



Daddy
CAM

BESTSELLING AUTHOR

K.M. NEUHOLD

Daddy Cam
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Blurb

Just when I thought my secret crush on my Daddy-Dom best friend couldn't get any worse, I stumble on his Daddy Cam Channel...

I can run a multi-million-dollar tech company, but I can't seem to work up the courage to tell my best friend I've been in love with him for years.

In my defense, Saxon is a gorgeous, successful, big-d**k Daddy with a million SUBscribers drooling over his Daddy Cam. He probably has ten boys a week on their knees... or over his. And I'm nothing but his nerdy roommate and oldest friend. Except, the way he looks at me never makes me feel that way. The way he looks at me makes me think that *maybe* he sees me too.

Getting caught in the act of... *enjoying myself* isn't exactly the icebreaker I was hoping for, but I finally have his hands on me in all the ways I've spent years dreaming about.

Can I turn my best friend into the Daddy of my dreams, or is this whole thing destined to blow up in our faces? There's only one way to find out...

****Daddy Cam is a FULL LENGTH, MM, Best friends to lovers, Daddy story with NO Age play. It was originally published as Daddy's Toy as part of the Dirty Daddies anthology but has been SIGNIFICANTLY expanded with 2/3rds more content for you to enjoy!

Author's Note

This story was originally published as “Daddy’s Toy,” part of the 2022 Dirty Daddies Anthology. This version has been expanded SIGNIFICANTLY and the names of the main characters have been changed.

Prologue

13 YEARS EARLIER

FELIX

The first clue that I'm not in my own shower is the bodywash. Never in my life have I bought or used Old Spice. I've always been more of a Dove guy myself, and the fact that my skin is as smooth as a baby's ass from head to toe is proof of it. But, I mean, no matter how many shots I threw back tonight, it's not like I stumbled into some random's apartment, got naked, and hopped in the shower, right? Right.

Maybe I grabbed Old Spice by accident the last time I was at the store. The logic feels rock solid as I continue to sing "Trouble," by my girl T. Swift at the top of my lungs while I fill my hands with the soap. An arousingly masculine scent fills the air. *Maybe I should switch brands permanently.*

The walls might be spinning, but the acoustics in here are incredible. Why don't bars build makeshift showers for customers to perform karaoke in? That's a million-dollar idea right there. I wobble on my feet and a giggle erupts from my throat, along with the distinct flavor of tequila and lime that rises up, threatening to repeat on me.

I grimace and burp. *Ick.*

I rinse off quickly, ready to trade the shower for my comfy bed. My pillow is calling my name. I crank the nozzle into the off position and pivot to climb out of the tub. Gravity betrays me though, or maybe it was the tequila that still hasn't quite settled in my stomach, because I misjudge the height of the tub ledge. I trip, the slickness under my feet not doing anything to help.

The good news is I manage to catch myself on the shower curtain. The bad news? Whoever engineered the curtain rod didn't do it for the purpose of safety. There's another million fucking dollar idea—curtain rods built to withstand a person's body weight. How many people each year fall in the shower? Too many. Anyway, I'm clearly the

first person to have such a brilliant thought because *this* particular shower rod gives way like it's made of soggy tissue. The curtain manages to wrap itself around me and I flail wildly before crashing to the bathroom floor. Lucky for me, I can't feel a damn thing. I'm betting I won't be so fortunate in the morning though.

Huh, since when does my shower curtain have a New England Patriots logo on it? It's a weird first thought to have while trying to figure out if I managed to break or dislocate anything in my fall, but it feels relevant. Did someone come in here and switch out my bodywash *and* my shower curtain? Weird prank.

Before I get the chance to drunkenly wonder who might have come up with such a bizarre trick to play on me, the bathroom door flies open and six feet of gorgeous man appears, managing to clear up all of my confusion in an instant. Obviously, I'm dreaming. One of those sexy dreams where this hunk with dark hair and even darker eyes is about to scoop me up, fuss over my injuries, then fuck me silly.

Yes, please, Daddy.

But instead of rushing over to immediately tend to me, he stands in the doorway with a confused frown on his extremely full, biteable lips.

“What... the fuck?”

Huh, usually the men in my dreams are a little quicker on the uptake than this. It's okay, I can work with this. I very gracefully start to untangle myself from the shower curtain. No one has ever been this seductive while drunk, slippery, and caught in a web of plastic and cloth, all attached to a bent metal bar. Somewhere during my battle to free myself—my *dignified* battle to free myself—Dream Man catches up with his side of the Dream Script and hurries over to help me.

He wraps one hand around my bicep, and the warm sturdiness of the simple touch makes my breath catch. If my head weren't already swimming with six shots of tequila—was it *six*?—his touch alone would make me dizzy.

Wait... can you be drunk in a dream? It's never happened to me before, but it's possible, right? So why does it feel so real when he wraps his fingers around my other arm and carefully hauls me to my feet?

"Are you okay? I probably should have asked that before helping you up. You're not supposed to move someone with a head or neck injury," he mutters, almost to himself. His voice is deep and rich, wrapping around me like velvet and making me shiver. "Shit, you're cold. Here." Misinterpreting the shiver, he spins around quickly, leaving me wobbling on my unsteady legs, to grab a handful of clean, folded towels off of the nearby shelf.

I sway on my feet, letting my attention roam over his face, while he unfolds the first towel to drape it around my shoulders. His eyebrows are thick and unkempt, his jaw covered in dark, rough stubble. Up close like this, I notice some subtle gold flecks in his dark brown eyes, and a few stray freckles on the bridge of his nose. I feel like I've seen him somewhere before, but I guess that makes sense. I read once that your brain can't make up faces, only remember ones you've already seen.

His eyes drop down, flickering along my wet, naked body. I bat my eyelashes, which seems to go unnoticed as he clears his throat and averts his gaze while managing to tie the second towel around my waist securely in a few deft moves.

"Three B," he says, and I blink again, confusion and a sense of exhaustion clouding my mind and making it more difficult than it should be to understand what he's saying to me.

"What?" I croak out the first word I've managed since Dream Daddy appeared in the bathroom doorway a minute ago... or was it longer than that? Dream time, man, it's weird shit.

"You live in three B, right? I've seen you getting your mail once or twice."

My lips twitch in a frown as I slog through the muddiness of my brain, trying to figure out what exactly is

happening right now.

“What?” I ask again. This is *so* not the pornastic dream I had in mind.

He chuckles, the sound just as rumbly and intoxicating as his voice is, raising goosebumps along my skin as it washes over me.

“Judging by the smell of your breath, I’m guessing tequila had something to do with this.” He puts his hands on my shoulders again, but this time the warmth of them is blunted by the towel draped around me. “Come on, let’s get you some water and aspirin, and you can crash on my couch to sleep it off.”

None of this is adding up, but he’s already leading me out of the bathroom, straight into the small attached living room, so I don’t argue. I plop down onto his couch when I reach it, flopping over and inhaling the scent of embedded sweat and the lingering smell of the Old Spice bodywash.

My eyelids feel heavy, so I let them droop closed, not bothering to fight the wave of exhaustion that’s starting to claim me in spite of the way the world tilts and sways. My stomach lurches and I focus on the sound of his footsteps as he moves around the apartment to keep myself from hurling.

If this *is* a dream, it’s a weird one, that’s for sure. And if it’s *not* a dream... honestly, I’m too fucking drunk to work that one out.

“Here,” he says softly, the couch dipping with his weight.

I pry my eyes open to see a water bottle and a few pills in his outstretched hand. I take both, popping the pills and then uncapping the bottle and guzzling half of it down before setting it aside.

“Good boy,” he murmurs, and my whole body flushes hot.

I start to sag again, but before I get the chance, he’s tugging the towels off of me and working my heavy limbs like

a puppet to... do something. Dress me? Where did I even leave my clothes?

When he finally lets me slump back down again, the only coherent thought I manage is *I'm never drinking tequila again*, before the world goes black.

I am *never* drinking tequila again.

My head is pounding, my mouth tastes like I've been licking the inside of a dumpster, and my stomach is in knots. Worse yet, I have no fucking clue where I am. The layout of the apartment is exactly like mine, but instead of the generic art I bought from Target on the walls, there's sports memorabilia. And instead of the threadbare couch I got from Goodwill, I'm lying on a brown leather one with the faint smell of *man* that has my dick hard.

I groan and make a move to roll onto my side. Of course, in my hungover, miserable state, I miscalculate and end up on the floor, and this time I *definitely* feel the full impact of the hard ground against my body.

"Fuck," I moan again, wincing at the heavy footfalls of someone approaching.

"Do you always fall this much or are you still drunk?" The deep timbre of the voice is vaguely familiar, tickling at hazy memories from last night that are just out of reach.

I open my eyes to find the man standing over me, hurrying to stoop down and help me back up onto the couch. The feeling of his hands on me sparks another memory as I scramble up and settle my bruised ass onto the cushions again. I lick my lips and reach for the fresh water bottle on the side table.

"Um, did I..." I'm not sure how to even ask this question.

"Get wasted, walk into the wrong apartment, take a shower, nearly kill yourself by getting wrapped up in the shower curtain, and then pass out on my couch?" he offers helpfully.

“Uh huh,” I mutter.

“Yup,” he says with a smirk. His eyes dance with amusement and he plops himself onto the couch right next to me. “Saxon, by the way. Four B.”

“Four...” I echo, the final pieces of the puzzle all slotting into place. “My upstairs neighbor. Got it.” I pick at the paper label on the water bottle, biting my bottom lip and trying to come up with the right words to say to laugh this whole thing off. Although, Saxon seems to be way ahead of me on that front, still grinning at me like he’s just barely managing to hold back a chuckle.

“They really should make those shower rods sturdier. You know how many people each year slip and fall in the shower?” He shakes his head.

“That’s what I said,” I agree, sitting up more fully and pointing at him. “A shower bar is all well and good, but how many people think to install them? But almost everyone has a curtain rod. I’m gonna patent that idea before someone else does.”

Saxon actually does chuckle this time. “You should,” he agrees.

“Felix,” I offer my own name belatedly, taking another sip of water and then glancing down at myself. Am I wearing his clothes? I sneak a little sniff of the shirt, hoping he won’t notice, and try not to let my eyes roll back at how fucking good it smells.

“Ah, yeah, sorry. Your stuff was all wet. I guess you undressed *in* the shower?” he explains, and I cringe again.

“I think I had some brilliant idea about saving on the cost of doing laundry. It’s unclear in the sober light of day.” I finish the water, and Saxon immediately jumps up.

“You need to hydrate. I’ll get you another one,” he says, already striding towards the kitchen.

“Oh, you don’t have to...”

He pauses mid-step and gives me a stern look over his shoulder that sends little jolts of electricity all over my skin. I snap my mouth closed and fold my hands in my lap like a good boy... Also, it's a great way to hide my growing erection. Considering I just met the man, I have no way of knowing if Daddy kink is his jam, but *daaaamn* is he made for it.

"I should feed you," he says, returning a moment later with the water.

I don't bother attempting to argue this time. He took care of my drunk ass last night, put me in *his* clothes, and now wants to feed me? I'm going to enjoy this Daddy fantasy while it lasts. Fuck knows I need it after everything that happened with Greg. I wrinkle my nose at the thought of my cheating scumbag of an ex-boyfriend... *ex-Daddy*. As if he even has the right to that fucking title after the way he treated me.

"I could eat," I agree. "Oh, let's get pancakes."

"Carbs and sugar will make you hurl," Saxon argues with the air of authority that seems to come naturally to him. "There's this place around the corner that makes breakfast sandwiches that I swear are the magic hangover cure."

"Okay." I don't bother to fight the smile that twitches on my lips as I get to my feet, noticing the way his over-large t-shirt manages to swallow me whole.

"You probably can't go like that, though," he says, eyeing me.

"Oh, right." I pluck at the fabric, just barely resisting the urge to bring it to my nose and inhale again. "I can go downstairs and change into my own clothes before we go."

"Perfect." The way he purrs the word feels like the kind of praise I've been craving like oxygen lately, and I preen under it. He slips his shoes on and then tilts his head towards the door. "Let's go."

I nod and follow him out, ducking under his arm to exit the apartment, then waiting while he locks up. To my surprise, he throws an arm around my shoulders as we make our way

down the steps to the third floor, and he starts to prattle away about classes. Apparently, we go to the same university, which makes sense considering most of this building is rented by students.

“Thanks again for last night. You could have just kicked me out. I wouldn’t have blamed you,” I say as we enter my apartment.

“I’ve never turned away a drunk intruder,” he says sagely, and I let out a hoarse laugh.

“Happens to you often, I take it?”

“Like you wouldn’t believe,” he jokes.

“Well, I still appreciate it.”

Saxon shrugs and waves his hand dismissively. “What are friends for?”

Friends. Right. Obviously, this awkward boner situation is one sided.

“Friends?” I echo, and his grin widens.

“I mean, it’s not the most *conventional* way to make a new best friend, but it’ll be a great story at least, right?”

“Right,” I echo a second time. I wiggle out from under his arm and lick my lips, trying to work out how exactly I went from getting shit-faced last night to standing in my apartment with this strange, intriguing Daddy-Wet-Dream of a man smiling at me and calling me his new best friend. “I’m gay,” I blurt, because, you know, best to get that part out of the way in case he’s a dickhead.

His smile gets impossibly brighter. Like, *blindingly* bright. “Sweet. Me too. Or, I don’t know, probably a little bi, but definitely leaning more towards the gay side of the spectrum.”

I nod stupidly. “Cool.”

“Go get dressed.” He nudges my arm.

Dressed. Right.

I don't know if it's the hangover or the possible mild concussion, but this morning is turning out to be extremely surreal. Things could have gone worse though. On the bright side, I guess I have a new best friend...

Chapter 1

PRESENT DAY

SAXON

“You’re so good for Daddy, aren’t you?” I growl quietly, my eyes half-lidded as I gaze into my webcam, slowly working my lubed hand up and down my long, thick, pulsing shaft. “You want Daddy’s cock? You want to open those pretty lips of yours and take it nice and deep?”

I stroke myself a little faster, gasping at the feeling of my hot, slick palm dragging over the sensitive head of my cock. The well-toned muscles in my arm flex with every pass. I stand and brace one hand on my desk. I’ve long since learned all the best angles and perfect frames. Right now, my loyal subscribers are getting a close-up of every throbbing vein in my erection. My soft moans vibrating through the speakers send all the sweet subs who throw their money at me into orgasmic fits, I’m sure.

With my pants open, I thrust into my fist, making sure my belt hits the edge of the desk with that beautiful clanking sound.

“You feel so good, sweetheart,” I whisper because it creates a sense of intimacy for my viewers, building the illusion that I’m talking right to them and no one else. And also because I’m not sure if Felix is home from work yet, and the last thing I need is for him to overhear me.

It’s not like I’m ashamed of my Daddy Cam channel, I just figure my best friend doesn’t want to know that I make a majority of my living by jerking off for strangers on the internet. I can just imagine the way he would blush if he heard the dirty talk spilling from my mouth when I film these sessions. He would try to hide it, of course. He would babble on passionately about sex workers deserving respect until he forgot his embarrassment in favor of a full-on social rant. I grin at the thought.

With Felix filling my mind, I find myself thrusting a little quicker, breathing a little harder, moaning a few decibels louder.

“You’re so good at that. You make Daddy feel so good.” The faceless sub in my mind is replaced with the image of my sweet, pliable, too-eager roommate-slash-best friend on his knees for me.

It’s easy to imagine the way he would squirm, and the way his cheeks would pink under my praise because I’ve already seen it a million times. When he puts the dishes away exactly the way I like, when he asks me to pick where we order dinner from or what movie we should watch, when he finishes a set on the free weights that he was sure he couldn’t pull off...

It feels so natural for words like ‘good boy’ to fall from my lips, even when I know they shouldn’t, and he eats them up every time.

“Fuck,” I groan, my balls tightening and my body heating. This video hasn’t been nearly long enough, and my quickies never rate quite as well. My subscribers don’t come to my channel to rub one out in a hurry. They come for the experience of belonging to me for twenty minutes.

I take a deep breath, prying my hand off my cock and shaking my head to banish the forbidden thoughts of Felix from my mind.

“Keep that up and you’re going to make me come too fast,” I chastise in a gentle voice, lowering myself back into my chair and shimmying the rest of the way out of my jeans. I don’t hide the ragged sound of my breathing as I steady my pounding heart. It’s all part of the experience. My viewers love the raw realism of my scenes. They love feeling like they’re here with me. For these twenty or so minutes, I’m their Daddy.

Sometimes they like it a little *too* much. I cringe, thinking about the letters I’ve gotten from fans who have imagined an entire relationship between the two of us. That’s enough to calm my libido, at least. The heat in my veins settles, and I pull out the realistic silicone ass I keep in the top

drawer of my toy chest, along with my favorite leather paddle. The paddle is smooth on one side, the word *Daddy's* etched onto the other, to leave the word branded and bruised on a willing boy.

Not that I've used it on real flesh in... ages. I shake my head again. I don't even want to think about how long it's been since I've had someone underneath me. *Real* breath panting against my lips, real fingernails digging into the flesh on my back, real cum splattering against my belly as I drive a sweet boy past his breaking point. My cock jerks and throbs again.

I set the toy in the best position for viewers to see the satisfying jiggle of every blow. I imagine my sweet subs squirming in their seats in front of their laptops, writhing and wishing it was their own ass stinging with my ownership.

"You want to feel Daddy's hand marking you, don't you?" I ask in a low, deep voice, delivering a slap to the soft ass cheek. The sound is decently realistic, but it lacks the addictive gasp of surprise from a naughty boy, and of course, there's no beautiful bloom of red in the shape of my hand.

I try not to let my dissatisfaction show as I give the ass a few more hearty smacks, rubbing my leaking cock against the cheek in between blows. I usually don't feel this bothered having a fake plaything for my videos, but maybe this is a sign that it's time I look for a real boy again. One of my own to punish and praise, love and defile, own and be owned by.

My chest and gut both clench at the thought. The flesh is willing, but the mind...

I bite back a sigh and pick up my paddle. "You're going to feel me every time you sit down for a week. You're going to think of me and pant for me like Daddy's perfect little slut, aren't you?"

I can practically hear thousands of subs moaning 'yes' as they stroke or finger themselves, sweaty and trembling, right on edge but holding back until I tell them to come at the end of the video.

Pleasure rushes through me at that thought, making my cock swell harder, aching again. I give the toy hard, measured blows, letting my mind conjure the fantasy of a sweet boy whimpering and squirming for me, his ass growing redder with every *thwap* of my paddle.

When my imaginary boy has had enough, I drop the paddle with a *thud* by my feet and grab the round, bouncy ass cheeks in both hands.

“You want to feel me filling your tight hole?” I drag my thumb over the realistic pucker that I pre-lubed before starting the show tonight. “Say, ‘yes, Daddy.’” I pause and then let a slow grin spread over my lips so my viewers can imagine I heard them obey like the good boys and girls they are.

I press the head of my cock against the entrance and grunt as I push my way into the tight opening. It’s no replacement for the real thing: a hot, pulsing hole twitching around me, gripping me tighter with every punishing thrust, my obedient boy desperately holding back his orgasm until he’s trembling and crying for me to please let him come...

A strangled gasp falls from my throat, and my traitorous mind conjures images of Felix once again, bent over my desk, his ass cheeks spread open for me as I slide inside him. I really do need a real release soon if I’m this stuck on thoughts of my best friend.

“So good,” I praise. “So good for Daddy. Just like that. You’re so perfect, aren’t you? You make Daddy feel so fucking good.” I grunt each word through gritted teeth, my orgasm rising quickly as I pound into the toy. “That’s your sweet spot, isn’t it? That’s right, give it to me, let go and let Daddy hear you beg for it. Fuck yes, fuck yes. Come for me.”

I let go with a shuddering groan of my own, the first few pulses of my orgasm filling the toy before I manage to force myself to pull out, the rest of my release spilling in hot, thick ropes over the peachy skin of the pretty, round ass. I grind against it, chasing every last deep, overwhelming pulse of pleasure before collapsing back into my chair.

I don't end the video there like most people would. It's all about the experience, and a little cool-down is important. I lazily drag my fingers through my cooling cum and look into the camera again.

"You're so sweet for me, so good." My voice is a little raw, sweat trickling down my forehead. What can I say? I don't half-ass my shows. There's a reason I have the highest retention rate on the site and why I'm pulling in millions of dollars a year jerking off on camera. "I want you to be good for me and go clean yourself up. Get a glass of water, and I'll put some lotion on this raw skin of yours."

I wish I could. On a boy of my own, not on my subs... Well, maybe if they needed it. A swell of affection fills my chest for all my nameless, faceless subscribers who really are so good for me, so obedient and loyal. I do love them in their own way. Unfortunately, they can't fill this lonely hole in my chest that I've been trying hard to ignore for too long.

"And don't forget, if you want to have even more fun with me, you can buy my cock." I wink playfully into the camera before reaching under my desk to pull out the replica dildo I had made a few months ago. Subscribers kept telling me they wished they could have my cock inside them. Me being the entrepreneur I am, I figured, *why the hell not?*

"I'll put the link in the description," I promise. "And I'll see you next week, sweetheart." I blow a kiss at the camera. "Be good and take care of yourself for Daddy."

I end the video and type up the quick description so I can post it, and then I shut off my computer and amble over to my bed, that lonely, sinking feeling inside me gaping wide open in my chest.

I wrap my arms around one of my pillows and close my eyes, doing my best to pretend I'm holding the sweet imaginary boy I just fucked. We're coming down from the high of a scene, slowing our breathing together as we savor the endorphins still buzzing through us.

I hear the sound of the front door opening and closing in the distance, a knot I hadn't realized was in my chest

loosening now Felix is home safe and sound for the night. Once I get myself together, I'll go out there and ask him how his day was, probably cook him dinner, and we'll spend the night watching a movie or maybe playing a card game.

It's not the same as having my own boy, but it's the closest I'm going to get without getting my heart broken again.

Maybe it can be enough.

FELIX

My brain feels tired. Scratch that, *exhausted*. I swear, if I have to make one more decision tonight, I might actually cry. I wonder if everyone running a successful business feels this way or if there's something wired differently about my brain. Are there people who *don't* have a limit on the number of choices they can make or important tasks they can do in a single day?

People like Saxon, I guess. Doms. *Daddies*.

A little shiver runs up my spine, and I instinctively cast a glance toward the hallway leading to our bedrooms. I'm sure a normal person would come home and get comfortable after a long day of work, take off their shoes, decide what to do for dinner... pour themselves a drink? Maybe I'm just thinking about husbands in the fifties. It's unclear.

I don't do any of that. I do what I always do when I get home and Saxon isn't immediately there to greet me... I wait.

I feel like a puppy, waiting by the door for my master to come home, my tail slowly wagging, my eyes fixated in the direction I know he'll eventually appear from. Maybe if I were a less confident person all around, I'd find this behavior embarrassing. At one point in my life, I did. I didn't understand why I was so codependent on boyfriends. Why I was so willing to lie down, roll over, and do anything someone asked of me as long as they asked in the right way.

After thirty-five years of life, I finally understand it. More importantly, I embrace that side of myself—my submissive side. I run a multimillion-dollar company, I own this building full of luxury apartments, I have wonderful

friends and a great relationship with my parents... So what if I come home at the end of the day and just want to be called a good boy?

Down the hallway, Saxon's door creaks open and then clicks closed again. I can barely keep myself from wiggling in my seat at the sound of his footsteps, measured and steady, like he's in no hurry whatsoever to get anywhere. He knows I'm waiting for him, and I think he knows I'll continue to wait, even if it takes all night for him to get here.

Of course, it doesn't take all night. It takes all of twenty seconds, but I'm still ready to burst from my seat and jump all over him by the time he appears at the entrance to the main part of the penthouse. The open floor plan has the kitchen, dining room, and living space all sharing one massive room, with floor-to-ceiling windows giving us an incredible view of the city skyline all lit up this time of night.

Saxon is dressed in a pair of low-slung green track pants and a wide-sleeved tank top, showing off the rippling muscles of his arms and—my favorite part—tufts of armpit hair I wish I could bury my face in just to bathe myself in his scent. There's a lazy, relaxed smirk on his lips and the slight smell of sweat and lube clings to him as he comes closer.

My heart beats faster and my cock swells rapidly.

He was jerking off before I got home.

I know there's nothing wrong with being a whimpering, needy submissive, and I don't think there's anything wrong with noticing how hot my best friend is—have you seen him? I mean, come on—but this crush that's persisted for thirteen-plus years? Yeah, it might be bordering on pathetic.

There have been a million times I've wanted to just blurt it out, to tell him I want him to be so much more than my best friend, but I always chicken out.

“Hey, Saxon.” I lean forward, resting my elbows against the smooth wood of the kitchen table. When we were furniture shopping, the saleswoman tried to talk me into all

marble—marble coffee table, marble kitchen table, marble end tables. She probably would have tried to sell me a marble bed if she'd thought I would bite, but Saxon insisted on wood. He said it's homier, more natural feeling, not as cold.

He was right.

Saxon's always right.

He comes around the table without hesitation and slides down onto his knees in front of me. My breath hitches. Does he notice? Which would be more embarrassing, if he notices my erratic breathing brought on by seeing him on his knees in front of me, or if he spots the bulge straining against my suit pants? Keeping myself angled so I can use the table as cover would be the best thing to do, but when he quirks an eyebrow at me, his expression all confident expectation, I turn toward him without question.

Either he doesn't notice my reaction to him, or he's too polite to call me out. My guess is the latter. Because if he finally acknowledges the desperate, horny crush I've had on him for years, he'll probably move out.

I've wondered a thousand times why he *hasn't* moved out. He makes more than enough money doing personal training for minor celebrities that I'm sure he doesn't need a roommate. But if he came to me and told me he wanted to get his own place, there is a one-hundred percent chance I would embarrass myself. There would be crying and begging, fountains of snot, promises to do anything he wants as long as he'll stay. I would fully throw away any scrap of dignity I've ever had, and I would do so happily.

Extreme? Maybe. But I did mention the codependent part, right?

He doesn't do anything dirty on his knees in front of me, my legs spread on either side of him, my cock rock hard and straining against the soft cotton of my boxer briefs. What he does is so much worse for the deep well of *need* that's already overflowing inside me. He holds my gaze, amusement dancing over his face as he deftly unties my shoes one at a time before removing them. I wiggle my toes inside my argyle

socks, unable to look away from the soft humor shining in his dark eyes.

“Hungry?” If a voice could have a physical manifestation, his would be a heated blanket—cozy and perfect to cocoon myself inside.

It’s not a question. It never really is. He’s going to feed me, there’s no two ways about it. I nod slowly, barely registering what he’s asked. The answer to anything Saxon asks is yes.

His smile widens like he knows exactly what I’m thinking. Again, if he does, he doesn’t call me on it. Instead, he reaches up to loosen my tie then gets back to his feet, towering over me with his large, strong body.

I bite back a whimper as I tilt my head up so I can keep eye contact. My cock throbs, desperately hard and starting to get sticky with precum.

“Why don’t you change out of these clothes, and I’ll order from that Mediterranean place you love.”

I bob my head rapidly, finally finding my voice. “Okay.”

I get to my feet and the strain of my erection is unmissable, but Saxon *still* doesn’t say anything. I do notice a slight tension in his shoulders, a tightness in his smile now that’s erasing the easy confidence.

I’m making him uncomfortable.

My throat tightens and shame flutters in my chest. I wish I could say the embarrassment of it is enough to dull my arousal, but it’s not. There’s a filthy little voice in my head whispering that Saxon probably thinks I’m a naughty slut and maybe naughty sluts need to be spanked with one of those pretty paddles he keeps in his drawers, the ones that don’t just leave marks, but leave the word *Daddy’s* bruised across the cheek.

I didn’t mean to snoop, I really didn’t. I was putting away some of his laundry when I accidentally found his drawer full of toys. The paddle alone has inspired countless

jerk-off sessions and fantasies. I know, I know. I already admitted to being pathetic.

In all the years we've been friends, I've never seen him with a sub or a boyfriend, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have them. He's a gorgeous, successful, big-dicked Daddy. He probably has ten boys a week on their knees... or over his. It's just a part of his life that he keeps private. I can respect that. I'm *glad* for it, because I have a feeling I would unintentionally be a total prick to anyone he might date. I'm not proud of it, but it's the truth.

"Do I have time to shower?" If I don't take care of this situation, I'm going to be pathetically horny all night.

"Sure. I'll schedule the delivery for an hour from now. Sound good?"

I lick my lips and nod one more time. "Thanks." I pick my shoes up off the floor and start toward my bedroom, stopping in the mouth of the hallway. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Saxon."

He looks up from his phone where he's placing the order, a soft expression in his eyes, the tension in his shoulders appearing to lessen. "Back at you, Felix."

Chapter 2

SAXON

I drag one hand through my hair, blowing out a long breath as Felix disappears down the hallway. I really need to get my shit together before I make things weird. I'm projecting way too much of my unspent Daddy energy at him, and of course it's affecting him. But the last fucking thing I need is to take things there and ultimately lose him.

The sound of his shower running reaches my ears, and I realize I've been standing here staring down the hallway for at least two minutes. I shake off the lingering feeling of longing that always seems to cling to me like goddamn flypaper after I film a scene these days, and I focus my attention on something productive: making sure Felix gets fed.

I plop my ass down on the buttery-soft leather couch, sprawling out with my legs wide and one arm over the back of it. I already added an order of Fattoush for myself and shawarma chicken for Felix. Notifications for comments on my latest video are already popping up while I finalize and pay for the order. I silence them for now. I'll take some time to sit down and respond before I go to bed later. Guaranteed, most of them are gibberish keyboard slams meant to indicate that I've fried their brains, or marriage proposals I'll playfully brush off and try not to get too weirded out by.

I toss my phone onto the handcrafted wooden coffee table when I'm finished ordering, and reach for the remote. While I flip through the streaming options, already knowing what I'm going to put on but refusing to settle just yet, I have one ear always trained on Felix's movements. It's second nature after well over a decade of friendship, I'm not even consciously aware I'm doing it most of the time.

I listen as the shower shuts off and his wet feet pad across the tile floor of his bathroom. No thuds or cursing tonight, which is a good sign. I swear, sometimes I think I should buy him a damn helmet considering how clumsy he is. The night we met, I assumed the tequila was to blame, but

nope, the man is a walking disaster. He has the paramedics on speed dial. He once rolled out of bed in his sleep and broke both arms and a leg. I would wrap him in bubble wrap if I thought I could get away with it.

While he moves around his bedroom getting dressed, he sings to himself. It's so off-key that I've compared it to the sound of a sack of cats being swung around on more than one occasion. He was not amused by that description, and it resulted in *months* of being dragged to karaoke nights every Thursday so he could prove to me that people love his singing. They don't. What they love is Felix. His sweet, bubbly energy, that smile... He draws people in effortlessly. And as bad as his singing is, it's charming in its own disarming way too.

I give up scrolling and pull up his favorite show just as his footsteps start to echo back down the hall. I turn my head to see him emerging again, his suit traded in for a pair of loose-fitting burgundy sweatpants he's had since college and a white t-shirt that's so tight I can see the points of his nipples through it. His damp hair is slicked back, and when he gets closer, I notice a dab of blood on the left side of his jaw where he must have nicked himself shaving.

"Come here." I crook a finger as he rounds the couch.

He doesn't question it—he never does. He simply stops directly in front of me and lowers himself to his knees between my spread legs. My heart thunders and forces its way into my throat while I forcefully will my cock not to react to his submission. I pull myself upright and take his chin in one hand, gently coaxing him to tilt his head without words so I can get a better look at the cut.

It's small, but it's still bleeding. I'm sure it will scab over and disappear in no time, but I hate the thought of it causing Felix even a little discomfort in the meantime. Or god forbid it manages to get infected and he ends up being one of those horrific cautionary tales used as click-bait. *Millionaire Businessman Gets Rare Flesh-eating Infection from Shaving!* I shudder at the thought, keeping my hand on his chin as I lean over just enough to reach the side table. I tug open the drawer

and pull out the little first aid kit I keep in there for just such occasions.

Felix holds perfectly still, his eyes fixed on me silently as I use an alcohol wipe to clean out the tiny cut and then dab some antibiotic cream on it. His breathing is slow and even, his hands resting on my thighs in a way that could easily become distracting if I let it. But I don't. I *won't*.

"All set," I announce when I'm finished, zipping the kit back up and putting it away.

The edges of his lips flutter in a sweet smile and he squeezes my thighs a little harder as he pushes himself back to his feet with a, "Thank you."

I nod and grunt to acknowledge it. "Food's on the way. I got you a Greek salad."

His grin turns to a look of horror, and I'm surprised I actually manage to keep a straight face for a full ten seconds or so before a barking laugh forces its way out of my throat.

"You're so mean to me," Felix complains, his smile returning when he realizes I'm just fucking with him.

"It's not my fault you fall for the *same* joke *every* time," I defend myself while he settles on the couch next to me.

There's enough room to seat at least eight comfortably, plenty of space for us both to stretch out without even touching each other. But he sits down close enough that he's pressed right up next to me, just like always. Heat is radiating off his skin from the temperature of the shower, and the scent of Old Spice wafts up to tickle my nose. It's the same bodywash he's used since I've known him. The same wash I use, coincidentally.

The buzzer sounds from near the front door, announcing the arrival of our food. I haul myself off the couch to go get it. By the time I return, Felix is engrossed in an episode of *The Office* that he's seen no fewer than two dozen times.

He turns to look at me as I approach.

“We could watch something else. I’m sure you’re sick of this same show over and over,” he suggests, and I shrug.

“I don’t mind.” I hand him the container with his dinner in it and some silverware.

“Liar.” He gives me a knowing smirk.

“Tell you what, we’ll rent something new tomorrow,” I bargain, and he nods happily, already shoveling food into his mouth.

He probably skipped lunch again. I make a mental note to bring him something tomorrow... and maybe for the rest of the week. I keep meaning to have a talk with his assistant about making sure he eats, but the task is probably above the poor man’s paygrade. It’s a full-time job sometimes.

We fall silent while we stuff our faces, the familiar cadence of the jokes and banter coming from the TV creating a soothing backdrop as Felix leans into me just enough for me to notice. He laughs along like it’s the first time he’s seen the episode and all the punchlines are brand new, and I soak up the comforting feeling of just existing in this simple moment with my best friend.

FELIX

I groan at the fullness in my belly, tossing the empty carton onto the coffee table and then slumping back onto the couch.

“Ready to hit the gym downstairs? When you skipped out on your run this morning, you swore you’d make it up tonight,” Saxon reminds me, polishing off his food.

“I hate you,” I grumble, aiming a lazy kick in his direction.

He chuckles and catches my foot. To my surprise, instead of pushing it away, he pulls it onto his lap. “Fine, no gym tonight. But I’m not letting you skip out on it tomorrow morning,” he warns.

“But I have *so* much shit to do this week,” I complain, bordering on full-on whining. It’s not the most dignified look

for a grown man, but it is what it is. “We’re going public in a month, and I swear I’m going to lose my shit before then.”

“You’ll be fine,” he says with the same easy confidence he always seems to have in me. Saxon presses his thumb into the arch of my foot and all my stress instantly melts away. I let out an embarrassingly loud moan and sink even deeper into the couch.

His attention is fixed on the TV while he rubs my feet, but as usual, mine is mostly on him. Post-nut clarity has calmed me down significantly from earlier, but there’s a question that refuses to stop lingering in my mind tonight for some reason. I’m not even sure I *want* an answer, but maybe it’s exactly the kind of thing that would bring me some kind of closure about this stupid crush I’ve nursed far too long.

“Hey, Sax?”

“Yeah?” He tears his eyes off the TV to look at me. “What’s up?”

“Can I ask you something?” I tug my bottom lip between my teeth, and he arches an eyebrow at me, his wordless way of saying ‘*what do you think?*’ I squirm a little under the guise of getting more comfortable, but really, I’m fighting with myself about whether it’s smart to open this can of worms. “Do you... know how to swing dance?”

Yup, I chickened out. Again. But really, what good is it going to do me to know about his dating life? Maybe there’s a reason why it’s the one topic we’ve kept out of our friendship.

A second eyebrow joins the first, inching up his forehead and then pulling together as he puzzles through the odd question I just pulled out of my ass.

“Do I know how to *swing dance?*” he repeats.

“I always thought it looked cool, but you need a partner for that kind of thing,” I explain. “Maybe we could take a class together sometime.”

“Lix,” he uses the nickname I both love and loathe in equal measure because it sounds exactly like ‘licks’ and always sends my brain straight into the gutter. “I say this with

all the love in the world. The *last* thing you should ever do is swing dance. Unless, of course, you're trying to score a date with that cute EMT who always seems to show up when you hurt yourself."

I sputter out a laugh. Is there a cute EMT? I hadn't noticed. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

I sigh, letting my head loll towards the TV. Maybe I *should* be trying to score a date with this allegedly cute EMT. It's been ages since I've been on a proper date, and even longer since I've gotten serious with anyone. It's hard to find motivation when I already have everything I need right here. Well, almost everything.

Saxon is bound to find someone to get serious with eventually though, right? We're in our mid-thirties now—that's when people usually start to get that itch to settle down. Before I know it, he's going to have some sweet, beautiful boy following him around our apartment with big puppy dog eyes filled with adoration and lust, his ass no doubt bruised with the word *Daddy's* right across the cheek. And I'm going to have to try my damndest not to scratch his eyes right out of his head.

I huff at the thought of it, gritting my teeth at the swell of jealousy that threatens to choke me. Saxon squeezes my foot a little harder, then trades it for the other one to start the same magic all over again.

"Fine, if it's that important to you, we can take a swing dancing class," he says, no doubt misinterpreting the arched back and kitty-cat noises I'm making under my breath.

All thoughts of this imaginary homewrecking sub vanish. "Really?"

Even if the swing dancing thing wasn't going to be my original question, I'm fucking stoked now. I reach for my phone and immediately realize I left it in my bedroom. I start to tug my foot out of Saxon's grasp so I can get up, but he tightens his hold and makes a low, grumbly noise in his throat that stops me in my tracks.

"You can look up classes later. They'll be there."

“But what if the good ones all fill up?” I argue.

“They won’t. And if you get up to get your phone now, you’re going to end up answering work emails for the next hour.” There’s a finality in his tone that I really can’t bring myself to disagree with. Plus, he’s doing that thing to the arch of my foot again, so I sink back into the couch and resolve to sign us up for a class later.

“By the way, my mom is knitting you a sweater for Christmas. I figured I should give you ample warning so you can pretend to like it.”

Saxon doesn’t miss a beat at the non sequitur, grinning again and shaking his head. “Does she realize it’s May?”

“Yes, but the good yarn was on sale *now*,” I inform him in the same tone my mother used on me when I pointed out the same thing.

“We should get one of those hairless cats. We could keep her busy knitting sweaters for it all year long.”

I cackle at the idea. “That might work, actually.” My fingers twitch for my phone again, the urge to start looking up hairless cat breeders in the area is *strong*. I add it to my list of things to search later while I lie in bed, waiting for sleep that may or may not come. “Would you actually want to get a pet together?”

“Sure, why not?” he answers as if getting a pet isn’t basically the same thing as having a child together.

“It’s a big commitment,” I point out. “It’s a living thing that we would both be responsible for. And cats can live into their twenties. Are you really prepared to co-parent with me for the next two decades?”

Maybe it’s not really the cat I’m worried about. Maybe I’m still thinking about his fictitious future husband and desperately seeking validation and reassurance that I’m too afraid to ask for outright. *Maybe*.

Saxon stops rubbing my foot, pushing it gently onto the floor then reaching out to pull me into a sitting position. My breath catches in my throat and my heart pounds out a

staccato beat. He's not going to kiss me... is he? No. Maybe. Yes? No, probably not.

He stares at me for a moment, his eyes boring into mine while I try to stay calm and not hyperventilate. He hooks a hand around the back of my neck and tugs me even closer, his lips landing smack dab in the middle of my forehead. All the nervous energy inside me fizzles out.

“You're stuck with me, Lix. If you don't break every bone in your body at our swing dancing class, we can go to the shelter and look at kittens. Sound good?”

I nod, working to swallow past the lump in my throat and hide my disappointment before he notices it. Of course, I'm not disappointed to have Saxon in my life now and forever. It's *everything*, even if it's not quite what I was hoping for.

“Sounds good,” I agree.

Chapter 3

FELIX

I don't feel even mildly rested by the time my alarm goes off at ass-crack-o'clock. The insides of my eyelids are like sandpaper, and I would literally pay someone a million dollars to let me stay here, cocooned in my bed doing absolutely nothing for twelve more hours or so. Unfortunately, fortunes aren't built on leisurely mornings in bed.

I swat blindly at my phone until I manage to shut the alarm off. I *should* jump right up and get dressed. Quick, like ripping off a Band-Aid. Instead, I pull the blankets over my head and grumble to myself for another couple of minutes.

I had a boyfriend—a Daddy—a handful of years ago who was super strict about screen time before bed, citing all these studies about blue light and REM sleep. In the mornings, he had everything set up for the perfect wake-up experience. The blinds would start to slowly open, easing you out of sleep, and then instead of an annoying, blaring alarm, soothing rainforest sounds would play. It was a game changer. To be fair, he would also give me a blowjob in the shower *every* morning, which makes starting the day surprisingly bearable.

I know I could do all those things myself now—well, aside from the blowjob—but it's just not the same. *Heavy sigh.*

I want a Daddy again. Still fully burritoed in my blanket, I indulge in a brief pout, actually doing the mental math and realizing it's been almost two years since I've had a date. Two fucking *years*. No wonder I'm popping boners every time Saxon uses his Daddy voice on me.

A rap at my bedroom door spikes my heart rate and interrupts my thoughts before I can work myself into a more serious state of self-pity than I'm already in.

“Yeah?” My voice is muffled by the blankets, but Saxon must catch it just fine because I hear the sound of the door swinging open a second later, followed by the shuffle of his footsteps and a soft chuckle.

The edge of my bed dips and he tugs the sheet down just enough that it's not covering my face anymore.

“Burrito?” The corner of his lip tilts in amusement. He's clearly been awake for hours already, all fresh-faced with damp hair.

“Chrysalis,” I answer. “If a caterpillar can go in and come out a butterfly, I figure it's not too much to hope I can metamorphosize into a morning person.”

The subtle amusement on his face turns into a full-on grin as he hovers over me, the minty scent of his toothpaste and the familiar smell of his bodywash tickling my nose and making my stomach squirm. He tugs the blanket down a little farther, but I cling to it hard, not only because I don't want to get out of bed but because I really don't need Saxon to see me sporting a massive erection for the second time in twelve hours.

“You realize they turn to goo in there before they come out brand new, right?” he says, and I wrinkle my nose.

“Not worth it.”

“No, probably not. In lieu of a gooey transformation into a morning person, what can I do to help?”

My body itself doesn't turn to goo at the question, but my insides definitely do. This is exactly why it's been two years since I've had a date. The last guy I *tried* seeing kept going on and on about how I needed “boundaries” with Saxon. He never even met my bestie, so what the fuck would he know?

“Do we have any of that green tea left?” I ask hopefully. Saxon's flat *‘what do you think?’* look makes me chuckle. And the answer to that unspoken question is that I'm positive he ordered at least two cases of the stuff when he saw how much I liked it, and has been keeping track of when he'll need to re-order. “With honey and lemon, please?”

He tilts his wrist to check the time on his watch. “I'm putting on the electric kettle now. If you aren't in the kitchen

in ten minutes, I'm taking your tea with me on my way out the door and you'll have to make your own."

I gasp at the threat. "Rude. You make it so much better than I do."

"You're too impatient to let it steep long enough," he points out, already on his way out of my bedroom.

"You mean I'm too *busy* to wait for it to steep long enough," I call after him, throwing my covers off once he's out of sight.

"Impatient," he argues, his voice echoing down the hallway.

"I'm a very important man. Lots of appointments and obligations."

Saxon's answering laugh echoes the same way his voice did, seeming to fill the hallway and every inch of the large penthouse. A smile teases my lips as I haul myself out of bed and reach for my phone, actually looking at it this time. It's barely seven in the morning, but I already have dozens of notifications staring back at me. Calendar reminders, emails, texts from my assistant, Tristan... the list goes on.

I know the clock is ticking, and that Saxon's threats are never empty, if for no other reason than the principle of the thing. I still end up standing next to my bed in nothing but a pair of boxer briefs, my earlier erection long gone, going through each one of the notifications.

Calendar reminders: appointments, appointments, appointments. I have meetings with the board, a sit down with the lead engineer, another with the head of marketing, and about half a dozen more with people I've never even heard of. I forward them all to Tristan's calendar so he can help keep me on track today.

The texts from him are mostly what I would expect for this time of the day. There's a string of reminders about all the stuff I just sent him, *of course* he's more on top of this shit than I could ever hope to be. Then, a couple of texts letting me know that he needs to get my measurements sent out today so

he can order my suit for the launch party, some links to articles about the company going public and at least two about ‘the most eligible new millionaire,’ a.k.a. yours truly. I roll my eyes at the latter and send him a thumbs up in response, so he knows I read everything, or at least skimmed it.

I’m wading through a slew of emails ranging from absolute junk to shit I actually need to add to my calendar so I can address it once I get to the office, when Saxon’s voice booms out a two-minute warning.

“Fuck,” I mutter, dropping my phone onto my bed, I hustle over to my closet and pull out the first suit my hand lands on. I didn’t think I could dress this fast, but I’m like The Flash, moving faster than the human eye could possibly track, my limbs practically a blur.

I skid into the kitchen with only a few seconds to spare, my toothbrush still in my mouth while I work to button my shirt.

Saxon looks up from stirring my tea, flicking his gaze over me with a fresh look of amusement.

“You’ve got a little something.” He mimes brushing his chin.

I narrow my eyes in a glare, making my way over to the kitchen sink so I can spit and rinse, making sure not to leave any toothpaste on my face or clothes. I set my toothbrush on the edge of the sink and turn around again to find Saxon right behind me. He must have a personal training client early this morning because he’s already dressed in his usual loose tank top with armholes that are so big, his nipples make a regular appearance through them.

Without hesitation, he takes the loose ends of the tie that’s draped around my neck and works them into a perfect Windsor knot. I’m used to the way my heart goes crazy inside my chest.

“Take a seat and have your tea. I’ve got avocado and cheddar that need to be used, so I’ll make you an omelet before you go.”

I start to nod like I always do, ready to do exactly what Saxon says. He makes the *best* omelets, so it's really no hardship. But my phone vibrates in my pocket again, reminding me of the million and one things I'm somehow already behind on this morning.

"Actually, I have to run." I side-step out from my place, sandwiched between him and the sink, and grab a travel mug out of the cupboard. I'm still fully in Flash mode as I transfer the tea into the new mug, shove my shoes on, and rush out the door, calling a goodbye over my shoulder.

SAXON

It feels mildly silly stepping into the upscale lobby of a multimillion-dollar company with the classic paper bag lunch clutched in my fist. But the sense of satisfaction I know I'll get seeing him eat the healthy meal I prepared and brought all the way across town for him is guaranteed to outweigh any feelings of discomfort I'm having right now.

"Gina, how's it going, doll?" I turn on my most charming smile and saunter toward the desk that bars my clear path to the elevators.

She blushes the way she always does when I come for a visit, immediately tugging at her rose-colored blouse and fixing her hair so it lies just right over her shoulder. I've wondered a few times if she's so nervous around me because she's a subscriber or if she just thinks I'm hot. Either way, it's certainly an advantage on the occasions I swing by to surprise Felix at work.

"Busy as usual. Here to surprise Mr. Green, I assume?" She smiles and her eyes fall to the bag in my hand. She gives it that kind of mushy look people usually reserve for puppies and fluffy ducklings.

I was going for more thoughtful than adorable, but I'll take it.

"Yeah. Is he in his office?"

"Let me check." Her fingers fly over the keyboard, and she takes a minute to scan the computer screen before

returning her attention to me. “Yup. He just finished up his meeting with the programmers, and he doesn’t have anything else on his schedule for another hour.”

“Great. I’ll just run this up to him then.”

She smiles again and waves me past, turning in her chair before I make it to the elevators. “Hey, maybe give the poor man a massage or something. He seemed frazzled this morning.”

I frown at the suggestion and the realization that I didn’t know Felix is feeling stressed. He seemed fine when he left the apartment, maybe a little rushed, but otherwise more or less normal.

“A massage?” I repeat, trying not to think too hard about how he always melts into my touch, usually even moaning a little as I work out a few stubborn knots with my thumbs.

“That’s a boyfriend type thing to do, isn’t it?”

My face spasms at the B-word, my cheek twitching and my smile faltering. I guess it’s not an *insane* assumption for her or anyone else to make, considering Felix and I have been living together for years and I have a habit of stopping by here with lunch, tea, random things he might have forgotten on his way out the door in the morning. But for whatever reason, being referred to as Felix’s *boyfriend* has my mouth going dry.

Her smile slips when I don’t immediately respond. “Shit, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have assumed.” She rushes to apologize as the awkward moment stretches between us.

My skin gets clammy and hot all at the same time. It’s not like I’ve never thought about it. Hell, he’s starred in *many* of my fantasies over the years, no matter how hard I’ve tried to shake the habit. It doesn’t help that his eager submission drips from every word and expression he aims my way.

In a perfect world... maybe. A wistful feeling fills my chest and creeps up my throat until it’s hard to breathe.

The thing is, this world is *far* from perfect. This world is full of heartbreak and ruined expectations. I watched my

mom go through it. I've seen my sister suffer heartbreak after heartbreak. It must run in the family. I've had plenty of boys too. Sweet boys, perfect boys, boys I could have loved if I had enough time... It never works out. There are a million reasons why, and I don't think I'd survive hearing any of them from Felix.

Our system is perfect now. I get to take care of him and make him happy, and to see that beautiful, shy smile first thing every morning and last thing at night. Pushing for more might just ruin the whole thing we've built together over the years.

"It's okay," I assure her, forcing another smile. "We're just roommates. But tell you what, I'll book him in for a massage with an excellent masseur I know."

Relief flits over her features, clearly glad she didn't put her foot too far into her mouth. "You're a good one, Saxon."

I wink playfully and hit the button to call the elevator. "That's what they tell me."

Inside the elevator, I lean against the far wall while it slowly ascends to the top floor, letting myself have exactly forty seconds—the length of the ride—to imagine what it would be like if Felix *were* my boy.

Sure, I'd start with a massage to ease some of his stress and tension. Then I'd lock his office door and make myself comfortable in that oversized chair he has in the corner. I'd crook a finger at him, leveling him with a look that lets him know he's in trouble for not telling me the stress was getting to him. But no worries, Daddy can make it all better. Daddy can paint his boy's ass cheeks a pretty shade of red with his hands and send him to a place where nothing matters but being owned and cherished.

A massage is great, but subspace is better.

My breath hitches in my chest at the image my mind conjures of Felix, rumpled and relaxed, the pain in his ass a reminder not to worry about anything for the rest of the day.

The elevator dings open, and I give myself a quick shake to dispel the fantasy. It really is too dangerous to let

myself go there. We have a good thing going. A *great* thing, actually, and I'm not about to let a daydream ruin it.

There's another desk in the way of Felix's office, but his assistant is nowhere to be seen. I'm taking that as my win for the day. Tristan is great, but I'm *positive* he's subscribed to my Daddy Cam channel. I swear I can feel him undressing me with his eyes every time he looks at me. *Shudder*.

I wonder if he's ever said anything to Felix about it. The thought makes my heart race. What would he think if he knew how I make a large portion of my money? Forget that, what would he think if he knew that it's really not about the money at all? I could more than fund my lifestyle with the high-end personal training clients I work with. I do the Daddy Cam channel because it scratches a deeper itch.

Maybe I should just tell him. At least I wouldn't have to keep waiting for the hammer to drop. I blow out a breath. I'm not about to walk into his office in the middle of the day and drop that bomb on him out of nowhere. Satisfied with that excuse, I push the question aside yet again and stride past Tristan's empty desk. I pause at Felix's door and knock, just in case Gina was wrong about him having a break between meetings.

"Yeah?" he answers, his voice muffled through the door.

His eyes are glued to his computer screen as I step inside, his lips moving silently like they always do when he's concentrating hard on something, his fingers flying wildly over the keyboard. Watching him at work always does something stupid inside my chest. Maybe that's why I stop by as often as I do.

I love seeing him all sweetly submissive when it's just the two of us at home, but seeing him being a fucking boss is next-level awesome. He built this startup from nothing, and now he has people constantly knocking on his office door to talk about investors and rollouts and shit I can't begin to understand. He handles it all, never seeming to stumble or second guess himself, owning the room in his crisp designer

suits, with his strong, confident voice. And then they leave, and Felix turns that deferential smile back in my direction.

He makes me feel like I own the fucking world.

I clear my throat, more because there's an uncomfortable lump forming there than anything, but Felix looks up from his computer, his expression going from pinched and focused to surprised and sunny.

"Saxon." He reaches for his phone, sitting beside him on the desk, and flips it over, no doubt checking to see if he missed a message telling him I'd be coming by.

I hold up the paper bag, closing the door behind me as I step inside his office. "I thought I'd surprise you with lunch."

"What would I do without you?" He hits me with one of those adoring looks that always threatens to topple me, and waves toward the empty chair opposite his desk. I take a seat, pushing the lunch offering in his direction then propping my feet up on the expensive wood.

The expensive leather of the chair and the pristine appearance of his office makes me *extremely* aware of the fact that I'm still wearing my gym clothes and probably stink like sweat from a mile off.

"Lucky you, you'll never have to find out." I add some playfulness to my tone, so the statement doesn't come across as too intense or possessive, even if I am in a weird fucking mood lately when it comes to him.

Maybe I was onto something last night. It's past time I find a real flesh-and-blood boy again. My toys and subscribers just aren't cutting it. That's why I'm getting all moony over Felix.

He unrolls the crumpled paper of the bag and reaches inside to pull out the Tupperware I packed full of mixed green salad topped with salmon.

"This is perfect. My day is so slammed. I was just wondering if I'd even have time to order something for lunch." He digs in with the fork he also finds inside the bag, chewing

slowly while his computer continues to ping with alerts every few seconds.

“Why don’t you mute that or put it in sleep mode for fifteen minutes?” I phrase it like a question, but an edge of command seeps into my tone anyway.

His mouth twists and he glances between me and the computer. I can see the battle between doing what I ask and concern over whatever’s going on that he feels like he can’t take a break from.

“There’s a lot happening right now,” he explains.

“And all of it is going to fall apart if you take fifteen minutes to eat?” I arch an eyebrow at him.

“No,” he mumbles, finally reaching over to mute the speakers and darken the screen.

The tension radiating off him eases almost immediately once the constant barrage of notifications stops. I bite my tongue against the urge to praise him. Hell, maybe a small one won’t hurt.

“Good boy,” I purr.

His cheeks flame and he wiggles in his seat a little, shoving a forkful of salad into his mouth, eyes trained on his desk.

He responds with an “Mmph,” the meaning of which is anyone’s guess, but the smile he’s trying to hide is enough to tell me he liked it.

“Rachel called me this morning.” I rock back in the chair a bit, getting comfortable with my hands behind my head, giving my shoulder muscles a good stretch but unfortunately making the stank issue that much worse.

Felix leans forward, his eyes lighting up with interest, hungry for the gossip he knows I’m dangling in front of him.

“And?” he prompts once he swallows the bite he was chewing.

“And the asshole didn’t even try to deny it. He’s been fucking not only his secretary but also some dude from the mailroom. He actually tried to spin the whole thing into a pitch for them to start swinging,” I reveal, and he gasps.

“No fucking way.”

“Yes, fucking way.” I chuckle.

“Your sister really knows how to pick ’em.” He shakes his head. “At least she already has a good divorce attorney on speed dial.” Felix cringes as soon as the words leave his mouth. “Shit, that was bitchy.”

I wave away his concern. “It’s fucking true. That’s exactly why...” I trail off, biting my tongue. I don’t know why, but relationships are the one thing I’ve always held back from talking to him about. In over a decade of friendship, we’ve shared just about everything else, but I can’t bring myself to touch that topic with a ten-foot pole.

“Exactly why what?” he asks.

“Eh, I don’t know.” I shrug. “I think I’m just a relationship skeptic. My Mom was a fucking dating disaster, which is probably why Rach picks loser after loser. It just seems like romance is an unnecessary complication in life, doesn’t it?”

He pulls one shoulder up weakly then lets it fall again, his gaze fixed with needless intensity on his salad all of a sudden.

“Don’t ask me. I was brainwashed by rom-coms and romance novels at a formative age,” he mumbles with an edge of humor that doesn’t reach his eyes.

I hum, puzzling over the knots forming in my chest and gut. I drop my feet from the desk and sit up straighter. It’s on the tip of my tongue to tell him I’m probably wrong. After all, people fall over themselves to get married or at least commit to other people, so there must be something to it. I’m not sure if I believe that though, or if I just want to see Felix smile again, and I can’t seem to get myself to flat-out lie to him like that.

Felix shoves one last bite of salad into his mouth and pushes the container back towards me, pulling his smile back into place.

“We should send her on a cruise,” he says. “That’ll be the perfect pick-me-up, won’t it?”

I nod, looking across the desk at him for a few seconds. That’s exactly why he’s my best friend. He’s one of the most thoughtful people I’ve ever met. If anyone deserves all this success, it’s Felix, because he’s the type of person who’s going to share it with others. He always has.

“I think she would love that,” I agree, and his grin turns even brighter.

“I’ll look into booking her something when I have a few free minutes later,” he says, and I immediately rumble a displeased sound in my throat.

“*I’ll* look into booking her something. *You* can focus on the actual shit you need to do and get your ass home at a reasonable hour.”

He squirms in his seat and his cheeks pink.

“Yes, Da—” Felix clears his throat. “Yes, Saxon, I’ll do that. Thank you.”

My mouth goes dry. He wasn’t about to say what I think he was. Nope. I’m not even going to let myself think too hard about that because if I do...

I shift in my seat, ignoring the heated swell of my cock between my legs.

“I should get going and let you get back to it,” I say after a few beats of silence, packing the empty Tupperware back into the bag and getting up to leave.

“Saxon,” he calls after me as I reach his door. “I’m glad you stopped by. I really needed it.”

“Anytime.” I shoot him one last smile before I leave, drinking in the satisfaction of knowing he’s fed, happy, and ready to tackle his afternoon now.

See? The setup we have is absolutely perfect. Why would we mess with this by bringing in something as complicated and unpredictable as romance?

Chapter 4

FELIX

I drag my feet, in no particular hurry to get upstairs knowing that Saxon won't be home yet. I should have just stayed at the office a little later, but after pulling twelve-hour days the last four in a row, I'm in desperate need of a long, hot shower and some quality time with my laptop and my right hand.

I step into the elevator, groaning as I lean against the back wall after hitting the button for my floor. I bring one hand up to dig my fingers into the tight muscles along the back of my neck. There's been a tension headache threatening to bloom into a full-on migraine for the past day and a half, and I would give just about anything to walk in the door to a Daddy waiting to give me a long, luxurious massage and relieve me of all my worries for the rest of the night. Without Saxon home, I don't even have the next best thing. *Big, fat weeping emoji.*

So, the question is, what's the *next* next best thing?

I ponder the question as I step out of the elevator and unlock my apartment door. I undo my own tie and take off my own shoes, because, in case I didn't mention it already, *Saxon isn't home*. Ugh, this is ridiculous. No self-respecting boy should have to suffer this way. I pull my phone out of my pocket and type out a text to Saxon saying exactly that, but I delete it without sending it. It sounds way too boyfriendly.

After his comment the other day at my office, hinting at his aversion to romance, I swear I've been overthinking every word I say to him. I've spent years trying to work up the courage to confess my crush, but now I'm glad I never managed to do it. Clearly, it would have sent him running for the hills.

I shuffle down the hallway towards my bedroom, tension and agitation winding me tighter by the second. Epic jerk session is my first priority, followed by a shower. By then, Saxon might even be home.

I woke up horny as fuck this morning, but I didn't have time to do anything about it. Now that I've given myself permission to indulge in some good old fashioned stress relief, my body is buzzing impatiently. Heat churns in the pit of my stomach, my cock and balls throbbing and tingling for the promised release. As soon as I'm in my bedroom, I quietly push the lock into place, even though I'm home alone, and fumble to undo my pants.

They fall around my thighs, and I kick them off before crawling onto my bed and reaching for my laptop. I have plenty of Daddy porn bookmarked, all guaranteed to make for an enjoyable time. But as I flip my computer open and unlock it, I remember something Tristan had gleefully whispered to me a few weeks ago.

"Do you subscribe to any Daddy Cam pages?"

I'd never heard of the site before, and boy was he happy to give me *all* the details about what I've been missing out on. Hundreds of creators, hundreds of *Daddies*, selling subscriptions to their videos and sometimes more. He was even helpful enough to jot down a couple of his favorites he thought I should check out. I promptly crumpled up the list and tossed it into the trash as soon as he had left my office. Jerking off to the same porn as my assistant felt... *weird*.

But, as we all know, few things are too weird when you're horny enough. And even without the list, there's one creator name I couldn't have forgotten if I'd tried. *SaxyDaddy*. When Tris had written the name down, my whole body felt like a livewire. I know it's not *my* Saxon, of course. That doesn't stop my curiosity from piquing as I type the name into the search bar at the top of the site.

The first search result that pops up at the top of the page has a preview thumbnail that's a close-up of a thick, veiny cock sliding into a shapely silicone ass. It reminds me of the toy I found in Saxon's room, stashed in the drawer right next to the *Daddy* paddle. My nipples tingle, my ass aches for the sting of being branded by his paddle, and my cock jerks, spilling sticky precum into my underwear.

I undo my tie and unbutton my shirt with one hand, licking my lips as I read the title under the video. *SaxyDaddy Wants to Fill Your Hole.*

“Fuck,” I murmur, clicking on the video. A box fills the screen immediately, requesting my credit card information. I don’t have a fucking clue what the subscription costs. For all I know, it’s a thousand dollars per day and a minimum ten-year commitment to join. I’m not sure I’ve ever cared about anything less.

I let my card information autofill, one hand already down the front of my boxer briefs, teasing my cock while I wait for the video to load. When it finally starts, it opens on a close-up of a toned chest, lightly covered with dark hair that surrounds a pair of dark brown nipples. *It looks like Saxon’s chest.*

I huff a laugh at myself. *It’s not Saxon.*

The Daddy in question finishes adjusting the camera, plopping down into his chair so that his face enters the frame. My body blazes hot all at once and I convulse like I’ve been shocked. I suck in a deep breath, blinking rapidly, expecting the delusion to clear any second because that has to be what this is, right? I’ve spent so long fantasizing about my best friend that I’ve finally fucking snapped. Either that or Saxon really and truly has a Daddy Cam page.

“*Hey, sweetheart.*” His familiar, honey-rich voice comes through the speakers and my cock jerks so violently in my grasp that I see stars.

Holy fuck, holy fuck, holy fuck. Saxon has a fucking Daddy Cam page.

“*Look at you, so fucking eager for me. Have you been thinking about me all day, baby?*”

I whimper and bob my head in a nod. It’s too easy to pretend he’s actually talking right to *me* and not generically flirting with his thousands of subscribers.

“*Good, because I’m so fucking horny tonight I can hardly stand it.*” He stands up from his seat again, showing off

the length of his body to the camera. Not just showing it off... *working it*, running his hands slowly over his bare chest and down his abs, letting out throaty sounds that I've only ever dreamed of hearing from him.

He hooks his thumbs in the elastic waistline of his shorts and I hold my breath. I should turn this off. I should close my laptop, drive it out to the middle of nowhere, and chuck it into an open field where it can no longer tempt me.

He doesn't just shove his shorts down. No, even for a million strangers, he's Saxon through and through. He teasingly swings his hips from one side to the other, inching his shorts down little by little while his chest rumbles with a deep chuckle that sends goosebumps skittering all over my skin.

I'm going to hell if I watch this, a little voice in the back of my head warns me. Saxon's shorts slip another inch, exposing a dark tuft of pubic hair and the thick base of his cock. *Fuck it, I'll buy myself a one-way ticket on the Hell Express as soon as I'm finished coming my fucking brains out.*

He's still talking, but I can't hear a word he's saying over the sound of my pulse thundering in my ears, my eyes fixed on the painfully slow reveal happening on the screen. My hand is wrapped so tightly around my erection that it would probably be painful if it weren't so necessary to keep me from finishing instantly.

Inch by inch, he tortures me. And, yes, there *are* that many inches. Jesus, I always knew Saxon had big-dick energy, but apparently, he also has the equipment to back it up. Is it wrong to want to build a shrine to someone's cock? I don't even care that I haven't seen the whole thing yet, I can already tell it's shrine worthy.

One last inch and his erection finally springs free, bouncing up and *thwacking* heavily against his belly. A whine slips past my lips and I squirm, my hips twitching with the urge to fuck wildly into the tight channel of my fist. But I know it'll be over as soon as I do, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let this end that quickly.

Saxon wraps his hand around his long, thick cock and gives himself a few slow strokes, moving closer to the camera so it captures the bead of precum glistening from the slit. I lick my lips again, my throat aching to be pounded by him.

“I bet you want to suck me, don’t you, sweetheart?”

“Uh huh.” I whimper, giving in and starting to stroke myself slowly. My toes curl and my balls draw up tight almost immediately. Fuck, there’s no way I’m going to manage to draw this out.

With trembling fingers, I click on the video and skip ahead to the last five minutes. If I’m going to hell for this, I’m at least going to enjoy a simultaneous Big O.

He has the toy out now, the same one from the thumbnail. The same toy that’s sitting in his drawer only a few dozen steps away.

“You want to feel me filling your tight hole?” Saxon growls through the speakers, using his thumb to play with the tight pucker of the toy. Is it fucked up to be jealous of a sex toy? If he wants a sex toy, I’d be excellent at lying *very* still and letting him use me.

“Say, ‘yes, Daddy,’” he prompts.

“Yes, Daddy.” I pant quietly, sticking two fingers into my mouth to wet them and then sliding them between my cheeks as I work my cock furiously with my other hand.

On the screen, a slow, dirty grin spreads over his lips as if to say ‘good boy.’ The look alone sends a jolt of pleasure through me. It’s a look I’ve seen a thousand times, except this one is *so* much filthier than any of those. I gasp and writhe on my soft, expensive sheets, humping into the tight grasp of my fist while I shove my fingers as deep as they’ll go, which isn’t nearly far enough to satisfy me.

“So good,” he praises, his words strained as his muscles flex with every deep, hard thrust into the toy. *“So good for Daddy. Just like that. You’re so perfect, aren’t you? You make Daddy feel so fucking good.”*

“I am,” I whine quietly. “I’ll be so good for you, Daddy. I promise. I’m yours.”

I lift my hips, trying to get my fingers deeper, to hit that neglected spot inside me that I can never quite reach on my own.

“That’s your sweet spot, isn’t it? That’s right, give it to me. Let go and let Daddy hear you beg for it.”

“Please, Daddy. Please, Daddy. Please.” I gasp over and over, curling my toes and biting my lip hard enough to taste blood.

“Fuck yes, fuck yes. Come for me.”

I moan, and my cock swells in my fist and starts to pulse. My hole does the same, gripping my fingers in rippling waves as my orgasm washes over me and I splatter my half-unbuttoned shirt with my cum.

I’m still trembling and slowly stroking my softening cock as Saxon slumps back into his own chair, breathing just as heavily as I am. Unlike most porn videos, it doesn’t just go black. He gazes into the camera with a soft, satisfied smile and murmurs words I barely hear as I drown myself in the soothing timbre of his voice. I close my eyes and pretend he’s talking only to me. All those deep growls and soft words of praise are mine as he kneels over me, telling me what a good boy I was for Daddy.

Then, his tone shifts into an unmistakable sales pitch. I open my eyes and hazily watch as he sells his subscribers on a dildo replica of his own cock, reminding viewers that the link will be in the description.

My breath hitches again. It’s so *so* over the line. Watching the video was bad enough, I *cannot* buy myself a dildo replica of Saxon’s cock. My hand seems to have a mind of its own though, copying the link and saving it before I can talk myself out of it.

It’s a saved link, no harm done. I’m not going to buy it.

Out of curiosity, I click the link just to see what it looks like. I’m a businessman after all, and this is certainly a

million-dollar product idea. But before I even get the chance to peruse the site, the distant sound of the front door sends me scrambling. My bedroom door is locked, but guilt spurs me on anyway as I slam my laptop closed and fling myself out of bed.

Goddamn that post-nut clarity. I am so fucking bad. So *naughty*. I really deserve a spanking...

In my hurry to distance myself from my shame, my legs get tangled in the mess of my sheets as I try to jump out of bed, and I crash to the floor with a half-bitten *oomph* and a painful thud. I wince and groan, Saxon's footsteps thundering down the hallway in a predictable rush.

Dammit.

My doorknob rattles and I gasp, still breathless from all that much-needed self-care, and right on the edge of a panic attack.

"I'm fine," I shout before Saxon even gets the chance to ask.

"Open up," he says in that commanding tone. He's so fucking good at the Daddy voice that I almost *do* open the door. Except I'm half-dressed and covered in jizz and shame, so instead of standing up and letting my best friend in, I crawl the few feet to my bathroom. I finally haul myself up and lean against the doorframe of my en suite.

"I'm really okay," I call again. "Just jumping in the shower."

He's quiet for a few seconds before he finally answers. "Fine," he huffs. "But if you come out here and try to hide a broken bone in twenty minutes, I'm going to..."

The threat trails off and amusement bubbles up in my chest. Coming that hard made me a little lightheaded. At least that's what I'm blaming for the next words out of my mouth.

"Spank me?" I finish for him, teasing and hopeful.

Saxon's low chuckle gives me goosebumps even through the door. If I didn't know any better, I could swear I

hear him mutter something that sounds a hell of a lot like “*Don’t tempt me.*”

But I’m sure that’s just wishful thinking...

Heavy sigh. I need a *very* cold shower, and I need it now.

SAXON

I can hear the tentative pad of Felix’s footsteps coming down the hallway. The sound is faint over the sizzle of fajita ingredients I have going on the stove, but I’m so in tune with every one of his movements that I could probably hear his individual breaths at a heavy metal concert.

I glance up from stirring the chicken and peppers just as he steps around the corner into my line of sight. I do a quick visual assessment, looking for any possible new injuries. It sounded like he fell out of bed, which is a semi-weekly event, so I’m not sure why I’m practically vibrating with worry other than the fact that it’s *Felix* and fretting over him is as inevitable as breathing.

His hair is damp from his shower, his cheeks are my favorite shade of soft pink, and his lips look slightly reddened and more plump than usual. Has he been biting them? He looks relaxed in a pair of loose-fitting cotton shorts that end just above his knees and his favorite faded, stretched out graphic tee. It’s the same one he’s been wearing since college and he refuses to throw it away, even if he could afford to buy a new one a thousand times over. As far as I can tell, he seems perfectly intact, but there’s something off. I can’t put my finger on it, but something about him screams *freshly fucked*.

My heart speeds up and my stomach knots. A hot feeling claws its way up my throat, tightening my jaw and my grip on the spatula in my hand.

“Hey,” he says, flashing me a shy smile, his gaze quickly darting away from mine. He pulls his already abused bottom lip between his teeth and fidgets with the drawstring on his shorts, even though it’s neatly tied and seems to be fitting just fine already.

I squint and tilt my head, as if I'll be able to read whatever secret he's feeling guilty about scrawled across his forehead. No such luck.

"Have you been home long?" I ask, hoping he can't hear how oddly off balance I suddenly am.

"Oh, um, no. Maybe an hour?" He pulls a clean rag out of the corner drawer and starts wiping down the already pristine countertops.

I nod slowly, pushing the food around in the pan so it doesn't burn then looking over my shoulder at him again. The shirt he's wearing rides up an inch as he reaches to grab a couple of plates out of the cabinet overhead. The dimples on his lower back draw my gaze for a second and the unbidden thought of resting my thumbs there while I hold his hips and sink into his sweet, tight hole fills my mind. I flush hot all over and jerk my gaze away quickly, ignoring the way my mouth goes dry and my cock tingles.

"Fuck," Felix murmurs, and I jerk my head around again so fast that I almost give myself whiplash. I catch him lolling his head from side to side, then rolling his shoulders with a quiet groan.

"What happened?" I ask, probably more gruffly than is warranted, but dammit, I *knew* he was hurt.

He laughs quietly and shakes his head at me. "I told you, I'm fine. My neck and shoulders are feeling these long hours lately, that's all."

I grunt, shutting off the burner and moving the pan off of the heat.

Is that what has him acting strange tonight? I missed the signs of his work stress the other morning; this must be more of the same. The weird surge of jealousy feels stupid now and is yet another sign that I need to start putting myself out there again. Of course, dating means changing *everything*. That's always the problem, isn't it? Not just that things go south more often than not, but even trying to find someone means an entire shift in my routine. It means fewer nights at

home, lounging in front of the TV with Felix, and less time for impromptu weekend adventures with him.

I frown at the thought, and as if he can sense my inner turmoil, Felix is suddenly in my space, leaning against me casually as he cranes his neck and sniffs the air in an exaggerated way.

“Oh my god, that smells so good.” He reaches past me towards the pan of food that’s still so hot it’s sizzling.

I grab his wrist to stop him before he can burn the hell out of his fingers, and he giggles as if that was his plan the whole time.

“Wash up and go sit down at the table.”

“I’m already clean. I just got out of the shower,” he reminds me with the hint of a teasing smirk on his lips. My skin heats again, but that’s probably just because I’m standing over the hot stove still.

“Then just go sit down.” I match his flippant tone, and he laughs again.

“Yes, D—” He stops and clears his throat the same way he did the other day. “Dictator Saxon,” he finishes playfully after his pause.

“Flattering,” I mutter.

I make two plates and carry them both over to the table where Felix is waiting for me. He digs in immediately, but despite the teasing from a few minutes ago, the meal is filled with that same strange tension I can’t quite put my finger on. He avoids my gaze, staring at his plate like he’s expecting his peppers to spell out all the secrets of the universe if he looks at them hard enough. Every time he *does* look across the table at me, a fresh blush rises on his cheeks, and he shoves another bite of food into his mouth so fast I’m surprised he manages to make it through the entire meal without choking.

As soon as he’s finished, he jumps up and takes his plate to the sink, placing it in with a loud clatter.

“You can leave all the dishes. I’ll do them in the morning.” He’s already backing down the hallway.

“You’re going to bed already?” I glance at the clock. It’s not even nine yet.

“I’m super tired. Night Saxy... erm... Saxon.” His voice gets farther away as he slips down the hallway, and the sound of his door closing punctuates the end of the sentence.

“Night,” I murmur to no one but myself and my half-finished plate of food.

Maybe Felix is just tired. He’s been killing himself getting ready for the company to go public. Maybe he’s on the verge of a nervous breakdown from the stress of it. My mouth tugs into another frown and I get up to clear my plate.

Normally, I would leave the dishes for him to do in the morning like he said he would, but I need something to do with my hands for a few minutes, so I fill the sink with hot water and soap, and get to work on them.

If the stress *is* getting to him, then it’s past time I kidnap him for a weekend getaway. I could rent one of those remote cabins in the mountains where there’s no cell service whatsoever. Maybe next month once everything is finalized. I wouldn’t want him freaking out about being out of touch right in the middle of everything.

But what if it’s *more* than just stress. I ponder the possibilities while I scrub the plates and pan. What if I was on the right track earlier? Maybe he met someone, and he isn’t sure how to tell me. My gut twists itself into tight knots. Just like I hate the idea of giving up time with Felix so that *I* can date, I can’t stand the thought of someone else whisking him away to a remote cabin to relax and forget about work for a few days.

It’s going to happen eventually though, whether I like it or not. He’s going to meet someone, and everything will change between us. Fuck, that’s the last thing I want. But what choice do I have? I can’t exactly lock him in the apartment like

a princess in a tower, regardless of how much appeal there is to that idea.

Maybe there's another way to keep him all to myself that I just haven't thought of yet. I just hope I'll think of it before it's too late.

Chapter 5

FELIX

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and I wince with guilt before even pulling it out to look at the message. It's from Saxon. *Of course*, it's from Saxon. He probably thinks we're having a fight he didn't get the memo about. Going to bed early last night was bad enough, but it's unheard of for me to get up before him and haul ass out of the apartment without so much as a "good morning."

In my defense, I did leave him a note so he wouldn't worry. *Also*, I literally can't look at him without sweating and I have no fucking clue what to do about it.

I wish I didn't know about his Daddy Cam page. It was all I could do this morning to keep myself from calling in sick and staying home in bed watching all of his videos until my body is drained of all fluids and I've died with a smile. But I can't watch any more.

I'm totally going to watch more.

Fuck.

It's when the elevator doors slide open in front of my office and my eyes zero in on my assistant's desk that I remember how I got into this mess in the first place.

Tristan.

His computer is logged on and his suit jacket is slung over the back of his chair, so he's here. He probably went out for coffee or down to the employee break room to flirt with that IT guy who always looks like he wants to put a ball gag in Tristan's mouth. I stop at his desk and pluck one of the neon green sticky notes off the pad.

Come into my office. I scrawl the words with jerky motions and then forcefully stick it in the center of his computer monitor so he can't miss it. I let my office door swing shut loudly behind me as I enter, tossing my briefcase onto the floor next to my desk. The worst part of my early

morning escape is that I didn't get any tea before leaving the apartment.

I flop into my chair and finally pull out my phone to check the missed message. I was right, it's from Saxon.

SAXON: Is everything ok? You're being weird.

Straight to the heart of the question, no beating around the bush. That's so Saxon. I smile and sigh, considering my response. Maybe I should just tell him I found his Daddy Cam site. At least then the guilt part of the whole thing won't keep hanging over me. But if I tell him, I *really* can't watch it again.

I wince at how fucked up that is.

FELIX: Everything's fine. I'm just busy.

The lie fills the pit of my stomach with concrete. I chew roughly on my bottom lip until the metallic tang of blood touches my tongue. I imagine Saxon's disapproving look at making myself bleed, and I release my lip. I swivel my chair back and forth for a minute before typing one more message.

FELIX: I'll be home early tonight and we can go out to that Vietnamese place you love!

The message shows as 'read' immediately, but he doesn't respond. I guess I deserve that. I set my phone face down on my desk and turn on my computer. Before I've even pulled up the desktop version of my calendar for the day, I can hear movement outside of my office. It only takes a few seconds before Tristan's usual perfunctory knock comes at my door, barely pausing before swinging it open and stepping inside.

He's exuding all of his highly irritating morning person energy as he practically bounces inside, loudly sipping from a cup of coffee without a care in the world like he didn't make my life a thousand times more difficult last night.

"You're fired," I mutter.

He closes the office door calmly and turns to me with a barely contained grin.

“You finally found it.” He lets out a little squeal and prances across my office to perch himself on the edge of my desk.

I narrow my eyes at him, ignoring his enthusiasm.

“I don’t even know where to start.” I pinch the bridge of my nose. “The violation of Saxon’s privacy is probably a good place.”

“Psh.” He waves his hand dismissively. “It’s not like I’m passing fliers out all over the office. You’ve been in love with him for, like, twenty years. Besides, he can’t be all that concerned with privacy if he’s willing to sell jerk-off videos that literally *anyone* could stumble on.”

“Thirteen,” I mutter a correction, and Tristan flaps his hand again like the timeline doesn’t matter. Maybe it doesn’t—I have no clue what I should be focused on in this whole mess.

“Whatever. I thought this would be the perfect nudge to get you to say something to him.” He turns those big green eyes of his on me in a puppy dog way, sticking out his bottom lip.

My mouth falls open. “What am I supposed to say? *Hey, Sax, I found your page and I fingered myself so hard to one of your videos I nearly blacked out.*” I scoff at the idea, my face heating from my admission. I didn’t mean to admit *quite* so much to Tristan.

“It’s not a bad opener.” He shrugs.

I groan and put both hands over my face. “I can’t tell him. If he wanted me to know, he would have told me. Also, while we’re at it, if you *ever* look at his videos again, I *will* take out a hit on you. I’m rich, I can afford it,” I threaten.

“Rawr, someone’s possessive.”

“Stop being cute, Tris,” I snap. “I’m serious, I can’t even look him in the eye now.” I resist the urge to flip my phone over to check if Saxon has texted me back yet.

Tristan sighs, finally seeming to take my dilemma seriously.

“Okay, fine. Let’s get real about it then,” he concedes, fixing me with his most earnest expression. “The way I see it, you have two options. You either need to rip off the Band-Aid and confess your love to this man already...”

“Or?” I prompt, squirming in my seat at the thought of all the things that could possibly go wrong with that choice. He could reject me. He could laugh at me. Fuck, *worse*, he could pity me for being so stupid that I’ve spent our entire friendship pining for him. He could feel violated that I’ve been thinking of him like that for so long when he doesn’t feel the same. *He could leave.*

My throat tightens and my breath gets stuck inside my lungs until I get dizzy.

“Really? Not going with option A?” Tristan raises his perfectly plucked eyebrows at me, oblivious to my impending panic attack. “Fine, the second option is to get the hell over him already. You’re not doing either of you any favors by pining for him.”

I finally manage to suck in a breath, exhaling it with a humorless laugh. “You don’t think I’ve tried to get over him? How am I even supposed to do that?”

A devilish smile tugs at his lips and he pulls his phone out of his pocket. “I’m so glad you asked.”

SAXON

“There you go,” I encourage. “You’ve got this.” Leon grunts through the last of his exercises, beads of sweat glistening on his forehead, his jaw clenched.

He exhales sharply when he finishes the last of the reps and sets the weight down. I toss him a clean towel and pat his shoulder.

“Fuck me, man,” he says, uncapping his water bottle and guzzling down a few gulps.

“I know, but look how much better you’re doing already. A month ago, you couldn’t finish the set,” I remind him.

“Yeah, yeah,” he mutters, but I don’t miss the grin he tries to hide by wiping his face with the towel.

“Don’t take my word for it, but I think you’ll be back on the field next season.”

“I guess I should probably check in with the team PT,” he says with a sigh.

I chuckle. “Yeah, you might want to do that if you ever plan to get cleared to play.”

“You’re better than he is,” Leon reasons with a shrug. “You ever think about doing something like that instead of just this?” He gestures to the upscale gym where I’ve been paying a small fee to the owner so he’ll let me train clients here without being on his payroll. The question hits a little too close to home, so I run my hand over the rough stubble on my jaw and make a noncommittal sound.

Of course I’ve thought about being a sports therapist. I’ve thought about it so much that I got the damn post-grad degree for it and everything. I just haven’t gotten around to making it official by taking the licensing exam.

I could make a hell of a lot more money. Not that that’s the end all be all. It’s also something I’ve always dreamed of doing. There’s a lot to consider though, like the fact that applying for a highly sought-after job like that could mean an employer finding my Daddy Cam page.

Plus, who knows where I could end up if I tried to pursue a position like that. There’s no guarantee I would get hired by a team here in the city, or even the state. I could end up getting hired halfway across the country. Felix is here, his job is here. I have to be here too.

Leon stands up and we make our way over to the mats where we can do his post workout stretching. Getting the strength back in his injured shoulder won’t do much good if

it's too stiff for him to throw the ball. Unsurprisingly though, my mind is still on Felix.

Everything's fine. I'm just busy.

Five words on a screen, but I swear I could *hear* the way his voice gets a few octaves higher in pitch when he lies. When we're face to face, I usually just silently stare him down until he gets all flustered and confesses the truth. Maybe it's not a lie. I know he *is* busy, it just feels like there's something more going on and it's driving me batshit that I don't know what it is.

"That's a face," Leon says with a chuckle.

I shake myself out of my thoughts and offer him an apologetic smile. "Sorry, just lost in thought."

"Sub troubles?" he guesses, and I blink with surprise.

"Sub... How did you...?"

He snorts. "Come on. I may have a hard time finding someone to play with, but my Daddy-dar is top notch."

I snort. "Fair enough. Um, no though, not exactly. It's just my roommate."

"Does that mean you're single?" Leon raises both eyebrows, finishing his stretch and pushing the hair back off of his forehead with one hand.

My mouth falls open and I scramble to catch up with the conversation. Is Leon hitting on me? And if his "Daddy-dar" is so spot on, does that mean my "sub-dar" is on the fritz? Because I had no fucking clue he was in the lifestyle.

"You're great and everything, but you're my client." I start to let him down gently, but Leon throws his head back and barks out a laugh.

"Relax, you're not my type." Although, in sharp contrast with his reassurance, he gives me a slow, appreciative once-over. "You're hot, but you're not my type."

"Okay, so..." I'm back to not following. I'm usually not this stupid, I think the fact that my thoughts are so

muddled by Felix this morning is to blame.

“A friend of mine owns Temptations. It’s a kink club on the North side. There’s this speed dating event tonight and he’s worried the turnout is going to be twenty subs to one Dom,” he explains.

I’ve heard of the club. I’ve even toyed with the idea of a membership, but I’ve always come back to the same issue I was wrestling with last night: splitting my time.

“Oh. Huh.” I rub the back of my neck and consider the invitation. For all the time I’ve spent thinking about dating, the timing of the invite feels like a sign. And for all I know, Felix is seeing someone as we speak.

The thought ruffles me the same way it did last night, making my jaw tick and my body temperature increase in an instant.

“No membership required to attend this time, but you do have to RSVP so they can run a quick background check.” Leon keeps talking, whether oblivious to my inner turmoil or simply dedicated to making sure his friend’s speed dating event does well, I can’t tell.

“You know what? Yeah, send me the info.” It won’t hurt to go and check it out. Worst case, I waste a couple of hours.

This will be good for me. Maybe a tiny bit of distance is exactly what Felix needs right now too.

Chapter 6

FELIX

I read the text from Saxon for probably the tenth time since he sent it at noon.

SAXON: Actually, something came up tonight. Can we raincheck for tomorrow?

Something came up. In thirteen years, nothing has ever ‘come up’ and made him cancel plans with me. I guess if you want to get technical about it, we didn’t have *plans* per se, as much as I was trying to grovel for being weird last night and this morning. But still. This is unprecedented.

I had the misfortune of being in the middle of a conversation with Tristan when the text came in, so I didn’t have time to hide my reaction to it, which gave him the perfect ammunition to get me *here*.

A knock on my car window makes me jump, even though I know it’s Tris before I look up. I stash my phone in my pocket and turn off the car. I fiddle with the button of my suit jacket with one hand as I push open the car door, forcing Tristan to take a step back.

“Jacket on or off?” I ask, looking him over. Since he was actually prepared ahead of time, he had a change of clothes with him at the office. At some point, he ditched his suit in favor of a pair of jeans and a magenta polo shirt that looks fantastic on him.

“Off,” he answers, and as soon as I get out of the car, he starts tugging at my clothes, unbuttoning the top few buttons of my shirt and rolling up the sleeves to give me a slightly more casual look. I’m used to this kind of treatment from Saxon, but it feels weird having Tristan treat me like his own personal doll to dress up and style.

I pull my arm free of his meddling and finish rolling the sleeve up myself, then run both hands through my hair to give myself a more relaxed appearance.

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this,” I mutter, still close enough to my car to consider hopping back in and making a getaway before he can stop me.

“I’ll throw myself in front of your car and sue you if you hit me,” he threatens, reading the thoughts clearly written all over my face.

I sigh. “Fine. Let’s get this over with.”

“It’s speed dating, not a root canal. Try to have some fun. Who knows, the Daddy of your dreams might be right through those doors,” he says encouragingly, putting his hands on my shoulders and pointing me towards the building right across the street.

It’s nestled between two bars, the sign out front almost unnoticeable. If you weren’t looking for this place, you might walk right past it without a second glance, never knowing what’s going on inside. I lick my lips as a shiver of excitement ripples through me, mixing with the jittery feeling of nerves that’s had me half nauseous since I agreed to this crazy plan. I want to go home to Saxon and spend the night doing everything I can to earn his soft smiles and gentle praise. The problem is, I want him to *mean* them, and after thirteen years I’m starting to realize he probably never will.

I let out another long breath, gathering the fragile shards of my resolve as I draw my shoulders up to feign the confidence I’m not feeling. Sensing the shift in my attitude, Tris gives me an encouraging smile and loops his arm through mine.

“God, I hope I can find a man tonight who will try to spank the brattiness right out of me,” he groans wistfully as he leads me across the street.

I chuckle and arch an eyebrow at him. “Is it actually possible to spank the brattiness out of you?”

“I said *try*, darling.” He waggles his eyebrows cheekily.

We reach the entrance to Temptations and are immediately greeted by a large bouncer on the other side of

the door. He seems to know Tristan, and the two of them spend a few minutes chatting before he checks my name off the RSVP sheet as well and has me sign the consent forms and rules for the club. Then he hands us pens and cards to take notes about each date and waves us inside.

I'm not sure what I was expecting, but the main room looks like any other nightclub. Albeit, much less rowdy since everyone currently inside is either seated in the booths that line the perimeter of the room or gathered into small groups in the empty space around them. I tug my bottom lip between my teeth again, feeling a twinge of tenderness from how hard I bit it earlier.

Tristan said no membership was required for tonight, but it's obvious that it's mostly regulars. The distinct feeling of being the odd person out takes me right back to my awkward high school years, always standing on the edge of social groups in the hallway or at lunch, never quite fitting in anywhere. I managed to make a couple of friends in college, but it still always felt forced, like a puzzle piece forced into the wrong spot. Until I met Saxon...

I push the feeling away before it has a chance to take hold. I'm here because it's time to try and get *over* Saxon. He'll always be my best friend, but I need more than that. I'm not the same socially awkward dweeb I was back then either. I'm a confident, attractive, *successful* man who fully owns his sexuality and kinks. I can do this.

The start of the event is signaled by a bear of a man dressed in nothing but leather pants and a pair of rainbow suspenders, who claims everyone's attention without so much as a word. He simply steps into the center of the room, and everyone falls silent. In spite of his intimidating presentation, a friendly smile takes over his face.

"Welcome to Temptations' first speed dating event," he says in a jovial, booming voice. "As most of you know, I'm Gabriel Cade, owner of this club. I'll also answer to Sir, Daddy, or *please*." He winks and everyone whistles and catcalls before settling into silence again.

I shove my hands into my pockets and shift nervously on my feet as he explains how the event is going to work. The whole thing will last an hour and a half—five minutes per date. The subs will claim a booth and remain seated while the Doms rotate each time the bell rings to signify the end of a date. At the end, if there's someone you're interested in getting to know better, you turn their name in to Gabriel and he'll pass along contact information if the other party is interested. I've never been to a speed dating event, but this sounds like exactly what I expected, so that's comforting at least.

He rattles off rules and etiquette such as no nudity during the event, to which there is a lot of booping, and then sets us loose to choose our seats.

“Good luck. Remember to have fun,” Tris says, nudging me into the nearest booth and taking a seat in the next one over.

The back of each seat is twice as tall as usual, blocking the view of the other tables immediately surrounding you once you're seated. I'm guessing there's a good reason for the design, and I try not to think too hard about what people might have been doing right where I'm sitting last night or the night before. Not because I'm disgusted by the thought of strangers having hot, kinky, semi-public sex... because I'm *jealous*.

I cross my legs, bouncing my foot under the table as I tap the end of my pen against the date card. A shadow passes over the table and I glance up to see a tall, well-dressed man standing there. He hits me with a bright smile, like *too* bright. He must have his teeth whitened weekly. I wonder if they glow under blacklights.

“Hi, I'm Chadwick.” He slides into the other side of the booth.

Okay, here we go. It's speed dating time.

I smile back, my stomach fluttering nervously. *Why* am I so anxious about this? It's not like I haven't dated. I've gone on plenty of dates over the years and had a few long-term partners—long-term *Daddies*. Maybe it's because my heart isn't really in this. I'm sure Chadwick with his way-too-white-

teeth is a great guy, but I want Saxon. The immature part of me just wants to pout until I get my way. Unfortunately, the rest of me is adult enough to know that's not how life works. I can't stubborn my way into Saxon seeing me as anything more than his best friend, as much as I might want to.

Chadwick is looking at me expectantly, and I realize I haven't said anything yet.

"Oh, um... I'm Felix." I awkwardly reach across the table to offer him my hand. He chuckles and takes it in a firm shake.

"Tell me, Felix, what do you do for a living?" he asks, and my nerves melt away momentarily.

"Have you heard of the Safety Shower Rods? I invented those. Or... well... I patented them and hired someone to design them, and I run the company and everything. The design process was actually a lot more complicated than I realized it would be. You would think it's simple, right? Stronger materials or better mounting and *bam* you've got a safer option for people who might fall in the shower but don't have a railing installed. The problem is, there are *different* safety concerns if the curtain rod doesn't have a breakaway threshold..." I trail off when I realize that Chadwick's eyes are glazing over.

I offer another flicker of a smile and reach for the pitcher of water on the table to pour myself a glass.

"That's fascinating," he says politely, and I nod as I gulp down half a glass of water in one go.

I used to be good at dating. At least I *think* I was. It's been a couple of years now, and it's hard to even remember what I used to do to charm men back then.

The bell rings and Chadwick stands up. One thing is for sure, I am *not* going to be on the list he hands to Gabriel at the end of the night. I refill my glass and sit up straighter in my seat. *The next one will go better.*

... The next one does *not* go better. And neither does the one after that. Both men are attractive and charming. I'm

the total dud. One of them is wearing the same watch I got Saxon for Christmas last year, so I spend the entire five minutes talking about him. *Smooth. Exactly what a date wants to hear.* And the other man mentions his workout routine, which leads to me telling several hilarious stories about Saxon trying to motivate me at the gym in our building.

What the fuck is wrong with me? Did seeing that damn video push me over the edge into full-blown obsession? I swear, I can't even *see* any other men right now. They're all just Saxon. The man who slides into the other side of the booth next even *looks* like Saxon. I have really and truly snapped.

"Uh... hey, Lix." He flashes me an awkward smile.

Holy shit, it's actually Saxon.

"What the hell? *This* is the thing that came up?" I can't decide if I'm amused, hurt, or jealous. Maybe all three. But the grimace on his face now that he's been busted is too handsome to stay mad at for more than a few seconds.

"One of my clients kind of dragged me along," he explains.

"Uh huh." There's no missing the irritation in my tone. Saxon reaches across the table and grabs my hand. The warmth of his skin against mine thaws me immediately.

"Tell you what, you can read me the riot act later. Play along for now. Pretend we're meeting for the first time on a speed date," he suggests, letting go of my hand and nudging my foot under the table. "It'll be fun."

"Fine." I straighten up in my seat and look across the table at him, trying to pretend for a moment that I've never met this man before. He's not the best friend who nudged me along every step of the way to start my business. He's not the person who makes me soup and checks my temperature every hour when I get sick. He isn't the man I jerked off to last night.

I lick my dry lips and just take him in for a few seconds. He's dressed casually in a black t-shirt that strains over his biceps and the firm shape of his chest. His hair is stylishly messy, like he didn't just get out of bed, but he wants

you to think he did. But what really gets me is his smile, relaxed and genuine, drawing in everyone who dares to look at him, like flies into his web. Except, instead of devouring you, he'll make you a grilled cheese and put your favorite TV show on.

Clearly, I am *really* bad at pretending not to know him. I force myself to focus on the shallower aspects of him, letting the simmering attraction in my gut blossom into a flirtatious feeling.

"I'm losing faith in the gay community if a gorgeous man like you is single," I purr, and he preens at the compliment, his eyes smoldering. He leans in across the table, just an inch, the move so subtle I doubt he notices he's doing it.

"I could say the same to you," he flirts, blatantly checking me out. My skin heats and I try not to squirm. I know he's just playing around, but I want to pretend it's real for a few minutes.

"What do you do for work?" I ask, and he chuckles, giving a slow shake of his head.

"You didn't come to a speed dating event to make small talk about the exciting world of accounting or whatever boring shit any of us do from nine to five every day." His voice is that deep rumble of pure command, tempting me to crawl over the table and into his lap or drop to the floor and kneel for him. "What do you *really* want to ask me?"

I can feel the hot flush creeping up my neck and spreading over my cheeks as I hold his gaze. The rampaging butterflies in my stomach have nothing to do with nerves anymore. They're pure want.

What do I *really* want to ask him? Let's see... *Will you spank me? Is there anything I could do to make you see me as more than just a friend? Have you ever used that Daddy paddle with anyone? Can I please, please show you what a good boy I can be?*

“Can we ditch this and go get some dinner?” I ask the one question that won’t ruin everything, like the coward I am.

Saxon drops the sultry Daddy thing with a hoarse chuckle.

“Wow, you lasted all of a minute and a half.” He tuts, and even the playful disappointment is almost enough to convince me to try again, but my stomach chooses that particular moment to growl, turning his crooked grin into an instant frown. “You skipped lunch, didn’t you?”

I shrug one shoulder. “Maybe. Besides, how am I supposed to pretend like I don’t know you, Sax? It’s impossible.”

“Alright, let’s go,” he agrees, gathering up both of our date cards. I notice his seems to be just as blank as mine is. I try to hide my grin as I slide out of the booth too.

“Do we have a love connection?” Gabriel asks, eyeing us both as we try to sneak out.

“He’s my roommate and he hasn’t eaten since last night. I need to get some emergency burgers into him,” Saxon explains, and I’m torn between annoyance at being referred to as his *roommate*, even if it *is* true, and a giddy kind of pleasure that he would walk out of a dating event at a kink club just to make sure I get fed.

“Well, that certainly sounds like a priority. Thanks for coming.” Gabriel shoots me a wink. Does he think burgers are a code for something else? Maybe he’s just like that. I don’t give the matter much thought as Saxon puts an arm around my shoulders and leads me out of the club.

SAXON

Usually, I try to make sure Felix gets something more nutritious than a burger and fries, but I want to get him a filling meal as quickly as possible, and there’s a burger place just around the corner from Temptations.

“Oh my god, I thought you were joking about burgers. Is it my birthday? Am I *dying*?”

I snort a laugh and pull the door open, waving Felix inside without answering the teasing question. I have to admit, the smell of cheese and grilled onions has my stomach growling and my mouth watering as we step inside.

The last thing I expected was to bump into Felix at the event tonight. I guess that answers the question about whether he's seeing anyone. It's not a hell of a lot of comfort knowing that he's going to speed dating either.

"So, did anybody catch your eye?" I ask, casually flipping open the menu once we're seated in a booth that's in no way reminiscent of the one we just came from. Instead of smooth leather, this one is made of cracked plastic and smells like decades of ketchup and grease splatter.

He makes a noncommittal noise and I look over the top of my menu at him.

"What about you?" His face is impassive, and his eyes are fixed on his own menu, but there's something in his tone that's halfway to bitchy, like he's just waiting for a reason to get snotty if I say there was anyone I was into. But why? Is he as possessive of my time as I am of his? I guess that makes sense after so many years of friendship. "What were you even doing there after that whole speech you gave me last week about love being pointless or whatever?"

"I have no fucking clue." It's not the complete truth, but it's close enough to it. I'm not sure what I was thinking when I agreed earlier, aside from the fact that I had myself convinced Felix was seeing someone and it made me... stupid.

The server comes to take our orders, robbing us of our one excuse not to look right at each other when she walks off with our menus afterward. His foot nudges mine under the table and, like last night, I notice he's still avoiding my gaze directly.

"Lix." I use his nickname, but my voice is just as commanding as it was back at the club. He danced around answering the question last night and this morning, but we've never had secrets between us and I'm not about to start now. You know, except for my secret Daddy Cam page, but that's

different. His eyes snap to mine and a fresh blush paints his cheeks. “I need you to be honest, okay?” He nods solemnly. “Are you dating anyone?”

Surprise flickers in his eyes like that wasn't the question he was expecting. His serious expression fractures into a smile and he starts to laugh.

“No.” He titters some more while shaking his head. “Fuck, it's been... two years since I've dated anyone.”

My lips draw down into a frown and I furrow my brow, thinking back two years. That was right before he bought the building and we moved into the penthouse. We were living in a small two-bedroom apartment on King street at the time. There was a six-month period where he was gone a lot, but I figured he was putting in extra hours at work. Maybe I never asked because deep down I knew the answer.

“Who was he?” My voice comes out gruffer than I mean it to. For some reason, there's this crawling feeling all over my skin when I think about Felix spending the night over at some dude's apartment without me ever knowing.

He makes another amused sound and tilts his head like an adorably confused puppy. “You want to know about the guy I dated two years ago?”

I shrug, hoping the gesture is more casual than it feels. “We talk about everything else, but never this. Why is that?”

“Uh...” His forehead crinkles and he shifts in his seat. The waitress stops by with our drinks, and he reaches for his immediately, unwrapping the straw and shoving it between his lips like it's just the reprieve he was hoping for. Maybe it is, since the distraction buys him a few seconds before he finally answers. “I don't know. You've never brought it up at all. You've never told me about any dates or boyfriends, so I followed your lead and didn't talk about it.”

I grunt. “So, who was he?”

“Nobody that special,” he answers. I think that's all I'm going to get until my expectant silence wears him down and he goes on. “His name was Daniel. He worked in finance,

was about forty-five years old, and really handsome.” Felix swirls his straw around in his drink, looking around the diner absently. “I don’t know. What do you want to know about him?”

“He was a Daddy?” I’m not sure why I ask when I already know the answer.

“Yeah,” he says, and even though I was expecting it, a hot, tight feeling twists in my gut.

“So, why did you break up? Did you dump Daddy Daniel who worked in finance, or was it the other way around?”

Felix’s eyes narrow and he sets his jaw. “Why are you being such a dick right now?”

I wince. “Sorry,” I mutter. “Fuck, sorry.” I say it more firmly the second time. “You were being weird last night, and I don’t know why, but I got it in my head that you had a boyfriend or something.”

“So, what if I did?” he asks the question more quietly. The fierce tone he had seconds ago when he was calling me out has melted out of his voice again. “What I mean is... why would you care?”

I give him a crooked, apologetic smile, reaching out across the table to hook my pinky finger around his. “Because I’m being a selfish asshole, that’s why. We might not talk about it, but in the back of my mind, I know you date here and there. The thing is, it’s never really gotten in the way of our time together before. But it will eventually. One day, you’re going to find some guy to sweep you off your feet and it’ll change our friendship.”

His finger twitches against mine and he leans over the table a little more.

“That’s what you’re worried about?” He’s not avoiding my gaze anymore, if anything, he’s searching my eyes. For what, I have no fucking clue.

“I told you it was selfish,” I admit.

Felix's lips flatten into an expression I can't read for a change, and then he slips his finger out of mine and leans back in his seat.

"You're not going to lose me, Sax. I love you."

"Aw, I love you too." Since he's out of reach without fully climbing over the table, I settle for nudging my foot against his again. "I'm sorry, I'll stop being weird."

Felix is quiet as our food is dropped off. I watch as he digs in. There's always a primal sort of satisfaction that comes with knowing I've fulfilled his needs. It's the Daddy in me with no outlet other than my best friend. That's what tonight was *supposed* to be about—finding an outlet. Clearly that was a bust.

When we finish eating, we walk back to our cars. It's late by the time we get home, so I'm not surprised that Felix heads straight for his room. He pauses outside the door before going in, looking at me over his shoulder.

"I dumped *him* because he kept telling me I needed to set more boundaries between you and me. He thought it was weird that we lived together. Anytime I mentioned you, he would say we were too close," he answers the question I forgot I asked earlier.

"Fuck him," I grumble.

He chuckles and the sound draws me in, closing the space between us as I pull him close and wrap my arms around him.

"I always choose you in the end, Sax, and I always will." He turns his head and presses a soft, sweet kiss to my cheek that feels like it lingers long after he slips out of my arms and into his room.

Since I'm two days behind on getting a new video up, I head to my own bedroom and lock the door behind me. My cock is already starting to swell slowly as I get myself settled in front of my computer and turn on the camera.

"Hey, sweetheart. How are you doing tonight?" I greet my subs with that same low, smoldering voice I always use for

my scenes. I drag my fingers along the growing bulge, teasing myself with the feeling of Felix's lips still burning on my cheek.

It's not like he's never kissed my cheek before. I know I've kissed his a million times. His skin is always so creamy and smooth, with the scent of summer clinging to him all year round. The best part is the way he always blushes when I do it, getting all sweetly shy and flustered. My breath hitches and my skin tingles.

"I'm sorry I'm a couple of days late, but I've been saving this just for you," I rumble, keeping my voice down so Felix won't hear me through the walls.

If things have been off between us lately, I can only imagine how weird they would be if he knew about my Daddy Cam... If he *watched* my Daddy Cam. My cock jerks violently at the thought, fully hard now, trapped inside my jeans. I unzip slowly and remind myself that my subs are here for a performance, not to see me all caught up in my own head over my roommate for fuck knows what reason.

"Are you ready to have some fun with Daddy tonight?"

Chapter 7

FELIX

Instead of my usual alarm, it's the sound of my phone vibrating on my nightstand that drags me out of a hazy dream that's all naked flesh and deep, reverberating moans. I groan, palming my hard cock as I reach blindly for my phone. I manage to pry one eye open to look at the screen. Instead of a call, it's a series of text messages that had my phone buzzing incessantly. I fumble twice over the unlock code before getting it right on the third try, then open my messages.

They're all from Tristan, starting just after the time the speed dating event was set to end last night.

TRISTAN: Just turning my date card in to Gabriel, then we need to grab a drink and talk about these sexy-ass men. PS is it just me or is Daddy Gabriel FIIIIIIINE?!

TRISTAN: Where are you?

TRISTAN: Okay, hold up, Gabriel said you LEFT with someone?! Who??? Please don't get serial killed.

TRISTAN: That dick must be legendary if you STILL haven't seen these messages.

TRISTAN: Okay, seriously Felix, epic dick or not you need to text or call me.

TRISTAN: If you're murdered, the headlines are going to be clickbaity AF, I need you to realize that. "Millionaire Bachelor Found Headless After Attending Speed Dating Event at Local Kink Club."

TRISTAN: I'm calling the police in ten minutes if I still haven't heard from you. And if you ARE still fully capitated, I am going to fucking kill you for making me worry before I've had any coffee.

Shit.

I grimace, fully awake now as I hurry to type out a reassurance that I'm in full possession of my head before he can call the police.

FELIX: I'm fine! I bumped into Sax at the event and we left together.

TRISTAN: What?! Did he go like full Caveman Daddy when he saw you there?! Please tell me he dragged you outside and then kissed you like he was trying to stake his claim.

I sigh and roll onto my stomach, propping myself up with my chin on my pillow as I consider how to respond. He tried to stake a claim in a way. It just wasn't the one I was hoping for. Maybe I'm being selfish for wishing things were any different. Saxon loves me, he told me so last night. He just doesn't want to fuck me. He doesn't want to be my Daddy the way I want him to be. If I can't get over this crush, I might lose what I *do* have.

FELIX: Nope.

TRISTAN: Boo.

I snort at his succinct assessment of the situation. *It is what it is.*

I close the message thread and am about to set my phone down so I can get another half hour of sleep before I need to drag myself out of bed. But another notification catches my eye. I'm sure it's just spam or something for work, but I click on the email icon anyway so I can at least clear it before I go back to sleep. It's not spam though, and it's *definitely* not for work.

Daddy Cam: A Daddy You Subscribe to Posted a New Video! Click the...

My breath catches and my cock gets hard so fast it makes me dizzy. My hips twitch involuntarily, dragging my erection against the soft tangle of the comforter beneath me. My thumb hovers over the button to delete the email. I shouldn't watch the video. Once was bad enough. I can't do it again. I *just* finished telling myself I need to get over this crush, and clicking the link in this email would be the opposite of that.

When did he even film this? Was it after we got home last night? Was I lying in my bed while he was on the other side of the wall, naked and sweaty, grunting and gasping quietly as he jerked off for a million subs? Jealousy tastes bitter on my tongue. Not jealousy that they've seen Saxon cum. He's gorgeous and perfect in every way—everyone should have the chance to see it for themselves. I'm fucking jealous because *I* haven't seen whatever is in this video.

I open the email and click the link. I wonder if the First-Class Hell Express is full service, because a nice charcuterie board on my way to eternal damnation would be lovely.

An image of Saxon fills my screen. He's wearing the same clothes he wore last night, which confirms that he filmed this after I went to bed. My whole body flushes hot. I jerk my hips again and quickly tap the volume button to make sure it's not too loud.

"I'm sorry I'm a couple of days late, but I've been saving this just for you." Saxon's voice is pure sex, making it way too fucking easy to pretend he's talking only to me. No wonder he has people throwing money at him for this fantasy.

Unlike the previous video I watched, he seems distracted. He's looking right into the camera, but his gaze is faraway, and his smile doesn't look quite right. The insane thought occurs to me that maybe he was thinking about *me*. Obviously, it wasn't in a *sexy* way, but the possibility that I might cross his mind at all while he's flirting with the camera and slowly undressing is enough to make my balls ache and my insides tremble.

I slip one hand underneath myself, past the waistband of my boxer briefs, and wrap it around my hard cock. On the screen, he strips his shirt over his head and tosses it aside.

"I wish I had you in my lap right now, baby. I'd have you naked and squirming while I lick every inch of that soft, smooth skin." His eyes bore harder into the camera, no longer hazy and distracted, but intense like he's staring straight

through the lens at me. *“I want to see you blush so pretty for me while I make you beg.”*

As if on command, I flush even hotter, my cheeks burning with my embarrassing blush response that always seems to make Saxon smile.

“That’s it. Have you been good for Daddy too? Have you been saving yourself for me?”

I nod vigorously at the question. I haven’t jerked off since the last video of his I watched. I mean, fine, it was only thirty-six hours ago, but that still counts. I’ve been good for Daddy.

I don’t skip ahead this time. The video is twenty minutes long and even though I’m a needy, whimpering mess after the first sixty seconds, I force myself to fuck my hand slowly, listening to every rumbling, sweet, *filthy* word that comes out of Saxon’s mouth. I watch, mesmerized, as he plays with his own dick just as slowly. He swirls his index finger around the tip to collect the droplets of precum that gather there, tracing each bulging vein with his thumb, making himself so hard it looks almost painful before he wraps his hand fully around himself with a relieved groan. The sound makes my hole flutter and clench, and my balls tighten.

I want to be the one who drags that sound from his lips.

He strokes himself faster and I match his pace, my breath coming out in shallow pants as I fuck into the tight grip of my hand. I want his weight on top of me, pinning me down while he growls those feral sounds of pleasure right next to my ear. I want his cock stretching my hole until I fucking howl.

I want, I want, I want.

I whimper and bite down on my pillow to muffle the moans that gather in my throat. On screen, Saxon is starting to look sweaty and disheveled. The inner muscles of his thighs tremble and his breath catches. He strokes himself faster, more desperately. He’s getting close, and so am I.

“Yes, Daddy,” I whisper into my pillow. “Please, Daddy. Use me.”

“So good for me. So fucking good,” he grunts. He brings his free hand to his cheek, brushing his fingertips over the same spot where I kissed him last night. I’m sure it’s a coincidence, but I’m lust drunk enough to pretend he’s thinking of me again. His eyes roll back and he lets loose an animalistic sound through clenched teeth as his cock starts to throb and pulse in his hand, shooting ropes of thick white cum all over his chest.

I bite down harder on my pillow and follow him over the edge, humping and grinding as I flood my sheets with my release.

I roll out of the mess, still breathing heavily, my phone clutched in my hand as SaxyDaddy speaks breathlessly again, praising me for being so good for him and telling me I look beautiful all covered in his cum. My bones ache with the impossible wish that he really meant all of it for *me*.

I’m about to close the video when he transitions into the sales pitch for his replica cock again. It would be so wrong. Like, wrong on a whole other level from the wrong I’ve already done. I can’t. I *cannot*.

I click the link.

I’m blaming this on post-nut insanity. Is that a thing? The insidious evil twin of post-nut clarity. Insanity, moral corruption, whatever it is, there’s an order confirmation in my email within seconds. My order of “SaxyDaddy’s Cock” is processing.

Fuck me.

SAXON

I whistle while I pour hot water from the electric kettle into Felix’s favorite mug, then return to attending to the scrambled eggs on the stove. If he thinks he’s getting out of the house this morning without a healthy breakfast, he’s dead wrong. Last night was a stark reminder that I’ve been slacking on making sure he’s eating right... and often enough.

I heard his shower stop about ten minutes ago, which means he should be out of his bedroom any second. I grin at the sound of his bedroom door swinging open right on cue. I don't know if our talk last night resolved whatever weirdness has been going on between us or made it worse, but I've decided I'm just going to plow right through it and act like everything is normal either way. I have yet to meet a problem that sheer force of will couldn't solve.

"Morning, Lix," I say cheerfully as soon as he appears in my peripheral vision.

He stumbles over his own feet, catching himself on the counter and blushing furiously. I wonder for the millionth time since the night we met whether I could talk him into letting me wrap him in bubble wrap. Something tells me I could if I tried hard enough. My lips twitch at the thought of how that conversation would go.

"Morning," he murmurs, licking his lips and then craning his neck to see what I have on the stove.

"Go sit down." I point at the table with my spatula. "I'll have tea and breakfast for you in one minute." Felix's eyes dart to the clock on the stove and I can practically hear the rushed excuses forming on his tongue. "Don't test me this morning," I warn in a low voice.

His eyes go wide, and his blush deepens. *Fuck, that's cute. I wonder just how many shades of red I could make him turn with the right filthy words whispered into his ear.*

The aberrant thought catches me off guard, nearly making me drop the pan as I scoop a portion of eggs onto each plate. I drag in a steadying breath and glance over my shoulder at Felix, seated obediently at the table with his hands folded and his bottom lip tucked between his teeth. My heart beats a little faster, and I give my head a shake to try to clear it.

I finish plating the food and carry everything over to the table. I already resolved to get shit back to normal, by force if necessary, and confusing, intrusive thoughts aren't the way to do that. So they're gone. Banished. Normal shit only from here on out.

“I was thinking about your birthday coming up,” I say, getting another rush of delight at the way his whole face lights up for a second before he tries to tamp it down and feign indifference.

“Meh. Birthday shmirthday.” He waves it off and bites into his avocado toast.

“Oh yeah? That’s fine, I can cancel everything I had planned then.” I play along with his indifferent tone. “Let’s see, there’s a stripper cake, reservations at that creepy *Shining* hotel in Colorado... I *definitely* need to make sure I cancel the sky writer and the fireworks display.”

Felix snorts into his tea. “Shut up. You didn’t schedule any of that.”

“No, I didn’t schedule any of that. What I had planned was so much more epic than that,” I tease, tacking on a sigh at the end. “But I guess you’ll never get to find out.”

“Tell me,” he says, taking the bait.

“No, you don’t care about your birthday,” I remind him.

“Fiiiiine, I care. I want to be a fucking princess for the day. I want everyone in the whole world to wish me a happy birthday and I *do* want a firework display. Now please, *please* tell me what you have planned.”

“You really want to know?” I quirk an eyebrow at him, and he nods wildly.

“Yes.”

I crook a finger to get him to lean forward, bringing my lips right next to his ear. It might have been the wrong move if I’m trying to banish the intrusive thoughts, because the unmistakable smell of his Old Spice bodywash and the lingering undertones of summer on his skin make my heart rate kick up again.

“It’s a surprise,” I whisper, noticing the goosebumps that rise all down his neck as my breath ghosts over his skin.

He makes a dramatic sound like a wounded animal and plops himself back into his seat. “You’re so mean to me.”

I chuckle and take a sip from my own steaming mug of tea. I was always more of a coffee guy, but Felix says the smell makes him nauseous, so I switched to tea years ago. The teasing seems to have done the trick to break the tension this morning, at least. We eat in silence for a few minutes, but it’s a less tense silence than it was the other night.

“Can I ask you something, Sax?” He scrapes up the last of his eggs and shifts in his seat.

“Of course. What’s up?”

“Do you... I mean, you asked me last night and I told you about my ex. I guess I’m just wondering...” He traces the grain of the wood table with his index finger, floundering for his words.

“You want to know the last time I had a serious partner?” I guess, and he nods, glancing up at me through his eyelashes. “It’s been a while. I guess probably... five... six years.”

Felix gasps but tries to cover the sound with a painfully fake cough. “How...? Have you *seen* you? I don’t...” He shakes his head like I just broke his brain.

“I’ve had sex more recently than that,” I assure him with amusement, and his face turns bright red.

“I know you’re anti-love guy or whatever...”

“I’m not *anti-love*,” I cut in. “I just don’t think it usually lasts.”

“Okay.” He pulls his lip between his teeth again and I reach over to free it, giving him a stern look as a reminder not to hurt himself. His skin is even warmer and softer than it usually is, and I pull my hand back in a hurry. “But don’t you miss it? You’re a Daddy without anyone to... well, *Daddy*.”

My throat tightens and his words hit their target in the center of my chest. “I have you,” I say weakly.

“I’m...” He scrunches his face into an expression I haven’t seen before. It’s some combination of frustration, sadness, and uncertainty. “*Confused*,” he finishes, already pushing away from the table and gathering his empty dishes.

I want to grab him and pull him into my lap so he can’t walk away with tension between us *again*. I want to take his face between my hands and slam my mouth into his to wipe that look off his face. The impulse catches me so off guard I can’t find any words to respond to him. I just watch as he puts his dishes into the sink, gives me one more sad look, and leaves.

The sound of the apartment door shutting behind him jars me out of my stupidity. I want to go after him, but I’m rooted in place. Even if I catch him before the elevator closes, what would I say?

“I’m confused too,” I murmur to the empty room.

Chapter 8

FELIX

The buzzing of my phone on my desk pulls my attention away from my computer screen. I blink to adjust my vision before realizing my vision is fine. It's just dark outside.

"Shit," I mutter, rubbing my eyes. I must have lost track of time, which means the alert on my phone is more than likely a text from Saxon warning me he's about to come drag my ass home if I'm not there in the next twenty minutes.

It's been two days since the breakfast conversation and things between the two of us have been... normal. Which, honestly, is even more confusing than the alternative. I've come to the conclusion that I'm thinking way too hard about things. Saxon has been perfectly clear about how he feels. He loves me as a friend and that's it. So I'm letting it go. I'd rather have him as my best friend than not at all. And if I occasionally watch videos of him jerking off... well, that's between me and my own conscience.

A smile manifests on my lips as I reach for my phone, fully expecting all kinds of threats from my best friend. Sure enough, there are two texts from Saxon, as well as an email alert for my personal email. I click on the email first, assuming it's just spam I'll be able to immediately delete.

But it's not spam.

My body heats and my cock swells immediately as I read the words *Your package has been delivered*.

Saxon's cock is here. I mean, *my* cock. The dildo replica of Saxon's cock that I am going to ride into oblivion until I die of dehydration from coming too many times in a row is finally here! Forty-eight-hour shipping has never felt so long in my entire life.

I'm already logging off my computer and standing up from my desk as I click on Saxon's texts, prepared to assure him that I'm on my way now. One of the texts predictably informs me of the time—*eye roll*, as if I couldn't look at the

time myself—and threatens to order from my least favorite place for dinner if I don't get home soon. I can practically hear the stern growl in his voice, which takes the semi I got from reading the email to a full-blown erection, pressing against the zipper of my pants, begging for attention.

It's the second text that makes me pick up my pace as fear zings through me.

SAXON: You got a package.

“Shit, shit, shit,” I mutter, reaching the elevator and pressing the button rapidly as if that will call it more quickly than a single push would. The website promised discreet packaging, but what does that even mean? Presumably, that it at least doesn't have the words *SaxyDaddy's Massive Dong* printed on the side, but what about the return shipping address? Will Saxon recognize it as the company he worked with to produce them? Maybe the packaging itself is special somehow, distinct in such a way that he'll be able to guess what's inside.

As soon as the elevator doors open, I hurry inside and hit the icon next to Saxon's name to make a call.

“You'd better be on your way, or I'm going to come down there and carry you home over my shoulder,” he threatens, the slight growl in his words like a caress even through the phone.

“I am,” I answer immediately, hoping he doesn't hear the edge of panic in my voice. “I'm in the elevator now.”

“Hmm.” He doesn't sound particularly pleased that I'm only now leaving work, but hopefully I've at least saved myself from being subjected to that god-awful vegan restaurant for dinner.

“That package I got...” I nibble on my bottom lip, stepping out of the elevator as soon as the doors open and giving a courtesy wave to the reception staff as I try to keep my pace reasonable until I'm in the parking garage, where I break into an all-out sprint.

“I put it in your bedroom. I figured it was some new dorky tech thing, so I was gentle with it, I promise.”

I let out a relieved breath as I reach my car. “Yeah, it’s um...” My brain completely blanks on all possible lies for what might be inside the package. Luckily, Saxon doesn’t seem all that interested anyway.

“I already have a sprout bowl added to my delivery cart. If you’re not home in fifteen minutes, I’m pushing the button.”

“No,” I complain, turning on my car and switching the call to Bluetooth. “What if there’s traffic? What if there’s been a horrible accident and the highway is at a standstill?”

I swear I can hear Saxon’s expression turning into a menacing, wolfish smile through the speakers. “I guess you should have thought of that before you stayed at the office past eight at night.”

I make an indignant noise and he chuckles unrepentantly, clearly enjoying making me squirm at the idea of this horrible punishment. I reach down with one hand and palm my throbbing erection through my pants.

“Maybe we can negotiate,” I offer, sounding far more put together than I feel with one hand on my cock and the other on the steering wheel. “If I’m late, I could do something to make it up to you instead of punishing us both with those horrible sprout bowls.”

Another amused sound rumbles through the phone. “What exactly do you plan to do to make it up to me?”

“Anything you tell me to.” There’s no way he doesn’t hear the tremor in my voice.

My cock pulses and I bite back a gasp as I tighten my grip around the base in an attempt to calm my excitement. But even saying those words, offering my submission to Saxon so blatantly, it’s almost enough to make me lose control. Fuck, it’s way too bold, but I can’t make myself laugh or play it off as a joke either.

Saxon's breathing sounds heavier through the phone too, but maybe that's my imagination.

"You need to focus on driving, or you'll be the one in an accident causing a slowdown on the highway," he warns after a silent moment.

"Yeah," I agree, reluctantly prying my hand off my erection and reaching over to crank the air conditioner in an attempt to cool myself down. It's not as effective as a cold shower, but the blast of cold air on my face helps a little. "I'll be home soon."

SAXON

Anything you tell me to.

The words replay over and over in my head while I sprawl on the couch with one hand resting lazily on my slowly swelling cock. Just when things were starting to feel normal between us, Felix has to go and stir up all these hot, complicated feelings again. I should put him over my lap and spank his pretty little ass as punishment.

My cock jerks violently, plumping to full mast in my hand while a groan vibrates in my throat. Is Felix the kind of sub who gasps or cries when he's spanked? Maybe he's the type of naughty boy who would try to stifle his moans while he humps my thighs, eager for every hand-shaped bruise I leave behind.

"Jesus," I mutter, forcing my hand off my dick before I can give in to the temptation to undo my jeans and shamelessly jerk off to the fantasy of spanking my best friend.

I run my hand over my face and groan again, this time with pained frustration instead of lust. Maybe I should move out. A little bit of distance might be the only way to preserve our friendship. I grimace at that idea. I don't want to go anywhere, and not just because this place is nice as hell and the gym in the basement is top notch. I would live in a damn trash can like Oscar the Grouch if that's where Felix was.

I open up the food delivery app, smiling to myself again over Felix's predictable reaction to the threat of sprout

bowls for dinner. I've never actually followed through on that particular punishment, and I don't intend to tonight. Creating an order from his favorite Chinese place is a decent distraction for a few minutes, giving my dick a chance to calm down.

The delivery time says it'll take close to an hour, so I go ahead and place the order. Then I absently switch over to Instagram, settling a little deeper into the couch and putting my feet up on the table. The scrolling is mindless and not enough to keep my thoughts from wandering, flipping along rapidly like a blur of channels I refuse to settle on—a mix of momentary interest in the images in front of me and the shit I can't seem to stop thinking about lately.

My sister's third imploding marriage.

Felix's attendance at a speed dating event, solid proof that my worries about him getting the itch to settle down with someone aren't unfounded. Is that why I'm feeling some kind of way around him lately?

Hot dude in a jock strap.

Two hot dudes kissing.

Felix's ass painted bright red with my handprints.

Tristan posing with his morning coffee and a bratty, smoldering look on his face like a Bat Signal for any Daddy up for the challenge who might happen to be scrolling past. Pass. I've never been one for brats. I prefer my boys sweet.

... Like Felix.

I grit my teeth and bounce my knee. I think about my best friend a lot. It's hard not to when you live together like we do. But fuck, tonight I feel like my brain is playing Six Degrees of Felix and I don't have a damn clue what it means.

The next image that comes up on my feed has me slowing down my scrolling speed. I linger for several seconds on the smiling man in the picture. *The Ghost of Boyfriends Past*. Ricky Howell. He's fifteen years older than he was when we dated, but he still looks damn good, even if he has officially aged out of the twink category. He was bold as fuck, bouncing right up to me at university orientation and batting

his eyelashes at me. Lust at first sight—I was hooked immediately. He was the first person I explored any kink dynamics with, and more than just dating, I felt like we were best friends. We did everything together, my life revolved around him when I wasn't in class or working at a little café on campus. And then shit started to change. Bickering, picking at each other.

That's what happens when you date. Sooner or later, you grow apart.

It's not like Ricky was the only one, he was just the first of many, and it always ends the same. I watched it happen to my mom over and over again throughout my entire childhood. One man after another, she always thought the next one would be different. In the end, she was always alone all over again.

A lead weight sits heavily in the pit of my stomach, and I scroll on. I'm glad Ricky is doing well and with the benefit of more than a decade of hindsight, I wouldn't change anything that happened between us. But Felix is a million times more important to me than Ricky, or anyone else I dated over the years, ever was. If I lost Felix to the same stupid bullshit...

I can't even let myself finish the thought.

The problem is, I don't know how to get that memo across to my dick. If I knew what flipped the switch, maybe it would help. When did I start thinking about Felix in ways I shouldn't? He's always been cute, there's no arguing about that.

I think back to the first night I found him in my apartment, drunk off his ass and all tangled up in my shower curtain. Of course, he pushed all of my Daddy buttons that night, stark naked and desperately in need of someone to take care of him. My chest tightens and my skin heats at the memory.

Maybe there's always been an undercurrent between us that I've chosen not to acknowledge. Does he feel it too?

I'm not even looking at the pictures rolling past on my screen anymore, my thumb swiping upward on autopilot while I'm lost in a swirl of thoughts, trying to analyze a million moments all at once. I'm not going to figure out what every casual touch and fleeting smile we've traded over the past thirteen years means in the span of two minutes, but that doesn't stop me from trying.

Do I have *feelings* for Felix?

Okay, yeah, every time I press a friendly kiss to his soft, warm cheek I'm always a little tempted to keep going, to trail just a few more along his face until I reach his mouth. Who *wouldn't* have a passing thought from time to time about those pretty lips of his? I'm only human. And, *fine*, sometimes on our movie nights when he wiggles under my arm and presses himself up against me, the thought crosses my mind to strip us both bare so I can just *hold* him without anything between us.

My heart beats faster and I think I might actually be on the verge of a panic attack.

I want to protect him from the world, even though he's one of the most capable people I've ever met. Clumsiness aside, of course. I want to gorge myself on the primal feeling I get every time I fulfill any of his wants or needs. I want to tuck him into bed every night and wake him with a spanking every morning, so he'll feel me in the tenderness of his ass all day long.

I love him. But that's all the more reason not to risk losing him.

I don't want to be alone like my mom and my sister. I don't want to be alone again like I was after every relationship I've had before fell apart. I just want to keep him.

I suck in a deep breath and hold it while I count slowly to ten and then let it out. It's the same thing I always patiently talk Felix through when he's spiraling. But I'm not supposed to be the one having a meltdown. I'm supposed to be the person who's calm, confident, and in control. If I'm not, what good am I to him?

I toss my phone onto the couch and close my eyes, forcing myself to repeat the breathing ritual a couple more times until I can feel my pulse slowing down to a normal rhythm again. I'm not going to unravel this whole thing tonight, and I don't have to.

I just need to slow down and give myself some time to think.

Felix isn't going anywhere. I take another deep breath. It's not like anything is going to change between us tonight. Right?

Chapter 9

FELIX

I manage to make it home just under the fifteen-minute deadline, and luckily, my arousal has eased enough that I'm able to walk into the apartment without my dick leading the way.

"I made it," I declare, tossing my briefcase down on the kitchen counter and striding over to where Saxon is lounging on the couch with his feet up. "You didn't order the sprouts, right?" I brace my hands against the back of the couch, and he tilts his head back and grins at me upside down.

It feels like his eyes linger on my face a few seconds longer than usual, until my skin heats with a blush and his smile gets even wider. He shifts in his seat, turning around enough to face me full-on, his gaze like a physical touch all over my skin. I swallow hard, my cock thickening and starting to tingle again.

"I didn't order the sprouts," he answers, putting me out of my misery... at least when it comes to dinner. There's nothing he can do about the scorching hot feeling pulsing under my skin. Well, there *is*, but I don't have the courage to ask and he doesn't offer.

"Thank god." I toe off my shoes instead of waiting for him to do it. I don't think I could take the sight of him on his knees or the feeling of his hands on me right now.

I leave them haphazardly placed behind the couch while I continue to stare at him, waiting to see if he'll say anything about what just happened over the phone. He stares right back with another intense, searching look that makes me want to squirm and crawl into his lap at the same time.

"I ordered from the Chinese place you liked. They said it should be about forty minutes before it gets here."

"Great." I try not to let my disappointment show. What else is there for him to say anyway? It's not like I blurted out that I have a massive, desperate, endless crush on him. I made

an offhand, teasing comment. At least, I'm sure that's how he sees it.

No harm, no foul.

I shrug off my suit jacket and drape it over my arm, then loosen my tie. Saxon watches every move, his eyes tracking my fingers as I work to open the top few buttons on my shirt. When I stop, he clears his throat and sits up.

“If you need to shower or anything...”

“Right.” I nod, the ‘package’ waiting for me in my bedroom suddenly jumping to the forefront of my mind again. “I’m going to go do... that. A shower, I mean... and I’ll... um... see you in a little bit.”

He arches an eyebrow at me, no doubt trying to analyze my strange behavior, but the blood in my brain is rapidly rushing to my cock again, and I don't have time to worry about how weird he might think I'm acting.

I hurry down the hallway and shut my bedroom door hastily behind me, my eyes zeroing in on the plain brown package resting at the foot of my bed. I jump on it like a kid on Christmas morning, tearing into the taped edges and wrenching the cardboard open savagely. The edge of the torn cardboard catches on my cuticle, giving me a paper cut, but I don't care. I could lose a whole finger right now and it wouldn't slow me down. Not with an exact replica of Saxon's cock so fucking close.

The dildo slips free, falling onto my bed with a soft *thud*. I toss the packaging aside and reach for my prize. My mouth goes dry when I finally wrap my fingers around the heavy girth of Saxon's cock—or at least the closest I'll ever get to the real thing—for the first time.

The attention to detail is impeccable, the shaft lined with blue-tinged veins, the mushroom head a darker pink with the same slight curve as the real thing. After staring at his cock through the computer screen, I can safely say that this truly is an exact replica.

My breathing is ragged, my body vibrating impatiently as I undo my pants and scramble onto the bed. I reach for the bottle of lube in my nightstand drawer with one hand, the other still firmly clutching the toy.

Over the past two days since I placed the order, I've imagined a million ways I would enjoy my purchase. Testing the weight of it on my tongue, gagging on it while I furiously jerk myself off to the deep sound of his voice uttering strained praise through my speakers, lubing it up and sandwiching it between myself and my pillow so I can rub and hump against it, and, of course, stuffing my hole so full I could die happily, making myself come hands-free over and over while I use it to pound my prostate.

So many options.

But with only a short amount of time until dinner gets here, I'll have to go with traditional tonight. I pull up one of Saxon's videos on my phone, making sure the volume is only just loud enough that I'll be able to hear it next to my ear without alerting him that I'm in here jerking off to one of his videos... while fucking myself with a replica of his cock.

Would he be angry or amused if he knew? It's probably too naive to hope he'd be horny at the thought.

I place my phone on the pillow next to my ear so I can hear his voice while I spread my legs and slip two lubed fingers between my cheeks to slick my hole. I don't spend much time on prep, too eager to feel him inside me for the first time.

"You're impatient tonight, aren't you?" SaxyDaddy accuses.

"You have no idea," I whisper back, grabbing the dildo again and positioning it with the thick, smooth head against my hole. "Oh my god."

My nipples and cock tingle, heat swirling in the pit of my stomach as I press the toy a little harder, easing it past the tight ring of muscles at my entrance.

“Oh fuck,” I gasp, my toes curling as I try to make myself relax. I only have an inch of him inside and I already feel so full, so *good*.

I push it deeper, biting the inside of my cheek against the moan that desperately wants to escape. Maybe I should invest in a gag to keep myself quiet.

“*So good, sweetheart. You can take it. I know you can.*” I’m sure the Saxon in the video is easing his cock inside one of his many jerk toys, but I close my eyes and pretend he really is here with me, coaxing me to relax and take his big, thick cock deeper.

I ease it in a little at a time, my cock dripping precum against my belly, impatient to be touched. When I finally get the toy all the way inside, the hanging balls pressed against my ass cheeks, I let out a little sigh and wrap my hand around my neglected cock.

It doesn’t take long before I’m right on edge, my body hot and trembling, my inner muscles clenching and relaxing around the thick cock inside me. Saxon’s soft moans and praise still echo quietly through my phone speaker as I pick up the pace, fucking myself faster, harder, deeper.

There’s a tap on my bedroom door.

“Yes,” I gasp, but wait...shit...*no*. No, no, no.

I’m too close, at that point where no matter how much you might *want* to stop, your body simply won’t let you. I’m moving on autopilot, the animal part of my brain in full control as I slam the dildo inside of me over and over. My hand flies up and down the length of my desperate, leaking cock, unable to do anything but watch in aroused horror as the door slowly opens and Saxon steps inside.

“Fuck,” I moan, my balls tightening and my cock starting to pulse. I shove the toy nice and deep one last time, canting my hips helplessly as I paint my stomach and chest with streak after streak of hot, sticky cum while Saxon stands in the doorway, watching me with a shocked, stormy expression.

SAXON

I'm glued in place, knowing I should turn around and shut the door firmly behind me. That's the proper etiquette when you accidentally walk in on your best friend in a compromising position. At least, I assume it is.

But I can't move. I can't even blink.

All I can do is stare at Felix, panting with the aftershocks of his orgasm, his tie undone haphazardly, his white dress shirt unbuttoned and hanging open, his bare skin streaked obscenely with his cum. His cheeks are flushed and there's a dildo in his ass. The entire scene is like something out of the filthiest wet dream I could imagine.

"You're so perfect, so good for Daddy." My own familiar voice is quiet, drawing my eyes away from the pornographic vision of my best friend to the cell phone on his pillow where one of my videos is just ending. The past version of myself on the small screen looks just as satisfied as Felix does right now.

His orgasm haze washes away in a fraction of a second, and his brain seems to catch up with what's happening. I wish mine would do the same, but right now, all I can think about is climbing onto his bed, licking the cooling cum off his skin, and telling him what a pretty slut he is.

My cock throbs in agreement with that plan, and the logical side of my brain doesn't rush to offer any alternatives. All my plans to take some time to sort through my confusing thoughts from earlier completely vanish. Fuck taking time. I don't want time and I don't want careful. Right now, I want *Felix*.

He gasps as he pulls the toy out of his ass too quickly. Even with how rapidly he hides it, I'm positive it's what I think it is. That must have been what was inside the package he got today. No wonder he was in such a rush to get to his bedroom. I was in the living room, and he was down the hall, stuffing himself full with a replica of my cock while playing one of my videos.

Heat flares in my belly and my erection pulses again, so hard this time that it nearly buckles my knees. He scrambles upright, hastily buttoning his shirt and doing everything he can to look anywhere but at me.

“I’m so sorry,” he snuffles, still not looking at me as he drops to the floor, frantically groping for his pants. “I’m so sorry. Please don’t be mad, Da—Saxon.” Even once he grabs his pants, he doesn’t stand to put them on. He holds them in a ball over his lap to hide his softening, cum-covered cock, remaining on his knees a few feet in front of me.

Leaving the room doesn’t feel like an option anymore. Maybe it never did.

Even after opening the can of worms the other day to talk about dating history, we’ve never *explicitly* talked about our kink sides. Even so, they’ve always been present in our dynamic, so much a part of both of us that they would be impossible to untangle from every other aspect of our friendship. Right now, he’s not just my sweetly submissive best friend who I try not to have dirty thoughts about. Right now, he’s a beautiful, terrified boy kneeling for me.

I’m walking forward without any conscious thought, my instincts guiding me as I stop in front of him and reach down to cup his chin, tilting his face toward me.

“What are you sorry for?” I ask, my voice gentle but firm, leaving no room for him to squirm or look away again.

“What?” He blinks at me, his eyelashes damp with tears, cheeks still flaming red with embarrassment. My breath catches at how breathtakingly debauched he already looks. His shirt is wrinkled and buttoned unevenly due to his haste, his usually well-kept hair a complete mess.

“Why are you sorry? A grown man is allowed to masturbate in his own bedroom. I’m the one who walked in with barely a knock.”

He swallows and continues to stare at me. “I’m sorry because…” His pink tongue darts out to wet his lips. “I’ve been so bad. I’ve been watching your videos. I subscribed to

your Daddy Cam channel a week ago and I can't stop. I watch them over and over again, jerking myself off until my balls are so empty, they're sore. I'm so sorry. I'll try to stop. Please don't be mad."

My heart races. Is *that* why he's been acting weird lately? He's been jerking off imagining me spanking that pert, bouncy ass of his. He's been making himself come over and over with thoughts of my cock inside of him. Night after night he's been lying in his bed, just on the other side of the wall from me, biting his lip to keep me from hearing the way he desperately wants to moan my name. *Jesus*. The breath rushes out of my lungs and it's all I can do not to scoop him into my arms and kiss each one of the tears off of his cheeks.

I hum, pretending to consider his confession, even though I'm already sure how I plan to handle it. It feels like the decision was made long before tonight, and we've only danced around it until now by pure luck. "What do you think should happen to boys who have been that naughty?"

Felix's breath catches. "They should..." He trails off, murmuring something too quiet for me to hear.

I tighten my grip on his jaw just enough to ground him, to send the message that there's no reason to feel embarrassed or ashamed. *Daddy's here now. I'm going to make everything okay*. "Speak up, sweetheart."

"Naughty boys should be spanked," he answers obediently, and a slow smile spreads over my lips.

"Yes, they should," I agree. "Stand up and bend over the bed so Daddy can deliver your punishment."

His eyes go wide, but he doesn't hesitate, dropping his pants back onto the floor and scrambling to his feet quickly like he's afraid I'll change my mind if he takes too long. *Not a chance*.

I've been dreaming of this moment forever. I just didn't let myself acknowledge it until right now. There are a million reasons I've held back, and I'm going to need to take some time to clear my head and think through them after, but

right now, it's finally time to give in to what we're both desperate for.

Felix bends over the end of his bed, spreading his legs apart and folding his arms under his head. He tilts his ass up, presenting so nicely that I'm positive this isn't his first spanking. A possessive feeling seizes my chest at the thought of any other Dom or Daddy putting their hands on his porcelain skin, marking him as if he belonged to them. They might have thought so at the time, but he's mine now. He's been mine longer than I've been willing to admit.

I take his ass cheeks in my hands, squeezing and kneading them. His skin is so quick to pink that he's going to be fire-engine red by the time I'm finished with him. I part his cheeks and bite back a moan at the sight of his relaxed, lube-slicked hole.

"Did you enjoy my cock, Lix?" I ask, my voice rough, my dick giving another heavy throb.

He lets out a filthy moan and nods. "It was so *big*."

He squirms and cants his hips, his stretched hole winking at me as he clenches and writhes. I squeeze his cheeks in both hands, kneading them, marveling at the silky softness of his skin.

"That's right, baby. Big and thick and fucking *desperate* for this pretty little hole of yours." I groan, dragging my thumb between his cheeks and over the soft, slicked rim of his hole.

Felix gasps and claws at his bed sheets, his balls tightening right before my eyes.

He's already taken my cock once tonight. It would be easy to unzip my pants and slip the real thing inside. There's no doubt in my mind he would beg me for it, letting me use his ass for my own pleasure. Turnabout is fair play, after all. I'd leave him dripping with my cum and wrung out from another orgasm.

My cock pulses and heat tugs at my balls. I want this. I want *him*.

But I can't.

Not tonight. Not until I've had the time to clear my thoughts and make a decision based on more than wild lust and years of repressed longing. I grit my teeth and steel my resolve. My cock isn't going to get any relief tonight, but that doesn't mean I won't have any other kind of satisfaction.

Felix is still while I explore the shape of his ass and the suppleness of his skin, running my hands over his cheeks and his thighs, along the slope of his lower back, giving in to the temptation to tease his hole once or twice more. The only sign of his impatience is the little hitch in his breathing, like he's holding himself back from whining or begging.

"Red to stop, understood?" I check, giving his left cheek a sharp pinch to test his sensitivity.

"Yes, Da—" He gasps, cutting himself off before the full word slips out.

"You can call me Daddy... for tonight, anyway," I assure him. Tomorrow we'll sit down and have a clearheaded discussion about everything.

"Yes, Daddy," he answers fully this time, the word on his lips dragging a pleased moan from my throat.

It's been so fucking long since anyone called me Daddy, and Felix isn't just anyone.

"Good boy." I draw a hand back and bring it down on his cheek with a hearty *thwack*. He cries out, his ass jiggles and his skin turns a delightful shade of pink where my hand lands.

I deliver a few rapid blows, back and forth between the two cheeks until his skin starts to warm. "Do you know why you're being punished?" I ask, pausing between smacks to give him a moment to catch his breath and answer.

"Because I'm such a dirty slut." He stretches his arms out and clutches at the comforter, gasping and moaning as I continue to paint his skin with my handprints. I don't stop until the tension he was carrying vanishes and he sinks into the bed with a shuddering moan, finally letting everything go.

I stop, watching his back rise and fall with ragged breaths, his knees trembling. I brace my hands on the bed and lean over him, bringing my mouth next to his ear, my body blanketing his.

“No, beautiful. It’s because you’ve been keeping secrets.” I press a gentle kiss to the shell of his ear, and he lets out a strangled sound. “Now, crawl up into bed, and I’m going to go get our dinner to bring in here.”

He nods, and as soon as my weight is off him, he does as I asked, crawling up the length of the bed on shaky arms and legs and laying his head on the pillow.

I slip out of the room, every inch of me buzzing with how perfect and right that felt. How easy and natural it was, even for our first time together. My cock is still rock hard, but it’s the last thing on my mind.

I grab the bag of Chinese food that’s been cooling on the counter. The entire reason I knocked on his door to begin with. I don’t think I’ve ever been happier with surprisingly fast delivery in my life. I get silverware as well and then stop at the kitchen sink to wet a washcloth to take back with me.

When I return to Felix’s bedroom, he’s lying in bed, fully naked now, with a sleepy, dazed smile on his lips. My heart somersaults and my knees threaten to turn to Jell-O at how perfect he looks and that it’s for *me*. *Because* of me.

“My clothes were all sticky,” he explains, blushing again and wiggling against the sheets, his breath catching, no doubt thanks to the stinging heat of his well-spanked ass. Or maybe the ache in his stretched hole.

He subscribed to my channel. He bought my toy. My head is still spinning over both of those things. How long has he had feelings for me? And how did I not notice them? Maybe I didn’t want to. Maybe I was afraid to.

My throat tightens at how unfair that was to him. To both of us. And my heart beats faster at the realization that things are different between us now, and I don’t know what that means.

I clear my throat and focus on something I *do* understand.

“Sit up for one second.” I set the food down and crook my finger at him.

He rises on his knees at the edge of the bed, and I gently clean the drying streaks of cum off his chest and stomach with the damp cloth. Felix shivers under my touch, his lips parted and his eyelids heavy as he watches me. His cock twitches, half hard again already.

“Thank you,” he murmurs, sinking back down when I’m finished with him.

“Are you comfortable, or do you want something to put on?” I ask, and he blushes again, biting his lip to keep from asking for what he wants. I set my jaw sternly and cup his chin, more gently this time so I can look into his eyes. “No more secrets. Tell me what you want so I can give it to you.”

He searches my gaze, and I can tell he’s looking for deeper meaning there, wondering if I mean just with this question or with everything. I’m not sure yet either, but I’ve given Felix everything he’s needed since the moment we met. Why would I stop now?

“Can I wear one of your t-shirts?”

My heart flutters and I lean forward to brush a kiss on his forehead. An ache inside me tempts me to claim his lips instead, but I can’t bring myself to do it. Not until I’m sure.

“Of course, baby. I’ll be right back.”

It only takes me a minute to pop into my bedroom and grab one of my shirts out of my dresser. I smile, picking a shirt I got at a music festival the two of us went to a few summers ago. It was hot as Hades outside and Felix nearly fainted from heat exhaustion. I ended up buying half a dozen water bottles at five dollars apiece so he would have enough to drink while I used the extras to spritz down the back of his neck every few minutes to cool him off. I was worried sick all day, but the main thing that sticks in my mind now is the way he smiled

and made me dance with him when his favorite band took the stage.

“Arms up,” I instruct when I return with the shirt. Felix obeys without hesitation, sitting up and lifting his arms so I can slip the shirt over his head. It dwarfs his smaller frame, but fuck, seeing him wearing my clothes does something primal to me. A possessive feeling fills my chest and only intensifies when he plucks at the collar of the shirt and pulls it up to his nose to drag in a deep breath. A memory of the first morning after we met tickles at the back of my mind. He did the same thing then. His eyelashes flutter and it’s all I can do not to pin him to the bed so I can find a million other ways to mark him as mine before the night is over.

Except I’m not sure I’m prepared for what it would mean to claim him that way, to tell him to call me Daddy every day, and to be the only one to bend him over and spank his ass. I swallow the feeling down and climb into bed next to him to focus on dinner. Dinner is safe. Dinner isn’t about to flip my life upside down.

We’re both quiet while we eat, my mind reeling over a million questions and considerations as I try to sort my feelings out. I want Felix. I’ve *always* wanted Felix, I’m ready to admit that much to myself now at least. But accepting those feelings doesn’t change all the things I’ve been afraid of.

Dating, fucking, letting myself fall in love with him... It all sounds perfect. *More* than perfect. But what about the other side of the coin? A breakup. Moving all my shit out and not seeing him every day... I don’t think I would survive losing him.

But what if it works? A little voice in the back of my mind whispers.

What if Felix and I are just as perfect as a couple as we are as friends, and I’ve been leaving it all on the table because I’ve been too afraid of what-ifs? My throat tightens and my heart beats too fast. It could all go so right or so fucking wrong, and that’s scary as hell.

“What are you thinking about?” he asks after we’ve demolished most of our food.

I move all the boxes off of the bed and nudge him to lie down. Felix shimmies around, making himself comfortable with his head on his pillow, his eyes fixed on me while he waits for my answer. *What am I thinking?* Fuck, if that isn’t the million-dollar question right now. I lie down next to him, sharing a pillow, even though there are more than enough for us to each have our own.

“I’m thinking…” I run my hand up and down his arm, trying to put all my swirling thoughts into concise sentences and coming up short. “That it’s late and we should get some sleep.”

“Oh.” I can hear the disappointment in his voice, and it’s almost enough for me to just start blurting all my confusing emotions at him so he won’t sound so sad. “Will you sleep here?”

“Yeah.” I can’t imagine getting out of his bed and leaving him here alone after everything we shared tonight. I can’t imagine getting out of his bed, *period*. And that’s exactly what’s so terrifying. I’m already in too deep. I think I have been since the night we met.

He scoots right up against me under the covers, rolling so he’s in the perfect position for me to spoon my body around his, tucking his tender ass right against my still fully hard cock. I throb, biting back a moan as I wrap my arms around him and bury my face in the crook of his neck.

He wiggles his ass against me again, letting out a breathy sound that’s somewhere between a giggle and a moan when my cock twitches in the heat of his crease.

“You know, you can—”

“Shh,” I say softly, cutting him off before he can tempt me. I need to *think* before I take things any further. “Sleep now, baby.”

I can tell he wants to argue, maybe even beg. But after a few seconds of silence, he just nods and relaxes against me.

Eventually, his breathing slows and his body sags into the bed. I press gentle kisses to his shoulder and smile at how perfect and right it feels to hold him and know he's sleeping soundly because I took care of him tonight in all the ways he needed.

Tomorrow we'll have the big, important talk.

It's long overdue.

Chapter 10

FELIX

My ass feels tender inside and out, my heart fluttering violently before I'm even fully conscious. Saxon spanked me last night, and he let me call him Daddy. My eyes spring open, the giddy feeling inside my chest too much to contain.

It takes exactly half a millisecond to realize that I'm all alone in bed. The spot Saxon was in when we fell asleep is rumpled but cold, and besides the aching bruises on my ass and the t-shirt I'm wearing, there's no evidence that last night was even real.

My mouth goes dry, and my skin feels suddenly clammy. Saxon was quiet while we ate dinner. I thought he needed time to process everything, but what if it was something bigger than that?

My heart forces its way into my throat as images of Saxon lying awake all night regretting what we did, what I *goaded* him into doing, play in my mind. Oh god, I'm a monster. I took an awkward situation and made it even more uncomfortable by asking him to spank me.

Wait, did I ask him, or did he offer? I can't remember now. It's all such a blur.

I throw back my comforter and climb out of bed. Maybe I'm overreacting. It's possible Saxon is in the kitchen making breakfast right now. That's what Daddies do after a wild night, right? They make sure their boy is well fed and taken care of. It's been a long time since I've had a Daddy, but I'm sure something like that doesn't change.

I pause long enough to grab a pair of sweatpants out of my dresser, tripping as I pull them on, and then sprinting out of my bedroom toward the kitchen. My heart sinks when I find it just as empty as my bed.

There *is* a thermos next to a plate containing a cherry Danish, and as I get closer, I notice a note on the counter as well. He left me breakfast, which has to be a good sign, right?

Except, in Saxon's world, a pastry is not an acceptable breakfast. *You need protein to fuel your brain for the day.* Is it a special treat because I made him happy, or is it a consolation prize? A sugary pick-me-up while I read the breakup letter he left for me? Not even a real breakup, since we never talked about actually being *together*.

I pick up the Danish, nervously nibbling at the edge of the flakey crust while I work up the courage to read it.

Saxon won't tell me he's moving out in a note, not even after catching me in such a compromising position and then spanking me until my soul left my body. I'm sure the note is simply explaining where he went and then most likely professing his undying love for me along with expressing regret that it took so long for him to see me that way. You know, your typical happily ever after type stuff. On the other hand, he also didn't fuck me, even though he was hard and I was more than willing.

I frown as I eat the pastry slowly, chewing each bite with far more care than necessary as I work on steeling my nerves to read the note.

Morning sweetheart,

Okay, that's a good start, very promising.

I had an appointment with a client this morning.

An explanation, perfect. See? I'm being silly over nothing. Everything is fine. I finally let a smile form on my lips again, leaning over the counter to finish reading.

Make sure you get home at a reasonable time tonight.

Such a Daddy thing to say. The giddiness I felt when I woke up returns full force. I wonder if Saxon would be open to a destination wedding? I've always loved the idea of getting married on a beach somewhere, the two of us barefoot in our tuxes while the sun sets in the background.

We really need to talk.

My smile slips into a frown. *We need to talk?* Why does that sound so ominous? His name is scrawled under that

and there's nothing more to the note.

"That's it?" I complain aloud to the apartment walls, flipping the paper over and back, half expecting to see a much longer note on the back. *We need to talk?*

Fuck, that's never good. Everyone knows that 'we need to talk' is code for 'this shit is not going to work.'

"Shit, shit, shit," I mutter, balling the note and tossing it into the nearby trash. I glance at the clock, realizing I need to get my ass moving unless I want to be late for work. So, I guess I'm multitasking: getting dressed and panicking at the same time. No problem, I'm a pro at that.

I put the pastry plate into the sink and head back to my bedroom, going straight for the attached bathroom so I can take a steaming hot shower. I crank on the water and slowly strip out of my clothes, folding the shirt Saxon gave me last night and slipping it onto my small pile of clean, folded towels. If he does break up with me, at least I'll have a souvenir.

I turn around with my back to the mirror, craning my neck so I can see the reflection of my bruised ass cheeks. The clear shape of Saxon's hand, purple and blue, all over my cheeks and upper thighs. My cock plumps and my breath catches. I can keep the t-shirt, but the marks on my ass will eventually fade.

That thought is like an icy hand around my throat. It won't even be like a real breakup because we aren't together. He caught me masturbating, spanked me, and we ate dinner and fell asleep together. Other than that, we're nothing but friends and roommates, and... fuck, what if he wants to move out?

Terror claws at my chest. I'll block the door with my body and refuse to let him leave. I'll throw myself at his feet and cry if I have to. Tears prick at my eyes even now. I can't let Saxon go. I *can't*.

The rational part of my brain informs me that what I'm talking about is a hostage situation. What does the rational part

of my brain know anyway?

I step into the shower, cranking it a few degrees hotter until it's almost unbearable, and then I let my tears fall freely, my chest aching with heavy, racking sobs at the thought of losing Saxon. I don't think I'll survive it.

But if he wants to leave, deep down I know I can't stop him.

I cry in the shower until the water runs cold, and then I reluctantly dry myself off and get dressed, stopping every few seconds to press my fingers against the hand-shaped bruises, shivering at the little jolt of pain each time.

Maybe I'm overreacting. Maybe he just meant we have to talk about the next phase of our relationship. But what if I'm not? I'm right on the verge of a full-on Gollum/Smeagol argument with myself about what the note meant by the time I pull into my parking spot at the office.

I offer smiles that I'm sure look more like grimaces, and polite nods to every employee I pass on my way up to my office. I sag against the back wall of the elevator as it slowly ascends. My lungs feel too tight to drag in full breaths and I swear there's an entire colony of ants living under my skin. I pull my phone out of my pocket, tempted to call Saxon and beg him to just put me out of my misery and tell me what last night meant, but I'm too damn scared that he'll give me the answer I don't want, and I'll fall to pieces.

The doors slide open, and Tristan looks up from his desk with a bright smile, completely unaware of the upheaval going on in my world this morning. It only takes a few seconds for him to read my face and catch up though.

He jumps up out of his chair and comes around the desk towards me.

“Jesus, Felix, who died?”

“Rough night,” I murmur, although the rough night was the fun part. It's the morning that's giving me trouble. But if I told Tristan that, he'd want *all* the details, and I'm just not

up for a gossip session. “I’m thinking I might need to take a business trip.”

He frowns. I’ve never taken a business trip. My business is right here, running this company. Lately, my business has been preparing for the public offering, which is only a couple of weeks away.

That realization hits me with a mixture of worry and relief. We’re going public in something like a dozen days. I shouldn’t be worrying about personal issues right now. This is the culmination of my life’s work, and I need to get focused.

“Never mind, scratch that.” I wave the hand that’s wrapped around the thermos of tea Saxon left for me this morning. “I’m busy. *Very* busy. What’s on my schedule for today?”

He studies me silently for a few seconds, like he’s trying to decide whether he should make an attempt to send me home sick or try harder to pry information out of me. He doesn’t do either. He sighs and goes back around to sit at his desk, pulling up my schedule for the day with a few clicks.

“You’ve got a marketing meeting in twenty minutes, an interview this afternoon with *Fortune* magazine, the engineering team has a new prototype for you to look at for the two-point-oh version...”

“Perfect.” I brighten immediately. Busy, busy, busy. Way too busy to fret about Saxon.

“Felix,” Tristan says, his voice still laced with worry as I stride into my office.

“Nope, too busy,” I say again, practically sprinting the last couple of feet and swinging the door closed behind me.

SAXON

Leaving Felix in bed this morning was the hardest thing I’ve ever made myself do. I was so fucking tempted to cancel on Leon and stay wrapped up in the bed sheets that still smelled like Felix’s cum, his warm, pliant body tucked against me.

I bite back a groan at the wave of longing that hits me.

But some time to get my thoughts together this morning was probably for the best. If he had woken up and hit me with a sweet, sleepy smile, all disheveled and needy for more... fuck, I might have proposed to him on the spot. My insides buzz with the current of electricity that's been coursing under my skin since last night.

Did he enjoy the Danish I left for him? I almost added a PS to the note telling him not to get too used to sweets for breakfast. My lips twitch with a repressed smile as I imagine the way he would have scoffed at that. The fantasy morphs into one where I'm there to watch him devour his treat before leaning across the counter to lick the sweet remnants of leftover icing off his lips.

A shiver runs down my spine and I realize Leon has finished his set and is staring at me with a raised eyebrow and a crooked smile.

"I'm guessing that's not for me?" He drops his gaze briefly to the soft, but growing, bulge in my shorts.

I give him a flat look and adjust myself.

"Sorry. I'm a bit... preoccupied this morning." I clear my throat. "Ready to move on to your stretches?"

"Only if you tell me about him," he barter, and I snort.

"When did we go from trainer and client to friends who gossip about our love lives?" I follow him over to the open area we always use for his stretches.

"Embrace it, man." He opens his arms wide, threatening me with a hug. I give him a playful shove in the middle of his chest and point at the mat.

"You stretch, I'll talk," I remind him, and he falls into his practiced routine of stretches while I join him, still working everything out in my head as I let the words tumble out. "Do you think there's a name for someone who's such a hopeless romantic that they've become a complete cynic? Maybe I've just seen the destructive side of love. Then again, what's the

divorce rate, like fifty, sixty percent? Those aren't great odds." I shake my head.

"Okay, I'm trying to follow here. You're a commitment-phobe because you've seen some shit relationships?"

"I think *shit* would be easier. At least I get why those blow up." I've never put words to any of this before, and it feels like wading through the mud trying. "I think what freaks me out more is the way people can be so in love one minute and then just... drift apart. How does that even happen?"

"They stop working at it," Leon answers with a half shrug while he works through his shoulder stretch.

"It's that simple? You just have to work at it and a relationship will last?" I can't tell if I'm challenging him or hoping like hell he's right. If all it takes is some work, I can do that all fucking day.

"Honestly, I have no fucking clue. I've always been too focused on football to let myself go there in a real way with anyone," he confesses.

I grunt with a frown. "For the record, I'm not a commitment-phobe. I've been committed to Felix in all the ways that matter for over a decade now."

His eyebrows pull together while he seems to be trying to figure out my relationship with Felix. Or maybe he's working just as hard as I am to try and analyze my nearly lifelong hangups.

"Okay, I think I'm following now. You think sticking your dick in him is going to magically change that?"

A rough sound rumbles in my throat. "Jesus, I don't want to just stick my dick in him. He's not some nameless sub I picked up to play with for one night, he's..." I trail off, unable to put words to all the things Felix is.

"It kind of sounds like you already have your answer," he points out.

“What I *want* isn’t in question at this point. I’m just...” I huff out a breath, hating to even admit this out loud. “Scared.”

Leon gives me the kind of soft look people usually reserve for puppies and babies. He makes a little cooing noise and I glare at him. Leon chuckles, then sobers.

“I bet he’s scared too,” he says.

My heart stutters. Is Felix scared? Was my note reassuring enough this morning? He *does* have a tendency to overthink, and I would hate for him to spend all day worrying about the state of our relationship. Dammit.

“I should go talk to him,” I say, noticing the smug look on Leon’s face as we wrap up our session. Was this his plan? Getting me to focus on Felix’s needs and feelings so I would forget my own? Because damn did it work. Hands down, if it’s between my fears and Felix’s, he’s going to be the priority every single time.

“Good luck.” He pats me on the arm and then saunters towards the locker room.

Normally, I would go in too, grab a quick shower, and change. But now that he’s planted the seed that Felix might need me, I don’t want to waste the extra five minutes. I gather up my stuff and leave the gym on a mission.

It’s too early to justify bringing him lunch, so I stop by a coffee shop on my way and order him a tea, just so I won’t show up empty-handed.

My footsteps echo in the massive lobby as I walk up to the desk. Gina looks up from her computer, blushing, her hands going immediately to her hair to fiddle with it.

“Saxon, you’re looking—” She eyes my sweaty shirt, her blush deepening before she clears her throat. “—good this morning.”

I offer her my most winning smile in return, leaning on the edge of the reception desk.

“Be careful, my ego’s already too big.” I throw in a wink for good measure. Say what you want, it never hurts to have the receptionist like you. “I was just on the block and wanted to bring Felix some tea.”

She turns her attention to the computer and frowns. “I’m sorry, it looks like he’s swamped all morning.” She clicks the mouse a few more times. “All day, actually.”

I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. “Maybe I could just pop up really quick and leave it for him?” I ask. I could leave another note too, one that won’t leave any room for him to worry. Then again, it’s Felix. He’s prone to worry.

Gina grimaces. “I’m sorry, there’s a note on here that specifically says *no* disturbances today.”

My smile slips. “Okay, I understand. Let him know I stopped by?”

“Will do,” she says cheerfully, completely oblivious to the panic now rising in my chest.

I toss the tea into the first garbage can I pass on the street outside, not in the mood to drink it myself. I pause at the crosswalk to wait for the signal and pull my phone out of my pocket. If I can’t leave him a note, I can at least send him a text. Except, everything I want to say feels like too much to text. It’s too complicated, too *important*.

The signal changes and I shove my phone back into my pocket as I step off the curb.

This conversation deserves more than a note or a text anyway. Tonight, we’ll sit down and talk about everything. My heart beats harder with the same fears that have been holding me back for years, but for once, I refuse to let them win.

I don’t want to lose Felix, but I can’t keep him at a distance anymore either. I guess I’m just going to have to figure it the fuck out, because this is too important to mess up.

Chapter 11

FELIX

I groan as my eyes flutter open. There's a keyboard embedded in my cheek and a puddle of drool on my desk. *Lovely*. It takes several seconds for my disoriented brain to realize that I'm in my office. It's the fact that it's light outside that's throwing me off.

I frown and sit up, wiping my chin with the back of my hand while I run the other one through my hair. I'm not sure what's worse, the kink in my neck or the fact that I can feel the indents all over my face from sleeping on my keyboard.

Yesterday comes back to me slowly. I managed to keep myself busy and successfully avoided thinking about Saxon... I mean, I successfully prepared for the company to go public. That's what this is all about, not hiding out in my office, avoiding the "we need to talk" situation indefinitely. Maybe I should buy a cot. It would certainly be more comfortable than sleeping in that chair.

Or you could go home and face Saxon, a little voice in the back of my head suggests. Nope, that's crazy talk. If I talk to Saxon, he might tell me he's moving out. I can't let him move out, therefore, I can't go home. The logic is rock solid. I know because I spent a good hour running it through in my head last night before I finally crashed.

I yawn, my tired eyes fluttering closed again for a moment before I'm startled back to full alertness by my office door flying open without warning. I jump in my seat, expecting Tristan to come rushing in to warn me of an impending terror attack or at least a fire with that level of urgency. But it's not Tris.

My heart leaps.

Shit.

"Saxon," I rasp his name through a dry throat, my pulse thundering in my ears.

He stands in my doorway, his jaw firmly set, his forehead furrowed in that way it only gets when he's extremely pissed off. The last time I saw it was when some asshole scratched his Jag. I thought he was going to kill someone.

Is it fucked up that my cock swells? The rage written all over his face feels like some kind of promise. He wouldn't be this mad if he didn't care, right? If he *really* wanted to move out, he could have packed his shit and left, but he didn't. He's *here* instead.

He stalks forward without saying a word. I catch a glimpse of Tristan staring into my office with a look of terrified glee shining in his eyes. *Traitor*.

How Saxon got past reception, I have no idea. Although, with the murderous expression on his face, it's possible they all dove for cover and let him pass. I don't blame them.

"Saxon, I—"

He doesn't wait to hear my explanation, and he doesn't stop to have a rational, adult conversation. I gasp as he hauls me out of my chair and throws me over his shoulder like a misbehaving toddler.

"Saxon," I say his name breathlessly this time, balling my fists around the back of his shirt and watching the flex of his denim-clad ass as he carries me out of my office and toward the elevator, all without uttering a single word. My cock hardens against his shoulder while he squeezes my thigh bruisingly hard to keep me in place.

"I'll reschedule your meetings for today," Tris calls after me.

The elevator doors slide open, and Saxon carries me inside, still without saying a thing.

"You can put me down." I squirm against him, biting back a moan at the way my erection presses into his solid muscles and the tightening of his grip.

He huffs through his nose. I can't tell whether it's a scoff or amusement. Anger pours off him like heat from a radiator, tension filling the confined space as we descend slowly.

"I'm the owner of this corporation. I can't have people see me being carried through the lobby like a child," I reason, even though, fuck, I kind of hope he *never* puts me down.

"You should have thought about that before you gave me a fucking heart attack by not coming home last night." He speaks! "You weren't answering your phone, your reception staff wouldn't let me up to see you," Saxon growls. "I'll fucking pull your pants down and spank your ass in front of every damn one of them if I feel like it after the stunt you just pulled."

My breath catches and my body heats. I wiggle in his grasp, not trying to get away, just wanting to feel him hold me a little tighter. I get one better as he brings his free hand up to slap my ass. The feeling ricochets through me, tearing a low moan from my throat just before the doors open on the main floor.

The ache he left with the last spanking is already fading, but I doubt the bruises have. Will he do it all over again? Maybe if I beg for it?

The reception staff look far more concerned than Tristan was, so I give them a reassuring wave as Saxon carries me past without stopping, straight through the lobby toward the door to the parking garage.

He doesn't stop until we reach his car, finally setting me down but keeping one hand wrapped around my bicep as if he's afraid I'm going to make a run for it if he lets go. We're standing close enough that I can feel the swell of his chest with every breath he pulls in. I can also see the stubble on his cheeks, the bags under his eyes, and the greasy, unwashed droop of his normally perfectly coiffed hair.

The anger twisting his expression when he stormed into my office is still there, but up close like this, I can see exhaustion and fear in his eyes too.

“I’m sorry.” I grab a handful of the front of his shirt, equally afraid that he’s about to bolt on me. “I was scared.”

“Of *me*?” Panic joins the array of emotions dancing through his eyes, and I tighten my grip, shaking my head quickly.

“No. Shit, no. I was afraid you were going to leave. You’re going to move out, right? That’s why you said we need to talk.” I swallow hard, not breaking eye contact as my heart does its level best to beat right out of my chest. “I violated you by watching your videos and using that dildo, and then I forced you to spank me. Now you’re going to move out, and I’m never going to see you again.”

He stares at me for several of the longest seconds of my life, and then he snorts. He fucking *snorts*. Exactly which part of this is supposed to be funny?

“You *forced* me to spank you?” His angry frown morphs into a half-smile and he raises an eyebrow at me.

“It sounds stupid when you say it in that tone,” I grumble. “You said you wanted to talk,” I remind him, since that’s my smoking gun.

“I do. And we’re not going to do it in a damn parking garage. Get in.” He jerks his head toward his car but doesn’t loosen his grip on my arm.

I stare at him, fear crystalizing in my chest all over again. Once we get home, will he sit me down and tell me all the reasons he doesn’t want to be my Daddy? I’m sure there are a million.

I tighten my fingers so hard around the fabric of his shirt that my knuckles ache. His expression softens. He releases my arm and puts one hand behind my neck, his lips crashing into mine in a rough, claiming kiss. How many times have I dreamed of this moment? Too many to count, that’s for sure. Every time his lips brushed my cheek or forehead, every time he leaned in close to whisper something playful or silly in my ear, I prayed for the courage to turn my head and catch his lips instead.

His mouth is hot and commanding, demanding things I'm more than willing to give. I soften to him, parting my lips as I turn to putty in his hands, happy to let him lead. The way he sweeps his tongue between my lips, tangling it with mine, feels just as marking as his hand on my ass did. I want him to claim me. I want to be *his*.

I want. I want. I want.

I whimper and cling to him harder, panting into his mouth with a desperation that threatens to consume me as thoroughly as he is right now. My entire body feels like soft clay, ready to be shaped by Saxon into anything that pleases him because I know he won't make me into any shape that wouldn't please me too.

"Get in," he says again, his voice hoarse as he breaks the kiss.

I release my grip on his shirt and stumble back on trembling knees to pull the handle on the car door. I expect him to go straight around to get in on his own side, but instead, he ducks in and buckles my seat belt for me first, brushing one more soft kiss against my lips.

My heart flutters and I smile.

Maybe the talk won't be a bad thing after all.

SAXON

I grip my steering wheel, the knots in my chest loosening now that I have Felix safely next to me.

When he didn't come home on time, I assumed at first that he was caught up with work and had lost track of time. When my texts and calls went unanswered, I started to panic, terrified he'd gotten into a horrible car accident and was lying on the side of the road bleeding out somewhere. I called his office to find out if he'd left yet. I was informed by Gina that Felix was there, he was safe, and he had given explicit instructions that he didn't want to speak to me.

To say the last twelve hours were hell on earth would be an understatement. I cycled through stages of guilt, wondering if I'd somehow misread things, if maybe the

spanking wasn't consensual. In my more rational moments, I knew that Felix tends to get into his own head, and he was probably overthinking what happened and needed time to process. Eventually, he'd come home, and we'd have the talk we were supposed to have.

After managing to crash for a few hours, I woke up and was at my limit. I couldn't take another minute of just *waiting*. Felix had had his time to process, and if what we did wasn't what he wanted, then I needed to hear it from him so I could apologize and make things right. But based on his comment about thinking *he* was the one to force *me*, along with the way he melted into that kiss just now, I don't think the issue was misread signals or lack of consent. It was a lack of communication, and that's something I can easily fix.

I steal a quick glance at him out of the corner of my eye. He looks like he's in as bad a shape as I am—stubble on his cheeks, greasy, unkempt hair, wrinkled clothes. His stomach rumbles, letting me know he didn't bother to eat last night either.

I pick up my phone from its spot in my cup holder and hand it to him. "Order us something for breakfast." He taps on the screen, and it brings up the number pad for my pass code. "It's your birthdate."

I glance over to see him staring at me with his mouth open and a watery look in his eyes. After a moment, he clears his throat and keys the code in. "That's not very secure," he teases weakly.

"I don't exactly have the nuclear codes stored on there. I think it's probably fine."

My screen lights up, and Felix is quiet for a second. I risk another glance to find him staring at the picture of us I have set as my background. It was from a trip to Cancun we took together last summer. The two of us on the beach with sand all over us and windblown hair, smiling into the camera.

"We should take another trip," he says with a wistful edge to his voice, using his index finger to caress the image on the screen.

I'll take a million trips with him. We can visit every beach in the world, every major city too, if he wants.

“Let's spend the weekend looking at some options,” I agree. His stomach growls again. “But first, food. Pick something.”

“I hate deciding. You pick for me.” There's a little needy, sort of pouting tone in his voice that sends heat through my body. It's exactly the tone of voice I'd expect him to use while kneeling in front of me, asking me what I want him to do.

I reach over and put a hand on his thigh, squeezing it and rubbing my thumb absently over the silky fabric of his pants. “Order from that place with the French toast you love.”

“Naughty Daddy,” he taunts, the word on his lips sending a cascade of electricity through me. I want to pull the car over on the side of the road and demand he say it again. I want to kiss him and taste the shape of the word on his mouth. My cock thickens and throbs, and I grip the steering wheel tighter in an attempt to get a hold of myself. There's still a long, important talk to have before anything physical happens. “Sorry, should I not have said that? You said it was okay the other night, but you probably only meant that night, right?”

He sounds so small and unsure. Nothing at all like a man who owns a multimillion-dollar corporation and was confident enough to ask for the spanking he wanted the other night. I take my hand off his leg and thread my fingers through his, pulling his hand over so I can press a kiss to each one of his fingers while I keep my eyes on the road ahead.

“You can call me Daddy.” My throat feels thick with the words, but fuck, I love the way he vibrates from them.

He makes a little squealing noise—*also* not in line with a man who basically runs the world, but damn if it isn't the cutest fucking thing I've ever heard.

“You mean it? This is real?” He squeezes my fingers harder.

“I mean it. We’re going to talk over breakfast about what this looks like for us, assuming you ever get around to ordering.” I take a pointed look at the phone he’s still clutching in his other hand.

“Shit,” he mutters, clumsily hurrying to place the order.

I chuckle and then sober, wanting to make sure there aren’t any more misunderstandings between us.

“I want this.” I squeeze his thigh to let him know that by *this* I mean *us*. Whatever this new version of us looks like. “I want it more than I let myself realize for a long fucking time.” The confession feels like a weight off my chest.

“Daddy,” he murmurs again with a smile in his voice like he’s letting himself indulge in something he’s held back for too long. He leans across the center console and brushes a kiss against my stubbled cheek. “Daddy.” The whisper of his breath over my face sends another aching, needy twinge through my cock.

Maybe that’s how I’ll have him spend the rest of the day after our talk and some much-needed showers—lying between my legs, brushing his mouth over my cock and whispering *Daddy* until I can’t take it anymore and I spill my cum all over those pretty lips of his.

The fifteen-minute drive home feels like an eternity. I pull into my designated spot in the parking garage and then give Felix a quick, stern look.

“Stay.”

He grins and wiggles in his seat like an over-excited puppy doing its best to behave. I get out and hurry around the car to open his door. He slides out and looks at me with those eager eyes of his again, creating pools of want and cascades of filthy thoughts inside of me.

We haven’t talked about boundaries yet, about likes and dislikes or hard limits. We haven’t discussed whether he prefers his kink in the bedroom or seeping into his life—although, considering the dynamic we’ve shared for years, I’m putting money on the latter.

I have the overwhelming desire to wrap his tie around my fist and lead him upstairs like a dog on a leash, but would that be crossing a line?

My dilemma must be written all over my face, or maybe Felix has known me long enough to read it.

“I’m yours,” he says, as if it’s the simplest thing in the world. Maybe it is.

“Stoplight system for a safeword, understood?” He nods, and then I do exactly what I was imagining. I take his tie in my fist, giving it a quick, firm yank to coax him to follow.

A look of bliss washes over his face, his whole expression going dreamy and horny all at once as he stumbles after me to keep up.

We board the elevator to take us up to our floor, and while it ascends, I back him against one of the walls and nuzzle my nose to his, keeping my grip on his makeshift leash.

“I need a special nickname for you. I think I called you sweetheart the other night, but that’s what I call my subscribers,” I muse, brushing my mouth against his without truly kissing him. He parts his lips, his eyelids drooping as he sags into me, putty in my hands.

“All I want to be called is *yours*,” he murmurs with a tremble in his voice.

His words hit me like a freight train, punching the air out of my lungs and making me weak. I grin and finally press my mouth fully to his in a proper kiss again, getting drunk on the sweet taste of his lips and tongue.

“You *are* mine, puppy.” The new nickname slips out without thought, but I have to admit it fits him, with those big, sweet eyes of his, the devotion pouring out of him like rays of sunshine.

He rasps a sound against my lips. “I like that. *Puppy*,” he whispers the word like he’s testing how it sounds.

“Come on then, puppy.” I give his tie another yank, and he gasps quietly, his cheeks turning a beautiful shade of

pink.

“Yes, Daddy.”

As soon as we're in the apartment, I kick my shoes off and tug Felix into the living room. “Sit.” I point at the couch, and he scrambles to obey.

I smile again. I don't know why I was so afraid of this for so long. It's not so different from what we've been doing for years together. It's just more now. *Better*.

And so much more to lose, a voice in the back of my head reminds me. As if I could forget just how high the stakes are.

I sink to my knees in front of him, noticing the bulge in his pants twitching as he licks his lips and watches me. I untie his shoes and slip them off one at a time, then each sock. Once I set those aside, I run my hands under his suit jacket and slide it off his shoulders. Normally, I would undo his tie, but I think I'll leave that for right now.

Felix swallows, his Adam's apple bobbing, drawing my eye to his throat. He would look so good wearing my love bites. My mouth waters with the urge to suck his soft skin between my teeth and mark him as mine.

There's a knock on the door before I get the chance to follow through on the fantasy though. I get back to my feet and go to collect our food. Felix is exactly where I left him when I return, except now his bare feet are propped up on the coffee table and he's lounging a little more comfortably.

I set the Styrofoam boxes down on the center cushion, hoping it will provide enough of a barrier to convince me to keep my hands and mouth off him long enough to have the talk we need to have.

“How long have you been in the lifestyle?” I ask, flipping open the lid on the first box and taking a seat on the far side of the couch. We touched on some of this the other day, but it feels like a safe place to start.

I find my favorite inside the box I open—an omelet chock full with all the options. I dig in and watch as Felix does

the same with the fluffy slices of French toast he ordered for himself, chewing slowly before answering.

“A boyfriend in college introduced me to it. I was in and out for the first few years, feeling a lot of shame for needing to be submissive. Part of me felt like being gay was enough. Did I really need to have all these desires to be spanked and used and told what to do on top of that?”

I nod in understanding while a surge of guilt washes over me. He was going through all of that while we were friends, and I never even knew. I could have helped him work through it. Instead, I was busy hiding behind an invisible wall I built to keep us both safe.

“What changed your mind?”

“A kink cruise,” he confesses with a grin. “Do you remember that ‘family cruise’ I told you I was going on, like, six years ago?” He puts air quotes around it with his fingers, and I nod.

“You went on a kink cruise instead?” My mouth goes dry, and I can’t decide if I’m jealous or horny at the idea.

“Up until then, I’d mostly interacted with Doms I played with, but rarely other subs. On the cruise, I ended up spending a full week hanging out with all kinds of different subs who were into different things. There were boys, Littles, puppies, service subs, men and women who liked to do scenes as sex dolls for their masters, rope bunnies...” As he lists them off, I can see his expression glowing, excitement and joy and acceptance dripping from his voice and warming me to my core. “I learned so much and discovered a lot of kinks I didn’t even know about. But there was this nonbinary rope bunny who really changed my whole perspective on how I viewed my own kinks. They said, ‘Aren’t we lucky that Doms are so good to us? They’ll do anything to please us and take care of us?’ It blew my mind. Up until then, I was thinking of it like I was giving everything up to please my Dom, not the other way around.”

“Too many people get that wrong, both in the lifestyle and outside of it. The submissive is the one holding the power

and giving it willingly. It's a beautiful thing." I reach over and brush my fingers against the coarse stubble on his cheek because I can't help myself.

I wonder if he would trust me enough to let me shave it for him. He tilts his face into my touch, closing his eyes for a moment and sighing happily. *Of course he would let me.* There's no question in my mind that my sweet puppy trusts me. It's a heady feeling, so powerful and so incredibly heavy. I won't let him down.

"Tell me what you like," I prompt, my voice thick as I imagine a million ways I can make Felix blush for me from head to toe.

"Whatever you like to do, whatever gets you off, you can use me," he says when his eyes flutter back open. "I like it." He tries to shift a little closer but stops when he realizes the food is in the way. It's a good thing because if he keeps saying things like that, I'll have him on the floor with my cock pulsing inside his tight ass before we can finish this much-needed conversation.

"Be careful what you wish for, puppy. You might end up tied to my bed so I can fuck you over and over, all weekend long until your hole is loose and sloppy, and your balls are so drained from coming that they ache," I warn in a gravelly, barely controlled voice.

His breath hitches and his pupils blow wide. "Okay."

I growl and reach down to palm my erection through my pants. "Fuck, you're dangerous..." I look him over again—the open, needy expression on his face and the way he's absently dragging his thumb against the head of his cock through his pants. "And perfect."

I take a deep breath to get myself together. I use my fork to pick up another bite of his French toast, offering it to him with one hand while swatting his hand away from his cock at the same time with the other. He pulls back and balls it into a fist like it's taking a serious effort to remember not to touch himself.

“I like spanking, *obviously*,” he goes on, giving me a cheeky grin after taking the bite of food I offered him. “I’m not into age play really. I’m not sure how far you like to take the Daddy thing.” He darts a nervous glance in my direction as if he’s expecting that last bit of information to be a dealbreaker.

I card my fingers through his hair gently. “Age play isn’t my thing,” I say. “And I plan on spanking you every morning before you go to work so your sore ass can be a daily reminder of what’s waiting for you at home.” I give him a wicked grin, drinking in the beautiful pink shade that flushes through his cheeks. “Tell me what else you like.”

“I mean it, whatever you like. My hard limits are body fluids other than cum, but otherwise, I just want you to use my body for your own pleasure. I want to be filled with your cum and know you’re thinking of me when you do your videos. I want to be under your skin the way you’re under mine, and I want to be such a good boy for you that you forget anyone else in the world has ever made you feel the way I do.” The edge of desperation in his voice might be the hottest thing I’ve ever heard in my life. “I want to be your toy. I want to be your boy. I want to be everything. I just want to be *yours*.”

I think Felix would quite literally throw himself off a bridge if I told him it would make me happy. The weight of that responsibility should terrify me, but all it does is send a thrill through me. He trusts me to protect him and take care of him, and in return, he’ll give every inch of his body to me in any way I can dream up.

“What about testing? I haven’t been with anyone in over a year, and I was tested at my last physical.”

“Pretty much same,” he answers. “It’s been two years, like I told you, and I’m negative.”

I nod, the tethers of my control starting to fray. I clear my throat, doing my best to sort out my thoughts without getting lost staring at him.

“I’m... terrified of losing you, Lix.” The use of his usual nickname seems to cool some of the lust in his eyes. Or

maybe it's my confession. I know it certainly sobers me to say it out loud to him.

“You can't lose me, Saxon. I told you that before.”

My lips twitch with a grin, but the fear refuses to loosen its tight grip on my chest.

“I just need us to take things slowly. I want to be cautious. Preserving what we have means more to me than anything. *You* mean more to me than anything.”

Felix's breath hitches and he scrambles haphazardly over the boxes and into my lap. The weight of his body is grounding and thrilling as I wrap my arms around him. He slides his hands over my cheeks and meets my gaze.

“We can take it slow,” he agrees.

I nod, bumping my nose against his. “Are you finished eating?” He visibly shivers at the deep, rumbling edge to my voice.

He wipes his hands carelessly on his pants and then slides off of my lap, onto his knees in front of me.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Chapter 12

FELIX

My cock has been throbbing heavily since Saxon wrapped his fist around my tie and led me upstairs like it was a leash. I chose him a long time ago, but in that moment, I knew I would belong to him forever, whether he decides to keep me or not.

I hope he keeps me.

I'm far from a virgin, sexually or as a sub, but kneeling on the floor, waiting for him to tell me what he plans to do with me, I feel like I am. My body trembles and my heart races so fast I can hardly catch my breath.

My rock-hard erection is eager and oversensitive, and every brush of soft fabric against it feels like the hot stroke of a tongue. Saxon's eyes are heavy on me as he silently devours me, raking his gaze up and down my body, lingering on my face with hungry longing before starting all over again. You'd think I was naked for how long he stares. I *feel* naked under his attention.

My knees ache against the hardwood floor, but I force myself to hold still. He likes me here, kneeling at his feet. I can hurt for him. I *want* to hurt for him.

He reaches out and wraps his hand around my tie again. My cock jerks and leaks as he roughly yanks me forward, countering the act by catching my mouth in a slow, tender kiss. I've had a million dreams about being kissed by Saxon, from filthy dreams to surprisingly sweet and chaste ones. This feels like so much more than a kiss as he slowly strokes his tongue over mine, exploring and claiming me all at once.

With one hand clutching my tie, he starts to undo my shirt one button at a time, never fumbling or faltering. Fuck, there's something so sexy about a man who knows exactly how to use his hands, who's sure of every movement he makes, and who's in control when I feel like I'm ready to

spiral and fall in all the best ways. I can let go because Daddy will catch me.

He deepens the kiss, his mouth moving more roughly against mine, with an edge of impatience, yet somehow still fully controlled. I whine, my cock bumping against the edge of the couch, sending jolts of heat and desperation through me.

Saxon slips his hands under my unbuttoned shirt and pushes it off my shoulders the same way he did with my suit jacket, except the sleeves are still fastened with the cufflinks he got me last Christmas, trapping my arms behind me.

He breaks the kiss, tugging a little tighter on my tie and pulling back to appreciate the view. His eyelids are heavy, and his lips are damp and puffy from our kiss. His air of calm is undermined by the rapid rise and fall of his chest and the wild look in his eyes. He looks just on the edge of wrecked, and it's all for me... all *because* of me.

I moan and thrust against the couch, precum soaking my underwear as I bite my bottom lip and try to hold myself back. I need to be good for Daddy. I *want* to be good for Daddy, but fuck, it feels so good. I cant my hips a little farther, my eyes glued to the amused expression on his face as he gives my tie another sharp tug, snapping me out of my horny daze. My thrusts stutter and I shudder at the hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach, the hot yearning that's so hard to ignore. But I can do it. For Daddy, I can do anything.

“You're so beautiful like this.” He leans close again and drags his nose along my jaw, running a single finger along my clavicle and down the center of my chest, tracing the shape of my trembling abs. Abs I only have because he started dragging me to the gym several times a week and kept me on a healthy diet when he moved in. Every single inch of my body is already his. I just want him to claim it already. I want him to spank me and bite me, mark me up so I can see his ownership every time I undress.

The words to beg for all those things are on the tip of my tongue, but when I open my mouth, the only thing I manage is a needy cry as he pinches my nipple between his

thumb and forefinger. I can feel the sharp, aching sting all the way through the tip of my cock and into my balls, my whole body reverberating with it.

“Daddy,” I pant.

Saxon makes a satisfied sound in the back of his throat and moves to do the same thing to my other nipple. Even though I’m expecting it this time, it doesn’t lessen the impact. My cock jerks and pulses, my balls tighten, and I gasp out loud.

“So beautiful,” he murmurs again, pairing the next rough pinch with the sharp bite of his teeth against the tender flesh of my throat.

“Oh fuck,” I cry, my thighs quaking with the effort to hold myself back from thrusting again, from seeking the relief my body is so desperate for.

Saxon takes my bottom lip between his fingers. “Language,” he growls before shoving his tongue into my mouth again. “Color?” he checks when he pulls back again.

“Green. So fu—” I catch myself, which is a major feat with how foggy my brain is already feeling, how easy it is to sink into subspace with Saxon, knowing he’ll take care of me. “Green,” I say again.

“Good boy,” he praises. The words are better than any touch he could give, and that’s saying something because his hand is already wandering back down my body, teasing me as he moves closer and closer to where I’m throbbing for him. “Here’s what we’re going to do.”

I nod absently, already agreeing with whatever he’s going to say as he toys with the buckle of my belt, his palm barely brushing against my needy bulge.

“You’re going to take Daddy’s cock in your mouth like the eager slut you are.” He says the word so casually, making more urgent, needy explosions detonate inside of me. “I need to take the edge off first. After that, we’re going to go take a shower together. I’m going to soap up your greedy hole and finger you until you’re a puddle of desperation. Then I’m

going to take you to my bed where you belong and stuff you full of my cock. I want to see how many times I can make you come before you pass out from exhaustion.”

My cock heaves again, throbbing so hard that, for a second, I think I’ve been *very* bad and actually started to come. It *feels* like coming, waves of hot pleasure coursing through me, and all I can do is gasp and moan. Saxon’s hand wraps around the base of my cock in a vice grip, stopping the eruption only seconds before I’m about to soak my underwear.

“Yes, Daddy,” I rasp.

“What did I do to deserve such a perfect boy?” he murmurs, brushing his lips against my ear and then sharply tugging the lobe between his teeth. “My sweet, horny puppy.”

He unzips his pants, and the metallic sound of his zipper instantly becomes my new favorite sound of all time. I lick my lips, my eyes trained on the strained front of his jeans as he reaches inside and frees his long, thick, veiny cock.

I thought my toy was an incredible replica, but up close and personal, I see that it’s a poor representation of the real thing. Sure, it’s the same size and shape, but it’s lacking the glistening precum oozing from his slit, the dark curls of pubic hair around the base, the heat radiating off it as he uses his grip on my tie to pull my face down into his lap.

I mouth eagerly at his length as soon as I’m close enough, dragging my tongue along each pulsing vein, drowning in the taste of pure Saxon. He wraps his fingers around the base to stand it up straight for me, tapping the thick, weighty head teasingly against my lips, leaving them streaked with salty, sticky strings of precum that I hungrily lick off.

“With your hands bound and your mouth full, you won’t be able to safeword. Can you snap your fingers?” I give it a try. The sound is loud enough that he should hear it if I need him to. “Perfect. Open,” he says, his voice an even deeper rumble than I’ve heard before. He sounds like he’s hanging on to his self-control by a thread. Is it wrong that I want to be the one to make it snap?

I open my mouth wide, obedient and impatient. My shoulders are getting sore, and I can't even feel my knees anymore, but both of those things are distant thoughts as Daddy feeds me his cock. I let out a muffled moan when his heavy length rests on my tongue, his grasp finally loosening from my tie as he threads his fingers through my hair instead.

He pushes my head down slowly, filling my mouth and then my throat. My muscles spasm around his length, and he moans, his cock twitching in response. I breathe through my nose until he's too deep for me to even do that, my throat stuffed so full of his cock that I could suffocate to death and thank him for the privilege.

Spit leaks from the corners of my stretched lips and down my chin as Saxon buries my nose right into his coarse hair. He holds me there with my throat stuffed full and my lungs burning until the edges of the world start to go a little fuzzy, and then he pulls me back up.

I suck in air through my nose, greedily licking and sucking the length of his cock as he pulls my head up until only his cockhead rests on my tongue, before he does it all over again. I let my body go limp, my jaw and throat slack and open for him. I can be his perfect fuck toy.

My cock pulses and twitches again, but it's easier to ignore this time. Sex toys aren't worried about their own pleasure. They're only there to be used by their owner. Saxon grunts and groans as he moves me up and down his cock faster, his hips working now, thrusting down my throat over and over.

Babbled praise falls from his lips, "good boy" and "puppy" mixed with a million ways to call me beautiful and perfect. My chest aches with how good and right I feel, how incredible it is to be used by him, like this is what I was meant for.

"Felix," he rasps my name, forcing me deep onto his cock again. It swells and stiffens and then starts to pulse, his load spilling down my throat. His grip is so tight on my hair that some distant part of my brain recognizes that my scalp is

stinging, but I'm too far gone to register anything as trivial as that now. My whole body feels like it's floating. Saxon's pleasure is my pleasure, even if my own balls are still painfully heavy and full.

He pulls out to let the last few drops of his release land on my tongue, hot and salty as I lap at his slit, coaxing him dry. He pulls me off his cock completely, and my throat aches with the loss. I sag against him, resting my cheek against his thigh and looking up at him in a daze.

There are tear stains on his cheeks, his chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath, carding his fingers gently through my hair now, massaging my scalp with tender care. His eyes meet mine, and that safe feeling I've always had around him intensifies. There's nowhere for me to fall because he'll always be there to catch me. He might not trust that yet, but I do.

He sits up and reaches behind me to finally undo the cufflinks, pushing my shirt the rest of the way off to free my arms. He cups my face between his hands.

"I don't know how I didn't see you sooner. I must be a fucking idiot." He kisses my nose, and I laugh hoarsely.

"It's okay. Even Daddies aren't perfect."

He chuckles, pulling his pants back into place and getting to his feet. I sway a little, unsteady, as he helps me up. My legs are asleep and my head is still foggy, but Saxon doesn't seem to mind. He sweeps me into his arms and I rest my head against his shoulder, closing my eyes as he carries me down the hall toward his bedroom. I slept for shit last night. Even with my cock rock hard still, I could easily bury my face in the crook of his neck and fall asleep right now, breathing in the unmistakable smell of Saxon. The smell of home.

When we reach his bathroom, he sets me on the sink and turns toward the large Jacuzzi tub. The mid-morning sun is streaming through the windows, casting a rainbow across the marble floor. The traffic outside is just white noise, mixing with the drumbeat of my pulse in my ears.

“I think a bath is going to be the better way to go,” he decides, cranking on the faucet and pouring in some bath salts and bubbles. The soothing scent of lavender and sandalwood fills the space, along with heat from the rising water. While the tub fills, Saxon slowly strips out of his clothes.

I watch with a detached sort of longing, feeling like a voyeur enjoying one of his videos again. Every inch of his body is so familiar to me by sight, but I’ve hardly laid a finger on him, just like the million other people who pay to lust after him. Except none of them know the real Saxon the way I do. They can pant after SaxyDaddy all they like, but they’ll never have the booming sound of his startled laugh when I surprise him by saying something totally ridiculous, or the warm weight of his body when he falls asleep against me on the couch on a lazy Sunday morning. The scratch of his stubble under my palms is all mine. The soothing feeling of his strong hands as they rub aloe lotion onto my peeling skin after a sunburn is all mine too. The real parts of him are just for me, and I’m keeping them all without apology.

He turns around and grins when he sees me watching, striding across the room with his cock swaying between his thick, muscled thighs. His body is like a work of art, sculpted by countless hours at the gym, but I’m suddenly hit by the wistful thought that I can’t wait until we’re old together, once we’ve both let ourselves go and our bellies are soft and a little saggy. I love young, perfect Saxon, but I already know I’ll love older Saxon even more. I’ll have years, even decades of history with that version of him. We’ll have thousands more memories, more days just like this, more trips to places around the world to share, more movies we’ve watched together, more everything.

I know these thoughts are anything but *slow*, but I can’t help it. I’ve been daydreaming about this moment since the night we met. I’m entitled to a little hope, aren’t I?

When he reaches me, he takes both my hands and places them on his firm stomach, dipping his head for a kiss while I read his body with my touch, memorizing the dips and ridges of his muscles, the direction the hair grows just under

his belly button, the rough shape of nearly invisible scars that I want to learn all the stories of.

When the bathtub is full, he slides his hands under my ass and carries me over to it, then slips in right behind me.

“How are you feeling?” he checks as I lean back against his body, his still half-hard cock nestled against my ass, his legs framing my body. I’m still vaguely aware that my own cock is hard, the hot, soapy water caressing it gently. He trails a line of kisses along the side of my neck, leaving goosebumps in the wake of his mouth.

“Is there a word better than incredible?” I ask. Daddy laughs again, the sound vibrating against my skin and settling in my chest. He strokes his hands along my body, the feeling as gentle and fluid as the water surrounding us. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Can I still watch your videos and pretend like I’m doing it in secret?” A wicked smile spreads over my lips, imagining Daddy in the other room while I watch his scenes and jerk off like a teenager under the covers, trying not to get caught.

“You want me to catch you and spank you again?” he teases.

“Sometimes. But not every time, or it won’t be a surprise when you do.”

“Okay.” He sucks a mark onto the lower part of my neck. “How did you find them, by the way?”

“Tristan,” I answer, and Saxon makes an annoyed sound against my skin.

“I *knew* it,” he hisses. “I knew that brat wasn’t going to be able to keep his mouth shut.”

I cackle and twist around a little so I can see him better. “You knew that Tris knew?”

“Not for sure, but I had a feeling. The man isn’t exactly subtle,” he mutters, and I chortle again, settling back against

him.

“I wish you would have told me,” I admit.

“It’s not exactly an easy topic to bring up naturally.” Saxon presses another searing kiss to the slope of my shoulder. “I wasn’t sure how you’d feel about it.”

“I would *never* judge you. I hope you know that. Even if I didn’t have a massive, urgent, desperate crush on you, I wouldn’t have thought badly about you for doing that kind of work.”

His mouth curves into a smile against my skin.

“You have a crush on me,” he says playfully.

“What are you, twelve?” I tease, feeling his smile widen in between more greedy kisses pressed to my shoulder and neck.

“You *liiike* me.” He ramps up the sing-song tone of his voice, his chest vibrating against my back with his laughter.

He tickles me and I wiggle against him, splashing water over the sides of the tub. My laughter echoes off the tile walls, our wet bodies slipping and sliding against each other. This feels like just *us*, Saxon and Felix, goofing around like we always do. Something settles in my chest—a feeling I didn’t even realize was out of place until it was smoothed out again.

This is going to work.

Saxon settles and the playful tickling turns into slow strokes along my skin, exploring my body with his hands the same way I did to him a few minutes ago. His fingertips wander over my chest and abs, along my thighs and back up again until he ghosts them over my cock. All my nerve endings wake up at once, coming out of the hazy, relaxed place being used sent me.

“Please, Daddy,” I whisper, thrusting to bump my cock against his hand again. I’ve been on edge so long that every inch of me is oversensitive to the point of being painful. My

balls are heavy and tight, my cock throbbing with every beat of my heart.

“You’ve been waiting for Daddy’s cock a long time, haven’t you?” he purrs in my ear. “Not some lump of silicone shaped the same. You want the real thing. You want it hot and pulsing in your hole, my hands all over you, my breath against your ear as I fuck you slow and deep.”

I nod my head rapidly, clutching at the sides of the tub in a desperate bid for self-control. Saxon’s cock is slowly thickening against my lower back. I’ve never been this hard in my life. Even the gentle movement of the water around me feels like a caress, tightening my balls little by little. My hole flutters, the emptiness inside of me so intense that I think I might die if he doesn’t fill me soon.

“Can you wait just a few minutes more?” Saxon asks.

I shake my head back and forth this time. *Wait?* He wants me to *wait?* Impossible. An amused sound rumbles through Saxon’s chest.

“Try for me.” He kisses my ear again and reaches for something on the edge of the tub. He clicks the bottle open, and I watch as he slicks his fingers with waterproof lube. My hole suddenly feels painfully empty, my inner muscles clenching and quaking with the need to be filled.

“Please,” I gasp again, grinding against his swelling erection, lifting my hips in the vain hope that if I catch it just right, I can slide him inside and fill the emptiness I’ve been suffering with for too long. Not just today—years. *Always.*

“Show Daddy where you hurt.”

I whine and rock forward, clutching at the far end of the tub to pull myself up, then draping myself over the side with my ass bared to him, all his for the taking. Just like before he spanked me, he grabs one cheek and spreads me open. The cold air against my hole makes me twitch, but he doesn’t leave me desperate for long.

Saxon presses two slippery fingers to my hole and then pushes them inside. I let out a low, needy moan, my balls

pulling even tighter, right on the edge of losing it. Liquid heat fills my insides as every stroke of his fingers in and out makes me tremble and groan.

“Daddy,” I pant. “I can’t, I *can’t*.” My cock is throbbing so hard I can see stars, even without a single finger on it.

“You can,” he insists. “Just a little longer. Don’t you want to come with Daddy’s thick cock stretching you wide open?”

The only response I can manage is a moan. I try to spread my legs wider, but the edges of the tub make it impossible. He fucks me deeper with his fingers, brushing across my prostate with each pass but never lingering long enough to push me over the edge. He adds a third, his knuckles tugging on my hole with every thrust, his grip on my ass cheek rough enough that I can feel his fingers leaving bruises.

“Please, please, please,” is all I can manage to say, over and over until the word is meaningless to my own ears.

Finally, *finally*, the water sloshes behind me and his body is pressed against mine again, his fully hard cock against my ass cheek, his thighs flush against mine. I bite back an impatient cry when he eases his fingers out and replaces them with the thick head of his cock.

“You can come anytime, puppy, but don’t think that means I’ll stop using this pretty little hole of yours until I’m good and ready.”

My eyes roll back and the air punches out of my lungs as he shoves his huge cock inside me. Even with the prep, even after taking the toy, I’m not prepared for how full I feel, how stretched and stuffed and fucking *wrecked* I am as he takes me in one thrust.

The thick, heavy girth of his cock presses against my prostate before he’s even all the way in. My knees slip out from under me on the slick porcelain, but he catches me with both arms around my middle, holding me up like a ragdoll as

he starts to fuck me without mercy. He grunts and growls, the water splashing all around us as he ruts into me. It's everything I ever dreamed of. It's *better* than I dreamed of.

Saxon fucks me hard and deep, his cock slamming into me over and over. He's so big that the pressure on my prostate never lets up. His heavy shaft drags over it again and again, the fullness never easing or adjusting. I can't think or breathe or move. All I can do is moan and tremble.

From the second he fills me, it's like a full-body orgasm. I'm tingling and hot from head to toe and my cock aches and throbs, drooling precum like a faucet as he pummels the sensitive bundle of nerves inside of me. But when it finally hits me for real, I'm actually afraid for a moment that the pleasure of it might be enough to kill me.

My nipples tighten and my balls pull up so hard I can't even breathe. My vision whites out and my body convulses in his grip as the painful tightness inside of me finally erupts in long, deep waves of ecstasy that rush through me as I streak the side of the tub with my release. Pulse after pulse of cum, forced out by his hammering thrusts.

Saxon groans and fucks me harder, faster, not letting up even after I sag against the edge of the tub, just like he said. It's almost better than the orgasm, this feeling of being used by him, of his cock driving in and out of my tender, oversensitive hole as he chases his second release.

My cock starts to pulse again, lazily this time, barely anything left to give as the second orgasm hits deep inside my belly, making my toes curl and tingle. Saxon bites down on the side of my neck and cries out. My eyes roll back as his cock somehow gets even bigger inside of me, so stiff and thick I'm not sure I'll survive it. And then his cock starts to throb, pumping inside of me, fluttering against my inner channel as he fills me with his cum, planting his seed deep inside of me.

I'm in that dazed, floaty place again by the time he eases out. I clench my hole tight, desperate to keep what he's given me. When my brain can form words again, I should try

to remember to ask him for a plug next time, so I can keep his release.

I'm only vaguely aware of Saxon draining the tub and carrying me into his room. He must dry me off at some point because he sets me in his bed, climbing in next to me and pulling the covers over us.

“Take a nap, puppy. I'll be here when you wake up,” he promises, and that's all I need to know before I let go and allow sleep to drag me under.

Chapter 13

SAXON

It's mid-afternoon by the time Felix stretches and groans next to me. I meant to take a nap right along with him, but somehow I ended up just lying here instead, watching him sleep, trying to believe anything that's happened in the last forty hours or so is real. Even seeing him now, blinking awake in my bed, lines on his cheek from my pillow and an adorably shy smile on his lips, it's hard to convince myself that this isn't the most elaborate, realistic dream I've ever had.

"You're here," he croaks. I'm ready with a water bottle for his dry throat. I roll my body weight over him so I can reach the nightstand on his side of the bed, relishing the feeling of his warm, bare skin and the way his smaller frame fits against me. Fuck, I'm so far gone over him already. I'm not sure taking things slow is even possible.

I uncap the water and hold the bottle out to him. Felix wiggles to sit up, leaning against the headboard before taking the bottle and guzzling down a few gulps.

"I told you I'd be here," I remind him with a crooked half-smile, still completely unable to take my eyes off him. The side of his neck is reddened with whisker burn, and I spot a few places where I left love bites on his throat earlier. His dark hair is wild thanks to him falling asleep with it damp from the bath, and his green eyes are shining as he stares right back like he's just as afraid as I am that if he blinks, he'll realize this was all a dream.

"I believed you," he says, handing the half-empty water bottle to me so I can finish it off. With the sheet pooled around his waist, Felix lets his gaze wander around my room, slowly taking it all in as if he hasn't been in here a hundred times before.

"I'm trying to see your space through the eyes of someone you brought home for a random hookup," he answers the unspoken question. "Maybe I can learn something new about you."

I huff out a laugh, setting the empty bottle on my nightstand and dragging my fingers through my messy hair.

“I’ve never had a random hookup here, Lix.” I chuckle again. The thought is so beyond laughable. I can’t even imagine picking someone up and bringing them *here* into the apartment where I cook breakfast every morning for Felix, where the two of us watch movies and cuddle on the couch, where his presence lingers in every inch of space even when he’s not home.

He lets out a playful groan, a brand-new blush painting his cheeks as he bites down on his bottom lip. I reach over and use my thumb to tug his lip loose, arching an eyebrow at him.

“It’s nothing.” His cheeks turn an even darker shade of red as he tries to smother his smile. “Actually, I *can* tell you this now.” His eyes widen at the realization, and it hits me with a tightness in my chest that there have been things he hasn’t been saying. For how long? The whole time we’ve known each other?

“Tell me,” I prompt with an edge of rough desperation in my voice. I want to know everything. Every thought he has, every secret. I want it all.

“When you call me Lix, it always makes me think about...” he gives me a significant look and licks his lips. “*Licking* you.” His eyes wander over my bare chest and down to where the blanket is draped over my thick, half-hard cock, leaving no room to misinterpret his meaning.

My mouth tugs into a grin and my stomach somersaults. Fuck, he’s cute.

I hum thoughtfully, pushing myself up into a sitting position beside him. “Where do you want to lick me, puppy?” I tease in a deep voice, cataloging every one of his physical reactions, from the way his pupils blow wider to the little hitch in his breath. “Here?” I ask, tilting my head and pointing to the side of my neck.

Felix bobbles his head and shifts closer, dipping his face into the crook of my throat and dragging his nose along it,

raising goosebumps on my skin. His tongue comes next, hot and wet, making my nipples tighten and my cock harden at the memory of his eager mouth on me.

“You taste good,” he murmurs, and licks me again. When he goes in for a third, I turn my head and catch his open mouth in a hot kiss.

He melts into it, moaning around my tongue. I can still taste traces of syrup on his lips from breakfast, the flavor *almost* as sweet as he is.

“You taste good too,” I whisper when I break the kiss, holding his face close to mine and just breathing him in for a few seconds, our noses pressed together, his breath puffing over my lips with every exhale. I drag my thumb along the coarse stubble on his jaw.

“I need to shave.” He presses into my touch.

“No,” I say.

“No? You like facial hair on me?” Felix turns his head and kisses the pad of my thumb.

“I like everything on you. But I just meant no *you* don’t need to shave, because I’m going to do it for you,” I clarify, shuffling back and pushing the covers off. I get out of bed and turn to face him with my arms open. “Come.”

It only takes him a fraction of a second to process the command before he scrambles across the bed and into my arms. He wraps himself around me like a spider monkey, his legs around my waist and his arms around my neck. His cock is slowly hardening just like mine is, pressed against my stomach. There’s no urgency to it though, nothing demanding or impatient, just our bodies acknowledging the warmth of his bare skin on mine and how good it feels to have him in my arms like this.

I carry him into the attached bathroom again, where our clothing is scattered on the floor. The puddles we made earlier have long since evaporated, the towels I used to dry him flung over the edge of the empty bathtub.

“Cold,” Felix squeals as I set him down on the marble countertop. He laughs and tightens his arms and legs around me harder, until I wouldn’t be able to shake him loose if I wanted to, which I don’t.

“Sorry.” I grab a fresh towel, my other hand holding on to the firm, bouncy swell of his ass to keep him steady in my arms. After I toss the towel onto the sink counter, I put Felix down again.

He braces his hands on the ledge and swings his legs freely, watching me as I gather up a new razor and a can of shaving cream. Everything about his body language screams ‘relaxed.’ Since I walked in on him with that toy, I feel like I’ve been waiting for this whole thing to feel weird or like it’s too much. But this just feels like *us*.

“Can I ask you a question, Daddy?” Felix tilts his chin up to let me slather the creamy white foam all over the lower half of his face.

“Of course.” I wipe the excess off with another towel then step between his spread legs with the razor in hand.

“Are you going to give me rules?” His fingertips brush over my stomach, circling absently around my belly button as I carefully drag the razor along the curve of his jaw. His breathing is slow and even, not the least bit concerned I might nick him.

My lips twitch with a grin. “You’ve always had rules, puppy.” I didn’t realize how true those words were until they left my mouth, at least not consciously. But I could tell the first night I met him that he was the kind of person who thrives on structure, and I was more than happy to give him that. “But sure, let’s make them official. The first rule is that you come home at night, *always*.” I give him a sharp, stern look as his eyes get big and soft, going all puppy dog on me in an instant.

“I’m sorry I made you worry. I just couldn’t bear the thought of losing you. I think it might kill me.” His glancing touch turns more desperate, his fingers digging into my sides like he’s afraid I’m going to run off on him right now, mid shave.

“That makes two of us.” I lean in and press a kiss to the tip of his nose. “But don’t for a second think that means you’re getting off without a punishment for that little stunt.”

His breath hitches and his fingers twitch against my skin, his cock plumping eagerly at my threat.

“Punishment?” he whispers almost reverently.

I give him a wicked grin, then focus my attention back on the task at hand. One thing at a time.

FELIX

Begging him to marry me right this second probably wouldn’t be considered ‘taking things slowly,’ so I bite my tongue and wrap my legs around his hips again in case he gets any bright ideas about trying to escape. A smile plays on Saxon’s lips, a little furrow of concentration between his eyebrows as he continues his work of making my face nice and smooth.

“You can shave other parts of me too if you want, Daddy,” I say playfully, still in absolute awe that I *can* say things like this to Saxon. I waggle my eyebrows and he narrows his eyes at me.

“No distracting me while I have sharp steel blades right up against your precious skin.” His tone is sterner than his expression, mainly because he can’t seem to suppress his smile, even when he’s trying to look threatening.

“Is that another rule?” I dip my finger into the shallow crevice of his belly button.

“Yes, it’s a rule,” he confirms. “No skipping lunch is also on the list.”

My stomach growls like the tattletale that it is. Then again, it’s really not my fault that I skipped lunch today since I was asleep.

“This list of rules is getting long. I probably shouldn’t have even asked.”

“Three rules is too long of a list?” he says, and I’m about to nod when I remember that he *does* have a razor

pressed against my face still.

“Well, none of them are fun rules. Give me a fun rule.” I struggle to stay still on the counter. This is why I always end up cutting myself when shaving—it takes too damn long. He’s halfway done, and usually by this point I’m out of patience for it. Rushing through it is a guaranteed way to end up with a few nicks, but it’s a price I’m usually willing to pay so I can move on to the rest of my day.

“A fun rule, huh?” He hums, giving the request some thought for a few seconds while he shaves two more strips. His free hand is braced on my thigh, and he slides it a few inches higher, making my cock twitch with interest. I spread my legs a little wider. “You want to be my pretty little toy, puppy?”

This time I can’t stop my head from bobbling eagerly. Saxon pulls the razor away from my skin quickly, but I get another disapproving look for it. Worse than that, he pulls his hand off of my thigh and brings it to my jaw, holding me firmly in place. Okay, maybe it’s *not* the worst, because actually, it’s kind of fucking hot to have him holding me still like this.

“Fuck toys don’t play with themselves, do they?” He finishes his thought, and my body flushes hot.

“No,” I mutter, and Saxon’s serious expression heats with a wolfish smirk.

“That’s right. Fuck toys wait to be played with. That means no touching yourself and no orgasms without my say-so.”

My breath rattles out and I tremble. “Yes, Daddy.”

He lets out a quiet moan as he finishes the last strip and sets the razor down. He doesn’t let go of my jaw though, using his grip to turn my face towards his.

“You’re such a good boy.” He’s called me a good boy more times than I can count, but it’s real this time. I’m not just a good boy, I’m *his* good boy. I shiver as he molds his mouth to mine in a slow, greedy kiss that I’m more than happy to

give in to. He can have my lips and my tongue. He can have every inch of me. I've always belonged to Saxon, I was just waiting for him to realize it.

He breaks the kiss and grabs a hand towel out of the nearby cabinet, wetting it and using it to wipe the remnants of shaving cream off of my skin. Then he helps me hop down, giving my ass cheeks a squeeze with both hands as I sway into him and giggle.

“Come on, I need to feed you,” he says.

We make a stop in his bedroom, and he pulls open the top drawer of his dresser. He grabs a t-shirt and a pair of shorts that probably haven't fit him since college. Saxon flings the t-shirt over his shoulder then lowers himself to his knees. My pulse kicks up at the sight of him kneeling in front of me, my cock thickening in a blatant attempt to get closer to those full lips of his.

He shamelessly kisses the tip of my cock and then nudges my left leg. “Step in,” he commands.

This right here is what Daddy kink is all about for me. He would do anything to take care of me, even dress me, and I'll do anything to be the good boy he deserves.

“I... um...” I lick my lips as he pulls the shorts up my legs and tucks my now-rock-hard cock away. “I accidentally found the toys in your bottom drawer a few months ago,” I confess, my hand braced on his sturdy shoulder as he looks up at me.

He cocks an eyebrow at me. “Snooping, puppy?”

“No, I was putting away laundry,” I answer in a hurry. “And I didn't know about your Daddy Cam channel or anything then, I just...” I shrug. “Thought you liked dirty toys.”

He leans in and presses a hot kiss to my belly, making my abs flutter and flex and my skin tingle. Then Saxon gets to his feet and holds the t-shirt up. I lift my arms and he slips it over my head, carding his fingers through my hair to tame it.

“For the record, I *do* like dirty toys.” He grabs my ass in both hands, still stark naked himself as he backs me up against the dresser.

My laughter turns into a moan as he dips his head and nibbles along the now-smooth edge of my jaw. I’ll be his dirty toy. I’ll be his good boy. I’ll be anything Saxon wants me to be, as long as I can be *his*.

“I...um, *really* like the paddle you have.”

My pulse speeds up as he continues to suck and lick his way down my throat, over my clavicle, and back up again. My eyelids flutter and my knees weaken, but I don’t have to worry because Daddy has me, holding up my weight as I sag into him.

“Oh yeah?” he murmurs. “I was planning to save your punishment until after I get some food into you, but maybe a nice, bruised brand right across your ass cheek will remind you who you belong to the next time you’re tempted to hide from me.”

I gasp, my ass clenching instinctively at the thought of the paddle coming down hard against my flesh. My cock throbs and my nipples tighten.

“Yes, Daddy.” I pant, burying my face against his bare chest and mouthing at his warm skin, my hips twitching involuntarily to drag my cock against his thickly muscled thigh.

Saxon’s hands find their way to my ass, grabbing and kneading my cheeks roughly, the motion tugging at my sore hole, sending ripples of heady need through me.

“Good boy,” he purrs. “Get the paddle for Daddy then.”

After he gives the command, he lets me go, slowly prying his hands off of my ass and taking a step back, giving me a chance to get my footing before he’s completely gone. My hands are shaking and my whole body is thrumming as I stoop down to pull open the drawer. If I weren’t so turned on right now, I might laugh at the comical jiggle of the ass toy

when I yank the drawer open. It's in good company, nestled among a handful of other strokers—some soft, stretchy rubber, others with hard outer shells housing motors to make the insides vibrate or suck around Saxon's cock.

Heat courses through me as I nudge the toys aside, my fingers brushing over the smooth leather handle of the paddle. I pull it out and turn around to find Saxon seated on the edge of the bed, looking Dom as fuck with his massive cock rock hard, drooping heavily between his spread thighs, his feet firmly planted, and a stern expression on his face.

He pats his lap and I nearly trip over myself in my haste to obey.

Put me over your lap. Spank me. Brand me. Keep me.

The desperate pleas are on the tip of my tongue, but they only come out as a needy whimper as I hand him the paddle and scramble over his lap. The too-large shirt slips up to pool around my arms and head as I hang over his legs. His knuckles drag over my skin as he hooks his fingers into the waistline of the shorts he just finished dressing me in and roughly yanks them down.

I'm so keyed up that I flinch at the first touch of his hand gently caressing along the curve of my ass cheek, warming the skin and waking up all the nerve endings he's about to ignite. I take a deep breath and let myself relax, releasing the tension in my muscles so I sag like a ragdoll across his lap, my ass up, my cock brushing against the inside of his thigh.

Saxon alternates between slowly stroking his fingertips over my ass cheeks and kneading them, letting me slip deeper and deeper into the peaceful place where I don't have to worry about anything because Daddy has it all under control.

He replaces his fingers with the paddle, petting me with the creamy leather. Goosebumps erupt all over my skin and my balls tighten. I can feel the raised edges of the word *Daddy's* carved out, and all I want is to see that word bruised on my ass cheek.

“Daddy,” I whimper.

“Shhh.” He drags the paddle over my ass cheek again in a long stroke. “Tell Daddy why you’re being punished.”

“Because...” I clench my eyes shut and lick my lips, letting a tremble course through my body. “I didn’t trust you.”

“That’s right. I don’t ever want you to hide from me, puppy. If you’re worried or anxious, come to me and tell me so we can talk about it. Even if the thing you’re anxious about is me. *Especially* if the thing you’re anxious about is me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I answer, something deep inside me settling and relaxing the same way my physical body did moments ago. “I promise.”

“Good boy. Now, hopefully this will help you remember.”

He pulls the paddle back, but I only have a fraction of a second to miss the feeling of the leather against my skin before it connects again with a loud, stinging *thwack*. I gasp, my eyes flying open, an electric shock ricocheting through me from my toes to my balls and all the way up to the roots of my hair. My ass cheek throbs as he pulls the paddle back again and brings it down twice more, once on my other cheek and the second time on the back of my thigh.

My cock jerks, bumping against his inner thigh again, dripping heavily with precum that clings to his skin as I’m caught between the relaxation that wants to overtake me and the urge to writhe and hump against him while he marks up my ass.

“Still, puppy,” he commands, making the decision for me. I let myself slump over his lap loosely again, giving in to the gut deep reverberations of two more blows landing against my ass.

Then, they stop. I’m floating, tethered to my body only by the throbbing in my ass cheeks and the foundation of Saxon’s legs holding me up. He grips my ass again, massaging my cheeks like he’s working the ache deeper. Little shivers

rack me involuntarily, his praise washing over me like white noise, droning just underneath the rush of my pulse in my ears. I'm not sure what he's saying, but subconsciously, I'm positive it's some version of *perfect* and *mine* as he traces his index finger over the word branded onto my ass cheek.

His.

Daddy's.

He marked me, so it has to be true. Right?

Now that I have him, there's no way I'm letting go.

Chapter 14

FELIX

I shift against the back wall of the elevator just for the pleasure of feeling the fresh tenderness Saxon left me with before he let me out of the apartment this morning. He promised me a daily spanking, and boy did he deliver. I smile and shiver at the heated memory of the way he pulled my underwear down and put me over his knee on the edge of his bed this morning. The rhythmic sound of his hand slapping against my flesh and the moans I didn't bother to muffle are still echoing in my ears.

I glance at the illuminated floor number above the shiny metal doors and quickly adjust my semi to make it less noticeable. Visible boner or not, there's no way Tristan won't be able to guess what happened after Saxon carried me out of here on Friday morning. For some reason that only makes me smile harder. Not the part where my assistant, and anyone else who caught the whole caveman routine, is picturing me getting railed by my best friend, but the idea of it being *obvious* that Saxon is mine.

The doors slide open, and sure enough, Tristan gives me the jump scare of a lifetime by being *right* outside of them with the megawatt grin of a crazed stalker.

"Jesus," I gasp, dramatically clutching my chest.

"If you tell me that man didn't fuck the life out of you after that He-Man performance, I swear on Madonna's bad British accent I'm going to quit," he threatens, blocking my escape route with his body until I'm forced to plow right into him to exit the elevator before the doors can close on me.

I swallow the grin that's been a permanent fixture on my face for days and replace it with a look of disappointment.

"Well, it's been great working with you. Do me a favor and post the job before you go."

"Shut the fuck up." Tris takes a noisy sip from his coffee, completely undeterred as he follows me into my office.

“What *happened?*” he demands again, and I break, letting out a happy groan as I drop my briefcase and flop into my chair.

“It was... perfect. There was a part of me that was always worried that if I ever actually got the chance to be with Saxon, it would never live up to the years of fantasizing about him. But seriously, Tris, it was so much better.” I sigh and put my hands over my face to hide my glowing blush.

He screams with excitement, carelessly sweeping the pens and papers away from the edge of my desk so he can hop up and sit there. I gave up years ago on reminding him that there’s a perfectly good chair just on the other side of the desk.

“So, you guys are *together* now, right? Did he tell you he loves you? Did you tell *him?*”

“We’re together,” I confirm, still trying to wrap my head around the fact that all of this is real. “But we’re taking things slowly.”

Tristan rolls his eyes. “Thirteen years isn’t *slow*, it’s glacial.”

I might be inclined to agree with him if I weren’t so damn happy right now. So instead, I just grin and shrug. Fast. Slow. Glacial. Warp-speed. I don’t really care what pace any of this happens at, as long as Saxon and I are together.

I shift in my seat, greedily indulging in another aching twinge from my bruised backside while I take a sip from my thermos of perfectly brewed tea. After the spanking, Saxon and I took a shower together and he shaved my face again, then we sat down for breakfast. It was definitely the kind of morning worth getting out of bed for.

“Okay, I’m super happy that you finally locked Saxon down, but please don’t daydream about his big dick while I’m sitting right here.”

I snort. “I wasn’t daydreaming about his dick,” I say in a haughty tone, adding in a little sniff at the end for good measure.

“I would be,” he mutters, and I instantly glare at him.

“Don’t forget, I can have you murdered,” I warn, and he cackles.

“Yeah, yeah.” He waves off the threat. “I noticed you didn’t answer any emails or add anything to your calendar over the weekend.” Tristan shifts gears slightly.

“Saxon took my phone. I didn’t get it back until this morning. I threw a small fit, but actually, it was really fucking nice having a few days of relaxation, thinking about things *other* than work.”

“And the company didn’t burn to the ground,” he points out.

“At least as far as I can tell,” I agree. “Maybe I should get used to the idea of time away from this place, anyway. Once we go public, the new board of directors might end up deciding to replace me as CEO. I could get ahead of it and appoint someone else now.” The thought of being ousted from my leadership role has been in the back of my mind since I made the decision to take things public, but for the first time, it doesn’t sound like such a bad thing. “Do you want to be CEO?” I offer, only half joking. Tris could definitely handle the grind and he’s better at juggling all the day-to-day stuff than I am. It’s why he’s been such a great assistant.

“Hell no,” he answers without hesitation. “I’m trying to be someone’s trophy husband, not some big boss stuck in the office twelve hours a day.”

“How often do I pull twelve-hour days?” I counter.

“More often than you should, and *definitely* more often than I would be willing to.” He hops down off my desk and smooths out his pants. “You’ve got a meeting in fifteen, so the search for your replacement will have to wait until lunch.”

He shoots me a wink then saunters out of my office, leaving me to shift into work mode before I have to hit the ground running. Would I really step out of my role as CEO? I’ll be the majority owner regardless, it would just mean handing the reins over to other people to run things day in and

day out. I pick up a pen and tap it against the edge of my desk. It's something to think about.

Checking my email eats up more than my fifteen-minute window, and then I'm off, taking meeting after meeting, taking calls, and a million other things I couldn't even tell you they blur by so quickly. I do manage to squeeze in a short lunch break, snapping a picture of my food and sending it to Saxon. The "Good boy" text he sends in return carries me through the rest of the afternoon.

I'm in my office with the late afternoon sun streaming through the windows to warm the back of my neck when my phone vibrates on my desk. I know it's a text from Saxon before I even pick it up. I've always been giddy seeing his name flash across my screen, but now there's a hum of electricity that pulses in the pit of my stomach, my nipples tightening and my heart beating faster as I fumble to pick it up and check the message.

I flip my phone over and unlock it, gasping as soon as Saxon's message fills my screen. It's a picture of his lap, the unmistakable shape of his thick erection straining against the thin fabric of his athletic shorts. His muscular thighs, covered with coarse, dark hair are visible too, and almost as mouthwatering. My cock swells and I squirm in my chair, the empty ache inside of me overshadowing the twinge of heat in my skin from this morning's spanking.

Before I can answer, another text comes through. This one is simply a countdown clock showing twenty minutes. I inhale sharply at the implied warning. I stand up from my desk and start hastily shoving anything of importance into my briefcase. I exit out of the email I was writing, leaving it as a draft to be dealt with tomorrow morning before logging out and hitting the power button.

Tristan looks startled when I burst out of my office seconds later.

"I'm out. See you in the morning." I give him a quick wave with one hand, using the other to jab the elevator call button repeatedly. Time is ticking, dammit.

His mouth falls open with shock. “It’s five-oh-one,” he says, holding up the wrist with his rainbow-colored smartwatch on it, as if I didn’t know the time already. Okay, fine, I had no clue about the time, but that feels wholly irrelevant.

“You were just complaining this morning about long hours. I’m taking your advice,” I call out to him as I step onto the elevator. “Have a good night.” The doors close before I finish, but I’m sure he got the idea.

I make it to my car in record time, tapping the button to call Saxon via my Bluetooth as soon as I pull out of the parking garage. He answers on the second ring, his deep voice giving me goosebumps like it always does.

“I’m on my way home, Daddy.” Yes, I called him just so I could hear the words, and I’m not sorry about it.

“Mm.” Even the simple hum of approval that rumbles through the phone has my cock twitching eagerly. “Good boy.”

There they are.

I whimper and he chuckles, the sound filling my car in surround sound.

“Drive safe, puppy. I’ll see you soon.”

SAXON

Felix bursts through the door seventeen minutes later. I’ve spent years trying to come up with the right incentive to get him home at a reasonable hour, and apparently the answer was between my legs the whole time.

I smirk and get up from the couch, my dick rock hard, with a cock ring stretched around the base. The drag of smooth fabric against my oversensitive head only centers me, the lust boiling in my blood focusing my attention on my eager toy as he stops in his tracks, dropping his briefcase unceremoniously to wait for instructions.

His eyes drop to the sway of my bulge as I close the space between us. His expression is so openly eager, his skin flushed and his body vibrating as if he’s barely managing to

contain himself. It's not the first time he's greeted me this same way—it's not even the *thousandth* time—on the edge of his seat or seconds from bouncing eagerly on his toes as he waits for me to undo his tie for him and take off his shoes, the same way I have every night since we started living together right after college.

The realization of just how *sturdy* our foundation is settles over me. There are obstacles and things we haven't quite worked out yet, but the part of me that thinks this could really work is getting bigger by the day.

"Welcome home, Lix." I stop in front of him, and he tilts his head back just an inch, like a silent offering just for me. I ghost my fingertips along the soft skin of his cheek, and his eyes flutter closed, his lips parting on a happy sigh.

"Hi, Daddy," he murmurs, pressing his cheek into my touch.

He said it a dozen or more times over the weekend, but my pulse still skyrockets at the word on his lips.

"How was your day?" I ask conversationally, ignoring the throbbing in my cock and the impatient sound that Felix makes.

"Mostly boring." He follows me over to the couch. "Everything is finally looking good with the new prototype, so we're just making sure the marketing push is finalized for launch and, of course, doing all this press shit to get ready for the public offering." I nod with interest, taking his jacket off and draping it over the back of the couch before I work his tie loose.

"And they all survived without you for the long weekend?" I ask, already knowing the answer.

"Yes." He huffs, and I chuckle while I work the buttons on his shirt open one by one. "I offered Tris the CEO position today. He was emphatically *not* interested."

I arch an eyebrow in question, adding his shirt to the pile of discarded clothing. Tearing his clothes off in a heated frenzy has its merits, but there's something so perfectly

domestic about undressing him slowly while he's distracted telling me about his day.

“Since when are you trying to hand your job title over to someone else?”

Felix sways into me, putting his hands on my chest and absently fiddling with the frayed armhole of my tank top while I undo his belt, his hard bulge pressed up against mine. He shrugs and tugs his bottom lip between his teeth.

“I don't really know *what* I want to do. I've been keeping myself too busy with everything to think about it. Maybe I was doing it on purpose.”

I run my thumb along his lip to gently free it from his teeth, using my other hand to undo his pants.

“We can talk it through, sort out all your thoughts about it so you can make a decision.” For the most part, I know jackshit about building a company the way Felix has or what it takes to run it every day, but what I *do* know is how to help him untangle his thoughts when they're getting to be too much. “We can even make a pro/con list.”

He presses his face into the crook of my neck, the shape of his smile branding itself into me as he nods in agreement. I tug his zipper down and he shivers, his tongue dragging against my skin as he licks his lips.

“We can do that later though, right?” He wraps his arms around me and sinks his fingers into my shoulders, clinging to me with that addicting, needy lilt to his voice.

I'm tempted to tease him, but he really was good for me today, eating his lunch and getting home on time, so I brush a kiss to his forehead and nod instead of pretending I'm going to make him sit down and make a list right now.

Of course, that doesn't mean I don't have a totally different test of his patience planned for tonight. He trembles in my arms again, pressing himself harder against me as I shove his pants and underwear down. They pool around his feet, and I take his jaw roughly in hand, watching his eyelids flutter and feeling his bare cock jump against mine. His lips

soften for me, welcoming my kiss, my tongue, giving in to the greedy hunger I've been feeling for him since I watched him walk out the door this morning.

Even knowing he would be feeling my handprints bruised into his ass all day long, there was still a little voice in the back of my head wondering if time in the real world after a whole weekend in our own bubble would change anything or make him have second thoughts about us. Having him back in my arms now, his tongue stroking against mine as he feeds me his breathy moans is the balm I didn't know I was desperate for until he walked through the door.

I palm his ass cheek, kneading it just hard enough to draw a hiss of pleasure from him before letting him go and dropping to my knees in front of him. Felix's stiff cock swings in front of my face, a dribble of precum clinging to the tip. As many times as I made him come this weekend, there are still so many things I haven't had a chance to do—maybe enough to fill a lifetime if I can pace it out right.

His cock is on the smaller side but it's absolutely perfect on him. Petite and pretty, all flushed with his arousal, just like his cheeks are. Even the curls of his dark pubic hair are somehow sweet. I catch the head between my lips, lapping up the salty drip of precum then gently nibbling on the smooth, sensitive skin, earning a wide-eyed gasp from my sweet boy.

I don't give him more than a tease before pulling off and turning my attention to untying his shoes so I can finish getting him naked.

"Daddy," he whines in protest, jerking his hips so his erection bounces in front of my face.

"If you're getting impatient already, it's going to be a long night," I say with an unrepentant grin. "Fuck toys don't get impatient though, do they? They just wait to be used."

Felix furrows his brow, trying to work out my riddle, nodding and then shaking his head. Each of his shoes come off, then his socks, and finally I help him step out of his pants, leaving my boy beautifully bare for me, his pink nipples tight

with arousal, the blush in his cheeks already creeping down his throat and over his chest.

I get back to my feet and pick up the PlayStation controller I left sitting on the coffee table when he came in the door. He frowns and flicks his eyes to the TV, noticing for the first time that I have a game paused on the screen. With my free hand, I push my shorts down around my thighs, then I sit back down in my spot with my bare ass on the soft, buttery leather of the couch.

Felix is still standing right where I left him, waiting like the good boy he is, his attention fixed on the black ring around the base of my cock, making my prominent veins bulge even more than usual against the nearly purple skin of my erection.

“Daddy,” he whispers again, the word a plea.

I take mercy on him and crook my finger to beckon him closer.

His breath leaves him in a rush, and he drops to his knees instantly, crawling his way along the floor to reach me. A moan punches out of my throat and I spread my legs a little wider to give him room. His body is lithe and there’s an eager glint in his eyes as he makes his way to me on all fours, not stopping until he’s kneeling between my knees. The slinky way he moves is mesmerizing. He’s pure perfection. He’s *Felix*.

I wrap my hand around the thick ring at the base of my cock and angle my tip towards him.

“Can you make it nice and wet for Daddy?” I coax, pressing my heavy, aching head against his lips.

“Yes.” The word sounds like pure sex on his tongue as he opens his mouth and takes me into the wet heat.

My eyes roll back, and I grit my teeth against the urge to slam my cock deep into his throat and fuck him until he chokes on my release. He would take it happily and beg me for more, but the scene I planned for him tonight requires me to play it a hell of a lot cooler than that. At least for now.

I card my fingers through his hair, listening to the obscene sound of Felix's obedience. I told him to get me wet and he has me dripping in no time. Saliva mixed with my precum slicks my swollen shaft as he sucks me so sloppily it should be fucking illegal.

My toes curl and a hot feeling tightens around my balls and in the pit of my stomach, but I force my breathing to stay even and unpause my game. The soundtrack for the game plays through the surround sound speakers, drowning out the filthy noises Felix is making as he slurps and gags on my cock, the wetness pooling around the cock ring and dripping onto my balls. I have no fucking clue what's happening on the screen, but pressing the buttons is pure muscle memory. It takes at least a minute before he pulls off of my cock and looks up at me with irritation.

“Is this not entertaining enough for you, Sax?”

I fight the urge to smile, giving him a stern look instead. I don't bother to pause as I take my eyes off the screen, letting my character die so I can meet Felix's heated glare and grab his jaw again.

“It's Daddy when we're playing, puppy,” I remind him. “And the toys in my drawer don't complain this much. Should I have you go grab me one of those instead?”

Defiance flares in his eyes, then understanding, his expression settling into a horny determination after several seconds.

“I can be a good toy, Daddy. I promise,” he vows breathlessly. “Give me a chance.” He wiggles on his knees and runs his hands up and down my thighs.

“You think you can be a good fuck toy?” I challenge him again and he nods frantically.

“Please, Daddy?” He turns those big, sweet eyes on me.

“Okay. What I need right now is a nice, tight sleeve to keep my cock warm while I play a game. Think you can handle that?” I reach down and give my erection a slow stroke,

letting him see the flutter of needy pleasure as it crosses my face.

“Yes,” Felix gasps. “I can hold still and keep your cock so warm.”

“Come here and show me then.” I jerk my head towards my dick and he scrambles to his feet. “Turn around.”

His juicy peach of an ass is covered in light bruises in the shape of my hand, the word *Daddy’s* just now starting to fade on his left cheek. I’m tempted to spank him all over again, or maybe take a bite and leave a few fresh bruises that way. I want to mark every inch of him, claim him inside and out. I growl and give in to the urge to lean forward and sink my teeth into his ass cheek.

Felix yelps and then groans, reaching for his cock.

“No,” I murmur against his cheek, taking one more sharp bite for good measure before leaning back again. “Toys don’t touch themselves.”

I set the controller down and put my hands on his hips to guide him onto my cock. His hole is still soft and relaxed from being used this weekend, and he takes me in easily with a shuddering breath as he sinks fully onto my lap.

I wrap my arms around him, dropping the pretext of the scene for a minute so I can bury my nose in the crook of his neck and drown myself in the smell of his bodywash, and summer, and *Felix* that I’ve associated with home for years now. Can he feel how hard my heart is beating against his back?

I press a few hot kisses along his jaw, trying to get my fill of him before I pull myself back together so we can keep playing. I want to give him everything he needs. That’s all I’ve ever wanted to do anyway; to make sure that Felix is deliriously happy and well taken care of.

“Color?” I nuzzle his ear.

“Green,” he rasps, clenching around the stretch of my cock.

“Good boy,” I murmur, kissing his earlobe and then leaning back to fully recapture the scene.

I pick the controller back up off of the cushion next to me and situate my arms loosely around him so I can hold it in both hands. His light weight on my lap is comfortable, but the squeeze of his tight inner muscles around me is distracting as hell. I play at ignoring him though, focusing on the game on screen instead of the endless ache in my balls and the heavy pulse of every heartbeat in my cock.

Felix is a good toy at first, quiet and still, keeping my cock cozy and warm while I destroy some alien spaceships. Between rounds, I run my fingertips casually over his body, feeling the sticky heat of his inner thighs and the way his stomach muscles quiver when I tease his belly button. Those touches make him breathe harder, but they don't test his resolve to prove he can be more perfect than the best silicone ass money can buy. My cock twitches and throbs inside his snug heat.

I shift in my seat, pushing my cock deeper, making us both moan as he tightens around me. Another few rounds of the game and I ramp up the teasing, dragging my touch over his taut nipples. I catch one between my thumb and forefinger and Felix's inner muscles squeeze so tightly around me that my toes curl against the smooth wood floor under my feet. My stubborn boy manages to hold himself back from making a sound this time though.

On the next load screen, I slide my hand between his legs, finding his cock absolutely dripping with long ropes of precum. If I needed proof that he loves feeling used by me, it's right here, wet and sticky and so fucking sweet I can't help but gather some onto my fingers, bringing it to my mouth to lick it off with the same hungry, sloppy sucking sounds Felix made with my cock in his mouth.

His breath hitches and his muscles quiver.

The game starts up again on the screen and I hurry through the next level, barely able to focus on the TV screen when all I want to do is suck on Felix's skin, then pin him to

the floor and fuck him so hard he'll forget what anyone else ever felt like inside of him.

His patience is wearing thin too. He squirms and gasps, his hole fluttering around me as he fights to keep playing my perfect fuck toy. It's a job he couldn't fail at if he tried, but that doesn't ruin the fun of the scene at all.

I'm past pretending to care about the game on the screen, splaying my hand over Felix's belly, feeling the flex of his abs as his control starts to unravel. He swivels his hips, his chest rising and falling faster, his inner muscles clenching and relaxing around my cock again.

"Daddy," he says in a needy whine, and the sound pushes me right past the limits of my own control.

Without moving him off my cock, I wrap both arms around him again and rise to my feet to flip us around. Felix braces his hands against the back cushion of the couch, kneeling right where I was sitting when I set him down. A ravenous feeling rushes through me as I start to fuck him, one arm still wrapped around his middle while I mirror his position, grabbing the back of the couch with the other.

His head falls back to rest against my shoulder as grunts and growls rumble in my throat, my skin overheated, the tight coil in my gut already starting to fray at the edges. I pound into him roughly, the slap of each thrust as delicious as the sound of my hands marking his ass was this morning.

"Want to make you feel good. Use me. I'm yours, Daddy," Felix babbles and pants.

Jesus, this man can't be real. He can't be meant for *me*. It's almost too much to take. He wants to make me feel good? He sends me to next-level realms of fucking ecstasy with nothing but his sweet smile. He always has.

I want to tell him that, but I can't seem to get my tongue to form any sounds beyond gasps and moans as I fuck him harder, deeper, finding his prostate and hammering into it until my boy is sobbing and trembling, begging nearly incoherently for me to let him come.

I wrap my hand around his cock.

“Give Daddy your cum,” I rumble right next to his ear, and that’s all it takes for him to convulse with a wild cry and flood my hand with his release.

He pulses around me, milking the cum from my overwrought balls as well as a deep roar from my chest. My orgasm crashes over me in waves, my cum filling his ass until I’m sure it’ll be leaking out of him for days. I fuck him into the couch cushion until my cock is beyond oversensitive and my balls are spent. The cock ring is keeping me hard, but my muscles are trembling, and every thrust is too much.

Felix whimpers when I pull out. He slumps over the back of the couch and I get shakily to my feet, removing the cock ring, then spreading his cheeks so I can see how pretty his wrecked hole looks, all red and puffy from being stretched and glistening with my cum.

I use my thumb to gather up some of it, pushing it back inside of him and then nibbling soft kisses along the back of his neck.

“Was I good?” he asks in that sleepy, hazy subspace tone.

“You were fucking *perfect*.” I gather him into my arms and then position us back on the couch so I’m stretched out comfortably and he’s sprawled out on top of me, his head resting on my shoulder, the weight of his body keeping me grounded.

I stroke my fingers up and down the slope of his spine, feeling the sweat cooling on his skin and the rise and fall of his breathing as it slows little by little.

“I’m a few days behind on posting a new video,” I muse.

“Well, you gave this subscriber a true VIP experience tonight,” he mumbles, and I chuckle.

“I’ve been thinking...” I stop and bite the inside of my cheek, not wanting to make any promises I might not be able to keep.

“Hm?”

“Just... thinking...” I answer vaguely, leaving it at that for now.

Chapter 15

SAXON

The tall city buildings get smaller in my rearview mirror as we shake off the last of the commuter traffic. Both our windows are rolled down, letting in a warm breeze that whips through Felix's hair while he sings along with the radio at the top of his lungs, as charmingly off-key as ever.

It's been two weeks since I carried Felix out of his office over my shoulder. Two weeks of having him in my bed every night. Two weeks of spanking his ass every morning, then kissing his tender flesh before helping him pull his pants on and sending him off to work with a full thermos of steaming tea and a full belly. Two weeks of holding him close on the couch without lying to myself about just how good it feels to have him in my arms.

I feel like I'm still waiting for the other shoe to drop. I'm waiting for the moment when everything that has clicked between us suddenly *doesn't*.

I take my eyes off the road just for a second to steal a glance at him. He's not just singing, he's singing *to me*, twisted towards me in his seat, dramatically crooning about love, complete with over-the-top gestures and tortured facial expressions.

I bark out a laugh and he cracks a smile.

"I should go on one of those talent shows," he says, and I choke on my next round of laughter.

"For *singing*?"

He gasps with offense. "Wow, Daddy. And here I thought you were my biggest supporter."

I take one hand off of the steering wheel and reach over to put it on his leg, squeezing his thigh affectionately.

"Always, puppy. If you want to be America's Next Top Pop Star or whatever the fuck show is the big thing these days, then I'll be in the front row cheering you on every episode."

I catch his sunny smile out of the corner of my eye.
“Thank you.”

“And if any of those judges try to say that you sound like a cat getting hit with a hammer when you sing, I’ll say ‘Hey, wait a minute. That may be true, but it’s also not very nice.’”

“You’re such an ass,” he says with another laugh, putting his hand on top of mine and lacing our fingers together.

We pull into the driveway of his parents’ house a short time later. When his shower curtain rods started to sell, the first thing he did was buy this place for them. It’s nothing extravagant, but it’s exactly what he knew they wanted: a nice little ranch house about an hour outside of the city that’s all theirs.

I get out of the car and Felix waits like a good boy for me to come around to his side and open the door, staying purposefully close so I can cage him in and steal a kiss when he climbs out. He smiles against my lips.

“What’s the plan with your parents, by the way? Are we just ripping off the Band-Aid and telling them right away or what?” I ask.

We probably should have talked about this sooner. Nerves dance in my stomach as the reality of the whole thing settles over me. His parents, especially his mom, have treated me like their own since the first time I tagged along to one of their quiet family holidays. If things don’t end up working out with Felix, they’ll never like me the same either. No more itchy, too big sweaters from his mom. No more Football Sunday phone calls from his dad to commiserate about bad plays.

A lump forms in my throat and he must see the worry on my face, because he gives me a reassuring smile and presses a quick kiss to my cheek.

“Let’s just see how it goes. If it comes up naturally, then we’ll tell them,” he suggests, and I twist my lips wryly.

“How would it come up naturally? ‘Hey, Sax, pass the butter. By the way, are you and my son finally fucking after all this time?’”

Felix snickers and smooths his hands over the front of my shirt.

“Come on, Daddy. Let’s not overthink it.” He slides his hand down to grab mine, giving it a squeeze before letting go.

I want to grab it again, to walk up to the front door hand in hand, but the anxiety still clawing at my chest stops me. I settle for putting a hand on his lower back, which is something I’ve done for years.

He doesn’t pause to knock. The door isn’t locked—it never is.

“Hey, guys,” he calls out as we step inside, stopping in the front hall to take our shoes off. Felix leans against me as he toes off each one, just a casual, familiar touch he’s probably done a million times. I hope he does a million more.

“My boys!” His mom is the epitome of a Midwest mother, exactly round enough to give the world’s best hugs, unbothered by the streaks of gray that have slowly been accumulating throughout her dark head of hair, always ready with a smile for anyone who comes into her home.

She pulls me into a hug first since I’m closest, squeezing the life out of me like she hasn’t seen me in years rather than two months.

“You feel taller,” she accuses, looking over at Felix like she expects him to confess to some kind of growth spurt conspiracy. “Is he taller?”

“I kind of doubt it since we’re in our thirties, Ma.” He accepts his own bone crushing hug from her.

“Well, he seems taller,” she says again, shaking her head. I meet Felix’s gaze over her head and we both stifle laughter.

We follow her into the kitchen as she tells us all about the vegetable garden she planted this year.

“When the rabbits started getting in, I was going to have your father put a fence around it. But then I thought ‘who am I to deprive those poor little animals of food?’ Just because I dug a hole and dropped some seeds into it, does that mean I’m the only one who should get to enjoy eating the lettuce?”

Felix shoots me another covertly teasing look, sharing in the silent joke about his mother’s soft heart. I think it’s sweet though. If we were all half that generous, the world would be a hell of a lot better place.

“How have you boys been?” she asks, changing the subject again while Felix and I slide onto the stools in front of the large kitchen island. She has an array of ingredients laid out, and I snag the cutting board, piled high with carrots, and pull it across the counter so I can work on chopping them for her. “Oh, Saxon, when’s your licensing exam?”

Felix whips around to stare at me.

“Licensing exam?” he echoes.

I grimace and keep my attention fixed on chopping. “Um, not until next month,” I mumble.

“For your sports therapy license?” he asks. “Why does my mother know about this, and I don’t?”

I shrug. “It’s not a big deal. I’m not even sure if I’m going to do anything with it. It just felt like time to finally take the test.” *Past* time, if I’m being honest.

“Oh, honey, don’t get so worked up,” his mom says. “I called to see how he was doing, and he told me about the test. It’s no big deal.”

Felix huffs. “No big deal,” he mutters.

I bump his leg with mine under the counter and catch his gaze. “I was going to tell you. I just didn’t want to make a *thing* out of it.”

“It is a big deal though. I can help you study if you want.”

I smile and give him a brief nod. “That would be awesome. You’ve always been better at the school stuff.”

That was the main reason I didn't take the test right after getting my degree. After so many damn years of school, my head hurt at the thought of studying for even one more damn test. So, I put it off. I figured I'd have a little break and then take the test in six months or so. Now it's been seven years and I still haven't done it. I guess the time just passed without me noticing. I got busy with my clients and my channel. I focused on supporting Felix as he started his own business. It was easy to put it out of my head until now.

The back door opens, and Felix's dad comes in from the backyard, a little red in the face from the sun and smelling like charcoal. His arrival blessedly takes the attention off me as he gets scolded for tracking dirt into the house and Felix jumps up to greet him with a hug too.

In spite of her complaints about his dirty shoes, Mrs. Green smiles at her husband, her look so full of adoration that I'd expect it from a teenager in puppy love, rather than a woman who's been married to the same man for forty years. He looks just as smitten, giving his wife a kiss on the cheek and pinching her backside when he thinks we're not looking.

For me, my mom declaring that she had found "The One" just meant there would be a new asshole at the breakfast table for a few months, trying to prove he was the "man of the house" by setting arbitrary rules for my sister and me—or trying to, anyway. I was never that great at following other people's rules when I knew my own made a hell of a lot more sense. Before long, the new love of my mother's life would fuck off into the void without warning, never to be seen or heard from again. *Good riddance.*

It might be a little late in life for me to be having this revelation, but I don't think that's the way most people see love and relationships. It's definitely not what Felix saw growing up. I glance over and he gives me an embarrassed, apologetic look about his parents' antics, but the soft smile tilting the corners of his mouth gives away the fact that deep down, he thinks it's sweet.

His dad wraps his arms around his mom, undeterred by her laughing attempts to slap him away before she gives in and

lets him tug her away from the counter and into an impromptu waltz around the kitchen, dancing together without worrying about music.

Felix scoots his stool closer and leans his head on my shoulder with a wistful kind of sigh. He doesn't say a word, but I swear I can hear the longing question in that exhale alone. *Do you think that will be us someday? Still in love after decades together?*

I bury my nose against his head, getting a whiff of my own shampoo in his hair that makes my insides flutter. I kiss the top of his head, and I hope he can feel the answer I can't quite say out loud yet. *Yes, that will be us.*

His mom notices the gesture, meeting my gaze with an approving smile. No big announcement necessary. I can't say she looks the least bit surprised by the revelation either.

Now I just need to make sure I don't screw things up.

FELIX

It's late afternoon by the time we get back into Saxon's car with Tupperware full of leftovers. He leans in to buckle my seat belt, just like he did on the morning he kidnapped me from my office. The relaxed smile on his lips fills my chest like a helium balloon, and I don't even try to resist the urge to snag his shirt before he can back out of the car. I yank him in for a kiss, letting him take the lead as soon as his mouth crashes into mine.

It's a sweet kiss, unhurried and meandering as he sweeps his tongue over mine in slow strokes that I feel straight down to my toes. I sigh against his lips, overcome for just a second with how completely *perfect* this moment is.

He breaks the kiss after a minute and rounds the car to get in on the driver's side. We pull out of the driveway and I roll my window down again, sticking my hand out and riding it along the waves of the wind as I look out at the pink and orange of the sunset splashed along the horizon.

"I think this is the happiest I've ever been."

“Right now?” Saxon asks, sounding amused as he takes his eyes off the road for a split second to look over at me with a beaming grin that undoubtedly matches mine. “I would have thought maybe when you made your first million.”

I snort. “No way. That wasn’t even in the same zip code as this moment.”

I can see the crinkles forming along his forehead as he puzzles through it.

“What makes this moment *the one*?” he asks after a few seconds.

I shrug even though he’s not looking at me anymore. “You’re here.”

“I’m always here, Lix,” he points out.

“True.” I chuckle and lean back in my seat. “I guess I don’t know. It’s just a feeling. Everything is just... *right*.”

He hums thoughtfully and falls quiet again for another few minutes. “Hey, do you want to stop somewhere before we head home?”

“Sure,” I answer without bothering to ask where he wants to go. Wherever it is, I’m game.

When we reach the city again, he makes a few turns, and I don’t even try to guess where we’re headed. Until we pull into a parking spot in front of the humane society, and I sit bolt upright in my seat.

“Oh my god, is this where we’re going?” I’m already scrambling to unbuckle. “You’d better not be teasing me, Daddy, because now that I’ve seen it, there’s no way we’re going anywhere without a sweet little baby of our own.” I fling myself out of the car with Saxon’s laughter behind me.

“This is where we’re going,” he confirms.

He catches up with me halfway to the door and puts an arm around my shoulders, most likely in an attempt to rein me in. Fat chance of that happening at this point. How many cats are you actually allowed to adopt at one time? Do they put a limit on it or is it a ‘how many can you carry?’ situation?

The lobby is clean but dingy, like it could use a fresh coat of paint and some new flooring. The off-white tile under our feet sports yellow stains and worn tread patterns from foot traffic over god knows how many years.

We're greeted by a man behind the counter who looks like he'd be more at home in a tattoo parlor than an animal shelter, both of his arms decorated with colorful ink all the way down to his knuckles.

"Hi there, how can I help you fellas tonight?" His cheerful greeting immediately morphs his previously dour expression into a sunny grin.

"Kittens," the word bursts out of my mouth unrestrained. "Or older cats. Age doesn't matter. Fluffy felines with sweet little toe beans, please and thank you."

Saxon rumbles a chuckle at my excited rambling.

"We want to look at adopting a cat," he translates in case the man—Garrett, according to his nametag—didn't understand my outburst.

"Or seven," I say.

"*One*," Saxon counters in that deep, threatening Daddy tone of his.

"We'll see how it goes." I placate him with a pat on his chest. Normally being good for him is my top priority, but... *toe beans*.

Garrett laughs and stands up from the desk, grabbing a clipboard and a pen, and then leading us towards the door at the back of the lobby. Just like the reception area, the hallway we step into looks like it's seen better days. The muffled sound of high-pitched barks comes from behind one door, but we continue past that one until we reach another at the end of the hallway with the silhouette of a cat stuck to it.

We step inside and I gasp at the sheer joy of an entire room filled floor to ceiling, wall to wall with kitties. Except... shit, that's actually really sad since they're all here because they don't have homes. My eyes well up and I press closer to

Saxon, clutching his shirt to keep myself from scooping up every single cat in here and sprinting home with them.

“There are so many,” I murmur.

Garrett sighs and nods. “We’re a no-kill shelter, so it can get a bit crowded at certain times of the year. We’ve been doing fundraisers for years trying to get enough money together to build a bigger shelter, but we’re still a way off at the moment.”

Well, shit, *money* I can help with. “How much do you need?”

“Uh...” He frowns and scratches his head.

“Does the director have a card with contact information?” Saxon asks, stepping in before I can offer to simply hand the man a blank check.

“Oh, yeah.” Garrett goes over to a cork board hanging on one wall and pulls a business card off of it. “Here you go.”

Saxon takes it and tucks it into his pocket. “I’ll email him tonight and work out the details.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Garrett glances between the two of us and blushes. Oops, maybe I shouldn’t call Saxon Daddy in public, but oh well.

He clears his throat and gestures to the cages full of cats. “Go ahead and look around. Pay attention to the warnings attached to their sheets. Not all of them like to be touched. And if you have any questions, just let me know.”

He leaves us to get to know the cats, and I’m like a kid in a candy store.

“No hairless cats,” Saxon notes as we make our way from one set of kennels to the next.

“I guess we’ll have to just keep wearing the sweaters ourselves,” I lament, reaching through the bars to scratch a tiny orange kitten under the chin. “They’re all so tiny and cute.”

“*One*,” he says again firmly.

I stick out my bottom lip in a pout and move on to the next kennel. Instead of babies, this one houses two big, chubby tabby cats. They’re cuddled up together, their tails twined. The darker of the two narrows its green eyes at me suspiciously. A quick glance at the information attached to their cage shows they’re twelve-year-old males and that they’ve been at the shelter for two years already.

“Oh, you poor babies,” I coo, sticking my fingers through the bars.

Saxon plucks the information sheet off the cage to read for himself. “It says many people choose kittens over senior cats and that these two have been difficult to place because they’re pair bonded, but that they’re both friendly and love to cuddle once they warm up.”

I whirl around with my pouty face at the ready, puppy dog eyes firing on all cylinders.

“*Daddy*.”

“These are the cats you want?” he asks, looking resigned.

I nod rapidly. “Look how cute they are.” I step aside so he can get a better look.

He stoops so he can peer into the depths of the shadowy kennel. “Hey, boys, what do you think? You want to come trash our expensive furniture and keep us awake meowing all night long?”

The smaller one perks his ears up and lets out a curious *mrrrrrowwww*, disentangling himself from his buddy and cautiously approaching the door to sniff us.

“He likes us,” I whisper-shout, so I don’t scare him.

“Alright,” Saxon agrees, glancing at the paperwork again. “Fish and Chips. *Cute*. Let’s see what we have to do to bring you boys home.”

An hour later, we’re leaving the shelter with the promise of coming back first thing tomorrow to pick up our

new boys. First things first though, we have some shopping to do to get the place ready for them.

We reach Saxon's car and I spin to face him before he can open the door for me. I throw my arms around his neck and press up close to him.

"Thank you, Daddy," I murmur, nuzzling my nose to his.

"Anything to make you smile, puppy." He cups my face and runs his thumb along my cheek. "Always."

"Ditto, Daddy." I boldly steal a kiss. Will being allowed to kiss Saxon ever get old? I'm betting not, but I'm willing to put in the time to test that theory. Preferably forever.

Chapter 16

SAXON

“We’re certainly seeing a lot of you around here lately,” Gina greets me from her usual spot behind the desk in the lobby.

I slow my stride and smile. “Well, I figured since I finally locked Felix down, I could stop playing it cool,” I joke, earning a laugh from Gina and the other receptionist.

I’ve definitely stopped trying to have any amount of chill when it comes to Felix, it’s the ‘locked him down’ part that might be a bit of an exaggeration. Then again, we are officially co-parents to a pair of fur children now, and our babies settled in nicely after taking a week to adjust into their new home.

Our transition from best friends to *more* has been smoother than I ever imagined. Things feel... solid. Like, for the first time in my life, there’s sturdy ground under my feet and I can trust that it’s not going anywhere.

Is that *locked down*?

“You can go on up. He should be in his office,” Gina says after checking the schedule.

“Thanks, doll.” I shoot her a wink and head up to see my man.

When the elevator doors open on Felix’s floor, Tristan looks up from his desk. He has his feet up, his chair partially reclined while he eats what appears to be lo mein right out of the container.

“Hey, Saxy,” he greets me with a smirk, waggling his eyebrows and then slurping up a noodle. Thoughts and prayers to whatever poor man decides to take on the task of trying to tame this one.

I groan at the use of the moniker. I suppose on some level, I owe him for the sneaky way he pushed Felix and me to

finally admit what was smoldering under the surface of our friendship.

“Just *Saxon*,” I say.

“Speaking of which...” He drops his feet to the floor and sits up fully. “You know, some of us pay good money for our Daddy Cam subscriptions and it’s really a waste when the Daddy in question gets lazy and stops uploading without any explanation.”

Felix’s door swings open before I can formulate a response to Tristan’s teasing accusation.

“I thought I heard your voice,” Felix says, pinning me with those adoring puppy dog eyes of his.

“I guess there *is* an explanation, now I think about it.” Tristan keeps up the playful tone, not trying to change the subject now that Felix is here, which I suppose I can respect.

“An explanation for what?” Felix asks, cocking his head curiously.

“Why SaxyDaddy’s channel is suddenly gathering dust. He has your cute ass in his bed every night and now he doesn’t have time for us lowly subscribers,” Tristan laments.

Felix narrows his eyes, his expression going from sweet to feral in seconds flat.

“I know I said it in a funny way before, Tris, but for real, if you don’t unsubscribe and stop getting yourself off to my Daddy, we’re going to have a problem.”

Tristan’s smirk falls and he holds up his hands, still full with a fork and food container, in surrender.

“Sorry. I haven’t actually watched any of his videos in months, I’m just being a brat.”

I huff a laugh. “Find a Daddy IRL to give you the spanking you’re clearly desperate for,” I advise.

“If only,” he mutters an agreement as I follow Felix into his office, closing the door behind us.

My boy is still bristling with possessiveness as I close the space between us and wrap my arms around him. He melts into me like he always does, clutching at my shirt and burying his face against my neck with a deep inhale.

“I just finished eating my lunch,” he mumbles.

“Good boy. I was in the neighborhood, and I figured I’d stop by for a quick Felix Fix.” I kiss the top of his head. It feels like Tristan’s teasing let a massive elephant into the room, or maybe just drew attention to the one we haven’t really talked about while we’ve been working to find our footing together. “Does it bother you?” I ask when I let him go.

He rounds his desk to take a seat, and I claim the chair on the other side, reveling in the sight of him in his expensive suit, in his big, fancy office, being the fucking *boss*. My cock swells and I reach down to adjust myself. His eyes follow the motion, his cheeks going pink as his tongue darts out to wet his lips.

“Does what bother me?” he asks.

“My Daddy Cam channel. The fact that there are dozens of videos of me getting off using my hand or with toys that anyone can subscribe to and jerk off to me anytime they want.”

A quiet moan parts his lips and his blush deepens. “I’m sorry, you’re going to have to phrase that question in a *way* less hot way so I can process it.”

I chuckle, but sober again quickly. “I’m serious, Lix. Does the channel bother you?”

He leans back in his chair, creases forming on his forehead as he gives the question some thought for a minute or two.

“No, it doesn’t bother me. First of all, I subscribed, so it would be hypocritical for me to look down on it. And it feels like two separate things. You’re mine. You’re my best friend, my Daddy, the lo—” He stops and clears his throat. “SaxyDaddy is just one part of who you are, and it doesn’t

take anything away from what we have. I don't want Tristan jerking off to you because that's weird, but strangers..." He shrugs. "It doesn't matter to me, as long as it makes you happy."

I nod and run my hand along my jaw, considering it all. Does it make me happy? I'm not ashamed of it, but I'm also not getting the same things out of it that I was before.

"I think it felt like a safe outlet for a long time. It was a way to indulge in the thrill of bringing people pleasure, fulfilling their fantasies. But there was no personal stake, nothing to lose." I never thought that deeply about *why* I wanted to start a Daddy Cam channel, but as the words fall out of my mouth, they make a hell of a lot of sense. I was fulfilling half my Daddy urges through my friendship with Felix and the rest through my channel. "Real relationships always end," I wryly echo the words I've been using as a shield for years.

"I know. That's why you friendzoned me all those years ago, even though I was so damn cute." He's teasing, but I notice a flash of tension in his eyes. He's worried I *still* feel that way.

I wrinkle my nose and pat my lap to beckon him over. He gets up and comes around the desk to crawl onto my lap, testing the limits of the chair. His weight grounds me the same way it always does, warm and familiar, just like everything else about Felix.

"I didn't friendzone you." I've always hated the connotations of that expression, like it's somehow *worse* to be friends with someone. Friendships can be just as deep and meaningful as romantic relationships, sometimes even more so. I wasn't keeping things platonic with Felix because I didn't want him, I was doing it because I thought it was the only way to really keep him. "I *foreverzoned* you."

His eyebrows scrunch together. "Foreverzone?" he echoes.

"I wanted you, Lix. I don't think I even knew how much. I wanted to see that cute smile of yours every day for

the rest of my life. I wanted you to make my ears bleed with your truly awful singing until I got old enough to turn my hearing aids down. I wanted to be the person who was there after you got tired of everyone else. I *still* want all those things, puppy.” The words are thick in my throat, my heart beating wildly.

His eyes soften and he takes my face between his hands.

“That’s what I want too. I know you’re scared, and I get it, but I’m so fucking in love with you I can’t even stand it, Sax. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere. *Ever.*”

My throat tightens and my eyes burn as tears threaten to fall. I sniff and tear my gaze away from his before he can see all that vulnerability.

“Some Daddy I am, needing you to comfort *me*,” I scoff with a rough laugh.

Felix doesn’t let me get away that easily though, using my own move against me and grabbing my jaw to force me to meet his gaze.

“Daddies have feelings too. And reassuring each other is always going to be *both* our jobs.” There’s a fierceness in his eyes that solidifies something inside me. He may be my sweet, submissive boy. My eager puppy. My dirty toy. But he’s also Felix, my fiery, determined best friend who’s never backed down from anything.

He wants this, *us*, and he’ll never let it go without a fight. He’ll never get fed up and leave. He’s in this. And so am I.

“I love you too, Felix.” My voice is as rough as gravel but the smile that breaks over his face is like the sun coming out from behind the clouds, giving me a fresh injection of courage directly into my veins. “I absolutely fucking love you,” I say more firmly this time, wrapping my arms around him and hauling him against me to claim his lips in a greedy, passionate kiss.

I sweep my tongue into his mouth, swallowing his gasp. He gives himself to me, taking everything I give him and feeding me the sweetest whimpers in return. My cock throbs and hardens between us, meeting the swell of his arousal with his legs straddling mine. I drag my fingers through his hair, catching his tie in my other hand and wrapping it around my knuckles to pull him in even closer.

With the addictive taste of his mouth against mine, his hips swiveling impatiently, and his eager hands slipping under my shirt, all the fear I've been carrying around feels... laughable. This is *Felix*. I've loved him since the moment he stumbled out of my shower drunk, and I'll love him until we're stardust.

"I need you, Daddy," he whines against my lips, jerking his hips so I can feel just how hard the kiss is making him.

The drag of his cock against mine sends sparks of heat along my skin. I grab his ass roughly, kneading his cheeks in my hands and remembering the way he begged so beautifully for me this morning as I spanked them red. He hisses out a groan, his cock twitching and his hips punching forward again.

"Right here in your office, naughty puppy?" I tease, nibbling along his jaw. He tilts his head for me, the same way he does every morning so I can shave him nice and smooth. No more nicks and cuts for my boy, just the soft touch he's always needed and deserved.

"Please," he gasps, grabbing the front of my t-shirt and twisting it in his fists.

The phone on his desk rings and he lets out a frustrated sound.

"Ignore it," I rumble the command, then run my tongue over his Adam's apple, feeling it bob with his swallow as a heated shiver racks his body.

"I... can't," he pants. "It's... magazine... Fuck."

I chuckle and suck on his pulse point, the shrill ring of the phone still sounding over his heavy breathing and needy

whimpers.

“The call is a magazine interview?” I guess, and he nods, humping me a little faster. I grab his hips to still him and he growls with frustration. “You’d better take it then.”

He gives me a pleading look, his eyes big and his lips pouty and wet. “But, Daddy...”

I kiss the edge of his jaw one more time, then lean forward with an arm around him to keep him from toppling him out of my lap. I snag the phone.

“Felix Green’s office,” I answer. “Please hold for Mr. Green.”

Since I don’t have a clue how their phone system works, I just set the receiver down on his desk. I nudge Felix and he climbs off of me, his legs unsteady, his pants tented by his erection, his chest still heaving. He wipes the back of his hand over his mouth and runs his hands through his hair to smooth it, even though the person on the other end of the phone won’t be able to see him.

I nudge things off the nearest edge of his desk and then I pat the smooth wood. Felix raises his eyebrows at me.

“Sit,” I command quietly. He hops up onto the desk and I ease out of my seat, sinking to my knees in front of him with a filthy grin. “Pick up the phone now, puppy, and do your interview.”

His cheeks glow with a fresh shade of bright red and he does as he’s told.

FELIX

I move on autopilot, the desire to do as Saxon says so ingrained that I obey him even when all I can do is stare at the way he’s kneeling between my legs, looking all fucking disheveled from the kiss, his huge cock tugging his shorts so taut I can see every vein and ridge. *He loves me.*

That thought shudders through me so violently I swear I could come from that alone. I bring the phone to my ear, sliding my free hand over my throbbing erection. Saxon gives

me a stern look and bats it away immediately while I answer in a shaky voice.

“Hello?” I clear my throat and try again, working to summon *boss mode* from my depths when all I want to be right now is Daddy’s submissive plaything. “Hello, this is Felix Green. Sorry to keep you waiting.”

“No worries, Mr. Green. I know you’re a busy man. I appreciate you taking the time for the interview,” the man on the other end says. Jason Lehee from... some finance magazine... Fuck if I can remember silly details like that when Saxon is undoing my belt.

“Of course.” I bite back a gasp at the vibration of my zipper against my cock as he tugs it down.

“Well, I suppose we should get right down to it,” Jason says, and Saxon frees my cock, tugging my briefs down just enough that the elastic presses against my balls, letting my erection sway in front of his face.

“Yes,” I gasp, gripping the edge of the desk with my free hand.

Jason chuckles at my enthusiasm. *Fuck, how am I going to stay clearheaded enough to answer questions like this? How am I going to keep myself from moaning with a stranger on the phone?*

“Perfect. You’re one of the youngest self-made millionaires in the world right now. I’d love it if you could tell me a little bit about what you attribute all of your success to.”

Saxon wraps his fingers around the base of my cock and snakes his hot, wet tongue over the head. My cock jumps in his grasp and I bite my lip against the whine that threatens to escape.

“I... um... couldn’t do any of this by myseeelf.” I release my grip on the desk to cover the receiver so I can drag in a panting breath, my toes curling as Saxon wraps his lips around my cock and swallows me down. “The idea for the product was mine, but wi... without the engineers it couldn’t have been ree... ah... realized.” I grab Saxon’s hair, feeling

like a bull rider as I just try to hang on for the ride, his head bobbing faster and then slower, alternating between deep sucks and shallow teasing. “And of course, the support in my per... personal life.”

He sucks me deep again, my balls pressed up against his chin, my cock teasing the back of his throat as he swallows around me. My eyes roll back and my whole body trembles.

“Your friends and family?” Jason asks.

“Hm? Oh yes, family and fr... friends.” I pull my thoughts together for a few seconds, looking down at the gorgeous, incredible man currently torturing me. My heart swells inside my chest until I feel like I might burst from the fullness of it. “One friend in particular has been my rock.” Saxon slows his sucking, holding my cock in his mouth as he looks up at me, meeting my eyes. “He made sure I didn’t run myself into the ground from too many late nights and skipped lunches. He was there when things were going wrong and it felt like I’d never get this company off the ground. I couldn’t have done any of this without his support.”

His eyes soften and for a few seconds we just stare at each other, full of unspoken words that we *finally* both understand.

“He sounds like more than a friend,” Jason notes, and Saxon starts to suck me faster again, deeper, harder.

I let out a gasping laugh. “He’s... my everything.”

A flick of his tongue against the sensitive underside of my cockhead and the vibration of a muffled moan as he sucks me deep again undoes me. My balls tighten and my whole body tenses, I slam my hand over the phone again and use the other to stifle the cry I barely manage to hold back. My cock pulses, coaxed along by the expert stroke of Saxon’s tongue as he greedily guzzles down every drop.

My knees give out, but Daddy is ready, as always. He releases my cock and catches me before I can fall, wrapping his arms around me and nudging me fully back onto the desk. I hadn’t even realized I was sliding off of it.

“I’m sorry, Jason, what was that?” I ask as I bring the phone back to my ear, doing my best not to sound as breathless as I feel.

Saxon uses his thumb to catch a stray tear on my cheek, then stays standing between my spread legs, letting me lean against him. I nuzzle my face into his chest, and he tucks my spent cock away. I manage to get through the rest of the interview, although I’m sure Jason thinks I’m a solid weirdo. Ah well, life goes on.

I end the call, and Saxon pulls me into another slow, tongue-heavy kiss. The salty taste of my release is all over his lips and tongue, hardening my cock again.

“Let me take care of you, Daddy.” I palm his erection through his shorts, but he shakes his head and kisses the tip of my nose.

“Later, puppy. We have all the time in the world.”

Fuck, I like the sound of that.

Chapter 17

FELIX

The loud *pop* as Daddy uncorks the champagne bottle makes me jump. I giggle, embracing the buoyant feeling in my chest, and hold out my champagne flute for Saxon to fill.

“Are you sure you don’t want to go out and do something, I don’t know... *bigger* to celebrate?” It’s the third time he’s asked me that this week. Ever since I told him that all I wanted to do was open a bottle of champagne and have a night all to ourselves. He keeps asking, but if he *really* thought we should be out doing something else to mark the occasion, he would have already gone all Daddy on me, and we’d already be out.

“I doubt I could find anything *bigger* to celebrate with.” I eye the soft bulge in his shorts and bite my lip.

He lets out a deep, gravelly chuckle and snags the front of my shirt to drag me closer, careful not to make me spill my drink. Saxon bumps his nose against mine and my eyelids droop, my whole body relaxing with his closeness, like every cell inside me knows there’s nothing to worry about as long as he’s here.

“Such a dirty boy,” he taunts, his lips brushing teasingly over mine.

“Daddy,” I whine, vibrating with the effort it takes to hold myself still.

Saxon grins and takes pity on me, closing the minuscule space between our mouths to sear a claiming kiss into my lips. I sigh happily and sag against him. Why in the world would I choose to go out to some noisy club or fancy restaurant to celebrate my company going public when I have everything I need right here? I have my Daddy, champagne, access to every movie in the world at the press of a button, and a couple of fluffy cuddle buddies just waiting to enjoy the night together.

Right on cue, Fish, the larger and frankly needier of our two new cats, winds himself between my legs with a demanding meow. I laugh and Saxon breaks the kiss to look down at the cat now headbutting his shin. He mutters something that sounds a lot like ‘cock block’ under his breath as he stoops down to scoop Fish up. The cat snuggles right into the crook of his arm and starts to purr. My heart melts every time I see Saxon spoiling them. It’s true what they say, a man is never sexier than when he’s holding a baby.

“Grab my champagne for me, puppy?” He jerks his chin towards his glass on the counter.

I grab it, along with the open bottle, and follow him over to the sofa. Chips is already waiting there for us, far more patiently than his brother. We get ourselves settled on the couch, Saxon in his favorite spot with his feet up on the coffee table, and me sprawled out with mine in his lap. Fish reluctantly settles for a spot along the back, half draped around Saxon’s shoulders, while Chips curls up on my chest so I can scratch his chin.

“Wait,” I say when Saxon brings his champagne flute to his lips. “We have to toast.”

“Oh, right. What are we toasting to? All your brilliance and success? All the zeros being added to your bank account today?” he suggests with a grin, giving me a proud, mushy kind of look that makes me feel like I could do anything as long as I have this man by my side.

I shake my head. “To whatever comes next.” I hold my glass out, careful not to jostle Chips, but of course, he digs his claws in just to be sure.

“I’ll drink to that,” Saxon agrees, bumping his glass to mine with a *tink*.

The bubbles tickle my nose and burst on my tongue as I take a sip, unable to tear my eyes away from the man across from me. My best friend, my Daddy, the absolute love of my life... My throat tightens and my heart does that thing where it feels way too big to be contained inside of me.

“Let’s get married,” I blurt.

He freezes with the champagne flute still against his lips, his eyebrows jumping up.

Shit, was that too fast? Or maybe he’d rather be the one to ask. I should probably backpedal, but apparently one outburst is all my tongue is interested in, because I can’t seem to make it say a word to take anything back.

Saxon swallows after a few quiet seconds, his Adam’s apple bobbing. He licks a stray drop of champagne from his lips as he lowers his glass, his eyes fixed on me intently. My insides tremble, but I still can’t seem to make myself fake a laugh and pretend I was just teasing him. Finally, his lips twitch with one of those wry, crooked smiles of his and he runs his free hand through his hair as he blows out a breath.

“I guess you wouldn’t be the first multi-millionaire in the world to marry a porn star,” he jokes, his eyes tightening for a second before his expression smooths out again.

I do sit up this time, earning Chips’s displeasure as he’s forced to climb up onto the back of the couch and settle next to Fish. Setting my drink down on the coffee table, I scoot closer until my legs are completely draped over Saxon’s and I’m practically in his lap.

“I told you I don’t care about that, Daddy. There’s nothing wrong with your Daddy Cam channel, and anyone who tries to say there is can go through me,” I say as fiercely as I can manage.

His lips twitch again, and this time the smile reaches his eyes. He brushes his fingertips along my cheek and then leans close to press a soft kiss to my lips. The flavor of the champagne clings to his mouth, but it can’t overpower the taste that’s just... *him*. I can’t get enough of that particular taste, and I doubt I ever will. When we’re a hundred years old, I’ll still be kissing him like my life depends on it.

“I know, Lix. And I don’t think there’s anything wrong with having a Daddy Cam channel in general. I think it hasn’t

felt like *me* for a while now. It's not what I wanted long term," he explains.

"So, what comes next?" I ask, already knowing the answer but happy to give him a nudge if he needs it. Even Daddies need a little help from time to time.

"I'm..." He takes a deep breath, still absently ghosting his thumb back and forth along my cheek. "Going to shut down my channel. And I'm going to take that licensing exam in a few weeks. Once I pass that, I'm going to start applying for sports therapy positions. I'm not sure how many are in the city, but there have to be a few options."

"I love that idea." I sneak a hand under his shirt just so I can feel the warmth of his skin against my palm. "But it doesn't have to be in the city. We can go anywhere."

"Yeah? Does that mean you've decided you're going to step down from the CEO position?" he asks, and I nod.

"It's time. I still own the company, I just don't need to be there every day anymore. Someone else can deal with that headache while you and I go find our next adventure. I'm donating eighty percent of what I made today too. I'm giving it to the animal shelter and a couple of LGBT charities that desperately need it."

"That sounds like an excellent plan. Give me a list, and I'll help you get it done." That goes without saying, of course, but I give him a kiss in thanks anyway.

"Maybe I could start some kind of non-profit or charity foundation," I muse. "Or, oh, I could open a cat café." I gasp enthusiastically at the idea.

Saxon laughs. "I'll help with that too."

"Which?" I ask with a smirk.

"Both, either, all of it. Whatever you decide to do next, you know I'm going to be there for it," he says, like it's as obvious as the sun rising tomorrow. And it is. It always has been. He was the one who needed time to trust that this was forever, I've known it since the night I fell out of his shower. Well, maybe the morning after.

I tease my finger along the rim of his belly button, resting my forehead against his. “Is that a yes to my marriage proposal then?” I ask, feeling suddenly bold.

“Was that a *real* proposal, puppy?” he counters.

“Mm, maybe more of a *pre*-proposal,” I decide. “I just want to be sure I’ll get my yes when I do it right.”

“In that case, I’m not going to spoil the surprise for you. You’ll have to ask for real if you want an answer.”

I huff. “No fair, Daddy.”

“Or maybe I’ll beat you to it and ask first,” he says, leaning back and shrugging. He takes another sip of his champagne with a smirk on his face like the cat that got the canary.

“Always such a tease, Daddy,” I complain.

He quirks one eyebrow again, setting his champagne down on the side table. He grabs me and is on top of me in a flash, pressing me into the couch with the full weight of his body, his heavy cock hardening rapidly against mine as he looks down at me with his eyes full of heat and adoration, lust and love in equal measure.

“I love you, Felix.” Saxon takes my hand and lays it flat against his chest where I can feel the steady *thud, thud, thud* of his heartbeat. “This is yours. It has been and it always will be.”

“Thank you, Saxon. I promise to always be gentle with it,” I vow. “Every part of me is yours, Daddy...” I break the sweetness of the moment with a filthy smirk, lifting my hips to roll the length of my erection against his. “But you don’t have to be gentle with any of it.”

He groans, pleasure darkening his eyes. “Why don’t you let Daddy decide just how gentle or rough to be, hm, puppy?” he suggests.

I nod eagerly.

“Anything, Daddy.”

No words have ever been truer. Anything for my
Daddy. Always and forever.

Epilogue

ONE YEAR LATER

SAXON

I scoop Felix into my arms, and he squeals with surprise, grappling to grab on around my neck.

“A little warning would be nice, Daddy,” he complains with a giggle.

“Now that we’re married, I have to work harder to keep you on your toes,” I say with a smirk, my eyes landing on the gold band around my ring finger. My heart gives a heavy flutter, the same way it’s been doing since I woke up this morning and put on a suit.

We decided to keep things simple and just between the two of us, exchanging vows privately on the beach with our toes in the sand. We’ll call our families later to tell them the good news, but for now, it’s our moment to enjoy and celebrate.

I didn’t shed all my fears about losing him overnight, but every day I feel more and more secure that this really will be forever—that love *can* be forever.

I carry him through the small beach hut, itching to shed my sweaty clothes and spend the rest of the afternoon worshipping my new husband’s body.

Husband. I never thought I’d use that word, but when Felix *did* ask for real, there was no other answer I wanted to give. How could it have ever been anything but yes?

Yes to lazy mornings and long, sleepless nights. Yes to whatever business idea he needs help with next. Yes to forever with my best friend. Yes to Felix.

THE END

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About the Author

K.M. Neuhold is a complete romance junkie. Bisexual and polyamorous, she often describes herself as being in love with love. She loves to write stories full of bearded, cinnamon roll men who get super swoony HEAs. Her philosophy is there's so much angst and sadness for LGBT characters in media, all she wants is to give them the happiest happily ever afters she can with little angst, tons of humor, and SO MUCH STEAM. K.M. fully admits to her tendencies of making sure every side character has a full backstory that will likely always lead to every book turning into a series or spin-off. When she's not writing she's a lion tamer, an astronaut, and a superhero...just kidding, she's likely watching Netflix and snuggling with her husky while her amazing husband brings her coffee.

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