



Strong Coffee

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Description: I only wanted a one-night stand. I didn't expect to fall for him too.

My best friend is in love with me.

Instead of trying to make things work with him, I decide to have a one-night stand with someone else.

I try making it last for only one night, but my stupid heart gets in the way and I end up falling in love with him.

What makes it worse is that he's my father's business partner.

Total Pages (Source): 31

Page 1

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

ONE

Brady

Sometimes, you just needed a date with yourself. It could be to the movies, to a spa, or to a park. Something where it's just you with yourself, by yourself.

Or so I had been told anyway.

Self-care had never really been my thing but the ladies who worked at my place of business often talked about what they did over the weekend to de-stress and how it made them feel so much better after. I was curious about it but never ventured out to do it myself, until I was ordered to by my friends. Although the four of us could all use a little self-care every now and again, I was the only one they instructed to try it.

I was constantly given a hard time because I worked too much but that was what happened when you owned part of a business. We all worked a lot. It was the only way we could get ourselves out of the hole we put ourselves in. We had to spend money to make money and when you owned your own business, it could take years for you to make that money back and more. Some didn't even make it out of that hole. Thankfully, we all had our own degrees in different things when it came to owning and running a business.

Three of my best friends and I had set out to work together right out of high school. We all went to the same college, took degrees that could advance our careers, and worked several part-time jobs. We didn't party like most did in school. We had a mission and were all driven with the need to create something that belonged to all of

us. It took a while to figure out what sort of business we could own. We thought of having something to do with beer, but we weren't heavy drinkers. So instead, we decided to open a café. It served coffee and baked goods by day and turned into a bar of sorts by night. We served specialty coffee, baked goods that had some form of liquor in them, and other things that were more adult-orientated by the time evening rolled around.

Being part owner of Coffee Beans and Love, a local coffee shop that catered to every walk of life, I had been working nonstop for years. While we were making more money than when we first opened our café, lately, little things kept happening that set us back. It would only be a few hundred dollars' worth of shit every now and again, but it added up. I wasn't even the one who looked at the numbers and I knew we were falling back into a hole once again.

The other night I was told that I didn't need to worry about the café and to take care of myself for once. Did I look that tired? One couldn't tell when they were sleep deprived and hopped up on the very coffee they served.

"You need to get out more, boss." Jasmine didn't bother to look at me while she gave me the same lecture she had been giving me since the very day I hired her. It wasn't just me she told that to but to my friends as well. "All of you need to get out more. You work way too hard. You've taught us and trained us to run this place without you. You four need to loosen the strings a bit and let us do our jobs."

"She's not wrong." Shane Hall, my best friend and another co-owner, clapped my shoulder, gave it a squeeze, and kissed me on the cheek. "You do need to go out."

"Jasmine said we all need to get out and you need to stop kissing me at work." I playfully shoved him away, rubbing my cheek and sticking my tongue out at him.

He chuckled, running a hand through his shaggy blond hair. "I love you too."

“Yeah yeah. Go away and let me stew.” I loved him as well but not in the way he needed.

Shane had been bugging me for weeks to go out by myself. I thought it sounded lame but decided to listen for once and do as I was told. It still didn't sit right with me. I never complied and was always the one who did the demanding. Not that it happened often but every now and again I laid awake at night, remembering my last partner and how they submitted so damn beautifully, it took me jerking off twice before I could calm down enough to get some sleep.

Maybe that was my problem.

I was always used to being in control. Maybe just once I needed someone to control me. My ex-partners tried but it never worked and I ended up taking over. Not that they didn't do a good job of it but I was impatient and wanted to take things into my own hands. One day I would find someone who could give me what I want but until then, my own hands would have to do. Finding a partner was difficult, with having barely any free time anymore, so I stuck to my own devices and decided to keep to myself.

It was exhausting.

Just once I would like to know what it felt like to be truly dominated. To submit and give up that control. To trust someone so deeply that you knew you could let them take over your pleasure, both physically and mentally, and give you everything you had ever hoped for. To maybe even be degraded a little. Nothing too dark because that wasn't my thing, but I wouldn't mind being called a few filthy names and tossed around a little. Or shoved up against the nearest wall or bent over the nearest hard surface all because they couldn't control themselves and needed me.

My blood stirred just thinking about it.

My ex, Alex, had been one of a kind when it came to what I was looking for in a partner, but life happened, and we grew apart. Or that was what he had told me. I later found out through mutual acquaintances that he found someone else who wasn't so career-driven and one who could focus more on their relationship. I couldn't say I blamed him for that. Last I had heard, he was holed up in some shitty apartment, with even shittier friends and had fallen off the deep end. It took everything in me not to reach out, but my best friends and father convinced me otherwise.

My cell took that moment to vibrate, pulling me from my thoughts.

When I saw who was calling me, a small smile pulled at my lips. But that tingle I used to feel whenever he called, was no longer there and I couldn't figure out why. Instead, a longing for something more lingered inside of me. I was ready to settle down, but I couldn't do it with Shane. Even though he was my best friend and had been so for years, there was something missing. Something that neither of us could give each other no matter how much we tried.

"Hey, lover," I greeted, wincing as soon as those words left my mouth. I shouldn't joke around like that with Shane. I didn't need him to get the wrong impression. We had messed around a few times, and it never amounted to anything more than just a fling, but Shane latched on quickly. I ended up breaking his heart when I told him that we weren't good for each other. He would never admit it, but I couldn't get the look on his face out of my mind. He looked completely defeated. But I knew I wasn't enough for him when he didn't even bother fighting for me. Instead, he agreed and thanked me for being honest with him.

A rough laugh sounded from the other end of the phone but that laugh held a hint of sadness in it. "You only wish," Shane responded.

I shook my head. Maybe I was overthinking things. "What's up?"

“Just checking in to see how your date with yourself is going. I know you weren’t really into it but even us guys need some self-care every now and again.”

“I would rather spend my self-care moments with a hot body but food and beer will do I guess.” I was currently nursing a lukewarm beer, but the warm friendly ambiance of the restaurant was nice. I couldn’t complain too much.

“Well, I’m sure most of us would like to spend time with a hot body but that can cause problems. Kind of defeats the purpose of this self-care task.”

“Why do I feel like you’re scolding me?” I frowned, running a finger along the rim of the beer stein.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“Not scolding. Just reminding.” His voice turned gentle then. “I love you, Brady, but you need a break. We’ve all been working hard at getting our café, bar, whatever you want to call it, going and we’re getting there but we do need to take some time off every now and again too.”

“Right.” I scoffed. “Says the guy who doesn’t even know what taking a break actually means. When was the last time you had a date with yourself, Shane?”

A deep chuckle sounded in my ear. If it had been a year before, that sound would have sent a tingle throughout every inch of me. But now, it did absolutely nothing. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that. Things with Shane could be simple. We knew each other better than we knew ourselves. But we seemed to work better as friends than as a couple. It was like we knew each other too much to make things work between us. That was what I told myself anyway. It helped me sleep at night. Really, we weren’t good for each other. He wasn’t my soul mate. I wasn’t overly romantic, but I did long for the day that I would meet someone who could give me everything I needed and in return, I would do the same for them.

“You still there, Brady?”

I cleared my throat, my body stiffening over the fact that Shane had probably said something, and I missed it. “Yeah, I am.”

“See? You’re distracted. This date is perfect for you.”

“I would rather be on a date with someone,” I mumbled.

“I can join you...” His words trailed off, hinting at something we could never give each other.

“Nah, I love you, so thank you, but I would rather be here alone than to fuck that up again.”

“Listen, it wasn’t just you,” Shane reminded me.

“I know but...” I coughed. “Yeah.” He often told me that it was both of us. We couldn’t be a couple as much as we loved each other. But it wasn’t the same. You could love someone but not be in love with them. That was our problem.

“I get it. We’ll both find someone that makes us happy but just know that I will always love you, Brady.”

“I don’t want to talk about this again.” Maybe that was the issue. I didn’t want to talk. I wanted to fuck. That was it. I just wanted to have a good time. Like most of my friends and business partners, I was happy with being single. For now.

“Alright, grumpy,” Shane grumbled. He quickly said goodbye and disconnected the call.

I sighed, putting my phone away and scrubbing a hand down my face. I was going to pay for that when I showed up at work the next day.

Our friends said that Shane and I fought like an old married couple sometimes. While I appreciated where he came from and how he looked out for me, I didn’t need another father figure. I had a father, and he was the best fucking father there was. I couldn’t ask for better. Part of the problem was that Shane didn’t have a dad of his own and felt that he needed to take over that role. He would never admit it, but he needed someone he could care for. He needed a dog or a cat. Or even a plant. Or

better yet, he needed his own father figure in his life. Maybe it was him who needed to be taken care of.

A sharp pain erupted through my stomach, like it usually did whenever I felt guilty. I quickly sent Shane a text apologizing and telling him that I was happy I had someone like him to look out for me. He didn't respond but that was fine. I could make it up to him somehow later on. Right now, I was focused on having this date with myself like I had been told to do.

After I placed an order of food and beer, I was picking away at a plate of french fries, when the hairs on the back of my neck tingled. I knew that feeling. It happened often enough in my twenty-five years on this planet, I could tell when I was being watched. Not that I was drop-dead gorgeous or anything, but I had a certain look about me. I was tall, had a swimmer's body, even though I didn't swim, and had tattoos covering most of my torso and arms. My black hair constantly fell into my eyes, but I refused to cut it. My favorite genre of music was punk rock and death metal. All metal really. So, I definitely fit the part.

That familiar tingle never went away as time went on. I wasn't sure why I would be watched. Especially at a restaurant like this one. It was fancier than what I was used to, but the guys had made the reservation. I didn't want to be rude, so I accepted. The staff had been nothing but nice to me so far and never looked at me with judgement or anything with how I looked.

Glancing around the open space of the dining area, I searched for the source, for the person staring me down. For the very reason why I suddenly felt like every inch of me was being scrutinized. When my eyes landed on the cause for this sudden feeling, I swallowed hard.

A large man was leaning against a wall on the other side of the vast expanse of the dining area I sat in. He was near a hallway that had a sign hanging from the ceiling

marked 'Staff Only'. He was dressed in a dark suit, the fabric hugging every inch of him like it was made for his body specifically. He held a phone in one hand, while his other scratched his stubbled chin. He stared at me with an intensity I had never felt before. He couldn't be looking at me though. There was absolutely no way I was the center of his attention.

I looked around me, wondering if maybe I had been imagining things. There was no way this beautiful specimen was focused on me when there were so many other people in this restaurant. Especially when I could never be his type. He looked to be rich and like he had money seeping from his pores, while I looked like I had just rolled in off the street. Sure, I dressed nicely enough, but owning a coffee shop didn't magically have me and my partners filthy rich. It was taking time but all of us were stubborn as hell, so we got by well enough and refused to give up.

I quickly sent Shane a text, letting him know that some guy was staring at me and asked what I should do. As soon as I sent the text, I realized I probably should have texted one of my other friends, but I knew that Shane would be pissed that I didn't go to him for advice first. It didn't make sense, given our history and all. Shane, being Shane, responded that I should go for it. Even though our phone conversation didn't end overly well, I could always count on him to give me advice whenever I needed it. Even if he was pissed at me.

I could go for it, but I wasn't exactly sure how to do that. It wasn't like I had people lining up to sleep with me, so dates had been few and far between lately. Especially when trying to get a business up and running took most of my time.

Signaling the waiter over, I ordered another beer. If I was going to go for it like Shane suggested, I needed some liquid courage. Not that two beers would do a whole lot, but it would help a bit at least.

After the waiter came back with my beer, I took a long swig, watching the mysterious

man. He was still looking my way but every now and again, he would glance down at his phone and scowl.

I found that I wanted to wipe that scowl off his face and replace it with a smile. Or better yet, have a groan fall from his lips.

My dick twitched, not expecting to react so suddenly to this stranger.

I wasn't sure why, but I had to meet this man. Even if I never got his name, I had to meet him in one of the best ways I knew how.

I had to fuck him.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

Or better yet...

I had to be fucked by him.

TWO

Camden

I had no idea who the hell this guy was, but I found that I needed to know him. He wouldn't stop staring. Every time I looked his way and his eyes met mine, it set every inch of me on fire.

It had been a long time since I was with someone. The last few one-night stands I had, ended up being messy. People got attached. I broke some hearts. Even though I led with the fact that I wasn't looking for anything serious, they still became attached. So I gave up and threw myself into my work.

This guy appeared to be younger than what I usually went for. I enjoyed controlling everything that happened in the bedroom and came to the conclusion that a lot of older men preferred it that way. I wondered if this guy was the same. Would he let me take control and dive deep inside of him? Would he let me take over his pleasure and give him and myself, everything we needed? My cock thickened, the blood pumping through it like it knew exactly what it wanted.

My phone vibrated in my hand, forcing my gaze away from the man I was currently lusty over. When I read the text that had come in, I swallowed hard.

I had invested in a few local businesses now that I was back in the city and became a silent partner for one of the bar owners. I didn't think the bar was going anywhere but the guy was hot as fuck and I thought maybe I could get him beneath me if I flashed some money around. It never amounted to that, and I became friends with the guy instead.

Rhett had been focused solely on growing his business but had a hard time making his bar stand out from the rest. After a year of working together, his bar had finally taken off and he was no longer in the red. It felt good to help out the smaller businesses even though I had different intentions at first.

He could be stubborn and grumpy as hell. He was older and well into his forties and difficult to work with at times. When I moved to this city, I heard that he was looking for an investor to help him get more customers. He needed help with marketing and getting word out that he served the best burgers in town. His burgers were really that good, so he just needed a boost.

"I know you only helped me to sleep with me." Rhett crossed his arms under his broad chest.

I grunted, rolling my eyes. "How the hell could you know that?"

"Because." He pointed at me. "The other night when we drank a little too much after celebrating, you confessed it."

My eyes widened. "I didn't."

"You did." He chuckled. "I love you, man, but you don't do it for me."

"Oh I know I don't but it doesn't mean that I wouldn't have tried." I laughed, shaking my head. "I also know that there's someone you are interested in."

His smile fell, his cheeks turning a light shade of pink. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

It made me wonder ever since why Rhett wouldn’t go after this guy, but I never pressed. It wasn’t my business anyway and I had more important things to take care of. Especially at the moment while this sexy as fuck, younger man stared my way.

I wasn’t sure why, but I was intrigued by the guy sitting by himself at one of the corner tables. He wasn’t usually my type. He had longer hair that he kept running his fingers through. From where I stood, I could see the tattoos adorning his exposed skin. My blood stirred. I wondered just how many tattoos he had.

I usually went for the business type or someone older, but I liked the way this guy looked at me. It was like he could see past the bullshit exterior and down to my very core. Maybe it went even deeper than that. Maybe he could see into my soul, reaching for the deepest part, the darkest part of me and begging for it to come out and play. But this didn’t make sense. I didn’t know him. Hell, I didn’t even know his name.

His dark hair fell into his eyes once again. Tattooed fingers brushed them out of the way. His eyes pierced into me, watching me, waiting for something.

I wasn’t new to one-night stands, but it had been a while. A long while in fact and my hand was no longer cutting it. After the shit day I had, I needed something to take the edge off. Maybe this stranger would be the one who could give me what I so desperately needed.

My phone buzzed, pulling my eyes from the guy currently eye fucking me. A text had come in from Rhett, letting me know about a meeting I had with him in a few days. Even though I just saw him that morning for coffee, we never really talked about business and decided to catch up on life instead. He had a son after getting his high school girlfriend pregnant after prom. They tried staying together for their child, but

it didn't work, so they raised him together as friends instead. Although Rhett and I hit it off from the very start, he was private about his personal life and never introduced me to his ex or son.

Another text came in, pulling me from my thoughts.

Rhett: The proper response is to say, 'Yes, Sir, I'll see you in a few days, Sir.'

I chuckled, shaking my head then typed up a quick reply.

Me: You need to tone it down on that ego of yours.

It wasn't much of a dig, but I couldn't focus when I was playing out in my head how the rest of the night was going to go.

When I looked back up, the guy was no longer staring at me. Much to my surprise, it sent a rush of anger throughout every inch of me. I wanted his eyes on me. No. I needed them on me. I liked the way it made me feel and it left me yearning for more. It left me feeling vulnerable but alive at the same time. I had been with many people in my lifetime, but nothing ever compared to this. Lust at first sight wasn't anything new for me but this current feeling was. It was a feeling I couldn't even begin to describe.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

Not understanding these new feelings, I went back to my phone and tried distracting myself from thoughts of that guy. There was no way he was looking at me and wanting more. He was probably wondering why the hell I had been staring at him in the first place. I was reading too much into it. Maybe it was because I hadn't been laid in so long, that any guy who looked at me made me feel like they wanted sex. Or it had been what I hoped for.

Rubbing the back of my neck, I tried easing some of the tension resting on my muscles. Owning a business and attempting to own more was stressful as hell.

My attention was brought back to my mysterious stranger still sitting by himself across the room.

When a waitress walked by me, I caught her arm. "Whatever he's having, it's on the house. Do not charge him for anything and tell him if he wants anything else, it's free too."

The waitress followed my gaze. "You mean the guy sitting by himself?"

The one who's tattooed to the nines and hot as fuck. "Yes," I croaked.

She looked up at me, a wide grin spreading on her face. "Will do but I do have to say that you've never done this before."

I caught her gaze, trying to place a name with her face.

"Mindy." She stuck out her hand. "I'm new and we haven't officially met yet."

“Camden.” I returned her handshake, not wanting to be rude but I really wanted her to make sure my current obsession was taken care of before I could do the same.

“It’s nice to meet you.” She gave me a wide smile. “I’ll make sure your friend enjoys the rest of his dinner.”

“Thank you,” I muttered, shoving my hands in my pockets and shifting from foot to foot. I watched as Mindy went up to the table and greeted the guy I wanted to dive into. As she spoke to him, she pointed over her shoulder, aiming directly at me.

I turned and headed down the hallway before he caught me staring at him again. I had no idea what the hell I was doing but what I did know was that for once, I was going to do something for me. Unfortunately for the hot as fuck stranger, he was going to get my full wrath and I wasn’t sure how he would take it.

THREE

Brady

I wasn’t a flirt by any means. But when the mysterious man kept staring my way, I did my best to let him know that I noticed. Fuck me, did I ever notice him.

It also helped that he wouldn’t let me pay for anything.

When the waitress came over, she introduced herself as Mindy.

“The owner told me to tell you that everything is on the house tonight.” She gave me a wide smile, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Oh. Can I ask why?” Not that I was complaining. Who didn’t like a free meal? But there had to be a catch of some sort. There always was.

“I’m not sure.” Mindy shrugged. “He insisted and who am I to argue with the boss?” Before I could question her any more on the matter, she spun on her heel and left.

I looked for my current obsession, but he was nowhere to be found. Disappointment settled in the pit of my stomach.

Finishing up my meal and drinks, I offered to pay.

“I appreciate that,” Mindy said, giving me a wide smile. “But Mr. West insisted that it’s on the house.”

“I really don’t feel comfortable—”

“I’m just doing my job, so please don’t make me tell my boss that you’re refusing his offer.” She paused. “And trust me. He doesn’t pay for just anyone, so you obviously caught his eye for whatever reason.”

I grunted, fighting back an eye roll. Clearly the guy just wanted to get laid and nothing more. Couldn’t say I blamed him really when I had been wanting to do the same thing. “Okay. Well please thank him for me.”

“Will do.” Mindy nodded. “Enjoy the rest of your night,” she said with a smile and went back to serving other customers.

I should have left but I didn’t want to. Not yet. I needed to either meet this guy, introduce myself to him or for us to just fuck and get it out of both of our systems.

I ended up down a hall that led to the bathrooms. I didn’t know where the owner’s office was. A part of me wanted to go hunting for it but another part thought that maybe I had read into things wrong.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

After finishing up in the bathroom, I stepped back out into the hall and looked both ways. I slowly made my way to the hall where the owner had once been but found him nowhere.

Looking around me, I didn't find any staff around either, so I snuck down the hall. Once I was standing outside a door that had Office: Employees Only, marked on it, I lifted my hand to knock. I didn't know if he was actually in this room but everything inside of me hoped he was.

Before my knuckles landed against the door, it swung open. I stumbled back, my eyes widening.

Taking another step back, I stared up into the darkest eyes I had ever seen. The man who had been staring at me all night was standing right in front of me. He was even more beautiful up close.

He tilted his head, his eyes locking with mine for a split second before roaming down the length of me. The way he looked at me, made me feel vulnerable in a way. It was like he was reaching into the deepest part of me. I wasn't sure what he was hoping to find but whatever he wanted, I would give it to him. Even if it was just for a single night.

"Tell me your name," he demanded, his voice gruff, like he had gargled with broken glass.

I swallowed hard, clearing my throat. "Brady."

Before I could ask him for his, he reached out a hand and grabbed hold of my shirt. He pulled me into his office like I weighed nothing at all. Which was probably the case compared to him. The sheer size of him overwhelmed my lithe frame.

The next thing I knew I was slammed up against the door, it shutting behind me. A hot mouth came down hard on mine.

I jumped at the sudden impact, not expecting to be kissed by a mere stranger. “Wait.” But as that single word left my mouth, it seemed to make him think that he had an invitation to slip his tongue between my lips. He sucked a moan from the center of my soul.

Rough hands roamed up the length of my body, back down and up again. My skin erupted into tiny goose bumps, my dick lengthening against the fly of my jeans.

“Wait,” I said, firmer that time.

He broke the kiss, trailing his mouth down the length of my jaw. “What?” he whispered, his chest rising and falling with rapid breaths.

“What’s your name?” I didn’t care that we didn’t know each other but I at least needed to know his name.

“Camden.” He spun me around, pushing his waist up into the seat of my ass. “But most call me Cam.”

“Nice to meet you, Cam.”

“Nice to meet you too, Brady.” He kissed the back of my neck. “I’d say I’d like to get to know you first before we did this but then I’d be lying.”

“I don’t give a shit about that,” I panted, placing my hands against the door on either side of my head. “I just needed your name.”

“Good.” He reached around my waist to the buckle of my belt. “Because right now, that’s all you’re going to get.”

Before I could comment, he had my belt and zipper undone. He slipped his hand into my boxers and wrapped his long fingers around my swollen shaft.

“Hmm...nice size,” he whispered in my ear, pulling my cock out of my jeans.

“Thank you,” I said, like I had any control over the size of my dick.

Camden moved his hand up and down my thick shaft, his fingers grazing my balls. No matter how many times I had touched myself or had others touch me, nothing felt as good as Camden’s hand wrapped around me at that very moment. With each rough stroke, a tingle of pleasure shot up my spine.

My hips began moving of their own accord, wishing he would hurry up and get it done and over with but at the same time, I didn’t want this to end.

Cam released me, lowering to his knees behind me. He slipped his fingers into the waist of my jeans and pulled the fabric over my ass and down my legs to rest at my feet. “This is just sex,” he said, his dark eyes meeting mine.

“Don’t worry, Cam. I won’t go falling in love with you.”

He chuckled, grabbing the cheeks of my rear with both hands. “Fuck me, it’s been too long.”

Before I could ask what he meant by that, his hot mouth covered a spot that had been

neglected for months.

I groaned, bucking against him.

His tongue licked along the tight flesh, penetrating me until all I felt was this wetness inside of me. He growled, shaking his head against me and thrust his tongue in and out of me.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“Fuck.” I wrapped my hand around his that was currently stroking me and pumped my dick into his open palm. “Cam.Fuck.”

He released my cock and rose to his full height behind me. “This is going to hurt.”

I shivered at his promise.

“And this is definitely going to be a moment you never forget.” The sound of a zipper lowering, followed by a foil wrapper opening, sent a tremor of nerves rushing through me. “Stick your ass out, Brady.”

Placing my hands against the door for leverage, I tilted my hips.

Cam spat into his palm and pumped his cock a few times before lining it up with my ass. He let another drop of saliva leave his lips, the warm liquid dripping between the cheeks of my rear.

Before I could brace myself, he thrust into me in one smooth move, forcing a shout from my lips. He cupped my shoulder, powering his hips forward and back, not letting me get used to the sudden invasion in my body.

Sounds left my lips I had never heard before. If anyone were to walk by the office door on the other side, they would hear the evidence that someone was seriously getting fucked.

“Cam,” I whined, my eyes rolling into the back of my head.

He only grunted, digging his fingers into my shoulder and pumping his cock in and out of me.

The pleasure burned with the pain, and it had never been something I ever experienced before. I had never been with someone as big as him. Cam knew how to use his body. He rolled his hips, undulated them, and damn near fucked the soul out of my body.

He growled, cupping both of my shoulders and gave us exactly what we wanted.

FOUR

Camden

Fucking hell, he wastight. As soon as I slipped my dick in him, I couldn't control myself and began taking from him what I wanted. At this point, I didn't overly give a shit if he came or not. But if he did, I hoped he made a huge fucking mess.

His whimpers and whines shoved me over the edge.

My hands tightened on his shoulders, knowing my fingers were going to leave bruises.

"Harder," Brady begged. "Please fuck me harder."

"Yes, yes, yes," I chanted. "Take it, baby boy. Take my dick."

"Fuck." Brady pushed his ass back against me, meeting me thrustfor thrust.

"Take it all," I growled, shoving my cock into him as far as his body would allow.

He gasped, his knees almost buckling beneath him.

I wrapped my arm around his shoulders, holding him tight, so he wouldn't fall. "I got you."

Curling my hand around his dick, I began pumping my hips once again.

Brady's breathing picked up, his shaft swelling in my hand. "I'm going to come," he whispered.

"Do it." I licked along the back of his neck just below his hairline and reveled in the way he shivered against me. "Come hard. Make a fucking mess, Brady."

A sharp gasp left him, his body bowing. "Geezus, fucking hell, Cam." He moaned, his knees shaking as thick streams of cum shot out of his dick and landed against the bottom of my office door. The gooey substance coated my hand, forcing a smile to pull at my lips.

"Fuck," he whispered, pushing his ass back into me.

Releasing his cock, I shoved two fingers into his mouth, needing him to taste what I did to him.

He moaned, licking along the digits.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

After that, it didn't take long for my own release to follow. It poured into the condom, but I had a moment where I wished I had taken him bare. My stomach twisted at that thought. Never once in my life had I wanted to not use protection. Even with the people I had dated for more than a year. But there was something about Brady. Something I wanted to explore. We just met. Hell, I only knew his name and that was it. But I knew I didn't want this to end. Especially not anytime soon.

"Fucking hell." Brady sighed, resting the side of his face against the door.

My dick was now soft, but I kept it inside him. I needed him to know what he did to me. It didn't matter that we didn't know each other. Nothing had ever felt as good as this.

Brady reached behind him, his hand latching on to my waist. He pulled me harder against him, taking me even deeper than before. My cock was now semi-hard. While I wanted to fuck this guy again and again, I did have work to do.

Pushing my hand against the side of his face, I leaned toward his ear. My lips brushed along it, earning me a shiver. "I don't know about you, Brady," I murmured, keeping my mouth pressed against the shell of his ear. "But I want to do this again."

"Yes," he whispered.

My lips turned up into a grin. "I think someone likes feeling my big dick deep in his ass."

A low moan left him. "You have no idea."

I chuckled, releasing him and slowly slipping from his body. As much as I didn't want this to end, I also didn't want him feeling like he had to stay just because it had been a while for me.

His piercing green eyes flicked to mine, his strong jaw clenching.

Looking away before it could become any more awkward, I ripped off the condom and stuffed my dick back into my pants. Heading over to my desk, I threw the condom in the trash and did up my zipper and belt.

"Thank you for paying for my food, drinks and...well...this."

When I looked back at him, he only shrugged. He had pulled his jeans back up, but the zipper remained undone. An image of him naked slid into my mind and I vowed right then and there that I would have him again.

A light rosy tint hit his cheeks the longer I stared at him. Before I could stop myself, I closed the distance between us and had him pressed up against the wall.

"What are you doing this weekend?" I asked, pushing my waist into his. His cock twitched against mine, his hands latching on to my hips and pulling me even closer. "Tell me you'll spend it with me," I demanded softly, not waiting for him to answer my question and put my mouth on the side of his throat.

"I...I have to..." His chest rose and fell with ragged breaths.

My tongue licked up the length of his throat, my teeth nipping at the sharp line of his jaw.

"Fuck, Cam," he panted.

My lips pulled up into a grin.

“I have to work,” he was finally able to get out.

“That’s fine.” Curling my hand around the back of his neck, I sucked and licked at his slender tattooed throat. I had a moment where I wanted people to know that he had been royally fucked by someone. That he had been used up and completely and utterly ripped apart. I wanted people to think that he was owned. “I have to work as well. We can work, fuck, work some more.” My mouth reached his, nipping at his lips before I kissed him with everything I had.

Brady moaned, arching against me. His hands ran under my dress shirt, his fingers lightly brushing along my abs and up to my chest before sliding around to my tailbone.

Deepening the kiss, I held his head in place as I licked along every inch of his mouth. I didn’t have time to fuck him again. Even though I was the boss, I had a meeting over the phone in the next half hour but I sure as fuck wanted Brady going home with a raging hard on. I wanted him so worked up because of me that he had to jerk off before he could do anything else. I needed him to need me.

“Cam.” Brady broke the kiss, gently pushing me back. “I can’t think straight right now.”

“You make that sound like a bad thing.” I grabbed his hands that were still beneath my shirt and held them tight as I stepped toward him. This sudden need to have his hands on me at all times, came on strong. I was about to kiss him again when my phone rang, jarring through this moment I had with a complete stranger. “I have to take this.” I kissed his cheek, pulled away from him, and headed to my desk. “Fix your jeans or neither of us are going anywhere.”

A laugh boomed through Brady, but he did as he was told.

I sat at my desk, picking up my cell and smiling when I saw who was calling me.
“Hey, Bev.”

“Hi, Sweetheart.” Beverly Owens’ cheerful voice could pull me out of any dark mood, and I would forever be grateful for that.

“What’s up?” I pulled the phone away from my ear and covered the mouthpiece.
“You don’t have to leave,” I told Brady, hoping that he would stay until I at least got his number.

He nodded, moving to the blood red leather couch sitting against the far wall. He stretched his long legs out in front of him and let out a sigh. He gave me a smile, looking comfortable in my space. My blood stirred at that thought.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“Mini fridge is right beside you. Take whatever you want. This shouldn’t be long.”
While Brady rummaged through the fridge, I went back to my phone call with Bev.

“Who are you talking to?” she asked me.

“A new friend,” I said loud enough for Brady to hear me.

His head lifted, his jade eyes meeting mine. He smirked, giving me a wink.

“Oh? I want all of the details.”

I chuckled. “I’ll give them to you after you tell me why you called.”

“Oh yes. I did do that.” She giggled.

I shook my head, but I couldn’t help the smile forming on my face. Beverly was my best friend and there had been a time when she was more than that. Before I knew I was gay, she and I had dated and eventually got married. It lasted for a year before we got divorced but it was only because she refused to let me live a lie. She had been nothing but supportive and she was the only woman I had ever slept with. I loved her and would always love her, but she had been right. I refused to hide and was on a journey to grow my business and find that one true love. No matter how long it took me. I was only thirty-four, so I was still young and I had time.

“I just wanted to remind you of our dinner date Saturday night.”

My stomach twisted, knowing I had asked Brady to spend the weekend with me. For

the first time, I had forgotten about my monthly date with Bev.

“You forgot, didn’t you?”

“I wouldn’t say I forgot exactly.” I was trying to cover my tracks, but she knew me well. No matter what I did and how I said it, she would know that I actually forgot.

“It’s okay, Cammy. Tell me who he is.”

I smiled at the nickname she had given me years ago and continued to use to this day. “He’s someone I met at my restaurant.” I sat back in the large leather chair, looking across the room at the very reason I forgot all about my dinner date with my ex-wife.

“What’s his name?”

“Brady,” I told her.

“How old is he? Is he from here?”

“We never got that far.” I rubbed my mouth with two fingers, Brady’s gaze watching the movement.

“Of course you didn’t.” She sighed. “I love you, but I really want nieces and nephews, so hurry up and settle down already.”

“I want nieces and nephews too,” I reminded her gently.

“Ha. You’re older than I am, so you have to have them first. Those are the rules.”

I chuckled, shaking my head. “Listen, Bev. I’ll be there for our dinner date but yes, I did actually forget.”

“It’s okay. We can reschedule.”

“No.” I looked forward to our dinners. She was the closest thing I had to family besides my parents. Even though we no longer lived in the same city, she always made the drive here. I paid for her hotel room and for dinner even though she insisted on paying the bill for once. It was an ongoing argument between us and one she wouldn’t win. I couldn’t take my money with me when the time came that I passed, so I always paid for everything.

“Are you sure?” Bev asked.

“Of course. We need to catch up anyway.”

“Okay. Then I’ll see you at the same time at your restaurant.”

“That sounds perfect.” I stood from the chair and walked out from behind the desk.

“Good. Have fun and I’ll see you Saturday, Cammy. Love you.”

“I love you too.” I disconnected the call and threw my phone on the couch opposite the one Brady was sitting in.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“Everything okay?” Brady asked, tilting his head back to stare up at me.

I fell to my knees in front of him, grabbed his waist and ripped open his jeans. “It’s about to be.” I suddenly had a need to have him in my mouth. He looked way too damn good sitting in my office. I never brought guys Ifucked here and had never even had sex in this space. But with Brady, I wanted to christen every single inch of this room. I enjoyed having him in my personal safe place.

It all happened so damn quickly that by the time I had him in my mouth, my thoughts were a mess. As soon as his cock bumped the back of my throat, I realized I was about to miss my meeting.

FIVE

Brady

I was not expecting tonight to go how it had. I was curled up in the corner of Cam’s couch, trying not to think about how much I hurt. I wasn’t new to sex, but fuck me, I had never experienced anything remotely close to this. Not even with Shane. While what I had with him had never been serious, it still didn’t ignite that passion I felt with Cam.

After he had taken my cock deep into his mouth, he damn near sucked the very soul from my body. My dick was still sensitive from the way his teeth had scraped up along the shaft.

Although he had fucked me again and I couldn’t think of anything else during the

moment but now that we were sitting in silence, I couldn't help but wonder who was on the phone. He had told the caller that he loved them. Was it a family member? A spouse? Was he married? Was I a home-wrecker?

"I can feel you thinking, Brady."

Cam's deep voice pulled me from my thoughts.

"Sorry." I stretched my legs out in front of me, running my hands up and down my thighs. I didn't know what to do from here. It had been a while since I had a one-night stand. I wasn't sure what the rules were anymore.

"Hey." Cam inched closer to me, grabbing my hand and bringing it up to his mouth. His lips brushed ever so slightly along my knuckles. "What is it?"

"I know it's none of my business but who was on the phone?" I asked, wishing right away that I could take back the question. It wasn't like I had a right to know but this feeling rushed through me. It was a feeling I had never experienced before. Not with any of the guys I had been with previously and especially not with Shane. Was I jealous?

Cam tilted his head, his gaze piercing into mine. "It was my ex-wife."

My eyes widened. "You...really?"

He released me, running a hand through his hair and leaning his head against the back of the couch. "It took a long time before I realized that I'm gay. My ex-wife, Beverly, helped me see it." He looked at me then, his eyes shining as he spoke about her. "She was my everything. Still is. But not in a romantic way. We grew up together and went to the same school. We were so close, we figured that dating made sense. We lost our virginities to each other too. It was awkward but honestly, I wouldn't change it for

anything. We got married right out of high school. We were young and thought we were in love but I realize now that we weren't. Or not in the way most are when they get married. A year into our marriage, she told me she wanted a divorce."

"What did you say?" I couldn't imagine getting married so young. Not that I had been close enough with anyone that I wanted to get married but that was beside the point.

"I asked her why and she said and I'm quoting, 'Cam, I know you're gay. You need to stop hiding and find someone you can spend your life with.' She also added that sex wasn't everything, but a girl had needs." He chuckled, shaking his head. "She's something else and I can't ever thank her enough for divorcing me."

"She sounds like one of a kind." I lifted my right knee onto the seat beneath me, leaning my side against the back of the couch. "Tell me more."

Cam grinned, his eyes twinkling.

I found that I could listen to him talk for hours. I wasn't sure why, but I enjoyed hearing about his ex-wife, his life, the moments before me and what we had done tonight.

"What do you want to know?" he asked, licking his full mouth.

My breath caught, my eyes dropping to his lips. "I...I'm no longer sure."

A deep chuckle boomed through him. "You know how to make a guy feel good, Brady." Cam rose from his spot on the couch. "As much as I would love to continue this, I do have to get some work done."

"Oh." My stomach sunk. "Of course."

“But I’d like to exchange numbers, if that’s alright with you.”

“Definitely,” I answered probably too quickly. Fucking hell, I was going to come off as desperate.

Cam only grinned.

My heart skipped a beat at that. While I watched him head to his desk to grab his phone, I couldn’t help but let my eyes follow. His body was big and powerful under his tailored suit. Although I hadn’t seen him naked, the two times he fucked me, I could feel his strength beneath his hands as he had given us both what we wanted.

“I have a dinner date with Beverly Saturday night but other than that, I’m free this weekend.” Cam joined me back on the couch. “I’d like to see you again, Brady.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“I’d like that as well.” I typed my number into his phone, not meeting his gaze. As much as I was attracted to him, something was niggling me that this was too soon and definitely way too damn fast.

“Good.” If Cam noticed a change in my mood, he didn’t say anything about it. The guy was busy, so he probably brushed it off as us not overly knowing each other. I realized something then. He never asked me anything about myself. Maybe he didn’t want to know.

“Did you want to do something tomorrow night?” I blurted before I could stop myself.

Cam tilted his head. “Oh yeah.”

My cheeks burned. “That’s not what I meant but that would be nice too.”

He chuckled. “We’ll set something up. Now get your sexy ass out of here before I change my mind,” he demanded gently as he left the couch and walked to the large leather chair behind his desk.

“Yes, Sir.” I laughed, shaking my head. Okay, maybe things weren’t that weird between us.

“Hmm...” Cam sat, spinning back and forth and rubbing the scruff on his strong jaw. “I like the sound of that.”

Brady

“I heard you have a date tonight.”

My head lifted from the espresso machine I was currently trying to fix. Jasmine, one of our baristas, stood a foot away with a wide grin on her tanned face. She had spent time at the beach the day before and the sun had kissed her skin, giving her a healthy glow.

I opened my mouth to respond when Shane came out of the office.

“I heard that too,” he said, looking down at a clipboard in his hand.

“Who has a date?” Presley Serrano and Noah Paige asked at the same time.

We went to the same college and moved into our apartment right out of high school. It was small, barely having enough room for the four of us but it was perfect, and we made it work.

“There is no date,” I was finally able to get out. It probably was a date but with the guy I used to fuck currently standing there, I didn’t want to rub it in or make things more awkward. He had been weird ever since our phone conversation the other night. I still regretted asking him for advice over a guy I didn’t know but wanted to fuck. I should have called Noah or Presley.

“Are you going out for food?” Noah asked, coming up to my side and gently pushing me out of the way. He took over trying to fix the espresso machine when I clearly hadn’t been doing a good job of it. Truth was, I couldn’t get Cam out of my head. Even while I slept the night before, my dreams were on a rolling loop about the delicious man who had generously invaded my body only a few nights ago.

“Maybe?” I crossed my arms under my chest, leaning against the table and watching Noah work. “He’s picking me up at seven and then I don’t know what we’re doing.”

“You should come here,” Presley suggested. “That band you like is playing. What do they call themselves again?”

“Voodoo Machine?” Shane flipped through the papers on the clipboard. “Voodoo Priest?”

“Doesn’t that band exist already?” Presley asked, muttering a curse as a piece of the machine broke off in his hand. “I think we need to cave and get a new espresso machine.”

“We don’t have the money. Not for the type you want anyway.” Shane was our bookkeeper. He usually complained the whole time about money and how we weren’t making enough but he did love the job of keeping track of our finances. He just really loved complaining too.

“Maybe we need to sit down and discuss other ways of making money. We could have bands play on other nights besides Friday,” Noah suggested. He pulled his phone out of the back pocket of his dark blue jeans. A frown pulled at his eyebrows.

“What is it?” I asked, not liking this sudden nervous energy coming from him.

“Nothing.” He sighed, shoving his phone back in his pocket. “It’s fine. Everything is fine.”

Before I could ask any more, he left the kitchen and went out to the main area of the café.

“Do you know what that was about?” I asked Presley and Shane.

“Nope.” They both answered at the same time.

“But I did hear that Noah is seeing someone. He just won’t talk about it.” Presley shrugged. “Who knows?”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

His phone took that moment to ding, indicating an incoming text.

The three of us looked at each other, unsure as to who could be texting Presley. Besides his brother, everyone who texted him was in the room with him or at least nearby.

He fished his phone out of his pocket, his eyes widening. “My brother’s in town.”

That would explain Noah’s change in mood.

My stomach twisted. “Oh shit.” I looked the way Noah had gone. “Maybe that’s who texted Noah.”

“Maybe.” Presley typed away on his phone before placing it on the table in front of him. “I love my brother but he’s an ass and I’m still pissed that he tore out my best friend’s heart.”

“No kidding.” Shane nodded to the espresso machine. “Can you fix it?”

“I don’t think I can, buddy.” Presley sighed, took a step back and glared at the piece of machinery that refused to let him win.

While they discussed the audacity of the failing machine, I couldn’t help but wonder what actually went down between Noah and Presley’s brother. We were never there for any of their interactions with each other, but we always saw Noah after the fact. He either had a grin on his face or a scowl. Never in between.

Nikolai, Presley's brother, was a few years older than us and had left to go to school in another state. He never moved back but visited often. I liked the guy, but I felt protective over Noah, so I didn't like how Nikolai or Nicky, as we all called him, left Noah.

My phone vibrated in my pocket, pulling me from my thoughts.

Cam: Dinner with Beverly was cut short, so you and I can meet up early. We can do food, drinks, and make a whole night of it.

My stomach did a flip, my heart thumping hard in my chest.

"I know that look."

I glanced up, finding both Shane and Noah grinning at me.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." I rushed out of the kitchen before they could tease me any more on the matter and headed out to the alley behind our building.

Instead of texting Cam back, I called him up.

"Missed my voice?" he asked, instead of giving me a hello.

I chuckled, my cheeks heating over the fact that he knew me well already. Because I did actually miss his voice. There was something about Camden West that reached a part of me that had never been reached before. Was this what it was like to finally meet your soul mate? Could I even call him that when we barely knew each other outside of fucking a couple of times?

"Brady?"

I coughed, rubbing the back of my neck. “Sorry. What happened with Beverly?” It wasn’t any of my business, but I was curious and asked anyway.

“We met up but her sister’s pregnant and ended up in the hospital, so Bev had to get back. We’re making plans to re-do our dinner date.”

“Oh, I hope everything’s okay.”

“Me too.”

“I’d love to meet up early,” I told him. “But...”

“What?”

“Listen, I don’t know what I’m doing. The last guy I slept with is my best friend and while we’re still close, it’s weird. I also think he’s sleeping with someone else, but he won’t tell me. Even when I ask, he won’t give me any information. Not that I have to know of course. I just...” I was rambling. “I don’t know but I do know that whatever this is, I want to do it with you.” I sounded desperate and I wouldn’t be surprised if Camden ended whatever was going on between us, right away.

“Brady.” Cam sighed. “I get it.”

My eyes widened, his words catching me off guard. “You do?”

“I haven’t had a relationship since I was married. I’ve had random flings and one-night stands here and there but I had a dry spell for a few months leading up to the moment with you.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.” He coughed. “I like you, Brady. Do we know each other? No. Definitely not as much as I want to but that takes time. I’d like to give it a shot if you do.”

“Yes.” My stomach flipped, my nerves jumping under my skin. “I would like that.”

“Good. Did you want to meet for dinner at five and then we can go somewhere else for drinks?”

“I would love that a lot actually.” I checked the time on my phone. That would give me an hour to get my shit together and calm these racing nerves rushing through me.

I wasn’t sure what it was about this man, but he reached a part of me that had never been reached before. Even with Shane, it never felt perfect. Sure, it felt good, but I always needed more, and I knew that he did too. It was one reason why we ended it.

“Okay. See you soon, Brady.”

We said our goodbyes and I disconnected the call.

Leaning against the wall, I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths. The next hour was definitely going to drag on now that my plans with Camden had been moved up. A part of me had wanted to suggest that we meet up at my place or even his, because I did want to get to know him. Sex was one thing but learning more about him was important right now. I found that I wanted to be his friend. I just hoped that being friends with him wouldn’t result in us not having a relationship. I

couldn't handle going through what I did with Shane, again. No matter how attracted to Cam I was.

SEVEN

Brady

The hour I waited for my date with Cam went extremely slow.

He ended up texting me the location of a restaurant that wasn't too far from Coffee Beans & Love. It was a Korean place and somewhere I had never been before. I wasn't sure what to expect when it came to the food, but I was always willing to try anything at least once.

When I was about to leave work, he texted again and said he was running late. I then decided to go home and quickly take a shower and get changed.

When I was putting on my shoes to leave, the door to the apartment opened. Shane, Presley, and Noah entered the small space, their voices falling over each other as they argued.

"I can fix the machine. I just need a few days," Presley insisted, kicking off his running shoes.

"We can get a new one," Noah suggested.

"We can't afford a new one," Shane threw at him, his eyes flicking my way. Something flashed in them, something I didn't want to explore, and I thought he didn't either.

"What's up?" I asked, sitting back on the couch and crossing my arms under my

chest.

“You going on a date?” he asked instead, letting his gaze roam over me.

Noah and Presley stopped arguing, probably wondering if their friends were about to get into a fight.

“I am.” I waited a beat before continuing. “You going to make this weird for all of us?”

Shane opened his mouth, closed it, and let out a loud sigh. “No. Sorry.” He looked at Noah and Presley. “I am sorry. I just...I met someone, and it’s been weird.” He lifted a hand, stopping us from badgering him with a whole bunch of questions. “I don’t want to talk about it. Not like anything is happening anyway but it’s still...weird and I am sorry.”

I stood and closed the distance between us. Pulling him in for a hug, I squeezed him. “You better be or I’ll kick your ass.”

He chuckled, returning the embrace. “If this guy hurts you though, I will make him disappear.”

I grunted, rolling my eyes. “I know.”

“We’re good?” Noah asked, playing on his phone.

“Yes,” Shane and I answered at the same time.

“What are you doing?” Presley pulled the phone from his hands. “We can’t afford this.”

Before they began arguing about the espresso machine that we desperately needed, I said goodbye, and quickly left the apartment.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

Holding my cell in my hand, I kept checking it to see if I got any new texts from Camden. A part of me feared that he was going to change his mind and cancel our datetontight. I wasn't usually this paranoid but my confidence was seriously lacking and I wasn't sure how to get it back where he was concerned.

Shoving those annoying thoughts to the back of my mind, I opened the Uber app and ordered a ride. I could have driven myself but with the way I was currently feeling strung out with anxiety, I thought driving might not be the best idea.

While I waited for the car to pick me up, I put my phone away and rubbed the back of my neck. I took several deep cleansing breaths, trying to ease the nerves rushing through me.

It had been a long time since I had been on a date. And I definitely never dated Shane. We fucked and that was it. While it worked for most people, it didn't work for me, but I had no idea how to tell him that. Not until it was too late, and we went our separate ways without actually talking about our...issues.

Before I could dwell any more on the matter at hand, my Uber pulled up in front of me. When I sat in the car, the driver tried making small talk. I answered as best I could, carrying on the conversation that I knew I would forget about once I saw Camden. It was your typical small talk.

How was your day?

What do you do for a living?

This weather is nice today. Wouldn't you agree?

What's your favorite sport?

When the driver pulled the car up in front of the Korean restaurant, I couldn't even remember the answers I had given him.

I quickly muttered, "Bye," and left the car. Looking around me, I couldn't see Cam anywhere. I checked my phone and saw that he hadn't called or texted me.

Leaning against the brick wall near the entrance, I took a moment and played a game on my phone. It was something that kept my mind at ease. It was my little way of meditating. It got my mind off of anything that stressed me out, case in point, this date.

"Hey, handsome."

My stomach flipped, my head slowly lifting to find Cam stalking toward me. My mouth fell open at the sight of him. He wore black pants and a blood red dress shirt. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, showcasing thick forearms. It had crossed my mind to walk up to him and give him a hug, but I wasn't sure how he would feel about that, so I stood back and waited.

He tilted his head, probably wondering what the hell was going through my mind. The longer he stared at me, the more nervous I became. Could we just skip dinner and go back to his place? Or even mine? While I wanted to get to know him better and I was hungry, I just needed that physical touch from him more. I couldn't explain it and I didn't even bother trying.

Camden took that final step toward me. He was close enough that I could smell a hint of his spicy cologne.

“You’re nervous,” he murmured, his voice low and deep. His eyes dropped to my mouth, his nearness practically pulling a moan from my lips.

“I haven’t been on a date in quite some time.” I thought a moment. “In fact, I don’t even know when the last time I went on a date was.”

“The last person I dated, was my ex-wife.” Cam reached for my hip, pulling me closer. “But I already told you that.” He took a step forward, pushing me back until we ended up in the shadows of the alleyway.

“The last person I fucked before you, was my best friend.” I wasn’t sure why I said that but with the growl that left Cam’s lips, I couldn’t help the way my dick jumped at the jealousy rolling off of him.

“Do you miss him?” Camden asked, pushing me up against the wall.

“Do you miss your ex-wife?” I threw at him, pressing my fingers against his tight stomach.

“You trying to make me jealous, Brady?” he asked, tilting his head.

“I don’t think I need to try that hard to make you jealous.” I hooked my fingers into the waist of his black dress pants and pulled him closer.

He chuckled, leaning his forehead against mine. A slow breath left him, almost like he was trying to regain control. Control neither of us had.

“How’s your ex-sister-in law?” I asked, enjoying being this close to him again.

“I just got off the phone with Beverly before you showed up. She said her sister is doing well and that the baby is perfectly healthy. It was a false alarm.”

“Oh good. I’m glad.”

“Me too,” he murmured.

“What are we doing?” I asked him, my skin tingling over my muscles.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

Cam pinched my chin, tilting my head back to meet the hard impact of his mouth. “Right now,” he whispered against my lips. “We’re just existing.”

EIGHT

Camden

Not being able to have dinner with Beverly, didn’t sit well with me. We had been meeting once a month ever since we got divorced. I was sure people thought it was odd how close we still were. I even called her parents Mom and Dad and her sister often told me that her baby would still refer to me as Uncle Cam. I loved all of them like they were my own flesh and blood and I couldn’t ask for a better extended family. My parents were also grateful for it because a lot of people didn’t have it so easy when they came out. I was more than thankful for the support.

While Brady and I sat in silence, I couldn’t help but take in his appearance. He wore dark blue jeans, a black dress shirt that wasn’t done up, with a band T-shirt on underneath it. When I asked him about the shirt, he had told me it was a heavy metal band that played at Coffee Beans & Love every chance they could.

Brady looked my way every so often. There was a red tinge to his cheeks, and it was because of me that it was there in the first place. He smirked, his eyes shining with lust that I couldn’t wait to explore later. But for now, we were going to have some food, some drinks, and go somewhere to listen to music and have more drinks.

“Does Coffee Beans & Love have bands play there often?” I asked him, thinking we could go there after food.

“We’re trying to make that happen. We’re doing whatever we can to get it out there that we welcome any and all events,” he explained, giving me a small smile.

“So it’s not just a café but a bar too?”

Brady chuckled, running his hand through his shaggy black hair. “Well, that’s a funny story. We named it Coffee Beans & Love because we love coffee and had every intention of keeping it to coffee and baked goods only. There had been an event in town that came to our café and we were so busy that we had to turn people away. We lost a lot of business that day. So, we decided to buy the building beside ours and expand Coffee Beans & Love. We then turned it into more of a coffee bar I guess you could call it. But we didn’t really want to go through the hoops to change the name, so we just stuck with Coffee Beans & Love even though we don’t serve just coffee or baked goods anymore.”

“I’m glad your business is doing so well.” I sat back in the booth, taking a sip of my whiskey. “I know how hard it is to get off the ground.”

“It’s been very hard but I’ll never forget those customers who helped us grow. Sure, we still have issues from time to time and money isn’t rolling in as much as we’d like but it could be worse.”

“It definitely could be.”

We continued talking about our businesses. I liked listening to him and seeing how proud he was of Coffee Beans & Love. It was amazing to me that four friends who grew up together and went to school together, also decided to own a business together. That could make or break a friendship, so I was happy to hear that Brady was still close with his best friends. While I didn’t overly like how close he was with this Shane fucker, we all had a past. I couldn’t fault him for that.

I enjoyed spending time with Brady, so I didn't want this night to end anytime soon. Beverly had texted me a few times, giving me advice and tips and offering suggestions to help me relax. It was just who she was, and I loved her even more for it. If this thing with Brady became something more than us just fucking, I hoped the two of them could become close too.

"How's your food?" I asked Brady, noticing how he was pushing around the noodles on his plate but hadn't taken a bite in a few minutes.

I had him meet me at a Korean restaurant. The food was delicious, but I especially liked the quiet and warm ambiance of the place.

"It's good," he muttered, staring down at the plate in front of him.

"Are you sure? If it's not your thing, we can go somewhere else."

He looked up then, quickly shaking his head. "No. The food is delicious. Thank you for the offer but I'm fine here."

"Then what is it?" He had gone to the bathroom about ten minutes ago and came back in a different mood.

"I'm just nervous." He shrugged, pushing his dark bangs out of his eyes. "That's all."

We had been talking about our businesses but after that conversation finished, he became quiet. His timid and shy demeanor did something funny to me. I found that I wanted to protect him at all costs.

"You don't need to be." Before I could stop myself, I slid out of my side of the booth and went up to him. "Move over."

“What are you doing?” he asked but did as he was told and slid across the seat.

“Listen.” I sat, taking his hands in mine and forcing him to look at me. “This is new. This is new for both of us. Like I told you, I haven’t dated since before I was married. It’s been a while for me. But I like you. A lot in fact. I’m not going anywhere. I know your situation with your best friend is a little weird right now...” My voice trailed off, unsure what else to say to reassure him that we could have some fun without making things too serious.

“What are you wanting out of this?” Brady asked, his dark eyes meeting mine.

“I don’t know. Am I looking for a relationship? I have no idea but whatever we do, I promise that I’ll only be with you and no one else while we’re fucking. If it ends, it ends. But in the meantime, I am yours and only yours.”

“Okay.” He let out a slow breath. Maybe he thought that I wanted a piece from him and others at the same time. Sure, I had fucked around before, but I meant what I told him. It was just him and that’s it.

“So, Brady. Tell me more about yourself.” I grabbed his hand and placed it on my thigh, needing some sort of connection with him.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“What do you want to know?” he asked softly.

A protective instinct came over me. He wasn't this quiet the first night I met him or even tonight in the alleyway. I didn't like this nervous energy coming from him, but I didn't know how to fix it.

“Do you like owning Coffee Beans & Love with your friends?” As soon as I asked that question, it was like something had completely changed in him.

“I fucking love it. It's been hard, which I'm sure you know that, seeing as you own your own businesses, but I wouldn't change it for anything. We are in need of some new equipment though. Did you know that an espresso machine, a good one anyway, can cost thousands of dollars? I'm going to have to sell my soul to get one before my friends lose their minds over it.” He rolled his eyes at that, which only made me smile. “Sorry.” His cheeks reddened. “I'm rambling and I know you already asked a bit about it but I can talk about Coffee Beans & Love for hours.”

“Good. I'm glad.” I covered his hand that was on my inner thigh. “Keep talking. I want to know everything.”

Brady laughed.

“You think I'm kidding?” I pushed his hand higher up my thigh.

His eyes dropped to where his hand rested, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed hard. “You're not, are you?”

“No.” I turned toward him, pushing his hand even higher until it bumped my crotch. “I don’t joke about this shit.”

Much to my surprise, he pulled his hand from beneath mine and brushed his fingers over the bulge in my pants.

“Ending it with my best friend, Shane, hurt more than I ever thought it would. I know he’s moved on but every now and again, he’ll make comments that make me wonder if he misses what we shared.”

“Maybe he does. Maybe you do too.” I bit back a groan as his fingers continued moving ever so slightly over my crotch.

“Maybe.” His eyes lifted, catching mine. “Maybe I just want to be enough for someone.”

Those words were soft and tugged at my heart. “You will be enough. I promise.”

“How can you make a promise like that? You hardly know me.”

I opened my mouth to respond but no words came out because he was right. I didn’t know him that well. And he didn’t know me that well. But that was how most relationships started. Didn’t they? First, you were strangers, then maybe you became friends or maybe you started dating right away. A lot of blind dates led to romance. You start as strangers, then if it went well, it could eventually turn into marriage. Then, maybe a divorce, but I had already been divorced once and refused to do that again.

“I don’t know how I can make that promise,” I finally said. “But I’m promising you that anyway.”

Brady's gaze fell to my mouth. "I'm enjoying this time with you. So, whatever happens I just want to have fun and I want it to come naturally."

"Every relationship is work," I told him. "When I was married to Beverly, even though we didn't have sex often, it didn't matter. We still had to work to be happy. And I was happy with her. I'm not like a lot of people. I don't need sex to have a relationship. Sure, that intimacy is nice and it's fucking mind-blowing with the right person. But it's not a necessity for me."

"It's not for me either."

"Good and now that we have that sorted, tell me more about your business."

Brady chuckled. "I already told you everything."

"I want to know every single detail, Brady."

"Really?" His smile widened. "Why?"

"Because I want to know you." I learned that he and his friends went to college all for different things that had to do with owning a business of your own.

His one friend wanted to be a mechanic if this business idea didn't succeed. But not just any mechanic, he wanted to design his own vehicles. He loved tinkering with engines and anything that he could take apart and put back together.

Another friend wanted to be a lawyer because he loved arguing and thought he could get paid for it but didn't want to go through all the schooling. He hated being told what to do and just wanted to argue whenever he could.

Another friend went to school because his parents wanted him to but he had no idea

what he wanted to do in life.

So when Brady suggested that they all should go into a business together, his friends jumped at the chance.

I found that I could listen to Brady speak for hours. I enjoyed hearing about his life. I also hoped that maybe I could meet his friends and that they would approve of me. I didn't share much of my life but that was fine with me. My life wasn't overly exciting anyway besides doing pretty well for myself at such a young age.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

I wasn't sure where the need for more came from though. It wasn't like Brady and I were officially dating or anything. Even though this was our first date, I hoped it was the first of many.

Only time would tell but I looked forward to this journey.

And I hoped that he would be willing to take this ride with me.

NINE

Brady

I could talk about Coffee Beans & Love for hours. I could actually talk about coffee in general. I didn't start drinking it until my late teens when I would cram studying into a single night because I always forgot about tests and exams I had. It was a wonder how I actually graduated.

While I told Camden about the business I owned with three of my best friends, I had a moment and thought he would cut me off and change the subject to talk about himself instead. But he never did. He leaned his elbow on the table with his body turned toward me and gave me his full attention. I never had someone so focused on me and the things I said.

"I feel like I'm talking too much about my bar and coffee." I laughed, the sound nervous and shaky.

"Never." Camden grinned, giving me a wink. "I like the sound of your voice, Brady,

and I could actually listen to you talk for hours.”

My heart stuttered. “Really?”

Before he could say any more, the waiter came over and asked if we wanted anything else. Camden asked for the check when I shook my head. I did want something else, but it was something that only Cam could give me.

“Where did you want to go after this?” I asked him, remembering that he had mentioned going out for drinks and making a night of our date.

“Actually, I had every intention of us going to Coffee Beans & Love, but I wasn’t sure if that would end up being weird for you.”

“Really? You want to go there?”

“I do.” He gave me a sly grin. “I do have an ulterior motive though.”

“What? Do you want to rub it in Shane’s face that I’m out on a date with you?” I laughed, shaking my head but Cam didn’t laugh with me. “That’s what you want to do, isn’t it?”

He shrugged, giving me a wink.

“Cam, you can’t do that. I have to work with him. It would make things weird with the other guys. It would just be...”

“What? What exactly would it be, Brady?”

“Weird.” It would be uncomfortable but what else could I say? I couldn’t tell him that the thought of him being possessive over me was hot as hell.

“You said it’s over between you and Shane,” Cam pointed out. “You’ve also talked up your business so much that I want to check it out. So it’s your fault.”

I rolled my eyes. “Fine but if there are any issues, we’re leaving.”

“It’s a deal.” Cam paid the bill but we still had drinks to finish, so we sat there in silence. I realized then that my hand was still resting on his crotch. His cock jumped beneath my touch. It was as if it only just remembered my hand was there as well. When I went to pull away, Cam caught my wrist in a quick move. “Never stop touching me, Brady.” He placed my hand on the bulge in his pants. “This is yours. For however long you want it to be.”

My mouth went dry at the rough vibrato of his voice. My own dick stirred, blood pumping through every inch of it.

“This is when you say, ‘Yes, Sir.’” He winked.

A husky laugh left me. I leaned forward, pressing my mouth against the shell of his ear. “Yes, Sir,” I purred.

“Fuck,” he whispered, his dick pulsing beneath my touch. “I’ll make you pay for that, baby.”

“Good.” I leaned back but kept my hand where he had placed it. His thumb ran along the edge of my palm, holding my hand tight. “Thank you for dinner but I feel like I should at least pay half.”

“I asked you out. So it’s my treat.”

We finished the rest of our drinks and slid from the booth.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“True but it’s only fair that I help pay at least half the bill,” I insisted even though I knew that there was no point in arguing with him. Even though that was the case, I didn’t want him to think that I was a freeloader just because my business wasn’t making the money I wish it would. I knew it would happen. It was just taking time.

“Nope.” Cam led the way out of the restaurant. “Doesn’t work that way, baby.”

“Well, thank you then.” I grabbed his hand, linking my fingers with his.

He stopped, bringing our joined hands up to his mouth and placing a soft peck on my knuckles. “You never have to thank me.”

I stared at him, watching his lips move to my fingers. He gave them a gentle nip, the slight tinge of pain forcing a small gasp to escape me.

He only grinned, giving me one of his signature winks. “Come. Let’s go get some drinks before I take you back to my place and have my way with you.”

I threw my head back, a laugh booming through me. “So romantic.”

“Hey, when duty calls.” He shrugged, his grin widening.

“So, it’s your duty to be romantic?”

“With you?” He pulled me close. “Yes.” With his free hand, he cupped my nape and crushed his mouth to mine. “I could get used to kissing you, Brady,” he whispered.

My stomach flipped, my heart practically jumping out of my chest, it was beating so damn hard. “I’m already used to it.”

“Well then...your wish is my command.” He slipped his tongue between my lips, pulling groans from us both.

Snaking my arms around his neck, I deepened the kiss, not caring in the least that we were in public.

Cam broke the kiss but kept his mouth against my lips. “I’m almost tempted to take you home right now.”

“You can.” I reached up, brushing my thumb along his bottom lip.

“As much as I would love to do that, I do want to take you out. I need you to know that this isn’t just sex for me. Not anymore.”

I stared at him, searching his face for a sign that he was lying. “Really? But you said...”

“I know.” He pulled away, grabbed my hand, and led us down the street. My café was a couple of blocks away, but it was a nice mild night, so the walk wouldn’t hurt in the least.

“If it helps any, I don’t want this to just be sex either,” I finally confessed.

“I’m glad.” He gave me a cheeky grin. “I want to just take this one day at a time with you. We don’t have to put a label on it. If people ask, we can say that we’re friends who fuck.” He waggled his eyebrows.

I laughed, shaking my head. “Sounds delicious if you ask me.” I winked.

The heaviness was no longer there. I wasn't sure what my issue was exactly. It wasn't like Shane and I had ever been a couple but I couldn't get the fact that what I was doing with Camden could possibly hurt him. I didn't want to lose our friendship over it because I knew that it would make things difficult for both Noah and Presley if that were the case.

When Coffee Beans & Love came into view, my heart skipped a beat. It was my home away from home, but I had never brought a date there before. The other guys had from time to time but never me.

"Are you nervous?" Camden asked, squeezing my hand.

"Nah. Why would I be nervous? I'm only bringing a date to my place of business and introducing him to friends who will give me a hard time over it once you're not with me. But nope. Not nervous at all."

Cam chuckled, pulling me closer into his side. "It's okay, Brady. I'll behave and won't tell them how hard you like to fuck and just how filthy you can take it."

My cheeks heated. "Thank you. That's something I would like to keep between us if at all possible."

His laughter deepened. "But Shane knows..."

When his voice trailed off, I chanced a glance in his direction. "Um...no. He doesn't. It was simple with him if that makes sense at all. Not that things are difficult with you or anything but..." I huffed, shaking my head. "What I'm saying is that he's more vanilla and you're..."

"I'm what?" Camden asked, raising an eyebrow.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“Spicy as fuck,” I murmured.

A cheeky grin spread on his face. “Oh, you haven’t seen anything yet. We may have fucked twice but that was only in my office, and it was fast as hell because I didn’t have a lot of time. But once I get you home tonight...all bets are fucking off.”

A shiver trembled through me. “I can’t wait.”

TEN

Camden

I liked him. A lot. It was different with Brady than it had been with Beverly. And it wasn’t because he was a guy either. With my ex-wife, it was comfortable. We never fought but we hardly ever had sex as well.

It was more like I had a roommate instead of a wife. But it surprisingly worked well for us.

Brady and I walked hand in hand to Coffee Beans & Love. When I had my business meetings with Rhett, we always met at his bar. I had driven past Coffee Beans & Love but never actually went inside.

“If you don’t want to introduce me to your friends just yet, I completely understand.”

“Why wouldn’t I want to?” Brady asked, his eyes flicking my way.

“Because we only just started seeing each other and who knows where this is going.” I shrugged because I really had no idea what I was saying.

“And here I thought you had everything figured out,” he teased, giving me a wink.

I chuckled, gently nudging him in the shoulder. “If I had everything figured out, I never would have married a woman, but Beverly was good for me and they say everything happens for a reason, so...” I shrugged again.

“I get it.” Brady looked straight ahead, his jaw suddenly clenching.

I followed his line of sight, seeing Coffee Beans & Love in the near distance.

“I’ve never brought a guy here,” he mumbled.

I grabbed hold of his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. “I got you, Brady.” And I did. No matter what happened, I had his back. I also didn’t give a shit if Brady’s friends approved of us. As long as Brady was happy, that was what mattered to me most.

ELEVEN

Brady

I wasn’t sure why I was so damn worried about what the guys would think of Cam. It wasn’t like I had ever been worried what they thought of any of the previous guys I had slept with. Noah had told me time and time again that he wished I stopped sleeping with Shane because he didn’t want me to get hurt. That had been the only opinion he ever had on the matter. Presley kept his thoughts to himself, but he scowled every time Shane said something about us or even when he saw us snuggling up close on the couch at home.

Camden tried distracting me by talking about his business but I couldn't focus, so I wasn't exactly sure what all he had been saying.

When we reached the front doors to Coffee Beans & Love, I took a deep breath and let go of Cam's hand so he could enter before me. I had considered this place home more than the apartment I actually lived in. But having Cam there, about to meet my friends and some of the staff who worked for us, set my nerves on edge.

I followed him into my café. It sat between a laundromat and a variety store. Before we renovated it and took up more space after our business grew, the café was actually attached to a massage parlor. Word had it that they didn't do just massages. Cops got wind and shut the place down. So, it was a win for us.

As I stepped over the threshold, the sound of deep bass pumped into my ears. The band wasn't playing. So something happened or they were late. We were still trying to figure out the logistics of having a café and then turning it into a type of after-hours bar with music and alcohol, all the while still having that familiar warmth our customers enjoyed and looked forward to whenever they stepped through the door.

"Hey." Cam came up to my side. "You good?"

"Yeah. Just wondering where the band is." As soon as the words left my lips, a loud crash sounded from the kitchen. "Shit. I'll be back." I rushed to the back of the café, wondering what the hell was going on. Before I could round the corner to see what all the commotion was about, I heard Presley and Noah talking.

"I told you not to mess with it." Presley's voice was filled with annoyance.

"I didn't do anything."

"Shane is going to be pissed. We can't afford a new one."

“Damn right I’m pissed.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

I took that chance to head farther into the kitchen. All three of my friends were standing around the espresso machine sitting on the floor in broken pieces.

“We really can’t afford a new machine.” Shane sighed, shoving a hand through his hair. “Let me work the numbers,” he grumbled, heading to the office and shutting the door behind him.

“We only can’t afford a new one because the one we want is high-end and has so many bells and whistles it might as well grow coffee beans as well.” Presley ran a hand through his hair, staring down at the machine.

“Maybe we can find a cheap one instead that’s just as good.” Noah pulled his phone out of his pocket. “I’ll check Amazon or Marketplace.”

I was tempted to go check on Shane. Money always stressed him out. Even if we had a really good month, he still stressed about it.

“Brady.”

I turned at the sound of Cam’s voice. He was standing at the entrance to the kitchen.

He glanced at the pile of broken Espresso parts on the floor. “Everything okay?”

“We’ve been trying to get our espresso machine fixed for months now but it hasn’t worked and now...” I was very aware that Noah and Presley were watching us and probably wondering at the same time who the hell Cam was and why he was in the kitchen.

“I know someone who could help.”

I raised an eyebrow. “You do?”

Cam shrugged. “I know people and this person owes me a favor anyway. I could ask what the best machine is, and I could have it replaced...” He pulled his phone out of his pants pocket. “Tonight probably.”

“Who the hell is this guy?” Noah muttered.

“Who gives a shit?” Presley retorted. “We need a new machine.”

“I appreciate that,” I said, ignoring my friends. “But we’re good and can get a machine on our own.” I didn’t want him to think that I was some sort of charity case. While it was kind what he was offering, it was too damn soon to accept gifts from the guy.

“I don’t mind helping, Brady.” Cam put his phone away and took a step closer. When he stood beside me, looking down at the mess of the espresso machine lying on the floor, his shoulder brushed mine. That tiny act sent a shiver down my spine. What was it about this guy that affected me so? I hardly knew him. We fucked once after only finding out each other’s names. There was something about him that called out to me. It sounded so damn cliché when I thought about it, but I couldn’t control myself.

“It’s okay.” Noah crossed his arms under his chest. “Thank you for the offer but we’ll figure this out.” His eyes flicked to mine.

I gave him a small nod, appreciating that he took over the conversation because I knew that if he didn’t, I would have caved and taken Cam up on his offer to buy us a new machine.

“Hey.” Cam grabbed my hand, pulling me to a corner of the kitchen where it was more private, and the guys wouldn’t overhear. “It’s not a big deal. I’m happy to help in any way that I can.”

“I’m not a charity case,” I blurted.

Cam winced like I had just slapped him. “Do you think that little of me?”

“I hardly know you to think anything of you.” But it wasn’t true, was it? My head was a mess. Why was I fighting this?

“Fine.” He pulled away from me. “I know when I’m not wanted.” He gave me a final look and left the kitchen, taking all the air in my lungs with him.

Shit. I sighed, running my hands through my hair. This was not how I wanted our night to go.

I could feel the eyes of my friends watching me and the exchange between Cam and I but before they could question anything like I knew they wanted to, I went out to the dining area to find Cam.

Much to my surprise, he was sitting at a table near the wall to the right. A part of me thought maybe he would have left and been done with me completely but seeing him sitting there, looking down at the menu he was holding, it took me a second to approach him. He was beautiful and I couldn’t help but watch him.

When one of our servers went up to him to take his order, he looked my way while talking to her. He lifted his chin, almost like he was challenging me in a way. Maybe he was trying to get me to open up and see that this was right between us. It didn’t matter that this was so new. I needed to get my head out of my ass and just let things move in a direction we both enjoyed.

After the server left Cam's table, I joined him. Clearing my throat, I sat across from him and played with the napkin sitting beside the cutlery.

"I'm new to this. I don't have commitment issues, but I do have a hard time trusting people outside of my best friends." I took a chance and looked at Cam then. When he only stared at me and didn't say anything, I took a breath and continued. "Everything with Shane messed me up. Our friendship hasn't been the same and it'll probably never be the same. Even though I know he's slept with others since we did our thing but it's..."

"You still long for him," Cam finished for me.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

“I don’t know. Maybe? I care about him, and I always will but nothing will ever happen between us again, so I don’t want you worrying about that.”

“I’m not worried, Brady.” Cam leaned forward and reached across the table. He grabbed my hand, stopping me from ripping apart the napkin. “I know whose cock is going to have you coming hard later.”

I coughed, my cheeks heating at his dirty suggestion.

He only winked.

“I am sorry.” I linked my fingers in his, enjoying the warmth of his touch.

“Don’t be.” Cam moved from his spot across the table from me and sat in the chair right beside me. “Since we’re confessing...” He sighed. “I will always care about Beverly. She’s been a big part of my life and I need you to know that she’ll always be in it. I’m not saying that we are going to be together forever or get serious or anything. I know it’s too soon to know that but I do want to see where this goes with you. However, I need you to know that she will always be in my life.”

“I won’t be jealous, if that’s what you’re trying to say.” I pulled his hand to my lap, holding it between both of mine.

“And I won’t be jealous of Shane. I understand that he’s a big part of your life too.”

“He is. I’d like you to meet him, Noah, and Presley. They can be a lot to handle but I think they’d like you.”

“I’d be honored to meet them.” Cam pulled his hand from mine and cupped my inner thigh. His eyes darkened, hinting for more and for what he was going to give me later. While we had only been together that one night, I knew that if I let him, he could completely overpower me. As nervous as that made me, I couldn’t fucking wait.

TWELVE

Camden

Brady was going backand forth with whatever it was going on between us and it pissed me off. If it was anyone else, I would have been done with them already but there was something about him that pulled me in. He tugged at a spot inside of me that had never been reached before. Even with my ex-wife, that part of me was completely closed off. But much to my surprise, she actually knew me way better than I ever knew myself. And I would always be thankful for that.

While Brady and I sipped our drinks we listened to the live music, but we didn’t talk again. I would show him that what was going on between us was fun and exciting. We didn’t need to put a label on it. If hewanted to end things between us after this weekend, I wouldn’t be okay with it, but I wouldn’t pressure him into doing anything he didn’t want to do. I was getting too old for games. But at the same time, I didn’t want this to end either. I was confused as much as he was, but I was also more honest than him.

The server suddenly came over with another round of drinks, pulling me from my thoughts. I looked at Brady. He only shrugged.

“We didn’t order these,” he told her.

“It’s a present from Shane.” She nodded in the direction of the bar.

A guy looked over at us as he was mixing a drink in a martini shaker. He nodded once. Brady did the same. I could only assume this guy was Shane.

“Thank you, Jasmine.” Brady placed the new beer in front of me and took a sip of his fresh one.

When we were alone, I leaned over, placing my hand back on Brady’s inner thigh. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down.

Letting my lips brush along his ear, I inched my fingers higher up his thigh. I wasn’t sure what I was doing. It was like my body had completely taken over all rational thought.

“Is that Shane?” I asked Brady, keeping my mouth pressed against his ear. I knew it was him, but I wanted Brady to say it.

“Yes.”

“Think he’s jealous?” I didn’t care either way because I knew that Brady was coming home with me.

“I don’t know.” Brady swallowed hard.

I appreciated his honesty.

“What do you think he would do if...” I didn’t finish my sentence on purpose and moved my mouth down the length of his throat.

I could feel his pulse against my lips, the beating of his heart in tune with my own.

“What do you think he’d do if I threw you down on this table and began fucking you? Think he’d watch?”

Brady swallowed hard. “I don’t think the other people in this place would appreciate that.”

“You didn’t answer my question.”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

He looked at me then, his mouth mere inches from mine. “I don’t know if he would enjoy watching because I don’t know that part of him. He never let me in, which is one of the reasons why we never worked.”

I searched his face. For a sign that he was lying? That he was trying to play games with me? I wasn’t sure but I knew that I needed to take this a little further. I needed to know what Brady liked and didn’t like. I needed to know him, if it was the last damn thing I ever did. I would learn everything I could about this man who had invaded my life in such a short amount of time.

“Would you like that, Brady? Would you like being watched?” My hand slid farther up his inner thigh.

“What are you doing, Cam?” Brady asked, his voice rough.

“I’m seeing how far I can push you because I want to find out what you like.”

He stared at me. “Really?”

Pulling away from him, I sat back in my seat and crossed my arms over my chest. “Why not?”

“Isn’t this just...” He looked around him before leaning toward me. “Sex?” he added with a whisper.

I rolled my eyes. “We wanted to see where this goes, remember? Or are you changing your mind on me already?”

Brady searched my face. I wasn't sure what he was looking for but whatever it was, he wouldn't find it because I didn't want to see where this went. I wanted to spend as much time with him as I could. I needed to get to know him better and I sure as hell wanted to build a relationship with him.

"Okay," he finally said. "I do remember. Just double-checking that you remember."

"Of course, I fucking remember." I stood from my chair. "I'm going to the bathroom. I think you should join me." Before he could say anything, I left and made my way to the back of the café. It didn't matter that he was part owner of this establishment. It didn't matter that people he knew, his best friends, were there. What mattered at the moment was him and me.

Once I entered the bathroom, I waited. A part of me wasn't sure if Brady would actually follow me. Another part hoped he would because that sadistic side of me wanted Shane to walk in on us. Or at the very least, walk by the bathroom door and hear Brady making sounds that were only ever meant for me.

"What the hell are we doing?"

I smirked, turning to find Brady standing at the open door.

Instead of answering, I stomped up to him, grabbed the collar of his shirt, and pulled him against me.

He gasped, his eyes darkening.

"What we are doing, is having a little fun." Slamming him up against the nearest wall, I shoved my hips against his. "What do you think your little Shane would do if he walked in right now?"

“He probably wouldn’t say anything and just turn back around and walk out.”

“Really?” Lowering my mouth to Brady’s jaw, I nipped at the skin. “How come? It isn’t fun if he doesn’t at least say something.”

“He hasn’t said a whole lot to me lately.” Brady leaned his head to the right, giving me better access to his throat.

“Well...” Reaching between us, I lowered the zipper of his jeans and reached my hand inside. “Let’s test your theory.”

Brady’s cock was hot and heavy in my hand. His moans filled my ears as I slowly pumped my hand up and down a part of him that I was quickly becoming obsessed with. He thrust his hips forward and back. While I wanted to fall deep inside of him, this was hot as hell. Watching him become unraveled. Watching his eyes flick to the closed door beside him every so often, waiting for someone to come in and catch us.

I wasn’t usually the possessive type. Not until I met Brady it seemed.

But I found that I wanted Shane to walk in on us. I wanted him to see that Brady had moved on.

“Cam,” Brady groaned my name, pulling me from my thoughts.

“You like fucking my hand, baby?” I whispered in his ear.

A low rumble left his chest. In a quick move, he had his hand around my throat.

My eyes widened at the sudden change in him.

Brady spun us around, shoving me up against the wall. “I’m not normally the

dominant type,” he mumbled, licking up the side of my throat. “But it seems that you’re changing things in me. I’m not sure how I feel about that either.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:33 am

I swallowed hard, keeping hold of his dick. Pinching the tip, I tugged him closer.

“Fuck.” He looked down, watching my hands move up and down the length of him. “I’ve never felt something as good as you. Even my own hands don’t make me this...”

My stomach flipped. “What?”

When his gaze met mine, a wicked grin spread on his face. “Unraveled.”

I grinned, squeezing him and forcing his eyes to roll into the back of his head.

“That...fuck me, that feels good.” Brady closed that final space between us and lowered the zipper to my pants. He slipped his hands into them and cupped my ass, pulling me closer. “I never fucked Shane,” he blurted.

“Oh? Saving that for me?” I was usually the dominant one and always topped my partners but if he wanted to try topping me, I would let him. I was fine with whatever he decided.

His fingers moved to the spot between my ass cheeks, lightly grazing over that tight little rim.

A shiver trembled through me.

“I want to experience it all, Cam,” he whispered, something flashing in his eyes.

“Then I suggest you work for it.” Before he could ask me what I meant by that, I cupped the back of his neck and crushed my mouth to his. Shoving my tongue between his lips, I sucked and pulled those sexy little noises from the back of his throat.

Brady dug his fingers into the cheeks of my ass, pulling me closer but it wasn’t enough. It would never be enough.

“I really need to get you into a bed,” I whispered, sinking my teeth into his jaw.

“I really need you inside me.” Brady’s chest rose and fell.

Not wanting to wait anymore, I pushed him back. We stumbled into a stall. Hands roamed. Tongues clashed.

Spinning him around, I ripped his jeans down and over his ass. Pulling my cock free from my pants, I spat into my palm, lubing up the thick shaft.

“Stick your ass out.” That was the only warning I gave Brady before I shoved every inch of me into him. He shouted out and I was sure that if anyone walked by the bathroom, they would have heard him. But at this point, I didn’t overly give a fuck.

Digging my fingers into his hips, I slammed into him. I had a moment of clarity where I realized that I didn’t use a condom but it was a little too late for that.

“Fuck, baby.” I groaned. “I forgot a condom.”

“I’m clean,” he whined. “Just please don’t stop.”

“I can grab one,” I told him, wanting to reassure him that I would do everything I could to make him comfortable.

“No.” Brady panted. “I need to feel you.”

My dick swelled even more at his words. “Thank fuck for that.”

Pushing into him as far as his body would allow, I wrapped my hand around his throat. In short rough moves, I thrust up and up into his tight as hell body.

“You like my big dick filling this tight little hole, don’t you?” I sunk my teeth into the side of his throat, forcing a yelp from his lips. It was going to leave a mark. I hoped Shane saw it.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Brady chanted.

“I want you to come all over this floor.” I reached around him and pulled at his dick.

“I want Shane to walk in and see your cream everywhere.”

“Geezus.” Brady shivered.

Before I could say anymore, the door to the bathroom opened.

“Brady, are you in here?” came a deep voice.

Brady stiffened.

I grinned, covering his mouth with my hand.

“Brady’s a little busy,” I told whoever it was.

“Oh...” A throat cleared. “Well...”

“Is that Shane?” I whispered in Brady’s ear.

He nodded.

A shiver rippled down my spine. “Good.”

THIRTEEN

Brady

This could not be happening.

As soon as Cam found out that it was Shane who walked into the bathroom while I was being fucked within an inch of my life, Cam lost it. He uncovered my mouth, leaned back, and continued fucking me. He was savage with his brutal thrusts. But Shane never left. He only stood there. I could see the shadow of him under the door of the stall.

I bit my lip to keep from crying out, but I knew it wasn’t what Cam wanted. He

wanted me to make sounds. He wanted Shane to know that it was officially done between us. Cam was staking his claim, and I was his ever-willing victim.

My breathing picked up, my chest rising and falling. My balls drew up into my body and I knew, it was only a matter of seconds before I came.

The sound of the bathroom door closing forced a chuckle from Cam.

“Guess he didn’t like hearing you getting fucked?” he murmured in my ear. Grabbing hold of my hips, he pulled me back and picked up speed with his brutal thrusts.

A loud groan left me, my release slamming into me and spilling onto the floor at my feet.

“Such a good boy, coming hard for a man you hardly know.” Cam ran his hand up the length of my back. When his fingers circled around my throat, he ripped me back against him and shoved me hard up against the wall of the bathroom stall.

He grunted, thrusting once, twice, before he pushed his cock into my ass as far as my body would allow. I whimpered at the slight tinge of pain, feeling his dick swell and pump his release into me.

“Geezus, fucking hell, Brady.” He moaned, sinking his teeth into the base of my neck.

Once we both calmed down, he slowly slipped from my body. He righted his pants before turning me around and helping me with my own. That small act of kindness made my heart stutter. As many guys I had been with, no one ever took the time to help me dress. Of course, it was something that was never needed but it was the thought that counted.

After Cam helped me with my jeans, he ran his hands under my t-shirt.

“I think we should get out of here,” I suggested.

His eyes flicked to mine. “Is that because you don’t want to face Shane?”

I opened my mouth to deny it but thought better of it. “Yes.”

“Tell me why.” Cam moved his palms higher up my torso, taking a step closer.

“I don’t want a lecture. I don’t want him to tell me that this is my place of work, and I shouldn’t be having sex in the bathroom even though...” I took a breath. “Even though when I was sleeping with him, we had many moments in here.” I waited for Cam to say something or for him to leave and say that this was too much. Or that I was still hung up on Shane and needed to get over it before doing anything more with him. But when Cam only gave me a small smile instead, a breath of relief left me.

“Listen, I get it.” Cam pulled away from me and opened the bathroom stall door. “After Bev and I divorced, both of us had hard times dating because people were jealous of our relationship. Even though we’re just friends, people couldn’t understand that and assumed that we would get back together or at the very least, fuck and cheat on the people we were dating at the time. It’s one of the reasons I left the city I grew up in. I wanted Bev happy and the only way that could happen, was for me to expand my career elsewhere. We’re still close as ever but because we don’t see each other as often as we used to, it’s made it easier for her to date.”

“That’s very considerate of you but what about you?” I followed him but I looked over my shoulder and saw my release on the floor. It sent a shiver down my spine, knowing that anyone could see it. They probably wouldn’t even know what it was but the fact that it was there in the first place, was thrilling. “You deserve to be happy too, Cam.”

“I know.” Cam cleared his throat, pulling my head around. “Don’t even think of cleaning it up, Brady.”

He had said he wanted Shane to see it. To see my cream on the floor. But instead, Shane walked in on us. I wasn’t sure what he would say to me. Maybe he would completely ignore it. It wasn’t like he hadn’t moved on from us anyway. I had a feeling that he was either seeing someone or at least interested in doing so even though he just never came out and actually said it.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

“Let’s grab a drink and then we can head back to my place,” Cam suggested.

I liked that idea but a part of me didn’t want to face Shane either. I didn’t know what I would say or even do. Would he be pissed that he had walked in on us? It wasn’t like we had been discreet either about what we were doing.

“Hey.” Cam moved in front of me and cupped the back of my neck. He leaned his forehead against mine, taking a deep breath. “If Shane gives you shit, you let me know. I don’t give a flying fuck who he is or what he was to you. He’ll learn really fast that it’s over between the two of you and he won’t like how I react to his jealousy.”

When I went to pull away from Cam, his hold on the back of my neck only tightened.

“What the fuck did I just say, Brady?”

Giving him a hard shove, I stepped out of his embrace. “I’m not into this jealousy bullshit, Cam. So if you want to continue whatever this is between us, I suggest you stop that once and for all.”

Cam stared at me, a slow grin spreading on his face. “Well, there he is.”

I frowned. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“I was starting to wonder if you were a pushover or if you’ve been hurt so damn much, that you couldn’t figure out how to think for yourself. I also thought that Shane maybe had this unexpected hold on you, and you didn’t know how to make him let

go.” Cam closed the distance between us, placing a soft peck on my cheek. “I like this side of you, baby,” he whispered, reaching around me and opening the door to the bathroom.

When he stepped out into the hall and left me alone, all breath escaped me. I went to follow him, but a throat clearing stopped me.

Shane was standing outside the door to the staff room.

“I don’t need your lectures, Shane,” I grumbled.

“Are you sure? Because it seems like you’re doing shit you never would have done before meeting this guy.”

My brows narrowed in the middle as I stared at my best friend. “Are you jealous? Did you enjoy listening, Shane?” I wasn’t sure where this side of me was coming from. I always had a hard time saying what was on my mind. I never knew why either. I just didn’t like talking about my feelings or revealing things about myself because whenever I had done so, I would get laughed at. One could only be laughed at so much before they closed up completely and said fuck you all.

Shane only stared at me, his jaw clenching.

“Say it.” I crossed my arms under my chest. “Say how stupid I am for having sex in the bathroom at our place of business. Say how fucked all of this is and that you and I should be together even though we both know that it would never work.”

“I’m not saying any of that shit.” He rubbed the back of his neck, letting out an exasperated sigh. “I’m...I wish I could say that I was seeing someone but I’m not. I am interested in someone else though. So...yeah.”

“I figured as much.” I had never been completely sure if he was dating anyone, but I didn’t want him to think that I would be shocked as hell to find out that he was. We had to move on from each other, but I always had the fear that what we did would ruin our friendship.

“Really?” His arm fell to his side. “How did you figure?”

“I just had a feeling. You’ve been secretive and quiet. You’ve also been keeping to yourself or backing out of plans. I only see you here, when I used to see you all the time.”

“You saw me all the time because we used to live together,” he pointed out.

“True.” The four of us had been roommates until whatever happened between Shane and me fell through. He moved out and found his own place while I still lived with Presley and Noah.

“What are you doing, Brady? Because whatever this is between you and...”

“Cam,” I added for him.

“Cam.” Shane jutted his chin. “You never would have done this.”

“What? Getting fucked in a bathroom?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Do I?” I shook my head, turning on my heel, not bothering to wait for him to respond. “You’re my best friend, Shane, and I love you but not the way you need. What I’m doing is having some fun. I like Cam, so you’re going to need to get used to him being around.”

I didn't wait for him to respond and instead, headed down the hall back to the main dining area of the café. I didn't know what was worse. Cam's jealousy or Shane's longing for something I couldn't give him.

We tried that. We went down that road so many times, it made everyone around us miserable, including us.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

When I headed back out to the dining area, Cam was sitting at our table. He was drinking his beer, a deep frown settling between his brows. As I approached, his head lifted. His eyes seared into mine. They held so many questions. Questions I didn't know the answers to, no matter how much I tried.

This wasn't fair to Shane. I knew that. It also wasn't his fault that he had some lingering feelings that he needed to sort through. But at the same time, it wasn't my fault either. We had to remain friends and that was it. I just prayed that this wouldn't come between us. As much as I enjoyed the time I spent with Cam, I refused to lose Shane. He was family.

"You really need to talk to your boy about this shit between you two," Cam said as I lowered into my seat.

I grunted, grabbed my beer, and downed half of it in one gulp.

"You know I'm right." Cam shrugged, staring at me over the rim of his beer stein.

"I have talked to him but whatever's going on between Shane and me, is none of your business." It was cold but Cam needed to understand his place.

"Listen." Cam placed his empty mug on the table between us. "You and I? It'll end before you deal with your issues with Shane. I don't share. And I sure as hell don't deal with little boys who get their panties in a twist because they can't sort out their own fucking feelings."

When I went to speak, he lifted his hand, stopping me.

“I like you, Brady. I like you a lot. I haven’t liked someone in a long time either. So tell me now. Do you want to continue this or not? Because I’m too old for games.”

Looking back and forth between his eyes, I took a breath and then another. Before I could stop myself, I stood from my chair and went around to his side of the table.

Cam raised an eyebrow, looking up at me with lust swirling in his deep gaze. “Answer the question, Brady.”

“Stop telling me what to do,” I grumbled, bent at the waist, and lowered my mouth to his. My hand slipped to the back of his head, my fingers curling through the soft strands of his hair and tugging.

He grunted, his lips splitting to give me deeper access to his tongue.

Controlling the kiss for just a moment, I was vaguely aware that we were being watched but I didn’t care. Shane needed to know that it was over between us.

For good.

FOURTEEN

Camden

I knew Brady was kissing me to make a point. That didn’t bother me. What bothered me was this new feeling fluttering around in my stomach. It was intense and something I had never felt before. Not with Beverly. Not with any of the previous people I had been with. Was I falling for him? Wasn’t it too soon? There was no handbook on this sort of thing, and I wished there was.

Much to my dismay, Brady pulled away. He threw some money on the table, taking a

step away from me. “We have to go.”

While I enjoyed watching him become unraveled, the sadistic part of me wanted to make Brady wait. I wanted him to beg. I wanted him on his motherfucking knees with a greedy need for me.

Not following him, instead I sat there with my arms crossed and looked up at him.

Brady’s cheeks were a nice shade of red. His chest rose and fell with ragged breaths. His mouth was set in a grim line. He was fucking hungry for me, and I had to admit, I rather enjoyed this side of him. This desperate side. A side that I hadn’t seen yet.

While I didn’t know much about the guy, just that he highly respected his friends and didn’t want to do anything to jeopardize his friendship with Shane, I knew that he wouldn’t want to make a scene. As much as I enjoyed the mere idea of bending him over the table and taking out all of the frustration I felt for years on his lithe body, I didn’t. This was his place of work. I had to respect that. So I would take him home and use him in a way neither of us were ready for.

I wanted him to beg. To demand for me to fuck him. To plead for me to do to him whatever it was that I wanted. But he didn’t. While his eyes said what his mouth couldn’t, it wasn’t enough for me. By the end of the night, Brady would tell me exactly what it was he wanted me to do. Whether it be to fuck him or to suck his cock or something different entirely. He would tell me.

Finally giving in, I rose to my feet and took a step toward Brady.

His mouth parted, his cheeks turning even darker. Before he said anything, he spun on his heel and quickly made his way out of the café.

I followed but as I neared the door to leave, the hairs on the back of my neck tingled.

Glancing behind me over my shoulder, I saw Shane staring my way. I lifted my chin, giving him a nod.

Much to my surprise, he did the same. I almost expected him to jump over the bar and tackle me to the ground. I imagined him kicking the shit out of me, so when none of that happened, I wondered if maybe Brady finally told him that it was over for good.

Clearing my throat, I popped the collar of my jacket and joined Brady outside.

He was pacing, rubbing his hand over his nape.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

“Brady,” I said gently, not wanting to spook him.

He stopped, spinning on me. “I need you.”

“Really.” It wasn’t a question, but he nodded anyway. “Tell me why.”

Brady looked around him, waiting for a couple to pass us before he continued, “I like the way you make me feel. I like the fact that we haven’t known each other for years and that we only just met.” He took a deep breath. “I like how exciting this feels. It’s as if you’re willing to do anything...anywhere. You’re not selfish...I...”

“Was Shane selfish with you?” I asked, taking a step toward him.

“Not selfish exactly but he was comfortable. We know each other too well and I think that was our downfall.”

“So, if you and I got to know each other better, do you think it wouldn’t do us any good?” I tilted my head, not understanding where he was coming from.

“I think Shane and I knew a long time ago that it wouldn’t work between us. Maybe both of us were selfish.” Brady shoved a hand through his hair. “I’m not making any sense.”

“No.” I closed that final space between us, not taking my eyes off of his. “I get it. You say Shane wasn’t selfish with you or that’s not really the word you would use to describe it, but I actually think he was. I think because he didn’t want to let you go, even though you clearly aren’t right for each other, he didn’t want anyone else to have

you either.”

“Maybe.”

Grabbing hold of Brady’s belt, I pulled him toward me. “Am I wrong?”

His jaw clenched. “No. But you’re not exactly right either.”

“You’re stalling.” I chuckled. “Just answer the question, Brady. Does Shane not want you and also not want anyone else to have you either?”

“Maybe.” Brady turned away and began walking in the other direction. “How the hell am I supposed to know what’s going on through his thick skull?”

My body tingled with need for this guy. This guy I had only just met but could bring me to my knees by a mere wink.

Before I could stop myself, I stomped toward him. Grabbing his upper arm, I spun him around and shoved him into a nearby alley.

“What the hell, Cam?”

“Shut.” My hand caught his jaw in a firm grip. “The.” My fingers dug into his cheeks. “Fuck.” I leaned my face close to his, getting in his personal space. “Up.”

His nostrils flared, his eyes darkening.

“That will be the last time you ever walk away from me. Like I told you before, I’m too old for games. You want to yell? Yell. You want to fight? Fight me. You want to fuck? You know exactly what to do. But don’t you dare ever walk away from me again. You understand?”

Brady nodded. “Yes.”

“Good boy.” I released his jaw and lightly tapped his cheek. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want you to fuck me.”

“That’s obvious.” I rolled my eyes for added effect. “Tell me in more detail what you want, Brady. I want your words.”

He took a deep breath and then another. Just when I thought he wouldn’t speak, he gave me a cheeky grin.

He closed the distance between us, grabbing hold of my waist and pushing his pelvis into mine. “I want you to fuck me. I want to feel every inch of you sliding deeper and deeper into my ass.” His mouth found the side of my throat. “I want you to do it slowly, painfully, as I memorize every vein, every inch of your thick cock.”

“Fuck me,” I breathed.

“No, Cam.” He bit down, hard. “You will fuck me.”

The next thing I knew, he had me pressed up against the wall behind me. His pelvis ground against mine, both of our cocks growing and getting ready for each other.

Reaching up, I captured his head between my hands and pulled him toward me to meet the impact of my mouth.

Page 27

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

He groaned, pressing me harder up against the brick wall.

Our tongues danced, fighting for that control neither of us had. While I thought I had the upper hand, really, neither of us did.

“Tell me you want all of that,” Brady whispered against my lips.

“Yes.” I nipped and sucked at his tongue, needing him deeper inside of me. I wanted to drown in his pleasure and never come up for air. I could very well fall for this guy. But he had been hurt and his head was a mess over his issues with Shane.

“Stop thinking,” he growled, biting my bottom lip.

I shoved him away from me, my chest rising and falling. “We’re only fucking each other.”

Brady tilted his head, probably wondering what the hell I was getting at.

I gave my body a shake, trying to talk down my erection that was a result of his doing.

“What are you getting at, Cam?”

I took several deep breaths before answering his question. “You know exactly what I’m getting at. I don’t share. I’m possessive as fuck when it comes to you. I don’t give a shit if we only just started sleeping with each other.”

He grunted. “I don’t think we’ve done much sleeping.”

I chuckled. “Touché.”

“But...” His mouth pulled up into a slow grin. “I agree with you. No fucking anyone else.”

“Aww, baby. Are you wanting to go steady?”

Brady rolled his eyes. “Like you, I don’t share either.”

“Good. Now.” In two short strides, I had him back in my arms. “Let’s go back to my place before we get in trouble for doing something in public that’s against the law.”

Brady’s laughter echoed throughout the alley. It was a sound that I could get used to. I vowed right then and there that I would make him laugh as much as I could.

FIFTEEN

Brady

With his hands wrapped around my throat, Cam thrust his hips up and down. In this position, he was deeper than ever. It felt like he was trying to rip me in half and put me back together at the same time. Precum leaked out of my dick, coating my hand and Camden’s stomach. I had already come twice and rubbed the sticky evidence into his skin.

“Fuck, baby.” He groaned, tightening his hold on my throat. “Come all over me.”

“Geezus.” I wasn’t new to dirty talk but with Camden, it was vile the things he said to me, and it only turned me on that much more.

He chuckled, his dark eyes burning into mine. “Sit down,hard, as I push up.”

I did as I was told. His dick slipped deeper into my body, forcing a soft whimper to escape my lips.

“Yeah, just like that,” he groaned. “Fuck, Brady. You take that dick so well.”

“Kiss me,” I begged, needing his mouth on mine.

He sat up, moved his hand to the back of my neck, and crushed his mouth to mine. Our tongues danced, battling it out for that control neither of us had.

Camden wrapped his other arm around me, holding me tight as he damn near fucked the very soul from my being.

An hour later, both of us were spent and completely and utterly satisfied.

“Did you want a drink?” Cam asked, giving my shoulder a gentle nip.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

“Sure.” I rolled onto my back, my body protesting at the movement. My muscles strained over my bones, clearly not used to being fucked the way I had.

Cam pulled away from me and slid off the bed. In all his naked glory, he left the bedroom.

When I was finally alone, I let out a slow breath. This thing with Cam was something I never knew I needed before meeting him.

Cam had a large four-poster bed. The furniture was a dark mahogany. It looked rich and powerful, much like the guy who had come barreling into my life after wanting a one-night stand that was never just one night.

Cam took that moment to come back into the bedroom. He crawled onto the bed and handed me a bottle of water.

“Tell me something about yourself that you haven’t told me yet,” Cam said gently, taking a sip of his water. “Did you grow up here?”

“I did.” I slid higher up the bed and leaned against the headboard. Pulling the covers up and over my lap, I let out another sigh.

His eyes caught mine then. “You good?”

“Yeah.” I gave him a small smile. “Relaxed.”

“Good.” He returned the smile. “Do you have any siblings?”

“No. It’s just me. My dad and mom had me young. He also came out as bi-sexual shortly after they found out my mom was pregnant with me,” I explained, repeating the story my dad liked to share with me often. “Like you and your ex-wife, my parents are close. But they never married. My mom also knew that my dad was attracted to men as well as women.”

“Are they still together?” Cam asked, turning toward me and giving me his full attention.

“No. They remained friends and my mom ended up marrying someone else. My dad isn’t seeing anyone as far as I know. He actually owns a local sports bar a few blocks from Coffee Beans & Love.”

“Really?” Something flashed in Cam’s gaze. “What’s the name of the bar?”

Before I could answer, Cam’s phone rang. He reached for it, frowning when he glanced at the screen. “I have to take this.” He slid from the bed, placing the phone up to his ear. “Why are you calling me so damn late?”

It wasn’t that late but clearly, Cam didn’t want to speak to whoever was on the phone.

He left the bedroom, grumbling to whoever was on the line. It didn’t take long for him to rejoin me, but something was off about him now.

“Everything okay?” I asked, patting the empty spot beside me.

“Just business shit. I think I’m starting to get in way over my head by owning more than one business. My business partner can get a little antsy and I keep telling him to trust me, but I think he likes being in control. He’s worse than I am.” Cam chuckled. “I love the guy, but he drives me nuts at times.”

“I have enough issues owning one business and I’m not even the sole owner of it.” When he moved to the spot beside me, I linked my fingers between his. “I don’t know how you do it.”

“I’m starting to wonder the same thing,” he mumbled.

“Tell me about your family.” I figured that would be a safe topic and get his mind off of whatever that phone call was about.

“My parents are retired and are backpacking across Europe at the moment. You would think they were in their twenties with the adventures they go on. I’ve always been in awe of them.”

“That sounds amazing. Do you have any siblings?”

“No. I was sort of a surprise.”

Our conversation went on like that for the rest of the night and well into the early morning of the following day. We fell asleep mid-conversation. I didn’t remember the last time I ever did that, if ever at all.

I learned that Cam enjoyed traveling and that he wanted to slow down when it came to work. He was turning thirty-five but with the stress of running several businesses, he felt like he was turning fifty. He knew he had to take a break but didn’t know how.

I also learned that he loved food. He wasn’t a great cook, but he tried to cook himself a meal at least once a week, instead of ordering takeout all of the time.

Listening to him speak, was something I could do for hours. Even though he had me take part in the conversation, I would be happy just listening to him instead.

When I left his place the following morning after he cooked us breakfast, we promised to meet up again in a few days. He had some business to take care of and I had to work anyway. But we promised each other to text as much as we could. He also told me that he wanted me to meet Beverly. I was shocked over that, and my face must have said it all because Cam laughed.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

“How was your date?” Noah came up beside me as I was wiping down the counter. “Shane said you really like this guy.”

“Shane needs to mind his own business.” Dropping the cloth on the counter, I turned to Noah. “But yes, I do like him.”

“Good. It’s about time you and Shane parted ways. I love him but he’s not good for you and you aren’t good for him.”

“He’s my best friend,” I reminded Noah.

“Yeah, and Presley and I are your best friends too, but you never fucked us.” He shook his head, a deep frown settling between his brows. “Listen, I’m just saying that it’s about time you and Shane moved on. That’s all.”

“Okay, that’s fair. I appreciate you looking out for us.” It was the truth. Of course, I wished things could have worked out between Shane and I, but it obviously wasn’t meant to be. He deserved someone who could love him unconditionally and so did I. Maybe Cam could be that person for me.

A rush of customers came into the café and prevented Noah and me from discussing any more of my nonexistent relationship with Shane. Thank God for that.

Jasmine took over making drinks, so I could head to the back to check on things. The door to the office was open. Shane was hunched over a pile of books.

“You good?” I asked him, standing in the doorway.

“Yeah. It seems someone left you a gift.” Shane didn’t look my way and kept his head down.

“A gift?” I raised an eyebrow. “Who would do that?”

“Your little boyfriend.” Shane looked up from his stack of books then. “Presley set it up.”

“What is it?”

“A new espresso machine.”

“I didn’t even notice it,” I muttered.

“How could you not? The thing puts our old one to shame. It’s high-tech.” Shane shook his head. “Must have cost thousands.”

The only person I knew who would buy such an extravagant gift like that, would be Cam. It was thoughtful of him because the one we had that broke, was shit.

“Business has been doing really well the last month,” Shane added, changing the subject. “I’m hoping we can keep this up.”

“I think Presley handling the social media accounts for us has really given the place a boost.” Word of mouth was a godsend.

“I agree.” Shane turned toward me. “Come in and close the door.”

My heart stuttered, my chest tightening at the demand, unsure as to how this conversation was about to go. But I did as I was told and leaned against the closed door.

“Are you happy?” he asked, placing an ankle on the opposite knee.

“I am but it’s new. I don’t know how it’s going to go but I do like Cam. A lot.”

He nodded, giving me a small smile. “I’m sorry it didn’t work out between us.”

“I don’t think we went into it expecting that it would.”

“That’s true.” Shane stood. “Can I have a hug?”

Instead of answering, I closed the distance between us and wrapped myself around him.

It was comfortable and familiar. Even his cologne was the same. A little spice mixed with pine. It smelled like home, but it had never been what I wanted.

“I love you, Brady,” he murmured in my hair.

“I love you too.” My stomach clenched. This felt like goodbye and maybe it was. Our fling was officially over and now both of us could move on and find that happiness we deserved.

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

Once I left Shane's office, I went back out to see if more customers needed to be served. They didn't, so I ended up checking in on them anyway to make sure they were well taken care of. I learned that while most wanted to be left alone, the regulars liked being asked if they were happy and if there was anything else we could do for them.

When I was making my rounds, I saw my dad sitting at one of the tables by the large window that looked out onto the street.

A man was sitting across from him, his back to me.

My dad's head lifted, a wide smile forming on his face when I approached. "Hey, Son."

The man he was sitting with turned his head, looking over his shoulder and right at me.

I stopped in my tracks, my mouth falling open at who was staring back at me.

Cam.

SIXTEEN

Brady

Cam's eyes widened. "Son?"

“Do you two know each other?” my dad asked, his body stiffening.

“No, I guess we don’t.” I thought I was getting to know Cam but the fact that he was sitting with my father, made me wonder if it wasn’t him who was my dad’s silent business partner. “I have to get back to work. My staff will take care of you.”

“Brady,” both my dad and Cam called out, but I ignored them.

I didn’t know what was going on or how Cam knew my dad, but it didn’t sit right with me. Maybe I was overreacting but then again, maybe I wasn’t.

“Brady.”

Cam was following me.

Picking up my pace, I headed to the kitchen and rushed to the back of the building.

“Brady,” Cam barked, still following me.

When I reached outside, the cool evening air slapped me in the face much like the news that my dad and Cam knew each other.

“Baby, you need to stop and actually let me explain.”

“No.” I spun on him and shoved him hard.

He grunted, his eyes darkening.

“You don’t get to call me baby.”

“Let me explain then,” he insisted, reaching for me.

“Fuck you.” I stepped away from him, needing to put some distance between us.

“Fuck me?” He chuckled. “This isn’t fair. You have no idea what’s going on.”

“Oh, then please, why don’t you enlighten me? Did you know that he’s my father? Were you using me?”

“What?” Cam’s eyes widened. “Fuck no. I had no idea that Rhett’s your father and I sure as hell am not using you. Yes, the first time we fucked; I was using you then to curb an itch but it didn’t do shit. I needed more. I needed to see you again and again. Not just for sex but to get to know you, to actually be with you.”

I stared at him, the man I hadn’t known for long but could easily fall in love with. Maybe I already had. It was fast but at this point, I didn’t give a shit. You couldn’t help what the heart wanted. “How do you know my dad?”

Cam leaned against the wall opposite me. “I’ve known him for a few years now. Your dad is fucking awesome, so we became really good friends right away. He’s been private. I knew he had a son, but he never gave me your name. He didn’t tell me anything about his personal life.”

Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:34 am

“My dad’s always been private.” My father was known to be quiet, grumpy at times, but also a teddy bear. He would do anything for the people he loved.

“I learned that right away. But he constantly talked about you and how proud he is of you. I tried getting more out of him because I wanted to meet you. Maybe he was overprotective because of what you’ve gone through with Shane. I don’t know. He never told me. But then I met you and I forgot about wanting to meet Rhett’s son.” Cam pushed away from the wall. “Now that I know who you are, you’re better than I imagined, Brady.”

I swallowed hard, watching him slowly come toward me.

“You’re damn near perfect. You’re everything I’ve wanted in a partner.”

His words washed over me, making the tiny hairs on my body tingle. “I’m far from perfect,” I whispered.

“I’m sorry about this mix-up. I wish I could have told you that I know your dad, but I didn’t know who you were, so I didn’t.”

“So, the espresso machine...”

“It was a gift.” Cam gave me a small smile, stopping a foot away from me. “It was also my little peace offering with Shane.”

“Thank you. You didn’t have to do that, but...thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Cam reached out, brushing a finger along the side of my hand.
“So, is this it? Are we done?”

“I don’t want it to be.” As soon as those words left my mouth, the back door opened, revealing my dad.

“Everything okay?” he asked, stepping outside and coming toward us. “Do I need to kick his ass? Because I will.”

Cam rolled his eyes.

I grabbed his hand, holding it tight in mine.

He met my gaze, a slow smile creeping on his face.

“No, I don’t need you to do that,” I told my dad.

“You never told me you were seeing someone.” Dad crossed his arms under his broad chest.

“It happened a little fast.” Cam released my hand and threw his arm over my shoulders. “Your son kind of stole my fucking soul.” He kissed my temple, letting his lips linger a second before pulling away.

“If this was anyone else, I’d say I don’t approve but I actually like this fucker, so I won’t say shit.” Dad rubbed the back of his neck. “Although, it is a little weird that one of my friends is dating my son.”

“So, I shouldn’t remind you that we’re business partners then.” Cam laughed, the deep sound vibrating through me.

Dad groaned. “That’s even fucking weirder.” He spun on his heel. “On that note, I’m

heading back inside. Cam, don't take too long. We still have business to discuss."

Cam ignored him, turned toward me, and captured my face between his hands. "This is fast, but I need you to know, because I don't want any more unexpected secrets between us, but I'm falling in love with you. I never expected it to happen either, but it has and—"

"I'm falling in love with you too." I cupped the back of his head, running my fingers through the soft strands.

Cam grinned, lowering his mouth to mine.

The kiss was sweet and sensual, nothing like the man who had spent hours the night before fucking me like a savage beast.

I still couldn't believe that he knew my dad, but I was thankful that my father approved. He hadn't approved of any of my previous relationships, so I stopped telling him about them. I only wished he could find the same happiness and maybe one day he would. I hoped all of my friends would.

"I need to get back to your dad," Cam murmured against my lips.

"And I need to get back to work." But I couldn't pull my mouth from his.

His hands roamed down my back, pulling me closer. "You're going to spend the night with me."

I chuckled at the demand. "Yes, Sir."

Cam released me and took a step back. "Good boy." He winked and headed back into the building.

All breath left me, but I couldn't help the smile forming on my face.

After all of this time, I was finally happy.

THE END