



stubborn
PERFECT BOYS 3
boys

BESTSELLING AUTHOR
K.M.NEUHOLD

Stubborn Boys
A Perfect Boys Novel
K.M. Neuhold

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Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Blurb](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[More by K.M. Neuhold](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Stalk Me](#)

Blurb

Alden has always liked a challenge, and what could be more difficult than not one, but *two* stubborn boys?

Five years ago, the military returned me home one leg short, with scars covering half my body. I learned to live with it, I built a new life for myself, and I found a way to love the new body I was given...there's just one thing I can't accept.

I have no right to want someone as vibrant and beautiful as Nolan, not when a very vital part of my anatomy doesn't always work anymore. What use would a man like me be to him?

Alden can't seem to stop meddling between the two of us, and I hate to admit it, but there's something about him that manages to fix what's broken in me.

Has anyone else ever developed a Daddy kink after getting blown to smithereens, or is it just me?

More importantly, are the three of us going to be able to find a way to fit together?

***Stubborn Boys is the third book in the Perfect Boys series. It can be read as a stand-alone but will be more fun as part of the series.

Chapter 1

ALDEN

It's entirely too early to pour myself a drink.

I know that, but it doesn't stop me from staring at the bottle of twenty-year-old imported scotch on my desk for far too long. Loneliness is a funny thing. Not funny ha-ha, of course. It has a way of making the days blend together, dragging into one endless slog of emptiness and too much booze.

I never used to want for companionship. I was perfectly fine on my own or with whatever boy, or boys, happened to catch my attention for the evening. I certainly have no shortage of hobbies and interests to keep my attention, and I don't mind keeping my own company.

I was vaguely aware of a shift in my wants and needs several years ago. It started with an unease around the type of boys I typically enjoyed. I still found a thrill in earning submission from the most stubborn of boys, but I began to notice I felt empty after a scene. Whether at the club or in my home, once I sent them on their way, red-assed and sated, a hollowness would enter my chest and undo the calm I'd worked all night to achieve.

I found myself going to the club less and less, no longer seeking out boys to parade around at the many fundraisers and parties I attend, and throwing myself into my hobbies with greater enthusiasm, frantically at times.

Now that both of my business partners-slash-best friends have permanent boys of their own, it's difficult to deny any longer what's really bothering me. I want that for myself too. The problem is, the man I have my eye on...? Well, I'm not so sure we're compatible.

I tear my attention away from the bottle at the sound of footsteps outside my office door. My heart beats just a little bit faster, even as I roll my eyes at my reaction. I'm a successful businessman, a confident Daddy Dom, I've traveled the world,

and my list of experiences is nearly unending...and yet, here I am all aflutter at the mere sound of his unmistakable gait.

A soft knock at my office door has me sitting up straighter, squaring my shoulders and reflexively fixing my tie, even though I have no doubt it's impeccable and the state of my tie will have no impact whatsoever on Gannon's opinion of me...which, for the record, seems to be fairly low.

"Come in," I call, the calmness in my voice belying the way my stomach dances as the door swings open and Gannon fills my doorway. His broad shoulders seem to be testing the limits of the dress shirt he's wearing, the crisp white sleeves rolled up to expose the black-and-gray sleeve tattoo that decorates his forearm, weaving around the scars raised on his skin.

"It's just while we're in the office, don't worry. I'll roll them down so potential clients don't see my tattoos," he says defensively, clearly misinterpreting the meaning of my lingering gaze, which is probably for the best anyway.

"Mm," I hum thoughtfully. "You don't happen to have the reports from our meeting yesterday, do you?" I ask, taking the coffee he sets on my desk and sipping it.

"I do. Hold on." He exits my office and returns a moment later with a folder clutched in his hand. He sets that on my desk as well, lingering there while I flip it open to peruse the reports. It shouldn't be half as intoxicating as it is to have him standing there, waiting for my next command. As it turns out, I'm not bored with beautiful boys or the lifestyle in general. I'm just tired of all the wrong ones.

My cock twitches as a fantasy creates itself without my permission, a daydream of commanding Gannon beneath my massive desk to hold my hardening cock in his mouth while I answer my morning emails. I swallow and banish the inappropriate thought.

Even if I wasn't his boss, he's never given me any indication that he's the slightest bit interested in the Daddy-kink lifestyle.

He clears his throat, and I look up from the paperwork that I've been blindly staring at for god knows how long. I give him a tight smile.

"Thank you for these."

"No problem. Anything else?"

"Not at the moment." He turns to leave, but the prospect of being alone again sends a spike of panic through me. "Wait."

Gannon pauses in the doorway, bracing himself briefly against the frame before turning around to face me again. His face is artfully blank, the full pout of his lips more tempting than it has any right to be, and I'm starting to feel like a lecher, continually ogling a man who's never expressed the slightest hint of interest in me. Of course that may be why I'm so fascinated with him. I *have* always loved a good challenge.

"Will you be at the fundraiser this weekend?" I ask because now that he's staring expectantly at me, I have to say *something*.

"I always am. Do you need me to pick up your suit from dry cleaning?" he asks.

"No, that won't be necessary."

He nods, lingering a moment longer, his deep-brown eyes boring into me like he's trying to work out the right way to ask whatever's on his mind, or maybe he's simply wondering why I called him back to ask something so trivial.

"Before Barrett met Sterling, he used to have me call over to the club sometimes to set up dates for him when he didn't have time to find his own for parties or fundraisers." He lets the implication hang between us. He'd be willing to vet boys for me if I'm looking for a date for the event.

Given that my cock is still half-hard from the flicker of a fantasy I didn't dare let myself explore and I can't even remember the last time I played with anyone, I *should* take him up on it. Just because none of the boys I've met in the past few years have managed to interest me doesn't mean that *someone* won't...if I keep trying, of course.

“No, thank you,” I answer, and he nods again.

“Anything else?” he checks a second time, and I give a sharp shake of my head.

Nothing he can help me with anyway.

GANNON

When I woke up five years ago, one leg short and full of shrapnel, my first thought was, *fuck, there goes my career*. My second thought was, *thank fuck, I was in the vehicle alone*. If you have to get blown up by a roadside bomb, it’s much better not to have guilt over any of your men dying on top of it.

I’d been in the Army for nearly a decade at that point and had fully intended to make a career out of it. The last thing I expected was to one day find myself bringing coffee to a bunch of billionaires wearing suits that cost more than the house I grew up in. But hey, life throws you curveballs.

To be clear, the house I grew up in wasn’t especially shitty, these are just stupidly expensive suits.

At least they use their money for good, investing in startups and research that benefit the common good. Even if I do have to attend a hell of a lot of parties. It seems like the only thing rich people want to do is throw parties.

A flash of my best friend, Nolan, glaring at me enters my mind and makes my lips twitch. I can practically hear him, hands on his hips, an irritated little huff of breath puffing between his red-painted lips.

“And what’s wrong with parties?”

My heart gives an affectionate flutter before I shake off the image. I can’t go there.

I force my focus to my computer screen, where I’m currently checking over a funding request from a client before I send it along to Barrett. Focusing on work is a much better use of my time.

Of course nothing is ever that easy.

Beside me on my desk, my phone vibrates. A smile jumps to my lips before I quickly school my features as if Nolan can somehow see me through the phone. I know it's a text from him before I even look. No one else texts me. My brother always calls, and if Barrett or Alden need anything, they simply shout across the office at me.

NOLAN: Dinner at my place tonight? I have chicken that's about to go bad if I don't cook it.

GANNON: I can't imagine how you could possibly make that sound more tempting.

NOLAN: It's a skill. Feel free to envy me.

I chuckle and send a thumbs-up emoji to let him know I'll be there. It sure beats the hell out of going home and microwaving something. And even if I can't let myself feel those stupidly fluttery feelings for Nolan, his friendship is by far the best thing in my life right now. And I don't mean that in a *woe is me, my life sucks* kind of way. Nolan's friendship is just that damn awesome.

With the promise of dinner at his place tonight, my day brightens immediately. I whistle as I work my way through my unending to-do list until my alarm sounds at six p.m. to let me know it's time to wrap shit up for the day.

I head down the hallway to Barrett's office, knocking on the open door and then leaning against the frame to wait for him to pull his attention off whatever he's working on. When he looks up, he gives me one of his easy smiles. The first time we met, I remember thinking that I couldn't believe someone as wealthy and powerful as he is could have such a boyish smile. It set me at ease instantly, which was a good thing seeing as how I was just about sweating through my suit, convincing myself that the job interview was a waste of both our time. It's not like I had a damn bit of experience as a corporate assistant.

I told him as much, and he laughed and said that he didn't have any experience *hiring* an assistant, so we'd just have to figure it out together. I'm glad he found someone he

loves as much as he loves Sterling. A good guy like Barrett deserves it.

“I’m taking off unless you need anything.”

“I’m good,” he says and then grimaces as if he just remembers something. “I was supposed to invite you over for dinner tonight. Sterling has it in his head that you’re some lost, wounded puppy or something.”

I snort and hitch my messenger bag higher on my shoulder. “Ah, yes, the three-legged dog image is a powerful one,” I concede. “But have no fear because I already have dinner plans. Nolan is going to throw me a bone.”

Barrett raises an eyebrow at me, and I realize how that sounded.

“Not like a *bone*. Ah, fuck, you know what, I’m not going to try any more cutesy, metaphorical banter. I’m hanging out with Nolan and he’s going to cook dinner. No bones. Probably just some boring HGTV marathon that I’ll hate, but I’ll sit through anyway because Nolan does the funniest commentary.”

“Sounds like a good night. I’ll tell Sterling, but I’m sure he’ll insist I lure you over there another night, so be prepared,” he warns.

I give a lazy salute and take a step back out of his office entryway. “Have a good night.”

“You too,” he calls after me as I head down the already darkening hallway.

NOLAN

My front door buzzer sounds just as I’m tugging a shirt over my head, my hair still damp from the shower I took when I got home from work. I had a client today who’s insisting on live birds at her engagement party. I had no idea how much Macaws shit. I’m going to have to come up with a solution because I’m sure she didn’t take the bird shit into account either. Of course, I’m the event planner, so it’s my job to worry about all things shit and otherwise while she enjoys the best day of her life.

I jog to the front door, tripping over my shoes that I left in the middle of the doorway when I stepped inside earlier. I'm breathless as I hit the button to unlock the main entrance, and not because of the short sprint from my bedroom to the door, but because of my ridiculous, likely unrequited crush on the man who's on his way up the stairs.

I take a deep breath and tug on the front of my shirt in a vain attempt to iron out any wrinkles. There's a stark contrast between the designer suits I wear to work all day and the relaxed clothes I put on as soon as I'm in my apartment, and it's hard to say which is the real me. Maybe both? Like two sides of a coin.

I tug the door open before Gannon even reaches it because I clearly have no chill whatsoever.

I catch a slight wince tightening the corners of Gannon's eyes as he steps inside my apartment. I wonder if he's been using that lotion I got him that's supposed to help prevent sores caused by the prosthetic. He pulls me in for a hug, and there's not a damn thing I can do to keep myself from melting against his strong frame for half a second before I clear my throat and straighten up.

"Sorry, I was running late getting home, so I haven't even started dinner yet."

"I'm not in any rush." He shrugs and follows me into the kitchen, sliding onto one of the stools in front of the counter.

While I get busy pulling all the ingredients out of the fridge for creamy garlic chicken, I tell Gannon about the harrowing bird drama I had to deal with today. He laughs along with the story, grabbing a cutting board and chopping up some broccoli while we share our days with each other.

My heart gives a little twinge at the domesticity of the moment. Maybe I should just tell him how I feel. There's a chance he feels the same, isn't there? My hands tremble as I pour the sauce over the chicken while sneaking a covert glance in Gannon's direction, letting a fantasy run through my mind where he looks up at this exact moment, and when our eyes

lock, we both *know* we've been keeping the same secret from each other.

He stops chopping and looks up, and my heart wedges itself in my throat. A relaxed smile tugs at his lips and he pushes the broccoli toward me. I keep staring just a little too long, and he gives me a weird look.

“What? Is there something on my face?” He reaches up and wipes at his cheek, and I completely chicken out, giving a quick shake of my head and then focusing my attention on mixing the broccoli in with the chicken and sauce.

“Sorry, just spacing out,” I lie.

“I don't know how you do it all,” he says, returning to our earlier topic of conversation with ease as I slide the casserole dish into the oven to cook.

“It's fun,” I say. “Plus, who else is going to keep such a fabulous roof over my head?” I gesture around my kitchen sarcastically.

“Still. When do you sleep? I swear, you always have at least half a dozen events you're working on, every single client needier than the last.” Gannon stands up while I set an oven timer, and then we head into the living room together.

A weariness weighs heavily on my body at the reminder of how much I'm juggling, *have* been juggling for years now. I told myself that once my business was up and running, I'd be able to delegate more, ease off some of the hustle. Spoiler alert, that's totally not what running a successful business is like.

“Sleep is for the weak,” I joke, a yawn forcing its way out of my mouth, completely giving me away.

Gannon chuckles and sits down on the couch, stretching one arm over the back in invitation. I take him up on it, sitting down close and resting my head on his shoulder with another yawn.

“You can pick something to watch,” I offer, edging the remote in his direction with my foot. He leans forward, dislodging me from the comfortable spot against his shoulder,

and grabs it off the coffee table. When he sits back, he returns his arm to its place on the back of the sofa, but I try to keep a little more distance this time. I'm sure he doesn't want me hanging all over him. Or maybe he does? Of course, there's an easy way to find out the answer. I can simply *ask* him. But I'm still too chickenshit to do it.

He flips through the *for you* suggestions for a few minutes before settling on some home remodeling show I know for a fact he's not all that interested in. Ah, fuck it, I lean in again. He looks over and grins, dropping his arm so it's fully wrapped around me.

I'm going to work up the nerve to tell him how I feel. I really am...soon.

Chapter 2

GANNON

I glare at my uselessly limp cock as if enough frustration is the key to popping a boner. If that were the case, I wouldn't have a problem because I'm plenty frustrated. Remember those curveballs I mentioned? It turns out the universe wasn't finished laughing her ass off at me after taking my leg and my career. The bitch wanted my dignity too and decided to add erectile dysfunction to the list.

I sigh and tighten my grasp on my flaccid cock, tugging hard enough that it starts to hurt. But there still isn't the slightest hint of arousal. I close my eyes and let myself do the one thing I spend most of my time avoiding: conjure the image of Nolan. He swims behind my eyelids, not dressed in one of his designer suits trying his damndest to convince all the rich snobs he belongs, but in the ratty, vastly oversized ASU T-shirt he usually wears on Sunday mornings, along with a pair of black yoga pants that hug the curves of his calves and thighs. He's stretched out on the couch next to me, his feet in my lap, a relaxed, almost sleepy expression on his face as he smiles sweetly at me, his eyelashes fluttering in an enticingly coy way. He knows exactly what he does to me, and he loves it. There's a bulge in the front of his pants, the material so tight against it I can see every vein and ridge as he flashes me a wicked grin and then slips his hand inside.

A hot feeling of longing fills the pit of my stomach and prickles along my skin...but my cock remains soft.

"Fuck," I mutter, releasing my vice grip on my dick and shifting my weight to swing a punch into my nearest pillow, a feral growl of aggravation rumbling from my chest as I pummel it.

There was a second in the kitchen last night that I thought I saw a flicker of interest in his eyes. As if he was imagining the things I try not to think too much about. I scoff bitterly at myself as I throw my blankets back and get out of bed. The clock on my nightstand lets me know that thanks to

my attempt at a jerk-off session, I'm running fifteen minutes late. I'll have to shower fast and skip shaving if I want to get to the office on time.

My mind stays stuck on Nolan as I reach for the crutch near my bed and use it to leverage myself to my feet...well, *foot*, and then make my way to the bathroom.

Why did I even let myself go there with the Nolan fantasy this morning? All it did was make my chest feel tight with disappointment. It's never going to happen, so why bother dreaming about it? What the fuck use would I be to Nolan when I can't even get my dick to work? I'm sure every guy in the world is dreaming of falling in love with a one-legged, limp-dicked corporate assistant. Just you wait, that's going to be the next *Bachelor*, mark my words.

I turn on the shower and then maneuver myself onto the bench inside, reaching for the bar of soap to start washing before the water even gets warm. Being in the military, you learn to deal with little inconveniences like cold water. By the time the water actually starts to heat, I'm rinsing off and reaching for a towel.

I'm dressed with my prosthetic and shoes on in under ten minutes. Who needs two legs when I'm setting land-speed records with one?

Unfortunately, this morning seems determined to fuck with me. I have a standing order at the café right around the corner from the office. It's billed to my company card, so every morning, all I have to do is dip in and grab the coffees that have been freshly made and set aside without having to wait in the endless line of morning zombies and jackasses who can't decide which pastry they want to eat. They're all the same sugar and carbs, pick one and move on. But apparently, there's a new barista, and she isn't aware of our arrangement.

As if waiting in line and staying calm while she fumbles through ringing me up and then giving me the wrong drinks isn't enough...to top it all off, she spills one of the coffees down the front of my shirt. Unable to masturbate, a

cold shower, and now a sopping wet, coffee-stained shirt. Yup, banner fucking morning.

“It’s fine,” I mumble gruffly, grabbing a wad of napkins and trying not to hiss at the burn of the hot coffee against my skin.

She makes me a fresh cup and carefully puts it into the drink tray this time. I grunt a thanks and then stuff a five into the tip jar. Poor girl seems to be having a hard enough morning as it is. Besides, it’s good karma, right? I sure as hell can use it.

When I finally make it up to our floor, I head straight for my office instead of delivering the coffees right away. I need to do something about my shirt, or I’m sure Alden will do that thing where he just *stares* until I apologize. I rarely know what I’m apologizing for, just that I have the inescapable urge to say *something* to make that squirming feeling inside me stop.

I’ve faced down people who were literally trying to kill me, and yet, some spoiled rich guy looking at me too long makes me antsy. Figure that one out.

After I set the coffees down on my desk, I head straight for the bathroom, unbuttoning and shrugging off my shirt once I’m inside. I turn the water on and stick the coffee-soaked part of my shirt under the faucet, grumbling a bit as I do my best to wash it out.

The frustration I felt in bed this morning is back with a vengeance, tightening my shoulders and making my throat sting as I swallow around it. I want to take a swing at the nearest wall. I want to throw something. I want to be able to fucking jerk off like a normal goddamn human being.

“Where’s Gannon? Is he late? I need my coffee,” I hear Alden complaining from the other side of the door. Who he’s talking to is anybody’s guess, but the death grip I have on the tether of my anger snaps. I reach over and wrench the door open, my sopping wet shirt clutched in one hand, water dripping onto the bathroom floor, my upper half bare, all my tattoos and scars on full display.

Alden blinks in surprise before composing himself.

“Oh, there you are,” he says calmly, his eyes dropping to my chest and then wandering downward before returning to my face.

“Can I help you with something?” I snap.

ALDEN

If I considered his rolled-up sleeves to be a distraction in the past, that has absolutely *nothing* on the man standing fully shirtless, his whole body tense with a rage he’s barely managing to hold back.

My cock swells as I greedily catalog every rough scar and stroke of ink that gives the planes of his body a beautiful texture. Can he help me with something? I’m sure I could think of a thing or two.

“Why exactly are you half-naked in the office?” I manage to ask once I drag my attention back to his beautifully angry face.

“Because I’m having a hell of a fucking morning. If you want your coffee, it’s in my office.”

Barrett and Kiernan are welcome to their sweet, demure boys. There’s nothing that gets my blood pumping quite like the passionate fury shining in Gannon’s eyes right now. I shouldn’t needle him. I know that. He’s not mine to work into a rage-filled frenzy before kissing him senseless and commanding him to fuck me until all his anger is abated.

“You do realize I’m trying to run a multi-billion dollar business, correct?” I ask coolly because, apparently, even when I know I shouldn’t, I just can’t help myself.

Gannon’s scowl deepens, his grip on his shirt tightening and a growl rumbling out of his throat. *Fuck*. My cock throbs.

He glares at me for several beats, and I start to wonder if he’s considering violence. “Un-fucking-believable,” he mutters after several seconds, shoving past me and heading straight for his office...still shirtless.

He returns moments later with my coffee in his outstretched hand, his wet shirt on but hanging open. It's apparent by the brown stains what he was doing shirtless in the first place.

He catches my gaze and makes another deep sound of irritation in the back of his throat. "I'm fucking working on it. Here's your coffee, your highness. Now, kindly fuck off."

Another spike of heat goes through me, alongside the distinct realization that I crossed the line. Apologies jump to my lips, but before I have a chance to utter any of them, the bathroom door is slammed once again in my face and I'm left standing in the hallway, holding my cup of coffee and feeling like a complete jackass.

"Fuck."

I listen to the sound of running water and Gannon's quiet, frustrated grumbles that rattle through the door. Looking down at my still-hard cock, I send it a stern look. "This is all your fault."

My erection is entirely unrepentant. In that case, I suppose the penance is left entirely up to me. I took what was clearly a shitty morning for Gannon and made it worse. Even more regrettable, I came across as an utter prick.

I walk back to my office, considering the best way to make amends, when a most obvious thought occurs to me. I grab my car keys off my desk and head straight for the elevator.

Traffic is sparse, so it only takes a few minutes to get to my favorite clothing shop. I park my Bentley and head inside. The sales boy, and I do mean *boy*, perks up eagerly when he spots me. Whether because he knows a fat commission check when he sees one or because he's hoping to entice me into asking for another date, it's hard to tell. Perhaps a bit of both. After all, why settle for one good commission when you could spend every night in bed with a wealthy Daddy who will give you access to your very own no-limit credit card?

“Alden, I wasn’t expecting you today.” Ryan approaches me and stands entirely too close, tilting his head up and batting his eyelashes at me. “Is there anything I can show you? We have some lovely new ties.”

His voice drips with suggestion, but unlike my inappropriately combative interaction with Gannon, my cock is completely uninterested. He’s a nice enough boy, and I certainly *tried* to give him a chance—on Barrett and Kiernan’s insistence if I’m honest—but he’s simply not my type.

“I need a shirt,” I answer simply, keeping my tone polite but distant.

“No problem. I have your measurement on file, so give me just one second.”

“It’s not for me.” It occurs to me, somewhat belatedly, that I don’t know Gannon’s measurements.

“Oh?” A flicker of jealousy crosses Ryan’s expression. “A gift for a friend then?”

“Something like that. He’s larger than me, *very* broad shoulders.” I gesture, trying to estimate his size in my mind. “Muscular,” I add, my mouth going a bit dry at the memory of the man shirtless. Manhandling that powerful body...

Dammit, it’s those thoughts that got me here in the first place. Focus.

I clear my throat. “Let’s try a seventeen, crisp white, please.”

“Coming right up.”

When I return to the office, Kiernan and Barrett are in the conference room, going over a stack of paperwork. I’m sure it’s a meeting I’m meant to be included in, but first...

Gannon is no longer in the bathroom, but his office door is closed. Rather than allow myself to antagonize him any further, I hang the shirt over the door handle and give a quick knock before hurrying away.

God knows he’s likely to interpret the gift as an insult, but I’m hoping he’ll take it as the peace offering I intend it to

be. I can accept that he's not meant to be mine, but I hate that he thinks ill of me. Sure, I'm not as charming or affable as my friends, but I'm certainly not the asshole he seems to think I am...

Most of the time, anyway.

NOLAN

"Cherry, right?" Sterling checks, pulling a jar of cherries out of the large, well-organized refrigerator.

"Yes, please," I answer, hopping up onto the counter and letting my legs swing freely. It feels all sorts of wrong putting my butt on such expensive marble countertops, but I'm positive Sterling and Barrett have done worse on them.

He garnishes our drinks and then hands me one. He leans against the opposite counter and holds his glass up. "To cherries that cost more than a whole meal used to," he says, giggling as I bump my glass against his with a *hear, hear*.

I take a sip of the drink and hum happily when the sweet flavor hits my tongue.

"Do you ever think about how wild it is that you went from hardly being able to afford a meal to living in a mansion with an obscenely wealthy Daddy attending to your every whim?"

Sterling snorts into his drink, groping for a napkin before lowering the glass and wiping his face. "He spoils me, but he don't attend to my *every* whim."

I chuckle, swinging my feet and taking another drink. "You know what I mean."

"Sometimes it all feels like a dream," he confesses, dropping his voice to a near whisper as if he's afraid for anyone to hear him, even though it's only the two of us here.

Sterling was working at a bar in a little Podunk Texas town when he met Barrett, who sort of swept him off his feet. It was all very *Cinderella*. His humble roots and endearing accent make him all the more relatable. Not that I'm going to

tell him about the time I spent living in a car or let my Southern accent slip.

He reaches up and touches the large, dark birthmark that covers one side of his face, almost like he's checking if it's still there. If he's still the person he always was before his life turned upside down in all the best ways. I get it. I really do. It's a strange feeling, wanting desperately to shed your past while being terrified of forgetting it all at once.

"I'm thinking about finally going for it this weekend," I blurt, changing the subject before I end up cracking and telling Sterling all about my pathetically cliché backstory.

"Going for it?" He cocks his head to the side with curiosity.

"With Gannon." I've never come right out and admitted to Sterling, or our other friend, Emerson, that I'm crushing hard on the stoic, gorgeous ex-soldier turned corporate assistant, but I'm sure it's been obvious to anyone with eyes.

His smile widens. "Finally. You think he likes you back?" He scrunches his nose at the end of his question. "Dang, that sounded really high school. Not that I was doin' a lot of gossiping back in high school, and I *definitely* wasn't talking about cute boys."

"Yeah, being openly gay where I grew up wasn't a good idea either." I set down my half-finished drink beside me on the counter. "As far as Gan goes, I have no earthly idea if he's interested. Sometimes it feels like he might be, but then I think if he *is* interested in me, why hasn't *he* made a move?"

"Maybe the same reason you haven't," Sterling says.

A little bit of hope blooms in the pit of my stomach. "Maybe," I agree, trying not to let myself get *too* carried away with fantasies of how he might react when I make my move.

But that possibility is enough to solidify my determination to do it already.

After all, what's the worst that can happen?

Chapter 3

NOLAN

I always feel just a little bit like an undercover agent at these fundraiser parties, dressed in my designer suit, making small talk with the wealthy guests like I belong, at least a little bit. I wonder what they would think if they knew I spent most of my childhood living in a car while my mom tried desperately to keep a roof over our heads.

Panic claws at my throat at the very idea that anyone in this room could ever know where I come from. A strangled laugh slips past my lips as I realize how ridiculous I'm being. They already know I'm not one of them. I'm the party planner, for fuck's sake. I'm one step above the help as far as they're concerned. Still, it's nice to pretend every once in a while that I belong, that I'm sophisticated and well-bred, that I know all the right people and was born knowing which utensil to use for which course. *Where do I summer? Martha's Vineyard, of course. We should get together this year, darling.*

As if summoned by my erratic, half-panicked thoughts, a glass of champagne appears directly in front of my face, bubbles clinging to the inside edges of the flute, its sweet aroma tickling my nose. I smile at the hand attached to it. Even without the tell-tale raised scars peeking out from just below the cuffed sleeves, it wouldn't even take me two guesses at who just happened to sense my desperate need for a drink. I drag my eyes up the arm, turning my head to find Gannon standing right behind me, his lips twisted in a subtle smile that shows more in his eyes than it does on his mouth.

My stomach flutters and my cheeks heat. The lights are dim enough that I hope he doesn't notice the way his closeness makes me blush like a silly schoolboy with his first crush. Although, if he hasn't noticed it by now, maybe I should make my move already.

"Thank you. I needed this." I take the glass from between his fingers and bring it to my lips. The bubbles dance

over my tongue as I swallow a sip, my sticky lip gloss leaving a smudge on the edge of the glass when I lower it.

“I thought you might,” he says knowingly, putting a hand casually against my lower back. Is it casual? Maybe we’re both playing the coy game all too well, or maybe that’s just wishful thinking on my part. I sneak a furtive glance at the side of his face, even though I’ve spent enough time secretly staring at him that I could draw a picture of him with my eyes closed. There’s a hint of stubble on the hard edge of his jaw, scars that match the ones on his arms are just barely visible over the collar of his shirt. Even though he doesn’t smile much, there are laugh lines etched in the corners of his eyes. I wonder if he used to smile more. I wonder a lot of things about Gannon that I’m too afraid to ask. “Things seem to be going well.”

“Hmm?” I drag my attention back to the room around us and the party going on. “Oh, yes. We’re already well on our way to doubling the fundraising goal Barrett set.”

“That’s great news.” He takes his hand off my back and slips it into his pocket, standing with his shoulders squared as he slowly peruses the room while lifting his glass to his lips.

“Do you want to dance?” I ask abruptly, startling myself as much as Gannon. It’s not like we *never* dance at these things, but the way he eyes me, it’s like he can feel the shift between us too.

“Nolan,” he says, a hint of caution in his deep, alluring voice.

“One dance?” I barter, a ridiculous desperate feeling creeping up inside me like this is my one chance, and if I don’t take it now, it’s never going to happen. Without waiting for his answer, I pluck the champagne flute out of his hand and set them both on the nearest table.

“One,” he agrees with a sigh, which I try not to take personally. I know he’s self-conscious about the way he moves on the dance floor, but fuck that. He has just as much right to dance as anyone else.

He follows me onto the dance floor, filled with people in outrageously expensive ball gowns and tailored suits, dancing to the string quartet I hired for the occasion. Rich people fucking *love* string quartets.

I turn toward Gannon and take one hand, looping my other around his neck. I'm not a tiny man by any means, but he's solid, all broad shoulders and strong muscles. Even at nearly the same height, he manages to make me feel petite, like he could lift and hold me against a wall if he wanted to.

Bad Nolan, I scold myself as mental images of the two of us naked, Gannon's muscles trembling from the strain of thrusting into me while holding me up flit through my mind and make my cock stir.

I clear my throat, focusing my eyes on Gannon's face as he sways somewhat clumsily against me, trying to keep his balance with his prosthetic leg. "We've been friends for a while now," I say, trying not to cringe at the unnecessary formality in my tone.

He grins. "Yes, I believe we have." He matches my affect with an air of teasing.

"Have you ever...what I mean is, do you think...?" I lick my lips, the flavor of champagne and strawberry lip gloss filling my mouth. "Fuck, I should have made myself notecards to follow." I huff out a nervous laugh, and Gannon tightens his hand against my back.

"Spit it out, No."

Okay, fuck it. If words don't cooperate, there are always actions. I shut my eyes and lean in, my heart thrashing wildly as I close the distance between us. But instead of finding his lips like I expect, I stumble forward, my eyes flying open to find Gannon taking a hurried step backward to dodge the kiss.

A few people in our immediate vicinity stop dancing to watch the humiliating train wreck that is my life at this moment.

“Sorry,” Gannon mutters, letting go of my hand and hurrying off the dance floor as fast as he can manage with his stilted gait.

“Fuck.”

ALDEN

To say that was painful to watch would be an understatement. As Gannon flees from the ballroom, his head bobbing with each step until he disappears from sight, my first instinct is to go after him.

I take a deep gulp from my scotch glass, the smooth, expensive alcohol sliding warmly down my throat as I force myself to remain seated and consider what’s truly best. Not as a man who has been hopelessly admiring him for months, but as one who wants what’s best for him.

When Nolan closed his eyes and puckered his pretty, shiny lips a few moments ago, I must admit I experienced a momentary spark of jealousy. I’ve watched the two of them miss each other’s longing glances for months like a spectator of a bad play, waiting for the moment when they would drop the pretense and admit to each other that there’s more than friendship in their lingering touches and quiet smiles. Some days I find myself rooting for the two of them. Other days...

Well, other days I indulge in silly fantasies that will likely never come true.

I swig back the remainder of my drink and get to my feet, my mind made up to go after Gannon while promising myself that I won’t take advantage. I’m holding on to a hope that one day he’ll come to me willingly, and until then, I’m not going to put a hand on him. No matter how desperately I might want to.

I take a moment to fix the buttons on my suit coat, smoothing out the silky material and running my fingers through my hair to ensure I’m fully put together. Just because it’s the wrong time to make my move doesn’t mean I can’t look presentable in front of him.

Before I have the chance to give chase, I'm nearly bowled over by a blur in a purple Armani suit.

"Sorry," Nolan snuffles, attempting to skirt around me. On instinct, I dart my hand out to grab his arm.

"Take a seat." I nudge him toward the empty chair I just vacated.

"I just want to get out of here."

"Okay." With a hand still on his arm, I steer him toward the opposite exit from where Gannon left. I half-expect him to try to pull out of my grip or argue that he's fine on his own, but he simply lets me lead him with the occasional snuffle. I helplessly pat my suit pockets as if I'm expecting to find a handkerchief. Last time I checked, I am not, in fact, an eighty-year-old man, and thus, I don't tend to carry monogrammed snot rags.

I spot an unused cloth napkin on one of the tables we pass, still folded skillfully into the shape of a swan. I snatch it and stuff it into my pocket, pushing open the door when we reach it to usher Nolan through.

It opens into the quiet alleyway behind the building, the space illuminated by a single streetlamp, which is probably for the best considering the view consists of a handful of dumpsters and the side of another brick building.

Nolan plops himself down on the first step, and I do the same, reaching into my pocket to offer him the napkin.

"Thank you." He takes it and blows his nose noisily. "I folded these, you know."

"No, I didn't know. I assumed you had staff who took care of such things."

He shrugs. "I'm a little bit of a perfectionist," he confesses, lowering his voice as if he's divulging his deepest secret. "I've never been very good at delegating because no one ever does anything the way I want it done."

A smile slowly creeps over my lips. "I can relate."

He laughs and blows his nose again, his shoulders slumping as he rests his elbows on his knees. “I’m a fucking idiot.”

“You’re not,” I assure him.

“You saw it, right?” he asks. “Fuck, I bet everyone inside saw it. At least these people are far too classy to have taken a video to upload onto TikTok or some shit.”

“Far too classy,” I agree. “More likely, it would be Twitter.”

“Hilarious,” he mutters, dabbing at his tear-stained cheeks. “Do you think there’s a way to recover our friendship, or have I blown it?”

“Don’t settle for friendship. He’s interested in you.” I’m not sure why I say that. Wouldn’t it be more in my interest to encourage Nolan to move on? To seek someone I don’t also have my eye set on? Then again, I’ve never had trouble sharing. I scoff at myself. As if Gannon is even mine to share.

I *do* want Gannon. But what kind of Daddy would I be if his happiness isn’t my top priority?

Nolan shakes his head. “He just—”

“I’ve seen the way he looks at you, Pet. Don’t count him out just yet.” I’m not sure where the endearment comes from, but Nolan doesn’t protest it.

“So, what should I do?”

“Hmm,” I hum thoughtfully. “Perhaps I can find a way to help, you know, orchestrate things a bit for you.”

“Why?” he asks. “I’m sure you have a lot more exciting things to worry about than mine and Gannon’s sex life, or whatever.”

Hardly.

“Why?” I repeat. “Because, sadly, I am utterly incapable of seeing a boy cry without stepping in to help.”

Nolan wrinkles his nose. “I’m not a *boy*.” He flourishes the napkin dismissively. “No offense, Sterling and Em seem

happy and all, but I don't need any of that shit. Well, maybe the spanking, but I'm taking care of myself just fine."

He straightens up seemingly unconsciously, squaring his shoulders and setting his jaw defiantly, stirring heat in the pit of my belly. Had I previously thought Nolan to be too meek and pliant to ever be my type?

"Of course. I didn't mean it that way," I assure him, watching with continued pleasure at the way he bristles like a feisty kitten. I itch to inform him that being *weak* or *incapable* isn't what defines a boy at all, but I fear that may fall on deaf ears at the moment. Maybe another time. "The point remains that I want to help."

"I'll think about it."

GANNON

I've never left an event early. Not even the one that took place in my first few weeks of employment when I had a low-key PTSD attack out of nowhere before I had my trauma shit handled.

But I fly out of this one like my ass is on fire, heading straight for my car, my heart in my throat as I fumble with my key fob, dropping it and nearly kicking it under the car, which would've made for a fantastic visual: me lying facedown on the asphalt in my suit, trying to fish my keys out from underneath it.

Luckily, it doesn't come to that. I manage to get the car open, practically diving inside and peeling out of the parking lot as if I've just robbed a bank. It's not until I'm halfway home that I let out a long, deep breath, my chest tightening and my throat burning as a sob forces its way out.

Nolan just tried to kiss me.

Fuck, I wanted to let him.

I grip the steering wheel tight until my knuckles ache. I've never been a person who curses life's circumstances. Shit happens, you know? But *fuck*. This is so fucking unfair. It was hard enough to push my feelings aside when I was living with

the assumption that they were one-sided. How am I supposed to do it now?

I didn't even stop to see his face. He must have been devastated. My stomach squirms, and I curse under my breath again. My apartment building comes into view, but I'm struck with indecision. Maybe I should go back and talk to him. But what would I say?

Sorry, Nolan, I'm into you, but my dick is broken.

I can only imagine the looks of confusion and pity that might cross his expression. Or worse, *understanding*. I don't want to accept that I might never have a normal sex life again, and someone like Nolan sure as hell shouldn't settle for that either.

I pull into the parking lot, straight into the handicapped spot near the front door, and get out of the car before I give myself the chance to change my mind. Nolan might be disappointed tonight, but he'll get over it. By tomorrow morning, he'll probably be wondering what he was thinking, wanting to kiss me in the first place. It's better this way.

The thought sends my heart racing with near panic, but I forcefully push the feeling away. Things with Nolan can't happen. I wish it was different—goddamn do I wish it was different—but it's not. I have the life and the challenges that I have, and that's all there is to it.

Nolan should find a man who can give him everything he deserves. I make my way inside and strip out of my suit on autopilot before falling into bed. Surprisingly, it's not the thought of him with someone else that stings. It's the niggling fear that tonight might have ruined our friendship, that I might lose him altogether.

I reach for my phone, my text thread with No popping up as soon as it's unlocked. He sent me photos of the venue and his suit just before I arrived, and prior to that, the thread is full of memes and random thoughts we tend to send each other throughout the day.

My heart aches as I scroll through it, and eventually, I type out a short message and hit send before I can talk myself out of it.

GANNON: I'm sorry.

I turn my phone off after that, putting it on my nightstand and sinking into my bed, wishing a little bit that it would swallow me whole.

I wish I could say sleep comes easily, but of course, it doesn't. I lie awake for hours, long after my body and mind are both exhausted.

One question chases itself inside my head, round and round with no answers to be found: what am I supposed to do now?

Chapter 4

ALDEN

I drum my fingers on my desk, waiting to hear the tell-tale sound of Gannon's footsteps outside of my office. Maybe I shouldn't meddle between the two of them, but it's obvious Nolan's feelings aren't one-sided. I don't know what's holding Gannon back, but if all he needs is a little nudge to be happy, how can I deny him help?

He taps at my door and waits. I straighten my tie and smooth my shirt, sitting up straight in my chair before calling out for him to come in.

"Coffee," he grunts, stepping inside and making his way over to my desk to set the cup down.

He turns to leave, but I clear my throat. "About last night." I push an edge of authority into my tone, and he slows to a halt.

"What about last night?" he asks without turning around.

"Nolan was very hurt by your rejection. I spent over an hour comforting him after you left."

Gannon whirls around so quickly he nearly loses his balance, bracing himself against my desk to regain it. A kaleidoscope of emotion passes across his face: anger, regret, pain, jealousy. He squints at me, studying me as if he's going to be able to read on my face what exactly I mean by *comfort*. His reaction confirms what I already knew. Whatever his reason for stepping away from the kiss, it isn't a lack of interest.

"It's none of your business," he says gruffly, still gripping the edge of my desk, his jaw ticking as he works to get his emotions under control. Beautiful.

"Hmm," I hum thoughtfully. "Perhaps not, but I'm choosing to make it my business."

He scoffs, and I lean forward, folding my hands on my desk and meeting his eyes: dark, stormy, and utter perfection.

“I know you’re used to getting your way, but this has nothing to do with you.”

I ignore his protest. I *am* used to getting my way, and this won’t be any exception. “You’re going to go to Nolan’s tonight, and you’re going to apologize.” Even without meaning to, I’m fully in Daddy mode now, my voice low and deep, *commanding*.

Gannon swallows. “I already apologized. He left the text on read.”

“A text is not an apology. Tonight, you’re going to go to his place and you’re going to apologize in person,” I repeat, even more firmly this time, my tone leaving no room for argument.

To my satisfaction, Gannon gives a sharp nod. His acquiescence is better than a hot, wet mouth around my cock. It strokes something much deeper inside me, something primal and deeply rooted in the core of my being.

“Okay,” he says, managing to make the single word sound rough and strained as he straightens up.

“Good boy,” I purr out of habit.

His breath hitches, and he takes a stumbled step back.

“I have work to do,” he mumbles, ducking his head as he whirls around and hurries quickly out of my office while I sit stunned, my cock hard as steel.

It appears I was wrong about some things.

GANNON

I lean against my closed office door, my chest heaving as I try to catch my breath.

What the fuck just happened?

I look down in shock at my undeniably hard cock. I can’t remember the last time I got a spontaneous erection other than when I was asleep, and even then, they’re rare.

Good boy. Alden's words echo in my ears, making my cock throb heavily.

"Fuck," I mutter, hurriedly undoing my belt and opening my pants.

I don't take the time to think about how inappropriate this is at work or analyze exactly what the hell is wrong with me. I just wrap my hand around my aching erection and gasp quietly.

My knees tremble, and I lean more of my weight against the door, every inch of my skin heating as my cock seems to grow thicker and harder every time the words play over again inside my mind. The deep, rich timbre of Alden's voice, weightier than when he's in business mode, firmer than his regular speaking voice. It's pure authority and *sex*.

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip to keep myself from moaning out loud as I stroke myself furiously, my balls tightening with every pass of my hand, precum slicking my palm.

I conjure more words in that same tone inside my mind. Alden urging me to fuck my hand, murmuring that I'm a good boy when I snap my hips forward and swallow another moan down before it can pass my lips. I imagine Alden perched on my desk a few feet away, watching me with heated curiosity as he commands me to keep going, faster, more, *more*.

I exhale a noisy breath through my nose, biting down so hard on my lip that I taste blood, my orgasm washing over me so unexpectedly it makes me dizzy. I stroke myself through the overwhelming waves of pleasure, thick, hot pulses of cum pumping from my cock until my balls are drained and I sag against the door with satisfied exhaustion.

I stumble over to my desk and snatch a few tissues out of the box, using them to mop up the mess of cum on my hand and inside my underwear. It's not perfect, but it's enough to get me through the day. Then I collapse into my chair, my body more relaxed than it's been in ages, but my mind racing.

It's too much to hope that whatever's caused my ED has magically been cured, but fuck, I want it to be true. It's either that or Alden has a direct line to my dick that no one else has, and goddamn, I'm really not sure what to do with that. I hardly know the man aside from being one of my bosses and someone I occasionally interact with outside of work in group settings.

I run my hands over my face and take a deep breath. I thought my situation couldn't get more fucked up, but apparently, I was wrong. All of the peace that epic orgasm brought me starts to melt away as a fresh surge of anxiety creeps its way in. Does this change the situation with Nolan? Maybe there's a way I *could* be the man he needs?

I scoff, refusing to let that kind of hope fester. It would only lead to heartbreak.

So, what do I do?

The logical answer is to start with Alden's suggestion...*order* is more like. I'll go to Nolan's tonight and apologize in person. And then I'm going to put this spontaneous and likely not-at-all-Alden-related erection and orgasm out of my mind. Correlation does not equal causation, after all. I happened to be in his office when my body finally woke up for the first time in a long time. It had nothing to do with him. He just happened to be in the vicinity.

Happy with my plan, I sit up straight and set my mind on work.

NOLAN

It's a sweatpants and ratty T-shirt kind of night while I sprawl on the couch wishing that instantaneous wine delivery is a thing. I want to get wine-drunk, but is it truly worth putting on real clothes to leave the house? That is the very important question I've been pondering for over an hour, with a follow-up query as to what the hell I'm going to do about dinner.

My stomach growls in agreement, but I don't have the emotional energy to get up and go into the kitchen, let alone

cook something.

I knew there was a possibility that Gannon would turn me down, but deep down, I was so sure he felt the same way. And now I'm afraid I've ruined everything. He texted me *I'm sorry* last night, but I'm still working on a reply that isn't just begging him, like a pathetic teenager, to tell me why he doesn't like me back.

A knock at my apartment door pulls me out of my very well-orchestrated pity party. What can I say? I'm an event planner through and through.

With a groan, I heave myself off the couch and shuffle to the door to yank it open. My heart stutters to a stop and then breaks into a gallop at the sight of Gannon on the other side.

“What—”

“Someone was coming out as I walked up, so I just slipped in. I wasn't sure you'd let me up if I buzzed,” he explains, a hint of apology in his voice. “I brought Orange Chicken and a bottle of cheap wine.”

I swallow around the sticky feeling in my throat and take a step back to let him inside.

“How did you know I was in desperate need of wine?” I ask, following him down the hallway and then heading into the kitchen to grab forks and wine glasses.

“When are you *not* in desperate need of wine?”

“Point taken.” My lips twitch in a smile that falls as soon as I remember for the millionth time what an ass I made of myself last night.

He opens the Chinese food containers while I pour two very generous glasses of wine. Just like preparing dinner together last week, the process feels familiar between the two of us, and it makes my heart ache all over again.

Gannon and I go back into the living room to make ourselves comfortable on the couch with our food and drinks.

“When you didn't respond to my text, I wasn't sure if I should give you some space or come over and sit on your

doorstep until you were ready to let me try the apology all over again. In-person this time,” he says.

“You don’t have anything to apologize for.”

“Don’t I?” He raises both eyebrows at me while I pick at a bite of chicken. “You put yourself out there, and I…”

“Rejected me,” I finish for him before he can try to sugarcoat it. “It’s okay. You don’t like me like that.”

“That’s not…” He clears his throat, looking a little helpless as he drops his gaze to the container of fried rice in his hand. “I’m not the right guy for you.”

“Why not?” I set my food down on the coffee table and lean forward. “You know I don’t give a fuck about your leg, right? Or your scars. I’m… I’m kind of crazy about you, Gan.” Fuck it. In for a penny, in for a pound.

His expression crumples with pain and he shifts back a few inches, his free hand folding into a tight fist that he clutches in his lap. “You’re incredible, No.” His voice is strained, and when he finally looks back up at me, his eyes are shining with unshed tears. “There’s a man out there who’s going to give you everything you deserve.”

He leans in, and my heart goes crazy, my breath catching in my throat. At the last second, he brushes his lips against my cheek. It’s a tender touch of his mouth, and it sears my skin, giving me goose bumps up and down my spine just as electrifying as if he’d kissed me for real.

I don’t want some man *out there* to be what Gannon thinks I deserve. I want the man who’s right here.

Can Alden really help me? Maybe it would be worth it to find out.

“You don’t have anything to apologize for,” I tell Gannon again when he leans back.

“Tell me you forgive me anyway, so I know we’re all good?”

I put my hand on his. “We’re good. I promise.”

Chapter 5

NOLAN

I fidget with the dainty rainbow flag cufflink on my left sleeve as the elevator ascends at a painfully slow rate. After Gannon's visit last night, I'm more sure than ever that my interest isn't one-sided. The problem is, I don't have the first clue where to go from here.

One thing I've learned about him over the years is that he's stubborn as hell. If I try to push him, he's going to pull back and dig his heels in. If I'm going to convince him to give this a chance, I need a plan.

The door opens with a cheery little *ding*, and I step off onto the familiar, quiet floor. Russel Investments only has four employees, spread out over a regular-size office floor. There's never any chaos or much noise here. It's peaceful.

"Nolan, hey," Gannon says, not bothering to keep the surprise out of his tone as he steps out of his office and spots me. "Was I expecting you?" He glances down at his phone with a frown as if he's anticipating a missed text.

"Uh, no. I was actually stopping by with an invoice for the gala I'm putting together for the end of the month." I pull the lie out of my ass and realize immediately that it was a stupid one.

"You usually email those to me," he says, his eyes dropping to my empty hands.

"Um, actually, I was...uh..." Shit, I need a better excuse. Of course, my brain decides to be entirely unhelpful, going fully blank as if I've never known a good lie in my entire life.

"I asked him to stop by." Alden's smooth voice draws both our gazes to the left. He's standing in the doorway of his office, looking as put together as ever but strangely less stuck-up than I remember finding him in the past.

I look back at Gannon and notice his frown as his eyes dart between the two of us.

“Right, I’m here to speak with Alden,” I agree quickly, taking a step in his direction.

It looks like Gannon wants to say something, his mouth flattening into a thin line before he gives a sharp nod and turns back into his office without another word.

I let out a breath, feeling relieved and shitty at the same time. I’m trying to coax him *out* of his shell, not make him think I’m fucking Alden. Ugh. It’s okay, that’s fixable, but first, I *do* need to speak to Alden. I turn toward him with a grateful smile and let him usher me into his office.

I’ve been in here once or twice to discuss event details that he specifically asked to weigh in on, but I’ve never truly looked around. I do this time, taking note of the books on the shelf behind his desk. The image I have of him in my head is of a serious businessman, so I expect the shelves to be full of motivational books, business strategy maybe. I’m shocked to find a mix of sci-fi and Westerns. Interesting.

I take a seat in the leather chair in front of his desk, noticing the framed photos that, again, I never paid attention to before. There are several of Alden with Barrett and Kiernan, at various stages of their lives—teen years, young adult, possibly college graduation—as well as a few pictures that startle a smile out of me. Alden in the cockpit of a small plane, a huge grin on his face. Alden dressed like a full-on cowboy, holding a trophy. Alden standing next to a fish that’s easily as big as he is.

“Um, what in the world is this?” I ask, pointing to the cowboy photo.

He chuckles, the sound warm and rich, surprising me once again and making me realize that everything I know of the man is based on assumptions and first impressions.

“I went through a rodeo phase in my early twenties. Nearly gave my mother a heart attack.” He smiles fondly at the photograph.

“A rodeo phase?” I repeat with amused shock.

He nods. “Riding broncos.” He absently rubs his collarbone. “It was not without injury, but it was certainly thrilling.”

I nod mutely, rearranging my entire worldview to fit this new information into it. When he doesn’t offer any more details, I clear my throat and scoot to the edge of the chair. “I wanted to apologize.”

“For?” He raises both eyebrows at me.

“For crying all over you the other night.” I pick an imaginary piece of lint off my pants. “I felt silly afterward. I’m a grown man. I should be able to handle rejection better than that.” My throat tightens at the memory of Gannon dodging my kiss, but I force the feeling away.

“Everyone needs a shoulder every once in a while. There’s no shame in that.”

I nod. “You’re right. There’s not. I suppose I should just say thank you instead.”

A thoughtful look crosses his face, and I notice for the first time how handsome he is: sharp, angular features, piercing yet surprisingly kind eyes. I shake that off as well. I’m here because I want his help getting through to Gannon, not to paint a picture of Alden.

“You’re most welcome,” he says simply.

“So...um.” I’m not quite sure how to ask or, rather, tell him I want to take him up on his offer for help.

“What are you doing for dinner tonight?” Alden asks, surprising me yet again.

I blink as I process the question and then tug my bottom lip between my teeth momentarily. “I don’t have plans.”

“Excellent. Join me for dinner.” It doesn’t sound like a request, but he *does* leave a pause at the end of it so I can react.

“Okay.” I’m as caught off guard by my answer as I was by the question. Is he asking me on a date, or is this meant for us to discuss my relationship with Gannon and how Alden thinks he might be able to help? I should clarify, but I don’t.

“I’ll pick you up at seven.”

“Great.” I lick my dry lips and stand up, pulling out my business card from my front pocket and setting it on his desk. “My cell number is on here. Text me for my address. I’ll see you then.”

I’m still in a bit of a stupor as I leave his office, nearly running directly into Gannon in the hallway. His expression is stormy as he studies my face.

“What was that all about?” He puts his hands on my arms, the innocent contact begging me to lean into him and bury my face in the crook of his neck, to wrap my arms around him and never let go.

I swallow hard and force a smile, taking a step back to keep myself from tackling him.

“Work stuff. I’ve gotta run, but I’ll text you later.”

“Okay.”

I can feel Gannon’s eyes on me as I get back on the elevator.

I’m going to convince him to give me a shot...give *us* a shot, whatever it takes.

ALDEN

I had no intention of asking Nolan for dinner, but I find myself smiling as he walks out of my office, excited by the prospect of getting to know him better. I already misjudged him once, assuming he was similar to Sterling and Emerson: quiet, complacent, *boring* if you ask me. I’m curious to see what else I may have been wrong about.

And, of course, I can’t very well help his situation with Gannon unless I get to know him better. Maybe part of me wants to be sure that he’s good enough for my feisty soldier as well.

Not two minutes after Nolan departs, my office door flies open again without so much as a knock. I look up from my computer to find Gannon storming in, his jaw tense and his eyes on fire. My heart beats faster and my skin tingles with emerging goose bumps.

“Can I help you?” I ask calmly.

He huffs, slamming some papers down onto my desk and then turning back to the door. I’m about to call him back and ask what has him in such a mood, but it’s not necessary. He only takes two steps before whirling back toward me.

“So, what, you’re his shoulder to cry on *one* night and now you’re just going to date him?”

Ah. He was eavesdropping. I fight the smile that twitches on my lips, leaning back in my chair and crossing my ankle over my knee.

“You heard me ask him to dinner. Does that bother you?”

He makes another irritated sound, and my cock swells. I want to kiss that scowl right off his face.

“Yes, it fucking bothers me,” he says after a few seconds, his breathing harsh as he eyes the framed photos on my desk as if he’s considering smashing a few for good measure. I wish he would. It would give me the perfect excuse to bend him over and spank that attitude right out of him. Heat flares in the pit of my stomach at the thought.

“I seem to recall that he expressed an interest in you, which you rejected,” I remind him.

His jaw ticks and his nostrils flair. “That wasn’t because...” He runs his hands over his face, and when he lowers them, some of the rage is gone, replaced with a half-helpless expression that only serves to stoke the fire inside of me, tempting me to get up from the desk and put my arms around him. Would he sink into me and accept his own need for comfort, or would he fight it until I wear him down?

“It wasn’t what?” I prompt.

His eyes flash again. “It’s none of your business, but it’s not because I don’t...” Gannon swallows hard, his Adam’s apple bobbing. “It’s not because I don’t have feelings for him.”

I already guessed as much, but a twinge of jealousy twists in my stomach anyway. I don’t begrudge Nolan any part of Gannon, but who’s going to take care of him in all the ways he doesn’t even realize he needs? Who’s taking care of Nolan, for that matter? Perhaps that’s a question I’ll be able to answer tonight at dinner.

“Go after him then. I’m sure he hasn’t made it to his car yet. Better yet, call him and tell him you’ll be the one joining him for dinner tonight. I won’t stand in your way.” I make a sweeping motion with my hand, and his scowl deepens.

“First of all, he’s not something to be traded. He agreed to dinner with *you*. And second, something I learned a long time ago is that you can’t have everything you want. I just don’t particularly want to see the two of you fall in love right under my nose while I’m relegated to the sidelines.”

The hint of helplessness is back. I drop my cool facade and lean forward, bracing my elbows on my desk as I look up at him. “Tell me why.”

“Why what?” He bristles.

“Why do you think you can’t have him if you want him?” When he doesn’t answer immediately, I attempt to guess at what’s holding him back. “You think he’s too into money and you don’t feel you have enough?”

Gannon snorts through his nose. That’s a no.

“You’re worried your past has damaged you too much to deserve someone as beautiful as Nolan?” I try again, and he seems to grow more agitated. “You could simply tell me if you don’t want me to guess.”

“It’s none of your business.”

“When you stormed in here throwing a fit like a child, you invited me to make this my business,” I argue, and his

eyes darken.

“I’m not throwing a fit. You’re being—” He doesn’t finish the thought, just shakes his head and looks toward the door as if he’s considering walking out. I won’t stop him. At least, I don’t think I will.

“You’re acting like a brat.” I’m not sure if I’m trying to goad him or not, but it seems to do the trick anyway.

“I fucking have ED. Is that a good enough reason? Are you happy now?”

GANNON

My breath catches as soon as the words leave my mouth. I can’t believe I just told my fucking boss that my dick doesn’t work. I brace myself against the pity or amusement in his expression, but instead, he looks at me with surprise for a moment before his expression returns to the same curious yet neutral one he always seems to wear.

“Interesting,” he says, leaning back in his chair again. “It seemed as though—” He cuts himself off, studying me for a moment. “So, you never...?”

My face heats with the memory of yesterday’s encounter, the argument, and my subsequent...*activities*. I clear my throat, my eyes fixed on his desk because I’m sure if I look at him, my face will give me away.

“Rarely,” I answer. I’m not sure why I don’t just tell him to mind his fucking business again. “I tried pills, but they give me a massive migraine.”

“Hmm,” he hums thoughtfully as if he’s truly considering the situation and working on coming up with advice. Weirdly, I prefer that to the pity I was expecting. Not enough that I’m going to stick around and see what my boss thinks I should do about my dick. Of course my mind chooses that moment to relive the fantasy I had yesterday, where I was *very* open to hearing what Alden thought I should do with my dick.

I don’t get hard this time, but there is a heated tingle that I’m not expecting. I clear my throat for a second time, and

his lips quirk in amusement.

“Do you need a lozenge?”

“I’m good.” With my confession, the wind has been taken out of my sails a bit, and the rage and jealousy I felt when I stormed in here are dimmed to a smolder. I don’t want Alden to take Nolan out, but what am I going to do about it? My options are to tell Nolan the embarrassing truth or let him go so he can find someone else. Fuck, both of those options suck.

I move toward the door, pausing with my hand on the knob and glancing back over my shoulder at Alden. “He’s allergic to nuts. Make sure none of them end up on his plate.”

I don’t stick around to find out what Alden’s response will be. I can’t even remember what I was working on before Nolan showed up, and I’m too antsy to go back to my office and sift through more paperwork and emails, so instead, I head for the elevator. Some fresh air and more coffee might help.

It’s the same new barista behind the counter this morning when I enter the café, but she seems to be getting a handle on the job. She gets my order right the first time and doesn’t spill anything on me. At least one thing is going right today.

With my coffee in hand, I look around for an open table. I spot Kiernan, the third partner in Russel Investments, sitting at a table in the corner, eating a muffin and reading a newspaper. I didn’t realize they still printed physical newspapers. Knowing this bunch, I wouldn’t be surprised if the man had it printed personally or bought the company itself just to ensure he’d continue to get freshly printed daily editions.

I make my way over to him, wincing at the slight twinge of pain in my thigh, the muscles cramping thanks to the unnatural feeling of the prosthetic, even after a few years of adjusting to it. At least it’s better than being dead.

He looks up as I approach the table, giving me a wry smile.

“Oops, looks like you caught me playing hooky.”

I arch an eyebrow at him, setting my coffee down and then lowering myself into the chair with a small sigh of relief when my muscles unclamp.

“Drinking coffee and reading a newspaper is your version of playing hooky? You are one wild man,” I tease in a deadpan, taking a sip from my cup.

Kiernan chuckles. “I tried to convince Em to take the day off with me, but he’s dead set on running a professional bookstore with regular operating hours. Doing something scandalous without my boy just wouldn’t be the same. So, here I am.”

“Well, I won’t tell if you won’t,” I barter, pinching the bridge of my nose in an attempt to ease the tension headache beginning to form.

“Rough morning?” he guesses.

I huff out a laugh in spite of myself. Maybe I should just go ahead and tell Kiernan about my erectile dysfunction too. Better yet, I’ll send out a company memo. Kiernan and Barrett can tell their boyfriends, and we can all discuss it at the next dinner party. Great fun.

“You could say that,” I mutter. “Has Alden always been so...?” I trail off and shake my head.

Kiernan chuckles. “Yeah, he has.” He finishes his coffee and sets the empty mug down. “Try to cut him some slack though. He’s been pretty lonely since Barrett and I both settled down. And if you tell him I told you that, you’re fired.”

I smirk, my heart giving a sympathetic twinge for him. Of course he’s lonely with both of his lifelong best friends finding their soulmates. That would mess anyone up. Is it really fair of me to begrudge him a dinner with someone? After all, if he can ultimately make Nolan happy, isn’t that the most important thing?

I swallow around my tight throat.

Fuck, I wish there was a way to see them both happy...
and for me to be happy too.

Chapter 6

ALDEN

I pull up in front of Nolan's building right at seven on the dot, double-checking the address he gave me. He lives in a moderately nice neighborhood, nothing like the gated community I live in but certainly a far cry from the slums. The outside of the building could use a little landscaping, but otherwise, it looks nice.

I put the car into park and get out, preparing to figure out which apartment is his so I can go collect him. I don't get two steps from the car before he emerges from the main door, dressed in a new suit, a swagger in his step as he approaches. The light of the streetlamp catches his features, and I notice a slight shimmer on his cheeks and lips. And is he wearing mascara? He looks stunning.

I hurry around the car to open the passenger door before he can reach it. "I was going to come up and get you properly," I say a tad sternly.

He lets out an airy laugh, pausing right in front of me and meeting my eyes. "I can manage the stairs all by myself, thank you. I figured you for the punctual type, so I took a chance coming down right at seven."

I smirk and step off to the side, gesturing to the open passenger door. Nolan slides inside, and for just a moment, I let myself imagine what it would be like if both he and Gannon were into Daddy kink...if they wanted *me* to be their Daddy. The thought makes me ache with longing before I force it away.

Wishing doesn't do much good. I'm going to help get the two of them together, and now that I know what's holding Gannon back, I at least have a starting point. I don't expect it's an easy problem to solve, but I'm certain he was aroused in my office yesterday. So, perhaps it's not a case of being *unable* to, but more a case of *going about it the wrong way*. And *that* is something I feel fairly confident I can help with.

I round the car to get back in as well. As I slide inside, I catch Nolan caressing the smooth leather of the seat, flipping on each of the overhead lights in turn, and examining the touchpad dashboard.

“Nice car,” he says as I buckle myself in.

I grin. “Thank you.” As I pull out of the parking lot, Nolan settles back in his seat. “I chose a seafood restaurant. How does that sound?”

“Oh, is it *Le Petite Fin*? I love that place.”

I smile again, glad I made the right choice of restaurant. “It is. And just so we’re clear, I asked you to dinner, so I’ll be paying. No arguments.”

He makes a *harrumph* sound but doesn’t protest.

I reach over to turn up the radio. It’s already set to my favorite eighties hair metal station. I drum my fingers against the wheel to the beat of the Twisted Sister’s song that plays through the speakers, and Nolan laughs again.

“For real?”

“What?” I ask, taking my eyes off the road just long enough to glance at him. He’s looking at me with amused disbelief.

“You just don’t strike me as a hair metal kind of guy.”

“Oh? What kind of guy do I strike you as?” I’m sure I can guess. It’s not difficult to decipher how most people see me: stuffy, arrogant, materialistic.

“Classical,” he answers without missing a beat.

“Mm, well then it would shock you to know that I’ve been to the symphony exactly twice in my life and fell asleep both times.”

Nolan cackles. “You’re lying.”

“Hand to god.” I lift one hand off the wheel to make my point. “I snored so loudly that I was asked to leave after several people complained that I was drowning out the percussion section.”

“Huh,” he says thoughtfully. “I’m starting to think you’re a lot different than I’ve been imagining.”

I’m not sure why, but the simple statement does something inside my chest. I know he doesn’t mean anything by it. He has his heart set fully on Gannon—and who could blame him—but there’s something nice about it all the same.

We arrive at the restaurant, and I offer my keys to the valet. Of course, Nolan is out of the car before I can hurry around to open his door for him. I’m not sure why it bothers me. After all, this isn’t a date, but it feels wrong to let him do it himself.

I put a hand on Nolan’s lower back and guide him to the door, which he allows, but not without a slightly mocking smirk twisting his pretty, sparkling lips. The maître d’ greets and escorts us to my usual table next to a large window that offers a breathtaking view of the mountains. It’s too dark out to see right now, but I prefer the table all the same.

“They have a fabulous wine selection here,” he says once we’re left alone with our menus. “The twenty-twelve *Albert Bichot Cote de Nuits* is absolutely to die for.”

Most of the boys I date are society boys, so it’s not uncommon for me to be out with someone who knows his wine, but there’s something about the grace and confidence Nolan has when he hands the wine menu to the waiter and bats his eyelashes that makes my heart stutter. The waiter nods, and then Nolan turns his gaze on me.

“You probably come here more often than I do. Can you recommend your favorite dish?” he asks, and that innocent question causes a fresh surge of longing. He’s as perfect as Gannon is, in all his own ways.

“Yes, I’m certain I can,” I answer, glancing down at the menu simply to get my bearings for a moment.

I take a moment to double-check that the salmon dish I want to order for him doesn’t contain any nuts, and then I rattle my selection off to the waiter, who takes the menus and promptly leaves the two of us alone.

“So, mystery bull rider.” Nolan leans forward, a spark of interest in his eyes. “I thought I had you all figured out, but after years of working together, seeing each other regularly, party after party, all of a sudden, I’m finding out you fly planes and listen to hair metal. What else don’t I know about you?”

“That’s a dangerous question, Pet.” I’m sure the flirtatious tone is crossing the line, but Nolan doesn’t seem to mind. If anything, there’s a light flush in his cheeks that intrigues me.

“Why all of the extreme hobbies though? It doesn’t seem to fit your whole rich-guy persona.”

“I told you. I like a challenge.” I let my gaze linger on his for a few moments. “Maybe because my life has been so easy in so many ways, I find it boring. From my first memory, everyone has told me yes, given me everything I’ve asked for without protest. I can have anything I want. *Do* anything I want. It’s tiresome. Fighting for something, *earning* something, is far more satisfying.”

“That...makes a lot of sense. But I thought all of the Daddy shit you’re into is all *yes, sir, no, sir?*”

The waiter chooses that moment to stop by with our bottle of wine. He politely doesn’t comment, of course, but his eyebrows go up with interest. I bite back my amusement and thank him for the wine before turning my attention back to Nolan.

“First, you’re thinking of Doms, not Daddies. Second, the *yes, Daddy*, is *so* much more satisfying after it’s been earned, just like anything else.” I swirl the wine and sniff it before taking a sip. Nolan was right. It’s exquisite.

“Huh. So, what, you like boys who argue with you and stuff?” He cocks his head, his interest in the subject seeming genuine.

“The colloquial term is *brat*.” I smirk. “Some Daddies like boys who are soft and sweet, who like to do as they’re told and are only punished for fun, if at all.”

“But you don’t?”

“No. I like my boys with some fight in them. I like back talk and spanking them into line. I like winding my boys up and then telling them to fuck me until all of their defiance is spent and they’re ready to behave. Being a Daddy is about taking care of your lover, and bratty, stubborn boys need to be taken care of just as well as the sweet, angelic ones do.”

“Oh.” Nolan sounds a tad breathless, shifting in his seat and then taking a deep gulp from his glass of wine. “I, um...I didn’t really get the Daddy thing when I saw it in action with Sterling and Em and their Daddies, but the way you do it sounds...different.”

“It is,” I agree.

NOLAN

I’m not sure if it’s warm in here or if the wine is going to my head, but I can’t stop blushing. Even long after our conversation shifts away from all things kink, I continue to think about the heat in Alden’s eyes and frankly how fucking hot it sounded when he described *his* version of Daddy kink.

“What made you decide on event planning?” Alden asks as we finish up our meal and get up to leave.

“Who doesn’t love throwing a party?” He puts his hand on my lower back again, and I’m surprised at how comforting I find it. I’ve never been the type of man who needs to feel comforted or protected. I can handle shit just fine on my own. But the fact that Alden seems to understand that and still wants to take care of me to an extent anyway is...I’m not really sure how to describe it.

I get the feeling it might take me a while to sift through all the new things I know about him and figure out what it means. We reach the car, and this time, I do let him open the door for me. I’m not sure why it means so much to him, but again, it’s kind of nice.

“I just realized we never discussed Gannon,” I say as he pulls away from the restaurant.

“We didn’t,” he agrees, sounding as if he’s just realizing it as well. “It’s your fault for distracting me with stories of your wild college years.”

I laugh, a warm feeling settling in my chest. “You kept asking for more,” I point out.

“I did,” he agrees and then clears his throat. “I may have a plan to put you and Gannon together. I’ll need you to trust me though, can you do that?”

For a man I hardly knew as of a few days ago, the answer comes surprisingly easy. “Yes.”

“Good.” He keeps his eyes on the road, but I can see a smile stretching over his face. “Come to my house for dinner on Friday and leave the rest to me.”

“Okay.” I nod. Considering I don’t even know what’s holding Gannon back, it’s hard to believe Alden will be able to magically fix it. But he seems so confident that he can, it’s easy to let go and trust him to do it.

We pull into the parking lot of my apartment building, and Alden pulls into the open spot right next to where my car is parked. I get out, and he surprises me by doing the same. What’s unsurprising is the face he makes when he sees my car.

He frowns, his nose wrinkling, and I bristle.

“That thing is a deathtrap,” he mutters. It’s not the first time he’s expressed his opinion about my car, and just like before, my hackles go up instantly.

“I’m sorry, not all of us are driving around in a fucking Bentley,” I scoff.

“Mm, right, where’s the fun of a car if you don’t have to fear for your life every time you go above twenty miles per hour?”

“Oh, fuck you, you pompous ass.” I’m not sure why this topic gets under my skin so much, or maybe it’s the dismissive way Alden is looking at the first thing I ever had the money to buy for myself. He doesn’t understand the significance of this car, but I’m pissed about it anyway.

Both his eyebrows shoot up. “Pompous ass?” he repeats, and I feel oddly like I’m about to be scolded.

“That’s right, pompous ass.” I double down. “Or maybe you prefer rich prick?” I take a step forward, my pulse thundering in my ears as I invade his space. “Spoiled fuck?” I offer him another option. “Ego—”

I gasp as his lips slam against mine, cutting off my list of insults. I grab the front of his suit, intent on pushing him away, but instead, I find myself pulling him closer, meeting his bruising kiss with equal fierceness. His teeth grazing my bottom lip, my tongue plundering his mouth, his harsh breaths matching mine as he pushes me against the car and wins dominance, the fight going out of me as I melt into the force of his mouth on mine. It feels like as much a power struggle as it does an intimate act.

I can taste the wine on his lips, the kiss softening a fraction as soon as I give in. My heart flutters and my stomach swoops, and I sigh around his tongue as my cock hardens.

The kiss ends as abruptly as it started. Alden pulls back, his chest heaving as he drags his fingers through his hair. His cheeks are flushed, and his lips are damp and swollen. He looks just as startled and turned on as I feel.

“Are you okay to get up to your apartment on your own, or would you like me to walk you up?” he asks.

“You’d better not. That was...um...”

He nods, not adding anything to my incomplete assessment of whatever that was. “I’ll see you Friday?” he asks instead.

“Friday,” I agree. Friday, when he’ll help me win Gannon over.

Right.

My throat tightens, and I straighten up, pushing off his car and running a hand over the front of my shirt to smooth it. I feel dazed, almost drunk, as I make my way inside and up the stairs to my apartment.

What *was* that? I've spent years falling for Gannon, and now I'm making out with pompous billionaires? Maybe I *am* a little drunk. How much wine did I have? I can't remember, but I don't think it was that much.

I round the corner toward my apartment and stop in my tracks at the sight of Gannon sitting on the floor, his back against my door.

Fuck.

GANNON

"Hey," I say sheepishly, realizing exactly how stupid it looks to be waiting for Nolan to come home from his date.

"Hey." He stops in front of me, looking down with a sweet, crooked grin and offering a hand to help me up.

Sitting on the floor was my second worst idea of the night, and that's saying something. It takes a few tries, but eventually, I'm up.

"I overheard Alden asking you to dinner tonight," I blurt, running my hand nervously over the back of my neck.

"And you were jealous?" he guesses, not bothering to hide a pleased grin.

"No," I scoff, dropping my gaze to the floor. "I was, uh..."

"Jealous," he says again, and I chuckle, shaking my head.

"No," I insist, even though I'm clearly not fooling either of us. "But now that you're home safe, I should probably go."

"What? Don't be stupid. Come inside."

I step aside so he can unlock the door, and I follow him inside without protest. We both kick off our shoes and Nolan heads for the kitchen. I hear the clinking of glasses as I make myself comfortable on the couch, and a minute later, he returns with two wine glasses.

“I was going to get something stronger, but I’m already a tad tipsy on wine, so I figured sticking with it was the safer bet,” he explains, handing me one of the glasses.

He sits down on the couch beside me, scooting close like he always does while he searches for something to put on. He settles on some home design show, and I focus my attention on the way the top button of his shirt is undone and his eyelashes look a mile long tonight. I lean in a little closer, the familiar, enchanting scent of him tickling my nose and making my heart race.

“How was dinner?” I ask, unsure if I’m hoping he’ll say Alden is terrible company or that they had a fabulous time.

“It was nice.” He takes a sip of his drink and leans into me, seemingly unconsciously. “He’s different than I thought he was. He’s very...interesting.”

“Interesting?” I echo.

“Yeah, like, did you know he used to ride broncos? He won a trophy or something.”

There’s a spark in Nolan’s eyes I haven’t seen before. My chest constricts. So, they *did* hit it off. The happiness in his expression warms me up inside. It’s all I want for him, but selfishly, I wish I’d been the one to put it there.

“Are you going to go on another date with him?” The strain in my voice draws Nolan’s eyes toward me sharply.

“It wasn’t a date.” But even as he says it, his cheeks turn pink. His eyes meet mine and linger there, the sound of the television fading into the background as we stare at each other. My reasons for turning him down are solid, and I’m sure there are a million ways Alden is a better match for him than I am, but I can’t look away. I can’t stop the feeling of desperate longing that swells in my chest.

“I wanted to let you kiss me the other night. The night of the fundraiser,” I confess, barely above a whisper, as if speaking too loudly might shatter the delicate moment.

His eyes drop to my lips and he angles his body toward me. “Why didn’t you?” His voice matches mine, soft and

fragile.

“There’s stuff I’m too embarrassed to tell you, No. Stuff that makes it feel impossible.”

“What if I want you to kiss me anyway?”

It’s the edge of hope in his voice that undoes me. I’m not even aware of a conscious choice to do so, but in an instant, I’m closing the space between us.

It’s barely a kiss, as much a whisper as our conversation, the barest brush of my mouth against his. It lights up my body all the same. Butterflies fill my stomach and a shiver races up my spine. But just as I feared, my cock remains unstirred.

Nolan tilts his chin and presses his lips a little harder against mine, parting them gently and taking the kiss deeper. His breath ghosts against my lips, and for just a second, getting an erection doesn’t feel like the most important thing in the world.

When he pulls back, I gulp in a breath, my head spinning and my heart thundering. I want to reach for him to kiss him again, but the look on his face stops me.

“I kissed Alden,” he confesses, and my heart plummets.

“When?”

“Just now, outside.”

A lump forms in my throat and my entire body goes numb. So much for *not a date*.

“I should go.” I use the arm of the couch to help myself up, ignoring the hand Nolan offers for balance.

“Gan, wait.”

I don’t. I can’t.

But truthfully, I’m not mad at either of them. I’m mad at my useless fucking dick and the fact that it feels like the universe is laughing at me all over again.

Fuck.

Chapter 7

GANNON

It's not easy to avoid someone when you're two of only four employees in an office, but by god, I'm doing my best.

I got here early so I could put Alden's coffee on his desk just minutes before he usually shows up. And since then, I've kept as busy as possible to avoid any reason to be in contact with the man.

I think I can be the bigger man and accept that he's the better choice for Nolan. I can step aside and let the two of them find happiness and love and all those wonderful, mushy things people write poetry about. I'm just not sure I can look him in the face this morning, knowing that he's taking the man I'm in love with right out from under me.

In fact, I'm not sure I can sit here and watch any of it happen. I pound the backspace button, removing the repetitive list from the résumé I'm updating. Unease makes me irritable as I stare at the education section. Who's going to hire and pay me as generously as Barrett has without a college degree?

Plus, fuck, I *like* working here. I like the work we're doing. I like the amount of responsibility they've given me, and I hate to admit it, but I like the three of them. Well, Alden not so much today.

"Fuck," I mutter, pinching the bridge of my nose.

If I'd just kissed Nolan back in the first place, none of this would be happening. Why didn't I?

A knock at my office door sends my heart rate skyrocketing. What if it's Alden? I'm not sure I can interact with him right now without telling him off. Then again, it's not like I haven't done it in the past. It's not like he's going to fire me.

"Yeah?" I call, trying to sound less anxious than I feel.

It's not Alden that steps inside. Barrett looks as confident and put together as always. The glow he's had about him since meeting Sterling is still as shiny as ever.

"Tell me I'm not too late with a dinner invite today? Sterling is going to have my head if I dropped the ball again."

My knee-jerk reaction is to beg off. I'm not exactly in a social mood. But after everything he's done for me over the years, I don't feel right turning him down.

"Yeah, I can make it," I agree.

"Great. I think Sterling said he would be inviting Nolan and Em as well, so it should be fun."

I cringe. "Nolan's coming?"

"Yeah. Is that a problem? Did you guys have a fight or something?"

"No, not exactly," I mutter.

After last night, I'm not sure exactly where we stand. I can still feel the memory of his mouth against mine, the sweet way he sighed when our lips met. My heart forces its way into my throat. Just like I'm not sure I can leave this job, I can't envision a life where I'm not at least friends with Nolan. But then, where does that leave me? Am I going to have to sit by and watch the two of them fall in love? Will Nolan ask me to be the best man at his wedding?

Another thought occurs to me. Alden is a Daddy. At least, that's the impression I've always gotten. Does that mean he's going to be *Nolan's* Daddy? An image invades my mind of Alden leaning close to Nolan's ear and whispering *good boy* in that deep, resonating tone he used with me the other day.

My cock tingles and my heart stutters as jealousy pumps through my veins. The strange thing is, I'm not sure which of them I'm jealous of in that situation. I think it might be both of them for different reasons.

"Gannon?" Barrett sounds worried, forcing me to push my brooding thoughts away and give him a strained smile.

“Sorry, I just have a lot on my mind today. Dinner will be great. Should I bring anything?”

“Nope, just be there at six.”

“You got it.”

Barrett leaves, and I close out of my résumé without saving it.

I’m not sure what the hell I’m going to do, but I don’t think quitting and running away from the situation is the best solution. I didn’t do that when I was overseas, and the stakes there were a hell of a lot higher than a broken heart.

I’m too antsy to sit still, so I push my chair back from my desk and stand up, groaning as my leg cramps for a moment before relaxing. I spent too long sitting this morning. Normally, I’m back and forth in the office, keeping busy, but avoiding Alden seemed easiest from right here in my office.

I mentally calculate the risk of running into him if I slip out and go to the small staff kitchen to make a pot of coffee, and I ultimately decide it’s worth chancing it. I feel like I’m back in the military, stealthily opening my door and listening for any signs of him. When I don’t hear anything, I quickly peek my head out, squatting enough that my head is lower than an enemy would expect. I know it’s not as serious as all that, but fuck it, if I’m going full stealth mode, I’m doing it right.

When I’m sure the hallway is empty, I step out into it. I stick close to the wall as I move quickly toward the kitchen, keeping my eyes and ears attuned to any sign that I’ve been spotted. When I near the kitchen doorway, I let out a silent breath of relief, reaching for the handle and stepping inside... where Alden is standing in front of the counter, cursing at the coffee maker.

Fuck.

I consider quickly backing out of the room, but unfortunately, I stumble, thanks to my damn prosthetic. When I catch myself on the doorframe, Alden looks up.

“Oh, good, you know how to work this damn thing, don’t you?”

I grunt in response. *Sure, I wanted coffee first, but I’d be happy to make it for you instead.*

He steps aside, and I stride over to do it. While I fix the mess he’s made of the coffee grounds—he added enough to the basket for four pots—he leans against the counter, the heavy weight of his eyes on me.

“Busy day?” he asks.

I grunt again, pouring the correct amount of water in and then pressing the button. I’m about to hightail it out of the kitchen before he can goad me into an argument like he seems to enjoy doing so much when my stomach growls loudly. I glance at the clock, realizing for the first time that it’s well into the afternoon and I never bothered to eat lunch.

I eye the refrigerator, trying to remember if I have anything in there worth eating, and more importantly, if I want to put up with another few minutes in here with Alden to prepare it. My pride wins, and I hurry out of the kitchen. I’ve been hungrier. I’ll survive.

Back in my office, I throw myself back into work. I’m only vaguely aware of time passing as I sift through more funding requests, sorting them into piles of legitimate and illegitimate when another knock on my office door interrupts me.

“Come in.”

It’s not Barrett this time, nor is it Alden. A delivery person steps inside with a brown bag, the logo of my favorite café on the front.

“I’m sorry. I think you have the wrong office. I didn’t order anything.” My stomach growls in protest as the smell of onions and deli meat reaches my nose.

“Gannon Olsen?” he checks, reading the name off his phone.

I frown and nod. “That’s me.”

“Then I’ve got the right office. Enjoy.” He sets the bag down and leaves.

I’m still frowning in confusion as I open the bag and pull out my favorite sandwich and a bag of salt-and-vinegar chips, my go-to order. There’s even a chocolate chip cookie on the bottom.

I wonder for a moment if Nolan sent it, but then I realize how late in the day it is. He would assume I already ate. Then who?

I remember my stomach growling while Alden was standing right next to me in the kitchen. My whole body warms at the unexpectedly thoughtful gesture.

ALDEN

I smile at the notification that Gannon’s lunch has been delivered. A sense of peace comes over me, knowing he’s no longer sitting in his office hungry simply because he’s still angry at me about yesterday.

I drum my fingers against the mahogany wood of my desk, my mind as muddled this afternoon as it’s been since that kiss last night. Not because I’m under the impression that there’s anything wrong with developing feelings for multiple people at once—I’ve been in several exceedingly happy polyamorous arrangements— but because I seem to be doing the unthinkable and falling for a second man who seemingly has little to no interest in Daddy kink.

Perhaps this is a sign I should give the lifestyle up. If I do that, could there be a way to have them both? I scoff at myself. Of course there isn’t. Daddy or not, Gannon and Nolan are interested in each other, not in me.

My cell phone rings, Nolan’s name lighting up the screen. A warm, pleasant feeling dances inside my chest in spite of myself.

“Hello?” I answer in a purr.

“Alden, hi.” He sounds just as flustered as he was last night when we parted. My lips twitch with another grin. I wait

for him to tell me why he called, but there's a long silence on his end that finally prompts me to take control of the call.

"Can I help you with anything, Pet? Or are you simply calling to chat?" I lean back in my chair, smoothing my hand over the slightly wrinkled leg of my pants.

"Both, I guess?" He doesn't seem sure, the palpable nerves coming off him even through the phone, which is more charming than he might realize.

"Oh? What shall we talk about? I could tell you about a vacation to Belize I've been daydreaming about all day, or..."

"I had a nice time at dinner," he interrupts, and my smile widens, my heart giving a little flutter.

"I'm glad. I had a lovely time as well. You are exceptionally good company."

Nolan gives a brief laugh as if he thinks I'm only being polite. "I um..." There's a crackling sound on the other side, followed by the click of what sounds like a door closing. "I liked the kiss too." He says that part quietly, possibly afraid someone will overhear? The thought sours some of my enthusiasm.

"It was an excellent kiss," I agree. "Well worth repeating, in my opinion. However..."

"Gannon, yeah," he agrees. "I still...like him, *want* him. I'm s—"

"Shh, Pet." I don't need apologies. Things wouldn't have worked anyway. Even musing over the idea of giving up Daddy kink a moment ago, I could never do it, not while retaining any ounce of happiness in my life.

"He came over last night too," he confesses.

"He did? And how did that go?"

"We kissed." There's a dreamy quality to this particular admission. I can practically hear the goofy grin that I'm sure is spreading over his lips.

An odd mixture of jealousy and joy fills my stomach. I'm thrilled for the two of them. I truly am. I wouldn't want to tear them apart for anything in the world. But perhaps I had selfishly wanted to play a larger role in helping them find their way to each other.

"That's fantastic." I return to drumming my fingers on my desk.

"It was, except..."

"Except?"

"Well, I told him about our kiss. I couldn't lie to him."

"I wouldn't expect you to," I agree. "Was he upset?"

"He left without saying anything. I think I'm totally fucked."

I itch to admonish him for his language before I remember that he's not my boy.

"You said you'd trust me," I remind him.

"I do," he answers in a rush, sending a thrill of satisfaction through me.

"Good. Then let me handle this. Hope isn't lost."

"Yeah, okay. I just—" The end of his sentence is drowned out by a knock at my office door.

"One moment, Pet." I pull the phone away from my ear. "Come in."

The door swings open, and Gannon stands there, looking a tad bit contrite but just as uncomfortable as he appeared in the kitchen earlier.

"Is this a bad time?" he asks, his eyes falling on the phone in my hand.

"No." I hold up my finger to indicate I'll just be a moment and bring the phone back to my ear. "Let me call you back."

"Oh, that's okay. We can just talk later," Nolan says.

“Yes, we will,” I assure him, and we both say goodbye and hang up. I set my phone down and focus my attention on Gannon. “You’re no longer avoiding me. That’s progress.”

His jaw ticks, and a moment later, he blows a long breath out through his nose, his nostrils flaring. “I came in to thank you for having lunch delivered. That was very thoughtful. No one has ever...” His muscles flex and quiver again beautifully as he seems to wrestle with what he’s trying to say. “I’m used to worrying about myself, and it was...nice.”

I smile slowly. “It was my pleasure.” He gives a sharp nod and then turns to walk away. “Gannon,” I call him back. “Come to my house on Friday.”

He huffs with amusement or derision. It’s difficult to tell. “Why?”

“I’m making dinner, and I would enjoy your company.”

Gannon narrows his eyes at me. “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

God help me, never let it be said that I’m a selfish man. “Nolan will be there.”

His entire expression changes, flitting from hopeful longing and then back to his guarded mask. “Then it sounds like three would be a crowd.”

“He wants you there. I want you there.”

He shifts his weight, dropping his eyes to the floor. “Fine,” he bites out the word roughly.

“Excellent.”

One hurdle down. Now it’s up to me to make sure dinner goes smoothly. I *did* say I like a good challenge.

Chapter 8

NOLAN

“In the kitchen,” Sterling calls out when I step inside his house.

I spotted Em’s car outside when I parked, so I’m not at all surprised to find that Sterling isn’t alone.

“You get cuter every day, darling,” I tell Em, smiling at his signature purple unicorn T-shirt.

He chuckles and blushes. “Th-th-thanks.”

I stride over to the counter where they’re both working on preparing dinner, and I grab the nearest cutting board to help.

“I feel like I haven’t seen you in a while. How are you? How are things with Kiernan?” I ask Em while we all work, the sounds of chopping and music from the smart speaker filling the kitchen. Sterling pours and passes out glasses of wine to each of us.

“Things are g-good.” The dopey smile that spreads over his face confirms that he’s just as stupidly in love with his Daddy as Sterling is with his.

I eye the two of them with a fleeting curiosity. They’re both a bit more...well, I suppose *needy* than I’ve ever considered myself to be. I assumed that’s what the whole Daddy thing was about, but the way Alden talked about it yesterday has me more curious than I’d like to admit, even to myself.

“What’s that look?” Sterling asks, watching me with suspicion.

“What?” I feign innocence.

“There was a l-l-lll-look,” Em agrees.

I sigh. “It’s nothing. I had dinner with Alden last night and, I don’t know, we talked about Daddy stuff a little bit, and I guess it got me kind of curious, that’s all.”

“You had dinner with Alden?” Sterling repeats, not bothering to hide the shock from his voice. Em stops chopping to stare at me as well.

“L-lll-like a date?”

I scoff, focusing hard on the carrot I’m chopping, acutely aware of how hot my cheeks suddenly feel. “No, not like a date. We went so we could talk about Gannon.”

“What did y’all say about Gannon?” Sterling asks.

“Well, nothing really, we didn’t end up talking about him,” I confess, and both of them continue to stare at me. “And we kind of kissed when he dropped me off.”

Sterling drops his knife. “You what?”

“Kissing s-ss-sounds like a date,” Em says.

I groan. “Fuck, okay, here’s the thing. I’m *super* confused. I am head over heels for Gannon. I’ve been half in love with him for years, and I can’t...” I swallow around the thickness in my throat, my emotions rising up and trying to choke me. “I can’t imagine life without him. So how the hell can I be out there kissing Alden and getting these stupid, giddy feelings when he calls me Pet?”

“He has a nickname for you?” Sterling’s eyebrows practically disappear he raises them so high.

“Once a Daddy has a nickname for you, it’s o-over.” Em shakes his head gravely.

“I’m not looking for a Daddy. And didn’t you just hear me say I’m already in love with Gannon?” An irrational amount of irritation rises up in my chest.

“Not for nothin’, but Daddy Barrett told me that Alden really likes playing with a couple of boys at once.” Sterling waggles his eyebrows and grins.

“Kinky,” I mutter, hoping neither of them notices how much hotter that information is making my face.

“No.” Sterling reaches over and grabs a slice of carrot from my cutting board, popping it into his mouth. “I mean,

yeah, I'm sure it's kinky. But the way Daddy told me, it sounded like more than that. Like he was dating them both. What's that called, polygamy?"

"P-Polyamory," Em says.

"Well, whatever it is, it doesn't matter. The point is the kiss was a mistake."

"Oh, was it bad?" Sterling asks.

"What? No." My throat feels tight again as I remember the forceful press of Alden's mouth against mine, the way he took control in all the best ways. "I'm focusing on convincing Gannon that it's worth seeing where things could go between the two of us," I say resolutely.

The sound of the front door opening puts an end to the conversation. The distinct cadence of Gannon's footsteps makes my heart race and my hands shake so badly I have to set the knife down or risk losing a finger. Sterling must notice because he pats me on the shoulder reassuringly.

I give him a tight smile and then spin around to greet Barrett and Gannon as they enter the kitchen.

GANNON

Even knowing Nolan would be in the kitchen when I walked in doesn't stop my heart from doing its level best to leap out of my chest. Barrett crosses the kitchen to sweep Sterling into his arms. The way he kisses him is so tender it feels like an invasion of privacy to watch. Barrett brushes his lips over the edges of the dark purple birthmark that extends across Sterling's cheek. I learned to accept my scars years ago, but it never occurred to me until this moment to wonder if anyone might ever *love* them simply because they're part of me.

My heart hammers even harder and I awkwardly shove my hands into my pockets simply because I don't know what else to do with myself.

"Hey," Nolan says, sounding every bit as uncertain about the situation as I feel.

“Hey.”

Sterling clears his throat. “I’m about to put dinner in the oven if y’all want to set the table for me.”

Barrett arches an eyebrow at his boy but does as he asked, grabbing a stack of plates while I pull out the silverware.

While we work on setting the table, my gaze wanders more than once back to the kitchen, where Nolan is sipping wine and leaning against the counter. He smiles at something Emerson or Sterling says, and my whole chest feels tight.

Stepping aside and letting Alden have him is probably the right thing to do, but I’m not sure I can. As if he can feel my eyes on him, Nolan looks over and our gazes meet. Our brief kiss from last night plays over again in my mind, my lips tingling with the memory of it. Maybe there’s a way we can make this work. Is it possible at all? Fuck, I want it to be possible.

I finish doling out the silverware to each place setting and then make my way back into the kitchen.

“Thanks for doing that,” Sterling says with a smile. “Can I get you a glass of wine?”

“I’m good, thanks,” I answer. “Nolan, can I talk to you alone for just a minute?”

“Yeah, of course.” He sets his half-empty wine glass down on the counter and follows me toward the sliding door that leads out onto the deck. It’s already starting to cool off outside as the sun begins to disappear behind the horizon, the sky painted in dusky shades of pink and orange.

Nolan leans against the railing, closing his eyes and breathing in deep. I watch him for a few moments, warring emotions raging inside of me, making it impossible for me to figure out what comes next.

I’ve never cared for feeling unsteady. It’s part of what initially appealed to me about the Army. There are clear orders and expectations. No questions about what you’re supposed to do at any given moment. It’s easier that way sometimes.

He opens his eyes and turns back in my direction.

“I’m sorry,” we both say at the same time and then laugh.

Nolan gestures at me. “You go ahead.”

“Oh no, it’s okay. You can go first.”

Maybe all of this was a mistake. We were never this awkward around each other before kissing was on the table. Dammit. Now I’m thinking about making out with him on top of a table.

“I’m sorry that I kissed Alden,” Nolan says and then grimaces. “Fuck, no, I’m not really. It was a good kiss, and he’s not the guy I thought he was, but it didn’t take away this feeling I have, this desperate desire to have more with *you*.”

I wait to feel another wave of jealousy over the information that he doesn’t regret the kiss with Alden, that he *liked* the kiss and it sounds as if he likes the man himself. But it’s surprisingly not there. What *is* there is relief over the knowledge that it didn’t make him want me any less.

“I’m sorry I stormed off last night after you told me.”

“It’s okay. I might have reacted the same.” Nolan smiles, this one genuine, and it makes my stomach flutter.

“Oh, so you can make out with Alden, but I can’t?” I tease.

Unexpected heat flickers through his eyes. “That might actually be kind of hot.”

I chuckle, taking a step closer to him, putting my hands on the railing behind him and boxing him in. Nolan puts a hand on my chest, curling his fingers around the fabric of my shirt and wrinkling it in his fist. Can he feel the wild way my heart beats as the warm, familiar smell of him fills my lungs?

His eyes meet mine again, the two of us close enough that it would only take another couple of inches before our noses brush and we’d be sharing the same air.

“Hi,” he says softly.

I grin. “Hi.” I match his tone, inching in slightly. I can’t help myself.

“For the record, the kiss with you was really good too.” He fiddles absently with the buttons on my shirt.

“Which was better?” I regret the question as soon as it leaves my lips. What good can come from either answer?

“They were different.”

Somehow, he manages the only response that makes me feel better for having asked. I nod, shifting my body so I can feel his flush against mine. There’s a little hitch in his breath as soon as we touch that sets my skin on fire.

For a second, I find myself wondering what could have been so different about the way Alden kisses. I close my eyes, and when I open them, I’m back in the moment with Nolan. No doubt I’ll wonder again about Alden later when I’m alone, but right now, no one in the world exists except for the man in front of me.

“Where does this leave us? Do you want to date him? Do you want to date me?” I ask.

“Yes,” he says and then laughs softly. “Are you saying that you changed your mind about us?”

I want to tell him yes so badly. I want to kiss him and confess to all the things I’ve been trying so hard not to feel for the past couple of years. But nothing has changed. I’m pressed against him, the shape of his stiffening cock against me. I want to kiss him until we’re both hard and panting. I want to learn a million ways to make him moan my name. I want Nolan naked and satisfied, sweaty in my bed. My heart beats faster, this time with the anxiety that I can’t give him any of those things.

“I’m saying…” I flex my fingers against the railing and drop my forehead against his. “This is complicated,” I hedge, and I feel him deflate. “But I have feelings for you too.”

“Feelings?” There’s a tremor in his voice full of the same delicate hope that’s weaving its way through me.

“Wanting to kiss you again kind of feelings. Dying to see where this might lead kind of feelings. Terrified I’m going to fuck it up kind of feelings.”

Nolan laughs, tightening his grip on my shirt. “That makes two of us.”

“Okay, so then I guess the answer to your question of what this means is: let’s just take it one step at a time and try really hard not to fuck it up together.”

“That sounds good.”

“Good,” I echo.

“S-s-ss-sorry to interrupt, but dinner is ready,” Em says.

Nolan loosens his grip on my shirt, and I straighten up, giving Em a smile from over my shoulder. “We’re coming.”

He slips back inside, and I hesitate for a fraction of a second before reaching for Nolan’s hand. My dick might not work, but that’s a problem for another day. Tonight, I’m going to take the win, and like I told him, we’ll figure it out from here.

Chapter 9

ALDEN

I glance around the kitchen, going through a quick mental checklist to ensure everything has been prepared. I haven't been this nervous to have boys over in...well, ever, actually. They're not boys though, and they're not for me to play with. How far the night progresses depends on them, but I don't intend to lay a hand on either of them.

I check my watch: two minutes to six-thirty. Gannon should be here any moment. As if summoned by my thoughts, the doorbell sounds. A fresh flutter of nerves runs through me. He thawed a bit toward me as the week progressed, but I'm still not sure what to expect tonight. I suppose time will tell.

I stride to the front door, unfastening the button on my suit jacket before pulling it open. Gannon is dressed much like he is every day at the office, wearing a dress shirt that barely contains the breadth of his shoulders, the sleeves rolled up to expose the tattoos on his arms, and a nice pair of slacks. His lips twitch in an attempted smile, but the same nerves dancing inside me are written all over his face. That snaps me immediately into a different mindset.

Gannon may not be a boy, or *my* boy for that matter, but he's clearly in need of some direction to feel relaxed and able to enjoy his evening, and I can certainly provide that.

"Come in." I step to the side and gesture him in.

He's been to my house on many occasions, for parties or work-related reasons, but it has never been just the two of us. He looks around the entryway, pausing to admire the watercolor I recently acquired of multiple nude men intertwined.

"Nice," he says, and I grin.

"Thank you." I join him in enjoying the painting for a moment before putting a gentle hand against his back to lead him into the living room. "Can I get you a drink?" I offer as he strides over to the couch to get comfortable. "Bearing in

mind,” I cut in before he can answer, “that I have a rule. No sexual contact of any kind if any party has been drinking.”

I watch as an array of emotions move across his face: confusion, interest, lust, curiosity. I can almost read the question in his mind, *what kind of orgy is Alden planning tonight?* I smirk again, leaving the option up to him. I certainly won't force anything, and from what I understand at this point, they don't need me to. And yet, Nolan didn't call off the dinner.

“Water,” he finally answers.

“Sparkling or flat?”

“Honestly, you could bring me tap water and I wouldn't know the difference,” he answers.

“Perish the thought,” I tease before heading into the kitchen to pour a glass of Perrier.

When I return to the living room, I find Gannon perusing my bookshelf, much the way Nolan had in my office. I'm not sure what's so fascinating about my reading habits.

“*The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy?*” he reads off one spine, shooting me an incredulous look, an eyebrow arched.

“It's hilarious. Have you read it?” I offer him the glass, and he takes it, returning to the couch.

“It's my favorite, actually. I just didn't...”

“Didn't think I read books like that?” I guess, and he nods. “I enjoy sci-fi and a bit of high fantasy. I really prefer books with a good bit of humor in them.”

“Me too.”

I take a seat a few inches down on the couch, opening my suit jacket and crossing my ankle over my knee as I make myself comfortable. “I asked you here earlier than Nolan so we could talk before he arrives.”

Gannon takes a sip of his water and then sets the glass down on the coffee table. Out of habit, a stern voice jumps

from my lips.

“Coaster.”

He grabs one quickly and slides it under the glass with an apologetic look. His reaction is far more surprising than my accidental slip into Daddy mode. He glances at me as if he’s looking for confirmation that he’s done the right thing, so I give a small nod as he settles back into his seat again.

“What do you want to talk about?” There’s a slight edge to the question. “My broken dick?” he guesses.

I make a noise of disapproval in the back of my throat. “Nothing about you is broken.” He scoffs and looks pointedly at his prosthetic leg. “*Nothing* about you is broken,” I reiterate.

“Fine. Should we discuss the weather then? It’s been awfully sunny, hasn’t it?” His tone is laced with sarcasm, just begging for a firm hand to redden his ass.

“No, I’d like to discuss your unreliable erections if you don’t mind,” I answer calmly.

Gannon narrows his eyes at me. “Okay, *doctor*, what would you like to know? Frequency? Just how hard I get? How fucking frustrated I feel when I want to jerk off but can’t?”

“Have your doctors determined whether there’s a physical problem caused by what happened to you?”

His jaw ticks. “They keep telling me I’m fine. Which makes it all the more fucking irritating when I want to get hard and can’t. It’s all in my damn head, so shouldn’t I be able to just will myself out of it?”

“It’s not that simple. Psychological issues are just as real as physical ones, and it’s far more than an issue of mind over matter.”

“So, what? I’m just going to have to go through the rest of my life with a dick that doesn’t get hard when I want it to?” He huffs in frustration, and I reach over to put my hand on his.

“Maybe. Maybe not. Perhaps there are ways to work through it that would be more effective than stubbornly attempting to jerk off a flaccid cock,” I suggest, and he snorts a laugh, some of the tension in his shoulders unraveling.

“Maybe,” he mutters.

“But either way, it’s worth saying that a man isn’t defined by his erection. You’re no less worthy of a lover than anyone else.”

He drops his eyes to my hand on his as if he’s just now noticing it. I expect him to jerk away, but he doesn’t. Instead, he looks up, his eyes filled with a vulnerability that calls to the very core of my being.

“He deserves someone who can pleasure him and be...”—he swallows hard—“*intimate* with him.”

“There are plenty of ways to do that without your cock,” I point out. “But I do think you need to be up front with Nolan about it. Not because he’s going to care, but because he needs to understand why you’re holding back from him.”

Gannon fidgets but still doesn’t pull away. “If I don’t tell him, are you going to?”

“Of course not. It’s hardly my place.”

He scoffs. “That hasn’t stopped you from meddling so far. What is all of this anyway?” He gives a sweeping wave of the living room. “Aren’t we here for dinner so you can get involved in things that aren’t your place? Or am I misreading the situation?” He finally meets my eyes again.

“Yes, I was planning to meddle. Would you prefer I not?” I ask, and when he doesn’t answer, I take that as permission to do exactly as I’d planned. “I’m still not entirely sure why, to be honest,” I confess. “It’s my good deed for the year, I suppose.”

“What do you mean?”

“Surely it’s been painfully obvious that I’ve...admired you for quite some time.”

I know Barrett and Kiernan have noticed. At times I've assumed that was the root of Gannon's standoffishness around me.

"Admired me?" he repeats, staring at me with a dumbfounded expression that slowly morphs into irritation. "What do you mean it's been obvious? This isn't middle school. When you have an interest in someone, you should tell them."

I give him a pointed look. "Like how up front you were with Nolan?"

"That's different." He finally yanks his hand back, his eyes turning that stormy color that makes my heart race. I can practically see the wheels turning inside his head. "All those things you've done for me. All the times I thought you were staring because you disapproved of something..."

"Yes, I'm not sure why you're so inclined to think the worst of me." I'm more teasing than anything, but guilt dances across his face.

"You like Nolan," he points out needlessly.

"I do," I agree. "Hence my point that pushing the two of you together is an exceptionally selfless act on my part."

"I'm not into that Daddy shit." I'm not sure if he's trying to convince me or himself with the way he straightens his shoulders and darkens his expression.

"Are you sure?" My voice dips low, memories of his reaction when I used my Daddy voice in the office making me more than a little skeptical about that statement.

Uncertainty flits across his features, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallows and then shifts in his seat. "No."

Something crackles in the air between us, and he shifts closer to me. It seems like an unconscious move, his body stiff, questions still written all over his face. I follow his lead, leaning in a few inches until we're sharing space but not quite touching.

How often have I imagined the rough press of his mouth yielding under mine? He's even more untamable than the broncos I used to love to ride, and I wouldn't want him any other way. I don't need to tame him. I just desperately want to touch him.

The doorbell rings, and Gannon startles, the moment broken but perhaps not lost forever? Only time will tell.

NOLAN

I'm a little early, but something tells me that Alden prefers early to late. I spent the last hour pacing my apartment, waiting for it to be late enough to leave, so I figured I was better off just coming already.

I'm surprised to find Gannon's car already in the driveway when I pull up. Maybe he's just as anxious about this dinner as I am. There are footsteps on the other side of the door and then it swings open.

My mouth goes momentarily dry at the sight of Alden in the doorway. I haven't seen him since the kiss, but we've been texting and calling with increased frequency all week. My stomach flutters with a rush of giddy, lusty feelings that are as exciting as they are confusing.

"Hello, Pet," he greets me with a grin, holding a hand out. I take it, and he pulls me closer, brushing a kiss against my cheek and eliciting a fresh wave of electricity over my skin.

"It's good to see you again, Alden."

He leads me inside, and I follow him to the living room, where Gannon is seated on the couch looking slightly off-balance, with just a hint of a flush on his cheeks. He makes a move to get up to greet me, but I wave him back down, crossing the room quickly so he doesn't get up.

Just like Alden, Gannon presses a kiss to my cheek when I reach him, his soft lips searing my skin and making my whole body heat. My cock aches with confused arousal as I take a brief moment to imagine having both their mouths on my body at once.

Fuck, what's wrong with me? Gannon and I *just* discussed seeing where things go, and here I am fantasizing about a threesome when we haven't even gotten anywhere close to a two-some yet.

"Have a seat. I'll get you a drink," Alden offers. "I'll tell you the same thing I told Gannon. You're welcome to whatever drink you choose, but I do have a rule against any sexual activity under this roof if any participants partake in alcohol."

My eyes dart to the glass of what looks like water on the table in front of Gannon, my heart beating faster. "Water, please," I answer.

Alden grins. "I'll be right back."

"Have you been here long?" I ask once Gannon and I are alone.

"Not very. Alden and I had some things to talk about." It's an innocuous statement, but the flush hasn't left his cheeks, and I have to wonder if the two of them were doing more than talking.

I wait to feel a wave of jealousy. Instead, all I find is curiosity. Things are so much more tangled up between us than I thought they would be, but surprisingly, it doesn't feel wrong. Just the opposite, in fact.

Alden returns with a glass of water for me. I expect him to take a seat, but he stands in front of the couch, looking at the two of us for several long seconds as if he's assessing us.

"I have a request," he finally says.

"A request?" I repeat.

"Yes. I know the two of you aren't all that familiar with Daddy kink. Possibly it doesn't do anything for you at all." I shift in my seat and feel Gannon do the same. A week ago, I would've said *hell no, it doesn't do anything for me*, but now? Now I'm not so sure. Maybe it would just depend on the Daddy. "But I'd like you to humor me, just for tonight."

“What does that mean exactly?” Gannon asks.

“It means that for as long as you’re both here, you let me be in charge. Either of you can safeword at any time. Simply say the word *red* and everything stops. Short of that, you would both put your trust in me and see where the night leads.”

My cock jerks and a surprising amount of excitement rushes through me. Alden promised he would help, but I didn’t think he would be this...direct. I figured he would find a way to push us together and leave us alone. Maybe set the mood with some Marvin Gay and candles. This way is certainly more thrilling.

I glance over at Gannon, who seems just as intrigued as I am. We trade a look, and I can see curiosity in his eyes. He wants to try, but he wants me to make the first move.

I look back at Alden and nod again. “Okay.” I lick my lips and then smile. “But I’m not calling you Daddy.”

He chuckles. “I didn’t think it would be that easy, Pet. That’s okay. I prefer to earn that title anyway.” Alden turns his attention to Gannon, waiting for his answer.

Gannon rubs his hand over the back of his neck, his brow furrowed before he finally lets out a long breath. “Fine.”

“Excellent.” There’s the slightest shift in Alden’s expression and body language. He’s shorter than both of us, but in an instant, he’s somehow commanding every ounce of power in the room. “Then be good boys and go wash up for dinner.”

I bristle at the strangeness of being told what to do by another adult, but I suppose there’s no harm in it, and I *did* just agree to give it a try. It’s for one night, and who knows, it might end up being fun.

I get to my feet and offer my hand to help Gannon up.

“The bathroom is the second door on the left, and then you can both join me in the dining room,” Alden instructs us.

I've been to his house a few times, and I've been awed every time by the sheer size of his guest bathroom. It's bigger than my one and only bathroom, and certainly fancier. The forest-green walls are accented by jet-black fixtures with gold accents. Real gold would be my guess. Gannon and I stand at the sink, shoulder to shoulder, washing our hands.

"I feel like I'm six," he says, sounding more amused than annoyed by it.

I chuckle in agreement. Even when I *was* six, I don't think my parents ever told me to go wash up for dinner. Hell, half the time dinner was a bag of chips from a vending machine in the backseat of the car, a.k.a. home sweet home.

"I wonder what he's going to make us do next. Our homework, maybe?" I joke.

"Take out the trash?" he guesses.

"Make the bed," I toss in another option.

At the mention of a bed, we both freeze in the process of rinsing our hands. His eyes meet mine, and there's obvious conflict there. Has he rethought what we talked about the other night? Does he want to slow things down or call them off altogether?

"You know, we don't have to go along with this," I offer gently. "I don't just mean this thing with Alden tonight, but everything. If you changed your mind—"

He cuts me off with a too-brief press of his lips against mine. "I want to."

"Okay." I smile. "Me too. In case that wasn't already obvious."

Gannon blows out an amused breath through his nose. "Come on, we'd better get to the dining room. Who knows what the punishment for taking too long might be."

"Mm, now there's a thought." I grab the hand towel off the hook next to the sink and dry my hands. "Do you think he'd make each of us bend over the table for a spanking?" My

cock heats and swells at the thought, and Gannon's eyes go just a little hazy like he's imagining it too.

Okay, so maybe we're both a *little* into the kink thing.

When we reach the dining room, places are already set, full plates at each with Alden seated at the head of the table, sipping from a glass that looks like it's water as well.

"Have a seat," he says, gesturing at the table.

My stomach growls as soon as I sit down and the savory smell of a roast tickles my nose. "Do you have a chef?" I ask, spearing a roasted carrot on my fork.

Alden laughs. "No. I rather enjoy cooking for myself." He looks at me and then at Gannon. "Although, I enjoy cooking for company even more."

I take a bite of the roast and moan at how juicy it is. "This is incredible."

"Don't talk with your mouth full." He uses that stern voice again, deeper and more commanding than his everyday voice. Why is it so sexy?

I swallow the food in my mouth and mumble a sorry.

"On that note, no more foul language from those pretty mouths for the rest of the night either," he adds, taking a bite of his dinner and chewing slowly.

"Are you fucking serious?" Gannon asks, and Alden fixes him with a warning look that's a hell of a lot hotter than it has any right to be. Maybe he *is* going to bend someone over the table for a spanking if we don't behave. Frankly, I'd be just as happy to watch Gannon get one as I would be to earn one myself.

I reach below the table to adjust my now-aching erection, a little shiver running through me at the brush of my hand against my cock.

"Test me and find out," he replies with a dangerous smirk. "I told you, I'm being exceptionally selfless tonight. At least let me have a little fun first."

That same flush that was on his cheeks when I arrived returns, and I move my eyes back and forth between the two of them.

“Did you two kiss or something?” I blurt.

“No, Pet. Would you be jealous if we did?”

I search myself again, looking for any emotionally tender place that might be lurking, ready to create a storm of insecurity at any moment. But I find nothing. I don't know yet what's holding Gannon back, but I'm certain he has feelings for me. And as for Alden, he doesn't feel like the type of person anyone could own anyway. The idea is almost laughable. The fact that he kissed me once the way he did, that he's taking the time to take care of us tonight without asking anything in return, already feels special. Sharing that kind of special with Gannon feels right. It feels *better* than simply keeping it all to myself.

“No. I think you two should kiss. If you want to, of course.”

Gannon chokes on the food in his mouth, coughing for a moment before managing to swallow. He looks at me over his water glass as he guzzles some down, his eyes searching mine.

“You are a fascinating one, my little Pet.”

“Thank you?” I'm not sure if it's meant as a compliment or not, but Alden simply laughs again, the sound as rich and warm as the voice he's using on us while we're his...well, *his*. Another hot jolt makes my cock pulse, a trickle of precum seeping out and sticking the head of my cock to my silky briefs.

“You're welcome.” His tone is laced with amusement, his eyes lingering on me a few more seconds before he turns them over to Gannon. “While we eat, why don't you take this opportunity to enlighten Nolan as to the reason you were reluctant to enter into a relationship with him.”

My cock isn't the only thing interested in this conversation now. I look at Gannon, watching as he stabs a

potato with his fork, much harder than necessary. His nostrils flair and his jaw ticks.

“Can I safeword out of this conversation?”

“You can. But I think we both know nothing can move forward, and I don’t only mean this evening, until you tell him,” he points out. Gannon curses under his breath, and Alden’s expression turns stern again. “I’m going to let that one slide, but it’s your last. You’re welcome to test me at your earliest convenience.”

Gannon eyes him warily for a moment, a spark of curiosity flickering over his face before he looks directly at me. Apparently, he’s opting not to safeword. I set my silverware down and give him my full attention.

“My dick is broken.”

Broken? Is that even possible? I’ve heard of people injuring the cartilage. Is that what he means? Is it in a cast or something?

Alden clears his throat and gives Gannon a pointed look. Gannon sighs.

“It’s not *broken*,” he clarifies. “I have ED. Better?” The last part is snapped at Alden rather than directed at me.

“Much.”

“Okay,” I say, taking a second to process the information. “Is that all? I mean, that’s why you thought we couldn’t date?”

Gannon scrunches his eyebrows together, looking at me like I might be a little slow on the uptake. “I can’t get hard, No. Or, at least, not all the time, and usually not when I want to.”

It occurs to me that there *was* a distinct lack of anything pressed against me the other night on the balcony when I *know* my erection was hot and throbbing against him. I didn’t think anything of it at the time. Some guys have a hair-trigger—i.e., *me*—and some guys take a little bit more love before they can get where they’re trying to go. It sounds like

it's even more than that with Gannon. But if that's the only thing standing in our way, I'm sure we can figure it out.

“I don't think you realize how crazy I am about you. If being in a relationship with you means no sex, fine. If it means we get creative or that penetration isn't an option at all, okay. And if it means I spend hours on end petting and licking your cock until you finally get hard, I'm *more* than good with that. I want *you*, Gan, not just your dick.”

He swallows, reaching for his water again with a trembling hand.

“There. Aren't we glad that's all out in the open now?” Alden says cheerfully. “It will make the rest of the evening *so* much more enjoyable not to have that hanging over our heads.”

“What's the rest of the evening?” I ask, hopeful and nervous all at once.

“Patience, Pet. You'll see.”

Chapter 10

GANNON

It manages to be both the slowest and quickest dinner of my life. I'm curious to find out what Alden has planned. Is he going to use that extra-deep voice and order us to do things while he watches? Liquid heat fills the pit of my stomach and my cock tingles at the thought. Fuck, maybe I *will* actually be able to get hard tonight. Excitement surges through me, and I meet Nolan's gaze across the table. His pretty lips curve into a smile and his eyes dance with the same thrill that's electrifying me from head to toe.

"Are you both finished?" Alden asks, and I drag my eyes away from Nolan for a moment to look down at my half-eaten plate of food.

"I'm done," I say, setting my fork down.

"Me too." Nolan grins a little wider, turning toward Alden and batting his eyelashes at him just a little like he's not doing it in that teasing, on purpose way he does so often, but it's more an unconscious reaction to the man himself.

"Excellent. Leave your plates for now then, and why don't we go to the library."

"The library?" Nolan repeats, frowning.

Alden chuckles. "It's upstairs. It's a cozier atmosphere than the living room."

Our chairs scrape against the floor as we both stand up, leaving our plates as instructed, and follow him up the stairs to the second floor.

"Wow," Nolan murmurs as we step into the library. The ceilings are high, and bookshelves that I'm sure he had to have specially made tower against each wall. The scent of leather and aged paper fills the room, a cozy seating area nestled in the far corner.

"I've been to your house a dozen times. How have I never seen this room?" I ask. I think back to the initial tour of

the house he gave when we all came here a few years ago. If I remember correctly, the door to this room was closed and he gave no explanation about it.

“It’s sort of my little sanctuary,” he explains, leading us over to the couches.

“You showed us your sex dungeon downstairs,” Nolan reminds him.

Alden arches an eyebrow. “Playroom,” he corrects.

“Is there a difference?” Nolan asks with amusement.

“One sounds much too menacing to describe the things I like.”

My step falters and my heart trips over itself as another warm surge gives me hope for tonight. “What do you like?” I surprise myself by asking, my voice coming out huskier than I intended.

Alden looks over his shoulder and smirks, stopping and gesturing to the nearest couch. “What do I like?” He settles himself onto the lone chair and gets comfortable. “I like taking a defiant boy and tying him to my bed, teasing him until he’s pleading with me for relief. I like being bent over for an angry boy, not letting him come until he’s fucked all his rage out.” I swallow hard as Alden makes his list, his voice low and mesmerizing, full of dangerous promises. “And I *really* like watching boys pleasure each other. With my instructions, of course.”

Nolan shivers beside me and nods slowly, his eyes fixed on Alden.

“Sit,” Alden commands. I sink down onto the couch and Nolan starts to move past me to claim the other side. “On his lap.”

He stumbles to a stop in front of me and climbs onto my lap, straddling me. He shifts around for a moment, trying to settle in. His already hard cock bumps against mine, sending a spark of sensitivity down my shaft and to my balls.

He loops his arms around my neck and then grins at me. “Hi.”

I huff a laugh. “Hi.”

“You two are perfect, aren’t you?” Alden says wistfully. “Be good boys and kiss for me.”

Nolan licks his lips and shifts on my lap again. He slides one of his hands up the back of my neck and into my hair as my heart hammers in my chest. I’m more nervous now than I was before our first kiss. That was so spur of the moment, my jealousy and fear over losing him driving me to act. But this moment is heavy with expectation. We’ve had days to think about this, he knows the challenges this relationship faces, and he’s still in my lap looking at me like he would do anything for me.

A heady rush consumes me, and I drag him in for a kiss, our lips crashing together more desperately than they did the first time. That kiss was full of everything we’ve held in for the past few years, both of us too afraid to say anything. This kiss feels like promises of the future.

Nolan’s tongue drags against mine, our mouths hot against each other, the bulge in the front of his pants growing and throbbing against me. I slide my hands down to his ass, feeling the flex of the muscles as he grinds against me. I sink my fingers into his ass cheeks and kiss him even deeper.

He moans around my tongue, and I’m suddenly keenly aware of Alden watching us. He hasn’t made a sound since we started kissing, but I can feel his eyes on us, and it sends a fresh thrill through me.

“Play with his nipples, Pet.”

Nolan doesn’t hesitate to unlock his arms from around my neck and slide them down to my chest. He brushes his thumbs over my hard nipples and a pulse of heat goes through me, all the way down to my balls. I want him so badly, but what if I still can’t get fully hard? Even if I do, it doesn’t always last long.

A tight feeling wraps around my chest and the heat cools.

“Gannon, you’re thinking too much.” Alden tsks. “You’re not allowed to think of anything except his hands on you.”

That permission is all I need to relax. Alden says I don’t need to think about anything right now, and I trust him. All that exists is this moment. No matter what comes next.

I close my eyes and feel Nolan’s hands under my shirt now, the buttons tugged open. He circles each nipple with his thumbs, sending little sparks through me.

“He’s sensitive,” he says, stroking my nipples a little harder, making me squirm and gasp.

“Is he? Hmm, maybe we should have his nipples pierced. Then they would be even more fun for you to play with.”

We both groan, and my cock starts to stir. I know it’s just talk since this is all only for tonight, but the idea that someone else would make a decision like that for me is hotter than I expected it to be. If he could make decisions like that, he could make others. Maybe I wouldn’t have to worry quite so much, and I could just feel like I am right now.

Nolan grinds the hard steel of his cock against mine, stroking me through the thin silk of both our dress pants. I can feel the heat even through the fabric, and I can imagine how skin on skin would feel. I want to feel the warmth of his inner thighs, the tickle of his hair against my skin, our cocks pressed together.

“On your knees, Pet,” Alden commands, and Nolan’s cock twitches against me. He brushes his mouth over mine one last time and then slides to his knees in front of me.

At some point, he got my shirt entirely unbuttoned without me noticing. My abdomen is on display: tattoos, scars, and all. I tear my eyes off Nolan for a second and look up to see Alden watching us. There’s a visible bulge in the front of his pants that he’s not bothering to hide. He’s a shorter,

slimmer man, and I'd almost venture to call him a twink if he wasn't so dominant, but he's clearly hung.

He's watching us with hooded eyes, his arms resting on the sides of the chair, his legs in a relaxed spread. The top few buttons of his shirt are undone, showing off a thatch of dark chest hair.

Nolan brushes his fingers tenderly over the edge of the scar on the side of my stomach, ending just above my hip bone.

"Take his pants off. I know we're both dying to see that pretty cock of his."

Nolan chuckles and reaches to undo my pants, fingers fumbling nervously before he manages to get them. The anxiety dances around the edges again, but I do what Alden said and focus on the feeling of Nolan's hands on me, the scratch of his fingers as he hooks them into the edges of my pants and briefs, the way his breath is warm against my stomach, the taste of him still on my lips from our kiss...

"Good boy," Alden murmurs, and my cock pulses, slowly thickening.

"Oh," Nolan says in throaty surprise, his eyes on the still semi-soft bulge. He pushes my pants down and I lift my hips to help. My cock flops against my thigh as my pants and underwear pool around my ankles. "You have huge balls," he purrs, sliding his hands up the insides of my thighs. "Can I?" He stops just before he reaches my balls. I know he's not asking *my* permission though.

"Kiss them," Alden instructs, and Nolan groans, gripping my thighs and leaning in to press a hot, wet, open-mouth kiss against each one.

"Fuck," I gasp, grabbing onto the couch cushions.

"I told you that you weren't broken," Alden says smugly, and I look down, surprised to find my cock fully hard.

Nolan moans, his mouth still on my balls, sending vibrations through me. He drags his mouth up to the base of

my cock, teasing his tongue against me before pulling away. “Can I?” he asks again.

My cock swells a little more at the thought of his hot mouth around me.

“Yes, Pet. Make our boy feel good with that beautifully filthy mouth of yours.”

My whole body trembles as he leans in and presses more open-mouth kisses along my shaft, the slightest brush of his teeth at the end of each one lighting up my nerve endings and tightening my balls.

When he reaches the head, I thrust against his lips, smearing a dab of precum against them with a shiny trail. He licks it off with a quiet, happy hum and then wraps his lips around me.

“Oh, fuck,” I gasp at the wet stroke of his tongue over my head and the suction of his lips as he swallows me down.

My eyes stray open, and I notice Alden again, watching us with such a wrecked expression you’d think he was the one with a tight throat swallowing around his cock. His hand falls to his lap and he brushes his fingers over the hard outline between his legs. He lets out a soft sound, his eyes glued to the way Nolan’s head moves up and down on my cock. A mixture of spit and precum trickles down my shaft, and he gathers some onto his fingers and then slips them between my cheeks to tease my hole.

Heat gathers in the pit of my stomach and my hips twitch, forcing my cock deeper. Nolan gags, the muscles in his throat tightening around me, making my eyes roll back and my breath catch.

My fingers find their way into his hair, forcing him to suck me just a little slower, groaning when he finds the perfect speed. I let out a breath and sink into the feeling that’s gathering in my balls, that almost painful hot tightness of an impending orgasm.

“Alden,” I gasp because I know he’s the one who has to say it’s okay. That thought alone—that it’s up to someone

else—sends a hot pulse through me, and I almost lose it.

“Come,” he answers, and relief trembles through me. I roll my hips again, but this time Nolan seems ready for it, his throat opening even deeper for me. “Don’t swallow it all, Pet.”

Lightening races up my spine and my balls constrict. Pleasure rushes over me in gasps and groans. My fingers tighten in Nolan’s hair as I slam my hips against his face and come down his throat. Nolan pulls back, catching some of my release on his tongue and holding it there. I thrust shallowly in his mouth, aftershocks of my orgasm continuing to roll through me until Nolan releases me from his mouth.

“Kiss him,” Alden says, and Nolan scrambles back onto my lap.

He shoves his cum-sticky tongue back between my lips, and I moan. We trade the salty flavor between us until Alden says it’s Nolan’s turn.

He grinds his hard cock against me, and I slide a hand between us to feel him. He’s hard and pulsing. Even through his pants, I can feel every vein on his erection.

“What’s easiest for you?” Nolan checks. Getting on my knees isn’t going to happen, unfortunately.

“Gannon, lie down,” Alden says, deciding for me before I have to.

We arrange ourselves and he instructs Nolan to take off his pants. A moment later, he’s straddling my face, his uncut cock hanging inches from my lips, my tongue aching to taste him. Nolan braces his hands against the arm of the couch and drags his erection against my mouth.

I part my lips for him, and Alden hums in approval. “What I wouldn’t give to have the two of you past one night,” he sighs wistfully. Nolan stills and turns his head in Alden’s direction. I can’t see the look they share, but a strangely hopeful possibility teases at the back of my mind.

Nolan returns his attention to me, thrusting again, the head of his cock catching against my open lips. A dribble of

precum spills onto my tongue. He pants, the couch groaning as he grips the arm of it.

“Don’t judge my hair-trigger. It’s been way too long, and I’ve jerked off thinking about you about a million too many times.”

I chuckle, the sound vibrating down my tongue as I lick the head of his cock. He moans again and thrusts deeper into my mouth. The weight of his cock pressing against my throat has a deeper kind of pleasure settling in my core. Nolan breathes harshly, panting out things I can’t hear as he fucks my mouth.

I dig my fingers into his flexing thighs, encouraging him to fuck deeper and faster, to use my mouth to make himself come.

“Gan,” he pants my name, the length of his cock weighing heavily against my tongue. “I’m close.”

He wasn’t kidding about not lasting, but fuck, that’s even hotter. I hear the sound of a zipper, and I peek one eye open to see Alden reaching into his pants. I moan around Nolan’s dick. He fucks my mouth more frantically, making strangled, desperate noises.

“Don’t swallow,” Alden says again, his tone ragged.

Nolan seems to take that as permission, gasping loudly as he pulls out to fuck my mouth shallower, his thighs quaking under my fingers as he spills onto my tongue. He fills my mouth with salty cum until it starts to drip from the corners of my lips. He thrusts his softening cock in and out of my mouth a few more times, shuddering before pulling out.

“Kiss,” Alden instructs for, what, the third or fourth time? I’ve lost track.

I turn my head and crook my finger at Alden. Surprise crosses his expression, but he gets up. His pants are hanging open, his cock exposed and aching red. I was right. He’s huge. My hole clenches at the idea of being filled by him. Maybe...someday. I tilt my head up and grab onto the front of his shirt to drag him down.

If I'd imagined my first kiss with Alden, it wouldn't have been the cum-sticky one this is. His mouth is just as commanding as I expected. What I didn't expect was how much I would like that. I may have started it, but somehow he owns every second of this kiss. He laps Nolan's cum off my tongue, rolling it between us. It drips between our lips, sticking us together between kisses.

Maybe I'm supposed to wait to ask—I'm still not totally clear on all this Daddy stuff—but I can't stop myself from reaching for Alden's exposed cock. He grabs onto my wrist as soon as I wrap my fingers around the base of his erection. But he doesn't stop me. He uses his grip to jerk himself off with my hand.

Nolan shifts on top of me, and I break the kiss with Alden to find him hovering close. Alden grins.

“Feeling left out, greedy little Pet?” he coos before leaning over to claim Nolan's mouth. I watch them battle with their lips and tongues, pulsing my fingers tighter and looser around his shaft as he moves my hand up and down. He moans into Nolan's mouth, their kiss becoming more frenzied as he fucks into my fist.

Like Nolan, he doesn't last long. A low groan is muffled against Nolan's mouth before he starts to spill over my fingers, thick ropes of hot cum running down his length and coating my hand. He shivers and returns his mouth to mine. I can still taste the lingering flavor of Nolan's cum, along with the taste of both their mouths.

This kiss is slower, lazier as his thrusts slow and the last few drops of cum are rung from his balls.

“You are a naughty boy, making me break the promise I made to myself,” he tsks as he pulls away and stuffs his now-soft cock back into his pants.

The urge to taunt him to go ahead and punish me jumps to my tongue, but that's just more promises of a later that probably won't happen.

“Sorry,” I mutter instead.

Alden chuckles, zipping his pants and then leaning down to kiss me one last time.

“Don’t apologize.”

“Okay.” If he says not to, I won’t.

“Why don’t you boys go to the guest bedroom at the end of the hall. It has an attached bathroom so you can get properly cleaned up, and then I want the two of you to spend the night.”

“Why?” Nolan asks.

An expression twitches over Alden’s face before he hides it under a smile. “Because it’s late and I want you here. Now, go.”

Nolan scrambles off my lap and then offers me a hand to stand up, my thighs wobbly from the recent orgasm. I look back at Alden as I follow Nolan toward the library door.

“Sleep with us?” I ask.

ALDEN

I’m not sure who’s more surprised by Gannon’s request, him or me. His eyes widen for a moment before he neutralizes his expression again.

“Sleep with us,” Nolan agrees.

My heart jumps against my ribcage, pounding heavily. Sleeping with them sounds like the best and worst idea all at once. I’d much prefer to stay with them, enjoy the rest of tonight before they wake up tomorrow morning and realize I am of no more use to them. And, of course, even after a minor scene like we shared tonight, I prefer to attend to my boys afterward...and to myself if I’m honest. Aftercare isn’t only for the sub.

My throat constricts and I give a sharp nod. “Anything the two of you would like tonight.” I push all of my longing deep down so I can focus for a few more hours on their needs. “Now, let’s go get you cleaned up. You’re both downright debauched.”

Gannon looks down at his cum-covered hand as if he's just now noticing. They both have flecks of cum crusted on their mouths as well. I'd happily keep them this way—covered in sweat and cum, preferably naked—but it won't do to let them fall asleep like this.

I shoo them out of the library, following behind them and directing them toward the guest bedroom.

“Whoa,” Nolan says when they step inside. A custom-made bed takes up a large portion of the room. It's the size of one and a half king beds. I have the same one in my bedroom, but I'm not always inclined to entertain in there, so it made sense to have another in the guest room.

“The bathroom is right through there.” I gesture to the door on the other side of the room and then take a seat on the edge of the bed to remove my shoes while they go in together to get cleaned up. “There should be spare toothbrushes under the sink,” I call out to them.

The sound of running water and low voices is a soothing reminder that I'm not alone, at least not for tonight. The knot in my chest eases and I look at the neatly made bed. How many boys have I shared this bed with? I can't count. Only a few special boys have been in *my* bed though. I glance in the direction of the bathroom, the words on the tip of my tongue to invite them to my bedroom instead. But I think that would make it hurt all the more when things are back to normal in the morning.

The sound of Nolan's laughter pulls me off the bed and toward the open bathroom door. I feel like even more of a voyeur than I was earlier, leaning against the doorframe watching the two of them playfully nudge each other out of the way to get to the sink, grinning and tussling. After a moment, the silliness settles and the looks they're trading go from playful to tender, their hands absently brushing against each other.

They both finish brushing their teeth, a damp cloth already on the floor from their initial clean-up, and Gannon smiles shyly at Nolan. I just watched them suck each other off,

but the kiss Nolan initiates now is so sweet and gentle, I feel as if I shouldn't be allowed to see it. My heart clenches and I start to back out of the doorway. Maybe I should just slip out of the room altogether, go to my bedroom, and let them enjoy the rest of their night. My job is clearly done here, and I doubt they will miss me much.

"Alden," Nolan says, and I pause. He's turning to face me, with Gannon behind him still looking a little dazed from the kiss. He crosses the bathroom in a few steps, stopping in front of me. Nolan cups my face between his hands and leans in to brush his lips against mine.

Butterflies flutter in my stomach, my breath rushing from my lungs. The kiss is so brief that I don't have time to do anything but stand stunned and then try to compose myself as soon as he pulls back.

"Thank you for tonight. It was perfect," Nolan says quietly.

I clear my throat. "Of course. Seeing the two of you happy does my heart good." Reflexively, I reach for my tie, remembering too late that I'm not wearing one at the moment. Nolan grins at the awkward move. "I really should leave the two of you be for the night."

"I thought you said we're doing this Daddy thing for the night. Or are you safewording out of it?" Gannon asks, and I huff a laugh.

"I'm not safewording."

"Good. We held up our end by doing everything you said. Don't we deserve a reward?"

I bite back a grin. For a man who claims to know little to nothing about this kink, he has the defiant brat thing down to a science. "That's not really how it works. The satisfaction of being a good boy is a reward of its own."

Gannon scoffs, and Nolan joins him in his skeptical expression. I can't help but laugh again, my heart doing backflips. I shouldn't want them as much as I do, but they're entirely too perfect.

“Stop being such a martyr already and get ready for bed with us,” Nolan insists.

“A martyr?” I repeat, arching my eyebrow at him.

“Please?” He sticks his bottom lip out in a pout. Gannon doesn’t go that far, but there is the barest hint of puppy-dog eyes from him as well.

“Fine,” I sigh. I can tend to my poor heart tomorrow after they leave. “Get into bed. I’ll be right there.”

They move past me to do as I say, and I step into the bathroom, closing the door behind me. I spend a moment tidying up the bathroom and, more importantly, centering myself. I clean myself up and open an extra toothbrush. I can hear the rustle of clothing and bedsheets, along with the low murmur of their voices again. When things go silent, I wonder if they’re lying in bed together kissing as if they’re desperate to make up for lost time.

I can’t help but wonder if I’ll ever find someone—or multiple someones—the way everyone around me has done. Am I doomed to be alone forever? I finish getting ready for bed and return to the room. They’re under the covers already, Gannon’s prosthetic leg on the floor next to the bed, their clothes in a messy pile beside it.

I undo the remaining buttons on my shirt and shrug it off. They both watch me quietly as I drape my shirt over the desk chair, followed by my pants and socks. When I’m in nothing but my briefs, Nolan gives a flirty whistle, and I smirk.

“Flattery will get you everywhere, Pet,” I tease as I lift the edge of the sheets and slide into the bed. Gannon is in the middle, and Nolan is a good foot away on his other side, looking as nervous as I feel.

I’ve slept next to so many different men in my life that it’s laughable. So why is my heart beating so fast? How ridiculous.

I reach over and flick off the light beside the bed, plunging the room into relative darkness. The moonlight

streaming in through the large windows is enough that I can still see them both clearly. Nolan rolls onto his side, facing us, while Gannon lies on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

“Claustrophobic?” I check with Gannon, who shakes his head.

“No.”

“Good.” I scoot closer. If this is the one and only night I get, I might as well enjoy it. “Come closer, Pet.”

I nestle close to Gannon’s side, and when Nolan is doing the same on the other side, I drape an arm over both of them.

Gannon is stiff in the middle for a moment before lifting an arm to slide under my head. I rest my head in the crook of his armpit, the roughly scarred skin on his shoulder and chest tempting me to brush gentle kisses over him, so I do.

He makes soft, sweet sounds that undo me.

“Sleep now, boys,” I instruct quietly.

Nolan yawns obediently, and before long, both their breathing has slowed and become heavy. I don’t sleep that easily, unable to stop watching them in the dark and wondering if there’s some way, *any* way, they could be mine.

Chapter 11

NOLAN

I come awake slowly, the weight of Gannon's arms around me lulling me into a peaceful sleep over and over until I eventually fight my way to consciousness. I can still remember the salty, rich flavor of his cum on my lips last night, my throat aching with that satisfying, well-used feeling. I groan quietly, my cock twitching as memories of last night assault me.

Gannon presses his nose against the back of my neck and tightens his arms around me, making a happy, rumbling sound from his throat. I crane my neck, trying not to disturb his hold on me, and I find the other side of the bed empty. Alden strikes me as an early riser, so he probably just got up to run the world or whatever it is he does with his free time.

“Was last night real?” he asks in a raspy voice.

“We're half-naked in a lavish bedroom that doesn't belong to either of us, so I'm thinking yes.”

He chuckles, low and warm, his breath ghosting along my skin. Gannon pulls me closer, tucking my body fully against his, his soft cock pressing against my ass. I know this perfect bubble of a moment can't last forever, but as long as I don't say anything stupid, it can probably last a few more minutes, right?

“I want more, Gan.” *Yup, stupid, just like that. Way to go, Nolan.*

He tenses, and even before he starts to scoot back, I can feel him emotionally withdrawing.

“I can't, No.”

I roll over to face him, grabbing for him and wrapping my fingers around his bicep to stop him from getting out of bed.

“But last night—”

“Last night, my dick was under whatever spell Alden manages to have over it.” I can hear the frustration in his tone, but underlying that, there’s a tendril of heat.

Hot, bitter jealousy spikes in the pit of my stomach, tightening my throat and making my fingers twitch against his arm. Alden can get him hard, but I can’t. Maybe I’m inserting myself somewhere I don’t belong. The two of them could have something special, something real. They certainly don’t need me in the middle of it.

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip, studying his face while my heart flutters nervously. Gannon looks right back at me, the same longing and affection in his eyes that he had right before he kissed me last night. No matter what Alden has to do with anything else that happens, that kiss was just between the two of us, and it meant something.

Fuck, this is complicated.

“What if I want more anyway?” I ask quietly, afraid to hope too much for the answer I want.

“How would that work? What about Alden? This feels so...messy.” There’s an echo of that same frightened hope in his tone as well.

“Do we have to have all the answers at once? Can’t we just...?” I scoot closer again, my hand against the center of his chest where I can feel his heart thundering under my palm. “Figure it out as we go?”

Gannon drags his fingers against my hip, hesitant for a moment before digging them in harder and hauling me to him so we’re chest to chest, legs finding a way to wrap around each other, his warm, soft cock against mine.

“You really want that? Even if I’m broken?” There’s a slight tremble in his voice.

“You’re not broken,” I say fiercely, putting a hand on his jaw and looking deep into his eyes. “Who says sex has to be all about getting off? Can’t it just be about sharing a moment together?”

To prove my point, I brush my lips against his. Gannon's mouth is hot, yielding under mine instantly, softening and falling into rhythm with my lips as we trade slow, sensual kisses. He presses his fingers harder into my skin, his tongue slipping inside my mouth, seeking mine.

Even with his cock remaining soft while pressed against me, I can feel the hunger. The desperate wanting that matches mine with every sigh that vibrates against my tongue and every twitch of his fingers as he tries his damndest to find a way for our bodies to get closer than they already are.

My cock throbs against his, but getting off is the furthest thing from my mind as I deepen the kiss, dragging my hands over the hard planes of his body, over bumpy scars and smooth expanses, his body hair tickling my palms. I meant what I said to him. This right here, this moment of exploration and connection, is worth just as much as an orgasm, maybe more.

He breaks the kiss and rests his forehead against mine.

"If you really want this, I'll try," he says hoarsely.

I know we already said we would see where things go, but this promise feels even more solid. Everything is out in the open now, including whatever complicated thing is going on with Alden and the two of us. And in spite of all that, he still wants to figure it out.

"I really want it," I say with every ounce of conviction I have in me.

"Okay." He kisses me again.

We stay like that for a while until our lips are sore from kissing and time ceases to exist. If it wasn't for my full bladder and Gannon's growling stomach, we could probably stay here all day.

"I need to pee, then let's see where Alden got to," I suggest, reluctantly slipping out of Gannon's arms. My hard cock tents my silky briefs as I get out of bed, but I ignore it, which isn't easy with Gannon's eyes fixed on it.

After a moment, he blinks and tears his eyes away. “Alden,” he says softly, and I swear I can hear every one of my worries reflected in that single word.

How is this all supposed to work? Was Alden just playing with us last night, or does he feel something too? Are the two of us truly considering not only seeing if things work with us but also navigating a three-way relationship complete with Daddy kink? It sounds crazy, but my heart nearly bursts with wanting when I think of Alden.

“We’ll figure it out,” I promise him, and he nods.

GANNON

Nolan saunters into the bathroom, the flex of his ass inside his red, silky briefs mesmerizing. He pauses and shoots me a wink over his shoulder before closing the bathroom door behind him.

I throw the covers back and drag my hand over my barely hard cock. Maybe Nolan is right. We didn’t get off. He didn’t even seem particularly motivated to in spite of his obvious arousal, but it still felt fucking amazing to kiss and hold him like that.

I scoot to the end of the bed and reach for my prosthetic. Before I put it on, I rub my skin where it’s getting raw and irritated from the sleeve, wincing at the tender sting of it.

“Gan,” Nolan says admonishingly. I look up to see him crossing the bedroom. I didn’t even hear the bathroom door open back up. He comes straight to the end of the bed, dropping to his knees in front of me. “You haven’t been using the cream you’re supposed to use, have you?” He tsks as he examines the reddened skin.

“Sometimes,” I defend. “I forget a lot.”

He sighs, pressing a soft kiss there, then looks up at me. “Don’t make me tell Alden on you. He’d probably punish you for not taking care of yourself.”

In spite of the teasing in his voice, the threat sends a ripple of excitement through me.

“I’ll do better,” I promise, and Nolan nods. He takes the sleeve from me and slips it on, then stands up so I can put the prosthetic on.

“Come on.” He offers me his hand, and I take it. The two of us get dressed in the same clothes from last night, our dress shirts wrinkled and reeking of sex. We trade silent, hopeful smiles, needlessly brushing against each other as if we can’t stand not touching, even for a few seconds. I know I can’t, but that Nolan feels the same is heady and comforting, even if we still have a lot to sort out.

As soon as we step out of the bedroom, the smell of bacon and coffee makes my stomach growl again. Nolan laughs, and I grab his hand again, slotting our fingers together and earning another grin from him.

We follow the delicious scent to the kitchen, where we find Alden at the stove, flipping pancakes. He’s dressed casually in a pair of gray sweatpants and a white T-shirt. I’ve never seen him in anything but a suit...and his underwear last night. It’s an intimate feeling to see this side of him.

Nolan leans into me and lets out a dreamy sigh, making me think his thoughts are right in line with mine.

The sound alerts Alden to our presence. He glances over his shoulder, looking us both up and down. His lips twist into a half-smile that comes across as sad, maybe a little wistful.

“Did you boys sleep well?”

“Better than I have in ages,” I answer.

Nolan nods and eyes the coffee pot. “Can we...?” He points.

“Have a seat. I’ll bring you coffee,” Alden says.

“You don’t have to do that. You’re not *really* our Daddy,” Nolan reminds him with a chuckle.

Alden’s shoulders tense, his partial smile falling. “Of course,” he mutters, turning his attention back to the pancakes.

Nolan drops my hand and busies himself fixing a cup of coffee while I hang back, trying to sort through everything that happened last night and the fact that Alden wasn't in bed with us when we woke up this morning.

Nolan finishes making his coffee and takes a sip. "Fuck, that's good," he sighs.

"Language," Alden reminds him, slipping momentarily back into that stern demeanor from last night.

Nolan simply laughs, carrying the steaming mug over to the little table in the breakfast nook. With a newspaper spread out over it and a vase of fresh flowers in the middle, it's much cozier than the large, formal dining table in the other room.

"How did you sleep?" I ask as he flips the pancakes onto two plates.

"I can't complain," he answers in a flat tone, an entire world away from the low, warm, resonant tone he was using with us last night. It's even more detached than his work voice.

I grab two more mugs off the wall hooks behind the coffee maker and fill each of them. I've gotten Alden's coffee so many times I could make it in my sleep for him: three creams, one sugar, and just a sprinkle of cinnamon. I add a splash of milk to mine and then set his on the counter right beside him.

He looks at the mug and then at me, an indecipherable expression in his eyes. "You didn't have to do that."

"I wanted to."

His Adam's apple bobs as he swallows, dropping his gaze from mine again. I'm left feeling like I've missed a step, my stomach hollow and my balance completely off-kilter. Are we wrong about what's happening between the three of us? Was this all just a kink thing for Alden and now he's bored with us?

I look over at Nolan, who looks as confused as I feel. I meet his gaze, and he shrugs, frowning with a hint of a pout

when he glances back at Alden, who's still studiously preparing our breakfast.

I carry my coffee over to the table and take a seat across from Nolan. A moment later, Alden brings the two plates over to the table, setting one in front of each of us.

“What about yours?” Nolan asks.

“Unfortunately, I can't join you this morning. Take your time, help yourself to the shower in the guest bedroom if you'd like, or the pool if you feel like a swim. Just let yourselves out when you're ready to leave.”

Before either of us has a chance to argue or insist he stay and have breakfast with us, he's out of the kitchen. The sound of a door opening and closing on the second floor sounds so final, and surprisingly, it makes my chest ache.

Did we do something wrong?

ALDEN

I'm a coward.

I collapse onto the small couch in my home office and bury my face in my hands. I promised myself I was going to be fine. Enjoy breakfast with the two of them and then send them happily on their way. But the look of the two of them all ruffled and happy, paired with Nolan's reminder that last night was nothing more than a game for them, makes my lungs feel too heavy to draw in a proper breath.

They aren't mine, no matter how much I wish they were.

I heave myself off the couch and grab the bottle of scotch from my desk, unscrewing the cap and bringing it to my lips. I pause before taking a sip, an image of Kiernan's concerned expression dancing through my mind.

“Dammit,” I mutter, setting it down harder than necessary with a thud against my desk and putting the cap back on.

Drinking my problems away is the worst possible idea. I can't fuck them away either. The thought of any other boy—

or *boys*—in my bed is entirely unappealing. So where does that leave me? Falling for two boys...*men* who aren't interested in Daddy kink and likely aren't interested in *me* at all.

I sit back down, this time in my desk chair, and I pull up some busy work simply to keep myself occupied. The kitchen is too far from my office for me to hear them enjoying breakfast, but I imagine they're laughing and talking softly in that way that speaks achingly of the familiarity between the two of them. They never needed me to find their way to each other. I was simply trying to insert myself where I didn't belong.

I'm not sure how much time has passed before there's a light tap on my door.

I clear my throat. "I'm very busy," I lie.

There's silence on the other side, and I wonder if they're simply standing there, waiting for me to change my mind and invite them inside. I almost do, but what good could come of it? It's much easier if I set a boundary now. By Monday, there will be nothing but professionalism between us again.

"We wanted to thank you for breakfast." Nolan's voice is muffled by the thick door.

"And last night," Gannon adds.

I'm dying to shake off this melancholy and see them out properly, but I simply can't bring myself to. "You're quite welcome. Get home safely."

There's silence for several more seconds before I hear their footsteps retreating.

This is for the best. What would I do with two men who have no interest in being boys anyway? And more importantly, what would they do with me?

Perhaps this dream I've begun to harbor about love and forever is simply too far out of reach. Those things aren't for everyone, after all. I have a fulfilling life all on my own. Can't I be happy with that?

I wait a few more minutes before I leave my office, heading straight downstairs to the kitchen so I can clean up. To my surprise, I find everything wiped down and put away. They even washed the dishes and set them in the drying rack.

My lips twitch with a smile, another bittersweet feeling lancing my heart. They really are perfect boys. If only...

I refuse to let myself dwell, so I strip out of my clothes on my way out the back door and onto my pool deck. I don't miss a step, striding across the hot concrete and plunging myself into the cool, smooth surface of the water.

Maybe if I hadn't been so cold to them this morning, I might have talked them into staying for a swim with me. All that would have done is delayed the inevitable, but it would've been a nice memory to dwell on: the two of them splashing and laughing. My chest aches with the ghost of a joy I robbed myself of.

I suppose it's for the best.

Chapter 12

ALDEN

I pull the French toast bake out of the oven and check the clock on the stove to see how much time I have before the guys and Lorna, Barrett's sister, get here for our monthly Sunday brunch. As if on cue, the doorbell rings.

I pull the champagne out of the refrigerator and go to let my friends in. I spent most of yesterday swimming and licking my wounds, but I don't feel all that much better this morning. It's unbearably silly to feel this heartbroken over boys who were never mine to begin with, but I can't seem to convince my heart of that.

"You look like shit," Barrett says as soon as I open the door.

"I slept like shit," I explain, allowing a forceful hug from each of my friends. I give Lorna a kiss on the cheek as she steps inside as well.

"Don't listen to him. You look very chic with those dark circles under your eyes. They're very in right now in high fashion," she says, and I chuckle.

"That's only because models are too busy doing coke to get enough sleep," I say flatly.

"Pish, that's a stereotype, love," Lorna admonishes.

I lead them all inside and straight to the kitchen while Kiernan busies himself mixing us all mimosas, Barrett and Lorna set the table, and I carry all the food into the dining room to place on the buffet.

"Why the lack of sleep?" Kiernan asks once we all have full plates and glasses.

"No particular reason," I lie.

Barrett arches an eyebrow at me and Lorna snorts with amused disbelief. Why are these people my friends?

“Oh, come on. We’re not that stupid. Since you’re not crowing about it, I’m guessing it wasn’t a *fun* lack of sleep,” Lorna guesses.

“Where are your boys today?” I ask, ignoring her comment and desperately grappling for a change of subject.

“We sent them to get pampered at the spa,” Barrett answers. “Now, quit ducking the question.”

“I had Gannon and Nolan over on Friday night and we played a little. It was a one-night thing, a *very* vanilla scene, and that’s it. Is your curiosity satisfied now?” I snap.

“Whoa,” Kiernan says. “We knew you had a thing for Gannon, but wow.”

“Yes,” I mutter, taking a gulp of my mimosa.

“Wait, if it was Friday, how does that explain your lack of sleep last night?” Barrett asks.

“He’s pining,” Lorna guesses, an *awe, how sweet* expression crossing her features. Yes, my pain is downright adorable.

“Oh, damn.” Barrett’s face morphs into sympathy as well. “They aren’t interested in more?”

I scoff. “I told you, it was very vanilla. Our interests don’t align. I was helping them, that’s all.”

“They aren’t looking for a Daddy?” Kiernan rakes his fingers through his auburn beard, frowning as he seems to consider the situation.

“They aren’t even boys,” I grumble. However, there were a few moments while we played that I thought...*maybe*. But Nolan’s flippant attitude the next morning was proof enough that it didn’t mean anything to them.

“Then why did they go along with it at all?” Barrett furrows his brow. “Did they not enjoy the mild scene?”

“They enjoyed it.” I think back over the entire evening, and there wasn’t a single moment when they didn’t seem to be happy with how things were going.

“Have you actually *asked* if they’re interested?” Kiernan asks.

“Well, no. But...”

“Communication,” Lorna says simply. “You know that’s the cornerstone of kink, or really, any relationship. Don’t make assumptions about how they feel without asking them.”

“Perhaps,” I murmur before taking a bite of my food, chewing slowly so I can consider their advice. Both Nolan and Gannon were fairly clear that Daddy kink doesn’t interest them. However, when we shared dinner last week, it was obvious that Nolan has a very limited understanding of what Daddy kink entails. Maybe there’s some kind of compromise we could strike? Could I be happy with some in-between version where the Daddy kink isn’t all the time, but where I get to have the two of them? My heart flutters with longing. Yes, I think I could be happy.

Maybe a compromise isn’t even necessary. Perhaps they simply need to experience the lifestyle before they can say for sure it isn’t for them.

Hope nearly chokes me. I push it down to a more reasonable level and take another breath to keep it under control.

“I’ll speak with them again,” I concede.

“Good, but get some sleep first. You look like an extra on *The Walking Dead*,” Barrett advises.

“Noted.”

GANNON

“I really do have to go,” Nolan says, his words muffled against my lips, humor lacing through his tone.

I groan in protest and kiss him deeper again, dragging my tongue against his. I moan at the sweet taste of him filling my senses. He grabs the front of my shirt and nips at my bottom lip.

“We’re getting good at this.” I smirk against his lips and pepper his cheeks and chin with kisses until he’s laughing

and squirming in my arms.

“Practice makes perfect,” he says.

“Mm-hmm,” I hum in agreement, going in for another kiss.

“But not right now.” He finally worms out of my arms with a playful expression. “Because I seriously have to go. I’m going to be late and rich people *hate* to wait for shit.”

He runs his hands through his hair, getting the messy strands back into place, and then straightens the buttons on his suit.

“Thank you for bringing me coffee,” I say, though the coffee he stopped by with over an hour ago is no doubt cold at this point. Totally worth it.

“It was just an excuse to make out with you.” He gives me a cheeky grin.

“I’m more than happy to be seduced with coffee.”

I heave myself off the couch and walk Nolan to the door. “I have a really busy week ahead. We’re heading into wedding season, so I’m swamped.” He puts his hand against my chest, his palm flat against my heart. “But I want to have a first official date. What about Thursday night?”

“I’m there,” I agree, brushing another kiss to his lips. “We’ll hammer out the details this week. And if you’re too busy to cook or anything this week, just send me an SOS, and I’ll be there with takeout and make out.”

“That sounds so much better than Netflix and Chill,” he says with a laugh. “I’m going to hold you to it. And now I *really* have to go.”

I open the door and then lean against the doorframe to watch his retreating form until he’s out of sight. Once he’s gone, I slip back into my apartment with a happy sigh. I head back to the living room and ease myself back onto the couch.

I absently cup my partially hard cock through my sweatpants. Nearly an hour of kissing and groping with Nolan, and I barely managed more than a semi. He didn’t seem

frustrated at all, purring and kissing me without a care. But, fuck, *I* care.

I get what Nolan and Alden said about it not being the most important thing, but realistically, how long will Nolan want to stay in a relationship with someone he can't consistently have sex with?

My mind drifts back to that relaxed state Alden managed to put me in. Maybe that's the key. I'm in my head too much. But even knowing that, it doesn't feel like I can just snap my feelings and fix the issue. I reach for my phone with a sigh, opening my browser and navigating to my favorite porn site. It's worth figuring out if I'm into Daddy kink, or if Alden just has some sort of freaky snake charming abilities, right?

All I have to type in the search bar is *Da* and Daddy kink comes up as the first suggestion. The other search options are a little more intimidating: Daddy fuck boy, Step Daddy, Daddy's Fuck Toy...

I click on the top link and then pick the very first video. It starts like any other porn video I've seen: two guys kissing next to a bed, groping at each other's clothes without removing them right away.

"You want Daddy's cock, don't you?" The larger, more muscular man whispers. The other man whimpers and nods, standing on his tiptoes, desperately seeking another kiss.

If the messy bedroom isn't a dead giveaway that this is amateur, the genuine passion sparking between them as the Daddy commands the boy to undress settles it. The boy's hands are trembling as he scrambles to do as his Daddy says. The larger man heaps on the praise, caressing and kissing every inch of the other's body as his skin is exposed.

I palm my cock again with my free hand, and I'm surprised to find that I'm nearly fully hard again. I click off that video and randomly try another. The next one is rougher, clearly more professional in quality. In this one, the boy is bent over the Daddy's lap, wincing and moaning as he receives a spanking. The repetitive slap of hand against skin resonates loudly over the boy's pleased gasps.

“Oh fuck,” I pant, shoving my hand down the front of my sweats and squeezing my now completely erect cock.

I stroke myself in time with the sharp slaps, my thighs quivering and ass cheeks tingling as I wonder what that must feel like. On Friday night, I was tempted to push Alden on the bad language rule to see what he would do. Watching this is making me wish I had. Would he have spanked me right there at the dinner table? Would Nolan have liked to watch?

That’s the thought that sends me over the edge, my balls tightening as I spill ropes of hot, sticky cum over my fingers. Nolan’s eyes on me, his aroused gasps meeting my ears as Alden spanks me until I come all over his thigh. I groan and thrust into my fist, my lungs tight and my skin burning as my orgasm racks me.

When my cock starts to become oversensitive, I drop my phone and ease my hand out of my pants, lolling my head against the back of the couch. So, apparently, getting blown up gave me a Daddy fetish. That has to be a new one, right?

I snort at the thought of calling my doctor to ask if that’s a known side effect. I’m guessing it’s not. And yet, here we are.

My chest tightens as Nolan enters my mind again. What does this mean for us? Is there any hope for us long-term if I can only get hard when Daddy kink is involved?

NOLAN

I’m dragging ass when I get back to my apartment many, *many* hours later. I accidentally double-booked consults today and ended up with not one but *two* bridezillas I had to tactfully handle with promises of their very own Barbie Dream Wedding. I see a lot of origami swans and bird shit in my future.

I kick off my shoes and shuffle to the living room, where I collapse on the couch. My stomach growls, but the thought of getting up to make anything for dinner is beyond exhausting. I sigh and reach for the remote, turning on some

house hunters show, lazily peeling off my socks and then unbuttoning my shirt.

I could text Gannon to take him up on his offer for dinner, but it's already late. He might be in bed, or at the very least, relaxed and in for the night. I close my eyes and picture him naked under the covers, his textured, tattooed skin on full display, his dark nipples hardened, even if his cock isn't quite there yet.

I smile as I imagine sliding into bed next to him like I've done it a million times. A wistful feeling fills my chest. Maybe one day. Although, I have to admit, the picture in my mind feels somewhat incomplete.

I open my eyes again, the happy feeling inside me replaced by a heavy sense of guilt. I fucked up with Alden.

I pull my phone out of my pocket and open the text thread between the two of us. Since our first dinner together, we'd been texting daily, sometimes multiple times a day. It hasn't been anything earth-shattering, just simple *this client is testing my patience* and *what should I have for lunch* type messages, but I was starting to get attached to them...to *him*.

I haven't gotten a single new message since Friday.

The memory of Alden's lips on mine makes me ache all over. My body remembers exactly how it felt to have Gannon's strong body under mine—the flex of his muscles as he worked his hand up and down Alden's huge shaft, the vibration of Alden's moans against my mouth, the flavor of mine and Gannon's cum on his lips—the three of us connected in a perfect moment.

I shiver at the memory, my cock hardening rapidly as the ache pulsing through my body narrows in just between my legs.

This is crazy though, isn't it? How would it even work? First of all, there's the Daddy-kink thing. And second, relationships are hard enough between *two* people, aren't they?

I haven't been living under a rock. I know what polyamory is. I guess, in the back of my mind, I just always

assumed it was mainly a kinky sex thing and not a way any reasonable person went about relationships.

But as in love as I am with Gannon, the thought of walking away from Alden makes me physically sick. I always thought that anyone with multiple partners must not love any of them enough to commit, but now I think I was underestimating the capabilities of the heart. It doesn't feel like there's a finite amount of space that I'm trying to split between the two of them. It's more like my heart is expanding so there's room for both.

Is Gannon feeling this too? What happens if he's not? And is Alden even interested anyway?

My thoughts circle back around to that awkward morning after when Alden's tentative smile turned cold because I made light of what had happened.

"Fuck," I mutter to myself, scrolling back down to the end of our messages and clicking on the box to type a new one.

NOLAN: I read that book you told me about. The one with the cowboys in space...

The message shows as read almost immediately. I hold my breath as I wait for his reply. My hard cock is forgotten as I lie down to make myself comfortable on the couch, holding my phone tightly while I stare at the screen in anticipation of his text.

ALDEN: It's ridiculous, isn't it?

NOLAN: In the best way. I have to go get the second one from Em's shop sometime this week if I can find time.

ALDEN: I have it. I can lend it to you.

NOLAN: I'd like that. Thank you.

I lie there a few minutes, waiting for another text, the gnawing in my gut only partially eased. I take a deep breath and type another message.

NOLAN: I'm sorry I made light of the Daddy stuff on Saturday morning. I wasn't sure how to act or really how to

deal with the fact that I kind of liked it. For one night, I mean...not like I want to be your boy forever and have you pick out my clothes and shit. Fuck, I'm still fucking this up.

ALDEN: You're not fucking it up. Thank you for being honest, and thank you for the apology. I suppose I was a bit oversensitive that morning as well. I shouldn't have taken it as harshly as I did.

I smile, the tense knots inside me all easing.

NOLAN: Okay, so this book...

ALDEN: Yes, I'm dying to hear your thoughts.

Chapter 13

GANNON

Normally I drop Alden's coffee off first in the morning. It makes the most logistical sense based on where his office is in relation to the other two. Not this morning. This morning there's been a nervous flutter in the pit of my stomach every time I think about Alden. It started when I woke up, remnants of a dream still clinging to my thoughts. A dream that I vaguely remember had something to do with Alden, Nolan, and myself...sitting around on a Sunday morning playing a card game and drinking coffee.

That's *so* much weirder than if I'd just had a sex dream about them.

Once Barrett's and Kiernan's coffees are dropped off, I'm out of excuses to stall, and the last thing I want is to let his coffee get cold while I hide in my office contemplating this...I suppose I would call it a crush, although the word sounds so juvenile.

I pick up his coffee and make my way down the hallway toward his office, my heart hammering with every step. I roll my eyes at myself when I reach his door and hesitate. It's only Alden. Just because I know what his huge, pulsing cock feels like when it's pumping his release into my hand...

Fuck, okay, wrong tactic.

I swallow hard and force that memory away.

It's Alden. This is fine. I raise my fist and give a sharp knock.

"Come in," he calls. He looks up from his computer when I open the door and step inside. "Bit late this morning, aren't you?"

My jaw tenses, a familiar irritation flaring in my chest. For the first time, though, I notice the amusement and heat dancing in his eyes. Has he been goading me on purpose this

whole time? I'm not sure if I should be offended or flattered. He wasn't kidding about having his eye on me long before Nolan's boldness at that gala threw everything into a tailspin. And I hardly even know him.

I cross the room and set his coffee down on the desk. Normally, I'd give a biting retort and retreat from his office, but I find myself glued to the spot, staring at him as he takes the first sip from the paper cup.

"Tell me something I don't know about you."

"Pardon?" Alden arches an eyebrow at me, leaning back in his chair with his coffee in hand.

"It shouldn't be hard. All I know is that you like to wear suits that cost more than my car, and you are the go-to client schmoozer around here." I take a seat in the chair in front of his desk.

"That's not true. You also know how I take my coffee and that I'm a bit of a voyeur." The teasing is back in his voice.

I snort a laugh. "So, tell me something."

"Hmm." He sips his coffee again while seeming to consider. "I took a year off from college to go backpacking through Eastern Europe. I left all of my credit cards at home, and I worked manual labor jobs to pay for food and boarding at hostels. That, and I traded more than a few sexual favors as well, but that was more for enjoyment than anything." He smiles at the memory, a fondness softening his eyes.

I chuckle, trying to picture him twenty years younger, reckless and untethered as he bartered blowjobs and dishwashing for filthy accommodations. It's almost impossible to imagine.

"Were your parents mad?"

"Furious," he says with another grin. "It was one of the best years of my life though. I thought about staying in Volgograd with this *beautiful* man who didn't speak a word of English but had a mouth like sin. But Gannon and Kiernan came and talked some sense into me, brought me home, and

convinced me to finish college. It was for the best, but I *do* sometimes wonder what ever happened to Mikhail.”

“Wow.” I find myself smiling along with him, seeing him in an entirely different light than I had. Nolan was right. I didn’t have the first clue about Alden before this.

“And what about you?” he asks. “What’s something I don’t know?”

I think I’m falling for you, and I’m not sure how that’s possible or how it will work. I can only seem to get off when kink is involved. I’m really fucking confused but more excited than I’ve been in years.

I clear my throat, refusing to confess any of those things to him. Not here, and certainly not now. “I had this three-legged dog when I was growing up. His name was Petey. It kind of feels like a hefty dose of irony now, or maybe it was the universe preparing me because my first thought when I woke up and learned that I’d lost a leg was *hey, Petey didn’t seem to mind, so I’m sure I’ll learn to live with it.*”

“Hmm,” he hums, studying me with a thoughtful gaze. “I hope it doesn’t come across as condescending, but I truly admire the way you’ve handled the challenges you’ve been dealt.”

I shrug. “What was I going to do? Curl up into a ball and die there?”

“Some people do.”

“I’m not some people.” Even I can hear the pride in my voice. He’s right. I looked into the eyes of my worst fears: losing the career I’d planned to dedicate my life to, physically damaged, completely at a loss as to what was meant to come next...

“I know.” The words are a low, lustful purr, his expression going from warm to full-on heat in seconds flat.

My heart beats faster. It’s entirely too easy to imagine him with that exact expression as he commands me to do whatever will please him. My cock tingles, and I swallow hard, realizing that I’d do it, whatever *it* is.

“I should get back to my office,” I say weakly, not making a move to get up.

Alden nods slowly. “I suppose so.”

I get to my feet, lingering still, unable to make myself walk away when I still have so many questions weighing on my mind.

“Do you think I could come over sometime...to talk?” I ask.

Alden quirks an eyebrow at me. “Of course. You’re welcome to come over any time. Any particular topic you’d like to discuss, or is it a surprise?”

I let out a huff of amusement through my nose. I’m not ready to bring up the Daddy subject at work...I’m not even completely sure I’m ready to bring it up in private, but I think I have to. “Let’s call it a surprise.”

“I’ll look forward to it.”

I slip out of his office, my heart still doing gymnastics inside my chest.

But before I can plan to go to Alden’s for another conversation, I need to be honest with Nolan. Even if it makes him look at me differently.

Once I’m back in my office, I pull out my phone to send him a text.

GANNON: Hey, baby.

NOLAN: Wow, that’s weird.

GANNON: Bad weird?

NOLAN: AMAZING weird. What’s up?

GANNON: I know you’re swamped this week, but I was hoping I could bring takeout over tonight and talk to you about something.

NOLAN: Sure. I should be wrapping things up by around 7, if that works? Is everything okay?

GANNON: 7 sounds good. Things are...complicated. Big surprise, huh? It'll be better to talk in person than over text though.

NOLAN: Ok. I'll see you at 7.

NOLAN

Gannon's cryptic text has me anxiously checking my phone all morning, considering over and over calling and begging him to put me out of my misery and tell me what's going on. Did he change his mind and wants to call things off? Did something happen?

I check the time, willing it to be *at least* six-thirty, groaning when I realize it's only noon. How am I supposed to last seven more hours with this unknown hanging over my head?

"Nolan?"

"Hmm?" I realize my assistant, Tucker, has been saying...something...for the past god knows how long, and I haven't heard a word of it. "I'm sorry, my head is somewhere else."

He gives me a patient smile. "We have some time before we're scheduled to show Mrs. Castellano venues for the anniversary party. Why don't you go grab lunch or some coffee, clear your head?"

Lunch? That's perfect. I grin. "Excellent idea. I'll be back in an hour."

I practically sprint to my car. Gannon's office isn't far, but god knows how mid-day traffic can be, and I want as much time as possible to talk to Gannon. I'm lucky enough to find a parking spot right in front of his building, nervously fidgeting as I wait impatiently for the elevator to make its ascent to the top floor.

The doors open and I hurry to step off without paying attention. I walk right into Alden, small but sturdy he lets out an *oomph* and then braces his hands on my arms to keep me from running him over.

An excited flutter starts in my belly and spreads through my body, a nervous giggle bubbling up in my throat.

“Alden, hi.”

He quirks his lips in a half-smile. “Pet,” he greets. “If you’re here for Gannon, I believe he won’t be back for several hours. He and Barrett are sitting down for a lunch meeting.”

My shoulders sag.

“Fuck,” I mutter, quickly cutting a glance at Alden to see if he’s going to scold me for my language. The stern yet amused expression on his face makes me think he wants to, but he’s restraining himself. Of course he is. I made it very clear that I’m not looking for a Daddy, so why do I feel just the slightest bit disappointed that he doesn’t say anything? “Well, I guess it’ll be lunch by myself then.”

“Such a tragedy,” he teases, and an idea occurs to me.

“It is,” I agree. “You wouldn’t want to save me from my own company, would you?”

“Are you asking me to lunch?” Alden asks.

“I am. What do you say?”

He stares at me for several of the longest seconds of my life, my stomach knotting as I brace for what feels like inevitable rejection. When he nods, it’s all I can do not to let out an audible sigh of relief.

“Lunch sounds wonderful. Lead the way.”

I call the elevator back and we get on together. There’s something about being alone with him in the small space of the world’s slowest moving elevator that has my body tingling with heat and awareness.

I clear my throat, shifting my weight from one foot to the other as I stare straight ahead at the metallic doors.

“I’m parked right out front. We can take my car,” I suggest. Alden follows me, wrinkling his nose again as soon as we’re within sight of my car.

“For the love of Gucci, we are not having this conversation *again*,” I groan.

“What? I didn’t say anything,” he defends, opening the passenger side and getting in.

“I saw your face,” I say once I’m inside as well. “I get that it’s not up to your standards, but it’s *my* car. Have a little respect.”

“It’s not about standards,” he argues. “This car is unsafe. It’s practically held together by duct tape and happy thoughts.”

“It is,” I agree flatly. “So, you’d better keep thinking positively, or we’re bound to burst into flames at any moment.”

He snorts a laugh, which eases some of the tension out of the moment. I start the car and head for the nearest sushi place.

Just like on our date—was that even a date—Alden opens the door for me, his hand on my lower back as he leads me inside the restaurant. It’s fairly busy, but we manage to get a table. No doubt because Alden slips him a tip, all sly and James Bond-like. Not going to lie. It’s hot.

As soon as we’re seated and our orders have been placed, I find myself feeling the need to defend my car again.

“I lived in a car for a while,” I confess, unfolding the heavy cloth napkin beside my place and deftly folding it back into a swan, simply for something to do with my hands.

“That car?” he asks, understanding lacing through his tone.

“No. It was when I was a kid. But I think in the back of my mind, I’m always prepared to have to do it again. I know I could get something nicer. I certainly can afford it, but...” I shrug. “That car was the first thing I bought with my own money. I guess it’s special.”

“That’s understandable. But you know, you could keep the car for sentimental value and still get a newer, safer one,”

he reasons as I unfold the swan and re-fold it into a rose this time.

“That’s ridiculous. I’m not going to pay for a second car when I already have one,” I scoff.

He hums, taking a sip of the sake he ordered. “I didn’t know you grew up that way.”

“No one does.”

“Not even Gannon?”

I make a non-committal sound and hand him the rose I’ve folded. The soft smile that dances over his lips when he sees what I’ve made makes my heart flutter.

“He knows the basics. It’s just not something I like to talk about much. I don’t like people seeing me that way.”

“It’s hard when people make assumptions based on your parents and your upbringing,” he agrees, and I meet his eyes again, understanding passing between us. We might have grown up on complete opposite ends of the spectrum, but there’s a strange kind of camaraderie in it all the same.

“I don’t think I ever thanked you for Friday night,” I say. Alden blinks at the rapid subject change but jumps right on board.

“You don’t need to.”

“I want to anyway. And I’m sorry again for how I acted the next morning. Just because I don’t fully understand this stuff doesn’t mean I should make light of it.”

“Thank you.” His foot nudges mine under the table and his expression relaxes.

Whatever friendship we started building recently feels like it’s back on track, and there’s a surprising amount of comfort in that.

Our food arrives and we stick to lighter topics for the rest of the meal, gossiping about socialites we both know and discussing books. It’s a delightful meal that manages to take

my mind off Gannon and whatever it is he wants to discuss, at least for an hour.

When I pull back up in front of the office, Alden unbuckles and turns toward me. “Do you want me to tell Gannon you came by?”

“Nah, I’m seeing him tonight anyway. Thanks for the company. Lunch was nice.”

“It was,” he agrees, hesitating for a moment before leaning over to kiss my cheek. “Be good, Pet.”

He gets out and goes inside, leaving me feeling even more twisted up and confused than I’ve been. I sigh and ease away from the curb to head back to my office for my afternoon appointments.

The day goes by much quicker after lunch, and by the time I get to my apartment, just before seven, I find Gannon waiting with a bag of what smells like Indian takeout.

“Mm, that smells divine.” I sniff the air, and he chuckles.

He steps aside so I can unlock the door, my stomach turning itself in anxious knots at the tight smile he gives me. He follows me straight into the kitchen, setting the bag on the counter while I pull out plates, the ceramic chattering thanks to my trembling hands. I set them down next to the food and take a deep breath, working up the nerve to meet his eyes.

“If you’re dumping me, can you just tell me now? You know, rip it off quick like a Band-Aid?”

“Dumping you? Why would I be dumping you?” He frowns.

“I don’t know. You wanted to talk, but you wouldn’t say why.”

“Not because I want to dump you. Although, it’s possible you’re going to want to dump me after I tell you.” He reaches into the bags and pulls out each container, focusing far more attention on the task than necessary.

“I’m still all for the Band-Aid approach. Whatever it is, just tell me.” I brace myself against the counter, tugging my bottom lip between my teeth while I wait for the hammer to drop. I can taste the remnants of the strawberry lip gloss I applied earlier.

“I think I’m into the Daddy-kink stuff,” he confesses, his attention still fixated on dishing up our plates, the smell of curry making my mouth water.

“I know...or, I mean, I figured.” I’m not sure why he’s so nervous to tell me. It was pretty obvious he was getting off on it the other night. Hell, I was too.

“No, I’m *really* into it.” He finally meets my eyes again, and I can see the conflict burning inside them.

“Like, you want a Daddy? You want Alden to be your Daddy?” My throat dries up, the nerves returning full force. It *really* feels like he’s dumping me right now.

“No. Yes.” His nostrils flare and he huffs with irritation. “I don’t know. I want to talk to him more about it. But I don’t want to give you up. Is that even possible? I know we talked a little about maybe figuring things out the other morning, but how would that work?”

“I have no clue,” I admit, stepping forward and taking the fork out of his hand, setting it on the closest plate. I loop my arms around his neck and look at him. “Maybe Alden can tell us how it works. Or we can figure it out. Or...I don’t know. What I *do* know is that I want you. Full stop. I’m not going to walk away from this. You should talk to Alden and find out more. Figure out what you’re feeling and what you want from him.”

“If I go to Alden’s house, ask him about Daddy kink, and get turned on by the conversation, isn’t that cheating?” There’s a desperate edge to his voice that I want to soothe, so I lean in and brush my lips against his.

He sags into me, some of the tension easing from his body as he presses his mouth harder against mine. When we part, I rest my forehead against his.

“This is *our* relationship. We define what cheating is. Go to Alden’s, ask him what you need to know, *do* whatever feels right. Okay?”

“Okay,” he echoes, kissing me again. “If you’re sure.”

He wraps his arms around my middle and walks me back against the counter again, caging me in and parting my lips with his tongue.

“I’m sure. All I want is for you to be happy,” I say between kisses, dragging my fingers over his soft, short hair, my cock hardening against him as he cages me in. “And to have the chance to kiss and touch you.”

I prove my point by ghosting my fingers along the back of his neck and then down onto his chest. I can feel the hard points of his nipples through his T-shirt, a soft bulge in his jeans pressing against my rapidly swelling erection. He smiles against my lips, unbuttoning my dress shirt and slipping his hands underneath, the heat of his touch making my breath hitch and my cock jerk.

“I’m yours. You’re stuck with me now,” he promises.

“Then I think I’m okay with you being Alden’s, too, if that’s what you want.”

It’s such a heavy conversation, but with our hands and mouths moving against each other, it doesn’t feel like anything is ending. Quite the opposite. It feels like we’re figuring out how to make this last.

Gannon palms my cock through the silky material of my suit pants, and I moan into his mouth, rolling my hips to thrust against his palm.

“I can’t stop thinking about how good you tasted the other night,” he says between heavy kisses. “The weight of your cock on my tongue,” he goes on, squeezing my shaft and drawing a gasp from my lips. “The pulse of your orgasm.”

“Gannon,” I pant his name against his mouth, digging my fingers into his shoulders. “I want to suck you too.”

“I’m not...” He swallows, ducking his head to look down at the bulge in the front of his pants.

“I don’t care.” I kiss him again and then press against his chest to get him to take a step back. Grabbing his hand, I drag him out of the kitchen and down the short hallway to my bedroom, our dinner all but forgotten.

As soon as we reach my room, I undress in a flurry of buttons and zippers, tossing each item of clothing blindly aside once I’m free of it. Gannon follows suit, losing his clothes one piece at a time, including his prosthetic, just before he collapses onto the bed with a grin.

I stop at the foot of the bed, bare from head to toe, my cock throbbing, ignored as it swings between my thighs. I’m much more focused on Gannon’s naked body than my own. He’s so breathtaking, trust and vulnerability warring in his eyes, the planes of his body adorned with a roadmap of his life, scars and tattoos alike. His cock lays half-hard against his thigh, nestled in a thatch of dark pubic hair.

I’ll happily lick and suck him until my jaw aches, until the dinner waiting for us on the counter is thoroughly ruined and we have to go hungry for the night.

“Fuck,” he murmurs in a low voice, squirming under my gaze.

“What?” I manage to drag my eyes off his body and back up to his face, absently wrapping a hand around my cock and slowly stroking.

“The way you’re looking at me. It’s like...” He trails off, letting the rest of the sentence hang in the air between us.

I hold his gaze and nod slowly. I’m not ready to say it, and he’s not ready to hear it, but understanding takes up all the space in the room, too heavy for a moment before I break the tension by climbing onto the bed.

“May I?” I ask, caressing his leg. His breath hitches and he nods.

I press the first kiss against his scarred, calloused knee. The skin looks less irritated than it did the other morning, so

he must be using the lotion like I told him to. A ripple of satisfaction goes through me, and for a second, I think I might understand Alden a little bit.

Gannon groans as I slowly trail kisses up the inside of his thigh. He wraps his fist around his cock, tugging and stroking himself with an edge of desperation. When I reach the crux of his thighs, I brush a chaste kiss to his balls and then put my hand over his to stop him. He lets out a frustrated sigh, and I ghost another soft kiss against the spongy head of his cock.

“Relax,” I hum. “There’s no rush, and the only goal I have is to worship every inch of you.”

He loosens his grip, his muscles relaxing as he lets out a long breath and then nods. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be.” I kiss the head of his cock one more time and then continue my journey up his body.

I trace the shape of his colorful tattoos with my tongue, memorizing every inch of him. Each and every raised, jagged scar gets a gentle touch of my lips. While I explore him with my mouth, I tease his nipples between my fingers, smiling against his skin each time he gasps or lets out a strangled noise.

By the time I reach his mouth again, Gannon is panting, his chest heaving with every breath, his lips hot as sin as we crash together again in a desperate, wet kiss. Our tongues tangle and slide against each other, my cock throbbing desperately against Gannon’s thick, hairy thigh. I straddle him, lining our cocks up. He’s harder than he was but still soft. His cock is scorching hot, growing and thickening by millimeters as I thrust against him.

He doesn’t have a problem the way he thinks he does. He just needs a little extra attention. I can’t imagine having a complaint about that in a million years, which is approximately how long I plan to keep him.

My cock tingles, heat pooling in my stomach and tightening my balls with every roll of my hips. Our kisses are

more desperate tongues than anything else, his hands kneading my ass cheeks.

Strangely, it feels a little odd *not* to have Alden in the corner of the room watching us. That realization startles me into breaking the kiss and fighting the urge to fish my phone out of my pocket to call him.

“Everything okay?” Gannon checks.

His solid body under mine drags me back into the present, and I smile down at him. “Everything is amazing. But I’m pretty sure we promised each other blowjobs.”

With another grin, I push onto my hands and knees and maneuver myself around, so we’re arranged head to toe...or rather, face to cock.

He makes a hungry sound, immediately drawing my balls into his mouth. I moan, a jolt of need spiking through me, my cock jerking violently and spilling sticky precum against his skin.

I drag my nose against his cock while he drives me wild, licking and sucking my balls until they’re sore and heavy. Slow, wet licks to his shaft coax him to stiffen little by little. I alternate licks with soft, open-mouth kisses from his balls to his head and back again.

Gannon abandons my balls, wrapping his hand around the base of my erection and angling it toward his mouth. I whine and groan, sending vibrations of sound down my tongue and along his cock.

His lips are warm and wet when he closes them around the head of my cock, making my toes curl and my breath catch in my throat.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, I chant in my mind, desperately holding back the urge to pump my cum over his lips and tongue far too quickly. I take his cock into my mouth, continuing to coax it with strokes of my tongue. He’s hard now, not as hard or as thick as the other night, but he’s slowly getting there. I relax my throat and take him all the way to the root, humming and sucking as I bob my head up and down.

Gannon grabs onto my ass cheeks again while he sucks me, the tug on my cheeks causing them to part and expose my hole to the cooler air of the room. An empty ache fills me, my hole twitching and throbbing to be filled. I want to beg him to finger me, but that would require me to release his cock from my mouth, and that's a hard pass.

He seems to read my mind, dragging his fingers through the spit still clinging to my balls and up to my hole. I moan around my full mouth, his cock jerking and swelling, pressed between my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

He teases his fingers around the puckered rim of my hole, dragging more muffled sounds from my throat as I suck him harder and faster, desperation rising inside of me. Gannon mirrors my movements, taking my cock into his throat faster, deeper, wetter. His hips twitch, forcing him farther into my throat, and I happily swallow him, pressing my nose against his balls and holding him there until my lungs start to burn for another breath.

He circles and pets my hole with two fingers, adding pressure little by little until the tip of one finger slips inside, and I'm done for. My thighs clench and tremble, my balls constrict painfully hard, and my orgasm fills his mouth.

His cock softens a fraction in my mouth while he focuses on coaxing every drop of cum from me, only releasing me when I start to squirm from oversensitivity. I want to collapse next to him, but I'm not finished with him yet. I brace myself on my hands and knees and start to suck him harder again, slipping one hand between his legs to roll his balls against my palm.

My jaw *does* start to ache, but I don't care. I'll suck him all night long, and I'll be over the fucking moon to do it. Every shuddering moan that falls from his lips goads me on, stroking him, licking him, taking him into my throat over and over until he finally lets out a strangled shout as thick, salty ropes of his release paint my tongue and splatter against the back of my throat.

When he starts to soften, I lick the head of his cock one last time, drawing a full-body shiver from him before I release him. My body is heavy and tired, but I manage to get myself turned around again, and Gannon immediately drags me against him.

I'm not sure how long we lie there, wrapped around each other, catching our breath, but eventually, my stomach growls, and we both laugh.

“We don't have to get dressed to eat dinner, do we?” I ask, lazily stretching out over Gannon's body.

“Hell no. We *are* going to have to reheat the food though.”

I yawn and nod against his shoulder. “That's why they invented microwaves.”

He chuckles. “In case of sixty-nine?”

“Exactly.”

Chapter 14

ALDEN

I linger on the purchase request, weighing the likely fallout versus the satisfaction of doing something good for Nolan. It's not an extravagant car. I already talked myself down from the top-end Maserati. But surely a reasonably priced Honda isn't overstepping.

I send the request before I can talk myself out of it, letting the dealership know that I'll happily pay double the amount for them to deliver the car with a note from me as well. Pleased with my decision, I close my laptop and set it aside, and face the empty room before me.

I sigh, drumming my fingers against my thigh. It's Thursday night. I *could* go to the club. Although, I'm not even sure at this point if my membership is up to date. When did I go last? Six months ago? A year? No, it has to have been longer than that.

Can silence be crushing? This one certainly feels like it. I jump to my feet, desperate for something to do other than sit in my living room staring at the wall. I often spend nights like this in my library, relaxing with a book. But I haven't been able to bring myself to go into the library since Gannon and Nolan were here.

I opt for a drink. Perhaps I'll go for a swim after. I cross the room toward my bar cart and pick up a perfectly aged bottle of scotch. Before I have the chance to pour it into a glass, the doorbell rings.

My heart leaps inside my chest. It's been three whole days since Gannon asked if he could stop by sometime, and he hasn't brought it up again. Although, a nice chat over morning coffee has become a habit this week. So much so that I was considering bringing some scones in with me tomorrow morning so I would have something to offer him when he comes to my office.

My hand trembles an embarrassing amount as I set the bottle back down, unopened, and head for the front door. It occurs to me only seconds before I open the door that I'm hardly dressed to receive guests, having changed into a T-shirt and jogging pants when I arrived home from the office earlier.

I'm not about to make whoever it is wait, so I brush off the concern and open the door.

Just as I hoped, Gannon is standing on the other side, looking anxious and a bit like he was considering turning around and bolting before I opened the door. A slow smile spreads over my lips, but I restrain myself from becoming too excited.

"Gannon," I say his name simply because I want to feel the shape of it on my lips. "Come in."

He hesitates for a moment, his eyes roaming over my casual attire and then back to my face. His lips curve into a smile before he nods and steps inside. "Thanks. I hope this is an okay time?"

"I told you to come any time," I remind him. "Can I get you something to eat or drink? I was about to pour myself a scotch just before you arrived," I offer as I lead him down the hallway toward the living room.

Gannon takes a seat on the couch, our eyes meeting as he seems to weigh the question carefully. "Water is fine," he finally answers.

It would be easy enough to simply assume he isn't a scotch man, but there's a weight to his answer that causes a giddy, hopeful twitter inside of me.

"Water it is. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be right back."

I stride through the house to the kitchen, taking a deep breath to steady myself as soon as I'm alone. Out of habit, I reach to straighten my tie before realizing that I'm not wearing one. Gannon doesn't seem to mind how I'm dressed, so I suppose I shouldn't fret over it.

I pour two glasses of water and quickly put together a tray of fruit and various cheeses in case he's peckish or simply wants something to occupy himself with while we talk. Is that all he's here for? To talk. I clutch the edge of the counter, closing my eyes and breathing deeply again, refusing to let myself get carried away by the dizzy hope swirling inside me.

I gather up the tray and carry it back into the living room where Gannon is waiting, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, bouncing his leg anxiously.

My gut reaction is to go to him and find a way to soothe him, but interactions like these are so much trickier when the rules are unclear. He's not my boy, he's not my anything...unless he decides he wants to be.

I set the tray down, and he looks up with a tight smile, leaning back and spreading his arms over the back of the couch.

"Thanks," he says.

"You're welcome." I take a seat in the expensive, leather wingback chair that sits opposite the couch, crossing my ankle over my knee and committing myself to allowing Gannon to take the lead in whatever it is he's here to discuss.

"I wasn't sure if I was going to come or not. Nolan encouraged me to," he confesses, picking up one of the water glasses and taking a sip. I watch as his throat bobs with the swallow, his tongue darting out to gather a missed droplet from his bottom lip when he lowers the glass.

A hum of desire settles in my gut.

"And what did *Nolan* want you to talk to me about?" I prompt.

Gannon smiles and makes an amused sound. "No, this isn't an *asking for a friend* situation. I just talked to him about it, and he kept me from chickening out, I guess."

He runs his thumb back and forth over the smooth glass in his hand, his knee still bouncing. Okay, it's clear he's going to need a small push to get started.

“Gannon,” I say his name firmly, an edge of authority in my tone. “Tell me.”

His eyes fly to mine, a flush of pink creeping into his cheeks even as the slightest hint of defiance flashes behind his stormy, gray eyes.

“I want to learn more about Daddy kink.”

Another jolt of excitement lances through me. Even the fact that he’s *curious* about Daddy kink is better than I’d hoped.

“What do you want to know?”

“How does it work? Is it all the time or just in bed or at certain times? What things does a Daddy control or decide? You mentioned punishments before. What are they? Porn only got me so far with all of this.” He rattles off a list of questions and then sets the glass back down. He anxiously rubs his hand against the back of his neck before looking at me again.

“First of all, I have nothing against porn, but no one should learn kink from it. That’s like trying to learn to drive by watching those god-awful Furiously Fast movies or whatever they’re called.”

Gannon snorts a laugh. “Just when you were starting to come across as down to earth and relatable.” He shakes his head, and I deliver a mock-glare.

“I’m more of a sci-fi and slasher flick kind of guy,” I explain blandly. “Unfortunately, the answer to the rest of your questions is, it depends.”

“On?”

“On the Daddy, on you, on the arrangement the two of you come to together.” I try hard not to imagine him with another Daddy. Nolan is one thing, but the thought of another man taking care of him the way I’ve been dreaming of for years is too much.

He bobs his head somewhat absently. “Help me out here because I want to understand.”

“You want to understand Daddy kink?” I clarify.

“I want to understand what I’m feeling and whether I actually want this, or if it *is* just a new porn kink I’ve gotten interested in that miraculously seems to overcome my ED issues more often than not.” I can hear the frustration in his voice, and the urge to comfort him rears inside me again.

He wants to know if Daddy kink is for him? I’m sure I can find a way to help him figure it out.

“Come here.” I uncross my legs and pat my lap.

Gannon raises both eyebrows incredulously. “You want *me* to come sit on your lap?”

“I’ve had larger boys than you do it. Now, come here,” I say more sternly the second time. He only hesitates for a moment before standing up and crossing the small space between us. He eyes the high arms of the chair, trying to figure out the best way to make this work, and I hum. “Good point, this chair isn’t entirely conducive to lap sitting. The couch it is.”

I stand up, taking hold of Gannon’s hand. He clasps it eagerly as if I’m a life raft in the middle of the ocean, and I bring him with me to the couch. I sit down and then give his hand a tug. He clambers onto my lap, sitting stiffly for a moment until I start to rub my hand soothingly up and down his spine, encouraging him to relax.

Gannon melts into me, letting out a heavy breath like a sigh and letting me wrap my arms around him.

“This is what Daddy kink is about at its core,” I explain. “You were anxious, and I’m going to make it better. How we get there, what it looks like, all of those other details, are things a good Daddy will tailor to *you*.”

GANNON

I shift on his lap, surprised at how comforting it is to have his arms around me in spite of the fact that he’s much smaller than I am.

“When you put it like that, it sounds...sweet,” I muse.

“Shh, don’t let the gold-digging boys hear you say that,” he stage whispers, and I chuckle.

“It’s a weird thought,” I confess. “The idea of letting someone else take care of me, even just some of the time.” I shake my head and swallow, imagining what it would feel like to know that there’s someone...no, not *someone*, that *Alden* is looking out for me, worrying about me, *caring* about me. A warm feeling creeps through me. “It’s scary, but I think I want it.”

His hand stills against my back. “With me? Or did you come here to ask if I can set you up with someone nice?” He smiles at his own joke, but his voice is a little too tight to hide the trace of insecurity there.

“Yeah, if you know anyone,” I tease, and his jaw ticks. “I’m fucking with you.”

He blows out an amused breath and narrows his eyes at me. “Well, you’ve already got the brat thing down pat, so that’s a good start.”

We stare at each other for several long, silent seconds, both seemingly trying to figure out what happens next.

“Why don’t we go for a swim?” Alden suggests.

The suggestion catches me off guard, but I nod. “I don’t have a swimsuit. I assume that won’t be a problem?” I smirk as I stand up.

“Skinny dipping is truly the only way to enjoy a private pool.”

“In that case, lead the way.”

It’s a short walk from the living room to the pool deck, but it’s enough time for my nerves to start creeping in. Are we really doing this? I don’t have the first clue how to have a Daddy, or how to be a boy, for that matter. My throat constricts and my gut squirms. When Nolan gave me his blessing to come over here and talk, sex was implied, but stumbling into a full-on Daddy-boy relationship with Alden? I don’t think we actually discussed that. Fuck, what am I doing?

“Gannon,” he says my name firmly, bringing my spiraling thoughts to a grinding halt. “Here’s the plan: we’re going to get stark naked and go for a swim together. Likely there will be some kissing.” He grins, and I laugh, the tension easing out of my shoulders. “And then we’re going to talk about what this relationship might look like. After that, you’re going to go home and sleep on everything, talk to Nolan, do whatever you need to do before you decide if this is what you really want.”

He slowly tugs at the buttons on my shirt, undoing them one by one, standing so close I can smell his spicy aftershave and feel his breath against my face with every exhale.

“Okay,” I agree, letting the calm feeling that his tone elicits wash over me. I don’t have to know what the fuck I’m doing. I just have to trust that Alden does.

“But I need you to know something.” His eyes meet mine and hold my gaze, the intensity burning in his expression drawing me in like a moth to a flame. “This isn’t a game for me. I’m looking for something lasting, just like you and Nolan are.”

I nod, the force of his energy beckoning me closer, our noses brushing as I bob my head in understanding.

“It’s not a game,” I agree. “I don’t know what it is yet, but it’s not a game.”

“We’ll figure that part out together.”

“Okay,” I say again, letting him push my shirt off my shoulders once it’s fully open. We don’t kiss, but our lips linger near each other, the silence heavy between us as we undress each other. My fingers graze over his flesh as it’s exposed, and his do the same. My skin prickles with goose bumps, my breath hitching, getting caught in my chest each time he touches me.

“You’re so beautiful, Gannon.” He traces the scars and ghosts his fingers over the tattoo on my shoulder—a black-and-white tree with deep roots and bare branches.

I mean to say *thank you*, or maybe to scoff at the absurd word used to describe me, but that's not what comes out when I open my mouth.

"Don't I get a nickname?" I feel silly and even a little pouty, but strangely, being with Alden makes it feel okay to be that way sometimes. Like I can just let go and stop worrying about how I'm *supposed* to be.

"Do you want a nickname?" he asks, dragging his fingers through my short hair.

My instinct is to laugh off the need, tell him I'm just goofing around. But I *do* want one. Every time he calls Nolan his pet, I feel a little flicker of jealousy. I don't even have to answer. He reads it right from my face, leaning forward and brushing a kiss to my lips.

"My sweet, stubborn Treasure. It's okay to need things, even if it's something as simple as a special name to be called."

I scoff, but a smile curls on my lips anyway, a warm feeling filling the pit of my stomach. *Treasure*. That's how he sees me?

"Thank you," I say in a shaky whisper.

"You don't need to thank me, Treasure."

I don't know what to say to that, so I focus on unbuttoning his pants instead. When I shove them down, his cock springs free, thick and hard between us. Nerves tremble in the pit of my stomach again, making me feel like a blushing virgin.

Alden shoves my pants and underwear down as well, and my cock is half-hard. I brace myself against his shoulders for balance so I can step out of my pants and then look over toward the patio couch.

"I need to sit so I can..." I gesture at my prosthetic leg.

"You can't swim with it on?"

"I *could*, but chlorine breaks them down faster and they're crazy expensive to replace. I can swim just fine

without it as long as you don't mind being my crutch over to the pool."

"Of course not." He waits while I take it off, offering me a hand when I'm ready to stand and quickly positioning himself under my arm for balance.

The water is pleasantly mild as we make our way down the steps of the pool. Once I'm able to trust my weight to the water, I ease off Alden and flip over to float on my back. The sun set while we were talking inside, but the night sky is still a dusky color, the light from the city making it too bright to see any stars.

The two of us swim for a while, talking about inconsequential things and trading smiles.

I close my eyes, still floating on my back, and when I open them, Alden is standing over me, upside down from my perspective. There's a serene look in his eyes as he sweeps them over me, landing on my face after a moment. In spite of the water cooling my body, that look has me heating all over. I can feel it like a caress. *Treasure*. My cock twitches, swelling slowly.

"Don't go tempting me tonight, Treasure." He tsks with a smirk.

"Then don't look at me like that," I counter, grinning back at him.

"Such a brat," he murmurs, but it doesn't sound like a complaint. If anything, his eyes flame even hotter, the energy between us thrumming palpably, vibrating through my chest and radiating through my body.

I don't even see the kiss coming. One second he's taunting me with eyes, and the next, his lips are on mine, upside down, my bottom lip caught between both of his. I gasp against his mouth, my pulse thundering in my ears. We kissed the other night when the three of us were together, but that was different. That was a moment of blind lust. I had only just learned that he had feelings for me, and everything was a bit of a blur.

This kiss doesn't live in the same universe as that one. This kiss is the culmination of a week of having coffee together every morning and getting to know all the surprising, interesting details about him, a week of looking back at the years we've known each other and reframing every interaction in a new light, a week of wondering what it would be like if I asked Alden to be my Daddy. It's tender and desperate at the same time, hot and shiver-inducing. It feels like the end of one part of my life and the beginning of a completely new one.

It's a lot for one kiss to do all that, but somehow Alden manages it, leading the rhythm of our mouths and tongues, his fingers dragging over my chest and belly, our breath syncing.

When he breaks the kiss, I gasp again, this time because I forgot to breathe for a moment while he was busy taking me apart with a simple kiss. He smiles through damp, puffy lips, drawing his finger, wet with pool water, down my nose to trace my lips.

"Beautiful," he mutters again.

We kiss and talk some more, simply existing for a while in a peaceful, perfect moment. Eventually, we make our way to the far end of the pool, and Alden pulls himself out. He dangles his feet into the water, and I float between his legs, looking up at him as he caresses my short hair with his fingers.

"I've tried casual, bedroom-only Daddy arrangements before, and I'll be honest, it wasn't ideal for me. That said, if you want to start slowly, I'd be willing to try," he says.

I shake my head. "I don't think that's what I want. I just don't really know what having a full-time Daddy would mean for my relationship with Nolan. Do you...I mean, you and Nolan seemed to have something between you before everything happened. Is there potential there? Would we both be your boys?"

"I do like Nolan, and I'd be open to it. But he needs to tell me that's what he wants." Alden gets a faraway look in his eyes, full of longing. He still wants Nolan too. "Let's focus on us for right now," he says. "As for how it would work, it might be complicated, but we can figure it out."

“What types of things do you like to do for your boys? What rules do you have?” I ask, curious to know what this would look like outside of sex.

“Mm,” he hums thoughtfully. “I would love to do small, everyday things for you like shave your face or choose your underwear. How do you feel about lace?” There’s a hint of teasing in his voice, but he said this isn’t a game, so he must be serious.

“I could wear lace if you like,” I agree, and Alden groans.

“I love you all defiant and growly, but damn is that sexy too,” he says, and I chuckle, tipping my face up for another kiss. Alden brushes his lips against mine, a barely-there touch this time. “As for rules,” he goes on. “No crass language, but we already discussed that one. You’d have to check in with me each evening if we aren’t together, healthy eating, a discussion of career and future goals that we’ll use to make a five-year plan for you.”

I sputter a laugh. “*That’s* Daddy kink?”

“It’s not all spankings and cock cages, Treasure. Although, I’m amenable to discussing those as well.”

“And lace panties?” I ask, finding myself more intrigued than I expected to be by that earlier suggestion.

“If you like,” he echoes me, drawing me in for another slow, commanding kiss.

Chapter 15

NOLAN

I use my middle finger to dab dark eyeshadow onto my lids, smoothing it out with a makeup brush after. I got in the habit of using my middle finger when I started wearing makeup in high school because fuck anyone who doesn't like it.

When I'm satisfied with my eyes, I fish my favorite cherry-red lipstick out of the drawer and put it on. I usually go more subtle, but tonight is a special occasion, and I want to look beyond fabulous.

My hands tremble with nerves as I straighten the buttons on my pale-pink dress shirt. I haven't had a chance to ask Gannon how his talk with Alden went, but I'm assuming I'll find out tonight. This is such a strange situation that I want to laugh, but I'm far too anxious to find humor in it just yet. This is my first official date with a man I've been in love with for years, and I'm dying to hear how it went when he propositioned someone else the other night.

My mind has been excellent at filling in the possibilities: the two of them naked, kissing, spanking, fucking. My cock surges to life as the images fill my mind for the hundredth time in the last thirty-six hours. I've practically rubbed myself raw imagining it.

There's a knock at my door, butterflies erupting in my stomach as if this is my first date ever. I suppose, in a lot of ways, it's the first date that matters. Gannon is my forever. I believe that even if things look complicated right now.

When I open the door, Gannon greets me with a bouquet of sapphire orchids. I gasp.

"Gan, those are beautiful."

"Orchids are your favorite, right?" he asks sheepishly.

"They are. Thank you so much." I take the flowers and grab the front of his shirt with my free hand, pulling him in for

a kiss.

He smiles against my lips. “Hi.”

“Hi,” I say back. I let him go, leaving his lips tinted just barely red from my lipstick. “Sorry.” I laugh and swipe my thumb over his mouth to try to clean it up for him.

“Don’t worry about it.” He kisses my thumb, and I smile again.

“Let me put these in water, and then we can go.”

It only takes me a minute to find a vase and get the flowers settled. As we head down the stairs, Gannon puts a hand on my back, but it’s entirely different from when Alden does it. The possessive authority that radiates from Alden is in a world of its own. Not for the first time this week, a longing for the man hits me.

I glance at Gannon, a million questions on my mind about where everything stands with Alden, but I don’t want to jump right on him about it. I need to give him a chance to bring it up himself.

“Where are we going?” I ask once we’re in his car.

“I thought we’d go to that nice steak house down by the strip?” he suggests.

“That sounds great.”

While we drive, I tell him all about my busy work week negotiating over venue prices, talking clients into and out of different ideas, desperately trying to stick to budgets when some expectations are wildly outside of the price range. It’s exhausting, but I really do love it.

Gannon laughs, sympathizing and joking right along with me. It feels no different from all our years of friendship, except now, when I get the urge to reach across the center console and put a hand on his thigh, I do it. He smiles, and I squeeze his leg.

The restaurant is busy, but he thought ahead and got us a reservation, so we’re seated quickly. We each order a glass of wine and ask for a few minutes with the menu.

“I went to Alden’s on Thursday night,” Gannon blurts as soon as we’re alone.

I nod and set my menu down. “How did it go? I mean, if you *want* to tell me. You don’t have to. I’ve been trying to do some research about how polyamorous relationships work, and a lot of people prefer to keep things totally separate, so if you don’t want to—”

“I want to tell you,” he cuts me off. “It was... amazing.”

I reach for my glass of water, hoping he doesn’t notice the tremble in my hand as I pick it up and take a deep gulp. “Good. Did you...um, was there...?”

“We kissed, and we went swimming...naked.”

I nod again. “And the Daddy stuff? Did you guys figure that out? Is he your Daddy now?” For Gannon’s and Alden’s sake, I want the answer to be yes. But for my sake? I’m not entirely sure.

“Not officially. He wants me to take a couple of days to think about things and to talk to you. He’s taking it really seriously, and he doesn’t want me to make a rash decision.”

There’s a certain amount of relief in that information. Alden doesn’t strike me as the pushy type, but the fact that he doesn’t want to rush Gannon into a decision about something like this speaks highly of him.

“But it’s what you want, right? You’re going to give it the proper time, but you’re going to tell him yes?”

He looks across the table at me with an unreadable intensity in his eyes. “How do *you* feel about him?”

GANNON

Nolan seems thrown off by my question. To him, I’m sure it seems unrelated to the topic, but to me, it’s everything. I’ve spent the past thirty-some hours considering this situation from every angle, imagining a million different scenarios and versions of what forever might look like, and I could only see us all truly being happy with one of them.

“For you?” he tries to clarify, snatching up his glass of wine the second the waiter delivers it, sending him a grateful smile.

“No, for you.”

“I don’t...” He trails off and shakes his head.

“Before you and I started figuring this thing out, there was a spark of something between the two of you,” I remind him.

“There was,” he agrees. “But I’m not sure the Daddy stuff is for me. Besides, you and he make a lot more sense. He’s wanted you for years, probably as long as I have.”

“It’s not an either-or situation,” I remind him. “And the Daddy-kink stuff, I don’t think it’s as one size fits all as we both assumed it was. Forget all of that for a second. I just want to know how you *feel* about him.”

Nolan nervously begins to origami his cloth napkin, and I smile as I watch him, giving him time to work out his answer. “I like him,” he eventually confesses. “He’s interesting and kind, he’s sexy as hell...he’s great.”

Relief whooshes through me. “Okay.” That’s all I need to know for now. I know the Daddy-kink thing is an issue, but as long as there’s *something* there, I think the three of us can figure it out. “Then, yes, I’m going to tell him yes.”

“Tell who yes?” Alden’s voice from just behind me startles me.

“Alden,” I breathe his name in an embarrassingly reverent tone.

“Sorry to interrupt. I was sitting over there, and I spotted the two of you. I thought I’d come say hello for a moment.”

We look over in the direction of the table he’s gestured to.

“Are you alone?” Nolan asks, frowning.

“Such is the life of a bachelor,” Alden answers lightheartedly, but his eyes give him away.

Nolan and I trade a look, a wordless conversation flowing between us. He doesn’t want Alden to be alone any more than I do, and we might not know yet how this is all going to sort itself out, but we know that he belongs over here with us.

“Come join us,” Nolan says.

Alden looks between the two of us.

“Join us,” I agree.

“I don’t want to crash your date,” he says hesitantly.

“You’re not. We want you here,” Nolan insists.

I reach for Alden’s hand. “Please, Daddy?”

The word on my lips sends an avalanche of emotions through me that I don’t expect. It feels like coming home, like comfort. It feels *right*.

Alden makes a quiet, strangled sound, his throat bobbing as he swallows hard and squeezes my hand.

“Of course, Treasure,” he says and then looks at Nolan. “Thank you, Pet.”

Alden signals for the waiter to get an extra chair and bring his glass of wine over. As soon as he sits down with us, everything feels like it’s falling into place. It feels exactly right.

“Have you ordered yet?” Nolan asks.

“No, I was about to when I saw the two of you.”

I pick up my menu for the first time and flip it open, glancing over all the options with indecision.

“You did a great job of picking for me when we went out before,” Nolan says. “Will you order for me again?” There’s an uncharacteristic sweetness in his voice. Not that he isn’t sweet normally, but this is different. It’s interesting, and it

stirs an unexpected heat inside of me. It seems to do the same to Alden, his eyes smoldering as he smiles at Nolan.

“Of course, Pet.”

“Me too?” I ask, setting my menu down.

“I would love nothing more.”

It’s a small thing, having him pick out my dinner, but it settles something deep inside me that I hadn’t realized was restless before.

ALDEN

It’s possible I’m reading too much into it, but neither of them has touched their wine since I sat down. I haven’t either.

It’s lovely watching the two of them together. The flirty looks they trade and the familiarity of the way they interact with each other. My heart aches for them, but it’s different than it was before. The feeling is no longer a hopeless one. It’s simply more feeling than my poor heart can seem to handle all at once.

“You’re smiling,” Nolan says, grinning at me.

“You say that as if you’ve never seen me smile.”

“This one is different.” He tilts his head like he’s studying me.

“Different how?”

“More,” he answers simply. I reach over and take his hand, loving the silky softness of his skin under my fingertips. I want to lay him out and touch every inch of him. My cock swells in agreement.

“Well, the food is excellent,” I tease. I look over at Gannon, who’s watching me as well. We still need to have an official discussion, but the word *Daddy* on his lips tonight felt like his answer. It also felt like it shook the ground under me and made everything right in the world. I’ve been called Daddy by many boys over the years, some reverently sincere, some clearly trying to work an angle and doing their best to

manipulate me, but it feels like I've been waiting my whole life to hear it from him.

I squeeze Nolan's hand. Am I greedy enough to hope I'll hear it from Nolan one day as well? Yes, I think I am. He can take as much time as he needs

When the meal is done, a heavy air of expectation hangs over the table, both of them waiting for me to tell them what happens next. I savor the feeling for a few seconds—that pure, unadulterated ownership of this moment. If I tell them both to go home, they will. If I ask them back to my place, they'll come. And if I take them out to the car and tell them to fuck in the backseat, they'll do it happily.

“Which one of you drove?”

“I did,” Gannon answers.

“Keys.” I hold my hand out, and he fishes them out of his pocket without protest. I flag down our waiter again, quickly jotting down my address and pulling a few hundred-dollar bills out of my wallet. “Could I possibly trouble you to drop this car off for me when your shift ends later?”

He looks at the paper and the money. “Is this serious?”

“Very,” I assure him.

“Okay, no problem.”

“Excellent, thank you.” I hand him a few more bills to cover our meal as well as a generous tip, and then I stand up. “Shall we?”

They both look dumbstruck. “What if he steals my car?” Gannon asks quietly once the waiter is gone.

“Then I'll buy you a new one.” I shrug. For three hundred dollars, I have a feeling he'll come through, but you never know.

They stand up as well, trading an uncertain look. “So, what now?” Nolan asks.

“Now, we're going back to my place.” I pause, giving them the opportunity to protest. Neither say a word, so I go on.

“Come. I have a decadent dessert that will be perfect to share.” I waggle my eyebrows at them, and they both laugh.

I put a hand on Gannon’s back as I lead them out, snagging Nolan by the arm and dragging him close so I can whisper in his ear.

“I want you in the backseat with Gannon on the drive home. Can you be a good boy and give him the attention he deserves? Play with that lovely cock of his.”

His breath catches, and he nods rapidly. “Good Pet.” I kiss the shell of his ear, and he shivers.

“What are you whispering about?” Gannon eyes us suspiciously as we step outside and onto the sidewalk. I steer them toward my car, giving him a wicked smile.

“Nothing for you to worry about.”

When we reach my car, I open the back door and gesture for them both to get in. Gannon slides in first and Nolan practically dives in after him. I chuckle at his enthusiasm, watching for a moment as he immediately surprises Gannon with a forceful kiss. My cock thickens as I watch their tongues tangle, muffled sounds coming from both of them.

Beautiful.

I manage to tear myself away from the sight and get into the front seat.

The short drive home is the sweetest torture I’ve ever contrived for myself. They steam up the windows with their heavy, panted breaths. The sloppy, wet sound of kissing and stifled moans reverberate through me, making my cock throb, hot and heavy, trapped against my leg. The whirring of Gannon’s zipper being undone makes me bite back a groan of my own.

When I reach a stoplight, I glance in the rearview mirror to see Nolan’s hand wrapped around Gannon’s exposed cock, coaxing it to harden with each stroke. I reach down, pressing my hand against my erection, feeling it pulse against my hand as I give myself a quick squeeze.

Nolan's eyes meet mine in the mirror and he gives me a dirty smirk, stroking Gannon a little faster. Gannon spreads his legs and lets his head fall back against the headrest.

Someone behind me honks, alerting me that the light has changed. I pry my hand off my cock and gun it the rest of the way home. When I put the car into park, I glance into the backseat again, but this time, instead of finding Nolan doing as he's told, the two of them are whispering to each other between kisses on the ear and neck.

"Are you boys conspiring against me?" I ask playfully.

They manage matching, impish smiles. "Maybe," Gannon admits.

"You know, just because you have me outnumbered doesn't change the fact that I'm in charge," I remind them.

Again, I wait for them—or, more accurately, *Nolan*—to protest that statement. Neither of them does. They both look at me expectantly, still breathing heavily, their mouths damp and swollen from kissing. Gannon's cock is still out of his pants, a little more than half-hard, dark with the blood filling it.

He squirms under my gaze. "Daddy," he murmurs with breathless impatience.

That word on his lips sends another spike of heat through me, making my cock jerk.

"Why don't we go inside," I suggest, unbuckling and getting out of the car. The two of them stumble out of the backseat together—lust-drunk as Gannon tucks his cock away, not bothering to zip his pants—and follow me up the steps to the house.

As soon as we're inside, they fall into another tongue-heavy kiss, fumbling to unbutton each other's clothes right there in the foyer.

I clear my throat and they break apart. "As hot as it would be to watch an entryway quickie, we'd better take this to the bedroom."

They both nod. Gannon reaches for me, rumpling my suit as he gives me a hungry kiss, the taste of Nolan still on his lips. I grab the back of his neck and deepen the kiss, sweeping my tongue into his mouth and reaching between us to pet his warm, semi-firm cock.

Nolan crowds in as well, his hot, wet mouth on my throat, the two of them making eager noises that go straight to my balls.

I end the kiss and reach around to give Gannon a quick swat on the ass for distracting me. “Bedroom,” I say again, more firmly this time.

He bobbles his head in a nod, grabbing Nolan’s hand and heading for the stairs. I loosen my tie and shrug off my suit jacket as I follow them up. “My bedroom,” I clarify when they begin to turn left toward the guest bedroom again.

I want my boys in *my* bed tonight. A satisfied tremor runs through me. *My boys*. That’s what they are now, aren’t they? Another conversation is in order, of course, but it’s obvious they aren’t in the state for it tonight.

Tonight, I’ll risk my heart enough to have them in my bed, and tomorrow morning we’ll have the discussion that needs to be had. Tonight, there’s only one thing we need to talk about before we enjoy each other.

“Sit,” I command once we’re all in the bedroom.

Gannon sits on the edge of the bed. Nolan, bless him, drops to the floor right where he’s standing. How did I ever have a moment of doubt that he’s a submissive deep down? They both look at me with eager expressions, their clothing rumpled from all the pawing they did to each other in the car and downstairs.

I fish my phone out of my pocket and pull up my medical chart to show them my most recent STI panel. They look at it and both do the same, showing me their negative results.

“I’m on PrEP too,” Gannon volunteers.

“So am I,” Nolan says.

“Excellent. This isn’t to imply that we have to have penetrative sex tonight or to forgo condoms,” I clarify.

The two of them share another conspiratorial look. Perhaps related to whatever they were whispering about in the car?

“There’s something we want, Daddy,” Gannon confesses. “It was Nolan’s idea.”

“Is that so?” I run my fingers through Nolan’s soft hair, and he leans into my touch. “And what is the idea?”

“It’s dirty,” Nolan says with a smirk.

“I should hope so.” I laugh. He leans closer to nuzzle his face against the bulge in my pants, making my cock twitch, but he doesn’t seem as if he intends to elaborate on this plan of his. Okay, I can play along. “We can play on two conditions.”

Nolan licks his lips, looking up at me as he continues to nuzzle my erection, the material sliding over my aching cock and sending little shocks of heat through me.

“Yes,” he agrees without even asking what the conditions are.

“Good Pet. Undress me, and you aren’t allowed to come unless I say. Understood?”

He nods, reaching for the button on my pants. While he fumbles with them, I crook a finger at Gannon. He gets up off the bed and comes close enough for me to draw him in for a kiss.

“Help him,” I instruct when I release his lips.

Gannon immediately starts to unbutton my shirt while Nolan tugs my pants and underwear down, my cock springing free and brushing against his cheek. I want to grab the base and tease his pretty red lips with the tip, see if his lipstick will stain my cock when he sucks me. But I agreed to let him take the lead...for now anyway.

He leans over and presses a chaste kiss against the head of my cock, a droplet of precum clinging to his lips when he pulls back, making them sinfully shiny. He gets to his feet

and helps Gannon finish with my shirt, the two of them pushing it off my shoulders together.

“Will you go lie on the bed?” Even when it’s his game, he asks so prettily.

I do as he requests, positioning myself in the center of the bed, getting comfortable with one arm under my head and my legs in a relaxed spread. My cock rests thick and throbbing against my belly.

They crash into another kiss, grappling with each other’s clothing, shedding items one by one as their lips move against each other. Nolan grinds against Gannon shamelessly. The nervous exploration and thrill of newness they exuded the last time are replaced by a sense of familiarity and a deeper need for each other.

I watch, mesmerized, my balls growing heavy as more precum leaks from my cock and pools on my skin. When they’re fully naked and Gannon’s prosthetic is removed, the two of them join me on the bed. In spite of Gannon’s flushed skin and heavy breathing, his erection is flagging.

“I’m happy to let you have your fun, Pet. But you’ll have to give me just one moment.” I sit up and reach around Nolan to get to my nightstand, where I stashed something in a bout of hope last night that Gannon would be in my bed eventually. I hadn’t expected it would be so soon. “Come here, Treasure.”

I pull out the cock ring I purchased. Not just any cock ring, one that’s medically designed to help with ED. I reach down to stroke his cock, drawing him in for a deep kiss, his gasps vibrating against my tongue as I fasten the ring around the base of his cock, helping it to swell fully.

“Oh,” he pants, looking down at his cock when I end the kiss.

I smile and lie back again, making myself comfortable. “Carry on.” I wave for Nolan to continue with his plan.

Gannon leans forward and draws my nipple between his teeth. A harsh, ragged moan bursts from my throat, my

cock jerking as my whole body lights up from the wet heat of his mouth and the sharp sting of his teeth. Before I can even draw in a breath, Nolan wraps his lips around the head of my cock.

He hums, lapping the precum from my slit as he sucks on my cockhead. I groan, rocking my hips to bury myself deeper inside his mouth. Gannon moves from one nipple to the other, adding to the overwhelming feeling of Nolan's pretty mouth on me.

Their hands are all over me, their hard cocks brushing against me as they crowd my body and make me see stars. Nolan sucks my cock deeper until I hit the back of his throat, and then he backs off. I reach for his hair, tangling my fingers in it for some semblance of control.

Gannon abandons my nipples, kissing and nipping his way down my belly and along my hip bone until he buries his nose in my pubes, darting his tongue out to taste my shaft, wet with Nolan's saliva. Precum runs down it and lands on his tongue. Nolan pulls off, wrapping his hand around the base of my cock to stroke me while he joins Gannon in long, filthy licks as if my cock is their favorite flavor of ice cream.

Their tongues tangle and brush against each other, their rhythm uneven but dragging me closer to the edge all the same. Precum is pouring from me like a faucet now, every drop battled over by their dueling tongues. They find their way into an open-mouth kiss with the head of my cock firmly between them, their tongues slithering around me, soft wet lips trading my cock back and forth as they kiss.

"Daddy," Gannon rasps. "Nolan wants to use your cum as lube to fuck me. Say he can, please?"

He wraps his lips around my cock again before I even have a chance to answer, his plea ricocheting through me and making my toes curl.

"Is that right?" I manage to grit out between my teeth, my fingers still gripping Nolan's hair. "You want me to fill your mouth with my cum so you can lick it into Gannon's hole and fuck him until he falls apart?"

“Yes,” Nolan says before dragging his tongue up the length of my erection to meet Gannon’s mouth again, resuming their kiss around my cock.

I thrust between their mouths, heat gathering in the pit of my stomach as my balls constrict and my thighs start to tremble. “Get ready for it then,” I warn, my voice pure gravel from holding back moans and curses.

Gannon leaves my cock to Nolan, dragging his tongue down to my balls and then sucking them into his mouth. The dual sensation of Nolan’s mouth around my cock, stroking me with his tongue as he bobs his head, and Gannon on my balls is all it takes.

I cum with a shout, using my grip on Nolan’s hair to keep him from going too deep, unloading my release onto his tongue until it starts to drip from between his cherry-red lips. My cock visibly pulses with every wave of my orgasm that rolls through me.

When he releases me from his mouth, I groan, a dribble of my thick, sticky cum tumbling from between his lips. This is very clearly what they were plotting in the car because Gannon wastes no time before positioning himself on top of me, his thick thighs straddling my body as if he already knows exactly what Nolan wants him to do.

Nolan slaps his ass noisily, and Gannon moans, his eyelids fluttering and his cheeks flushing. He shudders as Nolan positions himself behind him, a strangled sound falling from his mouth as a wet lapping noise reaches my ears. I can imagine my cum, mixed with Nolan’s saliva, being spread over his hole.

My cock gives a pathetic twitch. If only I had the stamina of a twenty-year-old again. But I’m certainly not going to complain about having the best seat in the house as Gannon continues to gasp and groan, his thighs quaking as the wet noise turns into the very distinct sound of Nolan’s fingers thrusting in and out of his hole.

I nibble on Gannon’s jaw, running my hands over his body as Nolan opens him up, murmuring indistinct things I

can't quite hear over the rushing of blood in my ears and Gannon's horny, panted sounds.

The cock ring seems to be doing the trick. His hard dick swings and brushes against my stomach as he widens his legs a little more, the trembling of his thighs becoming almost too much to hold him up.

I'm about to tell Nolan that the position won't work for him, but he figures it out on his own, pushing Gannon fully on top of me. I can see him over Gannon's shoulder now as I continue to lick and kiss his skin. Nolan is just as flushed, his chest rising and falling heavily as he lines himself up behind Gannon.

His whole body tenses against me as Nolan enters him.

"So filthy," I murmur next to his ear, nipping at his lobe as I thrust my soft cock against his hard one. "He's fucking my cum into your hole. Tell him how much you love it so he knows what a good boy he is."

"I love it," he whispers, too quiet for Nolan to hear the first time. I nip at his ear again, and Gannon moans. "I love it," he says again, louder. "I fucking love it, No. Don't stop. Fuck. Don't stop."

Nolan groans, slamming into him harder, jolting his body against mine. His cock grinds on mine, scorching hot and hard as steel. Gannon turns his head and finds my lips with his, grunting and gasping into my mouth as Nolan fucks him slow and deep. Nolan's hand bumps against mine on Gannon's back, and he twines our fingers together. It's a small gesture, but it means everything.

This might be the first time the two of them are sharing this, but they both want me to be a part of it.

Gannon's cock starts to leak precum against me, his moans growing more desperate around my tongue. I slide my hand into the tight space between us to grip his cock.

"Make him come, Nolan. Show him how good you can make him feel," I command. "And then fill him up with your release."

They both groan, the *slap, slap, slap* of skin on skin getting faster as Nolan picks up his pace. I stroke Gannon in time with the thrusts. His cock swells in my grip and then starts to pulse. Nolan cries out, no doubt feeling the vice grip of Gannon's inner muscles tightening around him as the orgasm takes hold.

Gannon's cum splashes onto my stomach and runs down my hand, making my skin sticky. I stroke him faster through it, drawing out every last aftershock while Nolan's moans join his, our cum now mixing together inside Gannon to make a beautiful mess.

They collapse on either side of me once they're spent, breathless, and thoroughly debauched.

I kiss Nolan softly on the lips and then Gannon, alternating between the two as they both cuddle close. A shower would be ideal, but it doesn't seem like any of us have the energy for it. Eventually, I slip out from between them to get a damp cloth to clean them both up.

Gannon smiles sleepily as I dab the cum off his skin and remove the cock ring. When I work my way around to wipe the stickiness from between his ass cheeks, his softened wet hole is too tempting to resist. I lean in and drag my tongue over it, eliciting another gasp from him as I shove my tongue inside to taste Nolan's cum filling him up.

"Daddy," he pants, and I smile, pulling back and kissing his ass cheek.

Nolan is next, giggling a little as I clean him off. "It tickles," he explains, tilting his head up for a kiss when I offer it. He hums at the taste of his cum on my tongue, sucking it deeper before letting me go.

"Rest, boys." I get up to get rid of the used cloth.

"You promised dessert," Nolan reminds me with a yawn, and I chuckle.

"How about whipped cream on the pancakes in the morning?" I barter, and he nods.

Once I'm cleaned up as well, I climb back in between them, both already nearly asleep. I close my eyes and listen to their even, synchronized breaths.

I'm not a praying man, but I say one anyway. I'm already falling in love with them both. Falling in love with what the three of us could have together as long as they're both ready and willing to take the leap.

Chapter 16

GANNON

I wake up sweating, sandwiched between two naked and warm bodies. I'm not sure how that happened since it isn't the configuration we fell asleep in, but I'm not about to complain. I shove the blankets down enough that I can cool off without having to crawl out from between them.

Nolan grumbles in sleepy protest, snuggling closer to me. Alden nuzzles his face into the crook of my neck on the other side, and a sense of absolute rightness washes over me. This is it. This is how I want to spend the rest of my life.

It's almost laughable to realize how terrified I was of this, of not being enough. There hasn't been a magic cure for my ED, but somehow, they don't see it as an issue.

I drag my fingers up and down the curve of Nolan's spine, over the swell of his ass, and back up between his shoulder blades, his skin pebbling with goose bumps in the wake of my touch. He hums happily and brushes a kiss to my shoulder.

My ass aches from being used last night in the best way. I've always considered myself vers, but with my ED issues, I've wondered if I'll ever top anyone again. Maybe with their help, I can make it happen. I shiver at the thought of having my cock buried in the tight heat of either of their asses. My cock swells lazily beneath the covers. It's not an urgent sort of arousal, more like a pleasantly warm bath.

Alden groans as he starts to come awake, stretching and yawning. A slow smile spreads over his lips when the sleep fog clears from his eyes and he sees Nolan and me snuggled up next to him.

"Have you been awake long, Treasure?" he asks quietly.

"Only a couple of minutes," I whisper back.

Nolan makes an annoyed rumbling sound in his throat again, scrunching his eyes closed tighter. I chuckle. Alden grins as well, a fond expression on his face as Nolan attempts to pull the covers over his head.

“Well, if he’s not a morning person, I suppose we can entertain ourselves until he’s ready to wake up,” he says, his voice somehow playful and suggestive all at once.

“Anything you want, Daddy.” Saying the word makes my cock swell a little more, a warm feeling spreading from the pit of my stomach out to all my limbs. Alden’s eyelids droop, his cock hardening quickly against my thigh.

“You hadn’t been fucked in a while before last night, had you?” he asks, and I shake my head. “How do you feel?”

“A little sore, but good.”

“Let Daddy check,” he says in that firm, demanding tone.

“What?”

He levels me with a stern look. “I said, let Daddy look. Roll onto your stomach like a good boy.”

I swallow, a thrill rushing through me so quickly it makes me a little shaky as I roll onto my belly like he instructed. Alden flings the covers off me, grabbing my ass cheeks and spreading them. My hole tightens instinctively, the cool rush of air that hits it making my entire body shiver.

I gasp at the gentle press of Alden’s lips against my tender pucker. I’ve been rimmed plenty in my life, and that’s intimate enough, but this, *this* is like a good morning kiss for my hole, and it’s so fucking sweet that tears spring embarrassingly to my eyes.

He lets go of my cheeks and kisses the base of my spine next, slowly trailing kisses up my back until he reaches the base of my neck. I huff out a breathless laugh when he gently nips my neck. His cock is hard against my ass, but he doesn’t seem to be feeling any more urgent about it than I am, taking his time covering every inch of my back with kisses, returning to my neck each time to give ticklish soft bites.

He rubs his nose against the shell of my ear, his warm breath cascading over my skin. "I'm wild about you, Treasure."

My eyes burn again, a lump forming in my throat. There are a million things I want to say in return, but I can't think of any of them, so instead, I roll over to switch our positions, me on top of him, straddling Alden front to front, and I kiss the hell out of him.

When I pull away, I find Nolan, fully awake, watching us with a drowsy grin on his face. "That's a sight to wake up to."

"Good morning, Pet. Come here." Alden pats the spot right beside him, and Nolan happily wiggles across the bed to get closer to us. I lift my arm to pull him in so I have them both beneath me.

"Morning," I murmur, leaning in to give Nolan a kiss.

The three of us trade kisses like that for a while, whose lips are on whose becoming a blur before long.

Nolan's stomach eventually growls, and I laugh against his mouth.

"I need to feed you boys, and then we need to have a conversation," Alden says. "You two relax in bed for ten more minutes and then come down and join me."

I reluctantly let Alden up, flopping into the warm spot he was occupying next to Nolan as he scoots to the edge of the bed and gets up. He's beautifully confident in his nudity, striding over to the window to pull the drapes back, letting the morning sunbathe his slim, toned body. His cock is hard, but he pays it no attention as he opens his dresser and tugs on a pair of loose pajama pants.

He disappears into the bathroom for a minute or two, and when he returns, he sets a bottle of lotion on the nightstand.

"This is the best ointment on the market for prosthetics. Nolan, be a doll and put this on Gannon for me this morning, will you?"

“Okay,” he agrees, and I’m hit with another wave of emotion. The cock ring last night, the lotion this morning. I haven’t even *officially* told him yes yet, but he’s thinking of me anyway. He’s already taking care of me.

“Daddy,” I call before he can leave the room. He pauses in the doorway. “In case it isn’t obvious, my answer is yes.”

“Yes?” he asks.

“Yes to you, to this relationship, to whatever rules you want to give me. Yes to everything.”

Another one of those tender smiles takes over his face. “Thank you, Treasure. Why don’t we discuss it more over breakfast? Enjoy a few more minutes with Nolan.” He winks and then steps out and closes the door behind him.

Nolan and I fall into a slow, sweet kiss as soon as we’re alone, savoring each other’s lips and riding out the last few minutes of this cozy bubble we’ve found this morning before we have to get up.

“Hey, how do you feel about last night?” I ask him between kisses.

“The sex, or...?” He gives me a coy smile.

“All of it. Alden, us, everything.”

“Generally positive.”

I chuckle. “Nothing more specific?”

“I’m not sure. I see the two of you together, the Daddy stuff, and it fits, I get it. I’m not totally seeing how I fit with all of that. But I’m really into Alden. He’s sexy and sweet. He’s perfect. And fuck knows I’m in love with you.” His words make my heart falter, skipping a beat and then breaking into a gallop. Nolan’s eyes go wide as if he realizes too late what he just said. “I mean...um...not like—”

I cut him off with another kiss, claiming his lips with mine fiercely. My heart won’t calm down, butterflies going wild inside my stomach as Nolan meets my kiss with equal force.

“I love you too, No.”

He laughs against my lips, the sound full of relief and joy. “Fuck. I’m sorry. I fucked that up. I wanted the first time I said that to you to be over a fancy dinner or something.”

“It was perfect.” I bump my nose against his. “Come on, let’s get dressed so we can have some breakfast.”

He nods, kissing me one more time before we both sit up and work on getting out of bed. He scrambles over me, grabbing the lotion Alden set there for me and sliding onto the floor next to the bed. I swing my legs around and he puts a generous amount of the cream onto my swollen, scarred skin where my prosthetic rests. Nolan takes his time rubbing it in, kissing just below my knee before sliding my sock over it and grabbing my prosthetic.

When he’s done, I check to make sure it’s sitting right and feels snug, and then he helps me to my feet. We get dressed slowly, trading more kisses and smiles, murmuring *I love you* over and over, neither of us seeming to get enough of saying it or hearing it.

By the time we make our way down to the kitchen, I’m feeling more than a little love-drunk and giddy.

NOLAN

I’m flying high from hearing Gannon say he loves me, but as we near the kitchen, nerves start to flutter in my stomach, nonetheless. What if I say the wrong thing and hurt Alden’s feelings again? What if he wants to talk about things I’m not ready to talk about?

“Relax,” Gannon whispers, squeezing my hand.

I nod, and we step into the kitchen together. Like last time, Alden is at the stove, making pancakes as promised, with a can of whipped cream as well as some sprinkles, syrup, and chocolate sauce all set out on the table so we can put whatever we like on them.

“There you are. I was just about to come get you boys. I’m just finishing the last pancake, and I also made scrambled eggs. Take a seat, and I’ll bring you both coffee.”

The urge to argue jumps to my lips. He just made breakfast. He doesn't need to bring us coffee too. Gannon squeezes my hand again as if he can sense I'm about to say exactly the wrong thing.

"Thank you, Daddy," he says, and I nod quickly.

"Thank you."

Alden grins. "My pleasure."

Within a few minutes, all three of us are seated at the table with full plates and coffee in front of us.

"Would you prefer to discuss things now or after breakfast?" Alden asks as he casually engulfs his pancakes in whipped cream, swiping a fingerful from the top and licking it off.

"Now," Gannon answers immediately.

"Now is fine," I agree, even as my stomach squirms with fresh nerves.

"Okay. I'll start with Gannon." Alden says, and Gannon sets his fork down, ready to give the man his full attention. It's so strange to watch him noticeably slip into this other role. One that's different from everyday Gannon, but also not. Like it's been simmering under the surface the whole time, just waiting to come out. "You're mine now." Gannon nods eagerly, and Alden smiles. "Then you need rules. The first is that you refer to me as Daddy, even in public, unless you tell me that you feel uncomfortable in a particular situation. Second, no foul language. Third, you need my permission to come unless I specifically tell you I'm giving that privilege to Nolan for the day. I'll also ensure that you eat right and are well taken care of." He lists off each rule on his fingers, and Gannon nods along.

"Yes, Daddy. That sounds fair."

Alden's grin turns wicked. "I'll be dressing you for events from now on. That includes your undergarments as well."

Gannon blushes, and I get the sense that I missed a previous conversation. “Anything you want.”

“Perfect,” Alden purrs, leaning over the table to kiss Gannon, who melts as soon as their lips touch. It’s one of the most beautiful things I’ve ever seen. “I may have more rules for you as we go along, but I think that’s a good start.” He turns his attention to me, and my hand starts to tremble so badly I drop my fork. “Would you feel comfortable coming here?” He pats his lap.

I look over at Gannon, who smiles but doesn’t give me any indication of what I should do one way or the other.

“Um, okay.” I push back from the table and go around it. Alden is shorter than I am, but otherwise, our statures are similar. I expect it to be awkward, but once I’m on his lap with his arms wrapped around me, it feels...nice.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about all of this Daddy stuff.”

“I like seeing you take care of Gannon, and I like that he likes it,” I answer.

“That’s good. But what about for you? You can be honest. If you aren’t the least bit interested, we’ll figure things out. If you’re curious but uncertain, I can work with that. There is no wrong answer.”

I swallow and attempt to organize everything I’m thinking. “I think that I’ve spent my whole life only relying on myself, and the idea of putting that much faith in someone else is terrifying. I’m also not sure how I feel about rules and submitting and all of that.” I squirm on his lap and lick my lips. “But the stuff we’ve done so far, like the rules in the bedroom you had last night, I don’t hate that.”

“Okay. How would you feel about taking things very slowly and seeing how it goes? We can say we’re seeing each other. I won’t expect you to call me Daddy or anything other than Alden unless you choose to, and the only rule you would have for now is the same as Gannon’s: your orgasms belong to

me. But there won't be any exceptions for you like there are for him."

I balk at that. "So if I'm at home jerking off, I'd have to call you to ask if I can come?" Saying the words aloud makes my cock throb. Alden's only response is a challenging smile. "What if Gannon and I are together, and he's going down on me? Do we have to stop and call you for permission?"

Gannon makes a breathless, strangled sound from the other side of the table.

"He seems on board with that rule. Are you?" Alden asks.

Am I? My stomach squirms again, but this time it's not nerves, it's heat and excitement. "Okay."

"Good Pet." Alden kisses me just like he did Gannon, a rough, claiming kiss that leaves my lips tingling when it ends. He pats my ass. "Now, go eat."

I slide off his lap and go back to my seat.

Gannon and Alden fall into conversation while I try to wrap my head around everything that's happened since last night. Things are solid and on the right track with Gannon. Alden is being perfect and patient with me, and everything feels like it's falling into place.

The only question plaguing my mind is if I even have it in me to be a good boy for Alden.

I guess time will tell. But if I don't, what will that mean for Gannon and me?

The stakes are so high. What if I fuck it all up and lose them both?

Chapter 17

NOLAN

It's been two days since the date that turned into a threesome and the morning after with Alden, and I'm still on cloud nine. Although, the not coming without permission thing is way harder—no pun intended—than I thought it would be. You don't realize how often you jerk off until you're not allowed to.

Last night, the three of us had a three-way call before bed. Just talking, nothing dirty, but I was up way too late anyway. Which is why I'm buttoning my jacket and running my fingers through my hair instead of properly styling it on my way down my apartment steps.

In spite of my rush, I falter to a stop before I reach my car, distracted by the sight of a shiny new car with a giant red bow on the hood. There's a folded note taped to the bow as well. Out of curiosity, I carefully lean over the hood and use my index finger to lift the corner of the paper so I can see who's getting a new car as a present.

I gasp when I see my name scrawled on the paper, along with the words: *Enjoy. XO, Alden.*

Oh, no, he fucking didn't. White-hot rage flashes through me as I rip the bow and the note off the car, stomping over to the dumpster only a few feet away and cramming them inside.

How dare he. How *fucking* dare he. I'm so mad my hands are shaking as I fumble inside my pocket for my keys. My keys for *my* car, not some fancy, shiny...what? Bribe? Is this his way of trying to convince me to be as all-in with this as Gannon is? And after I told him why my car means so much to me.

Here I was thinking Alden was being *so* understanding of me wanting to take things slow. What a fucking idiot he must think I am. Or maybe he just thinks I'm a gold digger. Is that what the car is for?

I fume all the way to his office, my morning schedule completely forgotten. I have absolutely no idea if I obey a single traffic law either. All I know is that my anger has only gotten stronger by the time I slam my car into park in front of the building and tear inside. I'm too mad to even wait for the elevator, practically sprinting up the steps all the way to the top floor. If I had the capacity to feel anything other than rage right now, I would take a minute to be damn impressed with myself.

"Hey, Nolan." Barrett greets me with a smile when I pass him in the hallway. I think I grunt in response. I'm not sure.

I'm breathing heavily—whether from my anger or my Olympic feat of stair sprinting, I have no idea—as I slam open Alden's door without knocking. He's on the phone when I storm in, his door banging against the wall and ricocheting back at me.

He smiles at first, looking me up and down in that damn flattering way, very nearly making me forget about my fury for half a second. Then I remember the car, and it's back in full force.

"What the absolute fucking hell were you thinking?" I demand.

"Lucas, I'm going to have to call you back," Alden says calmly into the phone before ending the call. "You got the car?" he guesses.

I scoff. "Yeah, I got the fucking car. What the fuck?" I ask again, whipping the door closed behind me and stomping forward to slam my hands on his desk. "You fed me all that bullshit about taking things slow and then you go and buy me a car. In what damn universe is that taking anything slow?"

Alden's jaw ticks and he leans back in his chair, studying me with a mixture of what seems like annoyance and heat in his expression. But he doesn't say a word to defend himself or calm me down, so I keep raging.

“I know my car isn’t good enough for your snobby ass. Is that the problem? You’re embarrassed to be seen with me? Afraid all your rich friends will realize that your boyfriend grew up poor? You know what? I used to be fucking afraid of that too, but I’m over it. I’ll march into the next snooty gala and tell everyone where I came from, and if that bothers you, you can get fu—”

Somewhere in the middle of my rant, Alden stands up and rounds the desk. He cuts me off with his lips against mine in a hard kiss. I bite his lips roughly, grabbing the front of his shirt to keep him from ending the kiss too soon, even if I am still in a galaxy of pissed off that cannot be seen from Earth.

He lets me take out my anger on his mouth until the tight, hot feeling in my chest finally starts to ease and my rage simmers to a more manageable level.

“First of all,” he says in that stern, commanding tone of voice when we break the kiss, “I bought that car before our conversation this weekend. I requested a custom color, so it took a couple of weeks to be delivered. And second, if I *wasn’t* taking things slowly with you, I would have you bent over the desk right now with your pants around your ankles and your ass in the air for a spanking to teach you not to speak to me that way.”

My breath hitches at the mental image he’s painting. I guess ordering the car a few weeks ago makes it *slightly* less bad, but not completely. I’m still mad, but he has my curiosity piqued. “Fine.”

“Fine?” Alden repeats, quirking a single eyebrow.

I straighten my shoulders and stare him down defiantly. “Fine,” I bite out the word for a second time. “Show me what it’s *really* like to be your boy then.”

ALDEN

I slam another hard kiss against his mouth. “You’re my boy with or without the spanking,” I growl against his lips. “But I’m more than happy to spank the sass out of you and then sit down for a conversation about what’s actually

bothering you.” Nolan nods, his pupils wide and his breathing ragged as he clings to the front of my expensive suit, wrinkling the silky fabric. I don’t care. He can tear the damn thing to shreds as far as I’m concerned. “Do you remember your safeword?”

Nolan bobs his head again. “Red.”

“Good Pet. Then drop your pants and bend over the desk.”

My cock’s been hard from the moment I saw the fiery rage on his face when he entered my office, but that’s nothing compared to the way it pulses and throbs as he unfastens his belt with trembling fingers, shoving his pants and underwear down around his ankles. His erection appears only half-interested in where this is all going as he awkwardly shuffles closer to the desk and bends over.

Nolan’s pretty, peachy ass is the definition of perfection, the muscles clenched tightly from nerves, the dimples in his lower back begging to be filled with whiskey I can sip from them. I’m tempted to fall to my knees, spread his cheeks, and feast on his hole. But this is business, not pleasure.

Maybe the car was too much. I’m willing to concede that. However, he needs to learn not to jump to conclusions or let his anger and mistrust get the better of him if this is going to last. He jumps when I place my hand against his ass cheek.

“Shh, Pet,” I murmur, rubbing his skin until it starts to warm. “Do you know what you did wrong?”

He shakes his head but answers the question anyway. “I yelled at you.”

“I don’t mind yelling. What I mind is the lack of trust.” I pull my hand back and bring it back down with a crack against his cheek. It jiggles, his skin blooming red from the impact, a sharp gasp falling from his lips. “Trust and communication are the foundation of a good relationship,” I say calmly, delivering another couple of swats.

Nolan mewls but tilts his ass up for more. Between his spread legs, I can see his balls tightening, drawing up closer to

his body as his arousal builds. I lean close to whisper in his ear, squeezing and kneading his hot skin. “The spanking is part of your punishment, Pet. But your real punishment is that hard, aching cock of yours isn’t going to get any relief today.”

He whines. “No.”

I straighten up and slap his ass again, hard enough to make my palm sting. “Next time, you’ll trust Daddy enough to have a calm conversation when you’re upset, won’t you?”

Nolan nods, making his hands into fists, his arms stretched out over his head on my desk. He’s so lost in the sensation of the spanking, he doesn’t react to the sound of the door opening behind me and the soft, startled noise that follows. But I do. I glance over my shoulder, ready to bark at Kiernan or Barrett for some privacy, but Gannon is the one standing there.

His eyes immediately zero in on Nolan’s reddened skin, the way his thighs are trembling with the effort to hold him up. Gannon quickly closes the door behind himself, the lock clicking into place.

“Excellent timing, Treasure. Nolan here decided he needed a little discipline this morning.” I pet his ass again until his body starts to relax, and he lets go of the tension from waiting for the next blow. He sags against my desk, his hips twitching as he instinctively thrusts against the desk, his hard cock in search of relief.

I glance back at Gannon, his breathing quick and his face flushed, the hint of a bulge in the front of his pants. With my eyes locked on his, I give Nolan’s ass another swat, the boy squealing. Gannon jolts as if he felt my hand just as well, his lips parting on a silent sound.

“I think he’s had enough,” I decide. “What do you think, Pet?” He moves his head lazily up and down, lying against the desk like a ragdoll. So pretty. I drag my hand down his spine and press a kiss against the back of his shoulder before straightening up and looking at Gannon again. “But I haven’t.” I grab my erection through my pants to intensify the

outline. I want Gannon to see every throbbing vein in my cock, to know exactly how badly I want to come inside him.

“You can spank me,” he offers in a husky tone.

I grin. “Can I fuck you instead?”

He doesn’t even answer, just starts undoing his pants. Nolan makes another frustrated sound from the desk. I squeeze his tenderized ass again. “I bet he feels so hot and tight inside.”

My boys moan. “And next time,” I go on, “you’re both going to fuck me.”

I turn to find Gannon stroking his partially hard cock. The anxiety that used to cloak him when he wasn’t fully hard isn’t there. He’s just a man playing with his cock, impatient to be filled.

“Can you bend over my desk?” I ask.

“Yes, Daddy,” he answers obediently, moving to stand right beside Nolan and bending forward. His pants are already undone, so all it takes is a gentle tug to have them pooling around his feet.

I drop to my knees behind him, grabbing his taut, meaty ass cheeks in my hands and spreading them apart. His hole flutters and clenches. He groans at the first touch of my tongue against his pucker, sweeping the flat of it over his hole again and again until he starts to relax and soften. He has a clean, soapy taste, just the barest hint of sweat.

I lick and nibble his rim until he’s panting for me, shoving my tongue inside to get him wet and open for me. I hear the wet sound of mouths against each other, pulling back to find the two of them with their lips locked. I reach over to tap Nolan’s ass in a reminder.

“No coming.”

He grunts against Gannon’s mouth. I get to my feet, unzipping my pants with one hand, the other still occupied with his hole. I circle the spit-slicked, softened entrance with my middle finger, slowly easing it inside.

I moan at the incredible tightness and scorching heat, my cock jerking eagerly.

I need inside him. Now.

GANNON

The sound of Alden's zipper has my body tingling impatiently. Nolan's lips and tongue slide against mine. I pant and groan into his mouth as Alden presses the thick head of his cock against my hole. I'm dripping with his spit, enough that some has trickled down and pooled on my balls as they ache and tighten.

He rocks against me, pressing against my hole, but not quite hard enough to shove inside. He grazes off it, catching the rim and then thrusting the length of his cock over it. I break my kiss with Nolan to curse with impatience.

Unexpectedly, Alden's hand slaps hard against my ass cheek, sending a stinging jolt through me, making my cock surge fully to life as I bite back a strangled sound. My hole clenches from the impact too, a hot throbbing sensation bolting through my core and making me feel painfully empty.

"Language," he reminds me calmly, still rocking against me.

On the third or fourth time, he pushes the head of his cock a little harder against my hole. It starts to give way, opening to him, his erection just barely entering me.

On his desk, his cell phone starts to buzz. I make a swatting motion to get it to be quiet, but Alden leans over me and picks it up, pausing with the tip of his cock inside of me.

"Hello?" he answers calmly.

I open my mouth to make a snide remark about this not being the optimal time to take calls, but he thrusts a few inches deeper, stealing my breath as I bite my tongue to muffle a moan. I look at Nolan, still lying against the desk, his arms propped under his head now as he watches with lustful, hooded eyes as Alden slowly fills me.

“No, no, that won’t work,” he says into the phone conversationally, even as his free hand tightens against my hip and his long, thick cock splits me open, one inch at a time. “I thought we already went over this. Do you still have the email I sent?”

His cock throbs and twitches inside of me as he buries himself to the hilt, his balls pressed against mine, his hips fully against my ass cheeks. How can his voice sound so calm and professional while I’m struggling to catch my breath between quiet groans and pleas.

He eases back out just as slowly as he filled me, my inner muscles rippling around him, desperately clenching in an attempt to hold him inside. The only indication that he’s as horny as I am is the hard dig of his fingers into my skin and the fact that he’s so hard I can feel his pulse in his cock, throbbing against my stretched rim.

“Excellent. Yes, that’s correct.” He fills me again, starting to quicken his rhythm. Whoever is on the other end of the phone is getting absent *mm-hmms* and *aahs* as Alden starts to properly fuck me, miraculously managing to keep his breathing even as he pounds into me.

My cock is trapped against his desk, the smooth wood caressing my erection with every bouncing thrust. I’m desperate to wrap my hand around myself and chase the orgasm that’s building inside of me, making my muscles tighten and my balls constrict. Alden is humping me wildly, his utter calm still intact in a way that makes this entire thing deliciously filthy.

Will I be able to keep quiet, or will the stranger on the other end of the phone hear me lose control as cum spills from my cock and my body comes apart with pleasure? I’m so close, so *fucking* close. But somehow, Alden’s command not to come without permission manages to hold me back. I want to be good for him. My gut tightens, and Nolan whimpers and moans right along with me as if he’s the one getting fucked.

Every thrust pushes me closer to the edge of my control, my body trembling with it. “Listen, let me call you

back in a few minutes.”

I’m not even sure if the other person has a chance to respond before he ends the call and his phone hits the ground with a thud. “Come,” he growls, and I let out a relieved wail.

I reach for my cock, but I’m coming before I even touch myself, hot ropes of my release splatting my fingers, my ass pulsing around him. Alden lets out a low groan and his hot seed fills me.

He ruts into me, growling and grunting until both our orgasms start to fade, leaving us sagging against the desk just like Nolan is.

Alden laughs breathlessly, getting to his feet after a moment and going around his desk to pick up a fancy tissue box. “A man can’t get any work done with you two around,” he tuts, and we grin at each other.

He stands Nolan up first, taking care with his neglected erection as he pulls up Nolan’s pants, tucks his cock away, and zips him up. He cleans me next, but even with the cum and spit cleaned from the crease of my ass, as soon as I stand up straight, I can feel his seed leaking from my hole. I shiver and clench.

“Treasure, back to work,” he instructs, giving my ass a quick slap as he points me toward the door in a daze. “Pet, I imagine you’re late for work, so go but text me when to meet you for lunch so we can discuss things.”

We leave his office together, parting by the elevators with a slow kiss.

“What the hell even was that in there?” Nolan asks, smiling at me with an amused *what the fuck* look.

“I don’t know. But it was hot.”

He laughs. “Yeah, really hot. Even if I have epic blue balls now.”

I grin and kiss him one more time. “I love you. I’ll call you later.”

He gets on the elevator and the doors close behind him.
I amble back to my office, feeling love-drunk and dopey.

Chapter 18

NOLAN

My phone vibrates in my pocket, no doubt another text from Gannon asking if I'm okay. He walked me to the elevator after that kink-fest in Alden's office this morning, but we were both in such a daze, neither of us said much other than *I love you* just before I got on and left.

Shortly after, he started texting me, asking what the spanking was about, and when I didn't respond to those, asking if I was doing okay. Guilt knots in my stomach, knowing that he's probably in his office worrying over me. I'm just not sure what to say.

I feel off-kilter and still a bit foggy. I was so mad when I stormed in there, and Alden bent me over and spanked me until all I wanted to do was fall at his feet and be a good boy for him. I wanted to promise to take any car he would buy for me, to do anything he asks. Like, what the fuck?

My chest feels tight as I bring those emotions back up, the bustling room around me fading into a blur as I grapple with the enormity of all this. Was it a mistake to take on a relationship like this? I'm unbelievably in love with Gannon, and I'm falling more for Alden every day, but that doesn't mean this is the right relationship for me.

"You're doing that wrong," I snap, coming out of my daze when I see one of my little worker bees tying one of the sloppiest bows I've ever seen on the back of a chair in the grand hall. I hurry over and show her the proper way to make sure it's smooth and fluffy so the clients will feel like the truckload of money they paid me for their anniversary event was well spent.

While I flutter around the room, making sure everything is exactly right, and okay maybe micromanaging a little bit, I become aware of the feeling of someone's eyes on me. I glance over my shoulder, my breath catching at the sight of Alden in the doorway, watching me with a grin on his lips and intensity in his eyes.

My skin heats and my heart trips over its own beats, my ass instantly throbbing at the reminder of being bent over only a few hours ago. Part of me wants to drop the centerpiece I'm fussing over and run to him, but another part instantly bristles at the thought. He mentioned that we would talk later, but I never texted him about lunch, so I'm not sure what he's doing here.

I take my time, pulling all the flowers out and making sure the stems are the lengths I want and none of the petals are flattened or bruised. They're all perfect, of course. The florist who did them is one I've been working with for years. She does exquisite work. But it gives me the excuse I need to gather myself before I finally set the vase back down in the middle of the table and make my way over to Alden.

"These tables are too close together. Can we move them?" I ask as I pass a set of tables that feel crowded. They jump to fix the problem, and I smile. When I look at Alden again, he's smiling too.

"It's breathtaking seeing you so in command like this," he says as soon as I'm within earshot.

The compliment makes the tension in my chest ease, but my hackles refuse to fully go down. "Is it? I thought you preferred me all submissive and pliant."

His grin widens. "I told you. I prefer my boys with some fight." He pulls his hands out of his pockets and looks around. "Is there anywhere we can go to talk for a few minutes? Or do you have time for lunch?"

I tug my bottom lip between my teeth, considering the offer. I still have a lot to get done today, considering how late I was this morning, so I nod toward the dressing rooms. "We can talk in here."

It's a cozy room with a couch and several mirrors, as well as a clothing rack and some lovely artwork decorating the walls. I slide the pocket doors closed behind us and stride over to the couch to sit down. I wince when my tender ass hits the cushion.

“I’m sorry,” Alden says immediately.

“For spanking me?” I arch an eyebrow at him. I’m not sure if I’m sorry about the spanking itself, but I could do without the way it left me unsettled.

“No,” he says without a hint of shame. “As soon as I sent you away, I felt completely wrong about it. Your first spanking shouldn’t have ended with a dismissal. No spanking should. I might like to play a little rougher from time to time than some Daddies do, but aftercare is not something I ever skip. I knew you were late for work, but that’s no excuse.”

My throat tightens again, and I swallow hard, trying and failing to clear the feeling. “What’s aftercare?”

“For me, it’s cuddling, lots of praise, discussing the scene, often rubbing a soothing lotion on any tender skin.”

A strong sense of yearning nearly chokes me, and I nod quickly. Wait, is he offering or simply telling me that’s what he likes to do?

Alden seems to take that as an invitation, striding over to the couch to sit down beside me and pulling me into his arms. I go without protest, resting my head on his shoulder, a sense of calmness settling over me.

“That’s better.” He kisses the top of my head, pressing his nose against my hair, his breath ruffling it with every exhale. In spite of the confusion I’ve been wrestling with all morning, I sink into him and relax.

“How did you know where to find me anyway?” I ask, feeling a little sleepy with the warmth of Alden’s body against me. I didn’t realize until just now how much that spanking had taken out of me both physically and emotionally. Not because I didn’t like it. I think I liked it too much, or at least more than I expected to. I always thought of spankings as kinky and sexy, but that was...*emotional*.

“Your assistant,” Alden answers. “Actually, it was entirely too easy. It’s unsafe for him to give your location out to any random person who calls to ask for it.”

I roll my eyes. “You’re not exactly random. He knows you’re my boyfriend.”

“I’m not your boyfriend,” he says firmly, and I whip my head up to look at him, my heart doing its level best to leap out of my chest. I yelled at him once, and now we’re done? I thought he said this was for real. I thought he might even be falling for me...

“Relax, Pet.” He tightens his arms around me, and I realize I’ve started hyperventilating. I drag in a slower, deeper breath, letting the familiar scent of him fill me up and relax me again. “I’m not your boyfriend,” Alden says again. “I’m your Daddy.”

I snort, and Alden flinches, making me immediately regret the dismissive reaction. My ass is still stinging from his hand on it earlier, my cock and balls aching from the denied release. What happened earlier in his office feels like it changed things. I’m not sure if I’m ready for all that.

“Same difference. We know each other, we have sex. That’s why he told you where I was.” I try to push out of his embrace, but he holds me even more firmly. Alden may be small, but he’s strong as fuck.

“It’s not the same difference.” His voice is low and dangerous, sending a ripple of nerves and excitement down my spine. There’s a threat just beneath the surface. He wouldn’t bend me over and spank me again right here with my staff on the other side of the door, would he? “You’re mine to care for, to cherish...to keep safe.”

The car.

“I told you I don’t want to get rid of my car. It’s sentimental.”

“I didn’t tell you to get rid of it. If you would have come into my office and talked to me calmly about it, I would have told you that there’s room in my garage for it. I’ll make sure it gets regular maintenance so it continues to run well, but day to day, you can drive the safer car that I bought you.”

When he puts it like that, I sound like a petulant brat. In the real world, buying someone a car is unreasonable, but Alden doesn't exactly live in the real world, and I should have accounted for that.

"I'm sorry. I should have talked to you instead of throwing a fit," I concede.

"Good Pet," he murmurs, pressing a kiss to my cheek.

"Thank you..." The words stick in my throat, my insides squirming with nerves at the idea of saying it aloud and what it will mean. He's said it before, and he's absolutely right. It's not a game. It's all about trust. Can I trust him enough to give him this power over me? I think I already do. I just need to admit it to myself and him. I clear my throat and try again. "Thank you, Daddy."

Alden's breath catches. "Anything, Pet," he murmurs, cupping my jaw and dragging my face in for a slow, deep kiss.

I let myself sink into it, sink into *him*. Who am I kidding about this falling shit? I've already fallen.

GANNON

I drum my fingers against my desk, checking for the millionth time to see if I just happened to miss a text notification from Nolan. Impossible, considering I've been checking every five seconds since he got on the elevator this morning.

It was hot, *beyond* hot, to walk into Alden's office and find Nolan in the middle of a spanking. But the radio silence has me on edge. Was he not into the whole thing? Did it spook him?

And I don't know where the hell Alden disappeared to, but it had better be to talk to Nolan.

My phone vibrates in my hand, and I nearly drop it in my haste to answer.

"Nolan," I say, sounding embarrassingly breathy as I answer.

He chuckles into the phone, the sound warm and inviting. “Hey, Sexy. Sorry I worried you.”

“Are you okay? Did you talk to Alden?”

“I talked to Alden, and I’m fine. It was a little much for me this morning, but now that we’ve talked things out, I’m feeling a lot better. I’m feeling incredible actually, *solid*.” I can hear the relaxed happiness in his voice. It settles over my heart and brings me right along with him, smiling as I lean back in my chair.

“Good. I’m glad. I love you.”

“I love you too, Gan,” he says. I can hear the din of work being done in the background on his end, but he doesn’t seem all that worried about it. “I called him Daddy.”

I smile even wider before quickly trying to tamp it down. I don’t want to get ahead of myself. “How did it feel?”

“Amazing and right.”

“I’m so glad. This is going to work, No. I can feel it. I think I’m in love with him,” I confess.

“Me too.” The joy in his voice is overflowing, the two of us making giddy noises into the phone like a couple of teenagers tittering about our crushes. “Listen, I have to let you go because god knows the work of an event planner is never done, but I asked Alden to come to my place for dinner tonight. The three of us can hang out, cook dinner together, whatever. I don’t have a giant bed like his, but I thought it would be nice to let him into our world a little more.”

“That sounds perfect. I’ll see you tonight.”

We hang up, and with the worry about Nolan off my mind, I’m finally able to focus on work for the rest of the day.

At five o’clock, Alden peeks his head into my office.

“Can I talk you into riding with me to Nolan’s place?” he asks, coming around my desk and offering me his hand.

I give a mock sigh. “I suppose so. Although, maybe if I’m difficult about it, I’ll get to enjoy one of those spankings

for myself.”

I take his hand and stand up, the wicked grin that spreads over his lips making me tingle from head to toe.

“Don’t worry, Treasure, I’ll redden your ass when I’m ready. But if it’s for fun instead of punishment, you’ll get to come.”

I shiver and nod obediently. I can be good, and I can certainly be patient.

I grab my messenger bag and sling it over my shoulder and then let Daddy Alden lead me to the elevator, his hand clasped around mine, reminding me that I have nothing to worry about as long as he’s around. And as far as I can tell, he intends to be around.

When we pull into Nolan’s parking lot, I spot his car parked next to a beautiful new one I don’t recognize. Must be a new neighbor.

“By the way, I bought Nolan a car,” Alden says casually as we park and get out.

“You what? Are you crazy? He loves his car.” It clicks that that must have been what started the situation this morning.

“We’ve sorted it out,” he assures me. “Your car is still pretty new, but I’d be happy to buy you something nicer.”

I snort a laugh. “No, thank you. Nolan and I aren’t material guys. I know you’re used to pretty boys who hang all over you in exchange for diamonds...”

Alden grabs my arm, and I look at him. The serious expression on his face draws me up short.

“You two are perfect exactly as you are,” he says firmly.

“And you’re perfect for us.”

We head up to Nolan’s apartment. He answers the door already dressed in his more casual clothes for the evening: a

pair of black yoga pants and an oversized T-shirt that makes him look dainty.

Alden and I take turns kissing him hello, my heart surging when I hear Nolan whisper the word *Daddy* and Alden's face lights up.

ALDEN

I reach for Gannon and coax him close so the three of us are all enjoying the same moment, my heart almost fuller than I can handle, having both my boys fully and completely.

“Before we start on dinner, I need you to drop your pants,” I tell Nolan.

He sputters and Gannon's face contorts into an adorable pout. “Hey, he shouldn't get a *second* spanking before I even get one.”

“Yeah, wait a minute. I'm being good,” Nolan protests.

“First of all, I think you're both forgetting who's in charge. I decide who needs a spanking and when.” I reach into my pocket to pull out the lotion I stopped home for after my meeting with Nolan at lunch. “And second, I'm not spanking him. I want to put some lotion on his pretty little ass so it won't bruise. Now, let's go to the living room.”

They go without protest this time. Gannon sits down on the couch, and I follow him while Nolan hovers nervously for a moment.

“I think Daddy said to drop your pants,” Gannon reminds him, grinning this time.

“That's right, and then I want you right here over my lap.”

Nolan slips his fingers into the waist of his pants, yanking them down, along with his underwear. His cock is soft—which is strangely more intimate than a raging erection—as he climbs onto my lap. With Gannon sitting beside me, Nolan folds his arms and rests his head on my other boy's lap.

The redness has faded from his skin since this morning, but he still hisses from tenderness when I place my

hand on him.

“Was I too rough with you this morning, Pet?” I check, squirting the lotion into my hand so I can gently tend to his ass.

He shakes his head against Gannon’s lap. “No. I liked it...I needed it.”

“You did,” I agree, taking pleasure in the way he relaxes as the salve starts to soothe his skin.

“Thank you for taking care of him, Daddy,” Gannon says, making my heart somersault in my chest.

“Of course. It’s my job, and I take pleasure in doing it.”

Once my boy is well-tended, I help him up and the three of us head into the kitchen. Just like at the hall earlier, Nolan immediately jumps into the director role, taking out various food items and giving each of us instructions on what he wants done. I’m more than happy to oblige, watching as Gannon also quickly jumps to obey. It’s obvious they’ve cooked together before.

It’s an intimate act of its own. I rack my brain to think if I’ve ever cooked with anyone. I’ve had a boy here or there sit on the counter while I prepared a meal, but I’ve never cooked *with* someone. It’s surprisingly enjoyable.

The three of us talk about our workdays, laughing and enjoying each other’s company while sipping from glasses of wine that Nolan poured each of us. The meal likely would have been quicker and easier to prepare alone, but when we sit down to eat together, the food tastes phenomenally better for having been made by all of us.

“There’s a fundraiser I’ve been invited to at the end of the month,” I tell them as we linger over our dinner. “I’d love for you both to join me as my dates.”

“Are you allowed to bring a plus two?” Nolan asks.

“Pet, it’s ten thousand dollars per plate. They’re going to fall on their knees and thank me for purchasing an extra

seat.”

They both laugh. “That sounds great. Is it fancier than my usual suits?” Gannon asks.

“You can both leave wardrobe to me.” I grin wickedly, a delicious plan forming in my mind.

When we’re finished eating, we clean up together as well. Nolan is washing dishes and Gannon dries while I wipe down the counters and put away the food. I pause to watch them, laughing and trading kisses in front of the sink. My heart feels so full it’s almost difficult to breathe, but it’s the most beautiful feeling in the world.

“I love you,” I blurt.

They both stop what they’re doing, looking over their shoulders at me.

“Gannon or...?” Nolan asks, uncertainty flickering over his expression.

I chuckle. “Both of you.”

Nolan drops the plate he’s working on into the sink with a splash, and Gannon tosses his soggy rag down onto the counter, both of them coming at me so quickly it knocks my breath out of my lungs when the three of us collide.

Gannon covers my face with hard kisses while Nolan simply hugs me so tight, I swear I can hear bones cracking.

“We love you too,” Gannon says.

Nolan nods. “We do. We’re crazy in love with you, Daddy.”

So much joy rears up inside me, all I can do is laugh. Laugh at how far things have come in such a short time, laugh at how long it took us to get here when we’ve been right in front of each other the whole time, and laugh at how utterly incredible it is to finally have my forever right here in my arms.

Chapter 19

ALDEN

I unzip one of the two suit bags I have hanging in my closet, grinning as I slide my fingers along the smooth, expensive material of the jet-black blazer. It's going to look stunning on Gannon. I zip it back up and check Nolan's as well. I know my boys well enough to have gone with a more *exciting* color for my Pet, a fuchsia three-piece that I have no doubt will have him turning heads all night.

They can all feel free to look and stew in their jealousy over the beautiful boys on my arms. The sound of the doorbell draws me away from admiring the clothing I chose for them tonight.

I answer the front door to find both my boys, dressed casually, a makeup bag clutched in Nolan's hand, Gannon's arm around his shoulders.

"Don't tell me you *both* lost your keys already."

"We weren't sure if they were for emergencies only," Gannon explains, and I tsk.

"They're so you can come and go as you please. I want you to make yourselves at home here as much as you'd like." I usher them inside, heading straight back to my bedroom with them following behind me. "Strip," I tell them as soon as we reach the room.

"What do you have for us to wear?" Nolan cranes his neck, trying to get a peek at the suit bags.

"Patience. I have something else for you before we get to your suits." I shoot Gannon a wicked grin and his cheeks turn a light shade of pink.

I lean against my dresser and enjoy the show as they undress each other, exchanging brief kisses and tossing their discarded clothes onto the floor haphazardly. Once they're down to their underwear, I pull open the top drawer to retrieve

the first item I want them both to put on: two delicate lace thongs, one in a pearly shade of white and the other cherry red.

“I saw these and thought of the costumes you wore to the masquerade, the angel and devil.” I hand the white to Gannon and the red to Nolan. “I could hardly keep my eyes off either of you all night.”

“I hate that it took us so long to...*see* you,” Gannon says, clutching the underwear in his fist with a frown.

I step into his space, bringing my face close to his so I can brush my mouth over his. “You were worth waiting for.”

He makes a breathy sound and leans into me, and I smile against his lips, bringing one hand around to swat his ass playfully. He gasps. “Put them on,” I say firmly, and he nods.

My cock surges to life once both my boys have their pretty lace on, their soft cocks filling out the front with mouthwatering bulges, the striking fabric framing their asses invitingly. “I’m tempted to bend you both over and spank you, just to see how lovely my handprints complement your delicate lingerie.”

Nolan gasps and Gannon groans, his cock twitching and slowly swelling. “Please, Daddy.”

“Hmm.” I give his firm cheek a squeeze, my cock thickening at the thought of knowing Gannon’s ass is sore from my hand all night while I parade him around in front of the snooty society people. “What do you think, Pet? Should I give him a spanking before we go?”

Gannon grinds himself against me. “Say yes, No,” he begs, his cock stiffening.

“We won’t have time for you to come,” I warn him. “I’ll have to spank your ass and leave you aching for release until later.”

He groans again, his whole body shuddering.

“Spank him, Daddy,” Nolan says, reaching down to adjust his erection, stretching the fabric of his thong and testing the limits of the lace.

“Very well.” I grin and take a seat on the edge of the bed. “Come.” I pat my lap and Gannon wastes no time, flinging himself over my thighs, ass up, eager little tremors racking his body.

I run my hand over the generous swell of his ass, his skin smooth and warm, his muscles twitching under my touch.

“Such a beautiful, good boy,” I praise, drawing my hand back before bringing it down with a harsh *thwack*.

GANNON

I’ve spent entirely too much time watching spanking scenes in the past month. I’ve watched them repeatedly, obsessed with the breathy moans and the startled awe on the subs’ faces, getting hard and restless from the *slap, slap, slap* sound of the Dom’s hand as he delivers blow after blow. But no matter how many I’ve watched, they hadn’t prepared me for the bone-rattling, skin-stinging, soul-jolting feeling of Alden’s hand landing on my ass for the first time.

I gasp and sag over his legs. Nolan’s purple-painted toenails are right on the edge of my vision before my eyes fall closed. Alden has one arm around me, holding me in place as he delivers several rapid slaps to my ass and upper thighs. My cock swells and aches, every sharp blow making the pit of my stomach heat and my toes curl.

“You should see Daddy’s handprints on your ass, Treasure,” he coos.

“Show me,” I whisper.

I hear Nolan fumbling around for a moment and the click of his phone camera. I open my eyes to see him sliding his phone into my line of sight, a picture of my reddened ass, framed by the white thong, the shape of Alden’s hand clear as day. I moan again, my cock jerking against the soft lace.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Alden makes a soft sound, squeezing my aching ass cheeks before delivering a few more swats, forcing every conscious thought out of my mind for a few moments. My entire body feels like it’s made of clouds and pleasure.

“Good boy,” he praises again, his voice sounding rich and warm but far away. I feel like a rag doll as he moves me off his lap and maneuvers me onto the bed. Nolan says something, but he sounds even more distant than Alden. The bed jostles next to me, and within a few seconds, I’m surrounded by two warm bodies.

Time ceases to exist as I enjoy the relaxed, floaty state the spanking put me in until I slowly start coming back to awareness. The stinging ache in my ass is the first thing I notice, drawing a moan from my lips that’s somewhere between pained and horny.

“How are you feeling, Treasure?”

“So good,” I murmur, nuzzling my face against Alden’s chest.

“That was so hot.” Nolan thrusts his hard, lace-covered cock against my ass, and I gasp again.

“None of that.” I hear a light slap, followed by airy laughter from Nolan.

“I’m going to put some lotion on your ass, and then if you’re ready, you boys can get dressed.”

I nod. Alden’s hands are gentle as he soothes cold lotion over my ass. By the time he’s done, I’m back to full awareness, although still thoroughly relaxed. I clench my ass to feel the dull ache in my muscles, getting to my feet so I can take the suit bag Alden offers me.

Nolan gasps happily when he unzips his own.

“Daddy, this is so perfect.”

“I thought you’d like that.” Alden brushes a kiss against his cheek, and we both get dressed. I’m not sure how he knew our exact measurements, but our suits fit like a dream.

Between the dull ache in my ass and the feeling of the soft, smooth lace cradling my cock, the thong feeling like a dirty secret hiding under my suit, my cock is harder than I can ever remember it being. It might not last long, and it’s possible

that when I actually need it later, it might fail me, but the anxiety of wondering has all but vanished. Alden and Nolan love me, and it has nothing to do with the state of my cock at any given moment.

I can't think of a more beautifully freeing feeling.

Alden and I wait while Nolan puts on a bit of makeup, fluttering his eyelashes at both of us and then giving us each a kiss to leave our lips stained with the same red lipstick he has on.

Once we're all ready to go, the three of us pile into the limo that Alden has waiting for us. He pours each of us a small glass of champagne.

"A toast," he says, holding his flute up. "To love."

We clink our glasses against his. "To love," we echo.

"And spankings," I tack on with a grin.

"And orgasms," Nolan adds.

Alden shakes his head and smiles at us both, muttering something about handfuls that makes us both laugh.

NOLAN

The fundraiser is as lavish as one would expect for ten grand per plate. Although, for that price, you'd think they'd give you more than dainty little servings. One thing I may never understand about rich people: how much they love their tiny portions of weird foods.

"I need dessert," I declare as we pile out of the limo back at Alden's place several hours later.

Aside from the food, it was a fantastic night. I got both my men out on the dance floor, slipped my card to a few people because I'm industrious like that, and posed like a diva on the red carpet. Yes, there was a red fucking carpet. I swear you couldn't make my life up if you tried.

"I just might have some ice cream in the freezer," Alden says, leading us up the steps to the front door.

I grab Gannon's hand to hurry him along, the two of us laughing as we end up racing to the kitchen. I shed my blazer and the lovely vest underneath, draping them both over the back of one of the kitchen chairs. Gannon and Alden follow suit, all of us loosening our ties and making ourselves more comfortable.

Alden grabs a carton of Rocky Road out of the refrigerator while I pull three spoons out of the drawer and then hop up to sit on the counter. They both crowd around me and the three of us share dessert right out of the carton.

Alden steps between my legs, making a playful attempt to intercept my next bite of ice cream before it can reach my mouth.

"No," I complain with a laugh. "Gannon, save me. He's trying to steal my dessert."

Daddy Alden tickles me, and I squeal. Gannon wraps his arms around Alden from behind, joining in the tussle. I stuff the spoonful of ice cream into my mouth victoriously.

Alden claims my mouth in a hard kiss, the heat of his lips a stark contrast to the icy chill of our dessert.

"Mm, sandwiched between my boys. I can't say there's a better position to be in," he teases, nipping at my bottom lip while Gannon kisses down the side of his neck. "In fact, this is what I want tonight."

"What's that, Daddy?" Gannon asks as Alden takes the carton of ice cream from me, along with the spoon, and sets them aside.

"Both of you..." he turns his head so Gannon can see his heated smile just as well as I can. "At the same time."

My breath catches and Gannon moans.

"Fuck, that's hot," I mutter.

"Language," Daddy growls, sending a tremor of excitement down my spine.

I give him a cheeky smirk. "I thought it was our turn to be in charge tonight."

“Topping and being in charge aren’t the same thing.” Alden tugs my bottom lip between his teeth with a sharp sting, and I gasp. “I want you both upstairs, in bed, bare for me. I’ll meet you there in a minute.”

He steps out from between my legs, and I hop off the counter, grabbing for Gannon’s hand again.

Gannon squeezes my fingers as soon as our hands connect, and I see a hint of apprehension in his expression. “Daddy, can I get Gannon ready to pleasure you while we wait?”

Alden cups the soft bulge in the front of Gannon’s pants, ghosting his lips over Gannon’s stubbled cheek. “That’s an excellent idea, Pet.”

He tugs Gannon’s earlobe between his teeth, drawing a full-body shudder from him before letting go of his cock and sending us off with a swat on the ass each.

My cock is already hard and aching as we race up the stairs, hand in hand, the promise of Alden’s hot, tight hole enough to make me wildly horny. And if he meant what I think he meant about both of us at once? I bite back a moan, my erection jerking violently.

As soon we’re through the bedroom door, we fall into a frantic kiss, undressing each other with clumsy, desperate hands. Gannon’s tongue slides against mine, heavy and wet. I grind myself against his half-hard cock through the silky material of our suit pants, the textured material of the lace wrapped around my cock lighting nerve endings I never knew I had. The thong rubs against my hole as we kiss and hump against each other, turning the frenzy up to an eleven.

The door creaks open behind me, and Daddy tsks. “That doesn’t look like getting Gannon ready.”

I make a sound against Gannon’s lips that’s somewhere between a laugh and a moan. “It is, I swear.”

Gannon laughs as well, the sound rumbling through his chest and vibrating against me. Daddy swats my ass playfully again. “Clothes off, on the bed.”

We hurry to obey, shedding the remainder of our clothes and Gannon's prosthetic, including the pretty underwear, into a pile on the floor before tumbling onto the bed together.

Alden stands at the foot of the bed and slowly undresses himself, his eyes on the two of us, a calm air about him in spite of the flush on his cheeks and the massive outline of his erection tenting his pants.

I squirm against the soft sheets, Gannon's breathing picking up beside me. The heat of our bare bodies radiates between us, his erection resting partially hard against his thigh. When Alden is fully disrobed, he walks around the bed to the nightstand, pulling out a bottle of lube and the cock ring he put on Gannon before, as well as a second one made of black leather.

"Something for each of my boys." He grins and drops to his knees at the foot of the bed.

Gannon props himself on his elbows, watching with heavy-lidded eyes as Daddy wraps a hand around his shaft, giving him a few firm strokes until his cock starts to swell and thicken.

"Beautiful," Daddy praises, leaning in to press a kiss to the head of Gannon's cock while he slides the first cock ring into place around his base.

I pant and squirm, desperate to reach for my cock to relieve some of the pressure that's building to a maddening level.

Alden hands the second cock ring to Gannon. "Put this on our Pet."

Gannon nods, rolling toward me, his now fully hard cock brushing against my hip, the tip slick with precum as he fumbles for a moment before getting the leather cock ring into place around my cock.

My whole body heats immediately, the throb in my groin becoming so intense it's all I can think about. My entire body goes on high alert, my nipples aching, my balls

tightening, every inch of my skin on fire as I thrust helplessly into the air, my erection thwacking against my belly.

Daddy chuckles, and I whine. “Shh, Pet,” he murmurs, running his hands over my belly, making my muscles flutter and tense as I thrust toward him again, hoping he’ll take pity on me and play with my cock. “On your feet.”

“Daddy,” I whimper. On my feet? How does he expect me to stand upright when every ounce of blood in my body is trapped in my erection?

“Be a good pet.”

I continue to protest but do as he says while he climbs onto the bed, straddling Gannon’s lap. Alden opens the lube, grabbing Gannon’s hand and pouring some onto his fingers.

“Come, Pet,” he says, and I hurry closer, shamelessly rubbing my aching cock against the curve of his back as I reach around him to have my fingers slicked as well.

Alden turns his head, humming as he presses a kiss against my jaw. I tremble, letting him guide my hand between his ass cheeks. Gannon’s fingers are already there, gently exploring Alden’s puckered entrance.

I groan, dragging my fingers against his and joining him in teasing the rim of Daddy’s hole. Alden murmurs his approval, relaxing to our touch, letting us in one finger at a time until he’s stuffed four full, his rim stretching, the wet sound of the lube filling the room with each one of our coordinated thrusts.

Gannon’s knuckles bump against mine, the ball-clenching heat of Alden’s hole making it hard to breathe, my cock harder than it’s been in my entire life.

“Enough,” Alden says breathlessly but with no less authority. There’s something unbearably sexy about the way he manages to maintain control even when he’s so obviously becoming wrecked.

Or maybe it’s that Gannon and I *want* him to have that control, no matter how well we’re taking him apart, even before we’re properly fucking him.

“Treasure, you first,” Alden says, and we both ease our fingers out, one at a time, the same way they went in.

“What if—” Gannon starts to ask.

“Shh,” Daddy hushes him. “You’re perfect, and you boys are going to drive me wild tonight. Now, give Daddy your cock. Pet, why don’t you help him?”

Gannon groans as I reach between them to take hold of his cock, lining it up so his head is pressed against Alden’s entrance.

“That’s right,” Daddy praises, his hands braced on Gannon’s broad shoulders as he eases down, taking the cock inside himself slowly.

I watch, my erection continuing to jerk and twitch sympathetically as I watch Gannon’s be swallowed deep. When he’s fully seated, Alden starts to bounce up and down, Gannon’s cock glistening with lube each time he rises off it.

Precum drips from my slit, and I catch it on my fingers, shuddering as I rub it over the painfully sensitive head of my cock.

“Pet,” Daddy gasps, blindly reaching and then dragging my body flush against his back.

“Won’t it be too much?” I ask, bumping the head of my cock against his already stretched rim. Gannon’s cock pulses deep inside him, the plastic of his cock ring catching against the head of my cock.

“Daddy likes a little pain with his pleasure, Pet. It will be perfect.”

I ease inside, the breath punching out of my lungs at the intense pressure of the tight space. Gannon groans low and deep, and Alden trembles between us as we stuff his hole beyond full.

“Oh f—uhhh,” I catch myself before I accidentally utter the curse, not willing to risk the possible punishment of not being allowed to come if I slip up. “It’s so good, Daddy.”

I thrust my hips helplessly, my eyes rolling back at the feeling of Gannon's thick, hard erection trapped against mine, throbbing and twitching in the tight space just like mine is.

Alden throws his head back and lets loose a deep, satisfied moan that tightens my balls and sends goose bumps skittering all over my skin.

"Hold still," he commands in a rough, utterly wrecked voice, leaning forward to clutch at the comforter on either side of Gannon's head.

It's a herculean feat, but I manage to stop thrusting, digging my fingers into his hips and whimpering with my cock buried to the root inside of him. I can hear Gannon's ragged breathing matching my own, his thick thighs on either side of mine trembling with the effort to hold still as Alden starts to bounce up and down on our cocks.

He swivels and rolls his hips, making me see stars, heat filling me each time he takes us deep into his wet, impossibly tight hole. Alden's inner muscles contract and flutter around us with each thrust.

"What perfect fuck toys my pretty boys are," he praises through gritted teeth.

My cock swells impossibly thicker inside the tight confines of his channel. "Daddy," I gasp. "I'm not going to last."

He moans again, fucking himself faster on our cocks. "Let go, Pet. Fill me up."

I let out a desperate sound, my whole body tightening and throbbing at once, heat rising up inside me so violently it steals my breath. And then I start to pulse inside of him, shooting hard as I cover Gannon's trapped cock in thick ropes of my cum.

They both grunt and groan, Alden continuing to thrust as I pant and shudder helplessly against him, my hips twitching all on their own.

"Yes, so good, Pet, so fucking good," he praises, milking the cum from me until my softening cock slips out of

his hole.

With Gannon still fully hard inside of him, I sink to my knees behind them to watch as Alden renews his furor, fucking himself madly on Gannon's cock, his erection no longer only shiny with lube but coated with my cum. It oozes from Alden's hole, forced out with each thrust until it trickles down the back of his thighs.

I whimper, my eyes fixated on the positively pornographic sight, my body too spent to do anything other than enjoy the view.

Gannon's balls drawing up tight is the only warning before Alden commands him to come as well, the two of them falling into a frenzy of animal passion as they unleash together. Alden gropes for my hand, this time holding it tightly as they both ride out their orgasms.

When they collapse in a panting heap, I climb onto the bed next to them, fitting myself under Gannon's arm and happily taking the kisses they both offer me.

I'm not sure how I got lucky enough for this to be my life, but I make a promise to myself that I'm going to make sure they both know every day just how much I love them.

Forever.

Chapter 20

GANNON

Waking up sweaty and sandwiched between Alden and Nolan has become my new favorite way to wake up. Maybe I'm getting ahead of myself, but I do a mental calculation of how much longer Nolan and I both have on our leases and whether that will be too soon to all move in together.

Whether Alden would want us here isn't even in question. I'm pretty sure I could tell him I want to move in today and he'd go pack my bags for me.

Nolan yawns and stretches next to me, nuzzling his face into my armpit. "Do you think it would take much convincing for Daddy to let us move in here? 'Cause I could totally live the pool life."

I chuckle, our thoughts clearly in the same place.

"I think I could be persuaded," Alden answers from my other side. "Damn, we slept late," he mutters.

"It's Sunday. Do you have somewhere to be?" I ask, clinging to the idea of spending the day in bed, ordering takeout, and enjoying each other's company.

"It's Brunch Sunday. I'm supposed to be at Kiernan's in twenty minutes."

"Ooh, brunch," Nolan hums happily. "Will there be Bloody Marys?"

"There will be anything you like, Pet."

I bury my face in the side of Nolan's neck and give him a kiss before turning to do the same to Alden. I guess we're getting up and going to brunch.

"Hey, do they actually know that the three of us are together?" I rack my brain trying to remember the last time we got together with Sterling and Emerson. It had to have been last month before things started to heat up between the three of us.

“Not officially. What a perfect morning to share the good news.” Alden seems perkier at the idea, shoving back the covers and sliding out of bed. I groan and roll over, my ass still aching from the spanking last night, muscles I forgot I had protesting from the workout Daddy gave us.

“How are you feeling, Daddy?” Nolan asks slyly, reaching across me to pinch Daddy’s bare ass.

He glances over his shoulder with a dangerous look, one eyebrow arched as if asking Nolan if he’s sure he wants to go down that route. Nolan seems unfazed, smirking right back.

“Pleasantly sore and thoroughly satisfied. Thanks for asking.”

“Glad to be of service, Daddy,” Nolan snarks, and I chuckle.

The two of us get out of bed as well, Alden dropping to his knees to help with my prosthetic.

“You both know I’m fully capable of doing this on my own, right?” I smile at him as he rubs the lotion onto my skin before fitting the sock over it.

“It’s not about what you’re capable of, Treasure. It’s about what we like to do for you.”

Nolan nods in agreement. “We love you.”

My heart surges. I still can’t believe how lucky I’ve gotten to have both these incredible men in my life, all mine, forever.

“I love you both too.”

Once my prosthetic is on, Nolan offers a hand to help me to my feet. The three of us get dressed, not in any kind of hurry, trading kisses between items of clothing. Nolan and I put on the clothes we wore over to Alden’s last night, and he wears a dress shirt and nice pants.

“Are we underdressed?” I ask, looking down at my T-shirt and jeans.

“Not at all. I just don’t let anyone other than you boys see me in my casual things,” he answers with a wink.

I try to think back to all the different get-togethers, even the casual ones, from over the years, and he’s right. Until we started getting closer, I’d never seen him in anything but a suit. The knowledge makes me feel warm inside like we get to see this special, secret part of him that no one else knows about.

Unsurprisingly, we’re the last ones to arrive at Kiernan’s house, voices echoing down the hallway from the kitchen as soon as we step inside. There’s a homey smell of coffee and bacon and the sound of warm, welcoming laughter filling the air.

One of the things I was most worried about finding again when I was discharged from the military was that same sense of family and camaraderie. I took the job when Barrett offered it because the pay was good and I liked the causes they fund, but I’ve found so much more than that. They have all become my family. Alden squeezes my hand, and I smile.

“Come on, let’s get Nolan his Bloody Mary.” Daddy winks, and we follow him to the kitchen.

Barrett is playfully dancing with Sterling while Em cheers them on and Kiernan stands at the stove, making omelets.

“About damn time,” Barrett greets Alden with a smirk. When his eyes land on Nolan and me, his smile widens. “And what do we have here? I see two very ruffled men early on this Sunday morning. Did we have a little sleepover?”

“Daddy,” Sterling scolds him. “It ain’t none of our business.”

“It’s okay. There’s no secret. I’ve just been too *preoccupied* to fill you all in on the good news.” Alden takes my hand again and rests his chin on Nolan’s shoulder.

“Well, it certainly explains all of the noise coming from your office lately,” Kiernan quips, shooting us a knowing look.

“Told you we were too loud,” Nolan says.

Alden shrugs, unrepentant. “It was a productivity break.”

“Uh-huh.” Barrett laughs. “Well, I’m glad you all pulled your heads out of your asses.”

“Me too,” I agree.

“Me three,” Nolan chimes in.

Alden gives us each a kiss on the cheek and then sets about getting us drinks—a Bloody Mary for himself and Nolan and a coffee for me. While Alden and his friends razz each other and discuss business, I put an arm around Nolan, who has fallen into conversation with Em and Sterling, telling them about the car Alden bought him, the story punctuated by eye-rolls.

“It’s ridiculous,” he says, shaking his head even as he smiles. “I lived half my childhood in the cramped backseat of a nineteen-seventy-something Civic that I swear was held together by duct tape and sheer force of will. The last thing I need is some brand-new car straight off the assembly line with all the special features and a custom paint job.”

Em and Sterling hide their surprise at Nolan’s admission well, but the silence that follows his statement hangs heavy in the air. I tighten my arm around him to offer any silent support he might need. He told me about his childhood in an off-handed way a little over a year ago, and I could tell at the time how difficult it was for him to admit it.

“It’s hard to get used to being spoiled when you grew up with so little,” Sterling finally says, and Em nods rapidly in agreement.

“It is,” Nolan agrees, the tension easing out of his shoulders.

“I k-k-keep telling Daddy Kiernan that I don’t need diamonds on *everything*,” Em says, rolling his eyes. We all laugh, catching the attention of our Daddies.

“Just talking about how ridiculous the three of you are,” Nolan says cheekily.

“Carry on then.” Alden grins at us, and my heart gives another one of those ridiculous flutters.

Part of me always knew that things would work out eventually, even when there were long, lonely nights when I couldn't see any way for that to be true. Maybe I couldn't see it because, in a million years, I wouldn't have imagined having two incredible men in my life, let alone one of them being my Daddy. Maybe it's good that I never imagined any of this because there's no way any fantasy could have lived up to the reality anyway.

Some things need to happen in their own time and the *best* things can't be planned for.

And Nolan and Daddy Alden? They are absolutely the best things. I lean over to whisper near Nolan's ear.

“I agree with you. Let's both see about breaking our leases and surprise Daddy by moving in.”

A huge smile spreads over his lips and he nods, leaning into me. “Let's do it.”

“Uh-oh, what are you boys plotting now?” Alden asks, sneaking up behind me.

“Nothing, Daddy,” Nolan answers unconvincingly, the giggle that follows *really* not helping to sell it.

“You boys are a handful.” Alden shakes his head, but the grin on his face does little to convince me it's a complaint.

“You wouldn't have us any other way,” I say.

“I truly wouldn't,” he agrees. “You're my perfect boys exactly the way you are.”

Epilogue

ONE YEAR LATER

ALDEN

My insides quiver as I abandon the chocolate chip pancakes I'm flipping in the pan to once again make sure the boxes on the table are positioned exactly right. As if having them perfectly perpendicular will ensure my boys are pleased with the gifts.

Maybe this was a mistake. Things have been going perfectly for the past year, and this gesture felt appropriate... felt *right* as a celebration of our anniversary. But now I'm wondering if I should have discussed this with them first. Perhaps they aren't interested in this type of commitment. Or maybe it won't mean to them what it means to me.

My heart is in my throat at the sound of the bedroom door opening and closing upstairs, followed by two sets of footsteps. For a moment, I consider snatching the boxes off the table and stashing them in a drawer, at least until I have the chance to talk to them about it first, make sure they even *want* the gift I've spent the last month agonizing over.

The smell of burning reaches my nose, and I curse, abandoning my internal torture to try to save the pancakes. I flip the ones I had left a couple of minutes ago, scowling at the blackened edges before tossing them into the garbage bin next to the counter and ladling some more batter into the pan.

Gannon and Nolan step into the kitchen, hand in hand, dressed only in the silky underwear I put them both in last night. I grin at the sight of them, sleep ruffled, my nerves calming almost instantly.

"Good morning," I say cheerfully, beckoning them both closer. "Happy anniversary," I say, pressing a kiss to Gannon's lips and then Nolan's.

"Happy anniversary, Daddy," Gannon murmurs, kissing my bare shoulder while my mouth is still occupied by

Nolan's. I smile against his lips as he playfully sweeps his tongue against mine.

"Happy anniversary," Nolan echoes when we part.

"I'm making breakfast," I tell them needlessly. Maybe I *am* still a bit nervous.

"Smells like you're *burning* breakfast, Daddy," Nolan taunts.

"Hey." I swat his ass with the spatula in my hand, and he squeals. "There are presents on the table for you, but don't open them yet."

"A present?" Gannon grins.

I give him a teasing swat with the spatula, too, for good measure. "Yes. Now, go sit down, and I'll bring you boys coffee and breakfast in just a minute."

Just like the breakfast a year ago today, when we made things official, I put an array of unhealthy yet delicious topping options on the table for the boys to choose from.

My stomach starts to squirm again with anxiety as I finish up the food and pour them both coffee. There's no turning back now. They've seen the boxes, and even if I take them away, they're going to wonder what was inside.

I bring the coffee to the table and then the plates, taking a deep breath before I sit down. They both wait patiently, eyeing the gift boxes without touching them.

"Go ahead," I finally say, waving at their presents.

Nolan grabs his excitedly, tearing into it without hesitation. Gannon is a tad more restrained, taking a sip of his coffee before picking up the box and untying the bow. A nerve-racking silence descends over the table as they both discover the gifts inside: matching heavy silver chains with a beautiful, decorative triple knot in the center.

I clear my throat, reaching for my cup of coffee to take a sip. "They're day collars. I thought they were subtle enough that you would both feel comfortable wearing them full-time without having to explain, but we would know what they

mean. And likely anyone else in the kink community would recognize them as well.”

“What do they mean?” Gannon asks the obvious question.

“In the kink world, collaring is more or less akin to marriage. It’s a significant commitment between a Dom and their submissive. It signifies that you belong to me, that I take care of you...that I cherish you.”

Nolan reaches into his box and delicately drags his finger over the chain. “It’s beautiful.”

Gannon nods. “It’s amazing. I love it.”

Nolan pulls his collar out of the box carefully, sliding out of his chair, onto the floor, and knee walking over to me. My heart skips a beat. It’s only in the last few months that he’s taken to kneeling for me. The utter bliss of his hard-earned submission takes my breath away every single time.

“Put it on me, Daddy?” he asks, a slight tremble in his voice.

“Of course, Pet.” I take the chain and settle it around his throat, clasping it together at the nape of his neck. When it’s on, he tilts his head up, a look of peace and happiness etched deeply in his expression.

“How does it look?” he asks.

“Perfect,” I murmur, not taking my eyes off his face. I lean in and kiss him again, savoring his sweet, full lips. He sighs into my mouth, the sound filling me up from head to toe. “I love you,” I say when I break the kiss.

“I love you too, Daddy.” Nolan grins.

I glance over to find Gannon watching us with adoration in his eyes, the barest curve of a smile on his lips. “Can I put yours on too, Treasure?”

He nods, and I get to my feet. Nolan shuffles back over to his chair, and I go to stand behind Gannon. I reach around him to lift his collar out of its box and fasten it around his neck in the same way. Like Nolan, a full-body sigh shudders

through him as if he's feeling the significance of the collar, the weight of my ownership, straight through to his soul.

I lean down to nibble at his earlobe and pepper kisses down the side of his neck until he turns his head and I'm able to claim his lips.

"I love you," I murmur against his mouth.

"I love you, Daddy. Thank you for this. It means a lot."

I go back to my seat and the two of them have one of their wordless conversations, their eyes speaking volumes as they both jerk their head toward me, moving their eyebrows and gesturing.

I chuckle. "Is there a problem?"

"No," Nolan hurries to assure me.

"No problem, it's just..." Gannon tugs his bottom lip between his teeth and then pushes to his feet. "Hold on."

He leaves the room, and while we wait for him to return, I dig into my pancakes, chewing slowly as I study Nolan for any hint as to what the two of them are up to.

"Your Jedi mind tricks aren't going to work on me, Daddy."

"Jedi mind tricks?" I snort in amusement.

"Yeah, that staring thing." He waves at my face. "I'm not going to tell you before Gan gets back."

"Fair enough." I grin and shake my head again.

Gannon returns a minute later, looking as nervous as I felt when the two of them first came down.

"What do you have there, Treasure?" I nod at his clenched fist.

He sits back down, and he and Nolan exchange another look.

"We've been talking," Nolan starts.

"And even though we can't all get married, we thought it would be nice to do some kind of commitment ceremony

together.” Gannon extends his hand, opening it to show me three identical rings. All three have a triple knot design similar to the collars. Great minds, apparently.

My heart starts to thunder again, my throat constricting as joy makes my heart swell. “You mean it?” I ask.

“Of course we do,” Nolan says.

“Actually, we were organizing a bit of a surprise, but with the collars, it felt right to let you know that we’ve been on the same page. You know, commitment, forever.”

“What kind of surprise?” I ask, so happy I feel like I might burst. My boys look like utter dreams with my collars around their necks. The fact that they’ve been thinking about forever all on their own makes it all the better.

“A trip to the South of France, all of us, plus our friends, for a surprise ceremony on the beach,” Nolan confesses.

“That sounds incredible. Thank you, boys. I can’t believe I got this lucky. Why don’t you hang on to the rings for now, and we can exchange them properly at our ceremony.”

Gannon sets the rings down next to his plate. “We’re the lucky ones,” he says, and Nolan nods emphatically.

“You make us so happy. I was so mad at myself every time I chickened out of telling Gannon how I felt all those years, but I think the time wasn’t right. I didn’t know it, but we were waiting for things to fall into place with you too. The three of us were meant for each other. We fit. We’re right.”

“You’re absolutely right, Pet.” I reach out to take his hand, bringing it to my lips to kiss. “I love you both beyond measure. My perfect, stubborn boys.”

THE END

If you loved the light, sweet kink in the Perfect Boys series, check out my puppy play story, Stay. It’s full of all the same swoony goodness with just a hint of kink, the K.M. Neuhold way. Grab it [HERE](#)

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About the Author

K.M. Neuhold is a complete romance junkie. Pansexual 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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