



Alternating Current (Brannon Boys)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: One broken air-conditioner. One record-breaking heat wave. One repair job gone right.

Kyle's not looking for anything but an escape from his broken air-conditioning during the worst heat wave of the summer. And when his repairman ends up being a total fox? It sure as hell couldn't hurt to give the guy his number.

Garrett wasn't expecting the adorable twink in 3B to proposition him, but he can't help inviting him over. Yet when their scorching night together grows hotter than the temps outside, their one-night stand turns into a date, and that date turns into something neither of them expected...

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Chapter One

Kyle

I was going to boil alive.

I'd had a good run, truly, making it to the perky age of twenty-three with shockingly little cynicism and far too many shoes. However, today I'd hit my limit.

I groaned as I pulled my arm from my forehead, which was sticky. Everything was sticky. I was pretty sure my AC was broken, which of course happened during the worst heat wave to hit the Philly area in an age. Probably a thousand years.

A pitiful meow came from the opposite corner of my one-bedroom apartment, right in West Chester proper, not far from where I'd graduated college last year.

Meowella Deville, my gray-and-white tabby, was turning into a puddle on the floor. I needed to do something--if not for me, then for her. With her fur coat, she had to be roasting.

I dragged myself off the futon and walked to the fridge. The second I pulled the freezer door open, I wanted to climb in. Instead, I grabbed a few ice cubes. I shoved one into my mouth and plunked the rest into her little stainless steel water bowl. She peeled herself up off the carpet and trotted over to look at her new treat. The cube in my mouth dissolved at once, already a distant memory in this pervasive heat.

Okay, if I didn't get the AC repaired, Meowella and I were definitely going to perish.

If I could pull on my big boy slacks and show up for my marketing job every day, I could contact the maintenance guy.

College seemed like just yesterday and a lifetime ago at the same time. In reality, it had only been six months since I started my job and moved into my new apartment. So very adult of me, even though I was still anything but.

I tugged my phone out of my pocket and slumped onto the couch again, the fabric sticking to my skin.

Maintenance was in my contacts list, even though I hadn't needed to contact them yet. I wasn't completely inept—very savvy with duct-taping broken things—but air conditioners were out of my wheelhouse.

Me: Hey, my AC is broken. Can you come take a look?

Meowella was slurping away at her ice, which had almost dissolved. Maybe I should go out tonight. Preferably somewhere with AC and hot guys to buy me drinks. Except that would require a drive to the city because West Chester had a deficit in gay bars.

I hadn't gotten laid in weeks, and it was becoming a problem. I didn't care if I fucked or got filled, but I needed some human contact. Though ideally not in my hellhole of an apartment variety.

Will Suck Dick for AC. If I posted that on Grindr, I'd get some takers. Options if the apartment maintenance didn't pull through.

My phone buzzed.

Maintenance: Can you take a picture?

I blinked, then blinked again. Weird fucking request from a maintenance guy, but maybe he needed to identify the tenant?

I flipped the camera into selfie mode and swept a few of my strands from sticking to my forehead. Definitely not my best shot, being all sweaty and gross, but not my worst either. Before I could overthink things, I took the pic and sent it over.

The dot, dot, dot of the maintenance guy started. Then stopped. Then started again. Was he composing a how-to novel on fixing ACs? My mind felt blurry with how horribly hot it was. Dislike. I let out a loud groan that echoed through the apartment. Meowella passed me a glare but didn't stir.

Maintenance: A picture of the AC unit. Text me your apartment number, and I'll be right there.

Embarrassment shot through me, making me impossibly hotter. Well, that made more sense. I blamed the heat wave. I shot off a text with my apartment number. I chewed on my lower lip. In for a penny or whatever. Not like I could make an ass out of myself further.

Me: Save me, Repair Daddy!

Here was to hoping he was hot.

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Chapter Two

Garrett

Well, I'd never been on a repair call like this before.

I'd already hit a few units to fix light bulbs, repair some weather stripping, etc., but the AC repair would be a challenge. To be expected with the heat wave though.

What I hadn't expected was the pic the sexy thing in 3B sent me. He was slender and young—my guess early twenties—and between the tousled brown hair and pouty lips, I was instantly interested. His blue eyes beamed with curiosity, and his tee pretty much molded onto his small frame. He'd only taken a picture from the chest up, but he looked like the type to do his squats. And thinking about a tenant that way was absolutely inappropriate.

Didn't stop the jolt of lust from running through me though.

My tools on my belt rattled as I ascended the stairs to the third floor. This was my last repair of the day, so hopefully, it wasn't a complicated one. I'd been doing maintenance work for over a decade, and the temptation to go into specialized work sank its claws into me a little more daily. Contractor jobs would bring in more cash, but I'd rather join someone else's crew. Maybe I needed to stop being such an antisocial fuck. I usually went out to bars to meet up with Grindr hookups or once in a blue moon to grab a beer with a few guys from the gym and once every few months for an infrequent D&D game I played in.

Apart from that, it was me and my empty house.

I ran my fingers through my hair, as if it wasn't a mess already. Maybe a little because of the hottie waiting for me in 3B. When I reached the third floor, my pulse kicked up a notch. No reason for it to—I was just doing my job—but clearly, the loneliness as of late was getting the better of me.

Apartment 3B landed in view, and I closed the distance. My palms broke into a sweat, right as I lifted my knuckles and knocked, like I was a kid and not thirty-three years old. The heat was at fault here.

The door swung open, and the guy standing in the center was every bit as gorgeous as his picture had entailed. His shirt glued to his chest, the shape of his nipples vividly clear, and the scent of sweat and sandalwood wound its way to me. His jaw was so sharp I wanted to trace it with my tongue and follow the droplet of sweat trickling down his neck.

Lust roared through me on sight alone, which wasn't common. I was pickier than I should be, given my lack of a social life.

“So, broken AC?” I smashed through the quiet between us.

“How'd you guess?” He seemed to have found his words again as well. “Though I'm shocked you showed up.” He stepped back, gesturing me inside, and I followed. With his back turned to me, I couldn't help but soak in the sight of that ass encased in shorts. Ngh. Yeah, he had two firm handfuls that were a distraction. A wall of heat slammed into me, but it wasn't just from the attraction prickling through me. No, his AC had definitely stopped working.

“I mean, it does happen to be my job,” I said, my tone dry. “Don't think I'd last too long as a maintenance guy if I stopped fixing people's problems.”

He arched his brow. “Don’t know. I’ve heard too many tenant horror stories of sinks taking months to get fixed. Give yourself the credit.”

I licked my lower lip. Damn. This guy was one surprise after the next. “How long’s it been broken?”

“A day, I think? I’ve pretty much mostly melted at this point. But someone needed to save Meowella from a cruel and untimely fate.” He had a surprising skip to his step for someone who claimed to be at death’s door, and I bit back my smile.

“Meowella?”

A loud meow came from the other side of the room, where a gorgeous gray-and-white tabby peeled up from the floor to brush by my legs. I dropped down to give the cat a few skritches behind the ears. They nuzzled and purred sweetly, making me wish I had a pet of my own. Maybe it was time to go to the SPCA and start my life as a crazy cat gentleman.

I glanced up, and the cutie was staring at me again.

“You know this is like walking porn, right?” he said, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. “Hot repair guy cuddling up on a cat?”

My cheeks flared up, which I didn’t think was possible with how hot it was in here. This guy cut right to the chase, didn’t he? His forwardness was attractive as hell. Maybe because there was a finesse to his flirting, a tease that lured me in.

“Happy to help.” The words came out a bit gruffer than intended. Clearly, I wasn’t the smoothest. “Now, want to show me the air conditioner that isn’t pulling its weight?” I gave Meowella one last pet and pushed up from my crouch. My knees creaked with the motion, making me feel ancient and decrepit rather than thirty-two.

What I was doing engaging this kid instead of shutting that shit down was beyond me. He was so far out of my league.

He crooked his finger and led the way toward his bedroom. God, such a fucking tease. I loved it, even while he drove me crazy. The AC unit stood out from the window of his apartment, but my gaze slipped around the room. A few comforters were strewn haphazardly across the bed, and a pile of sneakers took up real estate on the floor beside it, in a rainbow of different colors. Photos decorated the wall, but I was too far away to scrutinize, and the kitty bed looked pristinely untouched—while the bed had plenty of fluff.

“This is the traitor,” he said, jabbing a finger at the AC unit.

“Thanks...” Shit, I didn’t have his name.

He grinned. “Kyle. And you know you’ve got to tell me yours now, right? Otherwise, you’re staying in my phone as Repair Daddy.”

I ran fingers through my hair on instinct. “Daddy? I’m not even graying yet.”

Kyle wagged his brows. “Don’t need silver to be a fox.”

I rolled my eyes, even as a smile tugged at my mouth. Fuck, he was persistent and charming in ways that were ticking all my goddamn boxes. “The name’s Garrett. Now let me inspect your air conditioner.” Not wasting any more time, I stepped up to the unit, the problem glaringly clear. “Time and heat must’ve affected the weather stripping. We get a replacement for this. I’ll fix it, and you’re golden.” This would be a quick jaunt down to the utility storage area in the basement.

“You’re saying I’ll have air conditioning again?” He stood a mere few inches away from me, driving me to distraction, but I would be out of his hair quickly.

Disappointment thudded through me. He was the most entertainment I'd had in ages.

Clearly, I needed to get out more.

"That's what I'm here for," I said, hooking a thumb through the band of my toolbelt. "Make sure you and Meowella don't melt away."

"My hero." He fanned himself—though that might've just been from the heat.

"Let me go get the weather stripping, and I'll be right back." Even as I walked away, there was a subtle draw in his direction that I couldn't deny, a magnetism I rarely found.

"I'll just be here. Dying from heat exhaustion," Kyle called after me. I grinned before I could help it. The guy seemed to have a flair for the drama, based on a simple five-second interaction, but I liked it.

The trek to the basement was easy, one I'd done a thousand times, and I beelined over to where I kept the weather stripping. Within minutes, I had the supplies I needed and was heading back to Kyle's apartment. My heart thumped a little faster upon approach—this time not from the unknown but because the guy was effortlessly sexy and charming. Also young—probably fresh out of college—which meant I shouldn't be indulging in his flirtation.

I knocked again, and the door creaked open.

Kyle stood in the frame, toying with the hem of his shirt. He used it to fan himself, which exposed plenty of lickable tan skin and abs, especially with how low slung his shorts were.

"Thank god you're back. I thought you'd abandoned me." His eyes twinkled, and I

just shook my head, a grunt coming from me. The sooner I finished this job, the sooner I could extricate myself from temptation incarnate. Because the man was clearly flouncing around for attention I definitely wanted to give—just not while I was on the job.

I set to work on the AC unit, removing the weather stripping and replacing it with the new. The whole process unfolded seamlessly, and I lost myself in the motions, in the peacefulness to the procedure I enjoyed. Kyle lay on his couch as he weathered the heat in his apartment, which honestly was no joke. He must've been boiling here, along with his poor tabby. Sweat trickled down my neck, and my undershirt was glued to my chest. My coveralls were going to be disgusting after this workday.

I finished the final touches on the weather stripping and reset the air conditioner. When I placed my hand over the vents, a burst of slightly cooler air brushed over my fingers. All good signs.

“We’re done. Your place might not cool down at once, but it should be better in a few hours.”

Footsteps creaked from the other room, and when I turned around, Kyle was already behind me.

“Damn, you move fast,” I muttered.

He grinned, those blue eyes sparkling. “Guys tend to like that about me.”

“Trouble, that’s what you are.” I ran my fingers through my hair, which had grown damp from sweat. He was such an insatiable flirt, but damn if my body wasn’t responding.

“I’ve been called worse,” he said, all cheekiness.

“Need anything else?” I asked, regretting my phrasing the second it came out of my mouth.

“If you’re offering help...”

“I’m working,” I said, laying down the professional line.

“That wasn’t a no.” Kyle peeled up his tee again to “fan himself,” which was a flimsy attempt to show more of that delicious torso.

Before my brain could catch up, my mouth jumped ahead. “It wasn’t.”

Kyle’s expression lit up, and my heart sped up in turn.

“Is this line your personal number?” he asked, giving me a coy glance.

“If I tell you yes, am I going to regret it?” There were mere inches between us, the air percolating from more than the summer heat. Everything about him was light, effervescent, and I’ll admit, I was curious. About how he tasted, how he moaned, how he looked falling apart on my cock. Or hell, even how he fucked.

He lifted his phone. “Mm, I don’t leave regrets.”

“We’ll see.” Even as I walked to the door, part of me wanted to turn back. I’d never experienced a draw this strong to someone before, and when my hand landed on the handle, I paused there for a moment. Chances were, he was just flirting with me while I was fixing his shit, and the second I left, he would forget about me. Connection severed.

“Thanks, Repair Daddy,” he called back.

I shook my head again, turned the knob, and saw myself out, amusement bouncing in my chest. The stairs creaked as I traveled down the flights of steps. This was the last job for the day, which meant I was done and could head home, take a shower, and sink onto my couch.

Except the prospect didn't excite me nearly as much as it had an hour ago.

I stepped onto the first-floor landing when my phone buzzed in my pocket. I pulled it out and checked on instinct, my heart rate picking up.

Kyle: Since my AC won't be at full blast for another few hours, it's only fair to invite me over to your place.

Lust sparked through my veins. If it wasn't in my place of work, then...

Me: I live five minutes outside of town. If you want the invite, you're welcome to join me in an hour.

That should give me enough time to get home, shower the sweat and dirt off me, and tidy up my place a bit.

Kyle: I'll be there.

I swallowed hard and exited the building.

Apparently, my night had gotten a lot more interesting.

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Chapter Three

Kyle

Inviting myself over to my repairman's house was a new level of bold, but I liked this heatstroke-induced bout of insanity that had claimed me. I liked it extra, since Garrett had been the hottest thing to walk through my door, and I'd brought several hookups home, thank you very much.

Since the address he'd sent was literally five minutes away, right out of the main sprawl of town, I used the time to shower, clean myself thoroughly, and change into something fresh. Though with the smack of heat outside, I was likely to get sweaty in minutes. If I chose a pair of shorter-than-average shorts and a loose tank top that was easy to peel off, well, that was because I was riding to slut station and refused to look back.

I bid my hellhole of an apartment good riddance—though not before leaving Meowella extra kibble and ice—and swung the lanyard with my keys around as I headed to my car. Garrett was a big, broad bear with thick blond hair and a bit of red in his beard. Pair that with the arm muscles, thick thighs, and soft, dark eyes, and I'd been drooling from the moment he walked into my apartment.

The air conditioning in my car poured over me in sheer bliss. Why hadn't I just been sitting here the whole time? Probably because I'd get claustrophobic being in an unmoving car for hours. I started the ignition and headed out of town, not needing to fire up the GPS. I'd lived in West Chester all through college, and I'd recognized the street name he lived on. Within minutes, I veered into the sweet suburban sprawl of

the town near Everhart Park, where gorgeous houses lined the way.

I counted down the numbers on the mailboxes until I stopped in front of Garrett's. His house was fucking adorable. All brick but with hunter-green shutters and a matching door. Combined with the pale gray roof tiles, it formed an all sorts of charming picture. Nerves prickled in, but I'd always had the habit of leaping first and then fixing my scrapes in the aftermath. And if Garrett hadn't been interested, he wouldn't have responded to my text.

When I hopped out of my car, the heat slammed into me again, reinforcing what a good idea it had been to bother Garrett. Hooking up plus air conditioning? Win-win.

The walkway to his door was in meticulous condition, unsurprising, since the guy was clearly handy. I sucked in a breath and regretted it instantly. The air was just swamp at this point. Reaching up, I knocked.

The moments of silence afterward left me questioning my decisions. Was I really showing up at my maintenance guy's house?

Yes, yes, I was. Because I was horny, young, and overheated.

The door creaked open a second later, and the sight of Garrett knocked the breath from me.

He'd clearly showered and changed too, and his slicked back blond hair, the intensity in his dark eyes, and the way his gray tee hugged his torso all had me flat-out staring. He'd switched to a pair of gym shorts, and his feet were bare, which was intimate in a way I hadn't anticipated. Not that everyone needed to wear shoes, though my rainbow Converse were adorable, but I was used to the formality of footwear.

"You actually showed up," he said.

“Ah, no, I’m a figment of your imagination,” I teased and strode past him. Waiting outside in this heat was for the birds. “Just talking to the walls, you are.”

Garrett snorted as he closed the door with a snick behind him. “The walls and my imagination aren’t remotely as chatty as you, so forgive me if I’m doubtful.”

The living room was an odd mixture of neat and messy. His bookshelves weren’t chaotic, and his TV stand was in order, but his coffee table held a collection of metallic pieces, random tools, and bits and bobs that had clearly overflowed from his garage. To the other side of the coffee table lay a host of little miniature metal figurines.

“What are those?” I crouched and peered at them.

“D&D minis,” he muttered, clutching his nape.

“Cute,” I said, bouncing back up. The coolness of his place addled with my head after languishing in my overly hot apartment. It felt so damn good I could scream and also momentarily made me forget the reason I’d shown up here in the first place.

However, when I looked back at him, his gaze was glued to my ass, and the heat there flushed through me in the best way. Yeah, if he wanted to fuck me, I was beyond down. Hell, if he wanted to get fucked, I was down for that too. I’d take him whatever way I could get him.

“Are you sure you’d rather spend a Saturday night here?” He crooked a brow. “Instead of hitting the bars or whatever?”

I placed a hand on my hip and shot him a “duh” look. “One hundred percent. I’m definitely not driving to Philly to find a hookup or go to a club tonight. It’s too damn hot. And why travel when a hot guy happened to just show up on my doorstep? It was

like the universe sent me delivery.”

The crack of laughter escaping him was sharp and raw and damn attractive, and his eyes crinkled around the edges with genuine amusement. My heart thumped a little harder. Often, I could be a bit too boisterous for folks—I knew I wasn’t everyone’s cuppa—so when I found a guy who laughed at my bullshit instead of getting annoyed? Yeah, that was a definite win.

“Speaking of delivery, have you eaten yet?” he asked.

I arched a brow.

He snorted. “Not everything’s a double entendre, sweetheart.” The affectionate term on his lips sent a shiver rolling down my spine.

“If it isn’t, you’re just not trying hard enough.”

His lips quirked, and I drank in the small reactions from him. In the short time we’d interacted, I could already see what a treasure trove they were.

“Better question.” He leaned against the wall and crossed his arms. The way the move made the muscles of his forearms stand out was criminal. “Pizza before or after?”

Lust coursed right through me. “After.”

As if the air itself changed, a transformation rolled through Garrett. He straightened from his slouch, and his eyes sparked with a deliberateness that revved my engines. Watching him focus on fixing my AC earlier had been the perfect foreplay because I had a competence kink, and those callused hands looked all sorts of talented. He prowled over with languid strides, telegraphing every movement.

I was two seconds away from just tossing my clothes to the floor, but I'd much rather he rip them off me instead.

"You"—he stopped mere inches from me, intensity pouring from his wicked eyes—"are pure trouble." His breath ghosted against my lips, and electricity roared up my spine. His pronounced features from the arch of his nose to those defined lips made him all the more alluring. Fuck, I wanted a taste.

I closed the distance and kissed him.

The moment our lips touched, my entire body responded, the connection between us pure alchemy. He cupped my nape and drew me in closer, our bodies pressing together. The sheer size of his had me melting against him, and I savored the mint taste of his mouth. The heat brewing between us was combustible, and I couldn't get enough.

He slid his fingers through my hair and gave a sharp tug. I moaned in response. Garrett slipped his tongue in to tangle with mine as he deepened the kiss, devouring me with a finesse I'd hoped for. Ngh, yes, giving him my number had been the best decision ever. Pleasure sparked up through my spine, spreading throughout me. He smelled so damn good too, a hint of metal and patchouli.

As we kissed, my cock grew harder, and that desperation to go further arose. His beard brushed against my chin, and I was going to relish the leftover burn in the morning. The contrast with his soft lips was mesmerizing, and he drove his tongue into my mouth with a hunger that stoked my own.

When I pulled back for breath, I hooked my finger into his waistband. "I'm in the mood to get fucked hard tonight. If you're up to the task?"

"Sounds goddamn perfect." He nipped at my lower lip. "Though I'm good to switch

too.”

I winked while trailing my finger along the inside of his waistband. “Funny thing, so am I.”

He drew his thumb over my chin in a slow motion that sent a shiver down my spine. Something about him screamed deliberate in the best way, like the man could make me fall apart on his cock. I was so on board.

While I slid to my knees, I tugged down those loose gym shorts. They pooled around his ankles, and when I looked up, his thick erection, long and with a slight curve, was inches from my lips. He was neatly trimmed, the hair the same reddish tint as his beard. Pre-cum pooled on his tip, and I helped myself.

I leaned in and licked the glistening drop, and Garrett threaded his fingers through my hair.

“That’s right, sweetheart. Get it nice and wet with your mouth.” His voice was deep and gravelly, and my cock throbbed in response. God, I loved a dirty talker.

I licked again, dragging it out slowly on purpose. “Like this?” I batted my lashes.

“Little tease,” he murmured, giving a tug of my hair to drag my mouth back to his cock. I ran the tip of my tongue around the mushroom head with light, delicate licks to prove him right. When I glanced up, he stared down at me, his deep brown eyes blown with lust. A grin quirked his lips. Yeah, he understood the exact game I played. Sometimes I could be a little like a cat when it came to boundaries—I loved to test them.

I lapped at his slit, and he tightened his grip on my hair. I loved the slight sting, the way the cords of his neck strained. God, he was so fucking hot. His sheer strength

was a turn-on, but honestly, what stoked my fires more was how he'd rolled with the punches from the moment I met him. The calm, cool types were so fucking sexy—especially when they finally flipped.

“You can do better than that.” He brushed his tip against my lips, nudging against them.

I opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out.

Slowly I leaned forward and glided the flat of my tongue up his length. Garrett smirked. My cock dribbled a little pre-cum. My shorts were beyond tight at this point, and I regretted leaving them on. He tugged my hair and thrust in, pushing his cock to the back of my throat, then edging away. Saliva pooled in my mouth from the intrusion, even though he'd already drawn his cock out.

“I can take it.” I licked down his length again in another tease.

“Good.” His voice came out in a growl as he pushed inside my mouth again. This time, I relaxed my throat, opening wide so he could fuck in. My balls were full, and my whole body hummed with lust over the way he casually gripped my hair like this and fucked my face. Garrett's thick brows drew together in concentration, and his salty pre-cum hit my tongue. The smell of musk and patchouli surrounded me, a heady combination.

I normally closed my eyes, surrendering to the sensations, but I didn't want to miss a second of Garrett's reactions. His broad shoulders were tense, his arm muscles bunched as he kept that tight grip on my hair. Low grunts and moans escaped him as he set a heady pace, and I forced myself to breathe in through my nose. Spit dribbled down my chin, but I left my hands on my thighs, enjoying the way he took control.

I bobbed my head in time with his motions, but I barely needed to do anything with

the way he thrust in over and over. This man was hot as sin, and I was incredibly glad I'd taken the chance on him.

He tipped his head back. "Fuck." Garrett pulled out of my mouth. "Any more and I'm going to unload. And I'm pretty sure you asked to get fucked hard."

"Oh, a gentleman?" I arched a brow as I wiped the saliva from my mouth.

He smirked. "Sure, if that's what you want to call it."

Ngh. So damn sexy.

"I'm on PrEP. Suit up, though." I fished into the slim-as-fuck pocket in my shorts and tossed him the condom. "I'm assuming you've got lube."

"You guessed right." He tugged his shirt off overhead in that effortlessly hot way. Saliva pooled in my mouth. Goddamn, all that fur on his chest. His muscles weren't sharply defined but more of the strongman sort from years of active work. Mmph. He took a few strides toward the hallway and glanced back. "Ditch the clothes, sweetheart. I'll be right back."

Yes, yes, yes to all that bossiness. He seemed the quiet type outside the bedroom but had exploded with expressiveness here. That ticked all my boxes.

I tossed my shirt to the floor and ditched my shorts and rainbow jock next. Before I had the chance to scoop them up, Garrett padded back into the room with a bottle of lube. He stopped midstride and scanned me over long and slow, his gaze setting me on fire. I reached down and stroked my cock, gratified when his perusal lingered there.

"Fuuuck. How are you for real?" he said.

“Back at you.” I soaked in the sight of him stripped down, all that tanned skin, the full-blown heat in his gaze. His shoulders were so damn wide, and I wanted to bury my face in his pits. Ngh.

“I swear, I keep expecting to pinch myself and find I hallucinated the whole thing.” He shook his head. The hint of vulnerability and awe in his tone struck me square in the chest, a little bit of him I wanted to peel back and discover more of. I’d always been a decent judge of character, even if I only went by vibes, but my gut told me one thing.

Safety.

And that had been enough for me to take the leap.

“I’m definitely here, and if you can operate your cock like you can your mouth, you’re talented enough to fuck me so hard I can’t feel my legs.” I chewed down on my lip, continuing my slow perusal over those bulky thighs, corded forearms, and thick, callused fingers.

He snagged the condom and rolled it onto his cock in a quick movement. “Bend over the back of the couch.” He pointed to the nearest sofa with a wicked glint in his eyes. A blast of heat burned through me. His couch was a neat navy blue that looked untouched. Almost a pity that we’d be defiling it.

However, I followed orders and took my time bending forward, making sure to present my ass in the prettiest way possible.

Garrett stepped up behind me, and I expected fingers or for him to coat my hole in lube. Instead, he let out a grunt and settled on his knees behind me. He was so much taller that even on his knees, his face was positioned right behind my ass. Garrett gripped my ass cheeks tight and spread me open.

His hot breath puffed against my hole, and a shiver rolled up my spine. Palms plastered on the couch cushions, I braced myself. He didn't disappoint. He swiped my hole with his tongue, and bliss ricocheted through me. Maybe he was a goddamn gentleman. He kept my cheeks spread wide as he nipped at the furled skin, alternating between sucking and lapping at it until I was writhing. It felt so damn good my mind swirled, and I wanted to ride his face, just to keep his mouth on me.

My cock leaked at the pleasure that infiltrated in slow waves as he took me apart with his mouth. And when he thrust his tongue deeper inside, I didn't bother restraining my low, long moan. Goddamn. He was deliberate with each and every movement, detailed in a way I very much appreciated. As he drove his tongue inside me at a steady rate, my breaths came out faster, and saliva dripped down the inside of my thigh, tickling along the way.

"Please." I wasn't sure if I was begging for more of this or his cock. I was good with either, honestly.

He continued the assault with his tongue, probing inside me with a blissful wet warmth. I gripped the cushion of the couch tight and shifted my hips back, wanting more, more, more.

When Garrett pulled away, I keened in protest, but the coolness of lube dribbled over my hole. Anticipation had me on a razor's edge, and I closed my eyes, ready for him to fuck me hard enough to see stars.

The thick tip of his cock brushed against my hole, and then he sank inches in. I bore down, and he slid in farther with ease. The glide of his thick cock felt like perfection. God, he fit me so well. When he began the slow rock of his hips, pleasure dripped through my body with a honey smoothness. Ngh.

"Damn, baby," he purred out. "You feel amazing."

I preened, grinding back against him. His low groan was reward enough, but then he placed his hands on my hips and fucked me harder. He didn't speed up—no, he was calculated as hell—but he drove in with a firmness that had sparks flaring through me with each pass. He shifted us slightly, and when he thrust back in—ohfuckyes.

Pleasure burst hot and fast.

“There.” I gasped, desperate to binge on that bliss.

“Oh yeah?” Garrett's voice was gravel and lust, a sinful combination. The roughness of his callused hands on my hips, the smack of our skin as he fucked me all vaulted me higher. He slowly increased the pace, finding the bull's-eye on my prostate.

My balls ached with the need to come, and my cock was weeping. I gripped hard on the couch, but my palms were growing sweaty. Still, Garrett had such a firm hold on my hips I wasn't launching forward with each thrust, even though he was unrelenting.

“You feel good?” He swiveled his hips with each pass.

“Yes. Fuck yes.” I was gasping for breath, sweat prickling on my temples as he continued to reduce me to a puddle. Even though I'd been sweating my ass off earlier today, this kind—the hard-earned kind—I didn't mind in the slightest.

“God, your sweet hole is so damn tight. I'm not going to last long.” Garrett's words came out with a growl as he pistoned his hips with more force, enough that my legs were trembling. My knees were jelly at this point from the way he kept tagging my prostate, and my balls ached with fullness. I needed to explode, that coiled tension begging to burst free. It was driving me out of my mind.

“Me neither,” I groaned out. “I'm so close.”

I'd had hookups before that were just transactional, but something about Garrett drew me in—whether it was the chemistry sparking between us or how he touched my body with deliberate care, I had no idea. Either way, I floated on the sheer sensations rocking through me, on the pressure of his fingertips on my hips, on the perfect way he filled me. My whole body tensed like a string, but he knew the exact way to pluck me. And the melody of moans that followed grew louder and louder.

He reached forward and wrapped his palm around my cock. He didn't stop thrusting inside me, even as he jacked my length in time to his movements. With him spearing into my hole and his competent hand around my cock, there was no way I could hold back any longer.

My orgasm barreled through me with such an intense force my teeth numbed.

My cum splattered down onto the hardwood, flecks hitting the back of his couch, and a long, low cry left my lips. White-hot bliss flared through in such a ferocious sweep it left me breathless, and I floated along as Garrett continued to drive into me. He picked up speed, and based on the edge of desperation to his noises, he was ready to burst.

He thrust inside me hard and held there, his grip on my hips tightening.

“Oh, fuck.” His low curse was followed by the throb of his cock as he emptied into the condom inside me. I was barely holding myself upright, my limbs no longer functional. One shift and I'd topple.

Thankfully, Garrett didn't lean his weight on me but held on to my hips, keeping both of us steady. I slowly circled back to earth, and our ragged breaths echoed through the room. He took his time pulling out, and he ran a gentling hand along my side.

“I'm going to get a washcloth,” he said. “I'll be right back.”

He walked away, the hardwood creaking under his heavy footsteps. I slowly pushed up from my bent-over position, my back hating that I'd held it for as long as I had. However, my hole had that freshly fucked sense of being used, and my whole body was still tingling from how hard I'd come.

So worth it.

Garrett padded back in a moment later, cutting up the room with powerful strides. He clutched a few washcloths, and he tossed one at me. I caught it and cleaned up my cock and my hole while he knelt to wipe the puddle of cum from the wooden floor. He swiped at a few flecks on the couch as well before rising to face me.

"Well, damn." I leaned back against the back of the couch. "That was definitely worth the gamble."

Garrett's lips curled in a slow grin. My stomach fluttered. Something about this man and his quiet, measured reactions had charmed me from the start.

Maybe because he was the complete opposite of me.

"So," I said, tilting my head toward the couch I leaned on. "Tell me you've got good taste in TV."

Garrett crooked an eyebrow. "Is this your not-so-subtle way of saying we should throw something on?"

I winked at him. "Oh, hell yeah. You wouldn't send me back to my humid apartment so soon, would you?"

He shook his head, though he resisted his smile. Garrett didn't say anything but sat on the sofa, grabbed the remote, and handed it to me. "I'm not picky."

“I feel like that’s a challenge.” I hopped over the back of the sofa to land right beside him.

“You would,” he said dryly.

I didn’t bother offering him any space, just hooked my leg around his. This might just be one night, but he made me feel comfortable as shit, which was rare, and I was going to enjoy this for as long as possible. Besides, we’d just been a lot more up close and personal than this. He didn’t make an attempt to move me, so I stayed.

I popped on Netflix and skimmed through. His recently watched was an array of fantasy shows I could totally get behind, but I wanted to nudge him a little, mostly to see the reaction.

“My go-tos are *Is This Cake?* or serial killer documentaries, so I’ll be nice and let you choose between the two.”

“Pass on the serial killer documentaries,” Garrett said, his brows drawn together.

Oh yeah, he was definitely giving me a “really?” sort of look, which amused me to no end.

I leaned back into the cushions and got comfortable, loving the subtle warmth of him by my side, the scent of sweat and sex lingering in the air. My body was wonderfully exhausted, and I started *Is This Cake?* The bright, colorful images danced across the screen, except my gaze drifted to him, the soft lines on his face crinkling with those micro-expressions I could easily get addicted to.

This day had ended in the best possible way.

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Chapter Four

Garrett

The following week was decidedly less hellish, weatherwise.

And yet part of me hoped for another air conditioner issue in a certain tenant's apartment.

I finished the quick plumbing fix on a leaky sink in a ground-floor apartment, eager for the day to be over. While I was down here working, my mind had been wandering back to last week, when Kyle had stormed into my life, completely upended my foundation, and then—after decreeing that he was sleeping over—left me with a kiss on the cheek the next morning. He'd followed it up with a text no less than a half hour later.

Thank you, Repair Daddy.

Except I'd never responded.

I hemmed and hawed on whether or not that was a text you were supposed to respond to. After three days, the idea of reaching out felt ridiculous. I'd clearly missed my window, and besides, he was out of my league. Yet the comfort between us, even as we sat on my couch casually ribbing each other while watching *Is This Cake?*, was better than some relationships I'd been in for years.

Not to mention that had been some of the hottest sex I'd had in a long while. The way

Kyle melted in my arms, his enthusiasm, his gorgeous sounds all stoked my coals. And the fact that he was vers too? Fuck. His cock had been a nice length, and the thought of taking it deep within me definitely appealed. Except he was young, had the pick of whoever he wanted, and had such a bright, explosive personality that it had been a little like staring at the sun.

My thrilling Saturday nights weren't spent at clubs or bars but at a D&D game I was in with a few friends. Maybe chilling back and watching a Phillies game with friends. I tightened the fitting on the plumbing and pushed up. My knees creaked, an ever-present reminder that I sure as fuck wasn't getting any younger. Probably time to start asking around with contractor teams. Try to get some higher-paying work.

I checked the water flow from the sink, which seemed to be working better. Satisfied that things were in good repair, I gathered my supplies, popping a few tools in my work belt, and headed out of the apartment. I made sure to lock up on my way out.

The sun was hazy this time of day, that golden hour between late afternoon and evening, and I soaked it in. Maybe tonight I could kick back with a beer and continue with *Is This Cake?* Apparently, I'd gotten addicted to the show. And maybe a little part of me was trying to hold on to everything I could from my night with Kyle.

When I stepped out onto the sidewalk, a red Honda Civic pulled into one of the nearest spots.

The driver's side door opened, and a too-familiar man stepped out.

Kyle was still dressed from work, in a blue button-down and charcoal slacks, all of which fit him far too well. His brown, wavy hair was styled, and the sun highlighted his smooth olive skin. The sight of him struck me square in the chest, and I almost wobbled where I stood. The man was temptation incarnate, and lust burst through my veins.

When he glanced up, our eyes met.

He offered a tentative wave as if he wasn't sure of my reception. Right. Because I'd left him on read, like an asshole.

Fucking hell. I'd done enough dithering. I sucked in a sharp breath and walked toward him. My mind had already made itself up with what was coming next, and my legs were carrying me over to him even if I hadn't quite summoned enough nerve.

Kyle's eyes brightened, and that cinched it for me.

"Hey," he said, his voice as warm as I remembered. My mouth dried at being this close, at feeling that electricity spark between us, at the scent of his sharp, woodsy cologne. I wanted to strip him down and get filthy with him all over again.

"Go on a date with me."

The words leaped out of my mouth with zero finesse, and I squeezed my nape. Guaranteed he was going to tell me to get lost. It had been a fun evening, and I was clearly making it into something it hadn't been.

"When?" Kyle asked, those blues lightening even more. My heart thudded hard. That wasn't a no.

"This weekend, if you're free," I offered, my mind already spinning. This gorgeous man taking a chance on me was more than I could've hoped for, but if he was willing to go on a date, I wanted it to be memorable. Someone as bright and as effervescent as him deserved that.

"I can be." He struggled to bite back his grin. "You tell me the time and place, and I'll be there."

I licked my lips, and his gaze zeroed in there. His nostrils flared, and all too easily, his desperate sounds when I'd railed into him came back to me. How fucking delicious his hole had been. I sure as fuck wouldn't mind a repeat of last week, but I wanted a repeat of all of it—not just the sex.

I wanted to watch dumb shows with him and listen to the commentary. I wanted to learn everything I could about this man.

"I'll message you." I forced myself to step away before I closed the space between us and claimed those lips. Maybe we were doing things a bit backward, fucking first and then going on dates second, but all I knew was that I hadn't gotten nearly enough of this man.

"I'll be waiting for it." His voice traveled from behind, but I didn't turn back. Instead, I headed around the building to deposit my tools in the basement for the day. However, the moment I slipped out of sight, I pulled out my phone.

This time, I wouldn't leave him waiting.

Saturday at six p.m. I'll come pick you up.

I stared at the words I typed, hesitating a moment but then adding a few more.

Can't wait to see you.

Saturday arrived far too fast.

I'd been second-guessing my idea for this date a thousand times over, but at the end of the day, I was a take-me-or-leave-me sort of person. And either Kyle liked what I had to offer, or we parted ways.

The fact that he'd been sending me flirty texts the rest of the week hadn't hurt. And the memory of our night together had played on repeat ever since it had happened. Maybe that night had been a flash in the pan, but I'd never know if I didn't give it another try.

And fuck, I wanted to try Kyle every which way.

I tightened my grip around the small bag I carried as I creaked my way up the stairs to his apartment. Sounded like they needed WD-40. Someone should fix that shit.

Right, my job.

It felt odd walking through the apartment building and not heading to repair something. My skin prickled as if a tenant was going to flag me down and ask me to fix the clog in their sink. But I was on a mission right now—pick up the hottie who'd had the audacity to hit on me during the job.

And who'd become a fixture in my fantasies this past week.

I reached Kyle's apartment and checked my phone. A few minutes before six. I knocked on the door and waited, my palms sweating. I shouldn't be this nervous about going on a date at thirty-two, but here we were.

The door swung open, and I almost swallowed my tongue.

Kyle was wearing a V-neck linen shirt with a lace-up that dipped low enough to showcase his tan skin. His jeans looked worn and soft but still hugged his slender legs firmly. He'd styled his tousled hair, and those gorgeous blue eyes with the long lashes had me ensnared. I was tempted to step inside and take him apart with my mouth, but I genuinely wanted to learn everything that made him tick.

“Prompt. I like it,” he said, his gaze sparking with mischief. “You ready to go?”

I handed over the bag, a little heat rising to my cheeks. “For you.”

He tilted his head to the side and opened the bag. My nerves hummed, and I was already cursing myself for a stupid idea. Except then he lifted the specialty cat treats from the bag, and a brilliant smile dawned on his face.

“For Meowella,” I said, squeezing the back of my neck.

“You...” He grabbed me by the front of my shirt and tugged me toward him. His mouth landed on mine.

I wrapped my hands around his waist as I deepened the kiss. He tasted sweet, like strawberry chapstick, and I licked into his mouth. He let out a whimper that pumped my blood hotter, and I brought our bodies together, loving the way heat bloomed between us. The electricity dancing down my spine was rare, and I reveled in how it woke up my synapses. He was hungry and hot in my hands, and I was fast becoming addicted to this man.

However, we were also making out in the hallway of the place where I worked.

Reluctantly I pulled back, but not before stealing one more kiss. “Ready for our date?”

Kyle’s grin lit up my world. “Born ready.”

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Chapter Five

Kyle

O kay, if a guy showed up to your first date with treats for your cat, I was pretty sure that was marriage material right there. Not that I was ready to get married anytime soon, but Garrett had already won me over the first time we hooked up. His thoughtful gift just ensured he was going to set a bar for dating expectations that most guys wouldn't measure up to. Especially not ones my age.

"I'll drive us," Garrett said, leading the way down the steps. My heart thudded in excitement. I had no idea where we were heading, but I knew I was in competent hands. And fuck, those hands. I'd definitely jerked off all week to the memory of our hookup.

After I'd sent him a text and had gotten no response, I'd been sure he'd just viewed it as a one and done. Since that was all I had proposed, I wasn't going to unleash my neediness on him, but that poor bastard had opened the door wide for it by inviting me on a date.

I'd feel bad, but honestly, he'd already gotten a taste of what to expect the other night. When I was comfortable with someone, I went all in.

His black Tacoma was in the parking lot, and he unlocked it and climbed into the driver's seat. I got in on the passenger side and settled in. The man looked so fine behind the wheel. He had styled his hair and cleaned up his reddish beard too. His lips were pursed in concentration, and those muscular forearms were on display with

his undershirt and open short-sleeve black button-down. The bit of hair poking from the neck of the shirt, the fur along his arms—ngh. All of it was sexy as hell.

He drove out of town, down through the more rural part of West Chester that I called “horse country,” even though we were still very much in the suburbs. I’d gone out here plenty to hike, so I had an idea or two where we might be heading. At least, I had some hopes.

“So, what made you change your mind about hitting me up?” I asked.

“Honestly? I wasn’t sure if your text was a ‘Thanks but fuck off now’ or ‘Keeping lines of communication open’ sort of deal.” He speared a few fingers through his hair as he one-handed the wheel.

Him speaking so openly made my heart squeeze tight. Goddamn, I liked him.

“It was the latter, so I’m glad you asked me out tonight.” I watched the fields roll by, interspersed with trees and the occasional stream that carved through the landscape. “Unless I find out on this date something truly repugnant that’ll scare me off forever.”

“Why do I get the feeling there’s not a lot that’ll scare you off?” Garrett shot me a sidelong glance.

“Mmm, fire-eating, probably. While it looks cool, I have this irrational fear that a blow job would singe my dick off.” I scrunched my nose.

“I can promise you I’m not about to eat fire and then blow you,” Garrett said, deadpan. “How that’s even in the realm—”

“Okay, maybe you don’t hang around with former circus performers, but I certainly

do.” I didn’t mention that most of them I met through my drama club friends in college, but they were a fun-as-fuck bunch. Rennies usually were.

“Every time I think I know what you’re going to say, you throw me another curveball.” The grin on his face was promising, though, so I’d roll with it. He slowed as the sign for Stroud Preserve appeared up ahead.

My heart thudded a little harder. “How did you know this is one of my favorite places?”

He cast me another sidelong glance. “I didn’t. It’s one of mine too.”

Fucking swoon.

He pulled into the lot, the crunch of gravel under tires so familiar. I hopped out first, and he followed suit. We didn’t waste time getting across the parking lot and heading to the trails. This time of the day, the trails bustled with joggers, folks walking their dogs, and the occasional family chasing after their children. I didn’t mind the passersby though. The views were worth it, rolling hills lit up by the golden hues of the waning sun.

“You sap. You’re taking me on a sunset walk, aren’t you?” I nudged my elbow against his side.

Garrett full on blushed, and fuck, that lured me in even more. “If you’d rather do something else, I’m open to suggestions.”

“Oh, because going to one of my favorite places with the hottie who rocked my world is such a hardship.”

“It’s that easy with you, is it?” he said as we ambled down the dirt path. On either

side, the sprawling green hills were backlit by that gilt hue from the sun, and the sky was achingly blue, like it filled to burst before exploding into darkness.

“What, you calling me easy?” I teased. His quiet nature made it simple to get comfortable, like slipping into a favorite jacket. While people generally didn’t tend to be a struggle for me, there was usually some sort of back-and-forth dance in trying to get to know them. However, Garrett and I had clicked into place from the moment we met, like I didn’t have to restrain anything. And that was damn tempting.

A smirk tugged at his lips. “I mean, if the shoe fits.”

I slapped a hand over my chest. “How dare you, Garrett...what the fuck is your last name?”

“Barlowe.” His soft grin and simple responses charmed the hell out of me, which was probably how I’d ended up inviting myself to his house in the first place.

“Kyle Laurier, since you so inquisitively asked.” I swung my arms by my side. If one occasionally brushed by him, sending sparks up my spine, well, that was a hardship I’d have to bear.

He’d slung a canvas backpack over his shoulder, which I hadn’t even noticed until now. His shoulders were so broad they took my brain to filthy places. “What are you packing away there?”

“And ruin the surprise? Nah.” His dark eyes crinkled in amusement, and I loved the laugh lines at the corners. It was clear that despite his quietness and abruptness, he wasn’t a curmudgeon, and I liked that about him. Past boyfriends who leaned toward cynics had told me to tone it down, and I wasn’t a fucking fan of that in the slightest. Garrett seemed more the type to sit back and smirk, which was just fine by me. I was fast growing addicted to this man’s eyes on me.

“Fine, be all broody and mysterious,” I said, waving a hand. “I’ll just assume you’ve got a wide array of sex toys packed in there and be wholly disappointed when I find out you haven’t planned a woodland fuckfest.”

Garrett lifted a brow as I bit back my laughter. Was he going to take me seriously or not? No shame on woodland fuckfests, but I was not that bold and honestly a bit of a princess about getting dirt in my ass crack. Garrett stared at me, the hint of amusement in his gaze reassuring.

“Fine, maybe a bit more relieved than disappointed,” I said. “Just so you’re aware, I’m also not the camping type.”

“Eh, neither am I. I like to keep my hands busy, and while hikes are great, hanging around a campsite doesn’t do anything for me.”

“So, what’s your ideal vacation then?” I asked, loving the rolling scenery as we talked. The scent of fresh greenery wafted my way, and I drank it in. The temperature was hot enough to make me sweat a little but not completely drench me. “Beach? Mountains?”

“City, oddly,” he said. Huh, I hadn’t expected that. I’d taken him for a mountain man, maybe because of the hot lumberjack vibes, but I loved these hidden dimensions. “I’m an architecture junkie, so the ones with the more unique stuff tick my boxes every time.”

“Well, I’m in for the arts and leisure.” I couldn’t help adding some emphasis on the second word. His nostrils flared, and a little thrill rose through me. The electricity between us hadn’t died down, but instead, it had started transmuting since we’d hooked up. Here on this date, getting to know him a little better, was like watching a drawing get fleshed out in real time, those broad lines getting more detailed and specific.

“Is that your way of trying to invite yourself on my vacations now too?” he asked as we rounded a bend, hay bales in the distance and a lineup of trees on the other side. A narrow path traveled a little farther away to a flat expanse under shade that looked like a great spot to rest. Apparently, we both had the same idea because Garrett led us in that direction.

“Wow, that’s awfully forward of you,” I said, my sarcasm free-flowing. “Already planning out our future trips together?”

Garrett snorted, and my heart bounced a little harder. Yeah, I was enjoying myself a little too damn much. I let him get a few steps ahead of me, just to watch his ass flex in those worn jeans. My lord, his muscular glutes looked like the perfect kind to spread apart and devour before sliding a cock inside. My length woke to life. Damn shame I hadn’t gotten the chance to tap that the other night.

“All right, here we are.” He dropped on the grass by the benches. I took the bench because why get my ass dirty if I didn’t have to? He unzipped the bag and plunked a thermos on the ground. He handed me a paper bag and popped one next to him.

“You’re really going to sit up there?” he asked.

“If it’s between this or the ground, yeah. Unless you’ve got a better offer?”

Garrett shook his head but spread his legs wider and then looked back up at me. Fuck. Yeah, that was so worth getting on the ground for. I hopped from my spot and settled between his legs, and I sure as fuck backed right up to his groin. His cock hardening behind me created a chain reaction, and mine thickened in response. Ngh. This picnic was going to be heaven and hell in the same breath.

Garrett wrapped his arms around me, and I melted back against him. That big, sturdy presence at my back definitely got my motor going.

“I got a turkey hoagie and a roast beef one, so pick your poison.”

“What’s the one you handed me?” I snagged the bag and opened it.

“Turkey.”

“Sounds perfect.” I took a bite. He must’ve gone to a decent place because the proportions were perfect. I chewed and swallowed. Damn, I wasn’t going to be able to eat much. Not with how my anticipation had staved off my appetite. I wanted to devour...well, not food.

“You rebel you,” I teased. “Stroud Preserve’s not a picnicking area.”

He’d removed his hands from around me and dug into his own sandwich, but between his legs, I was happy as shit and wasn’t going to move.

“What, you planning on getting me in trouble?” The low rasp of his voice traveled straight to my cock. God, this man. Between his consideration of asking me out, planning this trip, and letting me sit right between his legs, he was perfect, and everything about this date had me wanting more. So much more.

“It’s only fun if there’s a little trouble,” I said, taking another bite. “What’s in the thermos?”

“Sparkling lemonade.”

He unscrewed the thermos, poured some in a cup, and offered it to me. I took a sip, loving how it danced across my tongue. Older guys were definitely the way to go. Guys my age would buy you a shitty drink at a bar and expect to get blown a second later. This wasn’t so transactional—no, Garrett put intention into everything he did, and the consideration stroked at my chest.

“So, you’re not running for the hills yet,” he said, his hot breath hitting the back of my neck. “This too boring of a date?”

I shifted halfway around to catch his gaze. “Excuse me? This is the most considerate date I’ve been on in a hell of a long time, and I’m loving every second of it. Only one thing could make it better.”

Garrett crooked a brow in a sexy, effortless gesture.

“Inviting me back to your place after, obviously.” I winked at him, turning my flirt up.

His eyes crinkled with his grin. “You don’t hold back, do you?”

“Not when I want something,” I shot back. He skimmed his thumb across my lower lip, and a shudder traveled down my spine. Pure electricity.

“Well, then it looks like we’re on the same page.” His husky voice was sheer sex, and I wanted to hear it as we fucked each other until we were boneless. “Hey, look at the sky.”

I placed the hoagie in the bag, and based on the crinkle behind me, he was doing the same. The first streaks of gold were creeping across the horizon. The sky faded to tones of orange and sienna, and I settled back against him, loving the warmth of him against my back. Comfort was a rare and elusive creature, yet that was exactly what filtered through my veins. As if we’d been doing this for years rather than a first date.

The sun was setting, yet something firm settled inside me along with it. A resolute understanding that change was approaching, and I welcomed that fragrant breeze with all my soul. Our sandwiches lay untouched as we basked in the sheer wonder of the display before us. We’d need to head back down the trail soon, as the park usually

closed after dusk, but I wanted to savor this moment with him now.

That a chance encounter with my repairman could've led to a first date honestly knocked me down at the knees. Garrett was hot and handy, and I sure as fuck liked his quiet nature, but I could never have anticipated his thoughtfulness. How he'd steadfastly taken me apart in the bedroom and was burrowing his way into my heart in the same way. Sure, we had a hell of a lot of getting to know each other ahead of us, but I was so in. The sky darkened and deepened, the colors of the sunset bursting with brilliance before they faded into the night.

“Beautiful.” He pressed a kiss to the side of my neck.

My heart swooped.

I was falling hard.

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Chapter Six

Garrett

We'd watched the sunset together, barely touching our food, but afterward, we'd packed up and headed down the trail again. The night was still warm from the summer heat, and the tension between us grew blistering with every step back toward my car. The more I got to know Kyle, the more charmed I was, and as we set off back to my house, the lust between us percolated in the air, somehow fiercer than that first night.

Maybe because of a known anticipation of how good we could be. Of how the physical was fast becoming...more. Kyle's gorgeous eyes gleamed with excitement every time I stole a glance at him. The man was addictive, and he looked so damn good tonight. I wanted to get him inside and strip him down so badly I ached.

We got out of my car, and I led the way to the front door. The keys jangled as I opened it, a quiet settling between us because we both knew where this was heading. Last time we hadn't made it past my couch, but maybe we'd reach a bed now. Not only did I want to take my time with him tonight, but I also was hoping for a bit more...

I placed the backpack on my dining room table. "We can continue our meals..."

"Let's be honest. That's not what you're hungry for right now." Kyle's voice positively dripped sex, and his eyes glowed with lust. The sight punched me in the chest, my cock hardening to a semi. Yeah, everything about him turned me on, so

damn much.

“Want to work up that appetite?” I asked.

“Depends on what kind of work you have in mind.” Kyle prowled closer until he was less than a foot away.

I grabbed his hips and drew him up against me. Kyle’s mouth crashed to mine, and I kissed him with all my might. The evening had been perfect from his bright, bubbly chatter to the way he’d been able to sit in the quiet with me at Stroud. Sure, he was younger, but he displayed a self-assuredness that was beyond his years. And it was hot as hell.

I deepened the kiss, lapping into his mouth, tasting the sweetness of the lemonade on his lips. He was addictive, his lips lush and soft and his mouth warm and welcoming. As I nipped at his lower lip before driving my tongue into his mouth again, he made the sweetest noises. I loved how he melted against my body, how soft and pliant he was, yet underneath his kisses was a persistent tease, a slight back-away so I’d chase him—and I was relentless.

When we finally pulled away, we were gasping for breath.

“Mm, we should both do a bit of work tonight,” I answered his question from before our kiss.

Kyle arched a brow. “You said you were vers...”

I grabbed his hand and guided him to my bedroom. Last time, we’d fucked over my couch, but I needed him spread out on my sheets in a bad way. “You’re going to stick that gorgeous cock in me. Then I’m going to return the favor until we’re both spent.”

“Fuck yes. All that.”

At the door to my bedroom, I stopped. As much as I was eager to lose myself in his body, there was a desperate urge to know we were on the same page. That I wasn't alone in these growing feelings.

I traced his lower lip with my thumb. “I want to see you again.”

Kyle smirked. “I mean, I'm right here.”

I snorted.

He sucked in a breath, his eyes softening. “But yeah, I'm all about making this a regular thing.”

“Labels?”

“Fucking love them,” Kyle responded, flashing me a grin.

My heart fucking soared.

I pushed the door to my bedroom open and all but dragged him inside. We could have the full talk later. Right now, I wanted to feel as close as possible to this man in every damn way.

I stripped my clothes off, shedding the button-down and pulling my shirt overhead. The jeans were shucked down next. Kyle was keeping up with me pace-wise, as he'd already tossed his shirt and pants to the floor. The red jock he was wearing was knuckle-bite worthy, framing his ripe peach of an ass to perfection. I let out a low groan.

“You like?” he asked with a wink. “I thought I might be getting lucky tonight.”

“Very fucking much.” My voice came out hoarse, wrecked. “Now take them the fuck off.”

Kyle shimmied out of his jockstrap. I ditched my boxer briefs and settled back in the middle of my bed. I didn’t bother beating around the bush, just spread my legs, leaving myself open for him.

“Oh, fuck.” Kyle stopped at the edge of the bed. He reached down to stroke his cock as his heated gaze licked me up. My skin prickled from the weight of his gaze, from the anticipation broiling in my veins. Most of my one-night stands wanted me to top, and it’d been a while since I’d had a boyfriend. While I had a few trusty dildos I liked to open myself up with, nothing replaced the feeling of someone else steering the ship.

“I hit the goddamn jackpot,” Kyle said.

“That’s my line. The condoms and lube are in the top drawer of my dresser.”

My heart thumped a little harder at being bared to him. However, when he climbed onto the mattress with a creak, my mouth dried. I wanted to feel his skin against mine, to feel him sink inside me until I forgot how to make my lungs function.

“God, you’re hot.” He reached between my thighs and rubbed his slick fingertips against my hole. He must’ve snuck lube on, because the slick feel had my eyes rolling back in my head. Sparks flickered through me, and he hadn’t even entered me yet. “How long has it been for you?”

“I don’t need much prep.” I wrapped my hand around his and guided his fingertips to my hole. He slid two in with ease, and pleasure rolled through my body. My cock

dribbled a little precum, but it was going to have to hold on a while tonight. “I’m dying to feel you inside me.”

“Music to my ears,” he said, giving a few pumps with his fingers. He curled them at the next pass, and the flicker of bliss coursing through me stole my breath. Kyle’s gaze was focused on where his fingers breached my hole, his pupils swelled with lust. His cock was the perfect length and a solid girth that would feel amazing sliding within me. The flushed tip with the weeping slit made me want to suck him down, but I needed him driving in me more.

Kyle pulled his fingers out and didn’t wait around. He ripped open a condom with his teeth and rolled it up his length. He slathered it in lube and settled in front of me.

“Fuck me, babe. Please.” My voice was hoarse with lust, my skin sensitized. I hadn’t bottomed for anyone in an age, but tonight, I wanted it more than my next breath.

Kyle’s blue eyes glowed with intensity as he placed a hand on my thigh, spreading me open wider. The tip of his cock nudged against my hole, and a shiver rushed through me. He wrapped his other hand around his cock and guided himself inside me, slow and steady. Kyle let out a heavy breath as he pushed the first few inches in.

“Damn, you feel so good.” Kyle’s voice was deeper, husky, and his Adam’s apple bobbed with his swallow. He slid in the rest of the way, and I let out a long, low moan. Even with the slight sting, the glide was pure perfection. His grip on my thigh tightened the slightest bit.

“Going to fuck me or just park there?” I teased.

“Mmf, if you want this to last longer than five seconds, I’m going to need a beat.” His cheeks were flushed and his lips parted. He was too damn pretty, and I couldn’t believe how lucky I’d gotten to land him not just for a date but potentially more.

Warmth dripped through me like honey.

“Okay,” Kyle said, pulling back until he’d almost slipped out. Then, his eyes glinted, and he slammed back in.

Sparks flared through me, and my eyes rolled back.

“Ungh, oh god.”

He’d managed to land directly on my prostate, and fuck, it felt damn amazing. Kyle picked up the pace, fucking into me with a back and forth that had my legs trembling. I shifted my hips to meet him with every thrust, loving the smack of our skin colliding, the sweat prickling on my chest. His muscles were beautiful in motion, his grunts as he fucked into me the sweetest music, and I lost myself in the waves of pleasure flaring through me each time.

“Holy shit, you’ve got me so close.” Kyle tipped his head back, exposing his gorgeous neck I wanted to lick. His olive skin, slender torso, and long lashes created such a mesmerizing view. And with how sinful he felt fucking me, I was captivated. My balls ached, and my cock was unbelievably stiff, but I didn’t dare stroke myself. Otherwise, I’d risk blowing early, and I fully planned on finishing inside him.

Our eyes met, and the connection was more potent than I’d ever believe for a first date.

This was the sort of trust and comfort I felt around people I’d known a decade... yet Kyle had drawn me in from the start.

He rammed into me with energetic thrusts, hitting just the right spot. I closed my eyes and surrendered, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. Kyle fucked into me with a low groan, and my teeth went numb from the sheer force of the sensations

rushing through me.

He sank into me again, tightening his grip on my thighs. “Fuuuuck.”

His cock throbbed inside me as he came. He looked fucking gorgeous in the throes of his orgasm, his lashes fluttering, his muscles growing taut, and his mouth hanging open with a keening cry I wanted to memorize.

“You’re so damn beautiful.” I ran my finger along his lower lip. He nipped at it.

“You can bet I’m going to take your ass any chance I get. Goddamn.” Kyle sagged forward.

“Only if I can have yours in turn.” I licked my lips, my cock dribbling more pre-cum. The tension coiled tight in my balls, and I needed release so badly.

“Deal and deal.” His bright blue eyes sparkled with mischief. He took his time pulling out of my ass, but it still twinged, and I winced. “You okay?”

“It had been a while since I’d bottomed, but fucking worth it.” I slowly moved up. I stroked my cock, which thumped with a steady pulse of need. “Lie down on the bed for me, babe.”

“Hell yes.” Kyle dove into my spot. “How do you want me? On my back? All fours? On the side?”

I pushed up to a kneel. Tonight, I wanted to watch his expression as I sank into him, the way he had with me. Maybe another night I’d have him ride me or fuck him while spooning, but that need grew in intensity every passing second. “On your back.”

He spread out, those lightly hairy thighs packing enough muscle to make my mouth

water. They led to his nicely trimmed cock, deflated now, heavy balls, and beneath it, the gorgeous pink hole I was desperate to sink into. I snagged one of the condoms and rolled it onto my length.

Kyle bit his lower lip, his eyes bright, his cheeks pink. His dark brown locks were tousled, and he had a freshly fucked glow about him that made him even more goddamn gorgeous. I squeezed his warm thigh, and electricity coursed through my veins. As much as I was dying to come, I held back. Last time we'd launched into fucking so fast I hadn't gotten to truly take him in the way I wanted to.

I ran my hands along his legs, over his flat stomach, up his chest. He shivered under the examination, his eyes and heart wide open. I circled his nipples with my fingertips, and he bucked up.

“Sensitive?”

“Just a little.”

My pulse sped at getting to explore him this way. His skin was velvet soft, and I loved the reactions bursting to life with every touch. I brought my hands back to his hips and notched my cock at his entrance. I lifted a brow, and he nodded, our communication seamless.

Slowly I pushed inside him. That bliss enveloped me at once, the tightness squeezing in the best damn way. The snug fit, the smooth glide—fuck, I was close to exploding. My forehead prickled with sweat as I slid deeper inside him. A low moan escaped his lips, and he tilted his head back in pure surrender.

I sank all the way in. Fuuuck. “You’re so good for me.” The way his hole squeezed my cock, the feel of his legs brushing against mine, was everything. I wouldn’t be able to hold on for long, so I pulled back, only to thrust deep inside him again. Too,

too good. I worked up a pace, my balls heavy and aching with the need to come.

Kyle opened his legs wider, welcoming me in. Our gazes met, and in that moment, a closeness I'd been longing for surged through me. That current between us sparked alive with every glance, every breath, every thrust.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," Kyle babbled, his pretty lashes fluttering.

After holding myself back while he fucked me, that incessant need formed a drumbeat rhythm in my ears. The heady thump, thump, thump mirrored the sounds as I slammed inside him again and again and again, chasing the release mounting inside me. Kyle's legs tensed as he moaned again, his lips red and glossy. I rutted into him like a goddamn animal. His cock gave a valiant effort at lifting again, but I rammed in hard, and Kyle melted into the bed.

I drove into him, wanting to be closer, nearer, every point of us connected, as if it could prove that this meant more. That this date was fast turning into something I'd only dreamed about.

I leaned down and stole his lips in a bruising kiss.

The whole time, I didn't stop pounding into him, needing to claim him in every damn way. Kyle kissed me back with equal ferocity, and I drowned in the sensations. In the sweetness of his lips, in the brutal way we clashed together. My thrusts got more frantic and desperate by the second. He moaned against my lips, the hum coursing right through me. Fuck, he was so damn beautiful.

Kyle wrapped his legs around my hips, meeting me with each thrust as I slammed into him. My palms pressed into the mattress on either side of him as I fucked with deliberate movements, ones that made the bed creak. Kyle's moans grew louder until his voice turned hoarse. His cock had plumped up, and it rubbed between our bodies

as I kissed him for all I was worth.

My thighs burned, but I lost myself in the relentless drive, spurred on by his reactions, by the sensuality scorching through me with each kiss. He broke the kiss and tilted his head back, letting out a groan, his legs quaking.

My balls drew up, and I couldn't hold back any longer.

My orgasm rushed through me with sledgehammer force. My vision blanked as I emptied into the condom, the cum pulsing from my cock. My breaths sawed out of me, harsh to my own ears, as the world floated around me. I clutched the comforter in a clawed grip, and the salty taste of sweat trickled into my mouth.

Kyle stared up at me, his eyes low-lidded and sexy as hell. "Holy hell, anytime you want to pound into me like that, feel free."

"Carte blanche, eh?" I slowly came back to my senses.

"On my body? Hell yes."

I pulled out, taking my time, and rolled onto my back beside him. While the sweat cooled on my skin, I dealt with the condom, tying it off at the end. "Think I can make the trash can?"

Kyle let out a bright laugh. "I dare you."

My chest grew warm at the cozy ease that spread between us. It was so much better than I could've hoped for. So much better than far too many hookups and first dates that either ended with the transaction or fizzled out fast.

No, this held a promise that burrowed deep inside me.

I tossed the condom, which sailed right into the trash can.

Kyle let out a low whistle. “Damn, that was a good shot.”

“I’ve been told I have good aim.”

“Mm, yeah, that’s fucking true.” He threw his arms up overhead.

I summoned my nerves as I glanced over to Kyle. With strands of his dark hair plastered to his forehead and the glow in his eyes, he looked fucking radiant. My heart thumped a little harder in my chest. God, I wanted this so badly.

I wanted him.

“So, about that label.” My pulse was hammering away, and this didn’t slow it at all.

He looked at me, his lips tilted in a beautiful grin. “How does boyfriend sound?”

My heart careened. “Fucking perfect.”

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Chapter Seven

Kyle

My whole body buzzed with good feels as I lay in the still-warm sheets. Morning light filtered in through the windows, casting patterns onto the bed. Garrett wasn't beside me, but since this was his house, I highly doubted he'd jetted off.

Especially since we'd decided to start dating last night.

Giddiness bubbled through me all over again. Fuck, I had a boyfriend. A sweet, kind bear who could fix everything I managed to break, which would be a lot. But also one who seemed dependable in a way I craved, who would be a quiet place to land. I didn't bother trying to scrub away the smile on my lips.

God, a week ago, I didn't even have a working air conditioner, and now I had a new boyfriend.

I hadn't been looking, but I couldn't be more thrilled. Sure, I hadn't minded hooking up, but if it came to getting sex on the regular and the comfort of a relationship? Fuck yes, sign me up. Garrett had no idea what he was in for. My ass was incredibly needy.

I pushed up from the bed and nabbed my jockstrap from the floor. Even though I might as well have walked out naked, I loved the way his eyes had widened when he'd taken it in last night, all before telling me to strip out of it. The flip fuck had been next-level perfect, and then later in the night, we'd come again in the shower with a lazy frot session. We'd lain on his bed and talked about...fucking everything.

His D&D games to my Renn Faire friends, our jobs, what we liked and didn't like about them, and we even argued over the merits of barbecue pizza. He was wrong. It was amazing.

I slipped out of his bedroom, lured by the scent of something savory trickling in from his kitchen. My stomach rumbled, and I padded quietly across his hardwood floors. Kitchen utensils clanked, which meant he was definitely up and moving.

Garrett stood by the stovetop, shifting around eggs in a skillet. He wasn't wearing a shirt, his broad chest on display, and I wiped my mouth, unsure if I'd drooled or not. The quiet concentration on his face was so damn sexy, his thick brows drawn together as he focused on his task. Fuck, this man was scorching. His gray sweats were a blessing too, low slung and clinging to his massive thighs.

He glanced up, and when our eyes met, his lit with a glow that drew me in like a moth. I wandered toward him, and his gaze turned hungry.

"That jock, goddamn. I want to take it off with my teeth."

"My god, I am so good with that." I palmed my cock. It had already perked up at the sight of him, and after that growly comment, it was very awake.

"Later," he promised, the corners of his mouth twitching with amusement. "Food first. Coffee's already made."

"Well, that's all you needed to say." I opened his cabinets until I found the mugs. I wouldn't have felt comfortable diving in like this around anyone, but from the moment I'd met Garrett, something in me relaxed. I poured myself a cup and glanced over to him. He already had one by him near the stove.

"Creamer's in the fridge," he offered. "Sugar in the jar by the sink."

I added enough cream to make it light but didn't bother with sugar. The first sip of coffee coursed through my veins, waking me up the rest of the way. Garrett was fast at work, navigating several skillet. He scraped eggs onto two plates and then placed strips of bacon next to them. A pop sounded from the toaster, and the toast sprung into view.

On his way to the toaster, he brushed by me. He leaned in and pressed a slow, sensual kiss to my lips. My insides exploded with butterflies. This damn man.

"You look gorgeous, boyfriend," he said against my mouth.

A shiver ran down my spine, and not just because I was prancing around his kitchen in my jockstrap. I was so damn lucky. I nipped at his lower lip, loving the way his eyes crinkled with warmth. He squeezed my ass, his palm callused and rough, then moved past me to get to the toast. By the time I'd brought my coffee to his kitchen table, he'd already buttered the toast and was bringing those over to the plates.

I walked over to grab mine, and we both headed back to the table together.

"You know, you feed me breakfast, and it'll be impossible to get me to leave." I warned.

He gave a lazy shrug. "I like you in my space."

"Beats the shit apartment I live in. No offense." I speared some eggs with a fork and chewed. An explosion of salty flavors burst on my tongue. Oh god, this was amazing.

"None taken. I don't want to be working where I do either." He chewed on his bacon and then paused to take another sip of coffee.

"What would you do? You're so good at fixing things."

“I want to keep doing that but as a contractor rather than a maintenance guy. Especially now that I’m working in the same apartment you live in. Not that there’s any rulebook against our dating, but I can’t imagine my bosses would love that.”

“Eh, fuck ’em.” I shoveled some more eggs into my mouth and chewed quickly. “Not literally because your cock is mine—ass too—but yeah. Dating a tenant shouldn’t be an issue, right?”

“Even if it is, that won’t change anything except the speed at which I get out of there.” he said, seeming completely calm. He glanced up at me, his dark eyes soft. “I...really like what we have here.”

My heart thudded hard. “Yeah, me too. I hadn’t been looking, but you’re everything I could’ve hoped for in a partner. I can’t wait to see where this goes.”

“Me too.” He brushed his lips against mine again. Pure electricity zipped through me, firing my synapses to life. Yes, more of this. More kisses, more fucking, more quiet mornings with this man. We’d barely started dating, and I was already addicted to him.

“You sure you’re not going to get sick of how needy I am?” I played it off light, even though the nerves prickled through me.

Garrett shook his head. “I’m in, Kyle. You had me hooked from the second I got your ‘Save me, Repair Daddy’ text.”

My heart rioted with emotions as I met his gaze, which held a warmth I craved.

“Lucky for me, I had a hot repair guy to save me from heatstroke.” I climbed onto his lap. He kissed down my neck, and I savored the sensations rippling through me. He folded those massive arms around me, encasing me in heat, and this, this was the sort

I'd gladly lose myself in.

Life was funny in the way that single-chance encounters could spiral into some of the most pivotal changes. If someone had told me a mere week ago that I'd be in a happily committed relationship, I would've called them crazy. Yet Garrett had swept in with a magnetic force I was helpless to deny. I might be younger than him, but I was wise enough to know to hold on tight to connections like these.

They were lightning in a bottle.

I'd found mine, and deep in my gut, I knew I could spend a lifetime with this man.

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Garrett

One Year Later...

I'd been working outside all day on a job, which meant at this point, I was nearly glued to the seat of my car.

Altogether though, I loved the work a thousand times more than my previous apartment repairman job. A few months after Kyle and I had started dating, I'd been talking to some of my contractor friends, and they directed me to an opening with Brannon Contractors. Ollie and Cor were a blast to work with so far, and I was having more fun at this job than I ever had before.

I pulled into the driveway of my place, still thrilled to see Kyle's car there. The sight never failed to send a spark through me, a knowing that I shared my space with one of the best people on the planet. He brought such liveliness into my life, and I couldn't imagine returning to the mundane existence I'd slogged through before him. I wiped my arm across my forehead, just to clear some of the sweat threatening to make my eyes sting.

Fitting that today was scorching, as a year ago, I'd gotten a repair call to Apartment 3B, and it had changed my whole trajectory.

The bouquet of lilies I'd picked up looked a little wilted from the heat. I wrinkled my nose. At least we were going out to dinner to celebrate our anniversary this weekend.

I snagged the flowers and hopped out of my car, hoping they wouldn't wilt even more

in the short span of steps to my front door.

My phone buzzed with a text.

Dick your boy down good!

A snort escaped me. Ollie didn't know professional boundaries if they smacked him in the face, but honestly, his sense of humor was one of the reasons I loved working with him and Cor. The crew already felt like family, and Kyle and I had even been invited to some of the Brannon family shindigs. Pure chaos, the lot of them.

I clutched the lilies a little tighter as I unlocked the door. When I stepped in, the opposite of a blast of cool air hit me.

I paused in the doorway. It was fucking swampy in here.

Alarm bells rang in my brain. Had my AC broken? Of all the fucking days for it to happen...

I shut the door behind me. "Babe, you home?"

"I'm in here," Kyle called out from the living room.

My brows knitted together in confusion, but I strode through the hall, the hum of the AC completely absent. So it wasn't struggling to turn on or having a difficult time working. My mind whirled into overdrive, already trying to piece together what had happened.

Rustling sounded, and when I turned the corner to enter the living room, the reason grew very clear.

Kyle lay sprawled out on the couch, not a goddamn stitch on. His ass was on full

display, looking fucking delicious, and he glanced at me, a wicked glint in his eyes that I'd become well familiar with over the past year. He lifted up a small sign with scrawled handwriting.

Save me, Repair Daddy.

I grinned so hard my cheeks hurt. "Don't suppose you turned off the AC just for the drama?"

He let out a gasp. "I would never. Me? Drama?"

"So the answer is yes, yes you did." I closed the distance to kneel on the floor beside him. "I brought you these—" I offered the bouquet of flowers, which weren't nearly as fresh and sharp as when I'd picked them up "—but I'm pretty sure they're going to wilt within minutes given the sauna you've created in the house."

"Meowella's not thrilled either," he admitted, an impish smile on his lips. "I couldn't resist the chance to recreate the way we met though."

"Oh, so do you need me to turn the air on?" I asked, my heart expanding so much it threatened my ribcage. God, I loved him with my whole soul.

"I need my big strapping man to fix the air." He batted his lashes, and a laugh escaped me. I leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips, savoring the velvet feel of them, the sweetness he offered me every day.

When I pulled back, I headed over to the controls for the AC and turned the system back on. At once, the unit hummed to life, and sooner rather than later, the place would cool down. Though, Kyle had left it off for a bit, so the chill wouldn't be instantaneous.

He'd pushed up to sitting from his dramatic slump on the couch when I returned, and

I plunked onto the cushions beside him. I didn't bother waiting, just grabbed him by the waist and pulled him onto my lap.

"I'm sweaty," he warned.

"Like I'm not?" I responded. "I had an outdoor job today."

"Mm, so turning off the air probably wasn't my best plan."

I pressed a kiss to the side of his neck, and he wriggled in my lap, which brought my cock to full attention. That lush ass was fucking heaven. "I can wait a little longer for the air. It was worth it for the reenactment."

"You bought me flowers?" he said, picking up the bouquet I'd gotten him.

"I know we're not going out until this weekend, but I wanted to celebrate. Happy anniversary, sweetheart."

He leaned back against me as I brushed another kiss to the side of his neck.

"Happy anniversary, Garrett. I've never been happier in my life."

Heat rushed through me. "Same. I'm looking forward to so many more anniversaries with you."

He nuzzled against me, the move so sweet I melted. We were both sticky with sweat, but it didn't bother me in the slightest. I was here with the love of my life, in our house, and we had a wide-open future together.

"You know," he said, that tease in his voice that held me captive. "There's one way we could beat the heat."

“Oh?” I asked, nibbling on his earlobe.

“We’ve got plenty of ice cubes from the freezer,” he offered, sensuality dripping from his voice.

“Mm, I’ve got plenty of ideas of what to do with those.” With how hot it was, ice would feel amazing on bare skin.

And Kyle had miles of it exposed.

“Stay here, sweetheart,” I said, moving him back onto the couch. “I’ll grab the ice. I know exactly what I’d like to do to you.”

I pushed up, but as I reached the doorway, I glanced back.

Kyle lay sprawled out invitingly, just pure, stripped-down sin on my couch, and fuck, I was so lucky.

I’d take care of him tonight, the same way I’d take care of him for the rest of our lives.