

K.L MANN

a taboo erotica



TAKE ME AWAY

Biker

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Cover By K.L Mann

*For anyone who's ever wanted to be appreciated for doing
nothing more than being exactly who you are.*

Author's Note

After recently releasing *Put Me In Coach*—a similar style novella to this one, I knew I needed to write Tommy's story. If you haven't read *Put Me In Coach*, don't worry, this can be read alone. With my shorter eroticas, I always like to caution not take this too seriously, and have a fun time.

Hope you enjoy Victor and Tommy. As always, make sure to read the bonus chapter in the back for a spicy good time!

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

CW/TWs

Explicit Language and Sex

Age Gap

No Condom

Exhibitionism (sex with an audience)

Mentions of Murder

Biker Club (criminal activity implied)

Daddy Kink

Mentions of Overthinking and Nervousness Similar to Anxiety

Blurb

Tommy Hills is looking for love. Well, sort of. He's certainly looking for someone, though. Someone who will understand him and what he needs. Set up by his best friend's lover, he just might have found the perfect fit.

Victor Daniels has no business going on a date with someone 12 years his junior. He has a motorcycle club to run, and mouths to feed. One glimpse at a picture of Tommy, and his responsibilities suddenly become much less concerning.

Opposite in so many ways, are Tommy and Victor a destined pair?

Chapter 1



Tommy

“Do you think lip gloss is too much?”

My best friend Liam blinks at me. After a beat passes, he offers me one of his signature *the answer is obvious* looks. Eventually his eyes roll because he knows that I need verbal confirmation. “It’s not too much, but you’re just going to eat it off of your lips as soon as we sit down for food.”

I frown. Well, more like I pout. “But I want him to look at my lips. They’re my best quality.”

Liam gives me a once over and shakes his head. “Your lips are like your third best quality.”

Said lips pop open. “Explain yourself.”

He chuckles, so lighthearted and gentle. “Your eyes and your cheekbones, then your lips.” Liam pauses. “Then your ass.”

I throw a makeup brush at him, which he promptly catches with a huge grin spreading across his face. Liam Hawkins is more than my best friend. He’s a baseball god, currently weeks away from moving to Boston to play in the Major League. He’s also in a new relationship... with his stepdad, Jonathan. Jonathan, who set up this double date with the purpose of matching me to a man he thinks will be everything I want. Everything I *need*, really.

And I only know three things about this mystery man. His name is Victor, he's attractive, and he has tattoos. My so-called best friend has given his seal of approval but won't spill the beans further than that. It's betrayal of the highest order, but he seems to find it amusing.

"We're going to a bar anyways; it hardly matters what you're wearing."

He's teasing of course, it *always* matters what I'm wearing.

"What kind of bar is this by the way?"

Liam hums and taps a black-painted finger to his chin, considering the question. "Think dive bar, but cozy in an almost dangerous manner."

"What does that even mean?" I huff, tossing up my hands in exasperation.

"Stop worrying so much." He sighs, handing me back my powder brush. "You'll look amazing, and fit in just fine."

Allowing a moment of vulnerability to creep in, I ask, "Will you wear eyeliner so I'm not the only one?"

Face soft with understanding, his head bobs with a nod. "Of course I will, Tommy."

"And you won't ditch me tonight?"

His laugh is a snort. "I'm more worried about you ditching me to climb *Victor*." Changing the tone of his voice to imitate mine, he continues. "Oh, *Victor*, you're so *big* and *handsome*. Take me right here." A big veiny hand graces his chest like he's trying to catch his breath, taunting me further.

"Do you think you're cute?" I ask, folding my arms together in my lap. He promptly nods with a ridiculous grin. "Four out of ten for the awful impression. It needs work."

"Oh hush, you loved it." He moves closer and parks his butt on the edge of my vanity table, reaching for some black eyeliner behind him. He pinches the stick between two fingers and presents me with a genuine smile. "So, am I going punk, or glam?"

He's essentially asking if he should put it under his eyes, or on the lids. A soft swoop on top of the eye, or smudge it around his waterline. I should punish him for taunting me just for fun, but I think Liam looks best exactly how he is naturally. And punk is his style.

"Punk will do." I give him a bit of a shy shrug. "Will you accessorize?" For him, that means chains, rings, and other assorted silver jewelry to match his outfit of choice. Likely that will be some kind of dark pants, boots, and white shirt combination.

He arches a brow. "I can't let you be the only one looking fantastic, can I?"

Liam really is the perfect friend for me. He shows me that nearly every day.

"If you weren't in love, I'd kiss you."

He grins and shoots forward, grabbing my face and smacking a kiss to the top of my head. "If I weren't in love, I'd kiss you too. Platonically, of course."

"Of course." I chuckle, shaking my head.

Liam and I, we aren't a match romantically. A relationship between us would be difficult and complicated. There would be uncomfortable sacrifices to make, and as much as I love him, it just wouldn't work. We've always known that, and we're both content with the fact.

A throat clears and our attention swings toward the door. Jonathan, handsome as ever, leans against the frame, strong arms crossed. "Are you two getting ready or gossiping?"

"We're making out," Liam quips.

"Yeah?" Jonathan asks, knowing that his smartass boyfriend is a little liar. "Well don't bruise Tommy's lips. Victor won't like it."

Liam huffs. "Now I want to do just that. Sounds fun."

Jonathan shakes his head, amused. "Get yourselves pretty, I'm hungry."

“I can feed you something,” Liam bemuses, nodding toward his lap. His dick, he means his dick.

“Flirt with each other later,” I interrupt before Jonathan can consider it. He’s sort of like me in that he’s essentially always ready to be touched. He’s just eighteen or so years older than me. “Not to slut shame, but today is about me. Get a drink of water and keep your clothes on for a few more hours,” I say, albeit playfully. I wouldn’t actually mind if they wanted to bang one out really fast, but I’m anxious and Liam calms me.

My best friend finds this hilarious, and gives a full-bellied laugh. “He just called you thirsty as fuck, coach. Too bad you can’t make him run sprints for it, eh?”

Jonathan shrugs. “I’ve been around Tommy for long enough to know that slut is a term of endearment in his world.”

Correct. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with having a healthy sexual appetite.

“You’ve got an hour,” he adds. Giving me a reassuring look, he points a finger in my direction. “And don’t work yourself up. Victor has already seen what you look like, and trust me, he doesn’t have a single complaint.”

I blow out a breath, letting my shoulders fall into a relaxed state. I would consider myself a confident person, apart from my nasty habit of overthinking. I’m a model, so people scrutinize my face and body every hour of every day, it doesn’t bother me. I love the way that I look, in private and in public.

In public, I tend to wear what I would call upscale casual. Pants and tops that aren’t quite t-shirts and sweatpants, but nothing incredibly fancy. I usually have some makeup on my face, subtle but certainly not invisible. It’s nothing overly feminine, but definitely nothing too masculine either. It’s a balanced look, and I adore it. That’s what makes me feel the best while unfamiliar eyes are on me. At home? I have a different kind of comfortable.

Skirts, cropped tops, lace, high socks, lingerie... all of it. I could wear it in public too, if I wanted. But I just don't. I like having it to myself and my close friends. Liam has seen basically every piece of clothing I own—he's even bought some of it for me, the sweetie.

So at my core, I'm a self-assured person. But I have this feeling in my stomach that today means more than any date I've ever been on.

Jonathan paired me with his friend because I opened up about what I'm looking for in a man, and it seems that Victor is *it*. Hence, the bit of nerves bubbling up inside of me. I have high hopes, I think, and I hate to feel let down. Is there anything worse than crushing disappointment?

I've never had a boyfriend before. Partly due to my career, partly due to my tastes. But I'm getting to the point in my life where I find myself uncomfortable in the quiet. I'm lonely, as it would seem.

I'm hoping that affection, obsession, and maybe... *passion* isn't too much to ask for. I guess I'm about to find out.

Chapter 2



Victor

Roxy nearly shatters three lowball glasses with the size of the gasp she lets out, seeing me as I stride into my bar. She catches them, pink-painted fingers wrapping tight around each. Flicking her gaze back to me and steadying them on the polished wood surface, she lets her eyes trail down my body.

“Ho-lee- shit,” she enunciates, adding a low whistle to punctate her surprise. “You got a court date we don’t know about?”

“Funny,” I say dryly, pausing where I’m stood to roll my sleeves to my elbows. I haven’t been in trouble with the law in over ten years. “Is there a reason that you got extra glitter on your face tonight? The boys don’t like findin’ it in their drinks, Rox.”

She pouts, jutting out her glossy red lips. “They can deal with it. It’s my birthday.”

I should have known that. *Damn, I’m an asshole.* Silently, I make a mental note to put aside a small bonus with her name on it for the night.

“Well, then by all means.” My arms cross over my chest. “Make a mess because it’s your birthday.” I’m being sarcastic. Sort of. I don’t really give a fuck if a speck of glitter gets into one of my guy’s beers. They put worse shit in their mouths on purpose. Daily.

But Roxy—one of the younger girl’s I have working here—she’s got a lot to learn about hanging around in a place like this. She’s got a bright light in her, and it’s easy to be dimmed ‘round a buncha grumpy bastards. I’m working on thickenin’ up that skin of hers.

At this point, she’s been here for six months and she ain’t any less bubbly than when she started. Seems impossible, but it’s true enough.

“So,” she says sweetly, kicking the ice machine to shift around the cubes and make room for more. “If you’re not dressed all handsome for court, what exactly are you doing in a collared shirt on a Friday night?”

“Bossman has a date,” a cold voice answers. The cold voice being Michelle, Chelle for short. She’s only twenty-six years old, but with the attitude of someone ten to twenty years her senior. Chelle is the best bartender I have, and for about three months, I’ve had her training Roxy.

The two are something to look at side by side, that’s for sure. With Chelle’s midnight black hair, smokey dark makeup, and haunting brown eyes vastly contrasting Roxy’s bubblegum pink hair, dimples highlighted with silver glitter, sky blue eyes, and sunny smile.

Roxy lights up at her. “A date! With who?”

“Some pretty boy, I don’t know,” Chelle mumbles. “You stock up already?”

“Who cares about the stock!” the bright one exclaims, rounding the bar. “You have a date! Where are you going?”

I sigh, but answer to appease the birthday girl. “I got people coming here.”

“People?” She claps her hands, making her glitter-painted face shimmer between the shadow her hands create and the fluorescent lighting. “Are you polyamorous?”

Chelle immediately snorts. “Have you ever seen the man share anything, Rox?”

“Good point.” She smiles wide. “So... double date?”

“In a way.”

Rox lets out a loud and dramatic sigh. “You are so boring, I want *details*.”

I’d tell her to bother Chelle for them, though I’m not even sure how she knows as much as she does. Pretty boy could be a good guess, but I wouldn’t put it past her—knowing more than she should. She has a seriously bad habit of getting in people’s business. Sometimes I worry that it’ll come back to bite her if she’s not careful.

“Do you always pester the people who pay your bills?”

“Only when they let me,” she answers, batting her lashes.

“Get to work,” I tell her, pointing to the bar. “I’m sure you’ll meet him soon enough.”

“Oh! You’re *sure*, are you? Expecting tonight to go well?”

Yes. I am.

I don’t waste time responding, heading for the back room instead, holding back a small chuckle at Rox’s frustrated sigh. Chelle wasn’t exaggerating when she mentioned that I don’t share. I don’t. Ever. Information included.

I’m a private man, only letting a few brothers of mine inside of my head from time to time. I have a lot more than personal shit going on at any given time. I take care of my club, my employees, and their families. Gossip ain’t on my growing list of things to do each day. Hell, *dating* wasn’t on my list either, but look at me now, dressing like a strait-laced schmuck to come face to face with an angel walkin’ amongst men.

I wasn’t looking for a relationship when my good friend Jonathan first mentioned Tommy to me. Still, one look at his face and well, I decided he was someone I’d have in my life. You might turn your nose up at that, wonderin’ how I can say that about someone I don’t know. You’d be wrong, I know Tommy. We haven’t met, but I know him.

Tommy Hills may look like some rich college-aged model without a trouble in the world, but I know better. I know that

behind the flawless skin, toned body, silky hair, and pretty eyes, he has a need. Something that he's craving deep in his gut.

I know what he desires, and I know that I can give it to him. He'll just have to let me.

I've done my research on him of course, I couldn't help myself if I tried. One look at him, and I needed to know as much as I could, as fast as I could. Jonathan's picture and his description of what makes the two of us similar let me know what I saw within those deep mossy green eyes. And still, it wasn't enough.

Even what I know now doesn't feel like enough. But it'll do until we meet, since it's only minutes from now as it is. Until I lay my eyes on Tommy, I'll continue to remind myself of everything I've found.

At twenty years old, he's twelve years younger than me. He's a freelance model, only taking jobs that suit whatever mood or aesthetic he's feeling in the moment. He has forty-four million followers across all of his social media accounts, only one of which he posts on more than twice a week. He's a Taurus, born May 12th, which means absolutely nothing to me, but he seems to mention it a fair amount.

Judging by his Spotify, and frequent use of her songs, he also may be Lana Del Rey's number one listener. A singer who I was once unfamiliar with until him. Now I've heard every song about a hundred times each, and I'm not embarrassed to admit that I understand his fascination with her. She sings like a creature of Heaven.

Tommy also has a small circle, I've learned. Keeping his only real friend as Liam Hawkins—Jonathan's once stepson, now lover. Or, boyfriend? His whole world, more accurately I suppose.

I know that while I've got many, Tommy doesn't seem to have a single tattoo. If I didn't find him strikingly perfect already, I'd let my imagination run wild with the ink I could put on him. To feel such a permanent etching of my work on him... it'd be unbelievable. Being the possessive man that I

am, I've already convinced myself that simple hickeys and fingertip bruises from holding his hips will be enough. Hell, just having him on my arm will be enough. Anything that has him close to me, it'll be enough.

I know the foods that he favors, the drinks he prefers, and essentially whatever you can imagine that light internet stalking will help you discover. So yeah, I know Tommy Hills. And I know that he's about to be mine.

I'm tempted to check his profiles for any new pictures when my office door swings open. I look up from my phone, finding dark eyes and a friendly smile. Jonathan.

Suddenly I'm struck with the irrational feelings of a teenager, imagining the worst—that Tommy has changed his mind and won't be coming. As if reading my mind, my good friend gives me a disapproving shake of his head.

"Don't worry, I'm not alone."

"I didn't think you were," I lie casually.

He doesn't call me out on it.

"Tommy and Liam are at the bar with Pinkie Pie and her goth bodyguard," he jokes. "They're making friends, it seems. I told them I'd come tell you that we're early. Tommy almost crucified me when I told him what time we were actually supposed to be here."

"I don't mind," I say quickly. "I'm glad you're early. It's been a while since we've gotten together."

He chuckles. "Don't pretend it's me you want to see, Vic. I won't take offense."

"Great, so can we stop chit-chattin'? There's someone much more beautiful than you waiting for me out there, man."

His laugh is bright. "Come on then, let me introduce you to your future husband."

Don't expect an objection from me.

I find him right away, sitting at the bar laughing with Rox. The first sight of him, it's more than any sight I've ever seen.

Better than any feelin' that's ever flown through me. His dusty brown hair, resting just above his shoulders, soft and subtle makeup highlighting his features, plump glossy lips I'd like to make a mess out of. A laugh like sunshine in the cloudiest sky.

Hardly able to pull my gaze from his face, I do, knowing he hasn't found me staring yet. I let my eyes travel down, fists clenching to keep my composure at what I find. High waisted black pants, not tight apart from around his stomach, and a cream-colored top that's unbuttoned, exposing the center of his chest. It's two pieces of clothing separating me from every inch of his skin, and I want to burn it as much as I want to peel it gently off of him.

This date is going to be hard, just like my dick is now.

Chapter 3



Tommy

“Oh. My. God,” Roxy says practically squealing as she examines Liam and I closer. She just introduced herself and her co-worker Chelle after getting our names. She is so excited that I almost thought she’d seen us online before. But no, she’s simply joyous out of her mind to meet Victor’s date. “You two are freaking beautiful! Do you know that?”

Liam chuckles, but I know he’s eating this up. He loves being adored, the cocky little shit. “Been told a time or twenty, I like your glitter.”

She flushes and smiles wider. “Thank you! It’s my birthday glitter.”

“Birthday!” Liam says brightly. “You’re working on your birthday? Boo, that’s no fun.”

Roxy gives a playful shrug, glancing at Chelle by her side. The other woman is too busy chopping lemons to notice. “It’s not so bad,” she says, a little bit of pink lighting her cheeks beneath her glitter.

Her throat clears and she shakes her head a bit. “Anyways, which one of you is here for Vic?”

“Not the ball player, Rox,” Chelle mumbles through a laugh.

Roxy flushes and lightly elbows her. “How am I supposed to know which one of them plays sports?”

Chelle drops what she’s doing to entertain this question. “I told you, bossman has a date with a pretty boy. Which one meets the description?”

Roxy looks back at us and says, “um, both?”

“I like her,” Liam tells me, amused.

“Yeah?” Chelle draws. “Well you can’t have her.”

Roxy gives her a surprised look, but doesn’t protest.

My best friend grins. “I like her too.” Before anyone can add anything else, he clarifies. “Tommy is here for Vic, my man is in there getting him. You might have seen or met him before. Jonathan?”

Roxy offers a warm smile. “Oh, Vic’s old buddy! Nice guy, good tipper with a handsome face.”

“That’s him. But, uh, I’d prefer that you keep that information between us,” he says carefully, rubbing the back of his neck. “At least for a few more weeks.”

“Because you’re fucking your coach?” Chelle arches a brow. “Don’t worry, bartender privilege. We ain’t a couple of snitches.”

“Damn, Chelle. You want me to sign something for you? Since you know so much about me?”

She snorts. “Maybe after you prove yourself in the big leagues, dude.”

He grabs his chest. “Ouch, my ego, it burns.” Faking pain, he gets a giggle out of Roxy and a laugh from me.

I’m about to open my mouth to chastise his dramatics when I feel someone watching me. This place already has a bit of a warm and daunting vibe, but the feeling crawling into my gut only amplifies it. I turn my head slowly, and nearly gasp. Jonathan is heading our way with... *holy shit*.

Dark sun-kissed tan, daunting brown eyes, black ink scrawled into intricate tattoos up, and down his exposed

forearms and some peeking out on his chest. He's got tamed tawny hair, and a short well-kept beard with lovely symmetrical shaping his gorgeous face. If this isn't Victor, he has some serious competition with the mystery man in black coming towards us.

"Tommy," Jonathan says, interrupting my ogling. "This is my friend Victor Daniels. Vic, this is Tommy Hills, and you've met Liam already."

I'm wondering if I should stick my hand out or go in for a hug when Victor makes the first move. He steps around his friend, giving me a gentle smile before opening up his arms.

The embrace is warm and firm, his muscles obvious as they wrap around me softly. All my dirty mind can imagine is how this would feel so much better vertically, without clothes.

"It's nice to meet you," he says quietly, his voice deep but soothing. He pulls back first, thankfully saving me the embarrassment of holding him for too long. "Come on, let's go eat."

I agree with a smile, and breathe out shakily as he turns around. Liam nudges me playfully, giving a look of encouragement as we follow behind our dates.

The next few minutes pass quickly. We sit at a private booth, Victor across from me and Liam at my side. Roxy takes our orders, bringing back drinks ultra quickly. Beer for Jonathan and Liam, lime soda for me, and water for Victor. The bar doesn't have a full menu, but enough for us to order some appetizers.

Small talk comes easily, without awkwardness, and we just slowly get comfortable. Neither Victor nor I eat all that much, but we talk a fair bit about his friendship with Jonathan and Liam's future in Boston. Low stakes conversation that allows me to actively gawk at the unbelievably attractive man I'm here to meet.

"We're going to go get another drink," Liam tells me, squeezing my hand with his, giving me a moment to object if I

want it. He's offering me time alone with Victor without doing something as drastic as leaving the building.

"Okay." I won't pretend I don't want to be alone with the man. He has me wound up, curious, and almost uncomfortably turned on. If I had the courage, I'd crawl under the table as soon as my best friend was out of sight and get to know Victor in a much more intimate manner.

Jonathan and Liam head back out to the bar, and my date watches me with a small grin on his mouth and light behind his eyes.

I realize I'm biting my lip, and let it go. "So, you're a biker?"

~*~

Victor

Tommy frees his lip from his teeth, and I almost reach out to feel the soft skin under my thumb. "So, you're a biker?"

"I am," I answer, hoping that my smile isn't as guarded as it feels. "I run the club, and a few businesses that we operate."

"Like the bar?" he guesses.

"Like the bar," I agree. "I understand that you may not feel comfortable around this environment. Biker life isn't for everyone, but I'd appreciate you giving it a chance. It's safe here."

Tommy gives a soft lift of his shoulders. "I feel comfortable."

"I'm glad to hear it." I really am. "We could leave, though. If you wanted to go somewhere more—"

"I like it here," he interrupts. "It's... kinda cozy actually."

Smothering the smile that sentence causes is impossible. "Good." I allow a beat to pass. "Why don't you come sit over here? You can ask me anything you want, and I can use it as an excuse to have you near."

"Wow." He blushes. "Just putting it all out there?"

“Trust me Tommy, I’m holdin’ plenty back,” I tell him carefully.

With cheeks tinted pink, he comes around my side of the booth, sliding into the open space. His subtle cologne is sweet and citrusy. I’d like to lick him to get a better idea of his natural scent.

He clears his throat a little and takes a sip of his soda. “So, do you date much?”

“Not in a few years,” I admit. “I’ll be honest, I’m not a huge people person.”

“No?” he asks. “But you wanted to go out... with me?”

“Immensely, yes.”

“Can I ask why?”

Giving him enough time to deny me, I slowly shift my hand onto the top of his thigh. “Do you really need to ask that, Tommy?” Ever so slightly, I squeeze his leg. “You’re exquisite.”

Goosebumps riddle his arms, and I smirk. “Do I frighten you, little bunny? You look like you want to run away and hide, even with that sparkle in those pretty eyes lighting up every time you stare just a little too long at me.”

“I...” he stammers. “Um—”

“You can tell me if I’m being too forward, Tommy. I won’t bite... unless you need me to.”

“I have to make a phone call,” he rushes out, scrambling to get to his feet. “I’ll be right back.” Tommy beelines for the bathroom, before I can say a word. *Shit, was that too much at once?*

“Where’d Tommy go?” Liam asks, looking around as he returns to the table with Jonathan.

Confused, I say, “He said he needed to make a phone call? He went to the bathroom.”

He laughs, looking spectacularly amused by this. “Oh, that’s *great*.”

“What do you mean?”

Liam chuckles again. “You made him hard, man. He’s either in there willing it to go down, or doing something about it.”

Anger claws into my chest. “Why do you know that?” He shouldn’t know anything about Tommy’s dick. Best friend or not.

Jonathan looks uncomfortable, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Liam and Tommy are close, Vic. I told you this. They’ve seen each other’s parts.” I’m seconds away from unwarranted rage when he continues. “There isn’t anything romantic there, and there won’t be. If you want Tommy, you’ll need to accept that he comes with Liam. They’re connected, it’s just how it is. But you don’t need to worry about them running off together.”

“Could have done that years ago,” Liam points out with a cocky smirk. “Let’s put it as plain as it gets, yeah? The way I like to fuck, it isn’t for Tommy. And the way Tommy likes it... Well, you know that, don’t you Vic?”

I scowl. “So you’re in love with him, and sex is what’s keeping you from being with him?”

Liam’s eyes bulge. “Jesus fucking Christ, how did you walk straight into the point and still miss it? I’m in love with Tommy the same way that anyone loves their best friend. I love Jonathan, and I’m *with* Jonathan. Do you need me to draw up a diagram for you? Or do you want to go check on my very pretty, very flustered best friend?”

Stirred by the mention of Tommy hiding from me, I stand abruptly. “I’ll get him home.” I don’t offer any other words, striding in the direction of the only person I actually want to see. Jonathan’s chuckle fades as I get further, finding the door I need. It’s locked, obviously, but it’s easy enough to disengage the deadbolt, and let myself inside.

Chapter 4



Tommy

I can't wait any longer. My hard-on is furious, and it isn't going anywhere without intervention. Victor's touch on my leg and the suggestive words on his lips are too powerful a memory to wash away with some cold water on my neck. I need to come.

My hands are tugging at the opening in my pants when the door cracks open and Victor slides through, shutting and relocking it behind him. I'm too stunned to move, mouth dropping open as I wonder if I'm somehow dreaming. He's here, in the bathroom with me, catching me with greedy hands about to take care of the aching hardness between my legs.

"*Fuck, baby,*" he groans, eyes filled with fire as he begins to close the distance between us. "Is your cock hurting you, bunny? Want me to make it all better?"

A sob catches in my throat, feeling his words sink into my warm stomach. "Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed," I confess, removing shaky hands from my panties, knowing he can see the pink peeking from my pants. I start to reach for my zipper but the look on his face stops me in my tracks.

His head shakes and he comes closer. "Does it look like you should feel embarrassed, Tommy?" he asks, nodding down.

My brows knit together, but I look anyway. His growing bulge becomes visible, and lust eats away at my nerves. I can't feel ashamed by something that's made Victor so obviously pleased.

No longer drowning with humiliation, I still don't know what to say or how to act. "I'm s-sorry," I stammer, licking my dry lips. "I couldn't help it."

"Oh baby," he breathes, lowering his face, lips drifting above mine. "I don't want you to help it. *I* want to help it."

The lift of my chin is all the invitation he needs to pin me to the wall with a blistering kiss. My spine tingles all the way down to my toes and I reach for him, gripping the fabric of his shirt into my hands. As he starts to pull back, I try to hold him in place, protesting. His lips shift to my chin, and down to my neck, his trimmed beard rubbing against my sensitive skin. It's softer than I would have suspected.

"I could kiss you all day," he rumbles, planting more pecks along my throat. "But I came to make you feel better, bunny. Let me use my mouth a little lower, hm?"

Holy shit. I'm already agreeing through my surprise, head dipping in a fast nod. Victor wants to suck my dick. If I didn't think I was dreaming before, I sure as shit do now. This big, intimidating, tattooed, beast of a man wants to get rid of my boner, with his fucking mouth.

As if it's not a big deal in the slightest, my biker date slides to the ground, falling to his knees for me. My pants roll around to my knees, freeing my cock. It nearly hits him in the face with the spring of it.

"You're beautiful," he tells me, taking my shaft into his hand. "Big, warm, and beautiful."

I part my lips to... I don't know, thank him? But he steals any chance of me speaking by swallowing me whole.

I'm not an overly cocky person when it comes to my size, but I'm big, okay? The fact that he's taking every inch without gagging nearly makes me come on the spot.

His fingers start to grope my balls, taking care not to be too rough. I'm in his throat right now. *Oh my god*, I'm going to faint before I get to come. Strike that, I'm just going to come until I pass out.

Like some kind of erotic dream, his head starts to move and he fucks his face with my cock, tongue shifting all around in his mouth to add extra stimulation.

“Vic, I'm not gonna last.”

His bottom lip meets my balls, his nose touching my pelvis and he swallows, forcing his throat to contact around me. I lose it, crying out and letting go. My system shocks, nerves lighting up, legs going weak as my cock throbs, shooting cum straight into Victor's welcoming throat. My throat aches with the strain of moans leaving me, unable to quit while the biker on his knees for me sucks every last drop I have to offer.

Seconds pass with my chest rising and falling heavily, until it slowly ends. Cool air touches my wet, softening cock, and my date puts my panties back into place before pressing a sweet kiss to them. I shiver, feeling the touch deep in my bones.

Mouth free of my dick, Victor holds my hips, steadying my weak body. Black and white blur behind my eyes, and I try to blink it away, only remaining on my feet because of his support. Keeping me in place, he stands and kisses each of my cheeks. My hands fall to his slacks, searching for his belt when he stops me.

“I'm good, baby.”

Suddenly it's easier to open my eyes. “What? Did you finish already?”

His head shakes. “Don't need to, bunny. This was for you.”

My lips turn down. “You don't want me to?” *What did I do wrong?*

“What I want is to get you home safely so that you can rest. And then I want to see you again, as soon as you'll let me.”

“Um, alright?”

I’m so conflicted, wondering whether or not he truly means what he’s saying that I miss what he says next.

“Sorry, what?”

“Let me give you a ride home?”

“I brought my car,” I say. “And I don’t live far.”

“You’re sure you’re not too tired to drive? Your car will be fine in the back—”

I’m not tired at all. “No, it’s fine.” I lean forward, giving him a peck on the cheek. I scramble to put my pants back into place. “Um thanks for tonight, but I should go. I’ve got... emails to answer and stuff.”

“Tommy—”

“I’ll call you,” I tell him, rushing out before he can stop me.

Chapter 5



Tommy

I drove around for a while, before finally deciding to go back to my apartment.

Still frowning, I jump into bed without even kicking off my shoes first, letting my feet hang from the bed. My phone pings quietly, and I get the nerve to open my text from Liam.

Liam: so? how'd it go? *winky face*

I take a breath, and speedily type a reply.

Tommy: he sucked my dick and then didn't let me get him off.

Liam: what a gentleman *heart eyes*

Tommy: NO! We're mad about this!

Liam: we are??

Tommy: he SUCKED my dick, and then wouldn't let me return the favor! ME! I look great on my knees. (Obviously) What the hell is he thinking??

Liam: what a jerk! (better?)

Tommy: are you teasing me?

A second after I hit send, my phone vibrates in my palm. Hastily, I hit answer on the FaceTime, and shove the device against a pillow to prop it up.

“Sunshine boy,” Liam greets with a flat grin. “You don’t look so shiny. Come on, talk to papa Liam. Tell me what’s really wrong.”

His stupid contagious humor forces my lips to tip up before I can smother the treacherous smile. “Don’t call yourself that, you sound ridiculous,” I tell him, turning my nose up. “I don’t know why I’m telling you anything at all, you think I’m being stupid.”

“I don’t think you’re being stupid.” He sighs. “Tommy, my sweet, loveable, sunshine boy, you are overthinking *so* much right now. So I’m going to give you two solutions, okay?”

Immediately I’m breathing deep, considering the idea that perhaps I’m letting my mind run wild. Liam wouldn’t lie to me, he never does.

“Okay. Two solutions?” I ask, threading my hands together in my lap.

“One,” he says, giving me a stern expression. “I can come over, get you comfortable in bed, and give you a sizable edible. We’ll put on a movie, and I’ll hold you through this.”

My heart thumps loudly in my chest, and I swallow the lump in my throat.

“Or two.” He lifts his fingers, pointing to the second one. “You can take some calming breaths, get a tiny little skirt on, and go get what you want.”

I open my mouth to protest, but he interrupts.

“That man wants you, Tommy. He didn’t reject you. He gave you space to make sure you don’t regret acting too quickly. You just met; he’s being sensible. Protecting himself and protecting you.” His throat clears. “*However*, if you want to move fast, go tell him that.”

My lip wobbles before I can bite it. “What if he doesn’t want me?”

“Tommy, the man nearly growled when I held your hand. I promise you, he wants you.”

I exhale, letting my shoulders relax. “Okay, what do I wear?”

A devious smirk appears. “I think this situation calls for the blue skirt.”

~*~

About an hour later, I’m standing outside of Victor’s door, luckily being shielded from the rain by his porch roof. It’s a nice house, more modern than I was expecting. The only reason I know this is his house is thanks to Jonathan. It’s just a mile away from the clubhouse on a bit of a private road. Fortunately, there was no gate to get in my way.

I’m working up the nerve to knock when the door swings open, and a sweatpants-clad shirtless Victor appears.

“Tommy? What are you doing out here? It’s pouring rain —”

“Did you tell me not to suck your dick because you don’t want to have sex with me?” I blurt, feeling the leftover rain from running out of my car cling to my lips as they move. “Liam says that I’m overthinking it, and you were just being respectful by giving me space to move slow. But is he right? Because I’m feeling really fucking vulnerable asking this at 11pm outside of your doorstep like a psychopath, and it would be really great if you could assure me that you don’t find me repulsive.”

He looks stricken by the word repulsive. “Get in here, bunny. Let me fix this,” he tells me, pulling my tiny shirt into his hand and guiding me inside.

Breath coming out in a surprised huff, I stumble over the threshold, his fist remaining tight in the cotton of my cropped top. Victor tugs me closer, pulling me to his chest to swing the door shut behind me. The moment the wood clashes against the frame, he settles me firmly on the closed exit, and reaches for my face. Big tan hands cradle my jaw, surrounding the place where it meets my neck.

My body buzzes with awareness, warmth radiating from him as our middles touch. No words to be had, only ragged

intakes of air to be heard, his mouth descends over mine.

This kiss is so much more than the one we shared before. It's maddening. Searing pressure, soft but strong, and composed of movements executed with passionate care.

He tastes just as addictive as he did the last time though. Whiskey spices laced with an undertone of warm fresh mint. Eyes sealed so shut that my lashes lay against the top of my cheeks, I can almost picture us. His towering frame cloaking me with darkness, his fingertips dipping into the back of my hair, my pelvis lifting to meet his. We're in our own little world, just kissing and touching like we can't possibly get enough of one another.

Cock only held back by the hem of my skirt, and the tight lace of my thong, I roll my hips forward, begging for a bit of friction. Victor rumbles with approval, his thumbs caressing the sides of my face while his tongue traces the seam of my mouth.

"You wear this for me, bunny? Get all pretty so I'd hold you down and take every bit of what you're offerin' without a second thought?"

My lips hover below his, and my eyes flicker open, meeting his heated stare. "Y-yes."

His groan is pained. "I need to know so many things before I pick you up, push this tease of a skirt out of my way, and pound you into the wall, baby. You're not making this easy for daddy, are you?"

My dick actually jumps at that word.

He laughs through a breath. "Well, that answers one question. You're okay with being daddy's boy, aren't you, Tommy?"

My head bobs, words of confirmation clogging in my chest.

"You were upset," he comments, as if sobering up from our kiss. "We'll discuss it further later, but I think I should give you what you wanted so badly. I don't want my bunny suffering with need, do I?" Maybe not sobering up after all.

My eyes drop to the space between us, landing on the bulge protruding from his dark jeans. I blink once, licking my lips and then peer up at Victor. “You’ll let me, daddy?”

Jaw tightening, he grabs my hand. “Come with me, baby. I need those pretty little good boy lips wrapped around my cock.”

I’m ushered to the back of the house, following carefully as he leads me through his space.

Chapter 6



Tommy

Victor has me lay on my stomach, settling onto his soft brown leather coach, resting on my elbows. I don't examine the room surrounding us at all, only watch him in the low hue of the yellow light coming from the ceiling. Though, I do take in the faint smell of orange sugar that seems to float around the air.

His pants drop before my eyes, no briefs to hide the view. He's large—of course he is. But *damn*, he's really thick too. Like, it'll stretch my lips a bit to get him in my mouth. *So worth it.*

He gives his veiny cock a rough stroke, and sits down, letting it slap against his abs. Victor has muscles on his muscles, and hair on his chest that I didn't know that I would be into. But I am. I *so* am. I need to see him sweating, working on a bike while covered in grease stat.

"I'll let you toy with me for a little while, beautiful boy. Show daddy what you want to do with your mouth, baby."

It's all I need to hear, quickly reaching for him with greed. Shyly as I take his thick meaty cock into my hand, I run my nose along the soft skin of his shaft. His scent is clean, only slightly musky, and *god* it's mouthwatering.

He lets me touch him without growing impatient, allowing me to explore the length of him with my hands until I can't

wait any longer. My lips wrap around the angry purple head, surrounding the skin with some pressure while my tongue dips down and swoops around. Hand shifting to cup his balls while the other continues to hold him in place, I feel my mouth moisten on its own, melting with his flavor.

Going lower on his dick, my lips hit my fingers and I pull back up, hollowing my cheeks as I go, relishing the pleased groan he lets out. I don't know that I'll ever be as impressive with my dick sucking skills as him, given that I have a relatively sensitive gag reflex. But what I lack in deepthroating ability, I make up with enthusiasm. I genuinely enjoy this task.

"Fuckkk, bunny," he moans, stroking his fingers through my hair. "That's a good boy, such a sweet fuckin' mouth. Knew it would feel so damn good around me."

Warmth pools in my stomach at the resounding praise.

"It's not so easy," I admit, flattening my tongue on him. "You're really big, daddy."

His eyes burn with heat, jaw tightening as if his control is wavering. "That's right, baby. It's big, and it's all for you."

Oh those words feel nice, sinking right into my core and heating it up even more.

I pull off his slick cock completely, a tingle running down my spine at the needy growl he makes from our lack of connection. I move south, kissing his balls with damp lips. Sucking one of them into my mouth, I wonder if he does any ass play. If I should kiss lower or not, but decide against it. I'm sure I'll learn sooner or later just exactly what he likes.

"*Goddamn*," he moans. "Can't decide if I want to come all over your pretty face, or if I want to turn you around and unload on your ass."

Gulping, I look up at him through my lashes. "You could come *in* my ass, if you wanted daddy."

Abruptly I'm lifted up, and flipped onto my back, Victor's body fitting between my now spread legs. "Are you asking daddy to fuck you bare, bunny boy? 'Cause I'm liable to do just that unless you take it back."

“I’m clean,” I squeak out. “I haven’t been with anyone since my last test. And I sort of prepped before I came too, um, just in case?”

“Fuck, Tommy,” he whispers. “Do you need me to stretch you out? Do you fuck yourself a lot?”

My head shakes. “It’ll be a tight squeeze, but I really just want you to get inside of me. I can take it, trust me daddy.” I use a fair amount of toys on my ass, but nothing as thick as he is. The stretch will be intense, maybe even a bit painful, but it’ll be so *good*.

A scorching kiss is pressed against my lips. “I’m not fucking you on this couch, baby.” Disappointment threatens to creep in, only to be fizzled out by his next words. “I’m fucking you on my bed, c’mere.”

I let him lift me into his arms and take me to bed.

~*~

Victor

I get my precious little bunny onto his hands and knees, hardly allowing any time for him to adjust before I’m flipping up his skirt. The blue fabric is sexier than fuckin’ sin on him, but it’s in my goddamn way. I get a look at that pretty pale hole only covered with the thin strip of his thong, and my balls ache with need.

“Just bury your beautiful head into the pillows, bunny boy. Get as comfortable as you can, because I don’t know that I’ll be able to stop once I start.”

He responds with a moan and a shift of his body, face smushing softly into the pillows, ass moving up. I shift the panties to the side, hooking the string in place by the round of his ass, resisting the urge to rip them to pieces.

“It’s going to be a lot,” I warn. “I’m not exaggerating or puffin’ out my chest. I’m vowin’ that I’m about to beat this ass up, baby boy. You’re gonna feel so fuckin’ good, I won’t be able to stop pumpin’ until you’re milking the cum straight out of my balls.”

“Oh god,” he mumbles, voice distorted by the pillows but clear enough for my ears.

“Pinch my thigh, yell *stop* or *red* to make me stop, Tommy.” I swallow. “I won’t lie, it’ll be hard for me to pull back once I get my cock sunk into you. Doesn’t mean I won’t stop, baby. I will. Understand?”

He nods immediately. “Yes, *please*, daddy.”

I lather up my cock with lube, gently rubbing some warmed in my hands against his puckered opening. He breathes through a whimper, and the fat tip of my dick lines up, just barely pausing before starting to push in. The ring of muscle is tight as fuck, but flexible, swallowing the head in an almost greedy manner. I don’t have to tell him to bear down, he does it all on his own.

“That’s it,” I groan with appreciation. “Daddy’s good boy knows how to take cock, doesn’t he?”

“Y-yes, daddy.”

“Fuckkk,” I hiss through my teeth. “I’m sorry, my little bunny. Daddy can’t hold back anymore.” I bottom out, unable to stop myself. His toned asscheeks meet my thighs and the bottom of my pelvis, but I can’t rest here. The squeeze he has around me, so warm and wet, it’s impossible to resist.

He cries out, moans dripping from his lips as I keep my promise, fucking him hard and deep. I’m a changed man in this moment, bucking into Tommy with ravenous need. Maybe I was changed the moment I saw his face, but now, I know it for sure. This beautiful man is my whole fucking world. I’ll never have anything more cherished than him. Never.

“*Daddy*,” he whimpers, breathing hard and moaning loud.

“I’m almost done, baby,” I warn huskily. “Can you come for me, little bunny? Daddy promises he’ll fuck you nice and long another night. But baby, you feel too fucking sweet wrapped around my cock, I need to fill you up *bad*.”

“Uhhh,” he cries. Hips rocking forward to rub his cock on a stray pillow.

“Mmm, yeah,” I rasp. “That’s it, Tommy. Come on daddy’s cock just humping a little pillow for friction, you can do it. You’re such a good fucking boy for me, you can do it.”

He tightens around my length and my eyes roll, the little control I have remaining snapping entirely. My cock settles as deep as it can go and I unload, panting through groans of pleasure. Mindlessly, I plant hot kisses along his spine, cherishing that man that I have beneath me.

It takes me several minutes to regain my composure and get up. Tommy shifts so that he can lay flat on his stomach, giving his elbows and knees a rest, unbothered that he’s lying in his own release.

“Don’t move,” I instruct.

“No problem,” he slurs.

I chuckle, dipping into the bathroom and cleaning myself up before getting a steamy cloth to clean Tommy. As hot as the idea of him sleeping with my cum buried in his ass is, it’s not practical without a plug.

Gently as I can, I clean the mess between his legs and toss the cum-stained pillow into the laundry basket before getting back into bed. I pull him into my chest, not even asking if he wants to stay before shutting out the lights and kissing him goodnight.

It’s the best sleep I’ve had in all my life.

Chapter 7



Victor

The Next Morning

Tommy and I wake together, and to my deep pleasure, there isn't a hint of awkwardness. Only warm limbs and gentle kisses.

“You sore, baby?”

His head shakes, hair falling between his eyes. “Just a bit. The good kind of sore.”

“Hungry?”

“I don't usually eat breakfast, at least not early. Maybe later?”

“Same,” I tell him, and it's true. All I need in the morning is coffee. “Do you want some coffee? Maybe share a shower with me after?”

“Make it tea, and you have a deal.”

“Tea it is.”

“Use the bathroom if you need, or just lay here. I'll be right back.” I leave the bed, buck naked grinning like the luckiest man on earth.

A double shot of espresso pulled and a cup of chamomile made later, I find Tommy casually scrolling on his phone. He

promptly sets it down, offering me a big smile and outstretched hands.

“Be careful,” I warn. “It’s hot.”

“Perfect.” He smells the steaming cup. “Oh wow, this smells like my favorite.”

“Good, I hope you like it.” I don’t tell him that it is his favorite nor that I know that because I exclusively bought it for him to have here. Scaring him away now isn’t an option.

Within the span of a few minutes, coffee and tea turns into making out and heavy petting. Which promptly turns into stumbling into a steaming shower, stroking each other’s hard-ons.

“I want you inside me again, daddy,” he whispers, body and hair damp from the rainfall of water. “Can we do that?”

“Like I can tell you no.”

We end up in a tangle of limbs, kissing and clawing at each other until I have him turned around, ass out. Sinking my cock into his tight, needy hole is just as euphoric as it was the first time.

Slower than last night, but hardly gentle, we rock with one another, the sound of wet skin slapping filling the small room. Time seems to slip away as we bask in the heat of sex, unbothered by our skin becoming pruned from the water exposure. It’s too damn good to care.

“*God*, little bunny,” I grind out, getting overwhelmed. “I’m going to come so fucking deep in your greedy hole. Fill you right fucking up, yeah?”

“Daddy!” he sobs. “Yes, please, I’m going to—”

“Paint the fucking tiles with your cum, baby. Make a mess for me, Tommy.”

His dick spasms and white ropes shoot from the head, his hand shaking around it while his ass strangles my dick. It’s practically like he’s sucking me with it.

“Fuuckkk,” I groan, following behind him with an orgasm, draining my balls inside of him.

Tommy whimpers, head resting on the wall in front of him. “*Feelssogood*,” he slurs. “Love it when you come in my ass.”

“Yeah?” I ask, finishing up a few final thrusts. “Do you want to show me how much you appreciate it, hm?”

“H-how?”

My lips hover behind his ear, and I let my spent cock slip from his body. “Get on your knees, and clean up your mess. I really want to see that, bunny. It’ll make me so happy.”

His breath hitches. “I... I can do that for you, daddy. I always want you happy.”

My hands on his ribs help guide him to his knees on the damp shower floor. He pauses, turning over his shoulder with hooded eyes, looking for my lips.

I give them to him, softly kissing him before turning him back around by his neck.

“Before it washes away,” I say, crouching behind him to get closer to his level. “Lick it up, baby, but don’t swallow. Daddy wants to suck it straight off of that pretty pink tongue.”

My gorgeous good boy leans forward, swiping his tongue straight through the mess. His throat vibrates with a sound of delight.

Semen soaking his mouth, he turns back around, offering his sticky tongue out. A growl of approval rolls up my chest and I pull him close, wrapping my lips around the slippery little organ. The slightly salty tang mixes with the sweet taste of his mouth, each of us moaning in response to our actions.

“As much as I’d like to do that again, and do it all day, I have a few things to handle at the clubhouse. Come with me?”

“And after?” he asks, kissing me again.

“After, daddy brings you right back here and takes care of you. Sound good?”

A content sigh leaves him. “Sounds perfect.”

Chapter 8



Tommy

Walking into the clubhouse, freshly showered and bare faced, I'm feeling pretty cozy in my cardigan and joggers. Luckily, I always keep extra clothes in my car, because Victor was able to just run out and grab them for me instead of having to get more at my apartment.

I'm two steps into the door when Roxy surprises me with an excited hug. "Oh my gosh! You're here again. Hello, sunshine, can you help me?"

Vic chuckles, planting a kiss on my cheek. "I'll be right back, okay?"

"Yeah sure," I agree, turning back to Roxy. "Did Liam tell you to call me that?"

She looks confused. "Um, no? Why?"

"He just calls me sunshine boy, so I didn't know if that's where you got it from."

"Oh that's precious," she gushes. "I love y'all's friendship. But anyways, can you help me?"

"I can try?" I'm a little skeptical. "What do you need?"

"Can you do eyeshadow? I normally do a pretty decent job by myself, obvs, but I forgot my contacts today. I will butcher it if I don't get some help."

Okay that I can do. Easily. “Yeah, no problem. Do you have stuff here or...?”

She practically squeals with delight. “I do!”

Minutes later she’s sitting in front of me at the bar, both of us on stools while I work on making her eyelids both gold and brown. Blended at the ends, shiny on the lids.

“So have you ever had a serious relationship before Vic?” she asks, keeping her eyes shut but somehow giving me a curious look.

I continue to work on her eyeshadow, a little puzzled on how to answer the simple question. “I’m not sure that you can call Vic and I serious. We just met, you know.”

She giggles. “You’re definitely serious. You spent the night, and you haven’t left yet. You two look at each other with stars in your eyes.”

I sigh, not sure how to respond to that. “I like him. We fit, but I don’t know if that means he’s going to want me around for all that long. People tend to get tired of me.”

She gasps, almost-done eyes popping open. “Tired of you? That’s crazy!” A sort of growl comes from her, and her face morphs into a frustrated frown. “People are stupid and I hate them.”

“Woah,” I say, setting down the makeup brush. “No need to get upset about it. Don’t let me ruin your mood, Rox.”

Her frown shifts into a sad one. “It’s not you, I’m already in a mood.”

“You are?” I ask, surprised. “I couldn’t tell at all. What’s got your sparkle all foggy, girl?”

“Do you think I’m naive?”

“Naive?”

“Chelle thinks I’m too young so I don’t know what I want. We kissed and now she’s saying we can’t again. I’m almost nineteen, you know. I don’t think I’m silly or confused

because of my age. Do you think I'm really naive? Or am I not pretty enough to kiss? Because that's all I can think—"

Her nervous questions are cut off, and she's spun around. I didn't see her come into the bar or approach us, but before Roxy can say another word, Chelle has her hands around her face and her lips caught in a rough kiss. My new friend lets out a squeak of surprise, but doesn't protest the action, her shoulders dropping into a relaxed state.

"Don't you ever question how beautiful you are, *ever* again," Chelle demands, looking intently into Roxy's eyes. "You are perfect. Young or not. Alright?"

Roxy wordlessly nods, and then rasps, "So you want to be my girlfriend?"

The normally grumpy girl laughs on a breath. "If you'll forgive me, then yeah, you're my girl." She looks over Roxy's shoulder at me and offers a nod. "Come on, I'll finish your makeup in the back."

"But Tommy—"

"Doesn't do the kind of makeup she's talking about, Rox," I whisper in interruption.

Wide adorable eyes meet mine, and a furious blush paints her face. "Really?" she mouths.

"Really," I mouth right back.

The two of them leave hand in hand, heading toward the back of the building. Powerful arms surround me from the back, sweet forest scent blanketing all around me. I exhale happily, recognizing his touch and leaning into it.

"Have fun, bunny?"

"Yeah, I really did."

"Hungry?" he asks, resting his chin on my shoulder.

Yes, actually. "I could eat."

"Good," Victor grunts. "Let me get some food in you, and then I want you in my bed."

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he agrees. “Gonna hold you all day and night.”

I can’t argue with that.

Chapter 9



Tommy

A Week Later

I've spent more time with Vic in this past week than I have with Liam, and that's an impressive feat. I can't help it. Every bit of spare time we've had, we've jumped at the chance to spend together. We've really gotten to know each other, discussing our likes and dislikes within sex and relationships. Just in life as well.

It's been incredible, only parting for busy days, hardly spending any nights apart. Thank goodness I had some work lined up for a kitten sanctuary event, otherwise I might have never left his side. It's effortless, being with him. Still, I'd been weary that I'd overwhelm him, being around him too much.

All of those thoughts were squashed this morning though, when eight men in leather showed up to the event with their families to adopt kittens. *Eight.*

Roxy and Chelle came along too, choosing to volunteer rather than take a little fur baby home, despite how tempted they became by the end of the event. They also passed along a message from my man, telling me that he'd be here if he weren't helping run things so that his guys could come. They also said they'd be taking me back with them, telling me about a late-night small club party they're having at the bar. After a

quick stop to my apartment to change and grab a bag, we were off.

So now I'm here, trying not to run straight into Victor's arms so hard that I tackle him to the ground. And I'm wearing a skirt. The first time that I'm wearing one around the club. But I've met all of the members at this point, and despite only being with Vic for a week, it feels like home here. Luckily Chelle and Roxy didn't bat an eye at my outfit when I changed. Well, Roxy demanded I tell her where I got my cropped top. Which I promptly told her, of course.

I spot Victor in a somewhat secluded part of the bar, sitting in a booth with his *Sergeant at Arms*, Brock. The second my man sees me coming, he dismisses his club brother. Brock just chuckles, giving me a friendly nod as he leaves the booth.

"Like my outfit?" I ask, as I get to the table, so happy to see him that my smile hurts.

"Let me get a closer look," he purrs.

My stomach does a little flip and I slide into the spacious bench seat. "Close enough?"

"You look stunning, Tommy. You always do," he tells me, giving me a sweet kiss.

"Well thank you," I say, biting my lip. "You look very handsome yourself." Oh yeah, new discovery about me? Biker cuts are *hot*.

"Yeah? Come show me." He pats his jean-clad thigh. "Hop into my lap, bunny boy, daddy needs you."

"Hop?" I grimace, but he's smiling at me—teasing me with the silly comment.

"Climb up here, baby," Vic says softer. "I need my hands on you."

Settling into his lap feels like home. "Thank you," I murmur, kissing his neck. "Eight kittens got homes today because of you. I almost cried when I saw all the guys strolling in. That meant a lot, Victor."

He lifts his shoulder. “Ain’t a big deal, sweetheart. I just passed along information. I didn’t force anyone to adopt or nothin’.”

I hold his gaze. “It was a big deal to me.”

Our lips meet longer this time, slower and more meaningful. His hands run up my bare legs, slipping just slightly beneath my skirt. No one in the room is too near, but even if they were, his actions would be hidden from the height of the table.

“I missed you,” I whisper, recognizing the heat gathering in my stomach. “Will the party last long? I sort of want you all to myself right now.”

“Yeah?” he wonders. “How about I take care of your *want* right here?”

“O-oh?”

“Mhm,” he agrees. He lifts two fingers to my mouth. “Suck these for me, baby. Get them nice and wet for daddy.”

A thrill shoots through me, knowing that the act won’t be concealed nor seen as innocent. I do it anyway, wrapping my lips around his index and middle finger, sucking and slathering them with saliva.

“Lift your hips, bunny. I’m gonna stroke that sensitive little prostate right under this table while you squirm in my lap, trying not to make a scene.”

God, I’m such a slut for this man.

I obey, wordlessly lifting my ass by raising my hips up enough for his hand to rest beneath me. My dick starts to drip precum, becoming completely solid between my thighs. His wet fingers find my hole, teasing it a bit before slipping in slowly.

My hands grab the edge of the table, knuckles turning white as I try to hold back the noises I need to let out.

Vic plays with me, hitting every sensitive bit of my body at once. His free hand tugging at my nipple underneath my top while the other continues to glide against my p-spot.

“They all know,” he taunts, his breath gracing the skin of my throat. “They all know that my sweet bunny boy is stuffed full of daddy’s fingers right now.”

“Shh,” I breathe shakily, looking around the room but finding no eyes on me. “They’ll hear you.”

“I hope they do.”

I kind of hope they do too. Nothing says *this is my man* quite like riding his fingers in front of anyone that could have their eyes on Vic. I guess I like claiming him as much as he likes claiming me. *Maybe I’ll give him a hickey or lipstick kisses all over his collar.*

“Vic.” I squirm in his lap. “I don’t know if I can hold back. I think I’m gonna...”

“Come for daddy, Tommy. Squeeze my fingers and make a mess in this slutty little skirt.” My body vibrates with a shiver, and his lips drag against my neck. “Because once you come, I’m taking you behind my bar and bending you over. I can’t fucking get enough of you. So goddamn sexy, dressed all cute and fuckable for your daddy.”

My head drops back against his shoulder and my teeth sink into my lip to muffle a loud whimper. My cock spasms without anything touching it, spouting ropes of cum into the fabric of my skirt.

I’m still cloudy with pleasure as daddy removes his fingers and ushers me to the bar, holding me by my ribs until we’re cloaked in the shadows behind the solid wood structure.

“Ankles, grab them,” he commands.

I hear a foil ripping and I’m confused as to why he’s putting on a condom. Until I bend over and feel an oily substance glide down my crack. It’s a travel-sized lube packet, this man is always thinking of me. Taking care of me. *Shit, I’m so damn lucky.*

“You gotta be quiet if you don’t wanna be caught, baby boy. Keep that in mind, yeah?”

I have to muffle a scream into my fist as Victor slams into my asshole, the whole thing too sensitive from my recent orgasm. It's overwhelming and probably too much but fuck if I'm going to ask him to stop.

Big cock pounding into me from behind, all I can focus on is not moaning the roof off of this place. I couldn't come again if I tried, but it feels fucking amazing all the same.

"Shhh, you're taking it so good, bunny," he praises quietly. "Making daddy so proud."

I whimper at his words, and mercifully, Victor doesn't go on much longer. He fills me up with his load, roughly driving his cock into me until his orgasm rolls through him entirely.

He's helping my spent body stand back up, cock already safely tucked back into his jeans when Rox comes around the corner.

"Oh hey guys! Wow, Tommy you look tired. You feel okay?"

"He's just a bit exhausted from the long day," Vic says easily. "I'm gonna take him home. Tell Brock to lock up?"

"You got it boss." She salutes him and giggles before giving me a solemn look. "Feel better, sunshine."

"Yeah," I croak. "Will do."

My boyfriend gives me a gentle hug and a kiss on the jaw. "Come on, exhausted boy. Let's put you to bed."

Not surprisingly, I sleep like the dead.

Epilogue



Tommy

Two Weeks Later

If you'd have asked me a few weeks ago if I thought I would enjoy motorcycle rides, I would have said hell no. Now? I adore it.

Feeling Vic in his element... It's like nothing I've ever experienced. The parts that come after each ride... Those are great too. Like right now, as I'm about to bend over his just-parked bike.

"Watch the exhaust," he says, gently shifting my legs further back. "If my ride is responsible for even a tiny burn on a single inch of your precious body, I might have to torch it. And that's like... sacrilege or something."

My heart warms but I laugh it off. "You would *not* have to do that."

Tight fingers grasp the flesh of my hips, drawing my ass into the heat of his lap. "I would," Victor argues. "I couldn't keep looking at this thing if it hurt you."

"*This thing?*" I blurt, shocked by his words. "You're obsessed with this bike. You built it yourself. You *named* it!"

"Yeah, and I'd scrap it for parts, toss it into the fiery pits of hell, or roll it off a cliff if there's one goddamn burn on you,

Tommy. I don't give a fuck about some metal on wheels, not when it comes to you. 'Ya feel me?'

"Vic," I croak, looking over my shoulder while suddenly feeling shy and emotional. "Do you... do you really feel that way?" Because it feels a helluva lot like he just confessed his love for me.

His intense eyes become soft, and he reaches a big hand out to cup the side of my face. "You're it for me, baby. I don't say it, because I don't need you runnin' scared from me and my heart." His thumb rubs gently across my cheekbone. "But there isn't another soul on this earth that's gonna intertwine with mine, not like yours already has."

"I—"

"Don't gotta say a thing in return," he interrupts. "I'll have your love one day, even if it's not today. There's no pressure comin' from me. I want you exactly as you are, even if that means your nervous as hell, worrying about stuff you shouldn't bother your mind with." He maneuvers me up and around, bringing our chests close, his other hand finding my ribs. "I ain't lettin' you go, Tommy. Not in this lifetime, not in the next."

After a few shaky breaths, words pour from my lips. "Can I tell you that I love you after you fuck me over the bike? Because my dick actually really hurts. This whole thing just became really romantic when I was expecting a dirty hot fuck. I'm starting to get overwhelmed by the mushy feeling in my stomach and the throbbing in my pants."

That sultry grin I know so well dances onto his face. "Bend over my ride, bunny. Daddy needs to make that aching cock feel better, doesn't he?"

My stomach gently hits the warm leather of the seat as I bend over for him, jutting my ass back in offering. He holds my skirt in his fist, no panties underneath it to push off to the side. His firm tongue swipes from my taint to my hole, swirling around the sensitive skin until I'm gasping, begging for more.

My pleading to be filled is rewarded massively. He's inside of me in seconds, cock slippery with lube, fulfilling my needs as perfectly as he always does.

He fucks me slow, letting me adjust and then begins to pick up speed, giving us both what we really need. The skin of his thighs claps against mine, the sound of it mixing with all of the moans and groans echoing around the garage.

"Yeah baby," he grunts, fingers digging into my hips while he rocks into me harder. "Yell for daddy, Tommy. Let anyone who can hear know who you belong to."

"Vic," I whine, voice rasping. "*Daddy, it feels so good!*"

A strong hand grasps my balls from behind, and his pace doesn't slow. "Gonna massage this cum straight out of your sack, bunny boy." His finger's start to rub, massaging my skin, almost making my knees buckle.

"Let go for me, my love. Show daddy how good he's making you feel."

Blinding ecstasy rolls through me, and my dick spasms. A muted sizzle noise follows, and I look down, confused until I see that my jizz is on the hot part of his bike he warned me about. I can't even apologize, too distracted by Vic losing it behind me.

His hips drive into me, thrusting his cock deeper four more times until warmth floods my hole. Not able to wait a second longer, I turn half around with words clawing up my throat.

Panting, I look deep into his hazy eyes. "I love you too, Vic. You make me so happy."

The intensity in his gaze is intoxicating. "Yeah? Happy enough to move in?"

For the first time in my entire life, not a bit of nervousness can touch me. "Yeah," I answer. "Definitely happy enough to move in."

"Good, I won't have to cancel the moving company I hired then."

I snort. "Haha, very funny. You didn't hire anyone, daddy."

“You’re right, I’m kidding. Why would I hire anyone when the club can do it?”

My lips wobble into a smile, eyes getting a bit glassy. “Are there a bunch of biker’s invading my apartment right now?”

He smirks. “No way, that would be such an overstep. I would never.”

~*~

Victor

Two hours later, all of Tommy’s things are in boxes in the middle of the house. All of the crew has headed back to the clubhouse, leaving us to organize in private. Despite not having to do a single bit of moving himself, Tommy is tuckered out, flopping down onto our coach with a huff.

“Is it bad that I get kinda fluttery at the fact that a bunch of biker badasses just moved me out of my apartment with smiles on their faces?”

I settle in next to him, putting his head on my lap. “Why would that be bad?”

He offers a little sigh. “Maybe a better person wouldn’t be so thrilled to hang around with guys capable of some of the things you’re all capable of?”

A few hours before officially moving him in, I’d let Tommy know more details about the club, and our tattered pasts. Mostly, we’re an above-board business. But it hasn’t always been that way, and before my boy made the commitment to be here with me, I needed to be honest with him. I’ve ended lives, and I doubt I’ve done it for the last time. The same can be said for most of my brothers.

He didn’t offer any judgment, nor seem all that shocked, citing the fact that he’s ‘seen *Sons of Anarchy*’ before. So it isn’t my morality he’s questioning at this moment, it’s his own. He’s worried that he’s somehow tarnished by his reaction to the more dark parts of my life. The fact that he likes every part of me, even that.

“Getting excited by the air of danger that I breathe into the world around us, doesn’t make you evil. It doesn’t make you bad, and it shouldn’t have you feelin’ like you’re some kinda messed up inside that pretty head of yours.”

“You think?”

“You know what I do, and you don’t think I’m the big bad wolf for it, do ‘ya?”

His guarded expression softens. “Of course not.”

“Then you have your answer, Tommy. The same venom that burns through your veins, burns through mine. You, my precious boy, absorb what I do with my poison, rather than lettin’ your own blaze through you. And I’m pretty sure that there alone, is what this whole love thing is really about, no?”

“You know, you could have been a poet in your last life,” he comments, giving me that sweet smile I adore.

“Don’t really put much stock in past lives, baby. Sounds like a nightmare to imagine any existence where I don’t have you in my arms.”

“You trying to sweeten me up for something, daddy?”

“Yeah,” I answer, running my fingers through his soft hair. “I’m getting you all nice and sweet so that I can *eat* you”

He gulps. “I won’t protest that.”

“Good boy. Go ahead and get naked for daddy.”

*****DON’T MISS THE BONUS SCENE, TURN THE PAGE*****

Bonus Chapter



Victor

Months Later

My little bunny looks fucking breathtaking with his mouth stuffed full of cock. We're on a bit of a time crunch, and really shouldn't be doing this now, but I had to have him all the same.

Tears well in his eyes as he takes me deeper, choking once the head of my cock reaches the back of his mouth. His moistened lips strain to wrap around me, taking me as far as he can until he needs to pop back up for breath.

Laying back from my seated position on the edge of the bed, I lift my legs, planting my feet and widening the opening for him. Tommy—gorgeous on his knees, gets the message and moves down to my sack.

“Can I eat you out, daddy?” He blinks at me with that lusty look in his eyes.

“*Bunny,*” I groan, chest rising and falling. “Yes, baby, you can lick out my ass. But I'm going to stroke my cock, and you better do the same if you want to come. We need to leave *fast.*”

He nods in agreement, licking his lips before diving back to work. The first swipe of his tongue along my hole makes me shiver. Everything he does is perfect.

“Mmm, just like that, naughty boy,” I groan, drawing my fingers into his hair. “Worship daddy with that sweet mouth, baby.”

“I love tasting you,” he says, punctuating the statement with a twirl of his tongue. His nose presses softly against my balls, and he inhales, eyes fluttering with satisfaction as he continues to eat my ass. “It feels so good playing with your ass and your cock daddy. Makes my tummy all warm to hear you moaning.”

I moan louder. “Yeah, you’re such a good little cocksucker for me, Tommy.”

We both fuck our hands while he works, letting the pleasure build and build. Even if we want to savor it, we can’t. Today is a big day, and I won’t allow him to miss it.

“You gonna cum for me, baby? You’re gonna squirt all over the floor while you tongue my ass, aren’t you? You’re gonna be a good boy for daddy?”

His tongue twitches and his free hand grips my thigh while a strangled moan rips from his throat. “Yesss,” he hisses.

The sight of him coming with his face between my legs is enough to set me off, my fist coaxing the release from my pulsating dick. My whole body floods with relief and pleasure.

As if shaken from his haze, Tommy jumps to his feet. “We have to get ready!”

He’s running around, getting cleaned up and dressed in seconds.

Somehow, twenty minutes later, we’re making it to our seats right as the game is about to begin. Tommy dramatically drops into his chair, pushing his sunglasses up his nose and sighs.

Jonathan finds the whole ordeal amusing and chuckles to prove it. “Get lost on the way, Tommy?”

“Tell me I didn’t miss anything?” my boyfriend asks, rather than answering the question.

“You didn’t miss anything,” Jonathan promises. “Game is just starting now. Boston is batting first, Liam will be up in a minute.”

Luckily I was smart enough to book a hotel super close to the stadium, knowing how hard it would be to be on time. My boy is a tempting little creature.

“Is he nervous?”

“Excited.” Jonathan shrugs. “He said he texted you before he had to put his phone away.”

“Oh shit.” Tommy gasps, scrambling into his pocket for his phone. Once retrieved, he rushes to find the message. It takes a minute before he’s smiling wide and shaking his head. The device is turned to me, and I understand the smile.

Liam: I know your big rough and tough biker has you horny seven thousand times a day, but don’t forget about me, will ya?

Liam: oh & I know you’re used to screaming for him, but maybe give it a try for me? how about: THAT’S MY BEST FRIEND!

With a bright smile, Tommy stands, hearing Liam’s number called out to bat. His hands cup around his mouth and he yells. “That’s my best friend!”

Jonathan and I chuckle, along with some of the other family of players around us. With an embarrassed blush, Tommy sits back down and anxiously waits for what Liam will do at the plate.

And in his first game in the major leagues, Liam slams an in-park home run, making the whole crowd erupt.

“Oh my gosh! This is such a *rush*,” Tommy gushes, leaning in close. “I’m going to want to be fucked so hard tonight, daddy,” he whispers.

I’m the luckiest fucking man in the stadium as I bring my lips to his. The luckiest fucking man in the world.

Have you read Liam and Jonathan’s Novella? Get it here:

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End Note

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

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

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

Other Works

Quick Similar Read:

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

Put Me In Coach (MM, Stepson x Coach, Erotic Novella)

Tombstone University Minis:

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

Merry or Mortem (FF, Jamie and Gretchen)

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

Moonlight Univeristy Series:

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Families, Friends to Lovers)

Stand-Alone(s)

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

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