

K. L. MANN

a taboo erotica

PUT ME IN
Coach



Put Me In Coach

K.L Mann

Copyright © April 2023

All Rights Reserved

Intellectual Property of K.L Mann

Cover By K.L Mann

*For anyone who's ever wanted to take a ride on a
completely inappropriate person.*

Author's Note

This is just something I felt compelled to write after recently releasing *Daddy Goes First*—a similar style read to this one. Don't take this too seriously, and have a fun time. Hope you enjoy Jonathan and Liam. As always, make sure to read the bonus chapter in the back for a good time!

Also, for my fellow romance readers, this is an erotica novella. There is not a full love story, but there is an implied HEA.

CW/TWs

Infidelity (not between main characters)

Explicit Language and Sex

Taboo Relationship

Age Gap

No Condom

Exhibitionism (sex with an audience)

Violence (not between main characters)

Death Threat (not toward main characters)

Mentions of Addiction/Absentee Parent

Small Instance of Homophobia/Sexism

^^^

(a jerk refers to his best friend as his girlfriend and makes a comment about his painted nails)

Blurb

Liam Hawkins is a determined person. He knows what he wants, and when he wants it. More importantly, he knows *who* he wants.

His stepfather.

Jonathan Ryan is a good man, a great coach, and in over his head. His stepson is beginning to give him looks, and he absolutely knows he shouldn't look back. Even so, he doesn't know if he can help it.

Chapter 1



Liam

I'm going to fuck my stepfather. He doesn't know it yet, but it's going to happen.

Jonathan Ryan married my father when I was almost seventeen. Their marriage was out of convenience, I figure. Given that they rarely touched each other, and Jonathan had been my father's best friend for over ten years before they were suddenly eloping in Vegas. A year later, dad disappeared, and Jonathan became my guardian.

Going on eighteen years old, I decided that dad forfeited his rights to the man, and that I had every right to claim him for myself. He's a good man, though. Too good to be seduced easily. So I've been laying the groundwork, low and slow like a pro.

Now at nineteen, nearly twenty, I'm his star player on the *Rocket City University Vipers*. Baseball isn't my passion, but all of the hours getting sweaty with my coach—my Jonathan—*that* I'm passionate about. Only a sophomore in college, I have major league prospects, but I'm not sure that I'm ready to leave my precious coach. Slamming big hits can't be as satisfying if he's not cheering me on when I do it.

If I leave, that means significantly less time with him. No job, professional athlete or not, is worth losing even a little bit

of time with my man. And that's what he is, whether he's been made aware or not. Jonathan is my man.

Currently, he's also trying not to choke me out for taunting our opposing team's pitcher. Technically, the scumbag started it this time. Giving Tommy disgusted looks, as if I wouldn't notice. My best friend is off limits, especially to this closeted hateful prick.

Internalized shit is rough, I get it. But he picked the wrong person to fixate on. Tommy is too pure for any of this shit. Even if it's minimal. It's there, and if I could snuff it out by pummeling him to the ground, I would.

So yeah, I'm going to fuck my daddy's husband. But first, I'm going to send this ball into the motherfucking stratosphere.

Words have been had, and our coaches are currently talking it out at the mound by our sides. But Williams won't let it die. He never does.

He sneers at my hands. "Nice nail polish, Hawkins. Your girlfriend do that for you?"

I'm not even in the stands and I know Tommy just stiffened. He always hears things that he shouldn't.

"Better watch your mouth, dick for brains."

"Yeah? What are you going to do to make me, asshole?"

I wish I could just kick your ass.

"I'm going to wrap my *painted* fingers around this fucking bat, and then I'm going to make your shitty pitch look like a little league throw by smashing it all the way out to your bus. The bus that you get to sit on, crying all the way home while I text your mom about the next time she'd like to come warm my cock."

He attempts to lunge at me, only to be held back by his scowling coach.

"Oh that's right, isn't your *mentor* banging her too? Shit, sorry you had to find out this way, buddy." I'm winking at him as Jonathan sighs, tugging my arm back.

I let him move me, walking backwards as I continue stare down that douchebag Williams.

“Was all of that necessary?” he asks, mumbling about it. His gentle brown eyes settle on my face, studying me with a detailed precision. He loves to look at me, my man. He does it all the time. Constantly giving me the pleasure of feeling his gaze on my skin.

“No, but it was fun,” I say sweetly, admiring his lips and the curve of his cheek bones. “Don’t worry, I’m not actually tapping his mom. She looks exactly like him.” I shiver with disgust. “Poor woman, she was probably a looker before he came around and ruined it for her.”

He doesn’t laugh, but I see that lip twitch. “You about done?”

“I could go another round if you’re up for it,” I tease.

His eyes widen, and he shakes his head, his dark wavy hair swaying just a little. “Just end this game, will you?”

I give him a two finger salute. “Aye, aye, coach.”

Williams, ever the weasel-faced fuck, attempts to hit me with the ball and force a walk, but I refuse, dodging the hell out of his throws until he sends a decent one close to the center. It’s all over from there with the crack of the bat and the soar of the baseball through the air.

The crowd goes loud and wild, and I take the bases, not bothering to gloat. Normally, I’d take my time shoving a win down Williams’ throat, but I have to make sure my friend is okay. Nothing detrimental was said, but it’s about more than just words. It’s about Tommy being a vessel for a weaker, struggling person’s hate for themselves. Something no one deserves, let alone my sunshine boy.

Luckily, he’s only experienced this twice, and he’ll never have to again. Williams will be gone—graduated—and I won’t have to worry about him saying something that will cross a line far enough for me to start digging his grave. I do *not* look good in orange. Despite what Netflix tells you, it is certainly not the *new black*.

I tap home plate with the bottom of my cleat and dart for the stands. Jonathan doesn't look surprised, nor does he try to stop me. *Another* reason that he's my man. He just gets me.

Tommy's eyes roll as soon as he spots me bounding towards him. He's wearing one of his sweaters and some ridiculously expensive jeans. His shoulder length hair is somehow perfect and casual all at once, and his skin doesn't have a single flaw, as per usual. His green eyes are painted with a thin brown swoop of eyeliner that makes them bigger. Tommy's a model, and just by looking at him, it's obvious.

"I'm fine," he sighs, folding his arms over his chest. "I've been called way worse than your girlfriend before, you over dramatic goof."

Not around me he hasn't.

"I'm allowed to check on you," I grumble, taking the empty seat at his side, ignoring the crowd around us. Changing the subject, I tell him, "Tonight's the night, you know?"

He chuckles. "I know, you've told me countless times."

"I'm actually doing it," I add, as if he doesn't know.

"I know," he repeats. "Are you nervous?"

I give him a puzzled look. After a beat, we both erupt into a fit of laughter. Liam Hawkins doesn't get *nervous*.

"I'll drive you home," I offer. "I'd say you could come over, but... you know."

Tommy snorts. "Yeah, I know." He lowers his voice, moving closer for privacy. "He'll love it, you know? You're perfect for him, and you'll make him see it. And then in a year, I'll be your flower boy at your big fancy wedding."

I lower my voice as well. "Flower boy? You're my goddamn best man, Tommy."

He smirks. "I know that too. I just wanted to hear you say it."

I shake my head, grinning like an idiot. "Let's get out of here, man."

He's more than happy to agree.

Chapter 2



Liam

Jonathan is already home when I pull into the driveway. With the college being so close, neither of us thought that putting me in the dorms would have any purpose. So we live together, like a couple of strangely put-together roommates. It works though, and it will work even better after tonight. After I make Jonathan fully aware of just how close we *really* are. And how close we will continue to be. God, it's going to be beautiful.

Jumping out of my Jeep and locking it behind me, I hustle into the house to get clean. I'm going to have Jonathan melting for me, and I can't do that smelling like a dugout. Well, I probably could, but I don't want to.

Judging by the empty rooms as I head for the stairs, Jonathan is already in his bedroom, probably doing what I'm about to do. I'll have to try not to think about him getting all soapy and wet while I do the same. I refuse to get off by my own hand today, I'm saving every drop of cum for him. I'm going to paint him with it.

It's difficult to keep him out of my mind, but I manage to ignore my dick and wash up. Throwing on a short pair of swim trunks, I head downstairs with wet brown hair dangling between my eyes. Jonathan is in the kitchen, fidgeting with the

blender when he spots me. Dressed in casual jeans and a white t-shirt, he can't hide the way his eyes widen and then flicker down my body, absorbing all of the exposed skin I've put on display for him. I smirk, watching him whip his head back to the smoothie ingredients on the counter in front of him. He's too easy.

"Dinner?" I question casually. "Not exactly a game day meal, coach."

He sighs and shakes his head, throwing some fruit into the glass cylinder. "Not dinner. It's only 3pm. I have steak for later."

Looks like I'll need to move my plans up a bit then. Sounds good to me. I have no problem working up more of an appetite beforehand.

Ugly crushing noises sound until the concoction is made and he's sliding me a glass. "Going for a swim?" he asks, nodding to my suit.

"Yeah." I shrug, taking a sip of the strawberry protein blend he's made. "You going to come out too?"

"Gotta answer a couple of emails," he tells me, looking toward his laptop. It's sitting on the counter that faces toward our back window. The window that offers a perfect view of the pool. *Oh this is just too good to be true.*

"Have fun with that," I say, chugging the rest of the drink. Dropping the glass into the sink after rinsing it out, I head for the back door.

My feet hit the cement patio, and I stretch my arms above my head, waiting to feel his eyes on my back. When the familiar touch of his gaze hits me, I thumb the band of my shorts. They tumble to the floor, and my head rolls casually, giving him a minute to ogle my bare body from behind. I know he's shocked, probably telling himself to look away. I've never swam naked to his knowledge, not in the daylight and on full display with such a close distance separating us.

First time for everything though, isn't there?

I take a short dip in the pool, purposely gliding around the top of the water, knowing that he won't look away. He can't bring himself to. Forgoing a towel, I lift myself from the in-ground structure. My cock bobs with the movement of my body, and salt water drips down every inch of me.

Without any embarrassment, I settle into a lounge chair and start to play. I keep my eyes away from the window, pretending it doesn't exist so that he doesn't get scared and run away on me. I need him to see me stroking my thick cock and massaging my balls under the shining sun. I groan just thinking about how hard I must be making him—about how turned on he has to be.

Smearing precum from the slit all over the tip, my grip becomes more firm, hips lifting to stroke into it. I don't stop, maintaining my causal position. One leg up, the other resting flat, head tipped back like I can't handle what I'm doing to myself. Like it's too good to even look.

I have two piercings underneath the head of my cock, curved barbell jewelry that doesn't do much for me. It'll do a hell of a lot for him, though. They'll rub his insides just right, lighting up nerves he's probably never even found before. Sensitive bits of himself that I'll memorize, discovering exactly how he likes them to be pet. It's why I run my fingers around them, highlighting the silver metal so that there's no doubt in his mind he's seeing clearly.

My whole body buzzes with chills as the door opening echoes around me, and still, I keep going. Waiting a beat to look, a thrill shoots into my core when I find him there. Standing with a hand shielding his eyes as if he looked at the sun too directly and needed to protect them. He's lost his shirt, maybe justifying it with the prospect of going for a swim. Maybe he just couldn't breathe with it on. Maybe he was touching his nipples. Either way, I appreciate the sight.

He doesn't say a word, so neither do I. Until I moan louder, and he stiffens.

Hand hardly covering his eyes, he finally speaks. "Liam, what are you doing?"

“Putting on a show,” I moan, proceeding to stroke myself another time.

“What is this all about, punk?” he grinds out. Punk, because he’s been calling me that for years. With any luck, he’ll continue to do it. I think I’ll like the sound of the nickname laced with lust, pouring through his lips in the throes of passion. “You can’t just do this.”

“You know what it’s about,” I accuse. “Which is why you’ve been watching me this whole time without saying a word. Probably squeezing your dick hoping it’ll go down, no luck in that department I bet.”

When I stand from the lounge chair, he takes a step back, still trying to avoid looking at me. “Can we skip the part where you pretend you don’t want me as badly as I want you?”

“You *can’t* want me, Liam,” he says desperately, looking for an excuse. “I’m too old for you, and I’m *married* to your father. This isn’t something you can just have because you have a little crush or something.”

“I can have whatever I want,” I inform him. “I’m an adult, just like you. Twenty at the end of the month, unless you’ve forgotten. I’m also impatient, and unfortunately I’ve gotten tired waiting for you to realize how badly you need me. Look at you, you can’t even allow yourself to look at my dick. If you don’t want me, it’s just a dick, isn’t it?”

His hand falls and he meets my eye, trying to prove something. To me or him, I don’t know. Either way, he fails.

His face is flaming, and it’s not with outrage.

“God, you want me so bad,” I boast, licking my lips. “You’re so hot when you’re trying to resist me, coach.”

“You’re seeing things that aren’t there.”

“Yeah? Tell that to the hole your cock is about to slash into your jeans. You’re so hard, you might as well have a sign on your crotch full of filthy words that sum up how badly you need to be touched.” I take a step closer, pumping my cock with my fist slower for him. He drinks in the act because he can’t help it. “If I told you to drop to your knees and open your

mouth, you'd do it without blinking. You'd pop open those pouty lips and offer me your throat to pound."

"Liam, stop," he pleads. Oh but he doesn't want me to stop. Not even a little bit.

"You want it so badly," I taunt, circling my wrist. "I bet your mouth is watering just thinking about it. It's a nice one, isn't it?" I ask, referring to my dick. "Thick, cut, and smooth. It would fill your mouth to the brim. You'd be moaning all over it like a blissed-out slut."

"Liam—"

"Tell me why I shouldn't put you on your knees, coach." I take another step, leaving us close enough to kiss. If I let go of my cock, it'll slap down against his stomach. "Tell me why I shouldn't turn you around and arch your back after I'm done with that pretty mouth. Tell me why I shouldn't ruin you for anyone else. Tell me why I shouldn't make you mine."

"The pavement will hurt," he blurts, cheeks tinting pink. So adorable when he's flustered. "My knees, I mean."

"Oh, I know what you meant," I tell him, letting my cock go. He doesn't have time to react as it falls to his stomach, resting against his bare abdominal muscles. No time to say a word before my hands are cradling his face and my lips are on his.

Our kiss sizzles with the burn of his warm skin connecting to mine. The lips I've been imagining in a million different ways for far too long taste just as good as I thought they would. They're soft and pillowy, hesitant but demanding. He can't believe he's kissing his stepson—the son of the man he married—but he's doing it. He's following my lead, letting me part his mouth to swipe my tongue against his. His minty sweet taste fuels the fire burning in my stomach for him, and I press closer to his body. *Harder* against him.

He moans into the kiss, and all reservations are lost. He's consumed by me, not a sliver of doubt in his mind. Not as my thumbs stroke his cheeks and my fingers caress the short bits of hair on the side of his head. Strong hands find my hips,

resting there, subtly holding me in place. He doesn't want me to pull away, and I won't. Jonathan can't resist me, even if he thinks it's wrong. He gets it now. It can't be wrong, not when it feels like this.

"Do it," I murmur against his mouth. He's panting, eyes fluttering open to meet mine. "Touch my dick, baby. It's alright, I know you want to."

"So fucking cocky," he says, but his hands shift. I crush my lips back down onto his, needing to have them connected for the first time he puts his hands on me. With measured precision, both of his hands find my junk.

"Shit," I hiss, nipping at his bottom lip. He has one hand cupping my balls and the other tightly surrounding the middle of my shaft. His shoulder drops down as he pumps his hand, stroking my cock like a pro. "Yeah, that's it," I encourage. "Just like that."

My lips find his neck and he shivers. When I start to suck, he chokes on air. "Didn't you say something about putting me on my knees?"

I grab his wrists, halting his hands from any further movement. I force his gaze directly into my eyes. "Go inside and kneel in the center of the living room for me. The carpet is soft enough to protect your pretty skin from bruising. Go, and I'll be right behind you."

Flustered, he does. He scrambles into the house, allowing me to enjoy the view as I trail behind. I feel his eyes on me as I grab some lube from the side table drawer by the door.

Even as he's getting to his knees on the ground, he's looking at me bewilderedly. "You stashed lube in our living room?"

"I have bottles all over this house," I answer, feeling a bit smug that he's never found any of them. "I've been waiting for the right time to make my move."

"And now is the right time?"

"You're on your knees for me, aren't you?" I ask, coming right up to him.

“Point made, punk.” His eyes move from my face to my cock. He almost looks shy about it. *Too fucking precious.*

“Don’t tell me you don’t remember how to do this,” I tease, caressing the side of his head. “I know it’s been years, but surely you recall how sucking cock works.”

He bristles. “How are you so sure it’s been years?”

“Oh I’m sure, baby. I’ve made sure of it. Who do you think has been running off your dates?”

His mouth “You little—”

“Don’t be mad at me coach,” I beg. “Later, you can pretend to be upset later. Right now you’re mine, aren’t you? That sweet mouth is mine, isn’t it?”

“Damn you,” he mumbles, darting his tongue out. The first contact nearly makes my eyes roll. “Damn you for making me want you.” His lips close around the rosy head of my cock and his cheeks hollow with a rough suck.

“Fuck, coach,” I groan, tipping my head back, basking in it. “Curse me all you want, just keep that hot mouth around me.”

“I can’t believe you’re pierced,” he whispers, lusty words leaving his lips with genuine surprise and appreciation.

“Double pierced,” I boast. “Just for you.”

Stirred by my words, Jonathan takes me deeper, folding his teeth behind his lips to protect me. He hums, mouth vibrating around my length as he gets into a rhythm. My balls tingle with warmth, pleasure throbbing all the way down my legs, radiating from my pelvis to my thighs.

The thirst for control kicks in, and my hand finds his jaw. Breathing deep, I lift his chin slightly. “Let me see those darling eyes, baby.”

He exhales through his nose and practically looks into my soul. So beautiful with a mouth full of dick and those long lashes brightening his eyes. I take an experimental move forward, forcing my cock deeper. He coughs, attempting not to gag on it, and I tsk.

Holding his face tighter in my fingers, I command his attention. “Open your throat.”

Brown eyes dark with arousal, he steadies himself and obeys, relaxing his throat. My stomach flexes as I push forward, slipping my cock into the space he’s created for me. My hips pump and pump, slowly fucking into his tight, warm mouth. Tears roll down his cheeks, and his throat constricts with a swallow.

“*Fuck yes,*” I moan, threading my fingers into his curls. A few more drives of my hips and his lips start to glimmer with spit. “You take it so good, coach. You like getting face fucked? Can you take it faster?”

His head bobs in an encouraging nod. Not only can he take it faster, he wants it faster. He wants it so bad.

“Good boy,” I praise. “Pinch my thigh if I steal too much air from you, baby.”

Chapter 3



Jonathan

Liam is fucking my throat.

I'm on my knees, in our house, with my stepson's cock lodged in my throat. My former best friend's son, and my fucking player has me on my knees for him. Dick aching in my pants, I'm doing nothing to stop it. I don't *want* it to stop.

Salvia rolls down my chin, and more water pricks in my eyes, but I relish it. Relish the way my throat struggles to accept him, the way air burns in my lungs with each breath, and the way his fingers tug at my hair. My mouth is lavished with a feverish pleasure, just feeling the bottom of his thick shaft massaging my tongue. Lips swollen and jaw aching, I keep taking everything he gives.

It all halts as he pulls back, removing his soaking cock from my mouth. Strings of precum and spit connect us until they break. "I'm not ready to come yet," he tells me, stroking the hair that he once held tightly in his grip. "I want to suck you first, and I want my fingers in you. How's that sound, baby? Good?"

Overwhelmed by his blunt words, my head bounces in confirmation. "Uh, yeah, g-good."

“Pants off, ass on the couch,” he orders, helping me up and smacking a quick kiss to my moist lips.

I fumble with the button to my jeans, forcing it to spring open. The denim rolls down my thighs with some force from me, briefs going right along with it. Liam drinks in the view, looking like he might want to throw me down and fuck me without any sort of preparation. He restrains himself, directing me to the couch. My bare ass hits the leather cushion and he steps between my thighs, crouching to his knees.

Hugging my thighs and tugging me, he lets the back of my legs rest on his shoulders while his fingers hold the inside of them, inches from where my balls sit. “Fat throbbing dick and swollen nuts all for me.”

I can’t think of anything to say because he swallows half of my length into his mouth without warning and my brain short circuits. He sucks my cock without any prompting or questions, just doing what he wants with confidence. I don’t have to think about a thing, nothing besides how good it feels.

He bobs his head, sucking and fucking my dick with his mouth until he’s moaning right along with me. With a slurp, he lets my cock fall from his lips, and he moves down. Kisses land all around my balls, taint and asshole. He licks and teases, making me wiggle as it becomes too overwhelming.

He looks up at me from between my legs and tsks in disapproval. “No, baby, stay still for me.”

Another long lick to my ass makes me jump.

He holds my eyes, giving me a stern look. “Stop squirming so I can properly tongue my stepdaddy’s sweet little fuck tunnel.”

My mouth parts. “You did not just say that.”

“I did,” he asserts, swiping his tongue in a circle around my hole. “And it made your weeping cock jump in my hand, so.” He lines up the tip and uses some pressure to probe through the tight ring of muscle. Sparks flood up my neck and down my spine.

Liam's nose pokes beneath my balls as he moves, sinking his tongue as far as he can get it. It's soft but firm and slippery. Honestly, I've never had anyone do this to me before, and I would tell him that if I could speak. Liam is competitive to his core, he'd delight in knowing that he's doing something to me that no one else has.

He plays there for a little while longer before he's adding lube and fingers into the mix. Like some kind of magician, his tongue works right alongside his hand, hypnotizing my body with his perfected motions. He starts with one, easily moving to two and then I've got three of his long digits stuffed in my hole while he sucks my balls and massages my cock.

"I won't be able to last," I rasp. He's ripping me apart with pleasure, sending it all to too many places at once.

"I don't want you to," Liam insists. "I want you to explode for me. I want your stepson's fingers and tongue to be too much for you. Give it to me, coach. Let me see every drop pour from your thick cock. Yell for me while you're at it."

God, do I. I cry out, moans cracking in the air. Wet ropes of cum ribbon out of me, and he stands up with desire consuming his every move.

Shockwaves still rolling over me, I watch as his hand works rapidly between his legs. He pumps his cock on a mission, hovering above me. His eyes darken, and his moans grow louder, until it's all too much.

Liam's breath accelerates, suddenly broken and ragged. Shuddering with pleasure, he lets go and I feel hot, wet cum land on top of my still-throbbing cock. It splatters over my stomach, dripping down the sides of my shaft and all over my balls.

I'm ogling the mess when his hand wraps around my slowly softening cock. The breath whooshes from my lungs as he lowers his mouth, sucking the whole soaked thing between his lips. Liam sucks me dry, licking and lapping at every drop of our shared orgasm, moaning with delight while he does.

With a satisfied smile, he separates us, thumbing a single drop of moisture from the corner of his mouth and licking it away.

Baffled, I ask, “Did you just suck your cum off of my cock, or did I imagine that part?”

“I sucked yours off of it too,” he says cheekily.

I hide a smile, suddenly feeling out of place. Resisting the urge to pull him close, I clear my throat and look away from his gorgeous features. I stand, reaching for my pants with a racing mind and a drumming heart.

Once my jeans are back in place, my hands scrub down my jaw. Liam isn't even bothering to get dressed, still glistening with beads of sweat from what we've just done. And fuck, I can't look away from his cock hardening between his toned thighs. Blood rushes from my head, and heat pools in my stomach so quickly I'm almost dizzy.

“We shouldn't have done that,” I whisper, willing the shame I should feel to wash over me. It doesn't.

“We should, and we did,” he growls, invading my space easily. “And we're not fucking done. What did you think I was stretching you out for? The dildo you keep in your bedside drawer?” His head shakes back and forth. “No, that ass is mine, coach. I'm going to be inside of you, filling you up, pummeling that sensitive little prostate of yours until you're fucking crying out to God that you're mine. Until you truly fucking understand what's going on here.”

“That's such a bad idea,” I croak, unsure of why I'm even bothering to fight it. I'm such a goner.

“Are you telling me no, Jonathan?”

My opportunity to end this is presented, and I can't take it. “No,” I confess. “I'm not.”

He smirks. “Good. Now I can tell you how it is.”

“*How it is?*” I repeat, eyebrows dipping in.

“Yeah,” he taunts, licking his lips. “I don't share. We're exclusive, and in bed, you answer to me.”

“Oh?” My arms cross. “Is that right?”

“Mhm.” His eyes sparkle with a playfully dangerous edge.
“That’s right.”

I’m about to tell him without shame that I don’t have a problem with that, but he continues, and my whole body lights up as he does.

Chapter 4



Liam

“You see, you can boss me around on the field all you want, coach,” I whisper. “But don’t think for a second that you can tell me what to do with what’s mine.”

“Liam—”

“And this cock,” I interrupt firmly, groping his stiff bulge. “Is *mine*. Every fucking inch of your body belongs to me. When my hands are on you, *I’m* the boss. Got it, Jonathan?”

“This is so fucked up,” he blurts, but he isn’t hesitant anymore, just a little shocked. “And how did you know I have a dildo in my bedside drawer?”

“I know everything about you, *stepdaddy*. Now do I need to put you on your knees *again* and fuck some manners into your mouth? I asked you a question, and I expect an answer. The *correct* answer.”

When he hesitates, I squeeze his cock harder and he yelps. “Fuck.” He huffs. “My body is yours, *punk*.” Jonathan being sassy shouldn’t be such a turn on, but it is.

“You’re lucky I like you bratty,” I admit, softly stroking him in my hand through his jeans. “Now get these back off, before I cut you out of them. That greedy hole of yours needs my attention.”

As he moves to obey, I change my mind. “Actually, let’s take this to my room. *Then*, I want you naked.”

He smiles, and it’s on.

We tumble into my room, practically clawing at one another. Kissing and licking at his mouth, I back him onto my bed, falling right on top of his body as I do. Our cocks touch, and we moan at once, thrusting at each other.

“I want you on all fours, first,” I say, biting lightly at his jaw. “I’ll have you in every position imaginable eventually, but I want you face down ass up now. I want your face to have sheet-prints when I’m done with you.”

He flips over to his stomach, blinding lust driving him to act quickly. “God, just get inside of me. Please, Liam. I need it.”

I help him into position, lifting him up and grabbing ahold of my dick. “I’m not wearing a rubber,” I warn, slathering his asshole with clear lube. “I’m clean, I know you are too, and after this you’re mine. Any protests?”

“No, just do it—”

His words cut out with a moan ripping from his throat, stolen by the shock of his nerves lighting up from my touch. I’m pushing the tip of my cock into his puckered hole, hardly refraining from bottoming out with one hard thrust. He bears down, relaxing for me so that I don’t hurt him.

I rock and rock, pushing in and pulling almost completely out—over and over until I’m balls deep. My arms break out with chills, my stomach pooling with undeniable heat. Pelvis to his ass, I let some of my restraint go. I start to really fuck him, losing the gentle edge to my movements. Just the reality of being inside the man who consumes my whole world is almost enough to make me embarrass myself and come undone early like an inexperienced virgin.

“Oh s-shit,” he gasps. “Your p-piercings, I—”

“Fucking love them, don’t you? Love how they rub you from the inside? Love how they drag across the walls of your snug little hole?”

“*That,*” he cries. “Yes, yes, all of that.”

I hold his hips tighter, pleased with the sweet music our bodies make.

“*Fuck,* coach,” I groan. “Your ass is so fucking *accepting*. It loves my cock, baby, it does.” My fingers slip up his torso to his chest and I pinch softly around his nipple.

Jonathan yelps and whimpers. *Whimpers* for me.

“God, you’re such a perfect bottom for me, aren’t you? For a little punk with a fat cock and a smart mouth.”

“Warm mouth,” he pants. “Love your mouth.”

“Yeah you do,” I agree. “And my hands, and my *cock*. You love everything I give you, don’t you? *Tell me.*”

“Shit,” he hisses. “Yeah, I love it all.”

“Stroke your cock for me, coach,” I demand, tapping his ass with a light slap. “I want you to lose it for me. *Now.*”

He jacks himself off while we fuck, stroking his dick with the same speed that I take his ass. The bed creaks under us, a testament to how fevered we’ve become. I want a million things, and nothing at all. I want to slip a finger alongside my dick, to open him up even wider. I want an audience to witness what I’m doing to him—to see how I bring him pleasure that they never can. I want his cock in my mouth, cum pouring down my throat like an out-of-control hose. I want all of this and more, but I want it another time.

In this moment, exactly what we’re doing is exactly enough. *More* than enough. Black clouds threaten my vision and I blink them away, feeling his greedy hole tense around me. We let go together, my cum shooting out in waves, stuffing his ass while his own paints the sheets beneath him.

“Yes, baby. You’re so good for me,” I praise. “That’s fucking perfect.”

He babbles in return, offering sweet noises of content.

It takes us several minutes of remaining still to catch our breath before I’m rolling to the side, wrapping my arms

around him. I gently caress his damp skin, coaxing him slowly out of his blissed state of mind. As he comes to, orgasm washing away, he doesn't push me aside. He gives me a lazy grin, and deep kisses.

When our limbs return to full strength, we order dinner, and while we devour Thai takeout, I tell him all about how he's mine. About how he'll never get rid of me now. He tells me all about how that's perfectly acceptable to him.

With a smug grin, I say, "I knew it would be."

Chapter 5



Jonathan

2 Weeks Later

Liam has been calling me his boyfriend for fourteen days now. Obviously, he's still my player and my stepson to the team, but at home? We're a couple.

And today, we're a couple in front of Tommy. His best friend, and someone whom I've been around casually a hundred different times. Never as his friend's partner, though.

Oddly enough, it's not awkward in the slightest. We've had a few drinks, eaten some food, and now we're sharing the hot tub, chit chatting as if we've done it countless times in the past.

I *am* a little nervous about Liam implying that things may get a little R-rated while Tommy is here. He's talked about wanting to show me off before, but I wasn't sure that he was serious. He's so possessive, but I wonder if Tommy is the most ideal person for this potential fantasy. Tommy is someone trustworthy, and someone Liam doesn't feel a romantic draw to.

Liam must see me zoning out, thinking too hard, because he pulls me close for an entirely too passionate kiss. White wine and vanilla ice cream laces his breath, giving our

connection a sweet taste. His tongue dances with mine until he's had enough. My blood is racing through my veins, hot and needy. Likely due to the plug Liam insisted I wear. No, not likely, it *is* the fucking plug. Rubbing my prostate while he kisses the life out of me in front of company.

I notice a look in Tommy's eyes as Liam disconnects our lips. Envy. He's lonely, I think. Which is a shame. The kid is a sweetheart, and he's got a beautiful face. Liam says that Tommy was never his type and that he was never Tommy's type, but he didn't exactly go into specifics. I'm not usually one to play matchmaker, but if I know more, I could be helpful here.

"So, Tommy," I say, clearing my throat. "What are you into?"

Liam coughs on his drink. "Jesus, babe," he chokes out. "How about a warning before you break out hella personal questions?"

My eyes roll and I pat his thigh under the water. "I didn't ask for his social security number. You mentioned you two don't mesh in what you want, but if I know what he wants, maybe I can help?"

Tommy's eyes bulge. "H-help?"

I chuckle. "Not in a hands-on way, I'm a one man kind of man."

He breathes out as if relieved. "So how would telling you what I'm into help me?"

"I've been gay for a long time, Tommy. I know a lot of people. Maybe I know someone who is exactly your type."

His cheeks shade red. "I doubt it, but thank you."

"No need to be embarrassed," I tell him. "Nothing you say will scandalize me, I promise. Plus, I would never tell anyone without your consent."

Liam gives me a pride-filled smile and turns to his friend. "You won't know unless you try. Besides, he *is* old, he knows a lot of gays."

“Watch it,” I grumble without any actual anger.

He smirks. “What are you going to do about it, coach?”

“Hush,” I say. “This is Tommy’s moment, don’t make it about you.”

His best friend bursts into a fit of laughs while Liam scowls. When the humor of the moment dies down, Tommy offers a shy smile. “Um, I like older dominant guys.”

That’s a start.

“What else?”

“I uh, I want them to be into the way I like to dress. I need it to be more than just it being okay with them. I want them to think it’s sexy.”

Liam nods along. “I believe his exact words were ‘I want someone who will rip my panties off, shove them in my mouth and flip up my skirt to fuck me just because he got one look at me and couldn’t help it.’ Or something like that.”

Tommy is blushing harder now, understandably. “Yeah,” he croaks. “Something like that.”

“I might have someone in mind for you actually,” I say, giving Tommy a reassuring smile. “I’ll have to see that he’s still single, but he is into the same stuff.”

“R-really?”

“Skirt flipping up, pounding in the middle of the day and all,” I tease.

Liam groans. “Anyone else hard now?”

Tommy splashes him. “I’m going to go... make a phone call.”

Liam reaches out and stops him from standing. “Nuh uh.” He smirks. “Make your *phone call* right here.”

“*Dude*,” his friend hisses.

“Watch,” Liam instructs, and he gropes me casually under the bubbly water. “Take care of your hard-on and watch me take care of his.”

He glances at me, trying to gauge how I feel about this idea. “Are you serious?”

“If you want,” Liam offers. “It’ll be hot, don’t you think?”

“It’ll be hot, but—” he pauses, as if searching for a reason to say no. But he can’t find one.

I thought I might be more nervous about this, but with the blush on Tommy’s cheeks being so deep, I’m just getting more and more excited. He’ll have a live show of his best friend doing naughty things to me, and it’s thrilling to think about.

“You don’t have to say yes,” Liam assures him. “Neither of us will be offended.” A lovely, devious smile graces his lips. “You’ve gotten off watching me before, though.”

I knew that too. Liam has been one hundred percent honest about his relationship with Tommy, telling me all there is to know. They’ve jerked off together, but never went so far as to touch outside of a cuddle session or two. Really, they seem to have an impressively healthy friendship. Which is another reason that this isn’t a terrible idea.

“I want to watch,” he decides, teeth sunk into his pink lip. “What are you going to do to him?”

“Great question.” His hands rub together, as if he’s considering this. As if he hasn’t already plotted every moment of this possible interaction. “Let’s show him what you’re wearing, baby,” Liam suggests, standing up. I get to my feet along with him, cock tenting the loose fabric of my swim bottoms. “Bend over the edge for me, I want him to get a good look.”

I turn around, planting my hands on the edge of the wood frame. My shoulders relax, and I feel his first touch. He drags my shorts down the curve of my ass, letting them hang at the middle of my thighs. I look over my shoulder to catch a glimpse at his friend’s face.

“Shit,” Tommy breathes, slowly maneuvering his own swimwear down. “He’s wearing a plug? Been wearing it this whole time? I would have come already, *damn*.”

“Mmm,” Liam rumbles in agreement. “Yeah, he fucking loves being full for me. He wears a plug so well, he’s so good at hiding it.”

“Fuck,” he whimpers, starting to stroke his cock beneath the water. For being so small and slim, he looks like he has some serious size. “How big is it?”

Liam rubs his hands down my back, stopping to squeeze my asscheeks. “Want to see?”

His throat bobs. “Y-yeah.”

A hot hand lands on my backside. “What about you, huh? You want me to take this out and replace it with my cock, stepdaddy?”

“You’re a cocky bastard,” I huff. “Yes I want you to fuck me, punk.”

His lips land on my neck. “Music to my ears.”

Liam is careful with me, pulling the toy out with ease and shamelessly bringing it to his lips. He sucks it, licking the remaining flavored lube from it and then presents it to Tommy. “Small enough to suck, big enough to stuff him nice and deep.”

“Perfect,” Tommy agrees, licking his lips. “Makes him ready for you too. You can just slip right in.”

“Mm,” Liam grunts, in agreement, getting his cock out. “Stretched, but still tight enough to hug my cock while I fuck him. Want to see? He whimpers for me. *Every* time without fail. He loves getting dicked down.”

“Fuck yeah,” his best friend agrees. “Show me.”

“If you get to watch him, he gets to watch you,” my punk tells him. “I want him to get an eyeful of you beating off to us. Want him to see you come.”

Wordlessly, Tommy stands and settles against the side of the jacuzzi, hand still firmly wrapped around his cock. My friend is a possessive bastard, even more so than Liam. He’s not going to like that I’ve seen his potential man naked, but damn, right now I don’t care. I feel so incredibly free. Settled

and comfortable enough to submit. Powerful, even if the dynamic lends to Liam's control. I'm the reason they're both getting off. *Me*.

Pressure builds, and I groan as Liam pushes into my sensitive hole. He settles in deep, and pauses, allowing me to adjust before the first roll of his hips. Nerves blaze, and arousal pours over me like a wave.

He massages the globes of my ass, pulling the cheeks apart to get a better view of what he's doing to me. I can't even see it, but I can imagine it. It's perfect. Skin to skin, fat cock spearing a willing asshole. It likely looks similar to how it feels. Immaculate.

"Is it better bare?" Tommy asks, face flaming and cock leaking with precum.

"Damn right," Liam confirms. "I won't wear a fucking condom with him. *Ever*. Nothing to separate me from my good boy." His fingers dig into the flesh of my ass, palming it with appreciation.

"I've never had it that way," his friend confesses.

"That's because you haven't met your one yet." Continuing to rock, he fucks me slow and deep. "When you do, you won't want some rubber getting in your way either. You'll see."

I wish I could verbally agree, but I can't. I'm getting lost in the act, taken over by the delicious pace he's keeping. Sounds of wet skin slapping and satisfied moans filter around us. If we had neighbors, I'd be concerned about prying ears. But we don't, and I can fully immerse myself in the moment. I arch my back, offering him all of the access he needs to fully hammer me with strong thrusts.

He takes this as a cue to speed up, attacking my prostate even more directly with an angle shift. His pelvis hits my ass with enough force to mimic spanking. Liam completely rules my body, hands roaming and dick commanding. He's driving me over the edge before I can even fist my cock.

I clench around him, dick swinging as cum sputters out of it without warning.

“Fuck!” He throbs inside of me as he shouts. “Fucking *yes*. Squeezing me like a goddamn vise—working for my cum by fucking sucking it out of my dick. Good boy, baby. That’s a good fucking boy.”

Tommy gasps, moaning loudly. I glance at him with heavy eyes in time to see him shoot all over his stomach, mouth open, face rosy with warmth.

Lips pepper my spine, and Liam pulls me up, my back flush against his front. “You came handsfree,” he breathes. “That was so fucking hot, baby. I want to do it all over again.”

“Give me ten,” I babble, still catching my breath.

He chuckles, and slowly pulls his cock from my now sore hole. I can feel his semen drip down my thighs as our lips meet. It’s a sweet kiss, one that makes this moment almost romantic despite the deviance of it.

When we break apart, I expect an awkwardness to settle around us, but it doesn’t come.

“This hot tub needs to be thoroughly sanitized,” Tommy blurts.

We all laugh, coming down from our highs. I’d say this was a successful day.

Chapter 6



Liam

2 Days Later

Jonathan has only been gone for an hour, and I'm already wishing that he didn't leave. Not because I've set up a dinner date for when he comes home and my patience is wearing thin. But because there is pounding on our front door, and a familiar voice screaming for me to open up. Well, for Jonathan to open up.

I take out my phone, considering calling 911, but decide to text my boyfriend first. The yelling is slurred, and it's likely that he's just confused, right?

Liam: Hurry back. My missing father has returned and he's banging really hard on the door.

Liam: He sounds drunk.

My phone pings almost immediately.

Jonathan: Do NOT let him in. I'll be home in five minutes.

I sigh shakily, looking at the text. A bubble of unease sinks in, but Jonathan never lies. If he says that he'll be here in five minutes, he means it. Seconds later, as I'm typing a reply,

wood splinters and glass shatters. He's kicked down the front door, storming into the house screaming mad.

"Jonathan!" He looks around frantically, somehow missing me in his sight. "Jonathan you son of a bitch!" he yells. "Where the fuck are you!?"

"He's not here," I say firmly, getting his attention.

"Liam?" His voice lowers, and his bloodshot eyes fall to me. He looks like shit. Like me if I aged twenty years and let myself go entirely. "What are you doing here?"

"I live here," I reply, dumbfounded. "What are you doing here?"

Angered, he doesn't answer. "Where's Jonathan?"

"Not home."

His eyes flick over my shoulder, finding the roses on the table. "Are you on a date?"

"I'm going to be," I say carefully. "Soon. So, I'd appreciate it if you left before he gets here."

A dangerous realization flashes over his features. "It's you," he seethes. "You're the reason he sent me papers. You're the man he's divorcing me for."

"If he's divorcing you, it's probably because you abandoned us. I'm no expert in romantic spats, but that seems like the logical explanation to me."

"Oh you're so fucking delusional, aren't you?" He throws his head back in a broken laugh. "You actually think he loves you or something, don't you? He's nearly twice your age, you naive *boy*. You're just a fucking body to him."

Now it's my turn to laugh, even if I'm undeniably frightened. "Is that supposed to hurt me? You don't know anything about us. About *me*. I pursued him."

Rage builds, and his face turns red. He attempts to move closer, and I step back causing him to pause. "You think you can just take him, don't you? You can't."

“I already have,” I argue. “So why don’t you find someone else to fund your life. That’s why you want to be his husband anyway, isn’t it? Money?” Jonathan not only comes from money, but he makes a lot of it as a successful coach. It’s the motivation that makes the most sense to me, without love at play. And my father clearly feels no real love for my Jonathan.

“You have no fucking right to it!” To it, not him. The money.

“I don’t *need* it. I just need him.”

Glass crunching under boots sounds, and I breathe out, knowing that he’s home. Allowing the fear to settle, I sniff back tears. I kind of figured I was brave enough to handle something like this, but the idea that my father might hurt me is making me emotional. Devastated, I think.

I guess I’m not as strong as I thought.

The first sight of Jonathan makes me want to crumble to the ground and cry until he holds me, taking all of the unfamiliar pain away. A huge tattooed man I’ve never seen before is at his side, looking even more infuriated than my boyfriend.

Jonathan storms past my father, grabbing my arms and checking me all over with his eyes. “Did he touch you?” His hands rub over my skin as if he’s searching for anything as small as a single scratch.

“No,” I croak. “I’m fine. Who’s your friend?”

“Victor,” he says.

“Well, Victor looks like he might kill your husband if he takes another step toward us.”

“Don’t call him that,” Jonathan grimaces, and turns around.

His friend has my father halted a few feet away from the two of us, and the yelling kicks off again.

“My *son*? You’re fucking my *son*!?”

“It’s not like that,” Jonathan insists, but it’s no use.

“I always knew you were a desperate whore, but my fucking son!?! That’s the level you steep to for a hit of dick? My s—”

I step around Jonathan and Victor fast enough that they can’t hold me back. My fist snaps out, catching him in the jaw hard enough to hurt my knuckles before he can refer to me as *his* another time. He drops to the ground, cursing at the pain but remaining conscious. I couldn’t really stand up to my dad when it came to a personal attack, but his ugly words toward Jonathan were too much. I suppose I’m strong enough when it comes to my man. I like that.

Victor fists his shirt, pulling him to his feet. “That’s your cue to leave, ‘ya hear? As far as the law is concerned, your divorce is already final. You have no place here. If I catch you around Jonathan or Liam again, it won’t be a sucker punch to the face that has you on the ground. It’ll be a bullet.”

“You can’t threaten me—”

“Not only can I threaten you,” Victor snaps, shaking the man to catch his full attention. “I can kill you. You wouldn’t be the first piece of trash I’ve taken out, and you wouldn’t be the last. I run the biggest club in the state, the police commissioner is in my pocket, and no lawyer would dare take you on as a client. You have *nothing* and I’ll be watching you. Let that sink in.”

Victor is forcing him out of the house before he can argue any further.

“What if he doesn’t leave?” I worry, grabbing Jonathan’s hand.

“Victor isn’t going to give him a choice,” he assures me. “We didn’t come alone, baby. The guys will get him out of here. Maybe even out of the state. I promise.”

“Who even is that?” I blurt. “I mean, he’s in a gang, isn’t he? That’s what *club* means, right? And why didn’t you tell me you sent divorce papers?”

“Victor is one of my oldest friends,” he explains. “He is the head of a motorcycle club. I’ll tell you everything, just

swear to me again that you're okay."

I lean close, brushing our noses and then our lips. "I'm okay, I promise."

A throat clears, and my eyes lift, finding Victor. "I can see that tonight may not be the best time for introductions. Got a couple of prospects working on fixing your door, so you'll be fine to stay here tonight. We'll make plans for another time, yeah?"

"Yeah," Jonathan agrees. "Another time is probably best. Thank you, brother. I owe you one."

Victor shakes his head. "Nah, you don't. But you're welcome." He gives me a nod. "Be seeing you, Liam."

I give an awkward wave, and then we're alone. He sits me down, and spills his guts. Blurting out every bit of information on his past and how this whole situation came about.

Jonathan confirms my suspicions that he was never really romantic with my father, and simply a friend who went to extreme lengths in an attempt to save him from himself. He married my dad to help him financially, and monitor his addictions. Sex, booze, occasionally drugs, destructive behavior, and more.

When dad stopped trying and started to take advantage, the deal changed. He'd have an allowance, as long as he stayed away. Away from me.

"So, yes. I married your father and when he couldn't keep up his end of the bargain, I made him leave. God, I didn't try to raise you, Liam—you were already grown. I still needed you away from him. It hurt me to watch someone that I used to know so well, destroy something so pure and kind. You didn't deserve living under his chaos. Tell me you understand that. Please?"

"Of course I understand that."

"So, we're alright? You aren't pissed at me?"

My head shakes. "No, I'm not."

“Good,” he breathes, kissing the side of my head. “Any more questions?”

“Yeah, just one actually.” My thumb rubs gently circles around the top of his hand. “What were you going to see Victor for?”

He smiles. “He’s the friend I have in mind for Tommy.”

Oh. Well, that’ll be interesting.

Epilogue



Liam

After a grueling practice in the hot sun, all I can think about is how my man's glistening chest looked for the last two hours. He ran drills with us today, getting involved himself so that no slacking could be justified. You can't slack off when the coach is out there to make you look like a lazy piece of shit if you do. Shirtless Jonathan is eye candy I can hardly resist, especially with the way he was moving all around and dripping with sweat. Illegal levels of sexy, that is.

That's why as he passes by the showers to run into his office—still missing a shirt, I grab him by the arm and pull him under the spray with me.

"Liam," he whisper-shouts, and I shut the glass door into place. "What the hell are you doing?"

"No one will see," I vow, immediately going for the side of his neck. Swiping my tongue up his dampening skin, I moan at the taste of him. "I need a quick one. You're too fucking sexy like this, baby. Let me rub your cock against mine, yeah?"

"You can't flatter me into this," he says, but his voice gets all husky as he does.

"Come on, coach," I groan. "I want to empty my balls all over your stomach. They're so heavy, baby. Let me ease the

ache.”

“You’re a fucking delinquent,” he grumbles, but doesn’t make a move to leave the shower stall.

“And you can’t fucking resist me,” I taunt, reaching for his face. “Now gimme a kiss, sugar. I want those lips.”

“We need to be quick,” he rushes out, nervousness in his eyes.

I chuckle at him. “Let the person in charge worry about that, baby. You just worry about coming for me today. Can you manage that, coach?” Reaching out, I tug on the band of his shorts and he shivers.

“Yeah,” he utters. “I trust you.”

A flutter of warmth at his words sinks down my chest and into my stomach. I swoop low, closing the distance between us and press my lips to his. So weak for me, he kisses me back with greedy movements, holding me close. I have his shorts on the ground before our kiss breaks.

Using two hands, I put his cock on top of mine, surrounding them both. Two strokes and he’s panting for it. Unable to help it, I thrust my hands and my body, fucking the tight grip I’ve created.

“I love feeling your cock on mine,” I groan, rocking my hips faster. “Fucking love how hot your skin is.”

“Stop talking,” he whispers, voice rasping with pleasure.

“You’re lucky you’re nervous. I won’t take that kind of demand any other time, coach,” I threaten. “Next time you give me lip, I’ll put you over my knee and spank that ass until you ask for forgiveness. Then I’ll fill your mouth until your lesson feels learned.”

“Sorry,” he whines, pouting out his lip. I snatch it between my teeth, sucking on the flesh so tightly that he digs his blunt nails into my forearms.

Sucking turns into making out, and hot water falling from the shower makes our sloppy kiss even messier. Frotting with

abandon, I coax needy moans and whimpers of pleasure from his throat. The air fills with steam and his muffled cries.

“I can’t last,” he confesses. “It’s too good.”

I put my mouth to the shell of his ear, encouraging him. “Come for me, coach. Come all over your punk player in the showers. Relieve yourself from a grueling practice and leave the evidence of it all over my fucking cock. I want your sexy toned legs to give out for me. I want you to come so hard your eyes can’t stay open and you have to bite me to stay fucking quiet.”

He does just that, his teeth digging into my shoulder, lips buzzing against my skin as he cries out. My hands keep working, one dropping to massage the orgasm straight out of his balls as they rise up, the other stroking off our cocks harder.

The first warm hit of his cum on my abs sets me off, heat rushing through my body until we’re crashing together. More harsh kisses are exchanged, and hearts are racing while I milk the remainder of our cum out with purposeful twists of my hands, circling the throbbing cocks.

He only allows the euphoria to settle momentarily, until he’s pulling his soaked shorts up and over his spent dick. “I’ll go out first and get to my office, don’t follow behind me.”

I ignore him as he leaves, wrapping my lower body in a towel and following right behind. He’s so worried, and I already have everything covered.

“Woah,” my teammate Max says, chuckling as he takes in Jonathan’s dripping wet appearance. He’s the only guy left here today, probably just finishing with his PT while the rest of the players have already fucked off to the bar. There’s a barbecue for our catcher’s engagement party. “What happened to you, coach?”

Before Jonathan can panic, I laugh along with him. “I pushed his ass in the shower,” I explain with an easy grin. “He looked like he needed a cool down, but now he’s pissed. People can be so ungrateful, I swear.”

Max snorts. “You play too much. He’s going to bench you one day, man.”

I chuckle and I can see the small flicker of relief in Jonathan’s eyes. I’d never put his job at risk, and I’m glad that he trusted me with this. Sneaking around isn’t difficult when you have a poker face like mine.

“Nah, can’t bench the star of the team,” I joke, giving him a cocky smirk.

“You wish.” His eyes roll. “I’ll catch you after the break.” We bump fists and he sends Jonathan a wave. “See ‘ya, coach. Try not to kill him, murder is a serious offense these days.”

“Later,” I say in return.

Listening for the door to latch behind him, I wait before spinning around. As I do, Jonathan is already in my face. “You knew we were alone, didn’t you?” he accuses. “That it was only Max left? Why didn’t you tell me? I was freaking the fuck out.”

I smack a kiss to his angry face. “It was hot,” I argue and peck his lips again. “I wanted you to get the thrill, and you did.”

“But—”

“Now that we’re completely alone,” I say, interrupting and taking his chin between my fingers. “We could make use of that fancy office of yours.”

“We *just* fucked each other two minutes ago,” he points out stubbornly.

I fake a pout, but don’t truly mind. We definitely fuck *a lot*. “Another time then,” I offer. “I’m hungry as fuck anyway, buy me dinner?” No way I want to be in a crowded bar for hours. I’ll send my teammate a gift later.

“Sure, punk. I’ll buy you dinner.”

We kiss, and I tell myself that this isn’t going to end anytime soon. Jonathan is mine and mine alone.

****DON'T MISS THE BONUS SCENE, CONTINUE
READING****

Bonus Chapter



Jonathan

Less Than A Month After Epilogue

I wake up to sun peaking through our blinds, and a warm body straddling my waist. Eyes cracking open, my lips tip up as I find my very awake, and very naked boyfriend.

“Good morning,” I rumble, voice laced with sleep.

“Happy Birthday,” he counters happily. “Do you want your first present?”

I snort, and give his crotch a glance. “Is it your dick? Because I have that every morning, and coffee normally precedes it.”

“It’s not my dick,” he says, holding up two fingers. “Scouts honor.”

“You weren’t a scout,” I counter, amused.

He huffs, but his smile never fades. “Do you want your sexy present or not?”

“Well, if it’s sexy, then I have to have it.”

“Good.” He nods before spinning around in my lap, reverse cowboy style. I’m amused and somewhat confused until he’s bending forward, giving me a flash of silver.

“You have a plug in,” I breathe, wondering if this is a dream.

“I do,” he purrs, rubbing a hand down my leg. “I wanted to be ready for you.”

“Ready for me?” I repeat.

“For you to fuck me,” he clarifies, looking over his shoulder and watching how my lips part ever so slightly. “Don’t look so surprised, coach. It’s your birthday, I can handle letting up a little bit of control for one day.”

My throat dips with a swallow. “I just thought you were a strict top,” I admit. “You’ve never brought it up, and I figured you just didn’t want to bottom.”

“I’m more than willing to take you up my ass once and awhile,” he tells me teasingly. “But I’m in charge while I do. You may be the one inside of me, but trust me, it’ll feel like *I’m* the one fucking you.”

“Yeah?” I rasp, cock fully hard in my briefs now. “How’s that?”

“Easy.” He shrugs, spinning back around to straddle my hips the traditional way. “I’m going to ride you. Screw your brains out, really. And then I’m going to make you strawberry pancakes, maybe suck some whipped cream off of your dick while you eat them. We’ll see how fast you can get it up after I rock your fucking world.”

“Christ you’ll never change, huh? Always going to be a cocky little punk.”

“*Your* cocky little punk,” he corrects. “So what do you say, baby? You wanna lay back and let me take a ride on this thing?” He punctuates the question by grinding down on my length.

“Fuck, you know I do, babe.”

He gives me a beautiful smirk, his white teeth flashing behind those plump lips. Not wasting any time, his hand dips between his legs. He moans, eyes fluttering beautifully on his cheeks as he yanks the metal toy from his ass. Keeping heavy

eye contact, he brings the bulb end of it to his lips. My cock throbs as he twirls his tongue around it. He leans forward, tracing my lips with it and then with his tongue.

Tossing the toy aside, Liam seals our lips together in the filthy kiss, hands already reaching for the only fabric separating us.

“You’re a dirty freak,” I groan. “You’ll lick anything, I swear.”

“Anything that makes you fucking leak for me,” he agrees. “You’re a dirty freak too, because you love it.”

“Damn right.” I can’t even lie.

Suddenly having lube at hand, he lathers my cock with it and applies more on himself. He sits up, making room for what he needs. The head of my dick meets his center, and he pauses. “Ready?”

Hardly able to form the word, I rasp, “Ready.”

He sinks down, sheathing himself with my entire cock in one go.

“Oh fuck!” I yell, hands fisting into the covers of our bed.

“*Yeah*,” he cheers. “All fucking in me. Every last inch stuffed into my asshole, and you didn’t have to move a muscle for it.”

Not even taking a breath to adjust, he lifts up and slams back down, ass slapping my thighs. He moans and begins to bounce like an expert in the act. His hips rock, roll, and circle. Liam works my dick like it’s his own personal toy to use however he likes. Watching his handsome face contort with pleasure as he rides me stirs the desire churning in my gut harder.

“Fuck, *punk*,” I groan. “That feels so good.”

“Does it?” His hands land on my chest, anchoring there so that he can change pace. He starts to twerk, swinging his ass up and down. “Does it feel like your birthday, baby? Does the gift your star player is giving you live up to your expectations, coach? Are you going to make sure I start in the next game

because I'm doing this for you, huh? You gonna reward me with the only power you have over me?"

My eyes roll, and my toes curl. He's done this before, this dirty talk about being my player, but it feels just as deviant every time that he does.

"Liam," I whimper. "I don't want it to end, I—"

"Come for me, coach," he demands, pounding the fuck out of his hole for me. "I'll give you my ass again today, I will. It's your day, but right now, it's my command. Fill my ass with your cum, baby. Splatter my fucking organs with it."

Lost in his words and by the unbelievable way that he takes my cock over and over, my balls tingle and pull in. He clenches and I throb, both of us shooting our loads. His on my stomach, and mine straight into his tight channel.

"God," I whine. "You own me, baby. That was incredible."

He sighs happily, and leans down, giving me a passionate press of his lips. His dark locks brush my forehead as he carefully sits back up, lifting until we're disconnected.

"Breakfast time, coach. Get your ass showered, and meet me downstairs in ten."

I open my mouth to ask where he's going with my cum leaking out of him, but he's already shutting the bedroom door behind him and disappearing into the house. I chuckle, and get to the bathroom.

Freshly showered, I find a clean and dressed Liam plating up food in the kitchen. He gives me a big smile, and gestures to a barstool at the counter, telling me without words to have a seat. Orange juice is slid to me, followed by a full plate.

Pancakes smothered in strawberries served, Liam opens the drawer in front of him and pauses. Looking at me from across the counter, he grins. "Do you want your breakfast, or your second gift?"

"I have to choose?"

He nods, amused by this question. "What'll it be, babe?"

~*~

Liam

Jonathan sighs but smiles. “Okay, I’ll bite. What’s my second present?”

I pull my props from the drawer, and round the counter to his side. Handing him the two pieces of paper, I point to the first. “You sign this one, and I’ll sign mine.”

His eyebrows furrow. “This is a letter of resignation,” Jonathan states after quickly scanning it. “Why exactly am I quitting?”

“Because, I’ll sign this if you do,” I reiterate, touching the second piece of paper.

His eyes flick to it, and he begins to read. His whole body stills for a moment, and then his widened eyes are on my smiling face.

“Holy shit,” he exclaims. “Holy fucking shit, Liam! This is... you got a contract!?”

“One that I won’t sign unless you’re coming with me, babe. The contract doesn’t matter if you’ll be here and I’ll be there.”

“Jesus Christ, punk,” he says, shaking his head. “This is a Major League contract. *Millions* of dollars! A *career*! Are you out of your mind? Sign it right now!”

“I’ll sign mine if you sign yours,” I repeat. “I’m serious. I’m not stepping foot in Boston if you aren’t going there with me. I told you we were it, and I meant it.”

His eyes soften. “Liam—”

“Sign it,” I tell him. “Come with me.”

“You’re out of your mind,” he says, and my heart nearly sinks. Until his fingers brush mine, taking a pen. He signs, dates, and initials the bottom of the official notice of resignation. I’m kissing him, tossing the contract aside before he can demand I sign it. I need his lips first.

I guess this just goes to show, Liam Hawkins always gets what he wants.

Want to read Tommy's story?

Pre-Order here:

<https://a.co/d/eCZ6oSA>

M/M

Rich boy x Biker

Age gap

Filthy talking men

& More

Want to be notified when I publish? Sign up for my mailing list.

https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLScA-PBPBVX2KEwr-d0mndgizNfb2je251Za2Q1brSRtbQ2djA/viewform?usp=sf_link

End Note

Thanks for reading! If you review books anywhere, consider leaving one for this! Let me know what you think of Jonathan and Liam, I love hearing from my readers. I hope you all have a great rest of your month!

Sign up for my newsletter or follow my social media to stay updated on everything that I do. I'm taking a bit of a break from the *Condemned Creatures* series and working on a secret project, but I promise to give more information ASAP.

Author's Social Media

Instagram: @Kindakassiee

Tiktok: @Kassandramann

Facebook Group:

<https://m.facebook.com/groups/1258575008004341/?ref=sharehttps://m.facebook.com/groups/1258575008004341/?ref%3Dshare&exp=8ce3&mibextid=S66gyF>

Wattpad: @Kassandramannauthor

GoodReads: K.L. Mann

Acknowledgements:

To Sarah, Aspen, Maddie, Pam, and Jessa for being fully on board for these short little reads coming out of the blue. Your support means the most, always!

And to anyone who loved *Daddy Goes First*, you've allowed me to fall in love with writing quick and easy reads all over again.

Other Works

Quick Similar Read:

Daddy Goes First (MM, Wife's Father, Erotic Novella)

Tombstone University Minis:

Dare or Death (MMF, Ellie, Jace, and Mikael)

Merry or Mortem (FF, Jamie and Gretchen)

Bask or Burn (MMM, Sam, Hunt, and Paulo)

Moonlight Univeristy Series:

My Step Sister is A Vampire (MMMMFF, Paranormal Novella)

Condemned Creatures Series:

Lamb (MF, fated mates, witch x demon)

Angel (MMF, pregnancy, human x demons)

Challenge Night Series:

I'll Do Anything (MF, arranged/coerced marriage)

I'll Burn Anyone (MFM, Brother's Best Friends/"Forbidden" Love)

I'll Conquer Anyplace (Duet part 1, MMF, Rival Families, Friends to Lovers)

I'll Withstand Any Storm (Duet part 2, MMF, Rival Families, Friends to Lovers)

Stand-Alone(s)

Burn Baby Burnt (MF, Second Chance, Age-Gap, Mom's
Ex, longer novella)

All I Want For Christmas is A Glitter Orc (MF, monster
novella)