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BINK CUMMINGS

His Helper

part 2



HIS HELPER - PART 2

**TEMPTATION AND
OBLIGATION**

BINK CUMMINGS

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His Helper- Part 2

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CHAPTER ONE

Beckett

Remembering to grab the large print romance novel from the passenger seat of my Jeep, I tuck it under my arm, exit my vehicle, and go about work like it's any other day. Only it's not. Three days ago, I met a reclusive man on a mountain. We shared tea, and I made him come with my fingers. Well, my hand. Inside of him. Encased in tight warmth. A first for me. I can't stop thinking about it or him. That's also a first.

Shaking my head to clear such thoughts, I enter through the front sliding doors of my second stop today. The nurses seated behind their desks wave and smile in greeting. Ever the gentleman, I return the gesture in kind as I seek out the one person I'm here to visit.

Knowing she probably won't hear if I knock, I carefully open the door and project my voice before entering. "Emmie, you decent?"

As always, the sweet older woman doesn't miss a beat. "I'm never decent, boy. But yes, you may come in." She cackles to herself. I grin because how could you not? Emmie's one of my favorite people.

Sitting up in her recliner, television on low, a colorful Afghan thrown over her frail legs, she stares out the window, soaking up the mid-morning sun. The rays highlight the snow white of her perfectly coifed hair. I rest the book on her end table, so I don't forget, before taking a plastic chair for guests. They're in all the rooms throughout the facility. It takes Emmie a moment to register my presence. Her milky blue eyes blink a handful of times, squinting as if she's trying to make out who I am. She easily forgets. That's to be expected at ninety. She's my oldest therapy client. We've been friends for years now. Even before she entered the nursing home, her out-of-state family hired me to help with mobility and overall quality of life.

I'm an occupational therapist who works for a company that subcontracts to people like me. I go wherever I'm needed. Today is Emmie's visit.

The crooked smile that consumes her face when she realizes who I am could light up New York City. "Beck." Her voice dances in delight. I'm thrilled she remembers me today and is just as excited to see me as I am her.

"Ms. Emmie," I greet.

"You came back."

"Yes, I always come back, and I brought contraband." I wink and gesture to the naughty romance novel on her stand. Slowly, she reaches over and fingers the glossy cover.

"Did you bring what I asked for?"

"Dirty romance?"

"Yes. With a farmer?"

"That's the very one." Trust me when I say Ms. Emmie is in for a spicy ride. Sure, it takes her a week or two to finish most books, as she tires easily and her eyes don't work like they used to. But thanks to her magnifying stand that also holds her books, she reads a little at a time. The nurses are kind enough to make sure she doesn't lose her spot. Boy, does this woman come with requests. One month, it was

firefighters. Another was a threesome. She'd seen it on one of her salacious shows. Her words, not mine.

We've now upgraded to farmers. This book is sure to please. I scoured the internet for the best farmer romance with lots of sex, and this one came recommended. To make sure I didn't let her down, I read it last week, just to be certain. While straight sex doesn't do it for me, it was entertaining enough to finish.

Emmie clasps her frail, crippled hands in delight. "I thought I might catch fire with the threesome book." She fans her face. "I lent it to Ed. He didn't like it." Her nose scrunches in disgust, and then comes the eye roll. "He's a fool."

Pressing my lips together, I try not to laugh. Emmie knows Ed won't like any of the books she gives him. Yet, he always seems to read them anyhow, then complains to her. The nurses have assured me it's all in good fun, but Emmie's vocal about her disdain. She and Ed are across-the-hall neighbors. Both lost their spouses decades ago. Both are in their nineties. They're great friends despite their warring literary tastes.

Knowing I can't spend all day visiting, even if I want to, we chat a bit more about books and television shows before we get to the crux of why I'm here—to check on her, how she's moving, and what I can do to make her life easier. We go over stretches and ways to keep her mobile for as long as we can. She's a fall risk. That's how she wound up here in the first place. She didn't use the walker I provided at home and fell. Thankfully, she had Life Alert, and the paramedics were able to help. Nothing broke, but her family lives too far away for support, and they didn't want to risk anything further. I can't blame them. We came up with a plan, and I found an opening at this place. She seems content with her new living arrangements.

"I can't stand for long," she grouses, lips thinning as if she's eaten a sour grape.

"Is it the knee?" I gesture to the worst of the two.

"Yes. I think so."

“Now will you let me order the brace?” Each time I visit, I’ve been lightly pushing Emmie to let me order a custom brace for her knee. For the one that gives out. She’s too old for knee surgery, and if she expects to walk much longer, even if it’s only to the bathroom, she’s gonna need assistance. I already have her doing light leg and arm weights twice a week to keep up her strength. They have a daily group session here. She also goes to water aerobics once a week if she’s up for it.

Quality of life is important, even for those pushing triple digits. Giving my patients what they need is paramount.

Emmie waves me off in a huff. “Oh. Fine. I suppose.” Like most women her age, she doesn’t like anyone fussing over her. Emmie’s independent to the core.

I smile kindly and reach for her hand, which she places into mine. I lean down to kiss the soft, wrinkled top in appreciation. She huffs again, less frustrated this time.

The elderly, which is all I work with, struggle with life when they can no longer do what they once could. Most changes are progressive. Their hearing and eyesight go. So, we get them hearing aids, glaucoma surgery, or better glasses. Mobility is the hardest. Wheelchairs and walkers only do so much, and surgery is often out of the question when they reach her age.

Wanna know the thing that pisses me off the most in my job? People spend so much time focusing on the youth they forget about the seniors. They toss them into homes so they’re no longer a problem they must deal with. These are people’s mothers and fathers. Grandparents. They’re humans. While I understand not being able to put your life on hold to become the full-time caregiver some of these people need, it breaks my heart to see how many of them are forgotten by their families. Like they’ve already died.

I know... I know... I’m getting worked up. It’s part of my charm.

Ya see, I grew up visiting my great-grandmother in a nursing home. Each week, I went with my grandma to visit her. The same grandma who raised me after my drug-addicted

parents decided they couldn't be bothered to be parents. No amount of rehab would ever change that.

When my grandma was diagnosed with dementia and had to be put in this exact nursing home, I visited her often. She's the entire reason I work with elderly patients. She's why I'm focused on human interactions and refuse to visit ten clients a day. Quality over quantity. I've had to go through five companies before I found one that understood my ethics. I didn't go to college for as long as I did to graduate with my master's, to then forget why I'm here in the first place—to help those often forgotten.

Every patient I care for is an extension of my grandma. The stories they share are full of priceless wisdom. Their bodies fail when their mind doesn't seem to realize they're as old as they are. Have you ever asked a ninety-year-old if they feel ninety? Most will say they feel physically old, but mentally, they feel as they did decades ago.

For the next hour, I absorb whatever tales Emmie wishes to share. It's her time to shine. All I do is sit back, listen, and speak when necessary. In between moments, I jot down notes about her stories on my phone to draw from later, along with reminders for what I need to bring the next time I visit. A knee brace and a chocolate bar, to name a few.

Once her eyes grow heavy, I know it's time to say goodbye. Before I do, I ask her one final question, the most important of the day.

Returning my chair back to its place against the wall, I inquire, "What book should I bring next time?"

A tired smile hooks at the corner of Emmie's mouth as she thinks about it. "Gay."

My eyes widen. "You want gay romance?" I almost choke on my tongue.

A firm nod. "Yes."

"That's two men and their... parts," I remind her, just to be sure.

“Yes, I know what that means, Beckett.” Humor dances in her voice. “I wanna read what it’s like for two men to love each other. As you and your fella do. I can’t wait for Ed to read it.” Her evil laugh says it all. This is about Ed, not about me and my boyfriend. Not that she cares about my sexuality. It’s not something I hide. When Emmie asked if I was married years ago, I was upfront.

To most people, I don’t present *gay*. Whatever the hell that means. More times than not, people assume I’m straight because I don’t check their preconceived gay boxes. I’m not feminine. I wear average clothes made for men. I talk like an average man and don’t like to gossip. All the things *straight men* do are somehow no longer possible because once you like dick, that automatically makes you less manly and incapable of liking anything that isn’t rainbow and pasted in glitter. Ignorance is bliss, I suppose. However, I do like rainbows and glitter on occasion.

I digress.

“Alright, you naughty woman, I’ll bring a gay romance next time,” I tease before I lean in, peck her forehead in goodbye, and see myself out.

Four clients a day is my max. Only one more to go before I meet Walter at his apartment for dinner. By then, I need to put the memory of Finn behind me, for all our sakes.

On my way out the door, I wave to the nurses, cross the parking lot, climb into my Jeep, and throw on the loudest, most obnoxious rock music I can find as a distraction. The less I think. The less I feel. The better.

Staring at my lap, my thickening cock twitches beneath the zipper of my black dress pants.

“Fuck you,” I curse him for putting me through this. This is the fourth erection of the day.

As I exit the parking lot, gripping my steering wheel hard enough my knuckles blanch, all I see is pale skin, a gaping hole, and a body that writhes beneath my ministrations. What’s

worse, I can taste his potent desire on my tongue. The need.
And beyond that... I feel him, everywhere.

Fuck.

This isn't good.

The distractions aren't working.

CHAPTER TWO

“Hey, babe.” Walter comes in for a chaste kiss before stepping aside to let me into his place. He lives in the city, in the heart of bustling downtown, on the eighth floor of a high-rise apartment building. We met in college and have been in an unconventional relationship ever since.

Not bothering with niceties or the dinner I know he prepared, I tear my clothes off in his living room and leave them in a pile on the floor to deal with later. Walter doesn't ask questions when he strips out of his dockers and dress shirt alongside me. We don't kiss. We don't say a word as I snatch a condom from the bowl he keeps on the coffee table and roll it down my cock. He bends over the couch arm like a goddamn saint.

Tearing a lube packet with my teeth, Walter reaches back and spreads his ass cheeks like a champ, ready and willing to take anything I wanna give. I pour the cool liquid over his hole and don't bother prepping the well-used entrance when I slam home. Stars dance in my eyes, a pent-up breath rushing out as I finally get the relief I need.

Fingers bruise the ass beneath my iron grip as I fuck him senseless. I don't go easy. Not that he cares. Walter's hole is always ready and willing for me to use as I see fit. Hell, it's

ready and willing for anyone to use. He's a slut. A cock slut. A fiend. So, I fuck him until sweat blooms across my skin, until I can't draw another breath. Until his short, brown hair turns into long, dirty blond before my eyes. Grunting at the sight, I slam forward. The legs of his couch screech across the hardwood floor and knock into the side table, sending the lamp to the ground in a fit of noise. But I don't stop. Nor does he ask me to.

Walter moans in pleasure, gripping the couch as I use him. Because I can't take it anymore. I masturbated last night. This morning. Yet, he lingers there. Finn. The adorably awkward man with the massive cock. The most beautiful human I've ever seen up close before. Flawless skin, a voice that...

I groan at the memory.

"Beck," Walter cries out in need.

"Grab it." I back us off the couch just enough so he can reach down to jack his cock. Walter beats his slim prick frantically, chasing the end goal, as I do the same.

In and out, I plunder him. When he coats his fist and couch in cum, I don't stop. I throw him onto the floor. Landing on his hands and knees, Walter stays upright as I nudge his lithe legs together and straddle him. Pointing my dick downward, I drive myself between his slick cheeks, straight into his awaiting body.

Skin slaps skin. I grip his shoulders for leverage, abs drawing up tight, but I'm not there. Pleasure races up my spine with each thrust, balls aching. Walter says something, but I can't hear it above my growls, above the pounding in my ears, through my potent fantasies.

Closing my eyes, Finn's shy smile paints the backs of my eyelids. He chews his bottom lip in desire for me and me alone. My name pours like honey from his lips as he comes, and I let go alongside him, riding the waves of ecstasy. Cum fills the condom.

Spent, I collapse onto the floor beside Walter. He curls up to me, head resting on my pec as I float back down into reality.

I tug off the condom and drop it on the floor to throw away later when I've caught my breath and can see straight.

Walter traces a finger down my sternum, through the valley of my abs, to my half-hard cock. "You're an animal." He laughs.

"I needed that." More than I thought.

"Tough week?"

"Not exactly." It's been the best week I've had in years.

"Hard week?" He shimmies with innuendo.

"*Very* hard week," I groan, head dropping back on the hardwood. I stare up at the smooth white ceiling.

"That was the best you've fucked me in years." Walter sounds wistful.

I chuckle. "Don't let it go to your head."

"Oh, you know I will. If I can walk tomorrow. Sheesh, your cock is massive. He knows how to mark his territory."

That he does. If only he got to mark what he craved most. But that's never gonna happen.

"Had a lot of smaller dicks lately?" I ask, already knowing what he's gonna say.

"Yes. Actually."

Bingo.

"Toby?"

He pokes my cockhead. "Yes. *Toby*."

"He loves you." A statement.

"Yes, I know. He loves me, but I'm not his boyfriend."

"Only because I came first."

"Tonight, you didn't," he jokes.

"Ha, ha," I deadpan, a smirk kicking up at the corner of my mouth. "You know that's not what I meant."

“I do, but it sure is fun to tease you, especially when I get you like this. All touchy and soft. Not needing to be in control.”

“Just existing,” I offer as an explanation.

Walter rubs his cheek against my pec like a sweet kitten. “Yes. That’s a clever way to describe it. Existing. You don’t let yourself exist very often.”

He’s right. I don’t.

“I’m busy.” And always need control.

“I know. I know. Beckett, the old people whisperer. Beckett, the commander of needy assholes. Beckett, former cuddler extraordinaire.”

A low, throaty laugh makes an appearance. “That’s quite the description.”

“All true.”

I hum. “Agreed.”

“I haven’t seen my boyfriend in a week. Though, your homecoming was sure fucktacular.”

That it was.

“Toby not dickin’ ya down well enough these days?”

Walter sniffs dramatically as if I’m full of it. “He has a talented mouth.”

“So I’ve heard.” I swallow my amusement, not wanting to offend my boyfriend.

“You really should try gettin’ a blowjob from him some time to see what the fuss is all about. You might learn a thing or two.”

“I’m good.” Yeah. That’s never gonna happen.

Toby is Walter’s very young and very enthusiastic plaything. An obsessed twink. Not that I blame Toby. Walter is a force to be reckoned with. A sexy, brilliant force. There’s a reason we’ve been in an open relationship for over a decade. He pushes my buttons just right without the need for full

commitment. He gets to do whoever he wants, and I get to do whatever I want. It's the perfect arrangement. We live apart. Both of us work. On the side, I help men fulfill their anal desires, while Walter gets to have his ass filled by multiple men.

Win-win.

As good as Toby might be with his mouth, I haven't slept with anyone besides Walter for as long as we've been together. Promiscuity's not my kink. Nor is getting blow jobs from random men. I couldn't tell you the last time I had one. Walter's not one for trying to suck a dick as large as mine. If it's not stretching his ass, he wants nothing to do with it. That's fine by me. Blow jobs in any form require a level of trust and intimacy I'm not fond of. Nor have I ever been. Walter knows this. Just as he knows, I wouldn't touch Toby with a ten-foot pole or the other lovers he's taken a shining to over the years.

Walter treats men like Pokémon—He's gotta catch 'em all.

Thankfully, that doesn't change the way I feel about him.

Knowing we need to eat, and I need a hot shower, I help Walter off the floor, hand him his clothes, grab my own, and head straight to his bathroom to wash the sex and sweat off as he reheats whatever smells wonderful in the kitchen.

Once I'm thoroughly cleaned, I dry off and wrap the towel around my waist. Then I set out to find something to wear from the drawer I stock here with clothes that fit. Walter and I can't wear the same clothing, well, I suppose he could wear mine. They'd be oversized. But I can't shove my body into anything he owns. Plus, he'd be pissed if I stretched out his expensive designer wear.

To his medium shirts, I'm an XL.

To his small boxers, I'm an XL.

You catch my drift.

I'm a big man.

He's average—in height and build.

On goes a pair of black workout shorts and a plain blue shirt before I meet him at the kitchen table, where he's prepared a spread. Basic or subtle are two words that could never describe Walter. When he does anything, it's always three steps past too much. Too much food. Too many clothes. Too much sex. Too much talking. Walter doesn't half-ass anything. It's both endearing, entertaining, and occasionally aggravating, too.

Tonight, on the fanciest China he owns, we have what looks to be some kind of duck, a chicken pasta dish, breadsticks, soup, salad, and an expensive bottle of wine already decanted in some fancy glass thing.

"This is nice, babe," I praise as I take my seat across from him.

Loving when his hard work is noticed, Walter perks up like a beautiful peacock. "Thank you. I hope you like."

"You're the best. I'm sure it'll be great." Together, we dive into a night of delicious food and great company.

It's as easy as it always has been. Walter talks about his week, his sex life, and his work. I sip the red, sit back and listen. When he smiles about something he loves, it lights up his entire face. When he talks about the asshole from work, his adorable scowl is enough to make we wanna bend him over the couch and fuck him again.

I don't talk about my clients at work or in my side job. My life isn't something we often discuss. I've always kept everything close to the collar. Walter never seems to mind. Our relationship works this way. Him the talker, me the listener.

Once he's finished all his food and drained three glasses of wine, Walter's grin turns downright sinful. His cheeks flush. I slide my chair back, push my shorts down to my knees, and let him do whatever he wishes with my half-hard erection.

Grabbing a packet of lube and a condom from the kitchen, he gets me ready, then sits down and fucks himself on my dick. I relax as he does, letting him take whatever pleasure he needs from my body.

For a while, the world is perfect.

I'm happy.

Walter's floating on a cloud of sexual bliss.

And there's no Finn to drive me to madness.

Or so I thought.

As I'm helping put dishes into the dishwasher and getting ready for bed with my sated boyfriend, I check my phone for messages.

Finn: I hope we can meet up again soon. I can't stop thinking about our session.

And just like that...

I'm sucked back into the black hole.

Hiding in the bathroom as Walter takes a million pillows off his bed, I chew on my bottom lip and stare at the message.

Finn wants to meet again.

I groan at the thought.

It's normal to have repeat clients.

I'm good at my job.

What's not normal is how hard my heart pounds at the thought of seeing him again. Or the rollercoaster going crazy in my stomach.

This isn't healthy.

I've never had a reaction to a client before.

Not like this.

Closing my messages, I wash my hands and splash some cold water on my face.

It drips down my cheeks and off the tip of my nose as I stare at myself in the mirror. "You have to say no. This is not healthy," I whisper to myself, hoping it somehow soaks in. I know if I see him again, this strange attraction will only get worse.

Tomorrow, I'll text him back to wish him luck.

Because I have a boyfriend.

Because he's straight.

Because he's a client.

And I don't do... infatuation, no matter the level of attraction.

I dry my face on the hand towel, straighten my shoulders, and join Walter in his attached bedroom.

Naked as the day he was born, soft cock lying on the inside of his thigh, Walter pats my side of the bed. "Come sleep with me, handsome."

Removing all my clothes and resting them on a chair, I crawl in beside my boyfriend, set my phone on the nightstand, and spoon the kindest man I know. He sighs in contentment as I snuggle the back of his neck and slot my dick between his cheeks for the night.

This is what's safe. What matters.

Kissing my boyfriend's shoulder, I close my eyes and try to sleep. It evades me for hours as he slumbers quietly in my arms. It isn't until I text Finn back that I am finally able to rest, even a few measly hours.

Thank you for letting me help you. Unfortunately, I don't think I'm a good fit for your needs. I wish you the best of luck. – Beck

CHAPTER THREE

Straddling a bench at the gym, taking a break between sets, sweat drips down my face and soaks through my white, cut-off shirt as I read Finn's message for the third fucking time.

Finn: Oh. Okay. I have to ask... did I do something wrong? I'm really sorry if I did. I'm new to all this. Is there someone else you could recommend to help? Again. Sorry.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Fuckity.

Fuck.

Groaning, I drag a palm down my face.

No. I don't have anyone to recommend when I don't want anyone else to fucking help him.

When I rolled out of bed this morning, Walter was already gone. The text showed up as I was visiting my first two clients. Now I'm on my extended lunch break. I take three of these a week to fit in a meal and a long pump at the gym. You

don't get a body like this without hard work. Years of hard-ass work.

You also don't get repeat clients if you aren't good at your job.

Part of me is thrilled Finn wants to meet up again so soon, especially at my price. I'm not a cheap helper.

Nor am I down to help someone I'm this attracted to.

That's unfair to me and them.

Not professional at all.

Knowing I can't chicken out and ignore him because that's a dick move, I aim as straight as I can. I don't want him to think he did anything wrong. He didn't. If anything, he did everything right. Too right. Including coming so beautifully, I jacked off to the memory in the shower before work.

I've got a problem.

Now I gotta cut the strings once and for all.

Me: No. You didn't do anything wrong, Finn. You were an excellent client. Unfortunately, I don't have anyone to recommend. Keep taking good care of yourself. If you have any questions, please feel free to reach out. I am sorry I'm not available to be your helper going forward.

Stowing my phone in my shorts' pocket, I press the button on the side of my earbud, and Rob Zombie fills my head once more. I lift my dumbbells from the floor and curl them until my biceps ache. Grunting through the pain, I go straight into the next lift of my superset. By the third change, I'm dancing in the smoldering fires of Mount Doom, and it's goddamn bliss. I'm in the zone. During a short rest between sets, I take a lap around the gym to catch my breath before I'm back at it again. Building muscle and soaking up all the iron therapy I can manage.

An hour later, I shower in the locker room, redress in my business-casual work clothes, and down a protein shake on the

way out to my Jeep. I throw my bag into the back through the front seats and set my phone in the charging cradle.

The light on the screen flares to life, sharing I have a message.

Too jazzed up to let it get to me, I open what I know must be a reply from Finn.

Finn: I understand. Thank you for the clarity and for changing my life.

See. I did the right thing. I changed his life, and he's gonna go on to explore this new eye-opening experience. Just as I'm gonna keep on, keepin' on.

The appointment I have with a regular client tonight can't come soon enough.

The quicker I move on, the better for all involved.

I made the right choice.

I did.

Knowing I can't keep our thread in my phone going forward, thanks to temptation, I delete Finn's number and our entire conversation along with it.

Again... It's for the best.

I'm doing the right thing.

If only the frog in my throat and the ache in my gut would get on board. 'Cause now I feel sick, and I know what it's from.

"It's the right thing," I speak aloud to myself as I back out of the parking space. "The fantasies will stop."

CHAPTER FOUR

Staring at the dark ceiling of my client's big rig, emotionally disconnected from what I'm doing, I fuck a slender pink dildo in and out of Sean's hole as he bends over the arm of his truck's seat, ass in the air. It's a decent ass. The ass of a hairy, heavy-set, fifty-year-old truck driver.

Whenever he's in town and in need of a little somethin' his wife can't and won't give, Sean texts, and we meet up at a small, mostly vacant truck stop outside of town. This is where I take him to new heights and leave him begging for more.

His loud, guttural moan yanks me from my numb detachment.

"You like when I fuck your pussy like the dirty whore you are?" I degrade because the man craves it.

Sean shudders at my words, drawing in a sharp, needy breath.

His breathy "yes" is barely heard over the squelching of his hungry hole, taking what it desires.

"I didn't hear you, whore," I snarl for effect.

"Yes."

“Yes. What?”

“I like it when you fuck my pussy.”

“Oh yeah? You like it when I ruin this fat, boy pussy?”

“Yes,” he croaks.

“Just yes, whore? Just a yes? That’s not a good enough answer, slut. Now stand the fuck up,” I growl harshly, playing my part to a T.

Giving him space to do as he’s told, I remove the dildo from Sean’s hole and sit on his bottom bunk. Sean scrambles to stand. His oversized, hairy belly hangs slightly above his hard, miniature cock that pokes out of the chub at his pelvis. The outline of his sack is indiscernible through the pudge.

My nose wrinkles in faux distaste. “Look at that pathetic little dick.” To further cement my stance, I roll my eyes at how repugnant I’m supposed to find him. In truth, he’s a man with a body. There is nothing wrong with Sean or his size. He just happens to have a degradation kink.

He shivers and bites the hell out of his already enflamed bottom lip.

“Can you even see it? How pathetic.” My upper lip curls like I have a bad taste in my mouth.

Nostrils flaring in desire, arms down at his sides, Sean’s head shakes slightly.

“You gonna jack that baby cock, or you gonna let me fuck the cum out of your slutty little pussy?” I gesture to the bag of toys on the floor he has for nights like this.

Precum pours out of the head of his dick—a thick, continuous stream.

“Both?” he suggests, hopeful.

“Both? You think you deserve both? What if I said I wanted to stretch you?”

He nods excitedly.

“Make you take two cocks up that pussy?”

“Two?” He squeaks in equal parts delight and panic, eyes rounding.

“Yes, slut. Two. Two big cocks. You think your cunt could handle it?” I test to see how far he’s willing to go.

Another gush of precum runs freely from his prick. I smile, knowing how much Sean eats this kind of play up. It brings me joy that I can satisfy a desire he can’t get fulfilled elsewhere.

When he doesn’t respond to the two dicks, I arch a brow and point to his small package. “He likes when I talk about dicks, doesn’t he? Likes it when I talk about your slutty hole takin’ all the cocks.”

Sean moans at my words.

“Stick your finger in your used hole, slut,” I order.

Knowing how to follow directions like a pro, Sean spreads his big cheeks and fingers that hole just like I said. I sit back and watch as he brings himself closer to climax, losing himself to pleasure of his own making. When he starts to shudder on the precipice, I order him to stop and bend over the arm once more.

Then I do as promised. I lube his crack and fuck him on the slender dildo for a moment before I stretch his hole around a second, larger cock.

Sean’s sharp intake of breath brings a satisfied smile to my lips. “You like this?” I check to make sure I’m not crossing any lines.

“Yes.” His answer is tight.

“Breathe,” I instruct as I fuck the dildos in and out of him, one and then the other, never letting them pop free.

“Ugh,” he grunts.

I pick up the pace and, with each thrust, fuck him deeper until his thighs shake and he’s clawing at his seat. “That’s it, whore. Take my dicks.”

Curling into himself, Sean goes onto his tippytoes as relentless ecstasy takes hold. Cum shoots from his cock, hitting the ground at his feet, as he moans through an endless, body-quaking climax. It's a magnificent sight to watch him unravel. To watch him fall apart.

When we're through, he cleans himself up. I wait for him to do so, so I can check on where he's at, both physically and mentally.

In the passenger seat of his rig, I wait for Sean to take his seat before I speak.

Dressed in a pair of plaid boxers and a plain white t-shirt, Sean collapses from sexual exhaustion.

"How was that?" I ask.

"What I needed."

"I didn't take you too far, right?"

He shakes his head. "No. Not at all."

"Okay. I just wanna make sure."

"Two dildos. That was a lot. I'm gonna be sore tomorrow, but a good sore." Sean rubs his big belly, blushing slightly.

I nod, pleased with the news. "And the degrading? More? Less?"

"A little more next time."

See. A humiliation whore through and through.

"Have you ever considered a chastity device? With how much you like degrading, it might be fun to try," I explain.

His nose wrinkles at the thought. "My wife would hate that. She already complains enough about my bedroom performance."

"The smaller dick?" I guess.

"Yeah. I'm a big guy. She has to ride me for us to fuck, so I go down on her more than we have sex, which is fine by me. But I don't know how'd she feel about the cage."

“But she’s fine with what we do here?” Sean’s been a client for years. Even if his wife wasn’t okay with what we do, it wouldn’t stop me from helping him. That’s not my cross to bear. It’s his. As it is with any other client that’s partnered up. They reach out for help, and if we fit, then I’m going to help for as long as it works for us both.

He shrugs a single shoulder. “Yep. As fine as ya can be with your husband likin’ it up the ass.”

“You know it’s normal to like anal sex.” Far too many men feel guilty about liking it. As if we, as men, were somehow created wrong. We have our G-spot up our ass for a reason.

“I do, and I think I’d like the cage too. I’ll think about it. Maybe only wear it when I’m on the road. Not at home.”

“Sounds like a solid plan, Sean.”

We carry on for a few more minutes, then he hands me an envelope before I climb out of his rig and into my Jeep. Headed for home, I think about my clients—their lives, their desires, and their courage to call a stranger for sexual help. It’s admirable. To think the Seans of this world wouldn’t get fulfilled without stepping out of their comfort zone says a lot about their tenacity.

I’m proud of the work I do.

I’m even prouder of the men bucking societal norms.

It’s never wrong to ask for help...

And that’s where I come in.

Today was a successful day.

CHAPTER FIVE

It's been three weeks to the day since I met Finn at his cabin, and I'm still having withdrawals. I don't understand why. I've fucked Walter more in these three weeks than I have since we met. I've taken on more of my regular clients, in upward of two or three a day, just to stay busy. At night, when I'm at home, alone in my bed, I relive our experience. It's become an obsession. Part of me wonders if he's a figment of my imagination at this point.

Hours at the gym have been no help.

Day-to-day work has been duller than usual.

The guilt... I can't even describe what it feels like. I've never thrown away a client, especially not after our first meeting, unless we didn't fit.

He asked for my help, and I just... discarded him.

I'm an asshole.

This is why I'm doing something I know is wrong, completely out of line, and uncalled for. I'm driving to his cabin in the middle of the day. Even without his address, I remember how to get there. I know he's not expecting me. I know this is a mistake. But I'm driving there anyhow. He can

let me in. He can tell me to go fuck myself. He can do whatever he wants, and I'll understand.

Because I'm the asshole.

And Finn deserves better.

And... part of me wants to see his face. To see if what I remember is real or some made-up bullshit my brain has concocted.

My dick is rock-hard at the thought of seeing him again.

I'm messed up, and... he deserves better.

Fuck.

At the bottom of his driveway, I pause a moment before taking a deep breath and turning onto the single, gravel-lined path. Between a thick forest of trees, I ascend the mountain to the top. When I park outside the front of his picturesque cabin, I cut the engine and wait to see if he'll open the door.

Five minutes tick by, and not a single curtain moves.

Swallowing down my bundle of nerves, I exit my Jeep and leave my sack of goodies in the back. I'm not here for work. I'm here to apologize, or so I keep telling myself.

In the side mirror, I check my hair and scowl at the overgrown beard I probably should've shaved off before coming today. At least I look presentable—black dress slacks and a well-fitted orange button-down rolled up my forearms, showing off my ink. I dressed for the occasion. More professional, less casual.

I shove my erection down into my pant leg to hide the evidence the best I can before I stroll over to the base of his cabin stairs.

Not wanting to cause the recluse any undue stress, I walk up each step firmly to alert him of my presence, but slow enough he doesn't think I'm gonna raid his house in the middle of nowhere. As I raise my fist to knock, the door flies open, and a messy-haired, shirtless, sexy-as-fuck blond opens the door, eyes as round as the sun. His mouth hangs slightly ajar. A ruddy blush consumes his cheeks.

“Hey, you,” I greet, keeping both hands down at my sides.

Finn sputters an unintelligible, shaky paragraph and gives me a total once-over from head to toe. What’s even better is he’s hard. So fuckin’ hard under his thin shorts. He doesn’t even try to hide it. Goosebumps pebble across his light skin as he steps back to let me into his space. I’m slow to approach, giving him a chance to slam the door in my face.

With those expressive eyes, he stares at my face as I enter. Then, he surprises the ever-lovin’ shit outta me when he drops his shorts in the middle of the living space, kicks them off, quickly strides over to his couch side table, grabs a bottle of lube, and drops on all fours right there, ass facing me.

I don’t have to be told twice.

No words are spoken as I steal the lube, pour the cool liquid over my fingers, kneel on the ground behind him, and dive right the hell between Finn’s perfect, tight ass cheeks. Three fingers penetrate smoothly.

“Please,” he croaks when I don’t fuck him hard or fast enough.

“Sweetheart, I’m in charge.” And so fucking turned on.

Wanting to draw this out for both of us, I work him slowly. The three digits make him pant for more. A fourth comes much later, when he’s ready for it, when he’s snapping his hips back, aching to be impaled.

Patting his ass affectionately, I chuckle. “So needy.”

Finn whines in protest. “Please,” he sobs, and my nuts draw up, wanting to unload in his body.

“You want my hand today?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes,” he chants, voice wrecked.

Because I can’t deny this beautiful man, I drizzle more lube from the bottle between his cheeks, right across his already stretched hole, and do what he needs most. I add my final finger. Finn collapses forward on a sharp gasp, followed by a long, deep, toe-curling moan. Knowing I can’t stop here, I press in further. Spitting on his reddened rim, my knuckles

breach him next until I'm fitting inside, hugged tightly by his gorgeous ass.

Knowing he needs time to adjust, I draw fingertips up and down his arched back, all the way to his rim, where I massage the edge before returning to his spine once more. He melts under my ministrations, sighing with each pass, hole squeezing around my wrist. Unable to stop taking care of him, I massage his one cheek and the next before I do the sides of his thighs the best I can from this angle.

Needing to feel how much he's into this, I lean over enough to reach under his body and wrap my fist around his slick, steely erection. He moans on contact.

"I... I..." Finn struggles for words.

Not needing him to say a single thing, 'cause I've got this, I've got him, I jack his massive cock, loving how the smooth thickness fills my palm. Finn shudders with each stroke, hips snapping of their own volition. A guttural cry echoes as cum unexpectedly erupts from his prick, painting the floor in his essence. I jack him through it, giving him whatever he needs to finish. Only he doesn't stop. He keeps fuckin' into my fist well past completion. Over and over again, Finn snaps his hips forward, his hole still impaled on my hand. Within minutes, his back arches sharply as he climaxes a second time, and his body gives out from the sheer power of his orgasm.

Fuck. He's perfect.

Not knowing what to do, I follow along, not wanting to remove myself until he asks. He rests his cheek on the cool hardwood floor as his body struggles for air. I move myself inside him just a little to get more comfortable in this position.

"Nnugh," Finn groans, hands fisting on either side of his prone form.

"You want me to take it out?" I check.

"N-never."

"You came on my hand, sweetheart."

"I-I-I know."

“Did it feel good?”

A shiver and faint nod.

“I’m sorry I showed up like this.”

“I’m not.”

“You sure?”

“I think... I’m... I think I’m... I’m...gay.” Finn squeezes his eyes shut as if he’s embarrassed to admit it aloud. For me, I’m fuckin’ soaring at the admission. If he’s gay or bi or anything but straight... then... maybe... possibilities.

Fuck.

I am an asshole.

Knowin’ it’s the right thing to do, even if he doesn’t want it, I remove myself from Finn’s body. It makes my goddamn heart ache at the loss, but it’s for the best. We need to talk. I need to explain and apologize. Leaving him to clean himself up, I go to the kitchen and wash my hands. By the time I’m through drying them on a towel and noting all his counters are stacked with loaves and loaves of freshly baked bread, Finn’s sitting naked on his couch, his mouthwatering dick still exposed and half-hard.

Like the last time I visited, I take the opposite side of the sofa and sit on my hands to keep them to myself.

The shy man fiddles with his thumbs, a deep blush trailing from his face down to his chest as he chews on his bottom lip, his hair sex-messy.

I give him time to collect his thoughts.

Finn’s cock turns rock solid before he opens his mouth to speak. When his gaze meets mine, he shies away again and cups his junk as if he’s ashamed of his body’s reaction.

Still, I don’t speak. I give him time to say whatever it is he wants. I’m a listener. An observer. A pleaser. That’s what I do. It’s who I am.

Shoulders hunched forward protectively, Finn stares at the center cushion when he finally speaks. “I...I think...I’m...”

He blows out a harsh breath. "I... I am... Attracted to... you."

"Is that why you think you're gay?"

"I-I don't know... I..." Finn massages the back of his neck, a scowl pinching his gorgeous face.

"Would it be better if I left the room and you talked to me in the kitchen?" It might make it easier for him.

"No." He's firm in his stance.

Kicking my shoes off, I prop one leg along the back of the couch as my other foot remains on the floor. I pat the open spot between my thighs, giving him the opportunity to sit here. Maybe that'll make it easier. I'm willing to try anything to make him as comfortable as I can. I know this is difficult, and I'm here for him, however he'll let me. Why? Even I don't understand. But I'm not leaving until we're both ready.

Finn looks up briefly before he slides across the couch and fits his back against my front. I wrap my arms around him from behind. He sighs on impact. Melting into me, Finn takes one of my hands and places it on his cock just to hold it. And I do. Happily. So fuckin' happily. I'll hold his cock any fucking time he wants. I wrap my other arm around him in a hug to keep him warm and safe. I nuzzle the side of his neck with my nose and inhale deeply to get a lungful of his exquisite woody scent.

I thumb his slick mushroom head. He sighs as if that's the best thing he's ever felt. "I'll take care of you any way you want," I vow.

"I can't stop thinking about..."

"Me inside you," I finish for him.

"Yes."

"Mmmm. It is nice. Is that why you think you're gay?"

"I am... gay, Beck. I masturbate every day, thinking about you. I don't think about women. Not like... that. Then you didn't want to help anymore." He mumbles the last part.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that. I’m here now.” My palm presses to the center of his stomach, never wanting to let go.

“*Why* are you here?” he asks nervously.

“Because of this...” I jack Finn’s thick cock and sink my teeth into the side of his neck, sucking a deep, dark welt into pale flesh. Finn moans and lets me do whatever I want, take whatever I want... Because there’s something here. I didn’t imagine it. Thank fuck.

He cups the back of my head, holding me to his flesh. I suck harder, wanting the mark to last for weeks as his ass presses against my erection.

“You’re real,” he croaks, as if I was a figment of his imagination.

“Yes, sweetheart.” Breathing heavily, I lave the spot I left on his neck. “I’m real. I’m here. Whatever you want, I’ll give you.”

“I... I can’t believe you’re here,” he whispers like he’s drunk.

“That makes two of us.”

“I’ve been working a lot.”

“And baking a lot,” I toss out.

A chuckle ripples through his entire body, vibrating into mine. “Yeah. That too. My head’s been a mess. I haven’t slept much.”

“That also makes two of us.” At least I’m not alone in this. Whatever *this* is.

Finn’s fingers dance at the base of my skull. “Could you maybe stay for the day? I’ll pay you whatever it costs.”

The rollercoaster soars in my middle. He wants me to stay here. I made the right choice to come. “I’ll stay as long as you’d like, but I’m not takin’ your money.” Not anymore.

“Umm... okay... So... that... means...”

“That means I’ll stay as long as you want. Visit you as much as you want. Fuck you anytime you want. Talk to you about anything you want. But I’m doin’ it ’cause we both want it.” Whether he’s gay or bi or unsure, I don’t care. I’m here as long as he wants. I know my emotions. I know what I want and what I don’t. There’s no question where my feelings lie. Not after three weeks of obsession and then... this. My body and mind are crystal clear on what it needs. Everything happens for a reason. I’m not fighting it.

“Oh... so... that...” Finn draws circles across my knee.

“Means whatever you want it to mean,” I answer for him.

“I’ve never done this before.”

“I know, and I’m not goin’ anywhere. We go at your pace. However long it works for us both.” Finn’s inexperienced. I respect that, which is why I’m always going to go at his pace. He says jump, I’m gonna ask how high. Not the other way around.

“Does that mean if I buy a... never mind.” He shakes his head as if whatever he’s about to say is a horrible idea.

Kissing the side of his head, I whisper in his ear, “Finish your sentence.”

“If I... buy a swing... you’ll...”

“Make you come in it?”

“I’ve been fantasizing about it a lot,” he admits, still drawing the circles.

This man is adorable as hell.

“Buy the swing, sweetheart. I’ll fuck you in it.” All day. Every damn day.

“And if I want... your hand...”

I drag my lips across the shell of his ear. “I’ll fuck you with it anytime you want.” It’s that simple. For me. For us. Cut and dry.

“Are you sure... you’re real?”

Pressing a long lingering kiss to the side of his head, I snicker. “Yes, sweetheart,” I whisper. “Now, why don’t we get some food in ya before we figure out whatever else we wanna get into today.”

“That...that works.”

With that, Finn gets up, and I follow right behind him, watching his delicious ass the entire stroll to the kitchen. He plays the dutiful host by preparing bread with sides for us to munch on, at the two-person live-edge table in his kitchen. Together, we eat and chat. His sweet nervousness seems to dissipate the longer we’re together. The more he relaxes, the more he opens up, the less he questions what’s coming from his mouth, and lets the words flow freely.

I sit back to listen and learn. When he asks questions about my family, I don’t shut down like usual. I explain my parents have passed and my sister is estranged. Bigotry does that to relationships.

It’s dark by the time we’re finished talking, and he’s escorting me to the porch. Not wanting to come off too strong, even though that ship has already sailed, I ask for his number again, kiss his cheek goodbye, and wave to him from my Jeep before I drive off. Standing naked in the doorway, he waves in return, a soft, beautiful smile filling his face beneath the porch light.

On my descent back into the real world, I’m the calmest I’ve been in months, the happiest I’ve been in years... and I can’t wait to visit Finn again. I dunno where this will lead, but I’m ready for the journey.

NEXT IN THE SERIES

[His Helper - Part 3: A Hand, A Hope, A Hike](#)

Finn

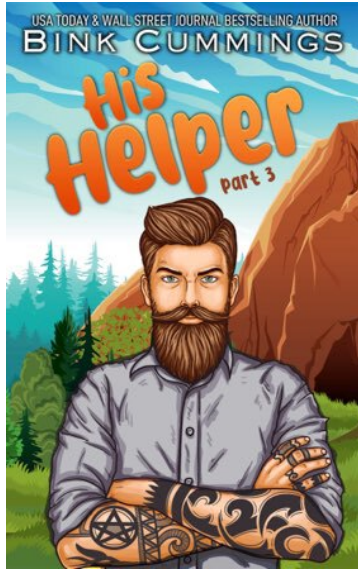
When Beckett decides he wants to see where things go
between us, who am I to say no?

We're spending a weekend together at my cabin, and I'm a
nervous wreck.

What if he changes his mind?

What if this ends in heartbreak?

I've never felt like this with anyone before, and I don't know
what to do if he breaks things off again.



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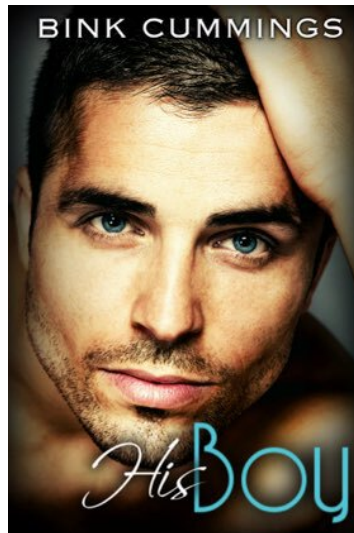
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