading out.

The gym, where I was headed, like most things on campus, had been improved for the Olympics. Mostly, that meant that everything was made bigger. It would eventually become the new student fitness center. In the same building, a new pool was constructed where the swimming and diving events would

take place. It was less than a ten minute walk from the gym where we were training.

For this time of night, the gym was still pretty busy. It made sense. This was the Olympics after all. After retrieving my earbuds, I tossed my bag in a cubby along the wall and found a space on one of the matted areas of the floor.

I didn't plan on a heavy workout. I just wanted to stretch, target a few muscle groups with varying intensities, and then relax on the rowing machine for a bit.

I was focused and listening to my music, so I'm not sure when Hudson showed up or if he was there the whole time. My eyes couldn't help but notice Hudson, and that's when I noticed Miles with him. I don't think I had heard either say more than twenty words, but they were chatting away with each other, and both were all smiles. It was a bit of a shock. They were usually so reserved.

As I switched over to the rowing machine for my cooldown, I couldn't help but watch them. There wasn't anything else to do. The TVs were all news and sports. I didn't need to hear about the Olympics and everyone's speculation. I was already here and I knew what I had to do. But for some reason, I found the sociable interactions of Miles and Hudson fascinating. They were like different people. Like two friends, hanging out.

I wondered if the team made Miles uncomfortable somehow, like he couldn't be himself around us. It was none of my business, but when Hudson jogged off, disappearing into the locker room, I decided my workout was over.

My curiosity was piqued. Miles was alone on the overhead press.

“Hey, Miles!” I said, walking up.

“Oh hey, Cam,” he replied, smiling. “Getting a late workout in?”

“As are you and Hudson.”

There was perhaps a slight blush, but no hesitation. “Yup. Hudson has had me on the same schedule for weeks now to

prep for this. Not letting up now when it's this close.”

“That makes sense.”

I didn't know how to say this, but I really didn't want us to keep doing something around him if he was uncomfortable.

“Was there something else, Cam?”

“Oh, yeah...sorry. I couldn't help but notice that you've been really not quiet with Hudson, and you're typically really quiet around the team. Are we doing something to make you uncomfortable? Sorry to ask. I know it's probably weird of me to say something, but I was a little worried.”

“Oh,” he said. “That's a bit unexpected.” Then he smiled. “I'm sure you behave differently when you're alone with Luke than when you're with the team. I hadn't noticed, I guess. I can talk to you more if you want me to.”

“No, no. I just wanted to check. I mean, I won't say no to you talking to me more. Just something I noticed. I probably shouldn't have said anything. Good night. See you tomorrow.”

*God, why did I say anything?*

*Because you were worried.*

I grabbed my bag and held the door open for two guys that towered over me, but one of them gave my body a scan and smiled appreciatively. They both said, “Thanks,” so I told them to have a good workout. I swore the one that checked me out said he'd like to give me a workout, but I wasn't sure.

I was probably imagining that guy's eyes on my ass, but I made sure to flex my glutes anyway before I turned to the dorm.

*Wait a second. If Miles compared me acting differently around Luke to his behavior around Hudson, does that mean they're together?*

I tried to think back if I had ever seen anything else that would confirm that, but there was nothing obvious. Something else to ask Luke, and maybe Ty, about later.

EZRA WAS WATCHING TV in the living room again.

“Hey,” he nodded. “Are you just getting back from a workout or Luke?”

“Workout.” I smiled. “What have you been up to?”

“Trying and failing to relax.”

“I’m gonna shower real quick, but then would you wanna grab something to eat real quick?”

“It’s almost nine o’clock.”

“I’m aware, but we don’t have an official practice tomorrow. Does Zane have you doing anything?”

He shook his head. “Told me to relax. My family’s on their way, should be here tomorrow.”

“Well, we can have a snack right now, can’t we? And then maybe Tadashi wants to snuggle after?”

Ezra’s head whipped towards me. “Really?”

“You said you find it relaxing, and I said I’m willing to try it. Especially if it helps you.”

“You won’t tell anyone?”

“Not if you don’t want me to. Not even Luke.”

“I can understand if you want to tell Luke though. I wouldn’t want him to be jealous.”

“I don’t think he’ll mind.” I had found him in bed with two of our friends the other day.

“Okay, I’ll see you in a minute.”

I felt good as I headed to my room. Ezra’s smile was huge when I suggested the plan for the night.

I COULD TELL Ezra was nervous because the table hadn’t stopped vibrating since we sat down. I grabbed a chicken caesar salad and Ezra chose a banana with peanut butter.

“You know if you don’t want to do this, you don’t have to. Just because we said we’d do it doesn’t mean you can’t change your mind.”

“No, it’s fine,” Ezra said, focusing his attention on the banana and not me. “I just haven’t ever done this with anyone I know. It’s just been anonymous guys.”

“Well, you should feel safer with me.”

“Oh, I feel safe. I just also feel really self-conscious.”

“Well, once you put your hood on, you won’t feel that way, will you, pup?”

Ezra’s eyebrows skyrocketed up his forehead. “How did-? What did you-?”

“It’s called Google, Ezra.” I lifted my phone off the table.

“Oh.” He chuckled and let his knee rest. The table finally stopped vibrating. “That was thoughtful of you.”

“I kind of offered something yesterday without knowing a whole lot about it, so I did some research today.”

“And you’re still-”

“Fine with it? Yup.”

I heard the sigh of relief and smiled. “You about ready? I’m getting sleepy.”

Ezra nodded, so we left.

“I’m gonna change into my PJs,” I said. “I’ll be on the couch.”

Ezra nodded and headed to his room. I assumed he stayed silent on the way back and was continuing to be non-verbal because he was trying to get into pupspace.

It turns out the online puppy play community was extremely organized and informative. Some of the images were pretty arousing, but I had never been into furies or pup stuff. The role playing aspect sounded fun, and I could understand the headspace part of it too.

I changed into my go-to sleep shirt, the one with the baby rhino on it. At this point, it was practically threadbare, but it was so soft. I pulled my shorts off, but left my white briefs on and headed to the living room. After turning the TV on, I found a rerun of *Friends* and waited.

I heard a door open and then silence. Thirty seconds passed before I leaned over to steal a glance down the hall. Ezra was on all fours with his hood on, but his head was down. He was clearly embarrassed.

This was way out of my league, but here we were. Based on my research, I knew what to say. Or what I thought I should say, anyway.

“Hey Tadashi, it’s okay.” I watched as he lifted his head up. I could just make out the whites of his eyes behind the mask. “Why don’t you come in here and snuggle with me? Would you like that? I’ll even let you on the couch if you want.”

I watched as he closed his eyes, took a breath, then started to crawl forward.

I’ll admit, it was weird as fuck to see my teammate on all fours crawling towards me. In the past, Luke and I had played with the Dom/sub dynamic a few times, so it wasn’t entirely unfamiliar. Just not something I saw every day.

Ezra - well, Tadashi - made his way down the hall and onto the couch. He seemed uncertain, just kind of squatting there on his legs, then I saw him glance at my lap.

“It’s okay, Tad. You can snuggle in my lap.”

Almost before I finished the suggestion, he collapsed forward, head resting on my thigh, one arm wrapped tightly around my leg, the other nestled under his chin. He wriggled his feet under the pillow at the end of the couch, then settled down. He was wearing a sweatshirt and sleep pants, the kind I liked Luke in because they looked like a second skin. Very clingy.

*And let’s stop thinking about that.*

I didn't need an erection making this awkward instead of sweet. This wasn't supposed to be sexual anyway. Just a dude and his puppy, snuggling on a couch.

If Luke could do this, naked with Ty, I could certainly keep it casual, completely clothed.

My arm started to get numb with it along the back of the couch, but the only other place to put it was on Tad. Or awkwardly smush his head by putting it in my lap.

"Is it okay if I rest my hand on you, Tad? My arm's getting numb back here."

Tad nodded, so I moved it from the couch to the side of his torso. He twitched a little upon contact, then, for lack of a better word, rumbled. I assumed he was happy.

"That okay?"

He nodded, then rolled his lower half, so his body was twisted, stomach facing the ceiling with my hand on it.

"Does someone want a belly rub?"

He nodded again.

Tad was apparently ticklish because my initial rub became more of a convulsion for him, so I eased back the throttle and with a light touch moved my hand back and forth every few seconds.

He settled after that and my attention went back and forth from the episode to my phone.

Cam: How was your day?

Luke: Long. I'm exhausted.

Luke: Met Ty and Declan's wedding planner, then spent an hour looking at flowers.

Cam: You must've felt like you were home.

Luke: Yeah, this wasn't helping your mom. This was a little different.

Luke: What are you up to?

Cam: Watching TV, helping Ezra relax.

Luke: Oh yeah? How you doing that?

Cam: Lol. Snuggles.

Luke: That bastard wormed his way in that quick, huh? You're a softie!

Cam: I'll explain more later. He's asleep on the couch next to me. Otherwise I would've called.

Luke: We're in bed too. Gonna have to figure out a way for Ty to not be here when I want your cock inside me.

I glanced down, not that I needed to confirm, to see my bulge already growing. I chanced a hand down my briefs to keep my dick from poking Ezra in the head, and pointed it in the other direction.

Cam: We can just ask.

Cam: How's your arm?

Luke: Good. I tried no meds today. Took one when we got back to the hotel.

Cam: That's progress. You're close.

Luke: Speaking of slings, did you know this hotel has a playroom guests can use?

Cam: Really?

Cam: We can always use that then. Is it private?

Luke: You can close and lock the door or leave it open.

Luke: That's how Ty and I found it actually. We were at the pool after dinner and looking for the bathroom.

Cam: Got an eyeful.

Luke: Colton and Zeph with somebody actually. They're taking this vacation very seriously.

I chuckled at the thought and was thankful I moved my dick. I was fully hard now.

Cam: Thanks for giving me wood.

Luke: I still got it! ;-)

Luke: Will I see you tomorrow?

Cam: Yeah, of course. You and Ty going to the opening ceremony?

Cam: I think my mom said there were a few tickets left when she called Cassie.

Luke: Okay, I'll send her a text.

Luke: Sleep well, Handsome. Think of me while you bust one out tonight.

*Fuck.*

Cam: I'll definitely be doing that. G'night.

Luke: Love you.

Cam: Love you more.

I gently tapped Tad on the shoulder, but he didn't move. I slowly slid my thigh out from under him, cradling his head so it didn't just slam into the cushion. I didn't want to leave him there. I wouldn't imagine a night on the couch would be good for his muscles. He was a few inches taller than me, but about the same muscle-wise. If I had to guess, he was only ten pounds or so more than me, and I could easily lift that.

I squatted down and picked him up, pulling him against my body so our center of gravity wasn't terrible, then made my way down the hall. Luckily, he had left his door open.

His bed was a mess, but I was able to push his feet under the covers and set him down. I didn't think he'd want to sleep in the hood, so I unsnapped the buttons I could see and slowly pried it off. He mumbled something and brushed his nose with his hand, but he didn't wake up.

“Silly pup.”

I pulled the blanket up to his chin and made sure his phone was plugged in. If he didn't have an alarm set, I'd check on him in the morning. I was keeping a pretty set schedule anyway.

After turning the TV and the lights off, I headed to the bathroom. I didn't make it to bed. My dick started to harden while I was pissing, so once I finished, I stroked it to full mast.

Pulling my shirt behind my neck, I licked my finger and played with both nipples. It didn't take much dirty talk from Luke. I was already close, had been all day. Now I was imagining what kind of fun we could have in the playroom.

*Fuck!*

There was a lot tonight.

What didn't go in the toilet, I cleaned up. After washing my hands, I brushed my teeth and cleaned my face, and hit the sack, although I wasn't sure how I was going to fall asleep.

My dick hadn't softened.

My hand wasn't Luke's hole and it knew it.



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## Lucas

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TY WAS UP, showered, and dressed before I even got out of bed.

“Morning, sleepy,” he said. “I’m guessing those meds hit you hard last night.”

“Why do you say that?”

“It’s already ten-thirty. Cam’s on his way here.”

“Oh, shit. I need to shower.” I bolted out of bed. *Whoa*. Ty was at my side in a second, half-catching me before I fell. I had reached for the lamp, but it wasn’t designed to support the weight of a person. “Thanks, Ty.”

It was on the way to the bathroom, Ty’s arm around my naked body, when Cam walked in. Of course.

“Oh, so I had Ezra’s head in my lap last night and this is how you retaliate?”

“His head was where?” I turned to smile at Cam, who was already intertwining his arms with my body, pushing Ty away from me.

“I’ll take it from here, Ty, thanks. Nice to see you, by the way.”

It was half playful, half marking his territory.

“He was a little dizzy getting up,” Ty explained.

“He caught me.”

“Uh huh, sure,” Cam said.

“It’s what happened!”

I knew Cam was only teasing. Neither us nor Ty or Declan would ever cheat, and certainly not with each other. Cam and I weren’t the sort of sharing type. From what I had seen of Declan, he was very possessive, and I didn’t think Ty would ever want to disappoint him.

“Mmm, you smell good,” I said, leaning into Cam’s neck as he closed the bathroom door.

“We’ll just be a few minutes, Ty!” Cam yelled out.

“Yeah right, bro!”

“A few minutes? Not a chance in hell,” I said, grabbing his crotch through his athletic pants.

“Oh yeah, that’s right. You want my cock inside you,” he teased. The words went straight to my balls. “I hope you kept the lube in the shower.”

By the time I turned the water on, Cam was already naked. And hard.

He was on his knees and sucking before I could say anything. I had to scramble to find something to hold onto, opting for the towel rod. Cam’s hands helped keep me steady too; they were both on my ass. When his tongue started working its way under my foreskin, I gripped the rod harder and focused on not falling over.

He pulled off with a slurp. “Just relax, babe. Let me do all the work.”

I wasn’t going to say no.

His head found a rhythm. He kept one hand on my ass, the other was all over the place: teasing my hole, tugging on my balls, stroking the shaft in tandem with his mouth.

Even after last night’s texts and not jacking off, I was embarrassingly close already. You didn’t have sex with someone for four years and not figure out all their nooks and crannies.

“I’m gonna cum if you don’t stop, Cam.”

It was true. Cam's fingers were wrapped around my nuts and pulling down hard. A little bit of ballplay went a long way.

"Cam." I tried to get his attention. "Cam!" I knew he could hear me, but it was too late. I was unloading in his mouth.

He swallowed the first spurts, then pulled off to jack the rest of them onto his face. By the time I looked down, he had a few jizz ropes painted across his smile.

"You never disappoint, Luke."

"I should be saying that. Fuck!"

He gave the head of my dick a soft kiss, then stood up. "Speaking of fuck...you ready for my cock, boy?"

I nodded, doing little to hide my eagerness. Dom Cam was definitely a Cam I liked.

"Get in the shower. Face the water."

I did as he said, but had to adjust the shower head so the water wasn't blasting me in the face. Glancing behind me, I was in time to see Cam pump out a handful of lube. Seconds later, I flinched at the coldness of it between my cheeks.

"Take a few breaths. I'm gonna make this quick and dirty. Brace yourself."

I was hardening again at the thought of getting plowed by his massive dick. It seemed like not needing surgery increased Cam's libido. Not that I was complaining. I couldn't stop my eyes from rolling into the back of my head as Cam's fingers worked their way inside me.

"You ready?"

I nodded, resting my hand against the blue tile, and arched my back to give him a better angle. I heard him mutter something, but I couldn't hear over the water.

"I said, your ass deserves more than just my cock. It's just so perfect!" Cam said, as I felt him grab a handful of one cheek and playfully slap the other.

His fingers traveled toward my hole to help guide him inside, but he didn't need to search for long. We fit like a

glove in this position.

“Ahhh.” My breaths came quickly as he slowly slid inside, the stretch from his girth gave me that incredible burn that would turn to bliss in just a few sec- “Fuuuck.” *There it is.*

Once he was all the way in, Cam’s hands went directly to my waist and he started pounding.

Not that we didn’t have time to take it slow, but every now and then, Cam’s dominant streak would hit and he’d just take me wherever I was - cooking dinner, working in the garden, by the pool. I think my favorite was when I was bent over, changing a flat tire in the middle of the night in the Everglades, though this was climbing the charts.

*Ow!* Cam pulled my hair back so he could suck on my earlobe. It was too much arch, so I couldn’t hold it for long. He seemed to sense that and moved his hand to my neck.

I was fully hard again, dick bouncing in time with his thrusts. I’m sure I was flinging precum everywhere, but it was hard to tell in the shower. The porniest of sounds were likely coming from my mouth, but I didn’t care.

*Thank God this sling is waterproof.*

“You ready for my load, boy?”

I nodded.

“Your tight ass gonna milk it outta me?”

I squeezed down on his cock in reply.

“That’s right. Keep it up, Luke.”

“Harder,” I begged.

“Harder what?”

“Harder, pleeease!”

It was the right response. Cam’s fucking intensified. I would’ve fallen over if it wasn’t for his arms holding me in position. My legs felt like jelly. My hole was utterly used and I could feel the release building in my balls.

“Take my cum, Luke!”

After a few more quick thrusts, Cam slammed into me so hard I was lifted off the floor for a second. It was the second slam that pushed me over the edge.

“Ah, fuck. I’m cumming, Cam.”

I leaned back into Cam as I lost myself in bliss. There was cumming and then there was cumming with Cam’s cannon-like dick inside me. Straight guys didn’t know what they were missing.

I knew Ty had to have heard us - we were really loud - but I didn’t care. Two orgasms in a row and I was in heaven.

“GOTTA GO. THEY’RE DONE FUCKING,” Ty said, as I came out of the bathroom, wrapped in a towel. “Love you too.”

Ty shook his head at me, but I couldn’t help but smile. “How’s Declan?” I asked.

“I should be asking how you are. Sounded like Cam was tearing you apart in there.”

I shrugged. “Nothing I can’t handle.”

“I’d say I’m shocked you can still walk, but I’m still okay after three years of getting railed by Declan.”

“I don’t wanna know how that’s relevant.” I tried to ignore him as I rummaged through my suitcase for clothes.

“You were pretty wasted that night. Everyone whipped ‘em out. Declan and Cam are the same size,” Ty explained.

“I still maintain I’m half an inch bigger,” Cam said, strutting out of the bathroom.

His shirt was halfway up his arms, but I was focused on his flushed face. I was happy to have given him pleasure, though I was the one that came twice.

“Let me help you,” he said, noticing I was still half-dressed.

“Maybe you can ask Declan for a re-measure at the wedding?” Ty suggested.

“We can hit up Baker Beach later. Get some sun on these buns,” I said, dropping my towel.

“You guys are way too comfortable with each other,” Cam said before giving my ass a little slap.

“You love both of us and you know it.”

“I don’t know about you, Ty, but I definitely love this one.” Cam helped me resituate my sling and then I was ready.

“Let’s get something to eat.” I checked my watch. “Then it’ll be time to pick up your mom, right?”



“OH, LUCAS!”

I just had a second to prepare for the avalanche that was Heather’s hug. Somehow she had spotted us first. She squeezed the breath right out of me and pressed my head against her shoulder. I relaxed and enjoyed it. There was just something nice about a hug from someone taller than me. After a few seconds, she exchanged me for Cam.

“And my little Cam Cam. I’m so happy for you. Well, shit, you know what I mean.” She smiled through her happy tears. “If it’s this weird for me it must be ten times worse for you two. How’s it going? How does your chest feel?”

“It’s getting better.”

“And yeah, it’s pretty weird,” Cam answered. “For both of us.”

“I’m just happy he was selected as the alternate. It makes it a little easier to handle,” I said.

“It’s been a little less - elevated - now that we know he doesn’t need surgery, and there’s a good chance he’ll completely recover with therapy.”

“Has it helped you decide to pursue physical therapy full-time?” Heather asked. “Knowing you could help athletes like your boyfriend regain their strength back.?”

“Wow, Mom. Hit the nail directly on the head for me, please. How about we get through the Olympics first and then decide what to do with our future?”

I couldn't help but notice he said 'our future.'

“So, I need some lunch, but I'm guessing you two just had breakfast? I know Cam is on a strict diet right now, but would either of you mind sitting with me while I grabbed something to eat?”

“We can take an Uber to the wharf,” I suggested. “If there's nothing there you like, we can ride the cable car until we spot something good.”

“That sounds lovely, Luke, but I've got to pace myself. I'm here for two weeks.”

I tried not to laugh, but she was right. “Yeah, I suppose after that flight, you want to relax a bit, huh?”

“Let's get you to your hotel and we can see what's around there,” Cam said.



CAM AND HEATHER BOTH PROTESTED, but after her lunch, I excused myself to give them some time alone before the Olympics started and Cam was in competition mode for the next two weeks.

I had almost forgotten we still needed tickets, but Cassandra had finally come through for us that morning with two tickets, though they weren't anywhere near the rest of the team's friends and families.

I didn't care where we were sitting. I was just glad to be going at all. The rumored line-up of musicians alone was enough to push resale ticket prices past three thousand and out of my price range.

I had Ty meet me back at the hotel and suggested a dip in the pool.

“You wanna see if the porn stars are there, huh?”

I shrugged. “Well, everyone else has seen them. Why not me?”

Ty shook his head. “Fine. Let’s go rub our monogamous bodies in their faces.” He grabbed his trunks from his suitcase then headed into the bathroom. I wasn’t sure why he was being bashful all of a sudden. We had seen each other naked hundreds of times at this point.

He picked the skimpiest of the three speedos I had brought. It was an Andrew Christian one that pushed everything into a pouch in the front. It also became a little see-through once it was wet.

If there were going to be porn stars, I planned on teasing them a little.

Ty came out of the bathroom wearing knee-length board shorts.

“What are you wearing?”

“A swimsuit,” he said, defensively.

“I have never in all our years of friendship seen you so covered up for a swim.”

“Well, I’m almost a married man.”

“Wait, isn’t it a nudie pool? Why are we even wearing suits?”

“I’m comfortable around you and the guys, Luke, but Declan would *not* be pleased if I went nude in the pool with a bunch of porn stars.”

“Okay, okay, I get it. I don’t want to piss Declan off, and I am one of your best men after all. Can’t be a bad influence on the groom.”

“Plus, do you really want your junk all over the internet?” Ty asked.

“Surely they’d have to have a no phone policy.”

“Doesn’t mean people don’t break the rules, bro.”

He had a point. It looked like I was keeping my speedo on today.

THE POOL DIDN'T SEEM crowded. It was a Monday. I'd guess the weekends were wall-to-wall peen. A quick glance told me that everyone else was naked, so it felt weird to be clothed. It also told me that we were being admired.

I made eye contact with a guy just as I slipped into the water, Ty close behind me, and he smiled and immediately started coming over.

“Lucas, right?”

I stuttered an affirmative response, but he knew I was confused.

“I’ve already met your boyfriend, Cam,” he explained. “You’re pretty recognizable on your own,, and the sling is kind of a giveaway. Sorry about that. Hope it doesn’t hurt too much.”

“I’m Ty, by the way.” Ty reached over my shoulder, holding out his hand. Brody shook it.

“Well, you’re devastatingly handsome as well, so that must mean you’re taken and not looking for a fuck.”

“That’s right. I didn’t catch your name.”

“Brody,” I answered for him. “Right?”

“That’s right.”

“You have seen Colton and Zeph here with Cam, right? They’re definitely open to messing around. If you’re looking,” I added.

“Oh, I know. The guys have been talking about them. They sound like a great lay,” Brody said. “I’ve heard they’re trying to bang all of us. Like it’s a game.”

Ty and I just stared.

“Oh, I don’t mind games - don’t think I’m offended. I’ve had guys act a lot worse. But I’m just fucking with them,

wondering how far they'll go to bed me.”

We burst out laughing after his admission. I really liked this guy. He was not what I pictured at all. I thought he'd be all handsy and in my face, grabbing at my junk, but Cam's description rang true. He was a nice guy.

I wondered what made him go into porn, out loud.

“Money,” he explained. “A lot of guys are gay for pay. Straight in real life, but they'll do anything for a paycheck. The guys here with me - we're all gay or bi - and the viewers can tell. It's more realistic. Not just, ‘Oh yeah, fuck yeah, oh yeah, do me’ kind of crap. We get into it, and it's not always about the verbal aspect.”

“You're like a porn professor, bro.”

Brody grinned. “I like that. Sounds like a great idea for a porn.”

AFTER THE POOL, Ty changed in the bathroom. He came out wearing a green Henley and acid-washed jeans that were somehow tight but looked extremely comfortable.

“What?” he asked.

I had been staring, but then it clicked. “You're wearing the cage right now, aren't you?”

“What are you talking about?”

“That's why you're not changing in front of me.”

“What do you mean, a cage?”

“Drunk Ty already let it slip last year. Declan puts you in a cock cage sometimes. I don't think I'd ever noticed before, but I think I can see it.”

“Stop staring at my junk, bro.” Ty turned away from me.

“Is it because of the wedding?”

After a slight pause, Ty admitted it. “Okay, alright, yes. I'm wearing a cage, and yes, it's for the wedding. He's taking it off that night. We're kinky like that.”

“Hey.” I approached him slowly. “I’m not shaming you, or teasing you. I just couldn’t keep my mouth shut. I’m sorry if I made you feel bad.”

“All good.” He smiled. “To be honest, it’s nice to have someone that knows. Now I can whine all night long about how horny I am and you’ll understand exactly why.”

“Does it hurt?”

“We don’t have time for a chastity lesson. We’re going to be late!”

I glanced at my phone. He was right.



BY THE TIME we got to our seats, the ceremony was under way. I glanced at the program on my phone. They were already in the middle of the artistic program.

“Ty.” I could hear the whine in my voice, but I didn’t care. “We missed Beyoncé singing the national anthem.”

He leaned in, his breath hot on my ear. “If you weren’t so concerned with my chastity, maybe we would’ve made it.”

I turned quickly, pulling him close. “Don’t make me punch you down there.”

He shoved me, then asked, “What does this bracelet do anyway?”



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## Camden

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"JESUS CHRIST, this is happening! This is happening!" Ezra screamed, grabbing onto Miles to hold himself up. "Should I go live? I should go live, right? I'm going live, boys!"

Ezra was having the time of his life. It was as if he had an intravenous caffeine drip and was in one of those inflatable bounce houses people get for their kid's birthday.

"Say hi to the world, Cam." Ezra smooched next to me in the crowd.

"Hi to the world, Cam."

"Ugh, that joke is so old - he is so old, everybody," Ezra performed for the camera, "but we love him! Of course everyone knows Orion Ellis. Where's your boyfriend?"

"With his team. Thanks for bringing it up. Where's yours?"

Ezra pouted for only a second before harassing Miles for his followers. We were jammed together in a series of tents outside of the Olympic Stadium, waiting for the Parade of Nations to end with us, the host nation.

I didn't think Ezra was supposed to be filming anything backstage, but I didn't care enough to stop him and his good time.

I texted Luke.

Cam: Wish we were together.

Luke: At least it's still one of us.

Luke: You're going to crush it tomorrow.

Cam: \*blush\*

Luke: They're on Uruguay. Almost time!.

Cam: Thank God. Ezra's about to pop.

Luke: We can see that!

I glanced over and he and Miles were jumping up and down to the music pumping in from the loudspeakers above.

Cam: Kids these days. ;-)

Projection screens and loudspeakers gave us the opportunity to follow along with the ceremony, including the national anthem earlier - Beyoncé did an amazing job. There were several speeches, of course, including the Vice President. I had heard the President was supposed to be here, but it was rumored she had to respond to a last-minute crisis either in the Caribbean or Africa, depending on who you asked.

The Olympics hadn't been in the United States in decades, so this was a big deal. I'm sure there'd be a formal announcement at some point, but I hoped she'd show up later for something. She was a huge advocate for gay rights, and not just because her son was gay - he had only recently come out publicly. It was because of her entire career that Luke and I had volunteered after London to help her get elected. Florida finally turned blue - for her. She was up for re-election this fall and we were already planning on helping again.

“Hey, guys!”

“Austin!” Ezra practically screamed. “Austin's here!”

I turned to see Austin approach, a sheepish look on his face.

“You came,” Orion said.

“Yeah, I thought the team would want me with them, but Keion and some of the others told me I was a fool for not being with the man I love.”

Orion leapt into his arms and I decided to let them have their moment.

“Damn, that’s hot.”

“Ezra, you’re still live,” Miles reminded him.

“Oh shit.” Ezra fumbled with his phone, presumably ending the feed.

“Did someone give Ezra extra sugar today?” Austin asked, after breaking off his kiss with Orion.

“ZIMBABWE.”

“Almost our turn,” Orion said.

BETWEEN THE ATHLETES talking to each other and the din of the stadium, I could barely hear the guys standing next to me. Finally, it was our turn and we were on our way through a dimly-lit tunnel. It looked like a maintenance corridor honestly, though it was tall enough for large equipment to move through. I imagined it was how they brought trucks or cranes in for large projects...like, perhaps setting up an opening ceremony.

It sucked that Luke couldn’t be with me, but we were never going to be together for this anyway. I had offered to watch with him from the stands, but he had insisted I stay with the team. I hadn’t seen Preston, so it was just me, Ezra, Miles, Orion, and now Austin.

I wouldn’t have thought the crowd could get any louder, but when the announcer said, ‘UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,’ it was truly deafening. I glanced over at Ezra and Miles. Ezra had calmed down, but his eyes were wide open, giving him an almost terrified look. Miles was less emotive, but still looked eager.

I flinched as the tell-tale sound of fireworks exploding in the distance became a regular cadence, getting louder as we

approached the end of the tunnel. When we finally emerged, it was sensory overload. Not only was a remix of *America the Beautiful* with Lady Gaga's *Born This Way* blaring, but we were surrounded by swirls of red, white, and blue lights that created intricate patterns at each level of the stadium in a coordinated visual symphony. The producers of the ceremony had somehow found a way to give a tiny lightbulb to every spectator. Miles was staring at all of it, like I was. Orion and Austin had entered holding hands and were still shoulder to shoulder right behind me, but that was it.

“Where’s Ezra?”

We stopped, letting the other athletes find their way past us. I looked back, because I hadn’t noticed him randomly sprinting ahead of us. It took me a minute, but I found him.

“I’ll be right back. Wait here,” I told the other three, then shouldered my way against the flow of American athletes pouring into the stadium.

“Hey!” I snapped my fingers in front of his face. His eyes immediately found mine. “You okay?”

“Oh. Cam. Hi.”

It looked like he was just figuring out where we were.

“You need to take a few breaths? Or do you want to join the team and keep walking?”

“Uhhh...both?”

“Hey, everything okay?” Miles asked. The other three had come back for us.

I shrugged. “I think he’s overwhelmed.”

I watched as Miles grabbed Ezra’s hand, linking their fingers together. The contact seemed to work, so I grabbed Ezra’s other hand and held my right hand out to Orion, which he grabbed without hesitation. Since he was already glued to Austin, it meant that the five of us were linked. One chain. One team.

Well, Austin wasn’t a gymnast, but that didn’t matter. With what he and Orion had been through, he needed all the

strength we could spare.

It didn't surprise me that the cameras ate us up. One followed us almost the entire length of the field. The story of Luke's injury and my selection as the alternate was certainly a headline. It had cast doubt on whether or not the men could win gold, as had been predicted before Luke's untimely injury.

I didn't take offense to it. I was the alternate. I was always one for a challenge. But mostly, I was just happy that the focus was back on the sport and not our sexuality. We'd come a long way in four years, and I was hopeful.

At this point, a gay athlete wasn't a big deal anymore. Numerous athletes were out, including trans and non-binary Olympians. I had heard the old record for number of out LGBT athletes competing at the games was blown out of the water by this year's number. That was the way it should be.

Although, a marriage proposal might get some attention.

I was still trying to figure that out. I now had the added bonus of competing before doing so.

The American athletes filled in the last empty section. It was right in front of the main stage, where the dignitaries were seated, including the Vice President.

We were the final piece in the enormous puzzle of the opening ceremony. I still wasn't a fan of the speeches, which I knew were coming. This year would've been the one I paid attention to, but the President wasn't here. I'd have to bide my time until the lighting of the Olympic cauldron.

"I'm so thankful we drew the last group," Miles said, interrupting my daydream of doing something inappropriate to Luke's asshole. "More time to sleep in. I'm already exhausted."

"Totally," Ezra agreed. "I wasn't sure I should come, but Zane encouraged me too."

Ezra glanced over at me, as if to see if I was offended, but I had quickly gotten used to the idea that this Zane was very different from the one I hated.

“There’s no way that was random,” Orion piped up. “That guarantees that we - the United States men’s gymnastic team - get the prime time slot. It was because of the TV schedule. They want the ratings.”

The boys seemed to ponder that for a second, so I took the opportunity to ask Austin, “When do your matches start?”

“I’m pretty sure wrestling starts on the last day of gymnastics. But there are, like, six weight classes for men, which means I’m only competing for a maximum of two days. Because I can only wrestle in one class. The only wrestlers that can do more than one event are the ones that do both styles. Unfortunately, that’s not me.”

“Freestyle, right?” I asked.

Austin nodded.

The crowd grew quiet and the music flared. My eyes were drawn to one of the screens broadcasting the ceremony. The torch had arrived.



I STOOD in front of the row of lockers, wearing nothing but Luke’s lucky purple jockstrap, and grabbed my competition suit out of the locker. Unfortunately, Preston was here with his coach, Dmitry, but on the bright side, they were keeping to themselves. Since training was over and this was it - we had to enter the arena as a team or the divide would be obvious. Woodward wasn’t about to go public with the drama just as competition was about to start.

I wasn’t sure Preston was as anti-gay as advertised though, because I caught him looking my way a few times, and he wasn’t looking at my face. I glanced around at the others, but they were each in their own world. It seemed no one else was concerned with my bare ass.

I’ll admit, having Preston here probably put a damper on things, but the quiet made it obvious the guys were nervous. Only Orion and I had any Olympic experience. I was surprised

Ezra hadn't already run out the door in a panic, and Miles was so pale, he looked like he was about to vomit.

For a moment, I missed flirting with Luke in the locker room and joking with Ty about dicks, until I thought about that morning.

AFTER A QUICK PUMP session at the gym with Ezra, Luke and I had some time to mess around, and Luke didn't waste it. Ty left us alone in the hotel room and we snuggled in each other's arms under the covers almost immediately. Naked, of course.

He said, "You've taken such good care of me. It's time for me to--"

And then his mouth was full...of my dick.

I tried only once to pull him off me. I was going to flip us so we could sixty-nine, but he pushed my hand to the side, and said, "Just enjoy this, Cam. Let me make you feel good."

After a few minutes, he pulled off, caught his breath, and asked, "Mind if you stand up, so I can kneel? My arm's getting tired and I can't, you know...use this one."

"Of course. If you're sure."

"I told you what to do. Stand the fuck up and get your dick back in my mouth."

I COULD STILL TASTE myself on his tongue when we kissed goodbye, and the visual of watching him swallow my load, combined with the snugness of his jock, kept me hard for the ride back to the village.

Over the years, dressing each other would remain an erotic experience. I'm not sure exactly how often it happened, or why it was so charged. There was just something about covering up your lover's body, knowing what was underneath it all, and that included when we swapped clothing.

So it wasn't too much of a surprise when he said he wanted to dress me before I left. What was a surprise was

when he brought my briefs to his face to take a healthy sniff and kept them to wear for himself. My dick was already half hard from the sight by the time he came over to slip his lucky jock up and over my lengthening shaft.

“You’re going to do great,” he said.

I sighed. “I wish you-”

“I know, Cam. I know.” He put his hand on my shoulder and leaned into my chest. I pressed my cheek against the side of his head, his curls tickling my nose. He eventually nestled under my chin and I held him against me for a moment, careful not to crush his arm.

“I’ll be in the crowd, handsome. Don’t forget to impress me.”

I laughed, half-heartedly. I knew he was trying to make light of the situation, so I went along with it.

“Should be easy to do that. Just stare at my ass, it’s what you usually do anyway.”

He gave the briefest smirk before offering me one final kiss, and then he escorted me to the door.

“HEY, CAM. YOU READY?”

I had just finished dressing. “Yeah.” I grabbed my jacket out of the locker and pulled it on, checking my bag to make sure I had everything tucked away. My phone, the platypus coin, my comp shorts, my wrist supports. “Let’s go.”

“We’ll have about a half hour to warm up,” Noah said.

I walked past Ezra and Miles. Both were deep in the pep talk zone with their coaches. Hudson was rubbing Miles’ back and Zane was having Ezra do some breathing exercises. I briefly heard Zane say, “It’s going to be hard, but you’re going to have to tune out everything that’s out there,” before I was out of earshot.

“You got this, Cam.”

We were in the last group to compete. Just like London. I had spent my day with Ezra at the gym and Luke in his bed, so I didn't have to look at the scores. They didn't help me. I already knew I needed to do my best and there was no point stressing out about my maximum points in comparison to those that had already gone.

Some guys were just going to have a more difficult routine than me and that was all there was to it. They'd either crush it and likely score better than me, or I would kill my routines and hope that they didn't do so well on theirs.

Either way, I had two goals tonight. Make the all-around final and at least one event final.

I didn't need to be the best tonight. I needed to be among the best. That's all it would take.

“Let's go, Cam!!!”

I smiled as soon as I heard Ty yell. It was accompanied by various other whoops and cheers.

I hadn't even climbed onto the podium yet and they found me. I glanced over to the source and sure enough, Ty and Luke were both standing holding a big sign that read, “My Boyfriend's Hot.”

Imaginative is not a word I would use to describe either of them, but I did appreciate the support.

I headed over to the parallel bars. To be honest, at this point I didn't have a weak event, per se. I was pretty damn good on all of the apparatus, and still killed it on the vault and floor exercise, but that didn't mean I'd ever skip a warmup.

We'd also have time before each rotation to test the equipment and go through a few skills before competition began.

I ran my hands over the bars, adding some chalk to each, before clapping mine together to get rid of the excess powder. With Noah's assistance, I opened with a few basic skills, then laid out my first big skill, a Teng Hai Bin. It was one of the hardest moves in the routine - a combo hanging basket with a twist, a let-go and a handstand. It was only with Luke's

guidance that I finally nailed it regularly. Like coach, like athlete - parallel bars wasn't Noah's strength either.

"That's my guy!" echoed loudly through the arena, which caused me to chuckle and drop from the bars. My eyes immediately found Ty and Luke and their ridiculous sign, which now said something about athletics. It was hard to read from the floor. I wagged my finger their way and let someone else have a go on the bars.

More cheers rang through the din of the crowd. The flash of red drew my attention. The rest of my team had arrived.

Orion and Preston headed to the floor with Ezra and Miles on their heels. When Ezra stopped mid-stride to stare at something, Miles plowed into him, almost knocking them both over. Luckily, both Hudson and Zane reacted quickly and prevented them from falling. My eyes followed Ezra's gaze and found...a shirtless Jack Davies. The de facto leader of the British squad had his slightly furry pecs on display and was stretching his other muscles proudly. This was his third Olympics as well. He looked relaxed.

I was beginning to believe Orion's conspiracy theories about the *random* draws. In addition to Great Britain, Japan and Brazil were the other teams in our group. All the heavy hitters from London were back. And while Russia, Ukraine, and maybe China were solid contenders, I was almost certain one of the four teams competing tonight was walking away with the gold medal in two days time.

It was going to be an intense night.

APPARENTLY, all it had taken for me to start caring about scores was thinking I was done with the Olympics. I don't know what happened, but I spent half the time with my eyes glued to the scoreboards. I had never been like that before and Noah noticed.

"I see you don't need me to keep track of your performance requirements. Although, I don't know why you're already looking. You haven't done anything yet."

“Shut up.”

But it was true.

Woodward randomized the order this year, so that the pressure wasn't on the same person for each apparatus. We would each get a taste of being the first or last to go, though to be honest, it never mattered to me. I liked it either way. More to the point, it didn't affect me either way.

Four up, three count. That's how qualifying worked. We put four guys in each event, but only three counted toward the team's scores.

In a surprise move, Preston was angling for the all-around, which put a little more pressure on me and Miles. Not that I thought Preston was better than me, but only two athletes from each country could compete in the final, even if all of us placed in the top twenty-four today. The number of entrants wasn't unusual - Luke, Alex and I had all tried in London - but it was his age that made it unlikely. He was the second youngest on our team. Based on what I had seen, I wasn't sure what Dmitry was thinking, or how he had convinced Woodward to let him try.

As far as the other two, Ezra hadn't developed enough yet and Orion decided to not become an all-arounder some time ago, choosing to focus on his best events. Like the rings.

His body had definitely changed over the years I had known him, his top half was much larger than before. One of the side effects of becoming a specialist. It helped him on rings for sure. He finished his perfect routine with a stuck landing and a huge smile.

It made me wonder who won if he and Austin ever wrestled.

*Luke hurt himself on the rings.*

I don't know why that random thought chose this moment to flash into my thoughts, but fuck, it was true. Our team's first event was the one that took him out of the Olympics.

I looked to the right, in the middle by the floor, and found him. Well, him, Ty, my mother. Everybody. Luke was smiling,

cheering. He seemed happy.

*I can do this. I know I can do this.*



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## Lucas

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CAM SEEMED a little distracted approaching the rings, though he and Noah had a chat - likely a pep talk - while Cam adjusted his wrist supports.

I realized my knee was shaking just before Ty put his hand on it and said, "He's going to do great."

I took a breath, thanked him, and then waited, along with Cam, for his signal to start. Noah stood behind him, ready to lift him up to the rings.

"Is it okay if I hold your hand?" Heather whispered into my ear. "I've never had somebody with me to watch Cam before."

I glanced at her before nodding. "Sure."

"Well, not since Cam's father passed. Surely there have been others in the stands, but not, you know...someone that means as much as you do to Cam. Someone who cares for him as much."

I knew what she was trying to say. "Someone who loves him."

She squeezed my hand and said, "Yeah. That."

There were a few seconds of silence as we watched Noah lift Cam onto the rings, then she continued, "You know if he could've changed things back, he would've. In a heartbeat."

"I know." I squeezed back. "This is how it is. At least one of us has a shot. As shitty as this is-" I motioned to the sling,

“it could’ve been worse for me. It’s at least some consolation that he gets to compete as a result.”

“Oh! Here he goes.”

After ten seconds or so, I’d realized I was holding my breath. With each solid and steady hold in between elements, I became more relaxed.

*Fuck, his muscles look good.*

I had been training so hard the last month or so, I hadn’t had time to watch any of Cam’s sessions. As much as he had worried about his fitness level when he was called up, it was obvious he had put in the work too. And I hadn’t ever doubted it. Sometimes he would get home after me.

The crowd gasped and then broke into applause after a particularly impressive - and difficult - combo.

“Holy shit, bro!” Ty yelped. “Did you know he could do that?!” He jostled me in the process and quickly apologized. “Sorry, Luke. You okay?”

“Yeah.”

I watched, holding my breath again, Heather squeezing my fingers as he built momentum for the dismount.

*Thank God!* He landed with a tiny hop.

One event down. Five to go.

A LOT HAD CHANGED in four years, but one thing hadn’t. Camden Kane was still King of the Vault. The Kane was still the hardest vault, performed last by Cam at the world championships two years ago. As much as others tried to outpace Cam, they couldn’t.

“Yup, he’s got the best score in the vault,” Ty confirmed. “Well, of everyone that’s gone. Still have Japan and Brazil to go.”

I nodded. “There might be two guys that could come close, Ty, but I doubt it.”

He brought his iPad tonight and, already out of habit, had all the scores from earlier in the day entered into the tracking software he had used when he was a coach. It certainly worked a lot faster than Google.

It had a feature that projected the scores needed to qualify for the final.

“Can you change that during the finals so you know what score he needs to medal?” I asked.

“Of course, bro. You just adjust the number of finalists. Like, you can determine what a finalist is by sliding this from eight to three. Or for the all-around, twenty-four.”

“Damn, Shane never had this fancy shit.”

“Language, Lucas. Impressionable young gymnasts,” Heather said, motioning to the crowd of American supporters around us.

I had forgotten she had perfect hearing. “Sorry, Heather.”

“Coach never took my access to the system away. I’m still coaching in Chula Vista, but it’s kids, not Olympians. Most days, I’m just a trophy boyfriend.”

“Declan’s busy with his activewear brand?”

“You know it.”

“I do.” I smirked. “I’ve seen you modeling the jockstraps.”

“Did you get the-”

“Yes, we got the package you sent.” I answered.

“I haven’t seen you post on Instagram.”

“Is this your way of asking me to become an unofficial spokesman?”

“I thought that’s what we did when we sent you two the box.”

“I know. There was just this thing coming up on our schedule. Well, two things,” I added. “The Olympics and your wedding.” I had an idea. “Let’s do a few shots when we take wedding photos.”

“Like...in...the jockstraps?” Ty asked.

I shrugged. “In whatever Declan wants. It’s his line.”

“That could work. I can mention it to Grayson.”

“Oh, he’d have a field day with that.”

One of the kids in front of us squealed and pointed down, towards the floor. “It’s him! It’s Zephyrus Jones!”

Sure enough, Zeph and Colton were walking up the stairs.

“About time, cowboys!” Ty yelled out.

Colton’s face said he was flipping him off in spirit since he couldn’t do that for real. Those damn impressionable kids were everywhere.

Zeph was semi-swamped with a few kids asking for autographs and he, like he always did, humored them. After he came out of the closet, he wore the mantle of role model well and put community outreach and fan service at the top of his priority list. It was admirable.

Colton was closer to Cam than me, but I had heard enough conversations between the two to know a lot of their history. While they were quite open about their sexuality and their time apart, they were less vocal about their reunion and other more serious issues.

I suppose that should be expected. It was always easier to joke about dicks or fucking in the locker room at the gym than it was to explain super complicated thoughts and feelings to your peers. Even to your friends.

“Howdy, Mrs. Kane.” Colton tipped an imaginary hat towards her, then looked around at our group. “Austin not here?”

*Oh shit.*

He wasn’t. Neither was Erika for that matter. I hadn’t even noticed.

My phone vibrated in my hand.

Cam: What’s wrong?

I smiled.

Luke: Stalker.

Cam: I'm done with the vault. I have like 15 minutes until my next event.

Luke: Just realized Austin's not here.

Luke: Same with Erika.

Cam: They're on their way. So says Orion.

Cam: Something about false labor.

Luke: Jesus. If it's already that far along...

Cam: I know. It's going to be soon.

Sure enough, not ten minutes later, I spotted Austin's wavy brown hair coming into the arena near the bottom of the stairs, though he stopped and turned to wait. My assumption that it was for Erika was correct. And Isaak too. *That's a surprise.*

Both men offered their hands to help her up the stairs, and within a few minutes, they had found their place in the empty seats in the row in front of us...along with the tall, muscular, blond guy that came up in front of them.

Before they sat down, Heather gushed over Erika's belly for a few seconds and Erika gave both her and I a quick hug.

As soon as she sat, Erika let out a loud breath and Isaak immediately handed her a bottle of water from the small backpack he had.

"Did I miss him?" Austin turned to ask me, before scanning the floor to find the team.

"You missed him on the rings, but that's it. He still has his other two left."

"I'm sorry, Austin." Erika leaned into his bicep.

"You don't have to keep apologizing. Trust me, O gets it. Your baby is important to us."

I tapped Austin on the shoulder, drawing a look from the bearded Thor look-alike. “Who’s the Norse God? He with you?”

Austin looked confused for half a second until I motioned with my chin at the behemoth next to him.

“Oh, that’s Remy,” he answered, then whispered, “My bodyguard.”

I leaned closer. “Is there another threat?”

Austin shook his head. “Same one.”

“I thought he was-”

“Parole,” Erika said over her shoulder.

Austin nodded in agreement, his mouth in a tight line.

“Fuck!” I glanced at Heather, thankful she hadn’t heard me. “What shitty timing. I’m sorry you have to even think about that again.” Our heads were leaned towards each other conspiratorially. I didn’t think our voices would carry far due to the ambient noise of the arena.

“It is what it is. We’re dealing with it,” Austin said.

“I’m guessing O is-”

“Focusing on the Olympics, like I told him to.”

“Not what I was going to say, Austin.”

“Oh, I know what you were going to say. His protective instincts went into overdrive. Remy was the compromise.”

Remy looked my way again, but I could only imagine what O wanted to do to protect Austin. In the same situation, I would do anything for Cam. Thankfully, neither of us had ever had a stalker before.

*Knock on wood.*

“How did you find him anyway?”

Austin pointed his thumb at his sister.

Erika answered, “Through Isaak’s company. They collaborate with a private security firm for special events and

when they travel with...sensitive *things*,” adding air quotes to the last word.

I hadn't realized Isaak's company would have that need, but with all the development and competition in Silicon Valley, it made sense.

The team had moved on to the parallel bars, though after a minute, Ezra seemed to be panicking. He was picking the other guys' jackets and bags up and putting them back down. After a few more items, he jogged back to the seats by the vault - *what is he doing?* - and started looking for something there.

The Brits had already settled into that area. I watched as Ezra approached them, a little more tentative now that he was closer. His face quickly flushed pink as he turned towards Jack Davies, who was holding a duffle bag and water bottle. Ezra paused in front of him for a few seconds before grabbing both items and jogging back to Zane and the guys. That kid had immense talent, but his focus definitely needed improvement.

His forgetfulness made his warm-up time almost non-existent, which wasn't good for him since he was the first up for the team on the bars. Cam had texted me the order.

I watched as Coach and Zane gave him an earful - not that it helped Ezra - as he quickly pulled his shorts down and off, leaving him in his leotard, searching for his pants in his duffle bag. He finally found them and was able to get the bars chalked and a few moves in before the signal for the next rotation.

I don't know how he did it, but Ezra managed a solid routine.

“That kid is dadgum lucky as shit,” Colton said, musing to Zeph.

I had to agree.

“Cam says he's very excitable,” Heather added.

I scoffed. That was an understatement.

“He's pretty handsome.”

I looked at Zeph just as Colton punched his shoulder. “No teammates.”

“Why didn’t you tell him that at dinner?” I asked. “He could’ve used a pick-me-up.”

Zeph shrugged.

“He was too busy lettin’ Miles drool on him.”

“I make time for my fans. What can I say?”

“Preston’s up next,” Ty said.

I’D LIKE to think it was my quick trip to the bathroom and the indecent image I sent to Cam that helped him bounce back on the high bar, and maybe it was. I’d have to ask him later.

He didn’t wipe out on the parallel bars or anything, but it wasn’t his best.

That’s why I sent him some encouragement. With the caption: “Second favorite dick.” He needed to loosen up.

O was checking in with Miles every now and then, even though he had Hudson. Maybe Ezra’s frenetic energy was affecting Cam. Zane was always an option too.

Cam said he dealt with it, but the part of me that worried for Cam - i.e. all of me - was still concerned. He was likely compartmentalizing because this was his last Olympics. He couldn’t afford a meltdown. I’d just have to be there when it hit.

Thankfully, the new arena was ADA compliant and had a few accessible bathroom stalls. I was able to use the mirror in one of them to take a salacious mirror selfie to get a good angle, then I cropped it for maximum effect.

Cam: Thanks for that.

Cam: I needed the laugh.

That confirmed it. It did help.

*Wait.*

Luke: You weren't laughing at my dick, right?

Luke: Just that I sent it?

Cam: Wow. Someone's insecure.

Cam: I can post it to my story and brag about it if you want.

*Okay, whew.*

I knew he liked it. Well, of course he liked my dick, but he also liked the message. All this texting made it hard to keep things straight.

Luke: I don't think your fans would like that.

Cam: The intactivists would. They'll love your dick.

Where did he pull that from?

Luke: Okay, steering the ship back on course.

Luke: Good luck on the floor. You guys are the team to beat.

"I have to pee."

"Can you hold it for like two minutes?" Austin asked. "O's up first."

Erika turned to her brother and pulled his hoodie strings tight. "If I piss my pants, I'm using your hoodie to cover up."

"Deal."

ISAAK, despite being glued to his tablet most of the time, was super attentive as soon as Erika stood up after O landed his final tumbling pass. Austin asked if she needed any more help, but she said if it was going to take more than Isaak to lift her off the toilet, they'd call the fire department instead.

I couldn't help but notice Remy relax once it was decided Austin was staying put.

"He's last on the pommel horse, so she should be back in time," Austin said, seemingly to himself.

Cam was last to go for the team on the floor exercise. Up next was Miles, who had really performed well tonight so far.

Miles had both Hudson and Woodward talking to him, though once Woodward stepped away, Hudson sat next to Miles and put his arm around his shoulders. I guessed he was trying to calm him down. While Miles didn't show it as much as Ezra did, I was sure he was just as terrified of screwing up.

I'd be willing to bet no one else noticed, but it was sweet in a way, watching the two of them. Of course, I needed to stop thinking everyone was a couple just because they were a little affectionate with each other. Based on that logic, Ty and I should've been a throuple with Cam a long time ago.

I was happy Miles had someone he could rely on. Declan liked Hudson, so he had to be a stand-up guy. And I knew Miles had lost both parents at a young age and was raised by his grandmother, so he didn't have a big family. It made sense he was close to his coach. I mean, I was close with Shane. He was like the big brother I never had.

Miles was even shorter than Cam, so he looked tiny walking onto the open floor of the arena. Even from a distance, his breaths were quick though it looked like he was trying to maintain control.

The cloud of anxiety I was imagining around him seemed to dissipate as soon as he nailed his first pass. The briefest of smiles flashed as he stuck the landing before he started the next pass. I always liked seeing that moment for a gymnast. I had plenty of them myself.

Damn, he was smooth. For a smaller guy, he still had power, but the best feature of his routine was its fluidity. To put it bluntly, he was graceful as shit.

"He moves like a fuckin' hummingbird," Colton blurted out.

“Of course he does. He’s gorgeous,” Erika added, making her way back to her seat, Isaak in tow. Her comment kept Isaak’s eyes from going back to his tablet.

Even Remy was captivated. I watched his eyes widen as Miles completed a split press to a handstand smoothly. People who didn’t watch gymnastics enough were always impressed by what we could do with our bodies, and Miles was no exception.

Once he landed the final pass and saluted the judges, a huge smile appeared and he let out an uncharacteristic whoop of enthusiasm. He practically leaped off the podium into Hudson’s arms. Coach and the team were there to congratulate him as well, even Preston, who seemed surprisingly social for a homophobe. A likely side effect of being broadcasted live to the world. Annoyingly, he also happened to be performing well tonight.

THANKFULLY, Cam was better. Although based on Ty’s program, it was going to be close. Cam’s score for the floor posted.

“Two-tenths better than Orion’s routine,” Ty said. “Cam and Preston are in the top ten as of right now. If they don’t fuck up, they make the all-around finals.”

Noah was giving Cam a big hug. I was definitely going to be giving him more than that later tonight.

“And if they fuck up?” I asked, wiping the non-slinged sweaty palm on my thigh.

“Well, if that happens and Miles does well, he could edge them out.”

“Miles?” I heard the surprise in my voice and smirked.

“Yup.”

“Wow.” I thought about him for a second. “You don’t seem surprised. I’m guessing Miles was this good when you worked with him?” I asked.

“I could see the potential. I mean, everyone hopes to make the Olympic team. I think what sets Miles apart is his drive.

He doesn't quit until he gets it right."

I nodded, while the athletes walked to their final apparatus for the night.

"Plus, Hudson has really whipped his ass into shape."

"But Hudson's not an ex-gymnast," I replied.

Ty shrugged. "I've heard his sisters were. Plus, he owns like four or five gyms. I wouldn't be surprised if he's good at every sport."

"Also, by the way, Cam's likely qualified for at least four individual events at this point."

"Get the fuck out!"

"Lucas!"

"Sorry, Heather, but Ty thinks Cam's qualified for at least four event finals already."

"Holy shit!"

She realized she swore, went to cover her mouth, but I couldn't stop the blast of laughter that erupted. I had never heard her swear. Not in the past four years. Not even when she stubbed her toe.

"Oh my goodness, Lucas, that's great news. Are you sure, Tyler?" she asked, leaning around me.

I heard the crowd's applause and cheers grow loud, and we turned to see what the commotion was for. I should've known.

It was my boyfriend walking up to the pommel horse.

This was it. His final event.



"TAKE MY COCK."

Cam was bent over the bed, face in a pillow, doing his best to muffle his reaction to having his ass plundered.

After watching him qualify for five of the seven individual event finals, and since my arm was given a semi-green light, I

decided to reward him with the fuck he deserved.

I made him wear the lycra harness I had originally brought to be kinky out of necessity. With only one fully functional arm, it was a useful tool for fucking the cum out of him. Without it, I wouldn't have been able to fuck him in this position without falling over or tearing his hair out.

It didn't take much for me to imagine his hard dick bouncing underneath him, balls tight against his shaft, waiting to unload. With each slam, my balls slapped against his ass, sending a wave of pleasure through both of our bodies. I could tell he was wrecked and we hadn't even cum yet.

Despite its elasticity, the harness was serving its purpose. It kept his body from pulling away from me, so I could continuously peg his prostate. Cam liked it doggy, and shoving his face into the bed was icing on the sex cake I was masterfully baking right now.

After a few high-pitched grunt-squeals, I heard Cam say, "I'm close, Luke."

I always liked to cum at the same time as him. Anything else got awkward after a while unless we were in full Dom/sub mode.

Regripping the harness allowed me to increase my fuck-pace. The slapping noise echoed through the room. He didn't need to tell me. Cam got vocal when he was close. A symphony of the cutest noises were getting thrown from his mouth at an ever-increasing rate. Carter Dane would have blushed. The friction of his dick against the bed was enough to get him close, but I watched his hand disappear under his taut body, likely going to help himself finish.

I could feel my own orgasm building. "I'm close too, babe. Fuck, you are tight tonight."

"All that, ugh - oh fuck, I'm close-", his head arched back, "-testosterone."

I slammed hard as I felt my dick erupt inside him.

"Cumming," we both said in unison.

I smiled, loving how in sync we were tonight.

Despite the injury, San Francisco had been very good for our sex life.



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## Camden

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I THOUGHT I heard my phone, but opted to stay under the covers where it was warm and snuggly. I could call whoever it was back when my arms weren't wrapped around Luke. Last night's post-sex slice of pizza had almost been as good as Luke's pounding, but there was something highly erotic about being in public knowing the only thing keeping your boyfriend's semen from staining the seat of your very flimsy athletic shorts was a well-muscled sphincter.

I thought back to yesterday and the feeling of elation when Noah and Woodward practically tackled me to the floor in the locker room after Cassie announced the final scores. Somehow, I had led the team to our best Olympic qualifications ever. We were seeded first in the team final and all of us had made an event final.

On the walk back to the hotel last night, Grant had texted the group chat a link to an article about me entitled, *Camden Kane: King of the Arena*. It went on to assume a lot about what was driving me to win - the desire to make Luke proud, especially in light of his injury. It went so far as to say I was 'back with a vendetta'. I wasn't so sure about that, but the other guys got a kick out of teasing me.

I'd have to thank Colton and Zeph for letting Ty crash in their suite last night. I'd wager a guess that Ty didn't tell Declan that was happening. Declan got possessive of Ty whenever Zeph was around. It was part of their alpha male charm I'm sure Colton and Ty had fallen in love with. I could

take or leave the chest beating and measuring tape, but they were our friends. Luke and I loved them, macho faults and all.

I heard my phone a third time and my thoughts couldn't distract me from answering anymore.

"You gonna get that?" Luke asked, startling me. I didn't know he was awake.

"So-sorry, tiger." I kissed the top of his curly head and leaned over to the bedside table. With my fingers stretched, I was just able to slide the phone into my grasp. I cleared my throat as I answered, "Hello?"

"Finally."

It was Coach. My heart rate picked up. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah, I just need you to come in for a team meeting ASAP. I'll explain when you get here."

"O-okay?"

"Cassandra already uploaded the information to your app. Can you be at the village in twenty? Ezra said you didn't stay here last night. I'm not that surprised and I don't need to know. Just get here as soon as you can, and wish Luke a good morning for me."

He hung up without saying goodbye.

Luke asked who it was, though his voice was muffled because his head was almost under my body and his face was half smooshed into the pillow.

"Coach," I answered. "I gotta go. He sounded weird, Luke."

"Everything alright?" Luke asked, propping himself against the headboard.

I smiled, knowing this right here was one of the reasons we had a solid relationship. We both read people the same way, and we both cared when that reading was abnormal.

"Some random meeting just popped up and he needs me there in twenty minutes. I'll let you know as soon as I know what's up," I said, hopping on one foot, trying to get the other

through the leg hole of a pair of Luke's briefs. I caught him watching me. "Mind if I borrow a pair?"

"*Mi ropa es tú ropa.* Don't let me stop you," he teased, holding his hands up. "My lucky jock already brought you into the finals. I'm not sure we should wash it now."

"It's disgusting. We're washing it. Does *ropa* mean briefs?" I asked.

"Almost," he answered, "It means clothes. You want some of my pants too? It looks a little chilly out there today."

He wasn't lying. While light was coming through the windows, it was muted by a haze of fog. I pulled on a pair of his pants, grabbed one of his hoodies, and walked over to him for a goodbye kiss.

"Hey, what am I supposed to wear today?"

*Fuck.* He was giving his best pouty face. *Do not engage. Keep your dick in your pants.*

"I believe in you. We were almost late for our flights because of your compulsive need to have an outfit for everything. You'll manage."

"Text me when you get to the village!" Luke called out as I headed out the door.

THE APP TOOK me to a smaller building surrounded by larger dormitories. Once inside, it was clear it was an administrative building.

*Makes sense for a meeting.*

I smiled at my knack for the obvious and consulted the directory in the lobby. I made for the hallway on the right, but as soon as I knocked on the door and entered Room 102, I knew it wasn't a meeting and something was very wrong.

Woodward was seated at a table, flanked by five very official-looking...officials? My brain was short-circuiting, but I recognized one of them, at least, the woman.

"Thanks for coming in, Camden. Have a seat."

“Am I off the team? Did I do something wrong?” I slid into the chair closest to the door, which I heard softly close behind me. I swallowed, trying to get rid of the awful feeling I had. My throat had become a desert in seconds, my hands were clammy, and my armpits damp.

“These gentlemen to my left are representatives from the IOC and WADA-”, Coach said.

*Fuck, that’s the World Anti-Doping Agency.*

The room instantly felt ten degrees warmer. I wanted to take the hoodie off, but I was waiting for the ball to drop.

“-and you already know Georgina Madsen, the president-”

“-of USA Gymnastics, yes. Nice to see you again, ma’am.” I know I just said that, but I couldn’t possibly imagine how. She was at the Olympic trials in June. She did not look happy.

“I wish I could say the same, Mr. Kane. That is to say, it’s good to see you, but I’d prefer the circumstances were entirely different.” I could hear the sneer in her voice.

Coach continued, “For reasons that will be explained to you and the team shortly, you are required to accompany these gentlemen-”, he gestured to the last two people at the table, “-to the bathroom. A urine sample will be collected and a hair sample as well.”

I opened my mouth to speak, but Coach cut me off. “Your teammates have already complied, Camden. This is non-negotiable. Noah is waiting with the rest of the team. Once your samples are taken, Georgina and I will meet with everyone. I’ll, uh, also need your phone until the meeting.”

“No blood?” I almost laughed at the ludicrousness of my question, but here I was.

“Not at this time,” the man from WADA answered.

They all pushed back from the table, each chair screeched, adding to an already awkward situation, so I stood as well and left my phone on the table.

“Mr. Kane, if you’ll follow me.”

I briefly glanced at Woodward, who offered a sympathetic half-smile, and followed the burly, bearded guy in the tight navy polo out a door at the other end of the room. His shorter partner, dressed in the same manner, fell into step behind me, carrying a large duffel bag.

We walked down a narrow hallway lined with opaque floor-to-ceiling glass walls. With doors every twelve feet or so, I assumed they were offices, though they looked vacant at the moment. We went through the door at the end of that hall into...a locker room.

The burly guy introduced himself as Michael and his partner as Trevor, then said, “You should be fairly familiar with the process as a three-time Olympian, but first, Trevor is going to pat you down. All our collection materials are in here and won’t be opened until both of us are in the same room, with the exception of the original sample cup, which Trevor will give to you in the bathroom. Understood?”

I nodded.

Trevor added, “Do you need some water? Or do you think you’ll be able to go?”

“I’ll try some water.”

He handed me a bottle from his shoulder bag and then paranoia set in.

“Actually, I’m fine for now. I’ll give it a shot without.” I set the bottle down on the bench.

“Okay, Mr. Kane-”

“You can call me Cam.”

The rosiest of tints crept into Trevor’s cheeks and for a second, I felt an ounce of normalcy. “We’re supposed to keep it professional, Mr. Kane. Can you remove your hoodie for the pat down, please?”

“I’m not wearing anything underneath it.”

“Oh.” Trevor seemed unsure what to do.

“That’s fine, Mr. Kane.” Michael turned around from getting his equipment settled. “It’ll be easier if you take it off.”

I let out a deep breath and stripped it off. The sooner this was over, the better.

“Are the baggy sweatpants a problem?”

Trevor shook his head. “Shouldn’t be, but I’m going to start if that’s okay.”

Michael pulled out his phone to take a call and walked a few feet away.

“This is your rodeo, not mine. Just tell me what to do.”

Trevor started with my front, giving me a once-over. “Hold your arms up.” Then he circled around me and knelt. “I’m just going to check your ankles, like, your socks and shoes and stuff.”

“Okay.”

I felt him pull up my sweatpants and run his finger around the sock on each leg. It didn’t tickle, but it still felt weird as shit. *Like you’re being examined.*

I sighed again, glancing down at my crotch. At least he was behaving...for now.

“I’m going to check each leg now, Mr. Kane.”

I felt his hands grab my right ankle and work themselves up to my thigh, where he stopped and-

“Sorry, that’s my phone and wallet,” I said, placing them on the bench next to us.

He shifted to my right side and started from the bottom again, but his hands were focused on the front and inside of the leg this time.

*Hello!*

And he went there. I was pretty much being felt up now. His hand completely grazed my balls and his other went right between my thighs, pretty much up my ass.

“Sorry, Mr. Kane. I know this is awkward, but I have to be thorough.”

“I could just strip,” I suggested, my dick was hardening and out of my control at this point. It was coming dangerously close to pushing out of the leghole of Luke’s soft and skimpy briefs.

“One of the others already did that.” Trevor let out a little laugh.

“Seriously?! I was just joking.”

“I thought he was too. Michael says it happens more than you’d think.”

“Is this your first time?”

*Oh God, that sounds like a pickup line.*

“Kind of. Definitely my first Olympics. It’s been... intense.”

He had switched to my other leg, his hands working their way up the outside towards my hip. I knew where this was likely going.

And now he’s grabbing my dick. And squeezing.

*Fuck, this is embarrassing.*

“Mr. Kane, can you empty your other pocket, please.”

“Uh, it is empty.”

“Well, what’s this then?” he asked, grabbing the head, which had now pushed out of the briefs, thanks to his unintentional massage.

“That’s my dick.”

His hand immediately stopped moving, though I swear he gave it one more squeeze as if he didn’t believe me.

“Oh fuck, I’m so sorry. I had no idea-”

“I kinda figured.”

“You done with the exam yet, Trevor?” Michael returned from his phone call. “They wanted this done five minutes

ago.”

“Ye-yeah. We were about to go collect the sample.”

AS IF IT couldn't get more awkward standing at a urinal with another guy staring at me, Trevor asked me to stand back so he could see the cup.

“Um...I'm kind of waiting for things to, uh...deflate.”

I knew I couldn't ask him to look away for even two seconds, but he was staring at my dick. I'm not sure how long this was going to take.

“I really need you to back up, so I can see. I'm sorry, but this is just as awkward for me. I didn't imagine myself staring at dicks for a living, but here I am.”

“What did you imagine yourself doing?”

“I wanted to be a doctor initially, but honestly, the course work was too much and I realized it soon enough into undergrad that I was able to adapt. What did you study in college?”

“I-”

“Sorry,” he interrupted, “I'm assuming you went. But if you-”

“It's fine, Trevor. I went to college for sports medicine. I actually work for the Tampa Bay Thunder as a physiotherapist. Well, assistant physiotherapist.”

“Wow, that must be awesome. Getting to work with famous...athletes.”

“It's okay, I know I'm not on the same level as Zephyrus Jones.”

I heard the tinkle in the cup about the same time I realized I was also peeing on my hand.

“Fuck!”

I adjusted quickly while Trevor leaned forward to watch.

“You don’t have to fill it all the way, but two-thirds would be perfect, and don’t touch the container with your penis.”

Right. My penis.

“You distracted me with conversation on purpose, didn’t you?” I asked.

“It worked, didn’t it?” He winked, then glanced away, then realized he still needed to be looking at my urination. “Tricks of the trade, and all that.”

I’d be sure to put this in our Christmas letter this year.

“You know I didn’t mean anything by what I said earlier. I mean, I love men’s gymnastics.”

I had filled the cup, but still had to go. “Do you need more or can I just piss in the urinal?”

“Nope, don’t need any more. This is great!”

I handed him the cup and finished where I was. He had already felt it, and seen it. *The show must go on!* I held back a laugh. If I were single and this was a romance movie, this would’ve been a helluva meet-cute. I shook the tip, pulled my briefs up, positioning my dick to the right, and washed my hands.

“Can I put my hoodie on now or do you need a milk sample?” I asked, grabbing my pec.

Trevor glanced down to my crotch, not getting the joke about milk. He thought...

“No, no. It was a milk joke.” I pointed to my nipples.

His face turned bright red as he met my eyes. “I knew that.”

Michael seemed annoyed when we came back into the locker area, putting his phone away. “What took so long?”

“Pee shy,” Trevor answered before I could.

Michael huffed, but became preoccupied as he and Trevor handled my sample and distributed amongst the various containers they kept pulling out of the briefcase Michael had

set up earlier. Soon after pulling my hoodie on, Trevor came over with a tiny pair of scissors.

“Just need a small sample of hair. Any preference on the location?”

“My pubes?”

“Ha ha,” he said, slowly. “I’ve never heard that before.”

“How long does it need to be?”

He smiled at my innuendo and ignored me. “I can take it from here or here.” He indicated two places on my head.

“The second place is fine.”

They put my hair in a pre-labeled bag and sealed it, then Michael started to pack up.

“I can take you to the rest of the team now,” Trevor said.

“Fuck yes, please.”



WITH A ‘SORRY YOU had to deal with this’, Trevor was gone and I was stepping through another door.

“Thank God!” Orion said, standing up from his seat at a ridiculously large conference table, and came over to crush me with a hug. Ezra and Miles were there too and also stood up.

“We didn’t know who it was,” Ezra added. “I’m glad it wasn’t you.”

I gave Miles a puzzled look over Ezra’s shoulder. Apparently, it was a hugging occasion because Miles gave me one too.

“Can someone explain what’s going on?”

“As far as we can tell, someone on the team failed their drug test,” Orion answered.

“With you here, the obvious answer is Preston,” Ezra said.

“And you know that because?” I asked.

“If any of us had failed, they would’ve told us. Instead, they ran more tests,” Miles answered for him. “They’re trying to figure out if it was one person or the whole team.”

I had to admit that made sense. “And they took our phones away so it can’t get out until Woodward and Georgina figure something out.” I finished the puzzle for them.

“Likely,” Orion said, “Might as well get comfortable.”

We all sat down, together, at one end of the table.

“Coach said I could see Noah after the test. Where is he?” I asked,

“Presumably with the rest of them and Georgina, figuring out what to tell us and what to do,” Orion answered.

“Hmm.” I pondered that for a bit, then remembered what Trevor said. “Which one of you stripped during the drug test?”

“What?!” Miles and Orion both leaned forward, answering my question.

I turned to stare at Ezra.

“What? I was pissed. The big bearded guy was an ass about what I was wearing and kept having to feel me up again and again, so I just took everything off and asked if he wanted to do a cavity search while he was down there.”

The rest of us burst out laughing.

“You did not!” Miles managed to say while gasping for air.

I wiped away a tear as Ezra said, “Yeah, he didn’t seem too happy about that, but the other one looked thrilled.”

I had recovered enough to talk. “That’s because he’s gay, Ezra.”

“You’re never gonna get a boyfriend if your gaydar’s that bad,” Orion said.

Ezra seemed to think about that for a second. “That makes a little more sense now.”

We all heard the door click at the same time and turned to watch Coach enter, followed by Georgina, Cassie, Noah, Zane

and Hudson. They looked almost grim.

Coach Woodward and Georgina sat at the opposite head of the table with the other coaches taking the spots closest to them, leaving a gap between us. I tried to read Noah's face, but he wouldn't make eye contact with me. Meanwhile, Hudson was practically burning Miles with the weight of his stare. I couldn't tell if he was angry or overprotective.

"I'll get straight to the point, gentlemen," Georgina began. "We've already distracted you enough for the day." She folded her hands on the table in front of her and continued, "Additional results came in from Preston Hayes' drug test and he failed. The IOC and USA Gymnastics have a no tolerance policy. He's done. He's already been escorted out of the Olympic village."

The guys muttered various versions of 'Jesus' and 'what the fuck' before Coach took over.

"Just for your information, it appears that Preston had no idea and before we could question Dmitry, he disappeared."

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"He excused himself to go to the bathroom and didn't come back," Coach answered.

Well, that was fucking great. "Isn't that a little fu- A little suspicious?"

"It is, Mr. Kane," Georgina answered, "but it doesn't matter. Once an athlete tests positive, they are banned from competition. If Mr. Hayes would like to protest, he may, but less than a thousandth of these types of cases are ever overturned."

"What was the substance?" Orion asked. "I'd like to know as much as possible before we leave here today."

"The anabolic steroid, boldenone."

"What about us? Is that what this morning was about?" Orion asked.

"Yes, Mr. Ellis, it was. We are ordering a rush on these results, but you all passed your initial tests. It was a secondary

test that Preston failed. None of your samples gave the technicians a reason to send a secondary test out. As long as every sample from today is clean, you are all in the clear.”

“What Georgina is saying is that we are good to compete and we’re praying for all the results to come back clean. They’re going to try to have preliminary results by the team finals-”

“Because if one more person is out, then we’d need the remaining three to do every event,” Miles finished for him.

“We also need the results for credibility.” Georgina stood up and started pacing. “This is a huge blow for USA Gymnastics and the USOC, to have the host country involved in such a scandal during the games.” She shook her head. “I’m required to keep the IOC in the loop. As soon as the results are back and clean, the team is going to be interviewed by NBC. I should’ve already asked, but did any of you know anything about this?”

We all shook our heads.

“Good, I assumed as much based on Preston’s reaction. Coach Woodward will let you know your results and the timing of the interview. Good day, gentlemen.”

And with that, she left the room.

It felt like a little of the pressure that had built up left with her. Cassie handed us our phones back, though Coach warned that USA Gymnastics was handling the story and we were not to tell anyone.

As expected, I had three texts from Luke.

Cam: I’m good. I’ll call in a bit. Still in a team meeting.

“Can I get a hug? This was a lot to process,” Ezra asked, breaking the silence.

“Of course, of course,” Coach said, standing up, but Zane was already wrapping Ezra in his arms.

“I’m sorry, gentleman. I know it’s a lot to take in.”

Noah came over to me for a hug, Hudson joined Miles, who had started crying, and Coach and Cassie gave Orion two hugs.

Between sobs, Miles managed to say, “I mean, he was an asshole, but if he didn’t even know...”

“It could’ve been the steroids making him that way. They can make people more aggressive, change your personality,” Orion added.

After the hugs stopped, each coach sat next to their athlete, with Cassie next to Orion, and Woodward on her other side.

“Okay, guys. I know it doesn’t seem like it, but we’ll come out the other side of this stronger. Georgina left before either of us had a chance to mention the good news.”

“Good news?” I asked.

*What good could possibly come from this?*

“Yes. You were ineligible before due to the two athlete per country rule. With Preston disqualified, a number of you have now qualified for event finals. Ezra, you’ve made the parallel bars final.”

“But I came in eleventh.”

“The athletes that were in ninth and tenth had two teammates ahead of them. You’re the next eligible athlete.”

“Oh.” He seemed to need a second to process. “Wow.”

I finally felt the room lift a little with that news. After a round of congrats and backslapping, Coach continued, “Orion, nothing changed for you, I’m afraid, because you already made the three finals you could make, but Cam, you’re in for pommel horse now, making you a finalist in six of the seven events.”

I could barely contain my smile as the room broke into applause, led by Coach himself. Noah wrapped me in a half hug from his seat next to me and messed up my hair. We had turned the corner. We could pull together and still get a win from this.

“And last but not least, Miles McQueen.” All eyes turned to Miles and his face was priceless - half terror, half excitement. “Miles is now in the high bar finals-”

Cue the room erupting in more applause. Ezra was practically jumping on top of Miles at this point.

“-and-”

“There’s an ‘and’?!” Miles asked, turning to look at Coach while pressed against Hudson’s chest with Ezra clinging to his back.

“-the all-around final.”

*Holy shit.*

“You were in the top twenty-four. It’s done. You’re in.”

I turned to watch Hudson pick Miles up and hold him up in the air above his head like Simba from *The Lion King*. Miles’ smile filled his face and then his eyes closed and it was clear he was crying again, so Hudson put him down and he took a seat, putting his head on the table.

Hudson and Ezra both had their hands on him. Hudson was rubbing his back, Ezra was holding his arm and half-hugging his left side.

“It’s a lot to take in for one morning, but I’m happy there’s a little good news out of this. Please talk to me and your coaches before leaving about a plan for the rest of the day, and take some time for yourselves to process this - yoga, meditation, kickboxing, whatever will help. I’ll let you know about your test results as soon as I hear, and the same goes for the press stuff.”



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## Lucas

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CAM WASN'T RESPONDING to my texts, so I got out of bed, pulled some shorts on, and knocked on the door to Colton and Zeph's suite. Hopefully they and Tyler were awake, and if not, then my knocking would do the trick.

"Morning, bro." Tyler greeted me with a smile. His hair was long enough now that he had it braided to the side.

I was about to ask where the other two were but they came out of the bathroom, draped in only towels before I could. From the look of it, I'd guess they had just been fucking.

"Aw, mornin' cowboy! You're about ten minutes too late if you were lookin' for some fun."

"I think he had plenty of fun last night from the sound of it," Zeph reached over to pinch his boyfriend's nipple.

"You were listening? You guys couldn't have watched a loud movie or something?" I turned to look at Ty.

"Don't look at me. I had headphones on, bro."

"So we weren't supposed to jack off to it?" Zeph raised his eyebrows at me, then dropped his towel as he sauntered over to the dresser. I averted my eyes, though my peripheral vision was still full. Hard not to be when it's that big.

"I don't know how you play football with that in your pants," I said.

"Doesn't your boyfriend have any modesty?" Ty asked, then under his breath added, "I'll be glad when I'm back in

your room. Declan would kill me if he knew the number of times they've been naked around me."

"Modesty is for people with small dicks." Zeph ignored my comment and didn't let Colton answer Ty's question.

I glanced in Colton's direction and he just smiled and shrugged.

And dropped his towel.

"Do you guys want me to leave you my number?"

Both Ty and I turned towards the bathroom, where a curly-haired blond was standing, wearing a pair of denim cut-offs and a cropped t-shirt.

Colton, still naked, walked over to the twink, and said, "Sure thing, princess."

"Ugh, let's go." I grabbed Ty's hand and pulled him through the door to my room.

While Ty picked through his duffle bag looking for his outfit for the day, I checked my phone. Again. Still nothing.

"What's up? You seem tense," Ty asked before pulling on faded almost torn-to-shreds jeans. I could see half his thigh through one of the legs.

I had to admit, despite Ty not being an active gymnast anymore, he still had the body.

"What?"

I smiled. "Nothing. Declan's just a lucky guy is all."

"Bro. You tryin' to make me cry?" Ty joked. "And I'm the lucky one."

We both found shirts, then tried to decide if we wanted to invite the penile peacocks to breakfast.

"At least they have to keep their clothes on in public," Ty said.

I wasn't so sure. This was San Francisco after all.



“HOW MANY OF them are left for you to deflower?” I asked, before cutting another piece off my cinnamon roll. They were my favorite breakfast food and this place did not disappoint. They had an extensive list of pastries they served like appetizers before your actual breakfast.

“We’re not deflowering any of them-”

“That we know of,” Colton added.

“They’re porn stars,” Zeph said, “and based on their skills, I’d say it’s highly unlikely that any of them were virgins.”

“I reckon that’s true. And to answer your question, Luke, we have two left.”

“These sticky buns are amazing,” Zeph changed the subject.

“You mean cinnamon rolls?” I asked.

“You keep your cinnamon roll.” Zeph scoffed. “I’ll take my sticky buns. Kind of like this morning.” Zeph winked and leaned over to give Colton’s neck a quick suck, causing him to drop his fork. A few heads turned at the noise and stared for a little longer than was polite. But that was Colton and Zeph. They liked the attention.

“Stop it. You’re gonna leave a hickey. I can’t be on national television with a hickey.”

Zeph pulled back. “What? I swear you’ve already been on national television with a hickey. That little thing called the Super Bowl.”

“Uh huh, and Madison and Beau wouldn’t stop teasin’ me about it for a month.”

“Fine.” Zeph relented and took another bite of his *sticky bun*.

“Holy shit.”

My gaze snapped over to Ty, who was holding his phone. I could read the headline.

*American Gymnast Caught Doping: Banned from Olympics.*

“What?” Colton and Zeph both asked as I struggled to pull my phone out.

“Who is it?” I asked, a cold dread destroying any warm fuzzies the cinnamon roll had left inside me. The seconds I waited felt like hours.

“Preston. That’s it. That’s all it looks like. Preston was caught doping and he’s banned from the Olympics.”

“Cam’s not answering.” I hung up.

“Of course, he’s not answering. This story leaked. Martin’s going to be livid,” Ty said.

“Martin?” Zeph asked, looking over at Colton’s phone.

“Coach Woodward,” Colton answered, likely searching for the story. “Well, shit, the cheese just fell off his cracker.”

I’d almost feel sorry for him if he wasn’t such an asshole. *Cam must be beside himself.* I wondered-

“Did the team still make the finals?” I practically knocked Ty off his chair.

He shrugged. “I left my tablet at the hotel. I don’t know, maybe? The article doesn’t say.”

I tried calling Cam again. Nothing.

The server brought our breakfast plates out, but I didn’t feel like eating. I needed to be with Cam. I needed to know how he was feeling. I needed to be there for him.

Ty’s hand on my leg brought me back to the room.

“I’m sure Cam’s fine. He’s with the team. They’re gonna have to address this now that it’s out. Coach is probably setting up a press conference or an interview as we speak.”

“Why?” Colton asked. “There’s no point closin’ the barn door. The horse already ran.”

“You know why, Colt. They have to try to control the story, put on a unified front, like when our QB was caught with that male escort.”

“The prostitute, you mean?” Colton replied.

“This is a little more serious than that,” I said.

“It was pretty serious for the quarterback’s wife!”

I smirked at that. I bet it was a shock for her, but at least her husband kept playing. I wondered if Dmitry was just as surprised or if he was the one pushing Preston to dope.

“Well, let’s just try to enjoy breakfast,” Ty said. “We can head back to the hotel and relax there. I’m sure Cam will call or text before long, and I can try Martin as well, though I doubt he’ll answer.”

“Okay.” I nodded and cut into my chocolate chip pancake. At least not being an Olympian tasted good. I felt like I had already gained five pounds and it had only been a few days. To be fair, I had gone from training my ass off every day to just getting my ass fucked. And while my sex life may not have changed much thanks to Cam’s strength and ingenuity, I missed the gym.

Even knowing this was going to be my last Olympics, I hadn’t planned on letting my body go. That was kind of why this pancake felt so decadent. My love of chocolate overrode my worry. Besides, one pancake wasn’t going to unravel a lifetime of muscles.

I took a deep breath and another bite while the others speculated about Preston. I knew I could pursue my love for animals in the nearby parks system - the Tampa Bay area had so many opportunities - but I also thought about starting a gymnastics camp or helping out our college’s team. I hadn’t fully decided yet. I’d have to see how recovery went now. That might limit my choices.

I practically leapt onto my phone when it buzzed, but it was Heather.

Heather: Have you heard from Cam?

Heather: I just saw the story about Preston.

Luke: He didn't answer when I tried him.

Heather: Same. Let me know if you hear something.

Luke: I'm worried too. I'll let you know.

Heather: Love you.

Luke: Love you too.

She always texted that at the end of the conversation, and you *had* to text it back. I had learned that the hard way. Well, Cam told me to and I ignored him, and then I didn't hear the end of it the next time I saw her. Over time, the words had come true. I did love her and it was clear that she saw me as a second son.

I almost dropped my phone, grabbing it off the table. It was Cam's ringtone.

"Hello?!"

"Hey, tiger. I'm guessing you've seen the headlines? They just told us it leaked."

"Yeah, you okay? How's the team?"

"Is that Cam?"

"What's he-?"

I made a slice across my neck and gave them my best death glare. I could barely hear Cam over their chorus of inquiries.

"Sorry about that. The guys are just as curious as I am. Everything okay?" I realized that sounded ridiculous as soon as it left my mouth. "I mean, obviously everything isn't okay, but are you doing alright?"

"Yeah." He let out a huge sigh. "It's been quite a morning. Another awkward piss in front of a stranger. Although this one introduced himself, which made it marginally less

uncomfortable. I was the last one to show up, so when I met the rest of the guys, we figured it was Preston. He wasn't there, and then Coach confirmed it a few minutes later."

"And then the story leaked?"

"Exactly. We're staying here for a bit longer. They're bringing someone in to do an interview with us now. Distance ourselves from him, mention the new round of tests and make sure to reiterate that our other ones came back clean."

"Why did Preston's take so long?" I asked.

The guys were nearby, listening.

"His original test was flagged for something additional that took longer, I guess. At least, that's what they told us and what they want us to say in the interview."

"So, no press conference?"

"Coach said it would be too chaotic. They don't want some drama-chaser to stir up shit. They're giving the interviewer a list of questions, and then she can come up with three of her own that need to be pre-approved."

I grunted in reply.

"Agreed. We didn't do anything wrong, so I'm not sure why they're being like this, but the reputation of American gymnastics is on the line, according to Georgina Madsen."

"How is *Her Royal Highness*?" I had met her once. She reminded me of my parents: married into new money, but accompanied by the ego of old.

"Oh, she's been a delight."

"I bet. Is Woodward joining you for the interview?"

"Of course. Coach and the four of us," Cam answered. "On the plus side, Preston getting the boot pushed me, Ezra and Miles into additional event finals. I'll be in the pommel horse final now."

"Congrats! That's amazing!"

Colton flexed and Ty was giving me two thumbs up.

“The guys are happy for you. We are finishing up breakfast.”

“Uh, I could kill someone for some breakfast. I think someone’s running to get us some pastries and fruit.”

I almost forgot. “Did you still make the team finals?”

“Barely, but yes. We went from the first seed to seventh. As much as it sucks to admit, Preston was really good.”

“Because he was doping!”

“Yeah, sorry. It’s still hard to wrap my head around that. I mean, I know he was an asshole, but Dmitry disappeared, and Coach said Preston seemed as shocked as us.” Cam paused. “I-I don’t think he knew he was on anything.”

“Well, if that’s true, that’s awful. Is that what Coach wants you guys to say?”

“I think we’re going to defer to him to answer that. It’s pretty much speculation and none of us have talked to Preston. I did text him, but didn’t get a reply.”

“You’re such a good guy, Cam. That’s more than he deserves after the way he treated the team.”

“Yeah...I know, but he was concerned for you after, you know.”

My poor Cam sounded so dejected.

“Of course, if he didn’t know, then that’s awful.”

“Yeah.”

We stayed on the phone in silence. I watched Zeph pay for the breakfast, and I let him do it, offering him a mouthed ‘thank you’. He already paid for the hotel, for which I was grateful, so I wasn’t going to make a fuss over one meal. With a smile, he reached across the table to tousle my hair.

“I’m not sure when I’ll see you next,” Cam broke the silence.

“Oh. That’s...to be expected.”

“I don’t think they want us leaving the village any time soon.”

“O-okay. When’s the interview? Like...now?”

Cam let out a little laugh. “Pretty much. Miles is getting his make-up done. I’m next, so yeah.”

I wished him luck, asked what channel, told him I loved him, and let him go.

“Let’s go, guys. I wanna watch the interview. It’s happening shortly.”

Colton and Zeph nodded as Ty stood up to help me get my hoodie on, and then we fast-walked back to the hotel.

IT WASN’T JUST some reporter interviewing them. It was The Today Show’s Savannah Guthrie and Hoda Kotb. They were already in San Francisco to film their show for the entire run of the Olympics. I wasn’t sure if Cam was aware of their identities, because I thought he had said it was just one person interviewing them. Everyone but Woodward looked nervous, but that made sense, considering it was a live nationally-televised interview. I didn’t think Ezra or Miles had ever done something this *big* before.

Savannah thanked them all for being there, taking the time away from what, as-she-put-it, was a once-in-a-lifetime, career-defining event. Hoda tried to lighten the mood with a wine joke - calling attention to their tense body language while suggesting if the interview was later in the morning, they could’ve gotten away with it.

I thought Savannah was going to pipe up with a reply, but Cam - who seemed a little less twitchy than a few moments ago - said that while that might help the rest of the team, he preferred mixed drinks. But he only had one a year on Christmas.

And then they got sidetracked talking about his drink preferences for a few minutes, until someone - off-camera - directed them back to the topic at hand.

Savannah threw a few slow pitches about their Olympic experience so far, asking each one of the guys in turn. I was shocked at how well-spoken Miles was, even though socially he had warmed up a little in my time on the team. I assumed he would've been terrified to be on live television, but he was smooth and charming. Maybe qualifying for the all-around finals had given him a boost of confidence?

By the time they made it to the first break, they hadn't broached the topic, but before they cut to commercial, Savannah mentioned Preston, the ban, and that she and Hoda would be back with the team to hear what they had to say about it.

"Fuck, this is bringing me back to my interviews," Zeph said, standing up and shaking out the apparent stress. "I'm gettin' sweaty up in here." He pulled his shirt off and tossed it aside.

"Why are you stressed?" Ty asked.

"Did you see the interviews he's talkin' 'bout?" Colton followed Zeph, giving his back a little rub.

"Hey! Shouldn't I be the one getting the backrub? My boyfriend is about to be grilled on national television."

Without waiting another second, I felt Ty's hand rub my neck and move to my shoulder blade.

"I was only half serious," I said quietly, relishing in the skilled attention my tense muscles were receiving. Even if it alleviated an ounce of stress, it would help.

Cam seemed to be holding up. Watching him turn on his natural charm made me a little overprotective. He didn't show that side to just anyone. But, if it was for the good of the team, I'd allow it.

I wondered if anyone was giving Cam a backrub right now.

THE REST of the interview went really well, given the circumstances. Woodward did handle the tougher, more speculative questions, confirming that the circumstances of the

doping didn't matter. Once an athlete tested positive, there was very little chance of overturning an Olympic ban. He could only remember one successful appeal in recent history, but it was to keep a medal. There wasn't a way to redo an entire Olympics after it had already happened.

"Thank you all so much for joining us this morning, and we wish you the best of luck with the rest of the competition. USA! USA!" Savannah joked.

"I actually have one last question for Camden," Hoda added.

*Oh?*

"Rumor has it that Tyler Hale and Declan Moore will be getting married next week. Do you and Luke have any *plans* for the future?"

*Seriously?*

Cam looked stunned. I'd bet a million bucks that question wasn't submitted beforehand.

"I—" Cam's face was bright pink, his eyes wide. In his place, I would've been pissed instead of speechless.

Orion finally came to his rescue. "Cam and Luke are two of my best friends, and whether or not they choose to get married is their own business. In the meantime, we've got a gold medal to win."

I didn't pay close enough attention to what was said after that. I just wanted to see Cam. What was Hoda thinking?

"Wow, Ty. I didn't realize your wedding was that big a deal," Colton said, slapping him on the back.

"If you knew Declan's mom, you wouldn't be surprised," he replied, then said to me, "I'm sure he's fine. Just a little shook up."

I pulled my phone out to call Cam, but a text came through.

Woodward: Hey Luke, if you can meet us at the village, please do so.

Woodward: I'm sure Cam will want to see you.  
We'll be by Main Security.

“Gotta go, boys. My man needs me.” I slipped some flip-flops on and made for the door.

“You want some company, or you good?” Ty asked.

“Should be fine, but I’ll let you know.”



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## Camden

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I HAD FINALLY CALMED DOWN.

Noah helped, but Coach made the biggest difference when he said we were waiting for Luke to arrive. He was speaking to security now. It seemed Luke may have already been pushed out of the system, but he was checking.

“Anything I can do, Cam?”

I shook my head. “Just want this day to be over.”

“I get that, but you should at least spend a little time in the gym. Stay loose.”

“I know, and I will.”

“We have another team meeting later. I’d imagine it’ll be a little peppier than this morning.”

I scoffed. “Not hard to beat that one.”

Coach turned to leave the station. I just heard him say, ‘Luke’s all set’ when I saw a car pull up outside the entrance. I didn’t think when I saw him get out, I just ran into his arms, careful to avoid his sling. I couldn’t help it, but I started crying.

“I’m here now. I’m here now.”

I wrapped both arms around his torso and he held me tight with his one arm, whispering into my ear that everything was going to be alright. I felt so silly for crying, but the stress just popped and I was letting it all out.

After a minute or two, my tears stopped, but I continued to hold onto him, and he continued to stroke the back of my head.

“Just breathe, handsome.”

I did as he said and in a few more minutes, I felt a lot better. Good enough to make words.

“I missed you.”

“I missed you too. Ready to see what Woodward wants with us?”

“WELL, gentlemen, this isn’t really an official meeting, per se - hence the meeting place.” Woodward gestured to our surroundings. We were in a picnic area in one of the gardens in the village. “But I do have an exciting proposition for you.”

Noah stood behind Woodward, arms crossed, but smiling. I had no idea what these two were up to.

“Dmitry’s gone-”

*Dmitry?*

“-which leaves a spot open for a coach on Team USA. If Luke wants it.”

*Wait.* “What?!”

“Seriously, Coach?” Luke asked.

“Yup, we’ve already discussed it with the powers that be. I spoke to Tyler already because of his Olympic coaching experience and because I thought you’d ask, but he politely declined. His future Olympic experiences will be as a spectator, his words. Luke, you can be a team coach, like Cassandra, but Noah and I are fine if the two of you work together with Cam. Obviously, I’d appreciate any help you can give the other guys, but I assumed-”

“Yes! He’ll do it!” I yelled without thinking. “I mean, if he wants to.”

“Of course, I want to! You’re okay with it?” Luke put his hand on my thigh.

“Fuck yeah! It’s not the best scenario, but we’ll be together,” I answered, pulling him closer, my arm around his shoulders.

“At the Olympics,” Luke added.

I wanted to take him right there on the picnic table. I was so happy and my hormones were *clearly* all over the place if my thoughts were any indication.

“Excellent. We’ll get the team photographer to take a photo of the two of you in action at this afternoon’s practice, so we have it for the official announcement.”

“Official announcement?” Luke and I asked.

“Yes, of course,” Noah answered. “USA Gymnastics was very excited about this possibility. You guys are - let’s face it - media darlings at this point. San Francisco has been eating you up already, according to Cassandra, and honestly, Cam, after the Today Show bit, I don’t wanna say you’re the favorite, but you’re the favorite.”

Woodward continued, “And with Luke’s injury, bringing him back on the team is a PR win for USA Gymnastics. Now I know that sounds utilitarian, but it was my idea from the start. It just happened to coincide with their assessment of the situation.”

“Oh, we get that, Coach,” Luke said.

“Yeah, I don’t really care about the reasoning behind it,” I added. “I mean, I care that you put the idea out there. But if it means Luke and I can do this together, we’ll do it.”

“Bring on the photo ops.” Luke gave his best fake smile.

Christ, this day had turned around.

Luke wasn’t competing - it would’ve taken Wolverine’s healing powers for that - but this was the next best thing. We’d be together.

It was the first time since pissing in that cup that I thought we still had a shot.



AFTER WOODWARD GAVE us all his signature pep talk, and the guys welcomed Luke back with multiple sets of open arms, we finally had a few minutes alone.

“I can’t believe I’m your coach,” Luke said, waiting for me to finish taping my hands. “Now, I can fulfill *all* my fantasies.”

I scoffed. “Were all your fantasies not being met before? I seem to recall a few orgasms from this last week as evidence contrary to your statement.”

“Well, now I get to boss you around.”

“I’ve got news for you, Luke. You’re already a bossy bottom.”

“Maybe I have a few ideas that might surprise you?”

“I’ll be sure to stay on the lookout, semi-hard dick at the ready.”

“Let’s get going, Cam,” Noah yelled from across the gym.

“Tsk, tsk, Luke. You’re not doing a very good coaching job if you’re letting me slack off like this.”

I jogged over to Noah with a smile on my face.

“Giving the new coach a hard time?” Noah asked.

“You know it.”

Luke caught up to me, joining us. “What’s the plan for today, Noah?”

“Preston was best on the bars, so I was gonna start there, run through a few things with Cam, then maybe some pommel work,” Noah answered.

Luke and I both nodded.

“One more thing,” Noah said. “If you two are gonna fulfill some locker room fantasy in the next week or so, *please*, for the sanctity of our friendship, make sure everyone’s gone for the day.”

I grinned because I had actually planned on seducing him. Maybe I’d wait til we actually secured a medal or two. That was probably a wise call. I’d never regret fucking Luke, but I would regret not preparing enough for my last Olympics. Especially when we were down a man.

I’d add him to my ‘to do’ list.



“I HAVE TO SAY, I enjoyed being a coach until the locker room,” Luke said, squeezing my hand. We were walking back from the village to our - well, his - hotel.

“Why’s that?” I asked.

“I didn’t get to see you naked. Instead, we had a coach’s meeting to discuss strategies for the team finals and the threats the other teams pose.”

“Yeah, my naked body in the shower does sound better than that, but what did you think you were gonna do? Stand in the shower fully clothed and watch the rest of us?”

“I don’t know. Maybe?”

“Ezra would throw a bone with you staring at him.”

“I wouldn’t be staring at him.”

“Aw. Isn’t that sweet?”

Luke pulled me to a stop for a kiss.

“Shit!”

“Was my kiss that bad?”

“Of course not.” I gave him a quick peck to prove the point. “We never took the promo photos.”

“Oh, is that all?”

“Is that all?’ That’s not very coach-ly of you! I’m texting Coach.”

I stopped and Luke followed suit. I could see the hotel up ahead, but I wasn’t about to roll an ankle because I was texting while walking. We didn’t have to wait long for a response.

Coach: Nope, all set. You obviously didn’t notice the photographer, but he was there.

Coach: Some great candid. I can see if he’ll send some to you.

“See,” Luke said. “Nothing to worry about.”

“Yeah, I guess I should’ve known they wouldn’t want staged ones.”

I fired back a thank you, but before we could start walking, he texted again.

Coach: And don’t forget, tonight we’re watching the women’s team together.

Coach: Tickets are already in your app.

“The women at seven?” Luke asked.

“Eight, I think. I’ll check.”

“Time for dinner then. We can see if the guys are around.”

THE GUYS WERE, indeed, around.

Over dinner, a modest one for me, Colton and Zeph recounted their latest exploits in the pool. Brody was playing hard to get, so they set their sights on another one of the Corbin Fisher bros.

Ty spent most of the afternoon on the phone, dealing with wedding stuff.

“Is Declan on his way?” I asked.

“He’s still waiting on our custom suits,” Ty answered.

“Couldn’t you have them sent up here via courier or something?” Luke asked. “It’s the tailor’s fault they’re late. They should figure it out.”

Ty waved his hands in the air indiscriminately. “The suits are Declan’s thing. I’m letting him have that. He’s so nervous about the rest of it. By focusing on this one thing, it’s easier for him.”

“So he has cold feet?” Zeph asked.

“I think it’s more his parents and the attention the wedding’s garnering, as opposed to spending the rest of his life with me. He wanted to elope.”

“Aw, but then we couldn’t have been there to see it,” Luke said.

“Along with everyone else,” I added.

“It’s fine.” Ty shrugged. “Declan wants to make his parents happy. That’s part of who he is. Our honeymoon will more than make up for it.”

“I can’t believe you’re keeping it a secret,” Luke said, shoving him in the shoulder.

I looked up from my plate. “You’re really not telling anyone?”

Ty shook his head. “Don’t want the press around.”

“I reckon you don’t,” Colton said. “Was a wild first month at the ranch when we went public.”

“Oh shit! I remember when your brother chased that reporter down the road on horseback.”

“Don’t forget when Daddy pulled a shotgun on the one that made it to the front door.”

“I’m glad he ended up so cool with it,” I said, in between bites.

Colton nodded. “Probably helps that the man I brought home was super famous.”

Zeph was beaming. “I thought he’d have a problem ‘cause I was black.”

“I told you Daddy’s best friend was black.”

“Like I hadn’t heard that before. ‘I have a black friend.’”

“My sister liked you too.”

“Your sister liked me coming out of the shower.”

“You guys coming to watch the women’s qualifications with us?” Luke changed the subject.

“Oh, of course,” Colton answered. “Gotta show ‘em all we’re united. One team, one dream.”

“That’s right,” Ty said. “By showing up to watch the women together, it sends a message.”

“That we’re fans of women’s gymnastics?” Zeph asked, a little too playfully.

“ARE THEY GOING TO BOO US?” Ezra was fidgeting.

“They’re *not* going to boo us.” I offered him a reassuring shoulder squeeze.

We were outside the arena, waiting on Miles.

“So, do y’all think Miles has a secret boyfriend, or is it just me?” Colton asked.

“Nah, he was all over me at dinner.” Zeph practically preened.

I didn’t want to feed into the gossip, but I agreed with Colton. As someone who had hid a relationship from his teammates, it was fairly obvious. Miles was seeing somebody.

Through gritted teeth, Colton said, “No teammates, darlin’, remember?”

“Oh, put your dick away, babe. We only flirtin’.”

“I think you were the one flirtin’,” Luke said. “Miles just likes football.”

“Amen, Luke.” Colton gave Zeph’s massive bicep a little slap. “You behave when he gets here.”

We didn’t have to wait much longer. Miles ran up to us, sex hair and all. He looked like he had been utterly used, but he gave us all a big smile.

“Hey, guys. Sorry if you’ve been waiting long.”

Colton practically leapt onto Zeph to cover his mouth, and kept him from saying something to embarrass Miles.

I could see at least two hickeys on Miles’ neck, and no one needed to point that out to him right now. I’d find time later to make sure he got some concealer for the competition tomorrow. Under the bright lights of the arena and with the zoom capabilities of the cameras nowadays, the bruises would likely go viral.

“Let’s head in, gentlemen,” Ty said, leading the way.

Luke grabbed my hand and we brought up the rear of the group. I could tell Miles knew the hickeys were there. His hands kept touching them, absentmindedly, and then as if they were on fire, he’d drop his hand away and try to keep them occupied with something else.

When no one said anything to him, I spoke up. “We weren’t waiting too long.”

“Oh good, we, I mean, I, yeah, I lost track of time.”

“Last minute training?” Zeph teased.

“Ju-just took a nap. Forgot to set an alarm.”

Thankfully, Zeph let that slide. Likely because Colton was flicking his nipple or pinching his butt as a distraction.

WE WERE, in fact, not booed, but welcomed by many fans. It took us so long to get to our seats that we missed the first event, not that I needed to pay much attention to the women. Despite the lack of Olympic experience on the team, the other countries didn’t have a chance at overtaking them. They would definitely finish the qualifying round in first place.

I took advantage of our seating arrangement to chat up Orion, to see how he was coping with Austin's situation.

After I was met with a heavy sigh, I quickly apologized. "If you don't want to talk about it, you don't have to. I'm sorry I said anything."

"It's not that, Cam - I appreciate you asking - I'm just worried about the whole thing. What good was a restraining order last time?"

"You have Remy this time?" I suggested. "And the Olympic Village is as secure as it gets."

"I know. Still doesn't stop me from worrying."

"It's not like Austin's the type of guy to just call it a day and go home. He made it to the Olympics. He's gotta see that through. You guys can't live the rest of your lives hiding."

"That's easy to say for someone who doesn't have a deranged stalker obsessed with their boyfriend."

"Yeah, it is. But you're not alone. You don't need to carry this burden all by yourself."

"Thanks, Cam." Orion squeezed my leg, then pulled me in for a shoulder hug. "We'll let you know if we need anything. You hear from Erika lately?"

"Just some more venting about her parents, and a few false contractions. You excited to be an uncle?"

"I should ask you and Luke the same thing."

"Of course, we're excited," I answered.

"Yeah, me and Austin are too, though with the Olympics and now the stalker shit, he's a bit all over the place."

"Understandable. He can only do what he can do. Tell him not to worry about Erika too much. Isaak's a great husband, and she has her parents too."

"I will."

OUR TEAM FINALS weren't until later the next day, so we were able to stay for the entire women's event. I said a quick goodbye to Luke, Ty, Zeph and Colton, then headed back to the village with the guys.

We didn't make it very far before my phone vibrated.

Luke: Miss you already.

Before I could reply, Ezra latched onto me, and lamented, "Am I the only single guy left on the team?"

"What about me?" Miles asked.

*Here we go.*

"Those hickeys say you're not single," Ezra teased,

Sure enough, Miles' hand went straight to the darkest one. "Y-you noticed?"

"Don't worry. You don't need to explain if you don't want to." I put my arm around Miles, and pushed Ezra away. "But I'm going to give you some concealer for the competition tomorrow. They'll look like bullseyes on camera tomorrow if you just leave them."

"Thanks. I told him to stop, but- Shit! I mean, I-"

"It's fine, Miles. I can understand keeping a relationship a secret."

Miles pulled away to look me in the eye. "How'd you know it was a relationship?"

"So it is!"

"Give it a rest, Ezra," I said, pulling him away from Miles. Clearly, he wasn't getting it. "Good night, boys. See you tomorrow."

I let O and Miles get into the elevator first, so I could have a chat with Ezra.

"Why didn't we go up with them?"

"Ezra, would you like me to tell them about Tadashi?"

"Fuck, no! You said you wouldn't tell anyone!"

“So, imagine you’re Miles, and your puppy play is his secret relationship.” I let that sink in for a few seconds. “I’m guessing you wouldn’t want Miles asking you twenty questions about it in front of the whole team, would you?”

“Fuck. You’re right,” Ezra said. “I should apologize.”

I patted him on the back. “Just send him a text. I don’t think he’s that upset, but it’s still the right thing to do.”

As soon as we were in our room, Ezra asked, “Who do you think it is? Someone we know?”

“What did Jack say to you when he handed you your bag during qualifications?”

“Uh, good night, Cam. See you tomorrow.”

I knew that would shut him up.



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## Lucas

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"WHERE THE *FUCK* IS EZRA?!"

I practically shit my pants. It was the second time I had heard Woodward swear...ever.

The other three members of the team were getting dressed in the locker room. Zane had been calling him for half an hour, but it went straight to voicemail every time.

"When was the last time you saw him, Cam?"

"I'm sorry, Coach. It was early in the morning. I spent most of the day with Luke."

"Uh, Coach?" Miles said. "Jack Davies just tweeted that he and Ezra are stuck in an elevator. They're here, at the Chase Center."

"What?"

"Let me see that." Zane walked over to where Miles was sitting.

"Tweet him back," Woodward demanded. "Find out what elevator they're in."

Miles started typing as soon as Zane handed him his phone back, Hudson watched from over his shoulder. Cam was right. He and Miles were together. I could tell from their body language, especially now that I was looking for it.

"Cassandra, Zane, track down maintenance. Get them out of that elevator." They left the locker room immediately.

“Luke! You’re with me. We’re going to talk to the officials. Great Britain’s probably up in arms too.”

I gave Cam a fake smile and followed Woodward into the arena. I wasn’t sure why he was bringing me. What could I do?

GREAT BRITAIN’S head coach was already talking to the head judge. I heard him ask how long they could wait. Woodward walked up and immediately said, “Jack and Ezra are stuck in an elevator in *this* building. Lucas, show him the tweet.”

That. That is what I could do. I wasn’t sure Woodward even had a Twitter account.

“Surely, you have to give us some time to try to get them here. It’s not their fault the elevator’s stuck!”

“Something like this has never happened before. It’s unprecedented. I-I can’t delay indefinitely. I’ll contact arena management. We’ll try to get them here, but I can’t delay more than thirty minutes.”

“Are you being serious?” the British coach asked.

“Let’s go, Lucas.” Woodward was already walking away. “Call Cassandra. See if she’s made any progress. Thirty minutes, my ass! I’m not waiting around for *him* to do anything about it. We’ll call 9-1-1 if we have to.”

AFTER TWENTY MINUTES with no updates, Woodward left with Noah to find Zane and Cassandra, leaving me with Hudson, Miles, O and Cam. Hudson and I were trying to keep the team calm.

“Can we compete with just the three of us?” Miles asked.

“All three of you would have to do every event for you to have a chance at a medal,” Hudson answered.

“That’s impossible,” O said.

“All three of you are capable in every event,” I said.

“Not what I mean, Luke. We’re not good enough to score enough points to beat the other teams. They’ll have five guys to choose from.”

“Not Great Britain,” Cam pointed out.

“Japan, Brazil. They’re powerhouses. We *need* Ezra.” O started to pace.

“I’m sure they’ll find him. And if they don’t, you still do the best you can. Same as you would if Ezra were here.” I gave his shoulder a squeeze. He was tense, so it turned into a back rub. “You need to loosen up.”

A door opened and I almost gasped. But it was just an official letting us know warm-ups would start in five minutes.

I walked back over and sat next to Cam. “You really think we have a shot?” he asked.

“Yeah,” I answered. “There’s a shot.”

THERE WAS NO SHOT. We were almost done with the warm-up, and no one else had shown up yet. The crowd could tell something was up. Obviously, something was up. There were only three American gymnasts on the podium!

When Woodward’s text came through, I didn’t know whether to breathe a sigh of relief that I wouldn’t be in charge anymore, or that they found Ezra.

“‘We’re on the way’ is what it says,” I told Hudson.

“Did you ask if they found Ezra?”

“No response. I checked Twitter too. Nothing there.”

“We should be panicking right about now, huh?” Hudson asked.

“We might feel that way, but I’d never let the guys know I feel that.”

“Oh, I know that. I was just commiserating. Getting it out of my system.”

“I get that.” I thought about what Cam must be feeling. What they all must be feeling. “They need to believe they can do it, especially for Miles.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Even though he only worked with him for a short time, Ty told me that confidence was Miles’ biggest problem.”

Hudson scoffed. “Still is. Shortstack doesn’t believe he’s good enough.”

“Shortstack?”

Hudson shrugged. “He *is* the shortest one on the team.”

“Uh huh.” I let Hudson’s nickname - clearly, a term of endearment - slide.

The noise in the arena changed. I looked around, trying to pinpoint the cause. It became obvious when I saw spectators pointing, and soon enough I was able to see as well.

“It’s Ezra!” I heard Cam yell from his spot on the podium.

Woodward was leading the way, with Ezra and Jack behind him.

And paramedics?

Great Britain and their coach noticed almost at the same time, and both teams converged off the podium in a massive pileup of people. There were so many questions being hurtled back-and-forth. I couldn’t hear a single word of what Ezra or Woodward were saying.

It was only when a whistle cut through the air that everyone stopped yelling, and someone - I think it was the British coach - asked Ezra and Jack to explain, quickly.

“Well, the elevator just stopped, mid-floor. We hadn’t touched anything,” Jack started.

“So, we tried the phone in there, but no one answered,” Ezra continued.

“That’s when I tweeted.”

“We needed to get to the locker rooms!”

And back and forth they went, like they had told it a hundred times.

Based on Jack and Ezra's descriptions via direct message, Zane and Cassandra found them pretty quickly once they left us. Despite getting a hold of arena staff, the maintenance specialist had gone home to take care of a sick kid and the person covering for him had little elevator experience. That was about when Woodward found them.

In the end, with help from paramedics and the onsite fire crew, they were able to climb out of the roof of the elevator and to the next floor, where the firemen had opened the door.

Ezra was fine, but Jack had cut himself on the ceiling of the elevator - thus, the continued paramedic presence. Jack didn't want to miss the finals, so it was treat on the move or not at all.

"And now everyone knows everything," Ezra said.

"So can we go get our uniforms on and get our arses out there?" Jack asked.

"Yes!" Woodward said. "We likely have a few minutes to get you warmed up."

And just like that, the group broke apart. Jack and the British team went their way, and Cam and I, and the rest of the coaches and Team USA, went ours.

Through the din, before we could even cross back to the other side, I heard it. The chant. The chant that I knew made Cam's eyes water with happiness, and would put any of Ezra's qualms aside.

*USA! USA USA!*

I had to smile. It was a great feeling. I turned to see Ezra's reaction, but Cam's fingers found my own and my eyes immediately went to his.

"You got this, Cam."

"I do now."

Zane herded Ezra into the locker room as the rest of the guys headed back to the podium to continue the warm up.

Coach was right. It would only be a matter of minutes.



“HOW IS THIS HAPPENING?” Cam asked me.

He was referring to the fact that we were in first place after two events. The two the team had struggled on for years: pommel horse and rings. Cam, Orion and Miles had all placed in the top eight on the horse, and Orion had the highest score for the rings.

“You’re all amazing,” I said, while we waited to move to the next apparatus.

Cam scoffed. “More like we’re all trying harder.”

“That, and the crowd is with you. I know that’s giving you guys a boost.”

“That’s been nice.” Cam nodded in agreement. “I can barely differentiate Ty’s screams from all the others.”

“Hey,” I said, grabbing his arm to make sure he was paying attention, “you got this.”

“Maybe I should’ve worn your lucky jockstrap.”

“I can always go grab it if you want.”

“Are you kidding? There’s no time for that!”

“Well, you should definitely wear it for the all-around then.”

“Wear what?” Ezra asked, walking up with Zane by his side.

“Luke’s lucky jockstrap,” Cam answered.

“I definitely did not need to hear that,” Zane said, backing off a few steps to give us some space.

“Does that really work?” Ezra sat down next to Cam. “I could sure use some luck right about now.”

“Don’t look at me!” I said. “I’m not giving you my jockstrap.”

“Well yeah, I knew that.” Ezra chuckled. “I’ve just never been that superstitious.”

“Try not to think too hard about it,” I said.

“Just focus on one routine at a time,” Cam added. “You just need to do the vault. One vault. That’s it.”

“Easy for you to say. The vault is like getting out of bed for you.”

“You’re here for a reason, Ezra. No one can make you believe it but yourself.” Cam stood up. “Get ready. You’re next.”

Cam leaned down to steal a kiss from my lips and I wished him luck. He dropped his pants and headed up to the podium.

*I’m gonna need him to bring that uniform to the hotel tonight.*

“CAMDEN KANE. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.”

Others had tried it. Some had even landed it, but no one did the Kane like its creator. Cam’s smile was huge after he landed perfectly. Not even an extra step. He couldn’t help but smile and his muscular arms told the crowd to get pumped and they listened. His eyes found mine as he stepped off the podium, where our entire team was waiting.

“Great way to start us off, Camden,” Woodward gave him a smack on the ass.

Noah gave him a hug. The rest offered their congratulations, and before I could get to him, I watched Cam pull the team into a huddle. He was a natural leader.

The group broke, and Ezra headed up to the podium.

We held hands until we moved to the next apparatus.

I’M NOT sure if it was that I wasn’t competing but was still in the middle of the action, or if it was that we were competing in

the US, but whatever it was, it was mesmerizing. Usually, I'd be worried about what the other teams were doing and watching the other events, but I couldn't take my eyes off our team.

The score was like something the women's team would have. We had one event left and we were, so far, out in front. It seemed impossible, but the scoreboard didn't lie. It was really happening.

"I can't believe this is happening," Cam said.

"I did so good," Ezra added, half-stumbling over to where we were seated.

"Yeah, you did!" O came up from behind to give him a half-hug.

Even Miles looked drunk with bliss.

"One more event, gentlemen. I am so proud of what we've done so far tonight. Just put what you've put into every other event into this last one and it will be one for the record books!" Woodward squeezed them all into a group hug, before yelling "USA!" at the top of his lungs and lumbering off to pull his last remaining hairs out.

I heard Zane telling Ezra how proud he was of him, and I made my way over to offer my congratulations. Ezra's job for the team was done. It was up to Miles, Orion and Cam on the floor to finish it.

After waiting for Brazil to finish on the floor, it was time to rotate. Once we had our stuff situated, Woodward said, "Miles first, Orion second, and Cam will finish it out."

The guys nodded and Miles and O headed to the podium to warm up. Cam lingered.

"Another kiss for luck?" I asked.

"I won't ever say no to that."

I leaned in and gave him as unchaste a kiss as I could with multiple live-feed cameras and millions of people watching. Pulling back from his embrace, I teased him. "Between these

lips and the platypus coin, I'm not sure who's had more action tonight."

Cam smirked. "I can tell you which one is going to get some action later."

"Careful, Mr. Kane. Your dick's gorgeous, but I don't want the whole world seeing it just yet."

"Too bad." Cam pulled back.

"Maybe we can find some transparent Andrew Christian briefs and you can join me for a photoshoot some time."

"I'd consider it." Cam gave his palm a kiss, then tossed the coin to me.

I caught it without trouble, gave it a quick kiss myself, and slipped it into my pants pocket. It had brought us so much luck. It just needed to last a little bit longer.

Like, nine more days.

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, we were so far in the lead and I didn't want to jinx it by saying it out loud, but the guys would have to pretty much just go out on the floor and sit there for seventy seconds to lose the gold. Even so, my ass was clenched the entire time.

The crowd wasn't even trying to be reserved anymore, though when Miles saluted the judges to start, the volume dipped just a little. After all, he needed to concentrate.

With each successful tumble, the crowd got a little more amped - other apparatus be damned. I'm sure it was frustrating to the other athletes, but that was part of it. London went berserk for their gymnasts.

Miles didn't fall. His score would be excellent.

When the score posted, Miles leapt into Hudson's arms and the team swarmed them with congratulatory slaps and pats. Zane was doing his best to contain Ezra.

"ORION ELLIS. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

Woodward gave him one last whisper of advice and then all our eyes were watching him. Cam's fingers interlaced with mine and a smile immediately flashed across my face.

Orion had come such a long way since the shy kid I met in New York City that had a crush on me. I mean, I guess I had too, since both of us were in committed relationships and that's really the only reason that thought crossed my mind as I watched him sprint into his first pass.

O didn't fall either.

Cam's routine would be the one to clinch the gold.

"Up to you, pal." Noah snuck up behind us, squeezing us together. "You got this. Fly, my little butterfly!"

"Shut up, Noah!"

I could hear the groan in Cam's voice despite his grin.

"What? You'd prefer an ass pat? I can do that."

"He's had enough of those for a lifetime," I interjected. "No more touching of Cam's ass."

"Tell that to everyone else," Noah teased.

I used Noah as a screen to give the ass under discussion a tiny pinch. "Go get it, handsome."

"Thanks, Luke."

And then I watched the perkiest ass make its way onto the podium and heard the name of the love of my life announced. The crowd's reaction was the loudest of the night. I wasn't playing favorites. Cam was the leader of this team, and the arena loved him.

The other events were done. The scores, set.

All eyes were on my boyfriend.

It wasn't a perfect routine, but it was close enough, and the power he put into each tumbling pass was breathtaking. With each movement, I was reminded of the strength and quiet beauty he possessed. It was his body I first noticed when he

walked into the gym in Florida all those years ago, but it was his presence on the podium that solidified the attraction.

Cam owned it.

He transitioned seamlessly from one strength move into another, turning a handstand into a series of flairs before approaching the corner for his last pass. I could tell he was repressing a smile. Of course the little fucker was enjoying this. Like it was a walk in the park!

I admired his composure, which, of course, as soon as he landed the pass and saluted the judges, shattered immediately with a whoop and a swinging fist pump.

The arena erupted into a deluge of cheers. It was hard to hear what Noah was saying even though we were next to each other, but I'm guessing he was also screaming at the top of his lungs in happiness.

It was a formality at this point to see Cam's score. There was no way it was close.

The entire team, with all the coaches, met Cam coming off the podium, but he ignored everyone and came straight for me. Careful with my sling, he squeezed me so tight, running his fingers through my curls.

"I'd never have gotten this far without you," he whispered into my ear, as we were jostled by everyone around us.

I whispered back, "That's true. If I didn't fuck my chest up, you'd be sitting up there with Ty."

He pulled away from me to make eye contact. "That's not what I meant at all."

"I know. I was only teasing."

He seemed to consider what I said for a moment, before replying. "I'm glad you can joke about it, but I've never felt more worried in my life when I got that text from Shane... after you lied to me and said you were fine."

"Your score, Cam!" Ezra slid in between us. I swear if he were a dog his tail would be thumping both of us right now.

“Well, I am fine, and you’re about to be a gold medalist,” I said, around Ezra’s face. “And I promise I won’t lie to you ever again.”

14.933.

The arena erupted. The team surrounded us. I couldn’t see beyond the crush of bodies jumping up and down around us. I found my way into Cam’s arms and we just let everyone else push us together. I just kept telling him how much I loved him and how proud I was of him as he cradled me in his arms, protective of my injured side.

In time, the crush ended, and the other teams came over to congratulate Cam and his teammates. A few of the experienced gymnasts like Jack Davies and Hiruto Uchida came to chat me up for a little bit. I’ll admit that was a nice surprise, to get a little attention from them.

Japan ended up in second place and Brazil in third. I’d have to look back at the scores, but it seemed Great Britain fell off a little. I think Jack was hurt in the elevator somehow, but performed anyway, and maybe with him a little off, his team lost its rhythm.

I’d have to ask Ezra to tell us the whole story.

After he stopped singing *We Are the Champions*.



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## Camden

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I WAS BLASTED in the face as soon as I set foot in the locker room, so I swore and held my hands out, looking for Luke.

“Cut that shit out!”

“USA! USA!”

I dodged the spray and weaved my way past...Colton and Ty? And watched the rest of the guys enjoying champagne facials. They saved a bottle for Woodward too.

After Ezra started screaming, “It burns! It burns!” and running into the showers fully dressed, they finally stopped shaking the damn bottles.

“How’d you guys get in here?” Luke asked.

I barely held back a laugh, watching the foamy liquid drip off his chin.

“We’re Team USA. They let us in, no questions asked,” Colton replied.

“Yeah, right,” Miles said. “I bet Zeph is chatting the security guard up right now.”

“Or maybe that?” Ty agreed.

“Well, whatever the reason, we’re glad you’re here to celebrate,” Woodward said. “What else can I say?” He walked into the center of the room, surrounding himself with the team, the coaches and two former teammates whose bottles had been emptied. “I couldn’t be prouder of the four of you. I have no

more words. I'm not even going to tell you to be careful tonight with your celebrations. I'm sure you can sleep it off before Wednesday."

Murmurings that perhaps accepted that challenge circulated around the room.

"Now let's get cleaned up so we can get the press conference out of the way. You guys can be with your families and then you can do whatever you want after that. I just better not get any calls from the police or Georgina Madsen."



AFTER ANSWERING ALL the questions I expected to be asked, and celebrating with my mother and Erika and the other families, it was late. Past eleven.

And I wanted nothing more than to ride the high of my testosterone-fueled victory, go back to the hotel, strip Luke, and fuck him into oblivion while my medal slapped against my pecs. I knew it was an obscene fantasy, but I didn't care. Luke himself was the one that whispered that into my ear a few months before, though the roles were reversed. I thought it was ridiculous at the time, but now, it was all I could think about.

But team duties called first, and the young guns wanted to celebrate, and despite my hard dick, I had to admit a night of letting go would be fun. We could always fool around when we got back.

Maybe I could take Luke back to the dorm and we could fuck on a twin bed for old times' sake?

"AND DO you know *why* he's been such a little English twat?!" Ezra swayed towards us. I was learning he was a lightweight since we were only on our second round.

"Why don't you sit down, buddy?" O tried to encourage him. "Drink some water?"

Ezra blew a raspberry - *classy* - and continued the story of the broken elevator - the parts he thankfully hadn't told the press.

“Cause I asked him. I said, ‘Why are you being so mean to me on Twitter? And you know what he said? He said- He sa- He told me that I look like his ex! He can't stand the sight of me but I'm just his type!’” Ezra finished with a flourish before slamming down into his seat in a fit of giggles.

“Remind me to not have an open bar at our wedding,” Austin quipped.

“Hold up. Did I miss something?” Luke asked, pointing at O and Austin.

“No, no. Not engaged,” O said, coughing up his last sip.

“Sorry, it was a rhetorical thought,” Austin added.

“It was a nice thought.” O leaned in to give Austin a kiss, which earned them a chorus of adoration from the guys.

“Things finally gettin' spicy over here, y'all? You're missing a whole lotta prime beef out there,” Colton said, sliding next to me in the booth.

“We've got all the prime beef we need, Colton,” Luke replied, giving my thigh a squeeze. I almost fell out of the booth when his hand traveled inward and grabbed my junk.

“Yeah, alright. I know you've got a nice piece over there, cowboy. What about Ezra and Miles?”

“How about you get those cute butts on the dance floor?” Zeph added, stripping his shirt off and tossing it at Miles' face.

“Sorry, but I'm holding off on releasing my crazy inner badass until after the all-around finals. This is water and I don't dance unless I'm drinking, even if a super hot guy without a shirt on invites me to do so.”

Everyone stared at Miles for a good ten seconds.

“What?”

Before Miles could answer, Ezra was climbing over Austin and O to get to the giant shirtless flirt that was Zephyrus Jones.

He practically fell into Zeph's arms. "You'll take care of me, right?"

For half a second, I wondered if Colton was throwing out the 'no teammates' rule, until Zeph said, "We'll find a nice young man to fuck your brains out."

"What if I wanted to fuck my brains out?"

He barely finished the question before all of us erupted into laughter. Poor Ezra was drunk enough not to care though, and I watched him leave with Colton and Zeph.

"I'm proud of you for resisting Zeph's offer," Ty said to Miles, who just shrugged and mumbled something only Ty could hear.

I saw Ty's eyebrows go up, but ignored it and asked Austin how Erika was doing instead.

ANOTHER DRINK and another hour later and I was close to falling asleep. Miles had already done so - on Ty's lap - and Austin and O couldn't keep their hands off each other, despite Remy's presence. I had only noticed the bodyguard a few minutes ago, when Austin went to the bathroom and Remy had appeared out of nowhere to escort him there.

Whether we were tired or horny or both, the group was ready to go. We tried to find Ezra, Colton or Zeph before leaving, but sent a text instead. I hoped Ezra made it back safe, but at least this was the United States and not some random foreign country.

"He'll be fine," Luke said. "I can tell you're worrying."

"Coach will-"

"He's with Colton and Zeph-"

"I'm not sure Coach would accept that as reasonable supervision," I said.

Luke shrugged. "He's an adult, Cam. He'll be okay."

I nodded and followed the other guys outside. It was nice to finally be able to hear myself think, but damn, there was a

little nip to the air.

“Two minutes,” Ty said, carrying a sleeping Miles in his arms.

“You coming back with us?” Luke asked.

“I’ll get Miles to his room, then head back to the hotel. Hopefully I can fall asleep before Colton and Zeph get back.”

“Jesus, they’re loud enough in real life, I can’t imagine the bedroom noise,” Austin said.

“Porn. It’s pretty much the loudest gay porn you’ve ever seen,” I said.

“Wanna trade rooms?” O asked Ty.

“I’ve slept in an Olympic Village. You can keep your twin bed.” Ty turned to Luke. “You staying with Cam? Do I even need to ask?”

“You’ll be fine going back yourself?”

“I’ll be fine going back myself.”

A large Escalade with a purple Uber sign lit up on the dash pulled up.

“Here’s our ride,” Ty said.

I SHOULDN’T HAVE BEEN surprised, but I kind of was.

Hudson was waiting at the village for us, and Ty handed a still sleeping Miles off to him.

If that didn’t confirm *something* was happening between the two of them, I don’t know what did. I guess maybe when I was that young, Noah might’ve waited up for me, but still... the care with which Hudson took Miles from Ty’s arms. He even said, “Thank you.”

Ty walked over to us like that didn’t just happen.

“Are we pretending that didn’t happen?” Luke asked before I could.

“What?” Ty asked. “He was worried about Miles. I told him not to be. He said he was waiting up.”

“So they’re not together?”

“It’s none of my business, Cam. Hudson’s a good guy. Miles couldn’t do much better *if* they were together.” Ty crossed his arms. “I thought you guys were more mature than this.”

“Says the guy who couldn’t be more excited when he found out we were dating!” Luke shoved a finger into Ty’s chest.

“Yeah!” A semi-drunk me agreed, remembering Ty’s giddiness.

“Okay, fine. Gossip away, veteran Olympic gymnasts.” Ty started to walk back to the Uber.

“You sure you’re good to head back alone?” Luke asked.

“Totally, bro. See you tomorrow. Don’t stay up too late.”

“Later.”

Luke’s fingers found his way through mine and he squeezed my hand as he led the way to what used to be his room in the village. It was close to two in the morning and I couldn’t hold back my yawn.

“Something tells me I’m not getting a pounding tonight?”

“That obvious?” I asked.

Luke smiled, then let go of my hand to give my crotch a squeeze. “I wouldn’t mind putting my mouth to work for a little bit.”

I groaned. “That sounds really nice. Did I ever tell you you’re the best boyfriend ever?”



“FUCK!” I threw back the covers. Seeing the movement below wasn’t enough. I wanted to watch Luke finish me off.

Our plans for orgasming last night ended as soon as we hit the bed, but that apparently gave Luke extra incentive to take advantage of my morning wood. I was half-afraid the loud slurping combined with my moans would wake Ezra, but I wasn't even sure if he was here.

"I'm close!" I cried out.

"Gimme that load," Luke said, quickening the pace of his hand.

I glanced down. His tongue was out, mouth open, waiting for it. He knew exactly what I liked, over-the-top dirty talk and all.

*Fuck.*

He let a few spurts blast into the air before wrapping his lips around the head to catch the rest of it. A few more sucks had me shuddering with sensitivity, though he became more gentle before pulling off completely. He licked me from base to tip, then gave the head a kiss.

"Good morning to me," I said, letting my head fall back against the pillow.

Luke scooted up my body, but he wasn't hard.

"Your turn."

Luke shook his head. "Already took care of myself."

"When?" I asked.

"You may have been asleep. It might be in your hair."

My eyes grew wide, matching the smile on his face. "You little pervert!" I launched myself on top of him, tickling him with no mercy despite his attempts to convince me to stop.

"If you can cum on my face while I'm sleeping, your arm is just fine!"

"It wasn't - your face," he replied between breaths. "I was - teasing."

I relented with a big raspberry finale on his stomach. He hated that.

“I don’t see why you care so much. You love my cum.”

“It’s the principle.”

“Okay, Mr. Principles.” Luke slipped out of bed. “Let’s go see if Ezra made it back?”

Luke pulled on the briefest of briefs and opened the door. “Ezra?” he called before disappearing.

I walked naked to the bathroom and- *Jesus, sounds like a racehorse this morning.*

“Just pissing with the door open, huh?”

I glanced over my shoulder. “Based on his inebriation level last night, I didn’t think the chances were good he was here. Can you start the shower?”

On came the water, and off came his briefs.

“Hey!”

I missed the bowl thanks to his surprise ass slap.

“Hard to resist a nice plump peach like that.”

WE TOOK OUR TIME, soaping each other up, making sure to get everywhere. Of course, we both got hard again. But this wasn’t about cumming. It was about finding a relaxing headspace. We were going to have a nice, slow day.

I smiled as his hand traveled down my stomach and dipped around my hip, finding its way under my butt, pulling me towards him. This shower was one of those moments we had grown into having as a couple. Just enjoying each other in a very simple way.

Even if it was filled with sexual tension.

After we dried each other off, it was back to the bedroom to get dressed. I grabbed my phone to check the weather and noticed a text from Colton.

Colton: We sent your little roomie back to you.

Colton: He spent the night here, and no, we didn't take advantage of him.

Cam: Bullshit!

“Ezra went home with Colton and Zeph last night.”

Luke stopped with his briefs mid-thigh. “They fuck?”

Colton: He got half-naked, then fell asleep. Amateur.

Colton: No teammates anyway!

“Apparently not, though it sounds like Ezra might've been eager for it.”

I told Ezra to meet us in the dining hall for breakfast.

Ezra: I'm so hungry. See you in a few.

“Ezra's meeting us for breakfast. We can hear all about it. And wear a hoodie. It's a little cool out.”

“THERE HE IS.” Luke nodded.

“How ya feeling, champ?” I stood up and pulled him in for a hug.

“Why didn't you tell me Zeph had a cock the size of my arm?”

I pulled back. “How do you know? Colton said nothing happened.”

“We didn't *do* anything, but that didn't stop him from walking around this morning with nothing on. I'm not sure if he wanted me to look or-”

“He wanted you to look,” Luke interrupted. “He likes the attention, especially from younger men.”

“Colton said you tried to seduce them?”

“Oh fuck, let’s get something to eat first, then I can embarrass myself by telling you all about it.”

MY TRAY WAS FILLED with fruit, yogurt, scrambled eggs and toast, and I was ready to hear all about Ezra’s big night. The story didn’t last long.

“There’s not much to tell. For whatever reason, we ended up back at their hotel.”

“Colton said it was because you begged to go back with them, saying-”, I pulled out my phone to read the text, “-I want the two of you to Eiffel Tower me like in porn.”

Luke spit out the mouthful of cereal he had, quickly grabbing a napkin to wipe up the milk running down his chin.

“Yeah, I probably said something like that. I remember getting back to the room, but I don’t remember much. I guess I pulled my pants down and since I wasn’t wearing any underwear, I was naked.”

Colton already texted the entire story, but it was much more entertaining hearing it from Ezra.

“And then I guess I fell asleep on the couch on top of a pillow so my ass was in the air.”

“Well, shit, I’ve seen that porno,” Luke said.

“Except Zeph and Colton were respectful of my unconscious body, for which I am thankful. I would’ve loved a threesome but being awake is kind of a prerequisite. I know, I know. They wouldn’t have fooled around with me anyway. No teammates.”

“That’s right,” I said, proud of his mature perspective.

“But maybe I could’ve watched them fuck?”

*Nevermind.*

“Maybe next time?” Luke suggested.

“If it makes you feel any better, Colton said you have a great ass,” I added.

Of course, I knew that would make him feel better and for the rest of breakfast, the grin on Ezra's face remained.

AFTER BREAKFAST, we headed to The Cock and Bull for some pool time. It was nice to get out of the village, and Ezra wanted to show off his great ass. I should never have told him Colton said that, and I'm sure the porn stars had nothing to do with it. I'd also hazard a guess that he wandered out of his comfort zone yesterday and wanted a little bit of normalcy.

A gay, clothing-optional pool was our normal, it seemed.

Ty met us in the lobby, and Colton had already texted that he and Zeph would be down later.

“Sup, bros?” Ty hugged both me and Luke. “Fresh meat, huh?”

“Colton said I have a great ass.”

Ty laughed and pulled Ezra in for a hug as well. “I'm sure you do, Ezra. Thanks for letting me know.”

“Damn, you can barely see the pool.”

I turned to see what Luke was talking about and sure enough, the pool was barely visible through the steam.

“Must be the weather,” Ty said.

We headed to the front desk to buy Ezra a day pass, then made our way into the pool area. It was as crowded as one could expect for a late morning. I only saw maybe three other guys through the steam or mist or whatever it was.

“They must have a fog machine or something in here. It wasn't like this last time,” Luke said.

I shrugged. “Like Ty said, maybe the weather?”

We found an empty table, dropped our stuff on it, then started stripping. It wasn't until Luke and I were completely naked that I noticed Ezra wasn't.

“You good?”

“It's just-”

“Ezra, I’ve seen it before. You’ve got nothing to worry about. Just think of it like the locker room.”

“Why does Ty get to have a swimsuit?” Ezra whispered.

“Because his fiance locked up his dick until the wedding. They’re kinky like that.” I patted him on the back and joined the other two, who already made it into the water. “Oh, that’s what’s different.” I noticed right away. The water was warmer.

“Feels amazing,” Luke said, wrapping an arm around me to pull me close.

I heard a loud splash and turned to see Ezra had jumped in.

“Wow, this is nice,” he said, wading over to us.

“Never been skinny-dipping?” Luke asked.

Ezra shook his head. “I feel like you guys are like my gay teachers.”

“Weren’t there other gay dudes at your schools?” Ty asked.

“Maybe. I don’t know. I wasn’t out until my parents hired Zane as my coach.” Ezra seemed to realize who he mentioned because he glanced at me and said, “Sorry.”

“It’s fine. It was a long time ago.”

Despite my insistence it was fine, I laid back in the pool, ears under the water and closed my eyes while Ezra talked. It’s not that I couldn’t hear it, but it’s not something I wanted to think about at this exact moment. I still had a lot of Olympics left. Luke held me in his arms so I didn’t drift away, and I let myself relax. I’m not sure how long I stayed like that.

I opened my eyes and noticed it was brighter despite the haze of steam.

“Afternoon, sleepyhead,” Luke said.

“What time is it? Where is everyone?” I asked, letting my legs down to pull my body upright.

“Colton and Zeph showed up. They’re talking to a few of the Corbin Fisher guys with Ezra. Ty went to call Declan, but he’s been gone for a while.”

I wedged my way in between Luke's legs. I was soft, but Luke wasn't. "Perving on me while I slept, huh?"

"There's a lot of you to perv on."

"Do you think we'll always be this horny?" I asked.

"What makes you ask that?"

I shrugged. "We've been together for four years, known each other for over ten. Just wondering."

"To be honest, I think it depends on our body chemistry and our testosterone levels, but if you're asking if I'm always going to be head-over-heels, happy to get on my knees whenever you want, ready to bend over and get the ever-flowing cum fucked out of me whenever you ask, in love with you, then I can definitively say yes to that."

I sank into his lap, wrapping my arms around his lower back, and let my mouth suck little parts of his stomach in. The hotel was fine with grinding and playfulness, but I wasn't sure where they stood on public sex.

This wasn't Cabo anyway.

"You're thinking of Cabo aren't you?"

My little sucking turned into a smile. "Yes."

"That was really fucking hot, Cam, but I don't think this is the place."

"I know."

"Looks like Ty has an admirer. Should we warn him?"

I turned in Luke's lap to see what he meant. Through the haze, I could just make out a large silhouette approaching Ty from behind.

"What the fuck, bro!"

By the time Luke and I made it over to Ty, he was smiling and I could now see why.

It was Declan.

"Jesus, you scared the shit out of me. I thought we were about to have a naked throw-down in the pool," I said.

Declan pulled me in for a hug. “I hope you didn’t shit in the pool, Cam. That’s gross.”

Luke pulled us apart, but got sucked into his own Declan hug, then asked, “You finally made it. You get the tuxes sorted?”

“All sorted. How’s your arm?” Declan gently moved Luke away to look him over. “Ty said you were on pain meds, but haven’t been taking them lately, but I see you’re still wearing the sling. I’m sorry it all happened in the first place.”

Ezra swam up, interrupting. “What’s going on?”

“The arm’s alright, thank you,” Luke answered Declan first, then turned to Ezra. “Ty’s fiancé surprised him.”

“Literally,” Ty added.

“Oh.”

I made the introductions. “Ezra Barnes, this is Declan Moore. Declan, Ezra.”

“Congrats on the gold medal, Ezra.” Declan held out his hand, which Ezra shook gently. “And you too, Cam. Brought back some memories, for sure.”

Declan yawned, and stretched his arms over his head. “Sorry, early flight.”

I noticed Ezra staring at the same time as Declan.

“It’s a dick, kid. I can get out of the pool if you want a closer look.”

“Really?”

*Oh my God.* “He’s kidding, Ezra. Don’t mind him, Declan. He had a big night last night. Still recovering.”

I’m not sure Declan heard me though because he had Ty wrapped up in his arms again.



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## Lucas

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NOAH CALLED Cam to the gym for some basic run throughs and what I guessed would be the pep talk of Noah's career. Cam was so close to achieving what no American male gymnast had ever done before - that is, an all-around gold *and* a team gold. And likely more than that because of the event finals, which wasn't something I'd be pointing out to him; he had enough pressure.

The quiet moments - like this, still in the pool, left alone for a moment - were the toughest. They were when I remembered I should be in the Olympics. I should have that chance at something no American male gymnast had ever done before.

I knew I'd be fine. I'd make it through for Cam. He'd be distracted if he had to deal with...this.

But this didn't matter. Because now was Cam's last shot. And I wasn't going to fuck that up with my feelings. My body would heal in time, and so would my heart. Plus, I was still considering proposing to Cam, but I wasn't sure when to ask.

"Hey!" Ty swam up to me. "You good?"

I nodded.

"Liar. What's up?"

"Just thinking."

"About how it should be you?"

“Why aren’t you going into therapy again? You’re perceptive as shit.”

“Nah. I’ve just known you a long time, bro.”

“I know what you’re gonna say. I’ll be fine.”

“No harm in having feelings. What happened still sucks.” Ty put his arm around me. “Don’t get hard now, or Declan will beat you up.”

“Declan would not beat me up, and I was hard the moment you swam up.”

Ty splashed me as he pushed me away.

“You guys about ready for some food?” Declan asked, ending our splash fight with his formidable shadow.

“Are you on the menu?” Ty asked.

I made a barfing sound and was rewarded with another splash. Wiping the water from my eyes, I answered, “I could eat, Declan. Where are you taking us, and are we leaving Ezra with his new friends?”

Declan gave them a glance. I knew he and Zeph rubbed each other the wrong way, so I was surprised when he was okay if they came with us.

I was even more surprised when Zeph behaved at lunch. In the past, he and Dec went at it like two alphas sparring for control of who knew what. It was mostly posturing, but it felt like there was a heat behind it.

I found out after lunch, from Ezra, that Brody had agreed to *meet* with Zeph and Colton tonight on the condition that Ezra watched them. It explained why Zeph was well behaved. In a few more hours, the muscled duo would plunder the last non-double-teamed-by-them member of the Corbin Fisher group. Another notch in their fuck-belts of conquest, though I wasn’t sure when they ticked jock number five off their list.

Don’t get me wrong. I understood the desire. If Cam weren’t an Olympian, he could easily have his own OnlyFans, and if not that, Corbin Fisher would be a natural fit. All of

those guys were my type, and Cam was the definition of all-American boy-next-door.



I SPENT the rest of the afternoon helping Ty gather his things. With Declan here, the hotel room would be mine again.

Luke: Want to sleep at my place tonight?

As much as I loved being close to Cam, a twin bed made from recycled materials wasn't the best place to get a good night's sleep.

"You staying near the venue?" I asked both of them.

"Not yet," Declan answered.

"Really?" Ty seemed surprised.

"Yeah, I've got a little surprise for you. A nice private Airbnb for a few days before all the official stuff starts and our families get here."

"Well, damn. That is a nice surprise."

Cam: Hmm...I think that would be nice.

Luke: Likely a fuckfest going on next door tonight.

Cam: Is that an invitation or a warning?

Luke: A warning...

Cam: I was kidding. We can put on the rain machine.

Luke: How do you feel?

Cam: Really good. After Team Gold, anything feels possible.

I THINK the excitement of Ezra's playtime made him forget the women's team final was tonight. Coach messaged us, but was fine with us not going in person, considering Miles and Cam had the all-around finals the next afternoon. With Remy's presence the other night, it was clear O and Austin were still worried for their safety. I'd imagine they'd be staying in as well.

It was apparent based on the schedule that the all-around for the men wasn't in the primetime slot this Olympics. There were swimming and diving finals already scheduled, and those events proved to be more popular with the American public. I knew it bothered Cam - it bothered me too. You dedicate your whole life to something, and a lot of people still didn't recognize the skill or sacrifice required. On the flip side, the divers and swimmers worked hard too, and no matter what, somebody had to be at noon.

The better we did here would certainly give gymnastics programs nation-wide a boost. Options for men were becoming scarce. There were rumors Florida University was going to end its program next year, but not if Cam and I had anything to say about it.

A positive side effect of not being scheduled for primetime was that it would be over sooner. We'd actually have time to celebrate with his mom, Noah and Shane at a reasonable hour.

CAM ENDED up falling asleep in my arms long before the women won the gold. According to the commentators, this was the start of a renaissance for American gymnastics.

Lucky for him, Cam had fallen asleep before the show started next door. As Cam suggested, however, I turned my sound app on to a rainstorm, and that, coupled with Cam's light snoring, was enough to drown out the moans and fuck yeahs of next door. I was able to fall asleep easily once I shimmied my clothes off.



THE MEN WERE DIVIDED into four groups of six, based on seed. Cam was seeded third, so he was in the first group and would start on the floor. Miles was eighteenth and squeaked into the last spot of the third group; they would start on the rings. The Japanese duo of Hiruto and Riku who crumbled in London had made it, as did Jack Davies, Inácio Silva, and a long list of familiar names. The newest names to worry about were Alessandro Amante from Italy and Maksim “The Wolf” Volkov from Russia, who was being coached by Vadim Davidov, one of our former competitors.

Woodward and Hudson were with Miles. Noah and I were together, watching Cam warm up. Alessandro approached Cam and said something that made them both laugh and I couldn’t help but feel annoyed. His left leg and right arm were both covered in tattoos and it accentuated the musculature of his twunky body.

“Easy killer,” Noah whispered.

“What?”

“If you manifested a superpower right now, Alessandro would be vaporized. You and Cam forget sometimes that Europeans are a lot more affectionate than Americans. Loosen up.”

Ugh, Noah was right. I was being possessive and suspicious, two very unattractive qualities. I distracted myself momentarily by glancing into the stands. Heather was in the same section as the other day and Erika and Isaak were back as well. Ty caught my eye and waved, and then he made Declan wave too.

Seeing them together always made me think about marriage. It was hard not to when they were so happy *and* getting married in like a week. Even without their upcoming nuptials, I had been thinking more about it lately, and it was time. I wanted to marry Cam. I wanted to take his last name, and I wanted to keep building our lives together. I was ready to take that next step.

Even though I knew it was stressful for him, hearing Ty talk about the wedding and Declan sealed it. I had wedding

fever.

Being boyfriends wasn't enough for me anymore.

Of course, I picked that moment to look at Cam and he was smiling. He looked like Apollo, the god of the sun. He meant everything to me.

*Have I told him that enough?*

I needed to get my ass in gear. Ty let his injury consume him, and I was going to take the life lesson learned from a friend and not let that happen to me. It worked out for him, and I had the same thing: a supportive partner, a home to share with him, career goals, and a found family. I didn't need anything else.

Cam bounded across the floor and practically leapt into my arms.

"I'd ask if you're ready, but you seem excited."

"Just letting it out now. I'm going to need to focus when it starts. I've got a feeling."

I didn't know what he meant, but I was going to let him do whatever he needed.

"Trust your gut, Cam," Noah said, joining our huddle. "You got Luke's lucky jock on?"

Cam stepped back to pull the waistband of my jock out from under his leotard, flashing some skin for the audience and the camera that was directly behind us.

Maybe I'd get a bonus from Andrew Christian?

"I should feel weird that Noah knows about that, but somehow I don't." I couldn't help but smile, actually. Seeing Cam in my clothes was one of my biggest turn-ons.

He had the jockstrap. He had the platypus coin. He was ready.

I DON'T KNOW what happened when he was called to the floor, but something changed. I could see it in his face. And when he

went for his first pass, it sounded like a grenade went off when he hit the landing. Each pass was an exclamation point. I would've thought he was pissed. He wasn't pulling any punches, that was for sure.

Generically speaking, there were two philosophies for the all-around. Go easy or go hard. Easy meant your normal routines, nothing extremely difficult, and your execution scores would be high. However, you likely needed someone to mess up to win. That's where going hard came in. Those gymnasts went for the higher difficulty scores. If successful, they won, but there was a higher chance of fucking up and losing big.

Cam hadn't discussed it with me, and I couldn't read Noah well enough to tell if he was as surprised as I was, but Cam was going hard today. I was almost in shock when he finished. I hadn't seen this Cam on the podium before. It was...I hate to admit, arousing.

Noah greeted him with a high five and Cam headed straight to the seats after a half-hug from me. No kiss.

"You okay?" I sat down next to him.

"Yeah. I'll explain when it's done, but I need to focus today. I need Coach Luke now. I should've given you a heads up, but my mind's all over the place and I just decided this is what I think will work. If that makes sense."

I knew the mind of a professional athlete enough to let him go where he wanted to go.

"No problem at all. Whatever you need, Cam."

"Thanks."

WELL, wherever Cam had gone, it was working.

Three events done - floor, horse, rings - and he was in the lead. Miles was close, in fourth, which was absurd because he was in the third group. He was beyond anyone with him. Hudson and Woodward must've told him some good shit because he was working his little ass off.

Cam had the vault and the bars left. Miles had the high bar, floor, and horse.

Hiruto and Inacio were the others in the top three. The other three from Cam's group - Alessandro, Maksim, and João Paulo Matos from Brazil were close behind Miles.

Cam remained aloof, all ice and focus. It was the opposite of the team finals, but it was working and I wasn't going to let my feelings or desire for kisses get in the way if this is how Cam wanted to compete.

I *was* going to spank the fuck out of him later, but for now, whatever worked for him, I supported wholeheartedly.

"DID YOU GUYS HAVE A FIGHT?" Noah asked, as Cam headed to the podium to warm up for the vault.

"No. I don't know where this new strategy came from."

Noah considered that for a moment, before grabbing my shoulder. "Sorry for you, but I'll admit it's working."

"Oh, I'm aware."

Noah chuckled. "He's gonna get it, isn't he?"

I smiled. "I will be thrilled if he gets the gold medal, but I'm not quite sure how to handle this...development. He's never been like this before."

"No shit. It's almost robotic."

"Laser focused," I added.

"Determined."

"It's like he's owning every apparatus."

"I heard you liked Dom Cam."

I shushed him. It was time.

Even with all his practice for the other events, the vault was still his best. I have a feeling he could do it with his eyes closed at this point. The Kane, that is.

"Here we go."

In four point three seconds it was done.

“Was that...?”

“Different,” Noah finished for me.

“It was the Kane, but...more.”

I didn't know how to react when he came down, but was ready for anything.

“You guys like that? The Kane Two.” He waggled his eyebrows and finally gave me a smile before sitting down, leaving me and Noah half-in-shock and standing with our mouths hanging open.

“Where did you pull that from?” Noah asked, walking over. I followed.

Cam shrugged. “Always had it. Didn't have a reason to do it. I'm pushing, in case you hadn't noticed.”

*Oh, we had fucking noticed, mister.*

“Uh huh,” was all Noah said, and we waited for the other guys to fall short of Cam's greatness. Etienne Beaufort was the only other gymnast that had ever done the Kane and he hadn't done it successfully in the last year, so...no threats on the vault here tonight.

I still couldn't get over the change in Cam's demeanor. It wasn't dominant Cam, it was more like detached Cam. I'd seen him focused before, but this was almost a caricature of that. But it was working, so I liked it...and didn't at the same time, which made me feel like an ass. People did worse things than act a little machine-like to win a gold medal.

“Just let it ride. Cam's an adult,” Noah whispered into my ear. “It's weird to me too.” He squeezed my thigh before leaning back in his chair, waiting for the signal to move to the next apparatus.

I heard the crowd react and instinctively looked at the high bar. Miles hadn't fallen off, so he must've done something good. I watched the end of his routine and hadn't seen any mistakes. It was a pretty ambitious routine; his score should reflect that.

Hudson and Woodward greeted him with high-fives and butt slaps. The former picked him up in a bear hug when his score was announced.

14.900. The highest score on bar of the afternoon.

And it moved him into third place.

THE WOLF FELL off the parallel bars, and then Hiruto and Inácio both fell off the high bar, launching Miles into first place with Cam set to go last on the high bar. Without any mistakes, Cam should overtake Miles. The gymnasts left on the floor weren't in reach of a medal.

With each release, I held my breath. Like the floor exercise, he put a lot into each rotation around the bar, kind of like he was angry. I practically flinched each time he let go because it seemed like he was going to fly into the stands. But he never missed. He always found the bar. And when his feet hit the mat, they were planted solid. He wobbled for half a second, but caught it, and the arena erupted into cheers and applause.

He fucking killed it.



WATCHING THE REPLAY LATER, the announcers agreed that Cam seemed like he was out to prove something. It wasn't until after the medal ceremony that I understood everything.

He came off the podium, tears streaming down his cheeks, and immediately ran into my arms. I squeezed as hard as I could with my right arm and rested my left hand on his waist.

“I’m so proud of you.”

“I’m sorry I was such a robot the whole afternoon. I just had to win. I *needed* that gold medal.”

“I get wanting to win, Cam, but why the desperation?”

He nuzzled into my neck and answered, “Because this medal isn’t just mine, it’s ours. It was for you. You couldn’t win anymore and I felt like if I won then maybe your injury wouldn’t have been for nothing. I needed to win so at the very least, we’d have a gold medal to share.”

“*Dios santo*, Cam. That’s so sweet of you. I would love to share the medal, but you were scary. Don’t do that again. Even Noah was weirded out.”

“Well, it worked.”

Miles and Hudson were nearby and I pulled him into a congratulatory hug. Even Hudson wore a bright smile and he even gave me a hug too. Miles earned his silver medal.

Woodward walked over to us, ear to his phone. “Yes, Madam President. He’s right here. I couldn’t say it better myself. Oh, I’m just the coach, ma’am. Yes, here he is. One second.”

He covered the phone with his free hand. “It’s the President, Cam. She wants to talk to you.”

Cam stopped to stare, seemingly unable to process that information.

“Like, the President as in Diana Gilmore?” I asked.

Woodward nodded as he handed Cam the phone.

“He-hello?”

Hearing her voice must’ve snapped him out of it because he turned on the charm in one second flat.

“Oh, thank you, Madam President. I’m happy to have done it on American soil. The home crowd really helped me through all of it so far.”

I pulled Woodward aside and asked, “Why do you think she’s calling?”

He shrugged. “I know she wanted to be here at the Olympics. Maybe she’s a fan of gymnastics? I really have no idea. I was about to call my wife and the phone rang. Out of

habit, I answered and a man said, ‘Please hold for the President.’ I thought it was a joke, but nope, it wasn’t.”

“That’s completely fine. I’d be happy to meet them.”

My attention was drawn back to Cam.

“Thank you for asking. If they’re here, tell them to come on down. It’s my pleasure, Madam President,” Cam paused. “Yes, Luke is here too. I’ll tell him you said that. Hopefully, one day. We’d love to meet you. Thank you, and good luck with being president. I mean, you know what I mean. I’ll remember that, goodbye.”

Cam handed the phone back to Woodward. “Oh my God, I made such a fool out of myself.”

“Oh who cares about that! It was adorable.” I dismissed his concerns. “What did she want?!” I half-screamed, grabbing his shoulders.

“Her kids are here. They wanted to meet us.”

“Really?”

Cam nodded. “I think that’s them.”

I looked where he pointed and sure enough, several men in suits with earpieces, flanking a small group of kids, were making their way down the arena steps. One suited woman was already near the floor, talking to arena security.

“Must be them,” Woodward said, as we all watched them approach. It looked like two teenage boys and two younger girls. I recognized the President’s children right away - her son, Chadwick, was still underage, but he was handsome, and his younger sister, Chloe, had distinctive pink hair.

Chadwick approached Cam first.

“Hi! My mom just texted and said she talked to you. I’m sorry to interrupt your celebration, but I really wanted to meet you.” Chadwick directed his gaze at Cam. “And the team,” he added, though it was clear he liked Cam. He hadn’t even glanced my way, or at Miles, for that matter. I’m Chad. It’s a pleasure to meet you, and congratulations on your two gold medals.”

Cam held out a hand, but Chad had opened his arms at the same time. What could've been more awkward, Cam smoothed out by grabbing Chad's hand and pulling him into a hug.

"I can't believe I'm taller than you."

"I can't believe you just said that!" Chad's friend hit him on the shoulder.

Cam laughed. "Yeah, most of us are short. We didn't really have a tall one on the team this year. Ezra's the tallest, I think."

"Hey Chad, you gonna hog Cam all night?"

I watched Chad's eyes roll, before he introduced his sister, Chloe and her friend, Sienna, and then his friend, Aaron.

"Miles, can we get a photo with you?" Chloe asked, much to Sienna's delight if the squeals were any indication.

Chad got photos with Cam, me, us together, Miles, all three of us, then all of us with Hudson, Noah and Woodward, and almost every other combination possible.

He was extremely confident for a seventeen year old, but I guess if you're the President's kid, you've dealt with a lot of potentially stressful situations and I assumed you had to grow up quickly.

"Before I go-" Chad glanced at Chloe and Sienna, who were still chatting with Miles and by extension, Hudson, "I just wanted to say that I'm thankful for you being you, that is, out and proud."

For the first time since meeting him, he seemed to be getting a little bashful. He was twisting his fingers together and looking at the floor.

"If you don't tell them now, you won't ever tell them." Aaron stepped next to Chad, squeezing his shoulder.

"You're the reason I came out to my mother. That July. She had already announced her campaign. We were in New York at the hotel. She was getting ready for a fundraiser and I was

watching the Olympics. Men's gymnastics." He blushed and faltered.

"It's okay, Chad, we understand the interest," Cam said. "Why do you think I'm dating a gymnast?"

Chad laughed, and Aaron was still encouraging him. "They know you think they're hot. You took like a hundred photos with them. Keep talking, sunshine."

*Sunshine?* I wondered if they were together, but Aaron didn't seem as interested in us as Chad. Maybe because he was interested in Chad?

"The finals of the vault. The medal ceremony. I had always known I liked guys, but when you grabbed Luke's face and kissed him. I had never seen that on TV before. I had watched, you know-", he lowered his voice, "-stuff before, but it wasn't like the two of you. I couldn't help it, but I started crying and my mom walked into the room and saw my cheeks. When she asked me what was wrong, I told her what I saw, and she said what I saw was beautiful. It was love. And when she said that, I told her that I wanted that, with a boy, and she said she hoped I got everything I wanted."

"That's beautiful," I said, dabbing a tear from my eye with my sleeve.

"And then I said in case you didn't understand what all that meant, Mom, I'm gay."

Chad's laughter was infectious and Cam wrapped him in another hug. "I'm glad my impulsiveness in that moment helped more than just me."

"Oh, I still have the New York Times from the next day - *The Kiss Heard Round the World*. You had to have realized what a big deal it was."

"At the time, yes," Cam answered. "But I guess I had forgotten."

"Too many kisses since then," I added.

"Fuck, you guys are so hot."

“There it is, finally,” Aaron said. “He’s been dying to say that.”

“Have not!”

“Have to!”

“Any boyfriend on your horizon?” I asked. “Ow!” I rubbed at my chest where Cam had slapped me.

“You don’t need to answer that, Chad,” Cam said.

“It’s alright, I don’t mind. No boyfriend right now,” Chad answered. “Trying to finish school first, then decide what to do with my life.”

“Sounds like a good plan. Are you guys staying for the rest of the Olympics?” Cam asked.

“Of course! We wouldn’t miss it!”

“Chad’s been trying to get an invite to Declan Moore and Tyler Hale’s wedding.”

“Shut up, Aaron!” Chad shoved at his friend. “So many gay icons are going to be there,” he explained to us.

“Ty’s our best friend. We’ll ask him,” I said.

Chad looked like he was about to die, and said as much. After a few more minutes of small talk, Cam and Chad exchanged phone numbers and another hug, and we headed to the locker room after watching them leave.

Cam and Miles had a press conference to attend.



“I’M SO proud of you, Cam Cam!” Heather had finally finished hugging her son.

And she hadn’t even heard about the president’s phone call yet.

“What a stud!” Colton had his turn, as did Ezra, Orion, Austin, and Erika.

It seemed that two Americans earning first and second on the all-around podium attracted quite a crowd.

“Before everyone goes their separate ways,” Woodward used Ty’s shoulder to help him up onto a nearby bench. “I’d like to invite you all to a little celebration my wife and I planned for the team, made even sweeter by today’s victories. It’s just a short walk down the waterfront, to a place called Mission Rock Resort.”

“Who’s invited?” I heard O ask.

“The team, coaches, boyfriends, best friends, parents, any and all of their significant others, former teammates, famous decathletes. If I know who they are, they can come.”

“Right now?” Ezra asked.

“Right now.”

I tried counting on the walk to the resort. There had to be at least thirty of us. Ezra’s parents and siblings were here. I saw O’s mom and his sister, Nia. Cassandra, Woodward, Hudson, Noah and Shane. Erika, her parents, and Isaak. O, Austin and Remy, Declan and Ty, Colton and Zeph, Zane and, I assumed, Torben. The team, and Heather.

She held hands with me and Cam while we walked along the water. It was pretty clear when we came to our destination - a mermaid sign adorned the second story of the modern-looking wooden building - but it was the woman who greeted us, coming down the stairs as we approached.

“Carol?”

“Yes, dear?”

“You’re here,” Woodward said.

“I think that’s obvious.”

“But when? Why?”

“As soon as they won the gold and you asked me to plan something special, I flew over yesterday morning and helped get everything ready up here,” she answered, motioning over her shoulder.

“But where have you been staying?”

“With our nephew.”

A chorus of whistles and cheers erupted when he hugged and then kissed his wife, and the group followed them up the stairs to our surprise celebration.



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## Camden

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"ARE any of you guys going to the Folsom Street Fair tomorrow?" Ezra asked, while his parents were occupied at the bar. His siblings had cornered Zeph and were asking about the NFL.

"Isn't that usually in September?"

"How do you know that, Declan?" I asked, nudging him with my elbow.

"They moved it up because of the Olympics," Ezra answered. "Thought it would be interesting to see."

"We've been a few times," Declan said. "You could probably convince us to go."

"Like a bachelor party?" Ty asked, sounding hopeful.

"I thought you weren't having one of those," Luke said.

"We aren't," Ty and Declan said in unison, before laughing. "But," Declan continued, "I'm game for Folsom if you are."

"Clothed or unclothed?" Ty asked.

Declan leaned in to whisper in his ear and Ty appeared to like what was said.

"Well, that's settled. Anyone else coming?"

A few bits of laughter resulted from that question and it was Austin who answered. "We might have to come another

time. I'm not sure that's somewhere I should be taking private security."

"He can still come," Ezra said. "He would certainly look nice in a harness."

I WASN'T sure Folson was somewhere Luke and I should be either, but the next day, there we were. I wasn't ashamed or anything, but hopefully attendees would be mindful with their cameras. I didn't want a photo of Luke and I watching dudes fuck in public to go viral. Not quite the wholesome image USA Gymnastics would support, but this was San Francisco. And we were gay. If it happened, it happened.

Luke and I wore matching jock outfits. We both went commando under too-small see-through white shorts from Rufskin. The kind that had the side cut-outs almost up to the waistband. It was the next best thing to being completely naked, which was not something we'd do in this public of a space. Running shoes and backwards Stallions baseball caps finished the look. His was red, mine was black. We had slathered the sunscreen on earlier.

"You guys are adorable," Ty said.

"Thanks. You're not so bad yourself," I replied.

Ty wore sandals and white lycra leggings and that's it, other than a rainbow armband on his left bicep. His hair was tied back, falling well beyond his shoulders now. It was the longest I had seen it. He was also still wearing the cage. The lycra didn't hide anything. I said a silent thank you to the universe that Zeph didn't draw attention to it and start shit. I would've told him to shove it.

Let he who is without kink cast the first kink stone.

Declan wore a white leather harness across his broad chest and loose-fitting athletic shorts that did little to hide his massive member that snaked its way down one leg of the shorts. Pressed against the flimsy fabric, it jiggled with every step. Like the rest of us, not naked, but basically showing it all anyway.

Zeph and Colton - not surprisingly - were the least conservative of the group. Colton wore a red jockstrap with brown leather chaps and a cowboy hat. Zeph had a black harness on his upper body and a black jockstrap that barely contained his entire length, which was probably the point.

Whenever Declan and Zeph got together, it was always a dick-off.

We all knew Zeph was the bigger of the two by half an inch, but Luke had told me O was bigger than Zeph, he just didn't brag about it. Christ on a cracker, I wish he did. I'd love to see Zeph's face if O ever flopped it out.

Ezra was the real surprise of the morning. He dressed like a frat guy on his way to a mixer, but once we got inside, he asked us to wait a sec while he went into one of the clubs to use the bathroom. Of course some of the guys - mainly Colton and Zeph - took the opportunity to scope out the scenery.

"Where to first? The shibari demonstration or just go straight to the public sex area?" Zeph asked.

"I'd like to look at some of the jewelry vendors," Ty said.

"We were thinking about a couples tattoo as well," Declan added.

"Aw, that's such a cute idea."

"Cute enough to do it?" I asked Luke.

"I don't know." Luke shrugged. "You don't have any tats yet. It would be hot, but I kind of like your skin all tan and smooth."

"Hey." Some dude in a puppy hood walked right up to me and Luke. "Can you hold my bag? I'm gonna go explore."

*Wait.*

"Ezra?"

I should've recognized the hood from before. It was the same coloration - teal. He had a matching jockstrap...and a tail. And teal Chuck Taylors. So much for only having *some other stuff*.

“Bro, is that tail...inside you?” Ty asked.

Everyone in our group was staring.

“I’m not ashamed of liking pup play. This is why I wanted to come. If you have a problem-”

A chorus of guys admitting there was no problem erupted.

“Then why are you guys staring?” Ezra asked.

“Cuz you look hot as fuck, puppy boy,” Colton answered. “Where was all this the other night?”

To confirm Colton’s assessment, a complete stranger walking by offered his ‘bone’ to Ezra, but only if he was a good boy.

“Uh, I hadn’t realized puppy play was so hot. Why didn’t anyone tell me?” Declan asked.

“First stop, jewelry. Second stop, puppy gear.” Ty grabbed Declan’s hand and they took off.

“So, do you mind holding my bag?” Ezra asked again.

“Of course not.” Luke took the bag.

“You’ve got your phone. You’ll be okay?” I asked, unable to help myself.

Ezra nodded. “I’ve been researching this a while. This is a super professional group. I joined their website a year ago. Vetted pups and handlers only. I’ll be just fine.”

“Have fun, *Tadashi*.” I whispered the last word before giving his butt a gentle slap.

A mistake, I realized only too late, because Colton and Zeph took the opportunity to really give his ass a slap as he walked past them, but he didn’t seem to mind. The swagger and confidence in his step, tail wagging back and forth, made him almost unrecognizable from the pup curled in my lap last week.

Maybe Zeph and Colton’s sex romp with Brody gave him more confidence?

“Well, that’s something I thought I’d never see,” Zeph said, watching Ezra walk off like the rest of us.

“What? You want a little puppy now?” Colton asked.

“If it looks like that? Yes.”

“Was this what you had to tell me about Ezra but forgot to until now?” Luke whispered.

I nodded. “Yeah. He wore the hood once or twice in the dorm. Said it helped him relax.”

“I get it.”

“You do?”

“It’s about headspace. It’s not always sexual, it can be meditative as well.”

“Well, Dr. Rivera, sexual therapist, is now serving real-time advice, live at Folsom,” I teased.

“Were you serious about the tattoo thing?”

I shrugged. “We can go see what they have, I guess. I’m assuming Zeph and-”

They were already gone.

“If anyone can take care of themselves at Folsom, it’s Zeph and Colton,” Luke said. “I wonder how many people will take selfies with Zeph’s dick before the day is over.”

“At least twenty.”



“I REALLY WISH you got something on your butt,” Luke teased.

“You just wanted to see me bent over for that hunk of a tattoo artist with my bare ass exposed.”

“Well, duh.”

“Noah’s going to kill me as it is.”

“For that? It’s tiny. Well, it’s not tiny, but it’s not elaborate.”

“I’m not sure how I’m supposed to avoid *excessive physical activity* either.”

“It’ll be fine. I’ll help you take care of it.”

Luke and I each got matching platypus outlines on our biceps that, when we put our arms together, formed a heart. It was minimalist, or in Luke’s words, tiny, but it was very clearly a platypus.

And I loved it.

That was our first real date, and I would always remember that day.

“Let’s find Ty and Declan,” Luke suggested.

“I’m actually thirsty. Can we find a water fountain or head into one of the bars?”

“Sure thing,” Luke said, looking around. “Hole in the Wall or Driftwood?”

“Driftwood. Reminds me of Florida.”

THE BARTENDER ENDED up being really friendly. His name was Kelly. I shouldn’t have been surprised, because a friendly bartender makes sense. If he were grumpy then he wouldn’t make as much. He didn’t recognize us either, which was refreshing. It wasn’t that often we needed to explain who we were and what we did, especially when we were together. If someone didn’t recognize me, they usually recognized Luke, or vice versa. He also didn’t try to hit on us either. I’m assuming we gave off couple vibes, or maybe he wasn’t looking, or maybe we weren’t his type.

I took a few sips of Luke’s fancy cocktails, but for the most part remained faithful to my iced tea and water. I still had a few days before competition, and the tattoo would already push Noah’s buttons enough. I was just about to ask Luke if we should text the group, when Kelly asked if we were staying for lunch.

“I’m good with here if you are.”

“Looks like it, Kelly,” I answered.

While we were waiting for our food, I checked in on social media. Luke was way more active than me. Considering his contracts, it made sense. I kind of felt bad I hadn’t really cared much about it since arriving in California. At least USA Gymnastics had posted some photos of me. I hurriedly went through and liked various posts and comments, adding mine where I could.

“God, I feel like an ass.” I had missed so much.

“What for?” Luke asked, glancing over from...*shirtless dudes*...Instagram, it looked like.

“I don’t think I’ve looked at my profiles for a week. Having fun over there?”

“Like your feed isn’t the same thing, and why are you so worried? Lots of thirsty DMs?”

“Shut up! I haven’t even looked at those yet.”

I did probably have a few. Sometimes it was hard to tell between genuine fans, and people that wanted a dick pic.

**Tyler:** Where my bros at?

I texted him the name of the bar.

“You’re not a big social media person. Not everyone is.” Luke shrugged. “Anyway, I think people know by now that I’m the oversharer and you’re the mysterious one.”

“I’ve got your mystery right here, tiger.”

“Whoa there, big boy. Put that away. Save it for the stage.”

Of course, our food had to be delivered at that moment.

“Fuck, I’m sorry. I didn’t think anyone was around.” I could feel my face burning up and hear nothing but Luke’s laughter.

“Don’t be sorry. Looked like a work of art. I’m honored that you chose my bar to flash your penis in.”

“Yo-your bar.”

“What? I didn’t tell you I’m the owner.” Kelly winked. “You should come by on amateur strip night. Thousand dollar prize. Last Friday of every month. You’d win hands down.”

“Okay.”

He left to greet a new group of guys.

“Maybe we come back? You said you wanted a hot tub,” Luke said.

“Ha ha. Not bad enough that I’m going to strip for it. We have enough anyway with my medal winnings.”

“Oh yeah. Where are you taking me to celebrate your victories?”

“Here’s where you’ve been hiding!”

I rotated the stool to greet Ty and Declan.

“Wait a minute. Something’s different.” Ty stopped a few feet away. “You got matching tattoos! Aw, little platypussies. Platypussy?”

“Ew, don’t say that,” Luke said.

“Platypus or platypuses, babe,” Declan corrected him.

“And they make a heart when we put them together,” Luke said before demonstrating by touching elbows and lining up our biceps.

“Aw!” Ty fawned on it for a sec before yelling, “We did too!”

“You did what?” Luke asked.

“Tyler! We said we weren’t going to tell!”

“Oh, come on, Dec. It’s Cam and Luke.”

Arms crossed, eyes rolled, Declan relented. “Fine.”

“It’s covered in a bandage, so I’ll show you later, but I got a little crab on my butt.”

I couldn’t tell if he was joking, and Luke was staring at him, just like I was.

“I’m a Cancer. You know, the zodiac.”

“You know people are gonna say you have crabs, Ty.”

I was glad Luke pointed it out and not me.

“I told you so,” Declan said.

Ty punched Declan in the arm. “Declan got a scorpion right above his dick!”

“Also bandaged, before you ask to see it.”

“I wanted something funnier, like, *Open wide* for Dec and *Fuck me!* on my ass, but Dec said those weren’t forever tattoos, so we went with the Zodiacs.”

“It took some convincing,” Declan said.

I smiled at the thought. “I bet.”

“I don’t know what the big deal is, no one would’ve seen them.”

“Ty, you show your ass all the time. You’re at the beach constantly, in skimpy speedos that you pull up to keep your tan lines mobile. Everyone would’ve seen yours,” Luke said.

I added, “If you had any sense of humor at all, you should’ve put the crab in your pubes.”

“What pubes, bro?”

“You know what I mean.”

Ty crossed his arms. “I’m still annoyed we didn’t get the tattoos I wanted.”

“Did you really need a tattoo to tell you to open wide while you’re down there?”

“Luke’s got a good point, babe. I’m pretty sure your mouth already opens wide when it’s down there. Ten out of ten, would recommend.”

“You pimping him out?” I asked.

“Sorry, no.” Declan sighed. “Just excited for the wedding and horny as fuck.”

“You’re not wearing a cage, are you?” Luke asked.

“As if they make one big enough. His dick would rip it apart,” Ty said.

“I’m being good. When he wears the cage, I don’t cum either. I’m saving it for the wedding night.”

“I told you we should’ve bought them the towels. They’re gonna need ‘em.” I slapped Luke on the arm.

“Watch the tattoo!”

“Are you guys gonna eat?” Ty asked. “I could go for a burger.”

“I need a huge-ass beer.”

“Did someone tall, dark and handsome want a beer?” Kelly appeared out of nowhere to gawk at Declan and stare at Ty’s cage.

The white lycra was see-through at this point from what I guessed was precum. Not sure if it was the tattoo, Declan’s proximity, or Folsom in general that had turned Ty on so much. I guess it could be the cage too.

“Yes! They have a Hawaiian burger!”

“Glad you’re enjoying yourself so much, Ty,” I said.

“Thanks, bro. Nothing like hanging with my three favorite people with a painfully hard dick.”

“There’s the Ty I know and love.” Luke slapped Ty on the ass before resuming his lunch.

“You’re lucky that was the right cheek,” Ty warned.

THREE TRIPS to the bathroom later for me - I was staying well hydrated - and Declan, Ty and Luke were trashed. I had texted the other three to come help me with their drunk asses, but had yet to hear back from them. I was about to go search the street when Ezra finally appeared.

He looked like he had been utterly used, but he wore a big smile. He held his hood and tail in his hands, so when he

finally saw me and waved, the tail flopped back and forth, making him laugh.

“Have a good time?” I asked. The other guys hadn’t seen him yet.

“Oh, sweet Jesus, the fuck of my life. I don’t know if I’ll be walking right ever again.”

“Fuck, you get gangbanged?”

“No, no, no. Just one guy, but he knew what he was doing. Fuck! I’m gonna get hard just thinking about it again.”

“What’s his name? You seeing him again?”

“I don’t know. He kept his hood on. We fucked as pups.”

“You mean...doggy style!” Luke teased, before losing his balance. I knocked over my water in an attempt to catch him.

“Kelly, I’m sorry. We had a spill. Can we get these guys some waters?”

“I see they’re having a good time,” Ezra observed. “My backpack here?”

“Yeah, right here.” I pulled it off the floor, where Luke dropped it when we sat down.

“Excellent. I’m going to go change, and then I’ll come back and help you with...them.” He gestured vaguely at the three stools next to mine where it sounded like they were still talking about sex.

“Damn!”

I turned to see what Kelly was admiring. It was Colton and Zeph. Once they made their way over to me, Kelly leaned in and asked, “How are all of your friends so incredibly hot? Y’all need to get on my stage.”

“I don’t know about the stage, but if you’ve got a back room, you can get on something of mine,” Colton said, grabbing his dick through his jock.

“Didn’t you guys get all your fucks out already?” Luke asked.

*No no no.*

I watched as Kelly came out from behind the bar. “I can take a quick break.” But when Kelly saw that Zeph was following them, he stopped.

Colton explained, “Package deal, barkeep. Both holes filled at the same time if you’re still up for it.”

“Fuck, that sounds good to me.”

I watched them disappear the way Ezra had gone, and had to admit, the idea of Kelly getting spitroasted certainly hardened my dick.

“I want you to fuck me tonight until I forget my name,” Luke said into my ear, before grabbing at my crotch.

Declan and Ty were busy making out. The bar’s owner had just taken a fuck break. If Luke wanted to fondle me in public, I wasn’t about to stop him.

“I can do that.”

“Maybe we can come back here one day and fuck on the street?”

“You’d like that?”

Luke nodded. “I’ve thought about having an audience a lot.”

I wondered what other kinks tipsy Luke might reveal. “Any other fantasies?”

“I don’t want anyone else to fuck me, but I think it would be hot if the guys that were watching us fuck came all over me.”

*Well, that sounded hot.* “We can try that some day.”

“Yeah? I didn’t think you’d go for it.”

“Your hand is still holding the evidence that indicates I would indeed go for it.”

“So fucking hard! With strangers or the guys?”

“Likely strangers,” I answered, “but maybe if I’m drunk enough, the guys?”

“Fuck, we need to get to the hotel. Now!”

I tossed three twenties on the bar and let Luke drag me back out onto Folsom Street. I noticed the men staring at our pushed-out shorts immediately, but luckily, no one got handsy.

“Hey, wait up, bros!”

“Ugh!”

I couldn't help but laugh at Luke's disappointed groan. Imagine a best friend that noticed you were gone, and cared enough to follow you out of the bar. The nerve!

“Where are you-” I saw Ty's eyes stare at the tents in our shorts for a few seconds. “Oh shit, you two were probably going to mess around, huh?”

“That was the plan,” I admitted.

“I wish I could say the same.”

“Hey, I can do a lot to you in that cage, Ty,” Declan said. A loud slap punctuated the air. “Might redden that ass a bit. Make you beg for release.”

“Fuck, that's hot. Cam. Hotel. Now!”

Declan chuckled. “Have fun you two. Looks like I need to remind my little Ty who's in charge in the bedroom. Text ya later.”



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## Lucas

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WE DID NOT GET any texts later.

Well, Cam silenced our phones.

When I begged to be fucked, Cam took it pretty seriously. When we first moved in together, we fucked four, five times a week or more, and it was intense. Sometimes even twice a day. Four years later, the intensity was the same, but the frequency had declined. Without even discussing it, we both knew it to be true, so any time we did fuck now, it was like the Olympics of sex.

Don't get me wrong. There were morning quickies and soapy shower handjobs and plenty of highway semen swallowed, but there was something about a dick entering a buttole. It was sacred, and we wanted to give our partner the ride of their life, every time. It was probably the competitive streak in us.

So, it wasn't a surprise that in order to wake us, Colton had to almost break down the door. Sounded like it anyway. I finally opened the door between our rooms.

"What?" I yelled angrily, naked and likely covered in dried cum. I lost track of how many loads were exchanged last night, but I knew it smelled like the dorm room set of Sketchy Sex in here.

"God damn, Lucas. You dirty fuckin' dog, you."

I rolled my eyes and turned to look for a bathrobe, but all I could find was a pair of briefs. Jock briefs, of course, so my

ass was still exposed. “What’s up? I see you found your way back last night.”

“Always do.”

“Cam! We have company.”

He might’ve wrecked my ass last night, but that takes a lot of work. It appeared I wore him out.

“Zeph and I have to go. Back to Texas. Daddy’s in the hospital.”

Cam sat bolt upright at that, and threw back the covers. Even with a massive case of bedhead, a few hickies all over his neck and torso, and his soft dick bouncing between his legs as he joined us, he looked like Adonis come to life.

*Might be an idea for a photoshoot in there somewhere.*

At this point, I don’t even know why I put on briefs, though it felt a little imbalanced since Colton and Zeph were fully clothed. Cam, still completely naked, grabbed Colton by the shoulders, and said, “Repeat that. Your dad. Is he going to be okay?”

“Dadgum, Cam! How much semen did you swallow last night?”

Cam took a step back. “Sorry.”

“Daddy’s alright as far as Beau will tell me. Mom can’t talk to me though without sheddin’ tears, so maybe Beau’s just bein’ optimistic?”

“I wish I could come with you.”

“That’s sweet, Cam Cam, but even I’d choose the Olympics over Daddy.”

Zeph pulled me in for a hug first. “Give our regards to Ty and Declan. I’m sure Dec won’t be sad that I’m missing the wedding.”

“Of course he will be,” Cam said, which was kind of a lie.

I had a feeling even with Zeph on his best behavior that Declan would be so high strung on the big day that even the

littlest thing would set him off. That, or he'd be too distracted to notice.

“Do you need a ride, or want me to call a taxi or something?” I asked.

Cam and I swapped partners.

Colton answered while hugging me goodbye. “Zeph already has a car waitin’. That’s why I tried so hard to get in here. We’re packed and leavin’. Now.”

“Let us know when you get there, and keep us in the loop if you can,” I requested. “We’ll be sending good vibes your way.”

“Thanks, cowboy.” Colton turned back to Cam. “You be sure to win s’more gold medals. Whatever it takes. Sex, withholdin’ sex, whatever.”

“There will be no withholding of sex!” Cam proclaimed.

“Safe flight!” I yelled as the door between the suites closed and they disappeared from sight. My eyes were immediately drawn to Cam’s bare ass. “I can’t believe we’re the type of people that go naked around our friends.”

“We all have a penis, Luke. It’s just a penis.” Cam waved a hand in front of his.

“Fuck. *That*...isn’t *just* anything. It’s like Thor’s hammer and only I can wield its power.”

“Get out of here!” Cam slapped my hand away. “Now’s not the time to fool around. I’m worried about Harlan.”

“That guy’s a dick, Cam.”

“Then I’m worried about Colton. And even if Harlan is a dick, it doesn’t mean I want him to die.”

“I didn’t mean it like that. I don’t want him to die either.” I pulled Cam into my arms and nestled my head against his neck. “Oops.”

“Oops what?”

“You might need some concealer if these hickeys don’t disappear by Wednesday.”

“You brat!” Cam slapped my left cheek.

*Jesus, I love that noise.*

“Nice briefs.” Cam pulled back and reflexively touched his neck. “Glad you covered up the front, because the back’s wide open. Did you realize that?”

I laughed. “Once I put them on.”

I felt Cam’s fingers slip into the waistband and tug them down, then off.

“Let’s shower, then maybe check in with Noah and the team?”



MILES WAS ALREADY WORKING up a sweat by the time Cam and I made it to the gym. Hudson was seeing to that. I assumed he was keeping a t-shirt on so he wouldn’t drip all over the place, though for now, it looked like basic calisthenics.

*Must’ve been going at it for a while.*

Orion was with Woodward and Cassandra by the rings, but I didn’t see any signs of Ezra or Zane.

Cam tossed his bag to the floor. “Can you help me tape up?”

I grabbed a roll and taped his ankles while he taped his wrists. He didn’t always tape for competitions, but it certainly took some of the pressure off the joints during practice.

“Morning, gentlemen. Nice tattoos.”

“Thanks, Coach.” Cam greeted Woodward with a smile.

I was already standing, so I got a hug.

“Either of you see Ezra today? And if the answer is no, I’m going to insist you stay in the village for the rest of the Olympics, Cam.”

“We haven’t seen him,” I answered.

“Sorry, Coach.”

Well, shit, if I didn’t feel like an ass, keeping Cam in my bed when he needed to be helping the next generation of athletes.

Woodward shrugged. “He’s a bit reckless, despite the progress Zane’s made with him. I don’t even know if he’s taking his medication. His mom texted me this morning because she hadn’t heard from him all night. What do you tell a mom who’s worried about her twenty-two year old gay son who was out celebrating with America’s Sack Pack.”

“America’s sack what?” Cam said, pushing himself off the floor.

“You heard me.”

Cam and I burst into laughter. I couldn’t believe he just said that. By the time we recovered a few minutes later, we both had tears streaming down our cheeks and were barely holding each other up.

“I supposed I could just call you trouble. Colton, Zeph, Declan, Ty, you two. Thankfully, you haven’t dragged Miles into it yet.”

“Because Hudson wouldn’t let him,” Cam whispered into my ear.

“Agreed.”

“Don’t think I didn’t hear that. Carol told me what I was in for this time around with the Games in the States. I said, ‘Those boys will be *so* responsible, you’ll see.’ Now, she’s doing the told-you-so dance.”

“Well, I can go look for him,” I offered. “Light the Sack Pack beacons around the Bay.”

“Will you?” Woodward ignored the dig. “I wasn’t above sending Zane into the village, but it’s not like this was an official practice.”

“It was in the app,” Cam said.

“As an optional team-building exercise.”

“He’s probably just hung over. I’ll see if I can find him,” I suggested.

“You ready, Cam?” Noah asked, coming over with Shane. “What the hell is that on your arm?!”

“Well, if it isn’t Mr. Sullivan. Want to help me go look for a lost twink?”

Shane’s eyebrows perked up, as I watched Noah shake his head.

“I’ll explain as we go.” I pulled Shane in for a half-hug, mouthing ‘good luck’ to Cam as I passed him, then led Shane out of the gym.

“DO I WANNA KNOW?” Shane asked, once we were outside.

I shrugged. “Went to Folsom with the guys. He was with Zeph and Colton when we left.”

“Oh, Jesus.”

“Hey, he’s the one that showed up with a puppy tail up his ass, so don’t give me that. Cam and I wouldn’t have had the balls to do that when we were that young.”

“No, you just had the balls to start a secret relationship at the Olympics.”

“Well, yeah.”

“Where we headed?”

“The village,” I answered.

“You know where Zane’s looking?”

“No-” *Fuck!*

As soon as we turned the corner, we slammed into three men. “Sorry, we were rushing and didn’t see...Luke?”

I withdrew myself from the clump of bodies that formed upon impact only to realize Shane and I had found exactly

who we were looking for. A very pissed Zane, a very quiet Torben, and a very hungover Ezra.

“We were just heading out to look for you.”

“I didn’t plug my phone in last night.” Ezra’s tone seemed to suggest other things, but I’m sure he had already been reamed by Zane.

“Well, you found us.” I could practically see the steam coming out of Zane’s ears. “Let’s get to the gym.” Zane made a move to pull Ezra through the middle of our cluster, but I stepped in before he could take more than a few steps.

“Shane, Zane - hey, that rhymes! - why don’t you guys lead the way?” I half-shoved Torben into his husband to get them ahead of us. “Me and Ezra will bring up the rear.”

FOLLOWING a short distance behind the older men, I tried to figure out what happened.

“Where’d you go last night?” I asked.

“You don’t remember?”

“I was a little tipsy. I remember you coming into the bar, wearing a big smile and holding your tail.”

“I went into the back to change into a more comfortable outfit. As much as I liked the attention, I was kind of wiped out.”

“From dream sex with your puppy prince?” I asked.

“Something like that. Anyway, I squeezed out of the bathroom just as Colton and Zeph were disrobing their conquest, then I went to sit at the bar.”

Ezra and I caught up to the others, who had stopped.

“We’re here. Get changed and I’ll see you over at the parallel bars. You have five minutes.”

Zane still sounded *pissed* and I knew not to overstep. Instead, I hung back with Torben and Shane, and waited until the other two went inside and the doors closed.

“Ezra do this a lot?” I asked Torben.

“Not really, no. Well, for his twenty-first birthday, yeah. He let loose a little bit, but he’s usually pretty disciplined. I’d imagine the Olympics is a lot for someone his age to process.”

Torben’s assessment was accurate. I shouldn’t have been so surprised by it, but for whatever reason, I was.

“There’s still a few days before he has to compete again.” I shrugged. “Ezra will be good to go by then.”

“I know Ezra’s family is close with him, but Zane treats him like family too,” Torben explained. “And whether Zane knows it or not, he’s likely living a little vicariously through Ezra right now. If he gets too intense, I can talk to him.”

Shane held the door for us and we made our way inside, finding seats by the bars. Cam was working with Noah nearby, on the floor.

IT DIDN’T TAKE LONG for Zane to work Ezra hard enough for him to vomit. Luckily, he made it to a nearby trash can, and unsurprisingly, Woodward took notice.

“Luke!”

I left Torben and Shane and headed over to see what Woodward wanted.

“Take Ezra into the locker room. There’s some nausea meds in the office, and get him some fluids. I’ll chat with Zane.”

I held my breath as I approached Ezra, who was still coughing and spitting. “Let’s go to the locker room.”

“But Zane-”

“Woodward’s with Zane. You’re with me.” Without waiting for him to move, I led him to the locker room we had been using.

“Zane’s never treated me like this before.”

“What did you expect? This is the Olympics.”

“Fuck!” Ezra slammed his hand against one of the lockers, the sound echoing through the empty room. “I’ve got three—well, two and a half—days until I compete again. He’s acting like I ruined everything.”

“He’s acting like he cares. How late were you out?”

“I don’t really remember—shit!” Ezra ran for the toilet and I tried not to hear the noises. “The bartender took me home.”

“The bartender?” I asked, leaning on the stall door.

“Yeah, uh, Kellan, was it? Or...no, it was Kelly. The one that Colton and Zeph fucked.”

“Oh.”

Ezra came out, wiping his mouth again, and I tried not to gag.

“Let’s get you some Gatorade or whatever Woodward suggested.”

Ezra kept talking. “He knew I was with you guys and after you left, he kept an eye on me, I guess. Made sure I got back to the village in one piece.”

“And he didn’t take advantage of you?”

“I didn’t give him anything I didn’t already want to.”

“Ah, to be young, dumb and full of cum again.” I found the anti-nausea meds.

“You’re only five years older than me.”

“And that much wiser. Get a handle on this. Here.” I handed him two pills and grabbed a Gatorade out of the mini fridge. “I know you wanted to celebrate, but Colton and Zeph are professionals.”

“But-”

“And before you protest, the sex is fine. I mean, I wouldn’t go out and get loaded up by twenty anonymous randos the night before a competition.”

“That sounds really fucking hot, Luke.”

“Forget it, you’d leak all over the podium. Why did I even say that? Moving on—it’s the drinking that’s killing you right now.”

“I didn’t even have that much.”

“Good. That means you’ll burn it off faster. Next time, bring a designated wingman. He can get you ass or dick, *and* watch what you drink.”

“I, uh, don’t have anyone like that.”

“What about Miles?”

“He keeps to himself.” Ezra shrugged. “Even Orion barely sees him, though I suppose he’s with Austin most of the time.”

“You think you’ll puke again? Because I can work you over in here if you want. Zane’s probably going to keep pushing.”

“I know. He’s teaching me a lesson.”

“I guess it’s working if I say I’m gonna work you over and you don’t take advantage of the innuendo to flirt with me.”

Ezra gave me a sad look. “Unfortunately.”

“Well?”

“I’d rather puke in here than out there.”

“No more puking,” Woodward said, entering the locker room alone.

“But I still don’t feel good, coach,” Ezra said with a slight whine for effect.

“That’s why I’ve told Zane to give you the rest of the day off—”

“Really?”

“-though he did not like it, Ezra,” Woodward finished. “Instead, I’m going to have Luke look after you, so Zane can cool off, and maybe you can figure out what to say to him later.” He turned to me, put a hand on my shoulder, and said, “No more throwing up. I don’t want him damaging his throat or aspirating or worse. Plenty of fluids, rest, and bland foods.”

“I’m sure we can find something in the village cafeteria. There’s hundreds of options. Can I say goodbye to Cam?”

“Of course, Luke. Ezra smells like he could use a shower.”



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## Camden

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"LOOKING GOOD, CAM."

"Thanks, Coach."

"Ugh, you know I hate it when you call me that. Noah is just fine, thank you."

I took the offered towel and used it to wipe the tiny beads of sweat threatening to roll down my forehead. "Thanks, *Noah*. Any advice?"

Noah scoffed. "Don't get drunk tonight and get a good night's rest."

"That all?"

"And if you don't want Woodward mad at you, take care of Ezra, which means-

"Which means stay in the village tonight."

"I'd stay in the village until the event finals are over. Ezra's with you on the vault and Miles on the p-bars."

"I HAVE TO GO!"

Our conversation came to a halt as Orion's voice carried across the gym. Woodward was standing beside him, hand on his shoulder, while O shoved everything into a duffel. He must've said something else because O erupted again.

"AUSTIN NEEDS ME!"

That was enough to get Noah and I to head over. I noticed Shane put away his phone and was jogging behind us to catch

up. Miles and Hudson must've left at some point because I couldn't see them.

"I understand, Orion. I just don't want you to go off half-cocked and alone."

"What's going on?" Noah asked.

O ignored him. "Are you coming with me then?" He turned, bag over his shoulder, to wait for the answer.

"Until we know a little more, I think the safest place for everyone is the village-", O tried to leave, but Woodward continued, "-which is why I'm calling Hudson now. He can escort Miles back, same for Noah and Cam. Shane and I will go with you to the hospital."

"Hospital?"

"What happened?"

Everyone was talking at the same time, until Woodward raised his hands to get everyone's attention. "Austin's coach was attacked. He's hurt badly. It's not clear but I believe they have the attacker in custody."

"It's fucking Dennis Jenkins. It has to be. We covered everyone else. How the *fuck* could we forget to protect Josh?"

Woodward put his hand on O's shoulder and he collapsed into Woodward. I could tell he was crying, so I went over to them and hugged him from behind. I knew a lot of what he and Austin had been through. It was in the news every time they went to court. There was something definitely wrong with the guy. He couldn't seem to understand Austin wasn't interested in him, never had been.

"I'm so sorry, O. You guys did what you could," I said, trying to reassure him.

"If they have him in custody, it's over," Shane said. "He crossed state lines on parole, likely broke the restraining order, and sounds like attempted murder, if not assault. He's done."

O moved under my arms, so instinctively I pulled back. He wiped his nose on his jacket and swiped his eyes with both

hands. “You’ll really come with me to the hospital?” O asked Woodward.

“Of course.”

“Is Austin already there?” Shane asked.

O nodded. “He and Remy had just left practice. I guess somebody found Josh’s phone and called Austin.”

“Jesus,” slipped through my lips.

“Hey, Hudson. Is Miles with you?” I heard Woodward ask before he stepped away.

“Do you want me to come with you?” I asked O.

“I think what Coach said was smart. Get to the village for now. I’ll text the team with updates. Let Luke know, too, please?”

I said I would, watched Noah and Shane embrace briefly, before he walked out of the gym with O and Woodward.

“I’m gonna text Luke,” I told Noah, pulling out my phone.

**Cam:** Do not leave the village. I’ll explain when I see you.

“I don’t know how you and Luke have never had any stalkers,” Noah said.

“Jesus, Noah.” I walked over to my bag, so I could gather my stuff.

“Sorry, just thinking out loud.”

“There was that one girl in college. She came to every meet with a sign. I can’t think of her name. Do you remember?”

“Debbie?”

“That’s it. Debbie.” I could picture her now, in the stands. Gymnastics wasn’t a super popular sport for spectators. She was one of the regulars.

“She was harmless.”

“I’m pretty sure she stole my white leotard. I never found it after the meet against Stanford.”

“In any case, she was creepy, but never violent. You showering here or at the dorm?”

“Here, if that’s okay. Ezra and Luke are going to want updates and I doubt I’ll have time to shower once I get back.”

I STRIPPED down in front of Noah and our conversation continued as I made my way into the shower room.

“She might not have been violent, but it was weird thinking someone took my leotard,” I semi-yelled so he could hear me over the water.

“Maybe Luke-?”

“What?”

“Maybe Luke stole it!”

“Good point. I’ve never asked him! Get your ass in here, yelling is annoying!”

Noah complied and took a seat, leaning against the opposite wall. Instead of awkwardly staring at Noah, I focused on wetting every part of my body that really needed soap. Despite my need to take a long relaxing shower, my need to get to Luke was stronger.

“Is it weird that I feel like I should be heading to the hospital with everyone else?”

“You’re a caring person, Cam. It would be weird if you didn’t feel that way. Until we know everything, it’s more important to keep everyone safe.”

“And you and I being alone in a huge gym while one of us is naked is considered safe? No offense, Noah, but you’re not exactly Zeph-sized, if you know what I mean.”

“Under normal circumstances, I’d defend my dick’s honor, but I know that’s not what you mean. Surprisingly. If it makes you feel any better, I have mace on me.”

“Mace? Really?” I scrubbed the body wash in between my legs and up my intergluteal cleft. For whatever reason, that gem from my anatomy textbook came to me.

“Small-town boy in a big city, Cam. Old habits die hard.”

“You ever use it?”

“Nope.”

“Well, let’s hope you don’t have to.”

“Remind me what Debbie looked like again.”

“Shut up, Noah.” He had finally managed a smile out of me and I silently thanked him for making the supervised shower both not awkward and comforting in a way.

After I turned the water off, he stood up to hand me a towel. I walked out of the shower, towel draped down my front as I dried off my hair. I glanced over my shoulder at him. “You gonna watch me get dressed?”

“Only if you do a little dance, you know, tease me a little.”

I scoffed, then joined the game. “As long as I can call you Daddy.”

“Yup. Nope. I’m good,” he said, changing direction and walking away from me. “And I’m only five years older than you!”



LUKE WANTED to rush out of the village and go to O as soon as we told him what happened, but luckily Noah was there to help me hold him back, giving us the time to reason with him. Until we heard from Shane, we needed to stay put.

“I’ve already texted him, Luke. He’ll let me know everything when he can,” Noah explained.

“I’m sure they’re only letting so many people in anyway.”

“Do you think that means that guy’s been, like, watching us hang out?” Ezra asked.

I looked over to the chair he was curled up in, legs drawn up to his chest. He still looked pale, but said he was feeling better.

“No use thinking about that now,” Noah said, moving over to sit on the arm of Ezra’s chair. We were in our dorm’s lounge, a big comfy space with couches, TVs, and a pool table. “He’s in custody and you’re safe now.”

Ezra shivered.

“Let’s go up to our room. You can lie down,” I suggested. “Noah, can you and Luke get some snacks and drinks and bring them back with you?”

Luke kissed me goodbye, and once they had left, I helped Ezra to his feet. “You okay?”

“Was it a homophobic attack? Is Austin’s coach gay?”

I shook my head. “It wasn’t anything like that. The guy had a thing for Austin, and couldn’t take the hint that he wasn’t interested. Became more and more obsessed over time, let his anger consume him and took it to very inappropriate and illegal levels.”

The elevator dinged and before we could step off, Ezra grabbed my hand and asked, “Can we snuggle on the couch again?”

“Of course. You gonna get your hood?”

Ezra shook his head as I held the door open for him.

“Imma change into jammies though.”

He disappeared into his room. I knew he wanted his hood - I could tell he was reverting - but with Luke and Noah coming up, he wouldn’t wear it. I made myself comfortable on the couch and turned on Cartoon Network, hoping for something innocuous. Thankfully, *Teen Titans Go!* was on and I knew all of us, maybe with the exception of Noah, could be entertained with Robin’s bubble butt and Beast Boy’s snark.

Wordlessly, Ezra came from the hall and climbed over my lap only to turn around with the grace of a cat and lay his head half against the side of my stomach, half on my quad. It didn’t seem comfortable.

“You comfortable?”

Ezra sat up and shook his head. “Let me know if you don’t like this.”

I didn’t think he was about to pull my dick out, but I wasn’t sure what he meant until he half crawled into my lap.

“That’s fine, Ezra.”

I got lost in the show and must’ve fallen asleep because the brush of lips against mine woke me up to the sight of Luke’s eyes inches from mine.

“Looks comfy. Can I join?”

I smiled. “Of course.”

Luke climbed over and wedged himself behind Ezra, making him the big spoon, with his head on my shoulder. He didn’t seem to know what to do with his left arm, so I told him to drape it over Ezra.

“He’s worried about the Austin thing.”

“No need to explain, Cam. I understand the benefits of snuggling,” Luke said.

“Do you guys need me to leave?” Noah asked.

Luke and I both flipped him off.

“How are you in the village anyway? I thought it was for athletes only,” I asked.

“After the fire in London, Woodward got all of us exemptions, just in case.”

“Hmm.”

I’m not sure how many episodes we watched like that. It was a marathon and the jokes kept coming. At times, I fell asleep, and when I was awake, my attention would switch from the show to my phone and back. Later, my mom texted and called - it was a big enough story that she had heard - but I told her we hadn’t heard anything and only knew what was in the news.

“CAM.”

I felt a nudge on my shoulder.

“Cam!”

Someone grabbed my nose. I opened my eyes to see Noah reaching over me to wake Luke, so I quickly reached up to soft-punch his stomach.

“Fuck! When did you finally wake up, you little fucker?”

“Just now, when you grabbed my nose.”

“What is it?” Luke asked quietly. Ezra was still asleep on my lap.

“Austin’s coach, Josh, is doing well. He was never unconscious, but witnesses think he may have hit his head on the pavement. He fought back and two other people nearby helped stop the attack, and it sounds like the bystanders held the guy until the police got there. Other than some bruises and a broken arm, Josh is okay.”

“Did he have a gun or a knife?” Luke asked.

Noah shook his head. “Baseball bat. I guess someone saw it about to happen and screamed. Josh ducked the first blow just in time, then reacted to the second by blocking it with his arm.”

“Hence the broken arm,” I suggested.

“Likely,” Noah agreed. “You guys grabbing some dinner here? I’m probably gonna go meet up with Shane if that’s cool.”

“Yeah,” I answered, “we’ll be fine.”

“Say hi for me,” Luke said.

“See you tomorrow, Noah.”

“SO...ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM,” Cam said, glancing at Ezra who was on the phone and walking back and forth in front of us, “If I’m here with Ezra, and Colton and Zeph and back in Texas, and Declan and Ty are at their hotel, then-”

“I’m all alone with a bunch of porn stars?”

“Well, shit, to be honest, I forgot about the porn stars and was more worried about you being alone.”

“I’ll be fine. Noah said the guy’s in custody, so that threat’s over, even though I don’t think the rest of us were in any real danger. I can Uber back to the hotel. They’ll drop me off right out front. It’ll be fine.”

Cam: Are you back yet?

Luke: I told you I’d text you when I got back.

Cam: So...you’re back or not?

Luke: Not.



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## Lucas

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I THANKED THE DRIVER, wished him a good night, then climbed the steps to enter the hotel. Once I was safe inside the lobby, I pulled out my phone.

Luke: Safely inside the lobby. You can breathe again.

Cam: So sorry I care! Love you and sleep well.

Luke: Love you too. You'll be great.

I shot O a text, asking how he was holding up, and made my way to the elevator. While I was waiting, one of *them* popped up beside me.

“All alone tonight, handsome?”

I nodded.

“Is the athletic couple, you know, the black guy with the huge dick and his smaller twunk of a boyfriend...are they still around?”

I shook my head. “Fraid not. Family emergency.”

“Damn.” The guy seemed to consider that for a minute.

*What the fuck was taking the elevator so long?*

Then he asked, “You got plans for the evening?”

“Look-”

“Brody.”

“Brody, I’m flattered, but I have a boyfriend. We’ve always been faithful, and I don’t intend to change course now. Even for someone like you.”

“Like me?”

“I have eyes. You’re not unattractive.”

“Wow, there’s a ringing endorsement! I guess I should be flattered considering you’re a cross between a young Mark Consuelos and Diego Luna.”

“Thanks?” I knew who one of those people were. “Good night,” I said, the elevator finally having arrived.

“Night, Lucas. Can’t blame a guy for trying.”

*Wait, how did he know my name?*

As soon as I closed the door to my room, I sent Cam another text.

Luke: Porn star hit on me already. He knew my name...

Cam: I’m on my way!

Cam: He recognized me too. I told him we were monogamous!

Luke: Easy, killer...I told him to stand down.

Cam: Pic of your empty bed to ease my shoulder devil.

Luke: He doesn’t trust me?

Cam: He’s a shoulder devil, he doesn’t trust anyone.

It didn’t take long for me to strip, set up my little tripod on the bedside table, and take a glorious full ass shot for my needy boyfriend.

Cam: Fuck! I’m coming over anyway.

Luke: You are not. Coach’s orders! Go to bed.

Luke: You have a big day tomorrow.

Cam: Something's big right now.

It didn't take long for the dick pic to come through. Even in poor lighting, it was still a blessing to mankind. Well, just me...because I was not a sharer. Even if I was a world-class flirt.

Cam: Wish you were here.

Luke: I bet you do.

My phone started ringing, so I answered. "I bet you wanna shove it down my throat, don't you?"

"Not really, no...but thanks for offering?"

"Jesus fuck, Ty, I thought you were Cam."

"I kind of figured. I can call back later if it's not convenient for your dick right now."

"No, it's fine."

"I should be grateful I didn't video call."

"I'm decent, you can make it a video call."

"Well, I don't know how decent you are." Ty laughed at his own joke as his goofy smile filled my screen.

Luke: Okay if I talk to Ty? He just called.

"Tell Cam I said hi!"

Cam: Yeah. Like you said, I should get some rest. Love you.

Luke: Ty says hi. Love you more.

"What's up, cage boy?"

"Not *that*."

I had to laugh. "I bet you won't be complaining on your wedding night. Is this the longest you've gone?"

“That’s a very personal question, Lucas Rivera.”

“Bullshit. We share everything, and I’m guessing it’s not. I bet when Declan was in Australia last year he had that shit locked down.”

“*Maybe*, but I didn’t call you to get drilled—*shut it*—about our kinks. I’m calling to check in on you. You doing alright?”

“Oh yeah, I’m good.” I flopped back against the pillow. “Is it weird that part of me’s relieved I don’t have to compete in the Olympics again?”

“No, it’s a huge load taken off your back.”

“Because I certainly didn’t feel like this a few days ago.”

“Well, that means you’re processing it a lot quicker than I did,” Ty answered.

“I think it’s because I was already helping Cam process it.”

“That makes sense.”

I asked if he had heard about Josh yet and explained what happened, which led us into discussing the security for his wedding, and if there was anything I could do to help that wasn’t security-related.

“Hey babe, your lips ready for some action?”

“Dec! I’m on a video call!” Ty turned the camera away, but I had already seen Declan’s *hard* body.

“Hopefully not with your mom?”

“It’s Luke.”

“Eh, he’s seen it before.”

“Well,” I interrupted, “I’m going to let you and your lips go enjoy themselves.”

“Sorry about that, bro.”

“It’s fine. He’s right, I have seen it before. Not that impressive!” I yelled loud enough that hopefully Declan heard me.

“You’re cute when you lie. Night, bro.”

“See you tomorrow, Ty.”

I fired off a text to O because I hadn't heard from him all day, and because I felt like shit for not even thinking of it until now. I didn't expect a response, and I didn't get one. Despite flirting with Cam and the obvious nudity present in Ty's hotel room, I was tired and decided to ignore my dick for once. I turned the TV on, found *The Office*, and watched a few episodes before falling asleep with it running.



CAM WAS in training all morning, so I invited Heather to a late lunch and from there, we headed to the arena together. Cam had been a popular topic, as was my recovery, Austin's stalker, Erika's baby, Ty's wedding, and even Preston's expulsion from the team. After all, the event finals were here, and some were competing because Preston had been disqualified.

“I'm sure it's out of everyone's mind by now. They've gotta be focused on other things.”

“Oh, I know that, Luke, but it's hard to shut my mom-worry off.”

“We're aware,” I teased.

She shot me some side-eye, then said, “If you're referencing the time I couldn't get a hold of either of you and came to the house only to find you-know-what, that was only because I just saw that report about carbon monoxide dangers in old renovated houses on the news the night before!”

I smiled, but kept walking. We were almost to the main entrance where I had suggested we meet up with Ty and Declan.

“Luke!”

I turned to see Cecilia Ellis, O's mom, hurrying over to me. O's sister, Nia, was keeping up behind her...with a much larger man.

“Hi, Cecilia. You remember Heather, Cam's mom?”

“Of course, sweetie.”

“Did you hire security too?”

Cecilia’s exquisitely drawn eyebrows quirked for a second before she realized I was talking about the man with Nia. She laughed for so long that Nia had to step in and save me from the awkwardness. “This is Warren, my boyfriend.”

Warren held out his hand, so I offered mine while Nia introduced me. It was hard to say if he was taller than Zeph, but I felt like a kid next to him.

“Thank you for not crushing my hand,” I said, eliciting a smile from Warren, then introduced Heather, whom he called *ma’am* while tipping an imaginary hat in her direction.

Cecilia finally recovered enough to say, “Being in the spotlight is a messy business, and if we did need protection, you can bet your ass Warren would’ve handled that bastard! I just hope those boys can finally get some quiet. That piece of garbage should be staying behind bars this time, if I have anything to say about it.”

“And I heard his coach is going to be okay,” Heather said.

“Well, I could’ve told you it’d take more than an asshole to take down Joshua ‘The Cannon’ Gannon. He’s got reflexes like a panther.” Cecilia demonstrated her panther impression.

Once Heather and Cecilia started chatting about the stress of being the mother of an Olympian, that was my cue to shuffle closer to Warren and Nia. Nia was engrossed in her phone, but Warren kept me politely engaged in conversation. I inwardly scolded myself for not knowing Nia even had a boyfriend, but it was natural for people in relationships to spend less time with others. O and I hadn’t been speaking as much as we used to *and* we lived in different time zones.

Warren seemed a little too interested in my muscles and how much gymnasts could bench, but I reminded myself not everyone’s gay. He was probably just addicted to the gym and wanted to bro out.

“Bro!”

I turned to see Ty, bundled in a hoodie, hand-in-hand with Declan, who was only wearing a t-shirt.

“Aren’t you cold, Dec?” I asked.

“Not when I have this little cutie to warm me up!”

Ty grabbed my shirt and leaned in to whisper, “The closer the wedding gets, the more he’s like this.”

“How tragic.” I pushed him back into Declan’s arms, and introduced them all to each other before we snagged Heather and Cecilia and headed into the arena.

I MANAGED to sneak through the crowd without getting recognized. The dreary weather might’ve been a factor, but Warren and Declan were also rather imposing...or eye-catching, if I was being honest with myself. Even as an underwear model and world-class gymnast, I had to admit some days it would’ve been nice to be over six feet tall.

“That was sweet of you, Luke, to let Noah have one more day at the Olympics with Cam,” Heather said as we weaved through the crowd to find our suite.

“Well, since they changed the rule for the event finals and are only allowing one coach per athlete, I felt it was only fair. Cam wouldn’t be where he is today with Noah.”

“He wouldn’t be here without you-”

She was being sweet, then awkwardly stumbled into the reality of my injury.

“I’m sorry, Luke. I didn’t mean-”

“I know what you meant, Heather. It’s okay. We mean a lot to each other.”

She gave my hand a squeeze as we approached the large number on the wall that matched our ticket. A suited arena employee asked us to show our tickets to proceed further. USA Gymnastics had splurged after both teams won the gold and bought out a suite for the rest of the games for family and friends to watch the competition.

Only Cam and O were competing today, so as soon as we entered, I saw Miles and Ezra standing next to each other.

“That better be water, Ezra,” I teased.

“Oh, don’t worry, Luke. Zane’s here. I’ve been warned already.”

“Good boy,” I said, giving him a pat on the head, before making my way through the food and drink area so I could see the floor below. It looked like the athletes were still warming up.

I found Cam immediately, his blond hair was distinctive, though even if I didn’t know him at all, I would’ve been drawn to him anyway. I could almost feel his smile from here. And well...there were the muscles, too.

It wasn’t for nothing that during the promotional photo shoots for the Olympics they had the men take their shirts off. A double standard, perhaps, but it wasn’t one I would ever complain about. All of us showed a lot more skin on our social media accounts anyway. The more skin America could see, the less uptight they might be about everything else.

Heather, Cecilia and the others found their way to their seats, and I watched them long enough to see the Foxes were already here, Austin and Erika included, as well as their security.

“Hey, kiddo.”

I turned with a smile, recognizing the voice, then pushed myself into Shane’s arms for a hug.

“How’s it going?” he asked.

“I should be the one asking you that question. I’m good.”

“I’m doing alright.”

“Austin’s coach going to be okay?” I asked, leading the way to a quieter corner of the room, away from the non-competing members of the girls team, who had just arrived.

“Josh will be fine. He’s lucky to have reacted so quickly, otherwise he would have sustained a concussion at best.”

“Shit.” I paused to consider that for a moment, before asking, “And Austin?”

“It’s possible Josh may recover in time, but his teammates are very supportive, and he has Orion to distract him.”

“And his soon-to-be-born nephew,” I added.

“Yeah, I don’t know why you guys always decide the month of the Olympics is the best time to schedule everything.”

“It’s not like we plan it that way, Shane.”

“Uh huh. And when is Ty and Declan’s wedding again?”

“Shut up!” I attempted to push him away from me. “You’re making too much sense.”

“You want something to drink?”

“I suppose I can have a cocktail.”

“There’s my guy. Stop worrying about everything and enjoy the moment.”

“OH JESUS!”

Even two rows behind Erika, I could hear her. The arena was loud enough with American supporters that it didn’t carry far, but the commotion in the suite after every outburst made it hard to concentrate on the event.

“I really think you should go to the hospital,” Erika’s mom said.

“I’m fine. It’s probably Braxton Hicks. I know it’s Braxton Hicks.”

“What’s Braxton Hicks?” Austin asked.

The crowd cheered and I glanced up. One of the younger members of the US women’s team - I think her name was Kaylee Rose - was on the balance beam and had landed a series of backflips. By the time I could hear the conversation again, I missed what Braxton Hicks was, so I pulled out my phone to google it.

*An impending sign of birth. Doesn't occur until the second or third trimester. False labor. Contractions of the uterus to help prepare the body for labor.*

Well, I wasn't about to go down and drag her to the hospital. She had her husband, parents, brother and security detail to advise her. And I sure as shit wasn't about to text Cam or O. They had already won gold and bronze on the floor exercise, but they still had one more event.

"Three gold so far," Shane said, seated next to me. "I didn't think he had it in him."

"Shane!" Luckily, no one was near us. Heather and Cecilia had taken the front row.

"I'm just being honest with you, Luke. He didn't seem to have the spark the last few meets."

"Do you think he stopped trying as hard? Is that what you're saying?"

*Did he throw it so I would make the team?*

"No, that's not what I'm saying. I don't think he did it on purpose. I think...it just happened. The Cam out there today and earlier this week just isn't the Cam I saw a month ago." Shane put his hand on my knee. "I didn't mean to upset you, Luke. I was just thinking out loud."

I turned to look him in the eye. "Well, whatever he was doing months ago, I'm guessing he's pouring everything into now because it's his last chance."

"Possibly, but I think he's doing it for you. He's going to refer to them as your medals, collectively. They'll become like the coin you guys share."

The thought of Cam saying that made my stomach flutter a bit, and I had to remind myself it was only Shane's opinion. But damned if it didn't sound completely selfless and romantic.

It was something Cam would do.

WATCHING Austin react to O's routine on the horse was entertaining to say the least, but it was probably what I looked like watching Cam, especially in Brisbane. Despite being together a few years, this was Austin's first Olympics as an actual Olympian, and their first games as a couple. Even with the drama of Dennis Jenkins having almost ruined everything, they persevered and kept going.

When O's score was posted, I was right there jumping and screaming with Austin. It had launched him into first place. The other routines so far had been underwhelming, filled with errors or a lower degree of difficulty, or both. There were only two gymnasts left to go: Cam and Rasmus Ivanov.

The arena was eerily quiet watching Rasmus. He was a pommel specialist, and you could tell from the smooth body lines and seamless transitions. Unless he fucked up, it was going to be close no matter what. A polite applause occurred after he landed a near-perfect dismount, and I could hear the celebrations of the Estonian's coach over the crowd. Rasmus remained stoic until he reached his coach and leapt off the podium into his arms.

I could see Cam and Woodward flanking O down below for comfort. A quick score meant little deductions, so the longer the judges took, the better.

As soon as I heard the announcer, my eyes shot to the jumbotron in the center of the arena. Orion's name was still at the top, Rasmus was 0.183 points behind him. I saw O celebrate down below, but after a few seconds, my eyes made their way to Rasmus, nervously waiting to see if his coach would protest for some reason. It didn't seem like they were scrambling to fill out paperwork, so I let myself breathe a sigh of relief, then sent Cam a good luck text.

Cam: Thanks, babe. Blowjob if I win?

Luke: Blowjob either way.

Cam: I knew I loved you for a reason.

I loved the man, but there was a reason he hadn't originally qualified for the pommel horse. I clenched when he started his first pass along the length of the horse, alternating hands between the neck, the pommel, the saddle, the other pommel, the croup, and back. I let out a whoop when he completed the pass, even if he wasn't as smooth as Rasmus. The energy in the arena picked up as he got closer to the dismount.

I'm not sure if Preston would've done better because Cam was so solid under pressure. Despite a tiny mistake lining up the dismount, his experience enabled him to correct it and he finished with a solid landing. Most spectators probably didn't notice it, but I'm sure the judges did. It was probably enough to keep him from changing the standings drastically.

Austin jumped up. "What was that?"

"Shit," I heard Erika say. "He's here."

"Your water broke?" Isaak asked.

And then all hell broke loose as the people in the rows around her stood up. Erika's mother was screaming something. Heather and Cecilia were standing, though Heather was still facing the arena.

I glanced to the seats by the pommel horse and found Cam looking in our direction. It appeared he had heard the commotion. A lot of people had.

15.100.

I knew it wasn't enough for the gold, but I had to look to see where it fell.

*Bronze.*

"He medaled," Shane confirmed. "That's awesome."

The chaos that was Erika in labor was making its way up the stairs towards us and the open part of the suite. Austin appeared to be arguing with his dad.

"He just won the gold medal, Dad. I'm not leaving."

"You're about to become an uncle!"

“Are we calling an ambulance? Did someone already call one?” Erika’s mom asked.

“Just let it be, Dad. It’s the Olympics. It’s not like I’m gonna pop him out in twenty minutes.”

“Exactly,” Austin continued, trailing behind them. “I’ll meet up with Orion and Cam after the ceremony and we can head to the hospital together.”

“I’ll make sure that he gets there, Mr. Fox,” I said, stepping towards them.

Erika cried out again and stumbled, though Isaak and Remy were there for her. In any case, it was enough to convince Erika’s dad to stop arguing with Austin.

“Sounds good, Lucas. Let’s go. Austin, we’ll see you there.”

“Love you, brother,” Erika said.

“Love you, Erika. You’re gonna be a great mom.”

“Not before you get there,” she yelled, over her shoulder.

“Did someone call the paramedics?”

Apparently, the paramedics were here.

“I did,” Cassandra answered.

I hadn’t realized she was even here, but it didn’t surprise me that she was the one to do that. She was always the fastest to respond in a crisis or well prepared for the worst-case scenarios.

“Yes, my daughter’s in labor.”

I watched the group part to give the paramedics room, while Remy re-secured the door behind them. My phone vibrated.

Cam: Is Erika in labor?

*Shit.*

“Cam’s asking if Erika’s in labor.”

“Good luck with that!” Shane replied with a laugh.

“What do I tell him?”

Remy held the door open for the exiting Van der Berg and Fox baby caravan. I assumed the one guy I didn’t recognize that left with the Foxes was from the same company as Remy, but I didn’t have time to ask because my phone was ringing.

“Hey, babe, congrats on the bronze medal!” I tried to sound chipper.

“You didn’t answer my text. What happened?”

“Yes, okay? Erika’s in labor.”

I watched and heard him tell O.

“Are you talking to Cam?” Austin asked, stepping over the chairs to reach my row.

“You’re not missing the medal ceremony, Cam, and Austin stayed to watch.”

“Austin stayed? Is he there with you?” Cam asked.

“Yeah.”

“Give him your phone.”

I did and decided not to remind them that they both had their own phones.

“They’ve already left. I’m watching you get the medal,” Austin said.

I had to agree, and hoped Austin could convince O to stay.

“No one’s ever missed an Olympic medal ceremony.”

I wasn’t sure if that was true, but Austin made it sound good.

“It’s your first individual gold medal. You’re not missing it. You’d really leave and take that moment away from your family? From me?”

Oh shit, the guilt card. *Snap*. I waited with fingers crossed to see if Austin’s tactic paid off. After all, it would only be about twenty minutes before we left. Surely, Erika wouldn’t

give birth that quickly. I wasn't an expert, but I thought it usually took hours.

"Thank you," Austin said, pausing to listen. "I won't regret it. It was my decision. I don't need to see my sister's dilated... vagina."

I could hear O's laughter.

"Trust me. She has Isaak and our parents. She'll be fine."

Another pause.

"Yes, Remy's here, I'm fine. Now get off your phone. You just won a gold medal, it looks weird!"

I sat down, feeling relieved, only to notice that Heather and Cecilia were staring at us. "They're staying?" they both asked in unison.

I nodded and Austin said, "Yeah, they're staying."

"I would've whooped his ass if he left before the ceremony," Cecilia said. "No offense to your family, Austin."

"None taken, ma'am. I would've been right there with you."

I tried to not think of Austin spanking O, but the power of suggestion was too much. It was also a bit taboo, since they were pretty private about their sex life. I couldn't help it. Whenever I saw a gay couple, I always wondered if they switched, or if they were strict with their roles. They just weren't quite as open as the rest of our friends, which was fine.

*Curiosity killed the cat. Curiosity killed the cat.*

"I still can't believe Orion won the gold." Austin brought me back to reality.

"He's put in the work," I said, questioningly.

"Oh, I know that. I just meant with everything that's happened this week."

"True, but O's always been pretty even-keeled."

“Are we talking about the same person? Because you should’ve heard the obscenities coming out of his mouth when he got to the hospital the other night. He was ready to go to the police station, drag Dennis Jenkins out into the street, and beat the shit out of him.”

“Okay, that I can see,” I admitted. “But on the podium, he’s never let anything get to him, and I know after London, he knew he could do better and vowed to do so.”

“He’s been driven the last couple years. We both have.”

“I know you’ll do great,” I said, patting him on the back. “You’re right there. Aren’t you top five in the world for your weight class?”

“Yeah, but-”

“No buts. You made it. You’re an Olympian, and no one can take that away from you.”

The Olympic theme song started and the arena quieted as the three medalists walked out from underneath the stands.



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## Camden

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I COULDN'T HELP IT. The anthem did it every time, and even though it was technically for O, I was still crying. But Luke knew me well enough to wrap the coin in tissues. I pulled one out of my pocket to quickly wipe my face, so I didn't look like a leaky faucet in all the photos.

And soon, it would be straight to the hospital because now, of all times, was when Erika went into labor. Not that she had a choice, but man...what timing.

*The baby's finally here.*

The smile on my face was for the little guy, though I should be smiling because of my bronze medal. I was completely on board with Orion to skip the ceremony, but then Austin convinced him to stay, and I could see that Luke was with him too, so I stayed.

Woodward already said he'd cover the press conference for us, explaining we had a personal matter to attend to. After all, I had two more event finals tomorrow and Orion had one, so we'd be able to answer all the questions anyone had after those.

“...AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.”

Orion and I sandwiched Rasmus with bro-hugs, shook the hands of the FIG and IOC representatives that handed us our medals and dahlia bouquets for a second time, and made our way off the podium.

“Make sure you give some time for the other athletes and coaches to congratulate you. I know you want to leave,” Woodward said, greeting us.

“Will do, Coach.” Orion nodded.

I went to my bag to pretend to gather my things. It was already packed and ready, but Woodward was right. The sportsmanlike thing to do was accept the congrats of the other athletes. When I turned around with my bag on my shoulder, most of them were there, and in less than five minutes, everyone on the floor that could’ve come over had done so.

“Give Erika, I mean, Mrs. van der Berg, my best.”

“Thanks, Coach. Will do.”

I sent a quick text to Luke.

Cam: You getting an Uber?

“We’re not showering, right?” Orion asked.

“I wasn’t planning on it. I was going to change into street clothes though.”

“Okay.”

My phone vibrated as we went through the door into the locker room.

Luke: Already requested an XL, your mom and Cecelia are coming with.

Luke: We’ll see you at the transportation circle.

“Luke’s getting an Uber,” I said to Orion.

“Good.”

I tossed my bag down and opened my locker. “I think if we’re quick, we can meet up with them in ten minutes.”

“Are we running?”

“Maybe?”

“Shit. Really?”

“We don’t have to,” I said, a little confused. “I’m sure he’s not sticking his head out or anything yet, or we would’ve heard something.”

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything.”

I kicked off my shoes, pulled my official team jacket and pants off, then asked, “Why does running matter?”

“Don’t make it a big deal, and don’t tell Luke.” He ran his hand over his short hair. “God, this is embarrassing.”

I stopped to give him my full attention. “I’m standing here in just a leotard, Orion. It can’t be that bad, and I’m your teammate. There’s nothing you can say that’s going to change our friendship.”

“I was hoping to wear something comfy to the hospital. If we run, I’ve got to wear something more constrictive.”

He must’ve seen my expression.

“I don’t think it’s wise to have my dick waving around in public. There are cameras everywhere, and it tends to be really obvious if I don’t smoosh it behind spandex or super tight underwear.”

“You’re talking about VPL, visible penis line,” I said, peeling my leotard off and shoving everything into my locker. We had staff that would clean and replace everything by the next day. One of the perks of being on home soil.

“So you’ve noticed.”

“Not you specifically, but it’s hard not to watch Austin’s matches or Declan’s races and not see every guy’s package highlighted in tight, colorful fabric.”

Orion nodded. “I get it. I like seeing my boy in his singlet. But after I compete, it’s nice to let it hang. I don’t want it all smashed together all day. Loose cotton boxers are what I feel good wearing. Austin says it’s still noticeable, but I think that’s ‘cause he’s staring at it all the time no matter what.”

I pulled up my skinny jeans and bent over to tie my Metcons. “You better start undressing if you don’t want to run.”

Orion kicked it in gear and stripped. “Don’t perve on me now. I just know you’re gonna look down there.”

As much as I wanted to stare to make him laugh, I respected his privacy and texted Luke instead.

Cam: Might be a few more minutes. Got held up.

Luke: Looks like traffic for the driver. They’re still not here yet, no worries.

It was nice for Orion to open up, even if it was about sub-fabric penile obviousness. I may have noticed his dick was bigger than mine, but I had never thought about the logistics of dealing with an above average amount of flaccid flesh bouncing around down there. I *was* completely familiar with awkward boners since mine was significant, but Orion and I could talk about awkward hard dicks another day.

“Sorry I made us talk about my dick,” Orion said, stepping over to me.

“Oh, is that what we were talking about? I hadn’t noticed,” I teased. “You ready?”

“Yeah, let’s go.”

I double-checked with Noah which was the fastest way out of the arena before leaving him with Woodward to stand in for me at the press event. Orion was close behind me.

“Is it weird that I feel better after that discussion?”

“The one about dealing with a super-sized sausage?”

Orion laughed. “Yeah, that one.”

I didn’t hesitate. “Not really. You got something off your chest, something that you wanted to talk about. That should feel good.”

I saw Orion check to see we were alone in the corridor. “I used to talk to Luke more about sex stuff, but when Austin and I got serious, it didn’t feel right anymore.”

“It became too personal,” I said.

“Maybe? In reality, Austin thought it was weird, so I stopped.”

“I’m trying to picture no-filter Austin as bashful, but I’m having a difficult time with that.”

“He doesn’t have any other gay friends, like a group, like you two do, so he’s never really gotten used to the idea that sex stuff is a common topic of conversation.”

“Is this your way of asking to hang out with us more? Is that why you guys didn’t come to Cabo?”

Orion smiled. “Part training for the Olympics, part Austin’s intimidated by all of you.”

I nodded. “I guess I can see that.”

“Plus, I think his head would’ve exploded if half the stuff I’ve heard is true.”

“I think more than that would’ve exploded.” I smiled. “Should be just outside these doors.”

I pushed through one side of a set of double doors, just as Orion said, “Austin doesn’t see himself on the same level as you guys.”

Before anyone spotted us, I quickly added, “Well, once he wins an Olympic medal, he’d better, and Luke’s always there if you need to talk.”

“Thanks, Cam.”

THE CAR RIDE with nine of us was chaotic to say the least. Orion’s family was all about his gold medal, understandably, as was my mother over mine. But both Austin and I were trying to get an update from the hospital and failing. At the very least, Isaak had sent a text to confirm the hospital in the birth plan was their destination, so we had that.

I heard Warren’s whistle from the front seat. We all agreed, as the biggest, he should get the leg room. I looked out the window at what made him react and yeah, the maternity

hospital looked like a palace. I should've expected it for the van der Bergs.

"Can you be underdressed for a hospital?" Orion said what I was thinking.

"Oh hush," his mom scolded.

Our driver pulled into the covered entrance to drop us off, and I hopped out as soon as the vehicle stopped. I turned to find Luke, planting a quick kiss on his lips.

"I doubt they'll let us all in. You okay if I run in now?"

"Yeah, that's fine. I love you, *Uncle Cam*. Give Erika a kiss for me," Luke replied.

"Alright, who paid for this car? I don't want them paying the whole thing," Cecilia asked.

Before my mother offered some form of repayment and it turned into a discussion of Venmo and Paypal transactions, I slipped away from the crowd, pulling a distracted Austin with me.

"Let's go find your sister."

We entered the bright atrium and quiet, soothing music drifted down from somewhere above. A large rounded desk in the center with a sign indicating check-in was my target.

"Excuse me, we're family members of Erika van der Berg hoping to be directed to her birthing floor." I wasn't wasting time.

"They mentioned two handsome gentlemen might be the first to arrive. Cam and Austin?"

"That would be us, ma'am." I gave as charming a smile as I could.

"Congrats on your medals so far. My daughter does gymnastics. She's a big fan. Mrs. van der Berg is on the fifth floor, just head down this hall, up the elevator on your left, exit to the right and the waiting room is right there. There's another station there where they can grant you access to her room if possible."

“Thank you-” I glanced down at her nametag, “-Nancy.” I made a mental note of her name, hoping I’d remember to send her daughter an autographed photo later.

“There’s more people coming,” Austin added. “Can they all fit in the waiting room upstairs too?”

Nancy nodded. “It’s an exclusive wing of the hospital. There’s only two patients in there at the moment. You’ll be fine.”

I silently thanked Austin for asking about the others, then continued to drag him further into the hospital.

“You remember the directions?” he asked.

“Left elevator, fifth floor, exit to the right,” I answered.

“Show off.”

I KNEW we were in the right place immediately. David was there with Isaak, who looked shaken, but greeted me right away.

“Cam, thank God.”

“How is she?” Austin asked .

His dad answered, “Great, but a little feisty. Mr. Silicon Valley here made the mistake of saying he was already exhausted for her. She sent him away.”

I held back my laughter to ask, “Who’s with her?”

“Just Rebecca.”

I didn’t say anything more. I walked over to the other station Nancy mentioned and asked what I needed to do to be with Erika.

“Family?”

Before I could answer, Austin was beside me. “We’re her brothers.”

“Very good,” she replied. “Joey, can you take these young men to the dressing room, then into birthing unit B?”

Remy bounded into the room, dramatically - everyone turned - but once he saw Austin and the other guard near David and Isaak, he appeared to relax, but not before staring daggers at Austin.

“You ready?” I got Austin’s attention back, but his face was red. “You okay? You look warm.”

“Just excited for the baby. Let’s go.”

Joey led us to a small locker room and explained, “This room is exclusively for your family’s use. It stays locked from the hall, so your belongings are safe in here. You can put the scrubs over your clothes or take off what you’re wearing and put the scrubs on instead. It can get cold in there, so the layers may help, but I’m always cold.” He chuckled. “When you’ve got the booties, the pants and shirt, and the scrub cap on, you can enter the birthing suite through that door.”

He pointed at a solid violet-colored door in the corner. “If you have any questions, you can pick up that phone. It will automatically connect to the desk outside. Good luck!”

I didn’t wait for him to leave before I started taking my clothes off. I slipped the scrubs over my briefs, the booties over my bare feet, and put the cap on as I made my way to the door. Austin was still fumbling with his jeans, mumbling something about wearing his tight pants to look good for O today.

“See you in there.” I didn’t wait for a response before plowing through the door.

“Cam!”

My eyes adjusted to the muted light in the perimeter of the room, but were drawn, of course, to the action in the middle and Erika’s outstretched hand. I walked quickly, careful to avoid the staff, to grab it. Her mother was opposite me, holding her other hand.

“He’s not born yet?” I said with a smile, earning a hard squeeze from Erika.

“Go fuck yourself–aaah! He’s doing his best.”

“Everything good so far?” I asked the room.

“Normal so far,” Rebecca answered, and one of the staff agreed, “Yes, moving along nicely, and Dr. Cosgrove should be here momentarily.”

I leaned in to whisper, “Is that the one you’ve been seeing? The one you like?”

Erika nodded. “Where’s Austin?”

“Chang-”

“I’m here!” Austin hurried over to stand beside his mother.

“You look good in scrubs, baby bro. Maybe you *should* be a doctor?”

“Don’t get mom started on all that again, Erika. How are you feeling?”

“Like I’m pushing a baby out of my vagina.”

I thought that would fluster Austin a little, but he just said, “Yup, that’s why we’re all here.”

“How—aaah—was the medal ceremony?”

“Great,” Austin answered.

“Did Cam cry?” Erika asked.

“Of course.”

I rolled my eyes at Austin’s answer, but Erika squeezed my hand. “My cute little emotional bestie.”

“How dilated are you?” I changed the subject.

“We’re really going to talk about this, aren’t we?” she asked.

“Kind of hard not to when it’s the reason we’re here. I wanna know if I need to grab some snacks, maybe a milkshake,” I teased.

“Shut the fuck up, you’re making me hungry. I don’t think I can eat anything.”

One of the nurses spoke up. “I can ask Dr. Cosgrove when he gets here. He may allow a light snack - it’s not likely - but

we'll wait for him to make that call. We can definitely give you some Gatorade now, or water if you'd prefer."

"Seriously?"

The nurse nodded.

"Can we order food too?" Austin asked, followed by his mother cuffing him on the head.

After the nurse finished chuckling, she said, "Guests are welcome to eat in the cafeteria on the ground floor. It's open twenty-four hours."

ERIKA ONLY LET GO of my hand to reposition herself or to take a sip, and the company changed throughout the rest of the day and into the evening - Orion, David, even Isaak had another turn. I stayed there to get her through each contraction. Even though she didn't say so, I could tell they were getting worse for her because she'd squeeze harder each time.

At some point, Luke slipped a protein bar into my pocket and left two bottles of Gatorade on the table behind me. I ignored them until Erika said I should eat or drink something, which I then did quickly.

Dr. Cosgrove arrived just after eight, apologizing for his lateness, but Erika didn't seem to care. In fact, I felt her relax when he entered the room.

I could see why she liked him. On the surface, he was handsome, but he also projected a confident aura and his voice was very soothing. Without being introduced, he knew everyone's names, so a nurse must've told him at some point, or his memory and deductive powers were just that good.

"Well, Erika, I can't say I've ever delivered an Olympian's baby before, so I thank you for the privilege. And to be surrounded by so many other Olympians," he mused, "it feels like I'm competing at the games myself." He chuckled at his own joke.

"What's the scoop, doc?" Erika asked, between breaths. "Did he miraculously slip out somehow already?"

“I’m afraid not, but you are at nine centimeters, that’s really close. We’re going to start pushing at ten, okay?”

It was like the baby heard the doctor, because it was like a switch went off. The contractions intensified, lasting a lot longer than they had before, and Erika grimaced with each one. They were either getting more painful, or she lacked the strength to pretend they didn’t bother her anymore. Either way, I felt for her - it was a different kind of pain from anything I had ever seen before.

“Just breathe through it. You’re doing great,” I said. “Each contraction is a hug of love for your baby.”

Erika burst out in laughter, which turned into the next contraction. After she regained her breath, she asked, “Where the fuck did you get that line, a Hallmark card?”

I shrugged. “Google.”

“You googled what to say to me?”

“It’s not like this happens every day. I didn’t want to say the wrong thing. Look what happened to Isaak.”

“You couldn’t say anything wrong. He’s the one that did this to me.”

“That’s not fair, and you know it. It takes two people to make a baby.”

She screamed through the next contraction, squeezing my hand. “I know that! But it felt good to yell at him at the time.”

It was dark out now. I was the only one in here with her, mostly because everyone had fallen asleep. Luke said they actually had guest rooms with beds. Austin and Orion had crashed hours ago, as had Rebecca and David.

I glanced at my phone. It was nearly midnight. I had texts from Noah and Cecilia. It looked like she, Warren and Nia left some time ago. I heard the door to the changing room open and my mom was there.

“My babies,” she said, approaching us. “How are we doing?”

“Hanging in there,” Erika answered.

My mom pushed the hair out of Erika’s face and leaned in to give her forehead a kiss. “You look beautiful.”

Erika laughed, but said, “Thank you.”

“Are you taking pictures? Is Cam? You can always delete them later, but you can’t conjure them out of thin air.”

“I’ve taken one or two,” Erika said, “But I’ll take your advice.”

“She’s close, almost ten,” I added.

“Oh, the fun part.”

My mom held her other hand through the next few contractions, and during the next lull, added, “You’re going to make a great mother. You’ve had a great role model.”

“Role models,” Erika corrected her.

“Well, I don’t know about-”

“Heather—aaah!”

This one lasted over a minute, but as soon as it was done, she continued, “I’ve spent as much time at your house when I was a kid as my own. Plus, look at Cam. You’re a wonderful mother.”

“I hate to interrupt, but you are officially ten centimeters, Erika,” Dr. Cosgrove said. “I’ll have you start bearing down during each contraction now and we’ll go from there.”

“I’ll go get Isaak,” my mom said. “Love you both.”

TEN MINUTES later and she was close.

Cam: GET THE FUCK IN HERE!

“Alright, Erika, this may sound weird, but I need you to relax as much as you can. At this point, the baby is close enough to come out when he’s ready. Pushing can do more harm than good right now, okay?”

Erika nodded, then hissed, “Where the fuck is he?”

“I texted him, but I can go look-”

“No!” She grabbed my shoulder with her other hand. “You’re not going anywhere!”

“Alright, Erika, he’s crowning. I’m going to need you to push gently, until you hear me ask for suction.”

Erika nodded, but I could tell she was fighting back tears. “He’s going to miss it,” she whispered to me.

I leaned forward, touching our foreheads together. “He’ll make it.”

As if summoned, the door opened and Isaak was finally here.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I went down to get everyone some coffee and snacks. I just dumped everything when I got Cam’s text and ran.”

I could tell. He was out of breath. Isaak dashed to the other side of the bed and took her other hand.

“Suction!”

“He’s almost here. He’s almost here,” Erika panted.

“Thank you for doing such an awesome job for our baby.”

Erika flinched, her hand crushing mine and I reminded her to stop pushing. “Deep breaths, deep breaths.”

“Fuck, I wanna push so bad. It’s like fire.” I saw her glance down, between her legs, then she clamped her eyes shut and threw her head back.

“Okay, Erika, one last push.”

Erika exhaled like a dragon and screamed. I was about to ask if everything was okay, but I heard the crying.

Dr. Cosgrove said, “Four minutes past two. Looks and sounds perfectly healthy.”

“Congratulations, you two.”

Erika had tears in her eyes and was at a loss for words, but she pulled my hand up to her mouth and kissed it.

“Thank you for being here, Camden,” Isaak said.

I watched as the doctor passed the red, slimy, crying bundle into Erika’s arms. Of course, his parents were enamored, while the nursing staff kept busy, coming in and out to clean him up. I took a few photos of them all together, and a few minutes later, I heard the placenta was delivered.

“No circumcision, correct?”

“Correct!” both Erika and Isaak said in unison.

“Less work for us.” The doctor laughed, then asked, “Dad, would you like to cut the cord?”

“Su-sure,” Isaak answered. “Just tell me what to do.”

While the nurses helped Isaak, Dr. Cosgrove spoke to Erika. “Just continue to relax. The contractions will still be coming, but they’ll be less frequent and less painful. Your body is recovering now, and the whole process went great. Whenever you’re ready, the nurses can clean him up a little better, weigh him, and a few other things, then we can get him back to you and you can try to nurse if you like.”

A few minutes later and a nurse was back with the little guy, wrapped in a clean white blanket, his little hands covered in tiny mittens. He was precious. Erika let go of my hand to receive him in her arms.

“You don’t need to officially name him right away, but we do need something to put on his tags and crib,” the nurse explained.

“It’s okay. We already have the name,” Erika said. “Johan Camden van der Berg.”

“Very well, thank you.”

Through the tears that had started, I could see Erika had looked my way. “Seriously?” I asked.

“The first name was always going to be Dutch, so I said I had to pick the middle name.”

“And you picked my name? Why not a family name?”

“You *are* family, Cam.”

I cried some more, took a few photos, marveled that the little guy knew where to find milk already without making a joke about Erika’s boobs being the largest they had ever been - she pointed that out, not me - and said my goodbyes. It had been more than a long day, and I still had two event finals later. Luckily, they were in the evening.

Despite needing a shower, washing my hands would have to suffice for now. After changing out of the scrubs and into my street clothes, I made my way into the waiting room to deliver the good news. Luke went to wake up Austin, Orion and Erika’s parents for me, so it was another hour before Luke and I were able to get out of there since everyone wanted all the details. A nurse came out to tell us that Erika was being transferred to a more homey location where more people could visit her, and didn’t need to change their clothes.

With the news of her progress, it didn’t take much to convince Luke to take me to the hotel. I was pretty sure Woodward would understand why I hadn’t kept an eye on Ezra or Miles today. They were likely already asleep and if they somehow did something wrong tonight, Woodward could be mad at them, and not me. I wasn’t going to miss Johan’s birth to babysit an immature new adult that couldn’t take the responsibility of being an Olympic athlete seriously.



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## Lucas

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I HATED to wake him up. He fell asleep twice in my arms in the shower at three-thirty this morning. But he needed to eat something to get his strength back up, and it couldn't be an hour before competition. I knew Declan and Ty's parents were either in town or arriving shortly, so I invited them out with us.

"Hey, babe." I shook his shoulder gently. "You need to get something to eat."

Cam grunted and rolled over, the comforter falling away to reveal his muscular back and just the top of his two perfect buns.

"Hey!" I traced a finger down his spine and poked downward into his butcrack.

"You'll have more luck with your tongue," Cam mumbled into the pillow.

I smiled, then ripped the covers off him completely.

"You fucker!"

I backed away from the bed, expecting the attack before it happened. Cam landed nowhere near me, but had me in a bear hug soon after his leap from the bed.

"Hey, I'm just trying to make sure you're nutritionally satisfied before you compete on the world's stage." Not that I was against a muscular naked man squeezing me in his arms.

"What are you gonna feed me, tiger?"

“Uh...grilled chicken breast, rice and some vegetables.”

Cam let me go. “That’s not where I thought this was going.”

“We don’t have time for me to dump a load down your throat, dear. We’re expecting company.”

Cam grabbed the bedsheet and draped it around his body like a ballgown. “Oh, but what shall I wear? My pearls are out at the cleaners, and my black leather loincloth is at the repair shop. Remember? I busted out of it last time.”

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“You were being crass, so I decided to be high society.”

“I forgot tired Cam was a handful.”

“A handful?!”

I ignored his mock outrage. “And I don’t think high society would accept a bedsheet as appropriate attire, even with an ass as delectable as yours peeking out the back.”

“Speaking of my ass peeking out the back, am I invited to your next Andrew Christian photoshoot, or did they only want me for the one?” Cam dropped the sheet and went over to my clothes.

I shrugged. “I can ask. You hit it off with the photographer, and the social media response was great. I don’t see why he wouldn’t have you back.”

“That reminds me. We never did discuss starting an OnlyFans,” Cam said, pulling out a pair of black see-through mesh briefs.

“Are you serious?”

“There are plenty of people that have them that don’t fuck or show anything x-rated. Plus, we likely won’t be active members of Team USA anymore after this. There’s nothing wrong with tasteful nudity.”

“I guess not.”

“I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable, I was just thinking of alternative income streams since I don’t have the sponsorships you do.”

“Maybe after this you will?” I suggested. “And I’m not uncomfortable with the idea.”

*Aren’t you though?*

I couldn’t for the life of me think of a reason why since my bare ass was a recurring feature of my Instagram account. Apparently, there was a part of me that didn’t want to share Cam in that way with the world.

“So, yes for OnlyFans?”

“I’ll think about it.”

Cam had only added one of my tank tops to his ensemble by the time Ty and Declan arrived.

“Nice ass, Cam,” Declan said, pulling down his sunglasses to check it out.

“Watch out, Ty,” I warned. “We’re rubbing off on your fiancé. He usually ignores all the nudity.”

“If anyone’s rubbing off on anyone else, it’s me, for fuck’s sake.” Ty grabbed his crotch. “Four more days!”

“Maybe Declan can’t help it. It’s a great ass.” Cam pretended to look at it over his shoulder.

Cam’s ass didn’t phase Ty. “Put some pants on, you’re uncles now. Act the part! Congrats, by the way.”

“Oh fuck, that’s right,” Cam said, finding a pair of jeans that I knew would barely fit him. “We need to go see her today. Before the competition.”

“Wait, did you actually forget it happened?”

Cam death-glared me. “It was a long night.”

“Exactly. You were there for the whole thing. Why do we need to go again?”

“Because I want a photo with little Johan and his mommy. I completely forgot yesterday.”

“I’m sure somebody took one,” I said.

“You just want to show off the little dude and the fact that he has two hot gay uncles,” Ty teased.

“Four,” Declan said.

“Four what?” Cam asked.

“Four hot gay uncles,” Declan answered. “My distracted fiancé forgot Austin and Orion. I can see it now. Baby Johan is going to be surrounded by attractive muscular men, but will somehow end up one hundred percent straight and probably play hockey.”

“Gross! I can’t even begin to imagine that,” Cam said. “Y’all ready?”

“You’re honestly going to wear those pants in public, bro?” Ty asked.

“What’s wrong with these?” Cam turned, looking over his shoulder. My eyes scanned the plump curves, sending a shiver through my body. The ache in my balls from last night returned.

Ty shrugged. “I can see the veins in your legs.”

“And your ass,” Declan added.

“One, that completely works for me,” I said, reversing my internal pre-assessment earlier. He did, in fact, fit in the jeans. “And two, when did you get so judgmental?”

Before Ty could answer, Cam said, “You know what they say about people in glass houses? Same goes for twunks in cock cages,” and headed for the door.

I gave my best you-just-got-served face and followed him out of the room.

ERIKA PRETENDED to be surprised we were back, as Cam slyly used Ty and Declan as a cover for his social media mission. Of course, they were happy to visit Erika and baby Johan. Watching them coo over him made me wonder if they had discussed having a family, but I wasn’t going to be *that person*

and mention it literally days before their wedding. I'd do it like everyone else and ask at the actual wedding.

Having a kid felt like years away for me. After all, Cam and I were still building our lives together, so-

“Let's get a photo of you holding little Johan, Cam. I know that's why you're here.”

“Wha-what do you mean?”

“You forgot to take one yesterday, but it's a blessing because both of us look a hundred times better today. Did you really think you could come here looking like that and it not be obvious? I know you too well.”

“We really did want to see him and congratulate you,” Ty said.

“Oh, I know that,” Erika replied. “I'm just giving tight-pants a hard time.”

Cam rolled his eyes before receiving the baby in his arms. “Not you, too.”

“Not me, too? Of course it's everyone, Cam. You might as well wear a singlet that says ‘I'm uncircumcised.’ You're giving the goods away for free.”

“Speaking of foreskin, did you and Isaak opt for circumcision?” I asked.

“Fuck no! It's practically illegal in the Netherlands. Even if Isaak wanted to, I would've told him no. Not that I needed much convincing. Austin's uncut, and Cam and I talked about it too.”

I hadn't known Cam and Erika talked about that, but it made me wonder if Cam didn't like that I was cut. If he somehow preferred uncut dick. You'd think after four years together, I'd be a little more secure in our relationship, but everything that had happened over the last few weeks had carpet-bombed my confidence.

“Luke, can you take our picture? You know my best angles.”

“From the floor, looking up?” I teased.

“I’m holding a baby, Luke, so no, not from the floor.”

“I was teasing, *mi amor*.”

“When did you stop wearing your sling?” Erika asked.

“I can’t believe I didn’t notice,” Cam said.

“I didn’t either, bro,” Ty added.

I shrugged. “Today was my first day trying without it. I don’t need the pain meds anymore, but I have the sling with me if I think I need it. It’s not a big deal. I feel fine so far.”

I could tell Cam was upset that he didn’t notice, but he didn’t say anything more about it. I took the picture, had Cam verify that it was gorgeous, and we visited for a little bit. Erika and Johan were likely going home that evening. All of their test results were healthy and Johan had taken to nursing... well, which livened up the room a bit.

“What? You guys are horrified by my exposed breast?” Erika asked.

“It’s not that,” Cam said.

“Well, what is it then?”

Even Declan was smirking.

“He’s just...really going to town on it,” Ty said.

“He’s hungry and healthy. Why wouldn’t he want it?”

“He’s really sucking...hard,” Cam added.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, are you seriously thinking about some porn star choking down a dick while my baby’s nursing? You two I can understand.” She pointed at Ty and Declan. “I bet you’re waiting until after the wedding, so you’re horny as fuck. So what’s your excuse?” She leveled her stare at me and Cam.

The giggling in the room had stopped, though I couldn’t hide my smirk. The proverbial pin could be heard dropping nearby.

“It was the slurping noises, wasn’t it?” Erika asked. “I admit I had the thought as well. This kid doesn’t stand a chance. He’s going to be a pervert, isn’t he?”

“Aren’t the best of us?” Cam asked.

“To be fair, I suck on Declan’s nipples a lot, so that’s what I was thinking about.”

If I hadn’t left the room, I would’ve died from asphyxiation. I was laughing so hard, I couldn’t breathe, and the guys weren’t helping.



“I GOTTA HIT the village before we go to the arena,” Cam said. “I’ll get the Uber.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I’ve got to meet Ezra and get him there on time.”

I almost asked why Ezra couldn’t handle himself, then stopped. “If you think you can get there, fine. But are you sure you want to risk being late? Can’t you just call him or one of the other guys? Even Zane. He’s not your responsibility.”

“He kind of is...and I also need something in my room, okay?”

“The lucky jockstrap?” I asked.

“No, that should be washed and in my locker.”

“Well, what is it then?”

Cam avoided looking at me. “I can’t tell you.”

“Is it a secret or a surprise?”

“Both? Just drop it, okay? I shouldn’t have said anything, but I’m a terrible liar.”

“Okay.” I walked up to him and wrapped my arm around his waist. “I’ll drop it.”

He responded by kissing my cheek. “Thank you. Do you really feel alright without your sling?”

But I couldn't stop thinking about what he needed to grab.

"The platypus coin?"

"Left it in my locker, and I thought you said you were going to drop it?"

I heard the tone in his voice. The one that said I needed to be submissive. "Yes, sir. Sorry, sir."

"Good boy," Cam said, running his fingers through my curls.

Well, that definitely raised my mast.

And what perfect timing too. Our Uber was here.

ALMOST THE WHOLE team was here today. Miles was the only one not competing since both of his event finals were tomorrow. In fact, I hadn't seen him for a few days.

Cassandra and Noah were leaning against the wall and chatting. They could be in the locker room before the start of competition, but weren't allowed onto the floor due to the new coaching rules. It would be me and Cam, Ezra and Zane, and O and Woodward. Ezra, quite possibly, would've been late if Cam hadn't gone back to the village. Cam wouldn't tell me the name, but an app had been enough to distract him. I couldn't blame the kid for looking for a big pole, or a tight hole, but wait until after you win the medal!

Cam hadn't told Zane about the app, so they seemed to be their normal selves with each other. After his vomitous reunion with his coach two days ago, he certainly didn't need another strike against him.

"You have a soft spot for him, don't you?" I asked. We were far from the others, at the back of the locker room.

"Of course, you said it yourself. He's a puppy. Who doesn't like puppies?"

I shrugged. It was a sensible argument.

"Are you jealous?" Cam asked, pulling his jeans off.

“No, of course not. I know you would never cheat on me. It just...made me see you in a different way. It’s nothing. I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“Well, that’s the magic phrase that means we keep talking,” Cam said. “Get over here.” He pulled me around the bench he was sitting on, so I was facing him, standing in between his legs. He stood up, pushing me against the lockers, his arms under mine on both sides of my torso. I raised my hands, instinctively, to his shoulders, but my left arm was not ready.

“Fuck.”

“You okay?”

I nodded. “Forgot about the arm for a second.”

“Sorry, that’s probably my fault. I pushed you against the locker and-” Cam made a move to leave, but I held him with my good arm.

“Stay. I’m fine now.” My eyes met his, and he brought his body back to press against mine.

“Well, Mr. Rivera, the floor is yours.”

I swallowed, licked my lips, and glanced down at his, but they were motionless. His eyes drew mine back up.

I took a breath and said, “You used to act that way with Austin years ago, but I hadn’t seen it in a while. Kind of like a big brother. Then with Johan the other day, I saw how you interacted with him and I almost melted into a puddle. Ty and Declan were there too, and I couldn’t help but wonder if they had talked about having kids. It’s rude to ask other people, but Ty comes from a big family, so I-”

“You want kids?” Cam asked.

“Well, I think at least one, and I’m not putting pressure on you. We don’t need to decide anything right now; we can talk about this another time. I just see you in these moments and they make me think you’d be a really good dad.”

I wondered if I had said too much. We had never had the kid talk and I don’t what made me think now was the right

fucking time.

“I would love to have kids with you,” Cam said. “We can talk about logistics later, maybe in a year or two, but I think you’d be a great dad, too. Our kids would be very lucky.”

I pressed my lips against his and they opened for my tongue. He groaned as the kiss deepened, moving his hands down to my hips. I leaned into his body with mine. When his hand reached under my shirt, I flinched as his fingertips made contact with my stomach. I remembered he was just wearing briefs, so I snuck down there to get a handful of cheek. He rewarded me with another groan and exposed his throat, tilting his head back.

“I’m gonna give you a hickey if you present your neck like that.”

“Don’t care.” His head came back down and he leaned in to whisper, “I wanna fuck so bad right now.”

“Take that energy and channel it, handsome.”

“Oh, I’ll take something, alright.” Cam’s hands grabbed my ass and squeezed. “If by use it, you mean obliterate and fill with cum. Can do, coach.” He mock-saluted me.

“Use it on the podium, then you can fuck me.”

“Ten minutes, guys. Start screwing now or Cam will be late for the *Olympics*.” Woodward added stress and volume on the last word.

Cam and I chuckled as we disentangled ourselves from each other. I turned to reach into Cam’s locker, grabbing my purple jockstrap to hold out for him. “Here you are, sir.”

“Why thank you.”

I watched as Cam dropped his briefs, and sure enough, Cam’s almost daily gift to me was hard as a rock. “Did I do that?”

Cam swatted my hand away, bending to pull on the jock. “You know you did. I don’t know why we thought you as my coach was a good idea. I don’t think I’ll get extra points for keeping an erection through an entire routine.”

“Maybe with the right judges?” I suggested. “It certainly impresses me.”

“Do you ever think we talk about sex too much?” Cam asked, before pulling his leotard up.

“I don’t think a limit exists. Besides, talking usually leads to doing and that really works for me. Do *you* think we talk about it too much?”

“I think we talk about it more than most people around us, but it works, so-”

“So, don’t look a gift horse in the mouth, or in our case, in between its legs.”

Cam chuckled and finished dressing, adding pants, sneakers and a jacket to his ensemble. I thought about it a little more. “Plus, our flirting usually seems to work for you during competitions. Maybe it gets your blood pumping, or affects your testosterone?”

“Or maybe I just want to impress you?” Cam suggested.

“You don’t need any Olympic medals for that to happen. Everything about you is plenty impressive, babe.”



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## Camden

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I WAS thankful for the flirty banter. Luke was right, it did work for me during competitions. But it was normally watching Luke perform that really distracted me. Without him on the podium, it was even more obvious that I was competing for both of us. Not that he put any pressure on me, but that's how it was. There was no sugar coating it.

Ezra got everything settled, then he and Zane left to watch us with the rest of the crew from above. Luke said there was a suite now for team members and families.

“Good luck, Cam. I'm so proud of all you've done,” Noah said, pulling me in for a hug, before he and Cassandra left too.

I watched the door close, and then it was just me, Luke, Orion and Woodward.

“How's Erika doing?” Woodward asked.

“Good. According to Insta, she's home. Little Johan is doing well.”

“You said Johan?”

I nodded.

“I wonder if she knows that's the name of a highly decorated gymnast from the seventies.”

“Knowing Erika, it was the name she wanted all along, and she only made Isaak think they were picking it because it's Dutch,” I replied, giving Woodward a good laugh.

After a knock on the door, an official entered to tell us the podium was ready for warm-ups to start. If desired, each athlete could have up to three minutes on the rings. We would start in thirty minutes.

“Let’s go, gentlemen. The crowd awaits.”

“YOU DIDN’T TELL me Etienne Beaufort made this event final.” I knew I was whining, but I didn’t care. It was clear he didn’t like me, so I made it a point to return the favor.

“So much happened yesterday, I didn’t get a chance to look. Sorry?” Luke rubbed my arm, a mildly successful attempt at comfort.

“I thought he had retired. He’s so old.”

Luke laughed. “Hate to burst your bubble, babe, but he’s a year older than us. Also, the coachy part of my brain wants me to tell you to ignore him and focus on how you’re going to kill this routine, okay?”

I nodded.

“Toss your bag down, take off your jacket and shoes, and let’s get over to the rings and warm up.”

“Got it.” Coach Luke was appreciated. Outside of the gym, Luke always knew what to say to me anyway, but he was a world-class gymnast. If anyone could make me focus and keep me on target the next two days, it was him.

I felt the weight of the rings in my jacket pocket when I set it down on the chair. Something clicked this morning and I needed them with me. I wasn’t just going to blurt it out - I needed the right moment - but I didn’t want to wait anymore. I wanted us to be more than boyfriends.

We headed over to the rings. The shorter of us - me, Orion, Inácio and the two Japanese gymnasts, Hiruto and Riku, needed a boost up. That’s why Luke had followed me. In less formal competitions, we’d sometimes help each other out, but at the Olympics, your coach helped you up.

The other three were tall enough to reach the rings on their own: Etienne, the French prick who I swore not to like; Alessandro, the tattooed Italian hunk who I swore not to stare at; and Ihsan Kılıç, the biggest threat for me and O on the rings. He was in line in front of me, only a few inches away, and it was hard not to notice his shoulders were a few inches broader than mine. He also smelled like a mix of orange and jasmine.

*Are all gymnasts drop-dead gorgeous?*

“*Bonjour*, Camden. Save some gold for the rest of us, eh?”

I turned my head to see Etienne’s lop-sided smile.

*No, not all gymnasts are drop-dead gorgeous.*

“Hey Etienne, just doing my best.”

That earned a laugh from him. I hated to admit he didn’t seem as annoying as the last time I’d seen him, but I still didn’t find him good-looking.

When Alessandro was done, Ihsan had hopped up to the rings. It was easy to see why he had placed first in qualifications. His movements were smooth and he had the strength for perfectly still holds. It was hard to imagine the scores being close.

I still wasn’t used to the idea of me being skilled on rings either. I had qualified for the event on my own, without a Preston drop-out. It wasn’t a strong event for me at the start of my career, but the longer a gymnast competed at this level, the more mass was gained. One didn’t work out as much as I did without gains.

“You’re up, golden boy,” Ihsan said a few minutes later.

His ass slap stunned me a little, though I knew I was reading into it. It wasn’t sexual to most men.

*I am not most men.*

“Do you need a pick-up? Hello? Camden?”

I turned to see Ihsan’s smile, inches from my face. He was pointing to the rings. I hadn’t noticed Luke wasn’t with me.

“Sure. Thank you.”

I barely remembered to chalk up before his hands were on me. His fingers squeezing my quads were definitely distracting, but he was holding on until I got a solid grip.

“I’m good.”

The pressure was gone, but I could feel the heat resonating through me. These Olympics really needed to be over, so Luke and I could go back to our regularly scheduled fucking. I felt like a goddamn bunny rabbit in heat.

I’d also forgotten what juggling a schedule like this was like. I hadn’t thought I’d be the one juggling it all. Too busy to fuck and super horny because of the testosterone-fueled competitions pumping my body full of endorphins. Lessons I had to learn all on my own.

I barely did anything on the rings before I landed a pretty good dismount, then it was straight over to Luke.

“You left me,” I said.

“It was good for you to talk to the other athletes. Both for the cameras and for your...development.”

“The only development I had-”, I leaned in to whisper, “-was the erection caused by someone else’s hands on my body.”

“Which one?” he asked, pretending he was fine with it.

“Ihsan.”

“Very handsome. I hope you enjoyed it.”

“You’re not jealous?”

“Babe, you ain’t leaving me at this point because I’m the only one who knows how to satisfy you when you get like this.” His finger traced my jawline and ended on my lips, to which he gently added a kiss. “Now, be a good boy and get two more medals today, and you can give me as many loads as you want tonight. You pick the holes.”

I immediately sat down, grabbing my jacket to cover up my reaction. “You are a jackass.”

“Sorry, not sorry, but you’re the one that tried to get a rise out of me first,” Luke said, taking the seat next to me. “You ready?”

I nodded. “No more sex talk. I know that quite possibly could be our thing, our tactic, but I need to focus.”

WE WENT in reverse order of our qualifications score. Ihsan, who had the best score, would go last. I placed sixth and would go third tonight; Orion was fourth, so he would go fifth. It put more pressure on the athletes with the highest qualification scores, but that was essentially what pushed athletes to do their best. As the number one seed, Ihsan would have the privilege of knowing exactly what score he needed to post for a gold medal.

Riku Nimora and Inácio Silva, both solid all-around gymnasts, were up before me and posted average scores.

“You know what to do, kiddo,” Woodward said, walking over to me before my name was called.

“Yes, Coach.”

I peeled off my jacket, folded it and put it into my bag, then kicked off my shoes. Stretching my arms over my head and at every other conceivable angle, I waited to move to the podium until I heard my name.

“CAMDEN KANE, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.”

“Never gets old,” I said.

“Let’s go get ‘em, handsome,” Luke said, slapping my ass as he followed me onto the podium.

I was still horny as fuck, but filled with a warmth only Luke could give me. It was a feeling I had noticed more and more in the last year or so. It was why I had what I had in my jacket.

He lifted me up so I could test the chalk level on the rings, and then a second time, so I could add a little more. Clapping my hands got rid of the excess.

“You ready?” he asked.

I nodded, then approached the rings. Having him there with me had quieted every nervous part of my body. I said a silent thank you, saluted the judges, and positioned myself under the rings. A second later, I was settled and Luke’s hands were gone.

I had worked with Noah to streamline my routine into three sections, which had made it a little easier for me to remember and a bit more memorable for the crowd. I showcased several strength elements in the first part, including my opening Felge to swallow, followed by a front salto into a cross.

The difficulty increased further into the routine, where I added handstands and additional strength elements preceded by large, dramatic swings. It was a kind of dance of sorts. As the imaginary melody in my head soared, I had to tell myself to breathe at certain moments.

After that last back uprise into a saddled L-sit, I had two sequences left. The first consisted of a Yamawaki into another handstand, though this one started with bent forearms. I pressed up, willing my muscles to stay tense, and focused on keeping the rings as still as I could to prepare for my dismount, a full twisting double back salto tucked.

The rings flew to the side, dramatically, but completely clear of my body as I twisted, feeling gravity take me quickly down. I knew something was off, but focused on the floor, waiting for the impact, so I could stabilize any and all muscles immediately if needed.

I ended up landing quite solidly, but facing the wrong way. I hadn’t done the full twist. I’m not quite sure what I did exactly, but I took it in stride and saluted the judges. The only ones that likely noticed were the coaching staff, Colton and Ty, and *maybe* my mom and teammates. It depended on how much they paid attention to me at practice.

“What happened?” Luke asked, hugging me as I came off the podium.

I shrugged, knowing cameras were right in my face. “Didn’t get enough power.” Keeping my voice low, I asked. “You think the judges are going to care that much? What did I even do anyway?”

“Either something new and cool that they’ll name the Kane, or they’ll just deduct a few for not doing the full twist? I’m betting on the latter.”

The score came back relatively quickly, and it was pretty good for missing an element.

14.433.

The crowd reacted because it put me ahead of Riku and Inácio, which was technically first place, but there were still five more gymnasts to go. I wasn’t optimistic.

“Well, it could’ve been worse,” Luke said. “I think I might need to watch the tape again *and* somehow purchase a print of your face when you landed,” he added, which made me laugh.

“That comical?”

“You forgot to smile, despite sticking the landing. You looked confused.”

“Well, I was confused.”

I heard my ringtone going off in my bag, so I pulled it out.

“Hi, Mom!”

“Why was your score so low? You were wonderful!”

I glanced up at the stands to see if anyone she was sitting near could tell her why.

“I didn’t do what I was supposed to on the landing. Ask Noah. He can explain it better than I can.”

“Getting rid of me already?”

“You know that’s not it. I’ve got to support all the athletes competing today. I can’t be on the phone the whole time.”

“Alright, alright. I get it. Good luck on the vault, sweetie. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

IT WAS like my performance was a jinx for everyone but Orion, who did remarkably well and scored higher than me. But, the others...

Etienne lost his grip half-way through his routine and had to restart.

Alessandro didn't hold a few of the strength skills long enough and was too shaky on his handstands.

Hiruto took three stumbling steps on his landing, taking him out of bounds and putting him on his stomach, causing the crowd to gasp.

After some applause when he stood back up, the arena was eerily silent.

"I think you've got another medal, Cam," Luke whispered next to me.

"I can't believe it."

In another minute, Luke's words became a reality. Hiruto's score was posted and Orion and I were still at the top of the leaderboard with only Ihsan to compete. I couldn't hide the happiness, but it wasn't the right moment to jump up and down. The cameras had never left me, and I noticed a few more now were pointed my way.

After Orion had finished, he and Woodward made their way over to us, so we could watch the rest of the event together. I could tell Woodward was pleased. It's not that he never looked unhappy, but his face was usually neutral.

Not right now.

Even the usually stoic Orion was smiling.

Ihsan wasn't necessarily a specialist, but he certainly wasn't an all-rounder. Watching him make his way onto the podium, his neck, back, and arms were noticeably larger than anyone on Team USA.

Whatever curse had been cast on the other athletes was disintegrated by Ihsan. It would go on to be called the most

beautiful rings routine of all time. There was zero movement when he was holding a position. When he went up into a handstand, the rings were motionless. In between each skill, the movements were fluid. I was happy to have been there to see it, and was left wondering why I hadn't heard of him before today.

AN HOUR LATER, and it was a completely different atmosphere. Tension, stress, pressure.

Every gymnast on the vault was apparently doing their best work today, including Ezra. And since I placed first in qualifying, I was the last to go.

"I'm going to have to get a personal best at the rate this is going."

"Stop looking at the scores, Cam."

"I don't need to look! They announce them after every routine!"

"You know how many 'King of the Vault' signs I can see right now?" Luke asked, but didn't wait for me to answer. "At least seven. Etienne doesn't have a sign. Maksims doesn't have a sign. Nobody else does, and you know why? Because you're the best at this. No one has come up with anything new on the vault since the Kane because there's nothing more difficult they'll declare safe. Until you did with the Kane II."

That was true. A few had tried, but had injured themselves. The FIG wasn't going to let gymnasts become permanently injured trying to outdo each other. There was a limit.

"You're that confident in me?" I glanced over at him.

"It's your event, Cam." Luke grabbed both my hands, forcing me to turn to look at him. "I wish you could see what I see when you launch off the springboard. You're magnificent."

"But the photos-"

"Okay, photos of any gymnast look terrible. Our mouths, faces and muscles are doing who knows what to get us where we need to be. I meant the movement, watching you in person.

It's like Apollo has come down from Olympus to shower his gift upon you for every vault."

"Okay, I like where that is going. I definitely want Apollo showering me or showering with me. Let's make that a reality."

Luke dropped my hands. "You're impossible."

I gave him a quick kiss. "I know what you're doing, and thank you."

With the last score posted, João Paulo Matos was now in the lead, pushing Ezra and Etienne down a position. Somehow, Ezra was in contention for a medal.

"It's time," Luke said, standing up.

I followed suit and dropped my jacket on the seat. I checked my phone quickly, flicking through messages from my mom, Ty, Orion, Miles, Noah, and the twins, though I hadn't seen either in a year or two.

"We all believe in you, Cam."

My shoes and pants came off next. "Love you."

"Love you more, handsome." Luke gave me one last kiss and I headed for the podium.

My mind was racing with thoughts. This was my second-to-last Olympics event, likely ever. I had one more event final tomorrow, the high bar with Miles. Miles was doing great for someone his age, though Ezra was younger. Miles and Orion were the same age, actually. Was I wearing my lucky jockstrap? It'd be kind of hard to check now.

*Focus!*

I heard my name announced, so I only had a thirty-second window to vault. A helpful monitor nearby provided the countdown. I ran down the approach to loosen up, then came back to chalk my hands. I was doing my no-fault vault - the theoretical sure-thing - a Li Xiaopeng, named after the titan of Chinese gymnastics. Instead of launching straight off the springboard, I did a front handspring first, using that to gain extra height instead of distance.

After saluting the judges, I was off and running. I pumped my arms, hit the spot before the springboard with my hands and in less than two seconds, I had landed with no hop. I just needed to slide my ankles together.

Luke congratulated me after my salute with a half bear hug. "It was that good?" I asked.

"It was that good. The original Kane for the next one?"

"You know it."

I took a sip of water from the bottle he offered and trotted back down to the start to await the score.

16.233.

I did some quick math. I'd need higher than that to surpass João's score. I re-chalked my feet and hands, clapped off the extra, cracked my neck on each side and had fifteen seconds to go.

*You've done this a hundred times. Just do it once more. Nothin' to it.*

A few cheers echoed through the arena, but it was mostly silent. As soon as I took off sprinting, I couldn't hear anything but my heart pumping. My sole focus was the springboard and all the muscles of my body. One more breath.

Springboard.

Table.

Air.

Mat.

The roar of the crowd came back to me. Instinctively, I saluted the judges and smiled. I had stuck the second landing as well.

"You fucking did it! I know you did!" Luke said, running over to me before I got off the podium. He followed me down and over to my stuff. "You need a 16.14 or better, by the way."

"For the gold?" I asked, hopping on one leg, attempting to pull my pants up and over my wispy shorts.

“Yeah.”

It seemed like I did the math wrong, but it was over. The score would be what it was.

I tried to seem like I didn't care, but what Luke said felt right. It was *my* event. This one meant more to me than the others because of all the work I put into the skill. I couldn't help but notice the other athletes fidgeting. My score, the last score, would determine where everyone else ranked.

16.400.

The relief dropped from my head through my stomach and Luke wrapped his good arm around me. “I'm so fucking proud of you.”

I felt someone jump on my back, but Luke and I took the extra weight as if it were nothing. After they screamed “You did it,” I knew it was Ezra.

“You did it too, buddy,” I replied.

Eventually, Ezra climbed off me and Luke, and the others came over, including João and Etienne, to congratulate us. In less than fifteen minutes, I was on the podium, gold medal around my neck, crying like a baby to the Star-Spangled Banner.



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## Lucas

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"CAMDEN! CAMDEN! OVER HERE!"

Cam motioned to the hyper reporter, who quickly asked, "You currently have four gold medals and two bronze medals from San Francisco with one event final left, how does that feel?"

Cam's smile hadn't turned off since we entered the room. He didn't love the press events, but I'm guessing my quick blowjob in the locker room boosted his spirits.

"It felt great. It feels great. I'm proud to represent the United States, and with my teammates, to show that the male gymnasts of America are contenders. We haven't received the same amount of attention as some other teams or sports, but if winning a few medals was what needed to happen, I'm glad it did."

"This question's for Lucas."

I turned to the crowd of reporters, half-surprised. After Cam's gold medal performance, I wasn't expecting any attention.

"You were forced to transition to the role of coach rather quickly. Is coaching something you'll continue to do? Do you and Camden have any plans to retire from gymnastics, or other ideas for your future?"

"To a certain extent, every athlete is a coach. You're constantly looking at your own performance and critiquing it. To be honest, coaching Cam was a way that we could spend

more time together and keep me a little closer to the Olympics.”

“Which I didn’t mind at all,” Cam added, soliciting a few chuckles from the crowd.

“As for retirement, I think we have yet to make a final decision on that, though statistically, this was likely our last Olympics. Regarding other plans, I’ve convinced Cam to model some underwear again with me soon.”

Someone in the room wolf-whistled.

“Cam and I have never been shy about our relationship, and I think we both want to push the puritanical American envelope a little bit. Kind of play with masculinity, athleticism, sexuality and culture.”

Cam’s mischievous grin was not helping me control my dick.

Another reporter took advantage of the silence. “You two have intense chemistry, and we all know you’re superstitious about competitions. It’s rumored there’s a lucky jockstrap and you’ve spoken publicly about the platypus coin from your first date...”

*Where’s this going?*

“...In London, you were asked a question about your future and you flipped for it - platypus was marriage, logo was undecided - but you never told us the results. Anything you’d like to share now?”

Before I could answer, Cam said, “Actually there is something I’d like to share. All of my medals, with Lucas Rivera. He deserves them as much as me, maybe more, since he never had a chance to prove it here. But he was the one who made the team, and then I happened to be the one to essentially finish what he started. As for the results of that flip-”

I’m not sure what came over me, but in seconds, I had pushed back the chair and I was on one knee behind the table in front of Cam, looking up into his eyes. When I grabbed his hand, his eyes grew wider.

“Cam, I’ve wanted to do this-”

“Into the mic! Say it into the mic!”

I pulled the mic off the table and awkwardly held that with one hand while I held Cam’s with the other.

“I’ve wanted to do this for a long time, but with working on the cottage for years and training for the Olympics, there never seemed like the perfect time. But life’s too short to wait, and things can change so quickly that I don’t want to live another moment as your boyfriend. I want to be something more. I want to be connected. I want- I want to be your husband. Camden Kane, you are the most selfless, kind, understanding, caring and beautiful man I’ve ever known. Will you marry me?”

He let go of my hand to wipe the tears from his face and tried to speak, but I could barely hear anything, so he started nodding, then cleared his throat. “Yes! Yes, I’ll marry you.”

I tossed the microphone on the table and launched myself into his arms for a hug, which then morphed into a very serious kiss. The room filled with applause, and if it wasn’t for that reminder, I think we would’ve taken things further. I could feel his excitement between us.

“Does that answer the question?” Cam asked.

I resituated myself at my microphone and for whatever reason said, “I don’t have any rings though.”

Cam turned to me and smiled. “After all this, for one second, I forgot.”

I watched him reach down, unzip his left jacket pocket, and pull out...a small box. He moved his hand on top of the table, so everyone could see, then opened it. Inside were two gold rings, each had a colored band running through the middle.

“I was going to ask you sometime soon, and I had these made for us.”

I ignored the chorus of admiration coming from the room and focused on the rings. “Emerald for me, and sapphire for

you?” I asked.

Cam nodded. “Mine is engraved on the inside with ‘I love you’ and yours is engraved with ‘I love you more.’ Do you like them?”

“I love them,” I said, holding my hand out for him to put the ring on. “It’s a perfect fit. How did you know?”

“I got it while you were sleeping,” he leaned in to whisper.

“Did you get us matching cockrings?” I asked in turn.

“There’s an idea,” Cam replied.

“Here, let me,” I said, taking the box from him to give him his own ring. “They’re beautiful. I feel so fancy.”

“Let’s see those rings, gentlemen!”

“Can we get another kiss?”

“When’s the wedding?”

“CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN,” Woodward said, meeting us in the hallway off of the press room. “Unplanned perfection as always. At least everyone that wasn’t there will be able to see it, which reminds me, I better call-”

His phone started ringing. “Looks like they’re calling me. Have a good night, but don’t celebrate too hard. You have one more event, Cam.”

“Night, Coach,” we both said, before turning to jog down the hall.

I could feel my phone vibrating and hear Cam’s before we made it outside.

“We have to try to find her before she hears it from somebody else,” Cam said.

“Well, if she stayed with anyone from the group, that’s unlikely. Doesn’t she get notifications whenever you’re in the news anyway?”

“I forgot about that.” Cam frowned, but I squeezed his hand to reassure him.

“We’ll find her.”

“She texted she’s in the middle of the big silver balls.”

“That’s the southeast corner,” I said.

“You certainly know your stuff about balls.”

“Lots of practice, but I’ve never seen them silver. Maybe we can buy some body paint and have some fun for Halloween this year?” I suggested.

“Sounds good, but I’m more focused on tonight.”

“What’s happening tonight?” I asked.

“Fucking. Lots of fucking,” Cam said, an almost growl to his voice. “There she is.”

I took in who was around her as Cam went in for his hug. Ty and Declan, O, Austin and Remy, Noah and Shane, Miles and Ezra, Hudson, Cassandra, Zane and Torben. It was pretty much everyone but Woodward. A few of them had big smiles, especially Ty and Noah.

“Mom, I’ve-, well, we’ve got something to tell you,” Cam said.

I moved next to him, close enough that he grabbed my hand.

“Just now at the press conference, Luke asked me to marry him.”

I watched Heather’s face light up. “And you said yes?”

“And I said yes!”

Heather pulled both of us towards her, crushing us in her arms. “I’m so happy for both of you. Oh, and I get another son out of it!”

“Show us the rings!” Noah yelled out, which led to Heather and everyone else seeing them. After the excitement over that died off, Shane came over to me and gave me a hug. “I’m really happy for you, Luke.”

But then Ty got everyone going again, when he showed Heather the video, and told us we were trending. He suggested we all go out to celebrate, but Woodward showed up and suggested he'd look for a place that could fit all of us for the next afternoon.

“After all, Cam, Ezra and Miles still have events tomorrow. They need their rest, especially Cam,” he warned.

The group splintered after that, though Cam and I invited his mom, Noah and Shane out to dinner, and they accepted. We found an intimate Italian place nearby that only had a thirty minute wait. It was worth it

I'm not sure if they recognized us or maybe somebody told them, but our table was in an outdoor private courtyard behind the restaurant. We couldn't see any other guests, and soft classical music was coming from somewhere nearby. The trees were wrapped with white Christmas lights, and the table was lit with three candles. It was very peaceful, and Cam deserved it, after such a long and stressful day.



“YOU DESERVE THIS.”

“I do?” I asked, feeling my hole burn, wondering how much of it was inside me.

“Yeah, you do. It's your reward for being such a good coach.”

*Holy fuck!*

Cam slammed all the way in and I swear my dick pulsed. *Dios mio*, he knew how to fuck me.

“See,” he said with a smile. “I knew you'd like that.”

I nodded, barely able to contain the energy Cam was releasing inside of me with each manipulation of his body. My finger could never reach the spot, but Cam's huge cock could and with every thrust it felt like I was going to cum.

“Such a good boyfriend.”

*Jesus!*

“Such a good fiancé.”

*Ugh.* “I’m so close, Cam.”

“Uh-uh. Much too soon.” Cam slapped my dick, causing me to jolt and clench around him. “That’s it. Why don’t you work yourself on me.” Cam stood up, still inside me, turned around, and fell back onto the bed. I would’ve fallen off him, but his grip kept me tight against him, so when we hit the mattress, his cock plunged as deep as it could go.

“Ahhh! “I bounced a few times when we landed, causing even more spots to appear before my eyes.

On my knees, straddling his waist, his cock firmly inside of me, I repositioned my legs and pulled my feet forward to stand on the bed, so I could get leverage. Cam folded his arms behind his head to watch me fuck myself on him. It was actually one of my favorite positions. I could be in control, but I loved getting fucked.

When I wanted it slow, I leaned forward, made eye contact, and took his cock nice and easy. When I wanted it fast and hard, I leaned back, bracing myself with my arms behind me and pistoned up and down with wild abandon. My hard dick flopping against my stomach along with each thrust of his from below got me close each time.

“Luke, if you don’t stop, I’m gonna cum.”

“That’s the idea, babe. Unless you don’t want to.”

“No! I - want to. Just - letting - you knooooow! Fuck!”

With each spurt, he bucked, giving me wave after wave of pleasure. I was so hopeful for hands-free because that looks way sexier, but already I could feel Cam slipping into a post-orgasm haze.

“No, you don’t, Cam. You said you wanted to hear me scream your name while I came and I haven’t said it yet. Give me ten more thrusts.”

That brought Cam back to me with a smile. “Yes, Coach.”

His cock along with his dirty talk and my fist around my shaft, pumping furiously, were enough to coat our chests with my cum.

“Fuck, that was good,” I said, falling forward, smearing the mess between us. I could feel less of Cam’s cock stretching me, which meant it was softening and after a minute or two, it slipped out of me completely.

Cam sighed and kissed the top of my head. “Top ten?”

I turned my face up, away from his chest, to agree. “Top ten.”

“Shower?” Cam asked.

“Unless you want to smell like a heavily-used jockstrap all night and sleep in a wet burrito,” I replied.

“Hmm, that’s a tough one.”

“Shut up!” I said, pushing myself off his body. “We’re showering.”



THE NEXT DAY FLEW BY. Our competitions were in the morning because the arena had to be prepped for the final games of basketball. The US team had made it to the gold medal game, which wasn’t surprising, considering it was the one sport we’d dominated for the longest time. Miles, Ezra and I all added to our medal totals.

The United States men’s gymnastics team ended the San Francisco Olympics with ten gold medals, three silver medals, and five bronze medals. It was an American record for the men. One of the headlines was *The Little Team (of Strong Gay Men) that Could*, which was the current topic of discussion at our team’s celebration brunch.

Mimosas were on the house, because Woodward had found a gay-friendly - *shocking!* - restaurant, where the owner also happened to be a former gymnast from Stanford. He told us when his employee asked him about a party of twenty-one, he

assumed it was for a wedding or birthday. But when he asked for the name and heard Martin Woodward, he knew it was for the team. He joked with us that usually he has a hard time getting extra help to come in, but when he said it was for the men's gymnastic team, everyone said yes.

I looked down the table at Miles' grandmother, wondering if she was shocked that her grandson might be treated like a piece of meat, but at the very moment, she squeezed Hudson's bicep, laughed, and said, "I can see why. My goodness, it's like a python." The entire table burst into laughter and for once, Hudson was blushing, though he had a huge smile on his face. It sounded like it was a lot for her to travel, but when Miles had qualified for two event finals on the same day, it was too good of an opportunity to pass up.

They were at one end of the table with Woodward, his wife, and Cassandra. I was in the middle with Cam, his mom, Noah and Shane, Ty, Declan, and O, and the other end of the table was Ezra, his family, and Zane and Torben.

The servers came by with baskets of pastries and took our order. I wanted to enjoy my plate-sized pancakes, so despite wanting to try one of each type of pastry, I only had a cheese danish.

"Austin's training, I assume?" I asked O.

"Yeah, all his matches are tomorrow."

"So, Remy's with him?" Cam asked.

"Yeah, even though Dennis is in jail, the Foxes are taking no chances."

I was glad when Declan asked, "But what about you?" Because I was thinking the same thing.

"Oh, he's never cared about me. It's like he doesn't even know I exist, which I suppose I should be happy about, but it pisses me off that he completely ignored that we're in a relationship."

"Well, the guy is not well, bro," Ty said. "And none of it was your fault, or Austin's."

“Thanks.” O downed his mimosa and signaled one of the waiters for a refill.

“And your mom?”

“San Fran’s expensive as shit, Luke. She and my sister flew home last night.”

“Well, I’m glad they were able to come. That Warren was...something,” I said.

A few seconds of silence followed that comment and I was about to change the subject, when O said, “Y’all think he might be gay too, right?”

The consensus was yes and we had a laugh at that. Declan, ever the clear-headed one, suggested O talk to his sister about his concerns.

“Just because you guys have a feeling doesn’t mean he’s gay,” Shane added.

“That’s exactly right,” Noah added, “He could be bisexual.”

Our breakfast came, and Cam asked O more about Austin’s training and asked if he would share Austin’s schedule with the team, so we could support him. The conversation drifted towards my proposal and the attention it had received. Noah said his phone was nonstop since it happened and suggested we do a TV circuit soon while the Olympics were still a hot topic.

“*After* our wedding,” Ty warned. “Then you can have the spotlight back.”

My phone had been vibrating enough lately to keep me at half-mast, but I hadn’t wanted to deal with that yet. Apparently, Cam hadn’t been bothered as much as either of us and I reminded him it was because he was a social media recluse.

Cam shrugged. “I’ll post a retrospective when we get back home.”

“I don’t believe it!” I heard Ezra’s shriek from three seats away. Glancing toward that end of the table, I saw he was

looking at his phone.

“Did your first pube finally grow in?”

“Shut up, Liam. My pubes are fine.” He held out his phone. “Jack Davies is coming at me again!”

His family didn’t seem to understand, but I pulled out my phone and opened Twitter.

**GymnastJack92:** I’m proud to have done the best I could for my country. Congratulations to Miles McQueen on his gold medal today. Ezra, well, at least he had a nice view from his position.

“Okay, we need to know what really happened on that fucking elevator,” Cam said. “Because clearly Jack has a thing for Ezra.”

“That’s true,” O said, lowering his voice. “We know from drunk Ezra that Jack admitted he looks like his ex.”

“I mean, it is a nice view,” Declan added, showing us a photo from Jack’s instagram. Jack was lying on a chaise lounge, poolside, his pert buns completely wrapped in a skin-tight, too-small wet speedo, leaving nothing to the imagination. “This screams, ‘I’m a bottom’, and his tweets about Ezra scream, ‘Top me!’.”

“I don’t see Ezra as a top,” Cam said.

“You guys hear yourselves, right?” Noah asked. “You’re talking about someone’s sexual preferences like it’s any of your business.”

“Well, what do gays from the eighties talk about then?” I asked.

“We’re like five years older than you.” Shane came to Noah’s defense. “We’re not that much different.”

“It’s funny you think this is bad,” Cam said, “Colton and Zeph aren’t even here.”

“Speaking of,” I interrupted, “how’s Colton’s dad?”

“All I’ve heard is stable for now. He’s only sending one word texts, and Madison isn’t replying to me at all. I’m not

sure how bad it is.”

“Did you guys decide what I should do?” Ezra yelled from his end of the table, after which his mom gave him a very disapproving look.

“Don’t take the bait,” I said.

“Ignore him,” Cam added, leaning forward to speak over his mom.

“Slide into his DMs and get some tasty booty shots.”

“Declan!”

“I can’t help it, Ty.” Declan leaned in, but I still heard him say, “I’m horny as fuck and I want inside of that tight hole so bad.”

It was obvious the chastity stuff was still happening, but I hadn’t spoken to Ty about anything not related to the wedding for the last six months, so I was glad to hear my best friend’s sex life was as robust as Cam and I’s. It seemed like every young man at the table was *active*, though I knew nothing of Ezra’s older brother, Liam.

“All ready for the wedding?” I asked, hoping to stave off Declan splitting Ty in half on the brunch table in front of everyone.

“I think Declan’s more interested in the bachelor party,” Ty answered. “Though I’m a little curious too.”

“I thought you weren’t having one,” I said.

“We weren’t,” Ty said, “But it seems Freddie and Quinn have masterminded one anyway.”

“And I’m guessing it will be a good time because Freddie apparently convinced my dad to borrow his credit card for the night,” Declan said. “Even though they’re already paying for the wedding.”

“I thought the bride’s family paid for the wedding,” Cam teased.

“Who says I’m not the bride?” Declan was quick to reply.

“Which one of us is the bride then?” I asked Cam.

“Hmm.” Cam thought about it for a second before answering. “I think you’d look better in white.”

I turned, bringing my mouth to his ear. “I don’t think you’ve fully appreciated what your ass looks like in a white jockstrap. It’s like cotton meets porcelain.”

I noticed he shivered when I said that, so I added, “I can still feel the pounding you gave me last night, and if this evening involves any male strippers, I will certainly be ready and willing for round two later tonight, you big stud.”



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## Camden

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OH HOLY FUCK.

I did not want to open my eyes. It felt like I was in a bed, so that was good.

And there was someone in it with me. At the very least, one person.

“Lu-uke?”

*Ugh...my voice sounds like shit.*

I didn't get a response, so I opened my eyes. I was in Luke's hotel room, what had been my hotel room. I recognized the decor and the blue walls. Sunshine was streaming in. I had no idea what time it was. I pushed myself up, and went to shake Luke awake, but the man in bed with me wasn't Luke.

*What the fuck happened last night?*

He had dark hair, but it was super short, completely buzzed.

*Fuck.*

I already knew I was naked. I could feel the cool sheets against my skin.

*Maybe he's not?*

I lifted up the comforter...and...there was a beautiful, plump and completely naked butt.

And a tattoo...on his torso.

I sat up, then crawled on all fours, hovering over his body. I started peeling the comforter back away from his stomach...

*Fuck it!*

I flipped him onto his back and there was the full pegasus. It was Luke. I scolded myself for not recognizing his tight ass, but the hair threw me way off, and I was clearly recovering from...whatever we did last night.

I never noticed his hairline was so symmetrical, and though all his black curls were gone, he still looked handsome as fuck. *He looks four years younger.* I moved to get a closer look and the comforter pulled away, revealing the rest of his body. He appeared to be having a good dream.

His dick was rock hard.

“Luke!”

Well, yelling his name wasn't doing anything, so I planted my elbows on either side of his waist and took all his length into my mouth.

*Damn.*

It was a little...ripe, but my saliva soon slicked it enough that I didn't care.

*I guess we had a good time last night.*

I kept the suction up as I pulled off his shaft, keeping the head in my mouth, and repeated that motion for a few minutes. He still wasn't waking up. I slid down too far, hitting the back of my throat, and pulled off to cough. I wasn't sure how Luke took all of me without gagging. He'd probably say he was better at it, and that would be true.

“Morning, babe. Makes feeling like shit feel a little less shitty.”

“Sorry, did my coughing wake you?”

“That, and what your mouth was doing before you got too greedy.” His expression changed. “Something feels different.”

I watched his hand go to his head.

“What the fuck?!”

Luke launched off the bed and ran to the bathroom. Before I could get to him, I heard, “It’s all gone.”

“So, you don’t remember last night either?” I asked, as he came back into the room, both hands on his head.

“Not at the moment. At least you still have your hair.” He glanced my way. “Although I think you’ve got - I’m guessing - my cum all up in it?”

I went to look in the mirror to see what he meant, and sure enough, I did have some crusty parts that looked rather out of place.

“It must’ve been a good bachelor party if you look like Flock of Seagulls and I look like-”

“A young Jay Hernandez?” I suggested.

“Thanks. I was going to say my scrotum. It’s too short.” Luke ran his hand over his head. “I feel like I remember walking by a barber shop and someone suggested we all get shaves, then Ty said-”

“Let’s be buzz bros!” I finished Luke’s thought.

“Oh, he’s going to fucking die if he buzzed his hair off the day before the wedding.” Luke rushed back to the bed, looking for his phone.

I went to look on my side of the bed. When I picked up what we had tossed off the bed, I found our clothes pile. Luke’s phone was in his jeans pocket. “Here, Luke.”

A few seconds later, Luke said, “He didn’t answer, straight to voicemail.”

“Hang up and try again?”

On the third try, someone answered.

“Finally! Ty! Do you have your hair?”

“What do you mean, do I have my hair? No, you know I got waxed for the wedding.”

“On your head. Your long, blond hair on top of your head.”

“Yeah, why? Oh shit, bro, I thought that was a dream. Did we shave your head? Do you have your hair? How bald are you?”

“I’m not bald. It’s only buzzed, thank God.”

“I guess you went first and somebody must’ve stopped me.”

“I stopped you,” I heard Declan say.

“Why didn’t you stop me?” Luke asked.

“I was still getting a shave when y’all started that shit. I got there in time for my babe, not you, man. Sorry.”

“Does Cam like it?” Ty asked.

When Luke looked at me, I nodded and smiled. “It’s different, but I like it.” I whispered, “Wondering what it will feel like on my balls.”

“Gotta go, Ty. Glad you’re still Goldilocks. See you at the rehearsal dinner.” Luke hung up. “You really like it?”

“I do. It’s like I’m dating a completely new man.”

“It’s like you’re *engaged* to a completely new man,” Luke corrected.

I heard my ringtone, but didn’t answer in time. I had six texts, five of which were from Erika.

“Everything okay?” Luke asked.

“Fuck, we need to shower so, so fast. Austin’s match starts in forty minutes.”

“How far away is it?”

“I don’t know, but I can’t go with dried cum in my hair, can I?”

Luke didn’t answer, but smiled and dashed into the bathroom.



THE NEXT MORNING was a little more peaceful. The absence of Luke's curls had been a humorous diversion at Austin's matches in the afternoon, especially when Ezra said he would've teased Luke about his other curly hairs still being there, but he knew he trimmed. The joke made the usually quiet Miles cry from laughter. Later in the evening, his new hairstyle was a solid reminder for attendees to remain relatively sober at the rehearsal dinner. At least, those that knew Luke. The wedding was massive, but the rehearsal dinner was somehow under thirty people.

We had a quiet breakfast together at the café on the corner with my mother. Despite an invitation to the wedding, she wasn't going. Once she said it felt a little out of her league, I didn't pressure her. Despite being in northern California, I had seen the venue and it definitely had a Hollywood feel to it. My mom was more comfortable in intimate gatherings than the kind of thing I knew had been planned.

We talked about Austin and how amazing - and confusing - it was to watch him wrestle, and she agreed with me that Luke's new haircut was flattering.

"It allows people to see more of that beautiful face."

"Thank you, Heather."

"I'll admit, though, I didn't recognize you at first. I wondered where my son keeps finding all these attractive men."

"All these attractive men?" Luke repeated. "What other men have you been bringing to her?"

"I don't know what she's talking about. Honest."

"I didn't mean anything that specifically. It just seems like there's always someone new to the group and they're always handsome. Like Austin's security guy, Raymond."

"Remy," Luke and I both corrected her.

"Yes, him, or even Nia's boyfriend, or Ezra's brother. Everyone's just so darn handsome."

“Some people are just pretty, mom. It has nothing to do with me.”

“I think people are less pretty around you, babe.”

“Do you have your outfits for the wedding?” my mom asked.

“They arrived this morning while we were getting ready to come here,” Luke answered.

“Send me photos, or take photos to show me later. I bet you’ll be the handsomest couple there. Well, other than maybe the grooms. Give them my love.”



“DO YOU HAVE THE RINGS?”

I watched Luke feel his chest pocket, pull out the box, and open it to double check. “Yes.”

“Okay, close the box and put it back in the same pocket. You look super handsome, by the way.”

“I feel naked,” Luke said. He hadn’t stopped rubbing his hand over his head since we showered. “You don’t think it’s weird that they sent all the groomsmen a brand new pack of Coyote briefs to wear?”

“They want you all in the same outfit, down to the smallest detail. You know how Declan is.”

“I think Declan got a new contract with them. If he wants a photo of me in them, I’ll have to say no. Unless it’s private.”

“If he wants a photo of you in your underwear, *I’ll* have to say no,” I said. “Though we’ve gone further than that before.”

“I know,” Luke replied, “But now I’m engaged and the future’s wide open. I don’t wanna make any mistakes.”

“Hate to break it to you, tiger, but mistakes are a part of life.”

“How’d you get to be so smart?”

“Well, you are what you eat, so I guess your semen is filled with intelligence.”

“You’re incorrigible.”

“Is that a fancy word for adorable?” I asked.

Luke ignored me. “I better get us an Uber.”

“Why aren’t you getting ready at the venue again?”

“Ty was afraid there wouldn’t be enough space. I offered to get ready here.”



THE CONSERVATORY OF FLOWERS was in the northwest corner of Golden Gate Park, across from the Olympic Village. The Uber had to drop us off at the entrance to the park due to security. They were only allowing guests into the park at this time, according to the man our driver spoke to. Luckily, our names were on the list and we had thought to bring our IDs. I sent a quick text out to the rest of the guys to make sure they brought theirs.

“You think that’s because I snagged an invite for Chad and guest?” I asked.

“The president’s son? Maybe, but I doubt it. It’s probably to keep the paparazzi out. I feel like Ty said a few celebrities were invited.”

As we made our way to the rather obvious and ornate Victoria greenhouse, I was glad I rented a tux. Khakis with a shirt and tie would have been extremely out of place. As part of the wedding party, Luke had his chosen for him. The navy suited him well.

After climbing the stairs, we found the location of the ceremony. Chairs were lined up facing the greenhouse, with small columns in between to navigate through the labyrinth of seats. An archway covered in flowers stood at the front.

“Where’s the aisle?” I asked.

“They’re coming in from the sides. Ty from the left, Declan from the right. I should go join the groom and start being a best man. I’ll see you after the ceremony.”

I wished him luck, and Luke kissed me goodbye. I still couldn’t get over his hair and smiled, remembering his face that morning. I wandered the grounds a little as more people arrived, waiting to see a familiar face. With my hands in my pockets, I felt my phone vibrate immediately.

Grant: Y’all here yet? I haven’t seen anyone I recognize other than Tom Hanks.

Graham: Jake and I just got here, coming up the steps now.

Cam: I’ll meet you there.

Alex: Have fun, guys. Wish I could be there, but I’m at my sister’s wedding!

I sent another one to the newer guys, letting them know where I was headed. In a matter of minutes, I had been updated on the twins’ lives, and when the others arrived, I introduced them to Ezra, Miles and Hudson. Ezra and Miles both fanboyed over the twins, especially Grant, who they had several questions for, mostly about his Netflix show and updates for the next season.

I saw Hudson place and then hold his hand on Miles’ back, which caused a memory to resurface from the bachelor party of a very public kiss, but I’d have to ask Luke if he remembered that. Hudson’s hand placement seemed like a very boyfriend thing to do.

Orion had met the twins in London, if not before, but Austin hadn’t, so when they showed up, the introductions began again. At some point, they realized they were all at the same table for the reception, and based on Ezra’s squeal, that was happy news for at least one person. I wouldn’t be a witness to most of the rest of their night, since I was with Luke at the head table.

WHEN THE MUSIC STARTED, the officiant went to the center of the arch, and asked for everyone to take their seats. There was a slight decline to the hill we were on, so despite being shorter, I could still see the walkways from which the wedding party would make their entrance as well as the arch.

The assistants must've coordinated it somehow - maybe they had earpieces - but both side doors opened at the same time, and I saw Ty's brother, Pierce, emerge on the left in a royal blue tuxedo, and Declan's father, Elijah, on the right in a rust-colored one. In sync - they must've practiced - they walked towards the arch and stood on their respective side. Quinn and Yuri were next, and then Luke and Freddie. Those on the left side were dressed in all hues of blue, and those on the right were wearing tones of red.

When the music changed, the crowd stood.

"I guess it's just a ritual for everyone to stand up since there's no bride," Graham whispered next to me.

"They can do whatever they want, honestly," I said.

The orchestra, or whatever it was called - I couldn't see exactly how many people it was - was playing a new melody. Thanks to my mother's musical tastes and my inquisitive childhood brain, I recognized Carly Simon's *Nobody Does It Better* right away. For this song, they were accompanied by a vocalist.

On the opening line of the second verse, the doors opened for the final time, revealing the grooms, each escorted by their mother. Ty certainly wasn't looking for a long-term relationship in London, but he did afterward, and somehow they found each other. It was a great song, the perfect song for them, and I just completely fucking lost it.

I was an emotional kid, and based on gymnastics medal ceremonies and what was my first gay wedding, I was going to stay an emotional adult. Luckily, Luke knew this and stuffed my pockets with tissue packets, which I ripped open immediately.

"Jesus, Cam, they haven't even got to the vows yet."

“I’m aware, Ezra.”

Both of their mothers looked amazing in cream-colored dresses. Declan’s mom’s was shorter than Victoria’s, but she was a former model, if I remembered correctly. Victoria was a hippy librarian, so the long, flowy fabric made more sense.

Ty wore a bright teal tuxedo with black notch lapels, a dark teal vest with a white shirt, and a slim baby pink tie. He had a white iris boutonniere, pinned to the front left side of his jacket. His hair was braided in a way that made him look like a young Norse God. It wasn’t quite a French braid, since there were multiple strands on each side, but it was impressive even from a distance.

On the opposite side, Declan wore the same style tuxedo as Ty, except his was burgundy and the tie was a baby blue. He also wore an iris. I’d have to ask the significance of the flower later. He kept his hair shorter than Luke’s now was, so nothing unusual in that regard.

They came together just as Carly’s imitator was declaring their lover was the best. Both men kissed their mothers, who then took their seats in the front row. Ty and Declan immediately joined hands.

“On behalf of Tyler Patrick Hale and Declan Isaiah Moore, welcome and thank you for being here. It is my privilege to perform this ceremony today, a privilege not to be taken lightly as marriage, at its very core, is the act of two beings becoming one.”

The officiant then talked a bit about each man, and how they met in London, including Declan’s belief that Ty saved his entire career by the pool that day. Declan’s best friend, Freddie, read an excerpt from *The Art Of Marriage* by Wilferd Arlan Peterson, which was lovely and exactly how I saw my relationship with Luke.

“Thank you, Freddie. Now comes the good part,” the officiant joked. “I’ve been informed the grooms have written their own vows. Tyler has elected to go first.”

Tyler coughed and scanned a small piece of paper before tucking it in his pocket. “Declan, since we found each other on that random beach in Santa Cruz, there hasn’t been a day that’s gone by where I haven’t thought about you. If I’m being honest, it’s probably more like since you gave me your phone number in London. I wasn’t really looking for love until you sparked something inside of me, and I tried to find it, briefly, before my accident. But it wasn’t that the other people were the wrong girl or the wrong guy. They were just the wrong person entirely. You were always going to be my person, and that was so clear after our first night together.”

Ty paused, and I could see his face redden. I resisted the urge to wolf-whistle, knowing laser beams would likely shoot out of Declan’s mother’s eyes and find me.

“I had never felt so...complete. I was a thousand piece puzzle that was missing its final piece, and you gave me that. You *are* that. Your love makes me feel more like *myself* than I’ve ever felt, if that makes sense.”

Declan nodded.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve you, but I’m going to spend the rest of my life being the best partner I can be because I have the perfect example of one in you. I love you, Declan.”

*Son of a bitch!*

The tears were coming again. “That was so beautiful,” I said, under my breath, to no one but myself.

“And now, Declan.”

Declan took a deep breath and smiled, cocking his head. “You don’t know what you did to deserve me?”

*Oh shit, is he going off the top of his head?*

Declan wore a smirk, before exhaling a little puff of air, then continued. “That kind of question shows exactly the person you are, the person I fell in love with, the person I wake up next to every day, see beside me, and thank God that he gave me another day with. You are so selfless. You think you don’t deserve me? I don’t know if anyone deserves you.

I've seen you with the kids you coach - you are so good with them, babe."

Declan turned to the crowd, and said, "Y'all don't even know how good he is. Who am I kidding? I know y'all know-", then back to Ty, "because you can *see* it. Look at this man. It's like he's glowing. He is literal sunshine."

Ty had been holding back, but his head fell and I could see the tears fall.

"Look at me, babe," Declan said, wiping Ty's tears away. "I might've been on billboards or the covers of magazines, but you're the star. You're the one that caught me, and I'm the one that got swept away by you. I'll agree with you - I wasn't really looking for love either, until you spent that day with me and Freddie. You were so confident, and it felt like I had known you for years. Comfort. That's what love means to me, and that's what you give me. I know I can count on you, I can lean on you, because you're strong, stronger than me, and what makes me love you even more is that you don't even see it as a special quality because it's who you've always been. I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you as your husband. I love you, Ty."

The officiant cleared his throat. "Thank you, Declan. May I have the rings?"

Oooh, here was Luke's big part. Luke handed the rings to the officiant, who gave each man his future husband's ring. In turn, they spoke the promises of marriage, and when Ty said "I do," Declan slipped the ring onto his finger, and vice versa.

"By the power vested in me by the state of California, I now pronounce you husbands. You may now seal your marriage with a kiss."

Declan's hands dropped Ty's immediately. One went to his waist, the other to his neck, and Declan pulled Ty against his body, lips connecting as soon as their stomachs aligned. It wasn't quite a porno kiss, but it sure as fuck wasn't a church kiss.

Declan pulled back, and yelled, “And to those in the audience who will ask us later today, we’re going to have plenty of babies. Just give us some time to make them.”

I’m sure his mom was slightly horrified at that comment, but I thought it was funny, as did the audience, if the laughter was any indication.

The officiant stepped back up to the microphone and said, “I present to you Tyler and Declan Moore.”

The orchestra kicked in again with *Make Your Own Kind of Music* by Mama Cass, and Ty and Declan took the walkway to the right, and each pair in the wedding party followed suit.



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## Lucas

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"IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING," Cam said.

I chuckled. "Ty was a nervous wreck. He was downing Pepto, afraid he was going to puke."

"Why was he nervous? He did great."

"I think it was the number of people, the fanciness."

"Well, one, he looked amazing, and two, that's kind of hysterical. He's a former Olympian. He's performed in front of tens of thousands of people."

"As a gymnast. Up there, he was just Tyler Hale, from Monterey, California, marrying *the* Declan Moore, Athlete of the Century."

"True. I guess that would be a little intimidating," Cam admitted.

I changed the subject. "You know you didn't have to give up marching just for me."

Cam, whose arm was already around me, squeezed his bicep, bringing me closer to him for a kiss on the cheek. "There's nowhere else I'd rather be than by your side. It gives me great pleasure to say we've attended two closing ceremonies together."

The sky lit up with a huge display of fireworks. Despite what I had just said, I was glad he was with me. "It gives me great pleasure, too."

Greece was the first country to enter, then everyone else. But the host country was last, so it would be a long while before we saw any of our teammates.

“Is that the kind of wedding you want?” Cam asked me.

I was a little surprised since I had only proposed two days prior. “Honestly? I guess I haven’t thought that far ahead. What about you?”

“I loved their vows...and their outfits, and the flowers.”

“And the music?”

“Yes! Oh my God, yes!”

I laughed at Cam’s excitement. “Okay, so you loved everything and that’s exactly the wedding you want?”

“Oh, no, no, no. Much, much smaller. I don’t want celebrities or, as much as I liked him, the president’s son there. I would die. I need something way more intimate than that.”

We watched the athletes pour into the stadium in silence for a while. Well, we were silent; the stadium was not. Cam’s arm was still around my back, so I laid my head on his shoulder and put my hand on his leg. I wasn’t sure what the deal was, but our section wasn’t very crowded, which was nice. Not that we were taking advantage of having the extra room. I was practically in his lap.

“Who do you think will make the team for the next Olympics?” Cam asked.

“Assuming we’re done?”

“Well, technically, I didn’t make the team this time around.”

“I know being an alternate isn’t quite making the team, but it’s still something.”

“We’ll be thirty-one, Luke.”

“Ew, don’t remind me.” I thought about it for another second. “I’m pretty sure there were gymnasts older than thirty at this Olympics, Cam. Let me look it up.”

I pulled out my phone and a few minutes later, I had the answer. Wikipedia didn't fail me.

"Five. There were five guys over thirty here that competed, including a thirty-nine-year-old. Plus, there were a lot between our age and thirty, like Etienne and Hiruto."

"Did they medal?" Cam asked.

I shrugged. "Not all of them, but they still made it."

"I don't know. We'll have to see. I think we need a year off for our brains to recuperate, and you've got rehab still."

"Okay," I agreed. "We can see what happens. I'm not opposed to either way. It wasn't completely terrible being a coach."

"Yeah?"

I nodded. "I was there for all the action, but didn't have the black hole in the pit of my stomach feeling after each routine. Don't get me wrong, I was nervous for you, but I only got, like, a little sweatier and my hands got clammy. After a routine, I usually felt like I was going to pass out, so it was an improvement."

"I hate that black hole feeling," Cam admitted.

"Have you heard anything from Colton?" I asked, changing the subject again.

"Actually, yeah. It sounds like his dad's out of the woods for now, but has to take it easy on the ranch."

"Whatever that means."

"That means more work for Beau," Cam said. "And maybe Colton, now that Zeph's playing for Dallas. It's a lot closer than Tampa."

"I wonder if we're still invited for training camp next month. You know? With his dad's situation and all."

"You like riding me. Maybe you'll like riding horses just as much? We can help out on the ranch, get a little dirty."

“The gettin’ dirty part sounds fun, but unless my saddle has a dildo on it, I’m not sure how much fun riding a horse would be.”

“Oh my god. That sounds like Colton’s kind of ranch,” Cam said.

We left our seats to get something to eat and drink and took in the view of the bay from the balcony for a while. We heard them announce the United States of America, so we made our way back to our seats quickly, watching the large screens around the stadium to see if we could see anyone we recognized.

As we watched our countrymen file in, I answered Luke’s earlier question. “It’s likely Orion, Ezra and Miles again, and then two new guys. Somewhere out there, watching this right now.”

“Kind of like us in Brisbane. We were the new guys,” Cam said. After another minute or two, he asked, “Do you think we were always going to be together?”

“The minute I saw you in the Florida University gym, I knew I wanted you. I never thought I would have you though.”

“Well, now you do. You have me forever.”

“I am very aware of that, and thankful.” I intertwined my fingers with his, pulled our hands towards my mouth, and gave the back of his a kiss. “I love you, Cam.”

“I love you too.”

On stage, the Olympic officials were handing over the Olympic flag from the US to the next country. They were about to declare the games closed and extinguish the flame.

“One more question.”

“I highly doubt that,” I teased.

“Would you take my name, or would you want me to ta-”

“I want your name. Hands down.”

“Lucas Kane,” Cam said out loud.

“Sounds lovely,” I replied.

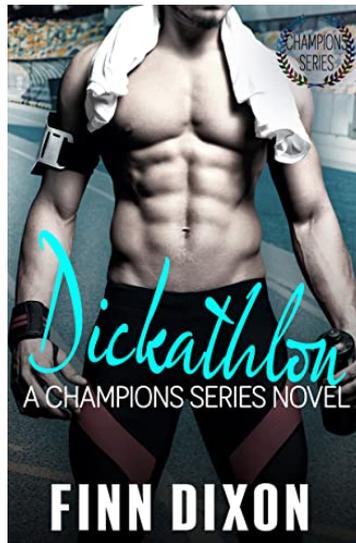
“It definitely works for me.”

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## Ty and Declan

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If you want the details of their story, check out the next book in the Champions Series, [Dickathlon](#), available on Amazon.



# Acknowledgments

It's a lot of work to write a love story about a couple that takes place over eight years and involves an entire fleet of characters. My plans for the Champions Series, i.e. creating an entire romance-world with the US Mens Gymnastics team at its center, meant that I stopped writing this book for months, while I wrote Dickathlon. So, to my loyal readers that had to wait longer than I would've liked for this, I apologize...but I know it was worth it!

A huge thank you to Rebecca Bosevski of Story Styling Cover Designs for creating a gorgeous cover, promo art, and more.

To my fellow authors - both DSA and SC - I can't tell you how much your feedback, friendship and support means to me.

Well, I could...but it would take me a few more pages.

Lastly, thanks to my readers, especially those that have promoted and recommended my work, or reached out to me to offer compliments and pull me into conversations about my characters and what's to come. I hope you enjoyed the "final" chapter of their relationship. I'm looking forward to the rest of the Champions and their HEAs and hope you are too!

# About the Author

Finn Dixon is a full-time zookeeper in hot-as-balls Florida that writes hot-as-balls MM romance in his free time. A long-time fan of the genre, he is dipping his toe into the pool of sizzling and spicy writers already out there and hoping to score. The Forever Vault is his third novel and the final installment in the Rings Trilogy, within the Champions Series universe. There is much more to come, including *Dickathlon*, his next release, and the continuation of his holiday novella series, *Snow Dates*.

When he isn't being sarcastic or trying to make someone laugh, he spends his other free time charming the pants off his boyfriend, snuggling with two kitties, and pretending to garden (it's Florida - its too damn hot out).

Finn also likes watching gay films and shows with happy endings (giggity), playing Disney Dreamlight Valley and Pokemon Go, re-watching Jurassic Park and Clue, and traveling when he can afford it.

And yes, he likes jocks, but he promises all his books won't be about them.

Or will they?

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