







# Breathless (Squad Goals #4)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Perry

My life is a mess.

My mom and sister treat me like I'm the worst person in the world because I enforce my lone boundary. I'm really close to failing a class that is crucial to my degree. The very important regional cheerleading competition is coming up.

It's a lot.

Then I meet my new neighbor and realize it's the hot guy who witnessed something I do not want my cheer squad to find out. My life gets even more messy as I come up with a proposition to convince him to keep my secret.

He tells me he'll keep my secret anyway, so why do I push him to take the deal?

Beau

Inheriting my grandfather's old house after he passes away is bittersweet. It's not been lived in for twenty years and is next to a house full of college cheerleaders, but it is perfect for me and my bee hives.

When I introduce myself to the squad, I come face to face with Perry, the guy whose family life imploded in front of me weeks ago.

He offers to help me kick start my business in exchange for never mentioning what I witnessed. No way would I say anything, but I still take him up on his offer.

Perry is the kind of man you use any excuse to spend time with.

So I do.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

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Pulling into the street of my childhood home fills me with dread. It's a nice-ish neighborhood, but it is also the lair...I mean home, of my mother and sister. The best way to describe them is like day old milk. Occasionally, it will be fine to drink, but most of the time it's going to be spoiled and rotten.

One time, my sister Dahlia ordered nearly two hundred dollars' worth of makeup in my name from the multi-level marketing business she signed up for, so she could look good to her high ups. I had to pay up to avoid a collections agent coming after me.

Another time I mentioned a Lego set I was planning to buy myself and my mom said she'd get it for me for my birthday. My birthday came and went and no Lego. When I asked her about it a month later, she screamed at me for being selfish and that the only time I call her is when I want something. Even though I said I'd buy it.

They both wanted me to decline my cheerleading scholarships because Dahlia didn't get one four years earlier. She didn't get a cheerleading scholarship because she was never a cheerleader and she didn't apply for any scholarships.

Super fun.

My dad left before I could even remember him and there is no one else. If they weren't my only family, I would have cut ties a long time ago. I don't want to be all alone, so here we are.

Stuck in a cycle of toxicity.

I pull up on the road outside the house and I already don't have a good feeling about this. My mom, Dahlia, a police officer, and the hottest guy known to man are standing on the sidewalk.

What shit do I have to bail them out of now?

"Here he is, officer," my mom says with a fake little laugh as I get out of my car. "I told you my daughter wasn't lying."

Neither Dahlia or mom look at me and I really hate the sting of rejection that leaves behind.

The hot guy who was scowling at my mom turns and aims it at me. I think he's going for intimidating, but all I want to do is get on all fours and show him my hole. I can't decide what is more attractive; the cargo shorts, baggy white tank that is showing a sliver of nipple, or the neon purple backwards baseball cap covering his shaggy black hair.

Yup, definitely the cap.

I need to know what this guy does for a living because the muscles are doing it for me.

"Lying about what?" I ask, when I pull my gaze away from the hottie. "Why is there a police officer here?"

"Mom is selling the car because I need money for an investment opportunity," Dahlia says with the smuggest smile. "And the cop is here because he's a friend of the buyer or something."

I just blink at her.

“Mom doesn’t have a car.” She sold it a year ago, thinking that taxis would work out cheaper. Unsurprisingly, she was wrong.

“Yes, she does. Your car.”

Every single time I think they can’t stoop lower, they do.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You are not selling my car.” I cross my arms and turn to the cop and the hot guy. “Have you already paid her the money?”

The cop snorts. “No, we haven’t. My nephew isn’t going to hand over money for a car he’s not seen yet.

“That’s good,” I say, smiling at them grimly. “I’m sorry for the stunt they’ve pulled but I’m not selling my baby.”

I love my car. I spent all of senior year saving up for it. I had to hide my money in a fake peanut butter jar so they didn’t claim it for themselves. I hid money in a fake peanut butter jar, because they are both mildly allergic. I could only eat it in my bedroom, which is fine, and it meant they would leave it alone. I went through a lot to buy Pascal. No fucking way am I giving my car up.

“It’s not your car though, is it Periwinkle?” Dahlia says nastily.

Inhale through your nose, exhale from your mouth. You are not a violent person, Perry. Just a petty one. I chant to myself. I hope she joins a dentist themed multi-level marketing company and all of her teeth fall out. Hmm, that thought is calming.

The hot guy is looking less scowly and more confused now. Same for the cop. They look kind of similar. Almost like father and son.

“It’s registered to mom,” she says like someone who has just pulled a trump card out their back pocket.

I roll my eyes.

“No, it isn’t, dumbass.” I retort.

My mom bristles next to me. “How dare you talk to your sister like that? Officer, he just verbally assaulted my daughter. Please arrest him.” She turns to me with her signature cold stare. “Maybe a night in the slammer will sort you out.”

She has been icy towards me her whole life, so you think it would be something I’m used to. Nope. The stony stare and glacial voice manages to punch me in the gut every single time.

I whip my phone out of my pocket and send a quick text to the cheer queers group chat. I probably won’t get arrested, but you never know.

“Ma’am, I’m not arresting your son,” the officer says placatingly.

“He is refusing to give my mom her property,” Dahlia says, crossing her arms. “Surely that is theft.”

“Why the fuck are you so keen to get your family member arrested?” Hottie says, his voice as smooth as honey.

Dahlia opens her mouth to say something, but I interrupt. Honestly, I can’t take another verbal bullet from them today.

“Should I just show you my registration papers, officer? It’ll prove the car is mine and clear this matter up.”

“Yes, please,” The poor guy sounds almost desperate for this to end. I don’t blame him. Who knows how long this had been going on before I got here?

I open the passenger door and pull out the folder from my glove compartment with a little too much force, causing my emergency dildo to fallout as well. Right onto the seat for the whole world to see.

I’m not some sex mad gay man who can’t sit in traffic without getting off. I just happen to not like blood very much so I figured a twelve inch dildo would be a superb weapon if a serial killer tried to murder me.

Why did I decide to use the one that looks like a standard yellow writing pencil with a red eraser on the end?

Maybe being a dumbass ran in the family.

I hear a muffled snort and look up to see the hottie smirking at me.

Fuck. My. Life.

I push down the embarrassment and return his smile brightly before stuffing the dildo back into the glove box.

“Here you go, officer,” I say, handing him the registration papers.

“He’s right. The car belongs to Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn,” the cop says to my furious mom and sister.

I really don’t love my entire name being said aloud.

“Mom?” Dahlia whines.



Mom ignores her for the first time in forever and turns her thunderous face on to me. “You owe your sister. You already took that scholarship knowing it would hurt her feelings. Now, you either let Dahlia sell your car, or you give her the two thousand dollars she needs for this investment opportunity. This is your sister’s future we are talking about.”

If it had just been the three of us, I probably would have caved and gave in. But seeing the police officer and the Hotties faces a mixture of shock and pity strengthens something in me.

No one pities me.

I’m Perry fucking Hawthorn.

They can’t walk all over me anymore

“No.”

The surprise on both of their faces is priceless.

“What?”

“I’m not doing it. Dahlia is twenty-six years old. If she needs money, she can get a loan or a job. My car, my college money, is off limits. It is to secure my future.”

My mom scoffs.

“What future? You can’t be a cheerleader for the rest of your life.”

“I’m doing a marketing degree.” I hate I can hear the hurt in my voice.

“Whatever,” Dahlia huffs. “Just give the guy your car so we can all move on. You’re making everyone feel uncomfortable.”

“If you don’t do this, you are no son of mine,” my mom adds.

That sentence makes me waver.

They are my mom and my sister, and they would throw me away over two thousand dollars.

They are my family.

Are they though? The small voice at the back of my brain speaks up.

I think about my friend’s parents. Lexi, Gio, Bradley, Wyatt, and Nate all have parents that are supportive and loving. Wyatt’s family has really limited funds, yet his dad always makes the cheer queers a wooden figure for our birthdays.

They do movie nights, family dinners, video calls to show their kids that they care. That they love them.

All my family shows me is how much they don’t care. They gaslight and belittle me.

They aren’t my real family.

“Dude, don’t you fucking dare,” Hottie says, jaw clenched in anger. “Don’t give these assholes what they want.”

A small smile tugs at my lips and something flashes in his honey brown eyes before he nods at me.

“I guess we are done here then, mom.” I wait a beat and when neither of them protest, I turn around and get into my car.

I wait until I am half a street away before I let the tears fall.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 1

Perry

Two months later

“Front handspring step out, round off back handspring step out, round off back handspring, full twisting layout,” Kait shouts from the front of the gym.

Lexi, Gio, Luke, me, Wyatt, Hudson, Bradley, and Nate are all in a line ready to practice our element of the regionals competition choreo. Kait, being captain, is running the male cheerleaders’ only session and I don’t hate it. She would make a great cheer teacher. Same with Lexi, but he can’t run a session he’s taking part in.

“That sequence sounds really familiar,” Luke says, eyebrows knitted in consternation.

“That’s because it’s a routine from the movie Bring It On,” Lexi snickers.

I roll my eyes, because of course it is. Lexi and Kait have a shared obsession with old teen films and that movie tops the list. Don’t even bother arguing that it came out in 2000. Apparently, the nineties didn’t end until 2002.

Kait claps her hands together. “Let’s do this, guys.”

I get into position before taking a breath as she counts us in. As my hands hit the mat for the first handspring, I feel a buzz over my whole body.

I love this so fucking much.

Twisting my body and throwing myself through the air is the best feeling in the world. It doesn't just make my body light up, but my insides as well. My mom and sister gave me a lot of crap when I became a cheerleader in middle school, but it was the one thing I never let them take from me.

I snort to myself as I land. Well, cheerleading and my car, I guess.

"What are you laughing at?" Luke says, catching his breath next to me.

"Childhood trauma. Did you nail the moves?" I change the subject quickly, because other than me telling the Cheers Queers group chat my mom was useless when I thought I was about to be arrested, I haven't actually been open about my home life.

Or lack of one as it is now.

They have no idea how toxic my mom and sister are, and it needs to stay that way. No way am I going to become Pathetic Perry. Logically, I know they won't think that, but my brain isn't always logical.. I don't want anyone's pity, therefore they can never find out.

My Mom and Dahlia now not being in my life makes that easier.

And it's not like I'll ever see the hot guy who witnessed my mother disowning me again.

"You know you can always talk to me, Perry," Luke says, ignoring my question.

"Childhood trauma is the worst."

"I don't know. It gave me a top tier sense of humor. Silver linings and all that shit."

“Perry-,”

“Next up, we’re trying something a little different.” Saved by the cheerleader. I always have loved Kait. “It’s a sexy move, but thanks to the patriarchy, I think if you boys do it, it’ll kill. If us girls do it, we will no doubt get docked points for being sexually explicit and get called sluts by online trolls.”

Kait was smiling at us, but it looked more like she was baring her teeth.

“We’ll do it. Whatever you say. Fuck the patriarchy in the neck,” Wyatt says, looking scared as fuck. “As one of the two straight guys on the team, I want to apologise for all men everywhere.”

“Thanks, but you know gay guys benefit from the patriarchy too, right?” Kait says looking at him questionably. “Wait, how do you fuck someone in the neck?”

Wyatt’s eyes light up. “You shove your dick into their neck like this.” He makes a fist and then quickly jabs it into his neck. Almost immediately, he starts coughing and spluttering.

“Dude, did you just punch yourself in the throat?” Hudson says, handing him a water bottle.

“A little bit, yeah. I’m totally fine,” he rasps out. Hudson looks at him with a soft smile.

Yeah, I’m not sure there are two straight guys on this squad.

“Maybe we should see this move you’ve got planned before anyone else attacks themselves,” Nate says with a smirk.

“Good idea. You all remember the song we’re dancing to, right?” Kait starts.

Bradley raises his hand. “I don’t.”

“It’s Tease by Caffeine Daydreams.”

“I love that song,” Bradley says. “I regularly jerk off to clips of them performing it in concert. Who hasn’t nutted to Luca Weston pouring water over his chest and kneeling in front of his hot boyfriend in the crowd?”

Kait rolls her eyes. “If anyone goes off topic again, I am going to harness my inner Perry and put fish in your gym bags.”

“I’ve never done that, but thanks for the idea.”

“Okay,” she says, ignoring me. “We are going to start the routine with all the guys dropping to their knees, then spreading them open about six inches. During the actual performance, the rest of the cheerleaders will do choreo in a V formation behind you. This will be for an eight count, so it isn’t long. Sound good?”

Kait smiles at our chorus of yeses. “Great, there isn’t much for you guys to practice solo, but get into position so I can make sure you are all uniform and we’ll do it with everyone next week.”

Ten minutes later, we were all kneeling on the mat, performance ready.

This really is my happy place.

I don’t mean kneeling. Actually, that is a lie. I love kneeling for a guy and giving head. It’s been too long since I’ve got off with a guy instead of a toy. I love the feel of a real life, warm cock pulsating in my mouth. Sadly, I always seem to attract the

assholes. Not even the hot assholes with a heart of gold, like Luke's boyfriend. The regular assholes who try to convince you not to stretch too much because it will feel better for them. A break from men and bad sex was needed.

I'll never need a break from cheerleading. It is my happy place. Whether we're cheering for the football team or ourselves in a competition. I don't care; I love this happy shit.

"You all look great," Kait says with a clap, breaking me out of my thoughts. For someone who has a boyfriend, she looks way too happy about having eight men kneeling in front of her. "I think we're going to nail this part."

Of course we are. It's kneeling on a mat to an eight count.

Maybe I should treat myself to a hot chocolate on the way home? I am being a massive bitch today and I love Kait. At least it's indoor thoughts, I guess.

"Is that us over for today?" Wyatt asks, looking hopeful.

"Yeah, normal practice with Coach Phillips tomorrow."

I flop on to the mat. I don't want to go. If I do, then I will look at my phone and see that my marketing professor has posted the marks for my last assignment. I know I have failed because the guy hates me.

It at least feels like it, anyway.

I should stop being pessimistic and check.

"Perry, are you okay?" Luke says quietly. I look up and see concern swimming in his green eyes.



Out of everyone on the squad, I am closest to Luke. We have a brother like relationship where I definitely fell into the role of big brother. Luke has an absent dad and a mom who died when he was a baby, which definitely bonded us even if he doesn't know my mom and sister are toxic. Luke has his two actual older brothers. Maybe surviving my childhood would have been easier if Dahlia and I were close. Instead of being encouraged to resent each other.

"I've got a grade being posted today by one of my really tough professors," I tell Luke. Being honest with him about a class won't make Luke think less of me. "I'm hoping for an A, but I'll probably get a C- knowing Professor Gordon."

"What a dick. Want me to see if Corey can get him fired?" Luke looks way too excited at the possibility of his boyfriend using his power of intimidation.

"Thank you, but I don't think we're there yet," I say with a smile. "I will check the results and if he's given me a C, then I will be super mature about it."

"Fuck maturity," I say two hours later as I dump a bag of keys, colorful keyrings that you're able to write on, and a pack of sharpies on to the dining room table.

Hudson, Wyatt, and Luke all look at me like a shoal of confused trout.

Weirdos.

"Dude, we're going to need some context," Hudson says, eyeing my loot.

I pull out a chair and sit next to Luke. "It's pretty simple. My professor gave me a D+ on a paper that was clearly an A minus at worst. So we are getting revenge."

I'm fairly positive this plan isn't illegal.

Wyatt picks up a key and stares at it intently. “What does your art project have to do with getting revenge?”

“I don’t think it’s an art project, Wy,” Hudson says with an indulgent smile.

“It could be, though,” he says excitedly. “We could hot glue the keys together to make a cool light feature. Maybe even spray them with different colors. I’m really into pink at the moment.”

He pulls out his phone and starts tapping away. “What are you doing?”

“Seeing what paint works best on metal.” Wyatt mumbles, not tearing his eyes from his phone.

“Can we bring this back to me, please?” I whine. Wyatt keeps looking at his phone, but Hudson and Luke nod in agreement. “Thank you.”

I grab a sharpie, write my professor’s number on a post it note, and slam it on the table.

“I need this number written on every single key ring. Then we need to add a key to the key rings.”

I sit down and open the bags. I decided to be a bit on the conservative side and only bought five hundred of each.

“Um, Perry?” Luke says nervously. “Are you going to be planting these on crime scenes?”

Hudson and Wyatt both look up, matching looks of nervousness etched on their faces.

“That is dark, Luke. Absolutely sinister.” I put my hand to my neck as if I’m clutching my pearls. “I’m so proud of you. Sounds like Corey is corrupting you in the best way.”

“What? No!” Luke splutters.

Wyatt cocks his head at me. “You didn’t deny it.”

“Aha, yes.” Luke nods furiously. “I just want to know if we are aiding and abetting a felony. That’s not too much to ask.”

I roll my eyes. “No felonies or anything sinister. We are simply going to drop the keys where people will find them. Then said people will call the phone number and it will annoy the shit out of Professor Gordon.”

“Oh my god, that is genius.”

“I know, Luke,” I smile at him serenely. “The best part is I’m not going to drop them all at once. I plan on dropping a few a week until they are all gone.”

Hudson looks at the piles on the table. “That could be years.”

“I know.”

The three of them look at me in awe and I revel in it.

These guys, all the cheer queers, they are the only ones who love me unconditionally and don’t put me down. I might never tell them how much confidence they give me, but I will always try my best to show them. Whether it’s relationship help or doing something petty for them.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 2

Beau

Looking up at my new house is bittersweet. I am officially a homeowner, but only because my grampa left it to me in his will.

“Are you sure about this, Beau?” my uncle Lou says, coming up next to me. I hope he is better at having a neutral face with the criminals he arrests than he does looking at my house, because I can read the trepidation from a mile away.

Okay, maybe the house hasn’t been lived in for forty years and maybe it could use a lick of paint. Maybe I had to re-home a family of raccoons that had moved into the ensuite and maybe I had to hire cleaners and buy a new backdoor before I could move in.

But I am sure about this.

My dad grew up in this house. He passed away before I was born, so this is definitely just me wanting to feel connected to him in some small way. It’s probably stupid. It’s not like the house bears any signs of him living here.

There is a connection, though.

Plus, I’m twenty-five. If you can’t move states and start your own business while you live off your inheritance in your twenties, when can you do it?

“I’m sorry, kid,” Lou says, patting me on the arm when I don’t say anything. “I’m not trying to shit on you living here or anything. I just want to make sure you know what you’re getting into. This house reno is going to put a dent in your inheritance and the whole street is full of college housing.”

Living on jock row is definitely going to be an experience, but this is Flora Vista University. They are well known for being LGBTQ+ friendly, especially the sports teams. At least if they have ragers I know the music is going to be fire.

“The money my grandpa gave me could pay for several renovations. Especially as you and mom won’t let me give you any.”

Lou rolls his eyes. He looks so much like my mom, his little sister. It makes me feel homesick for her for a moment. Portland isn’t that far away, though. I can always visit for a long weekend.

“We don’t need it. That money is for you and your future.”

My mom and Lou talk about my future a lot, like it’s some big thing that will happen to me when I’m least expecting it. Having a dad that didn’t get to live his future makes me want to live in the now.

The now is make this house liveable, buy a car, make some new buddies, maybe date, and set up my hives.

Bee hives.

I hope they are all okay. Having six hives travelling nearly a thousand miles is fucking scary. Mom would have made sure they were all loaded properly, but anything could happen. People are shitty drivers. Maybe I should have flown them here?

“You’re worrying about something,” Lou interrupts my inner spiraling. “Is it the money thing? Because we really are all set.”

I run a hand through my messy hair. “My bees should arrive soon.”

“Your girl group?” Lou’s lips twitch, trying to not laugh.

Who owns bee hives and doesn’t name the queens? Probably most beekeepers. They have a life span of roughly three years. Losing my first queen was rough, so now the name is more for the hive than the actual queen bee.

“Yes, my girl group. They are going to be so happy here. I know we’re at the end of a street, but all the woodland and meadows at the back of the property are perfect for them.”

It’s another reason I knew this house was for me. My bees are going to love the shit out of our new home.

“Do you think your neighbors will be okay with the hives?”

I shrug. “Hopefully, but I have no clue. They’re college students, so I doubt they are that bothered.”

“Hopefully, they’ll be swimmers or track athletes. They are the quieter sports.” Lou nods his head sagely.

“Now you’ve said that they’ll probably be football or hockey.” I snort.

“I still can’t believe you didn’t look up who your neighbors would be. That would be the first thing I did.”

I'm a little surprised he didn't look them up on my behalf.

"It's be a fun little surprise. It's a really queer school, so it's going to be fine."

Lou scowls at me, the disbelief clear for all to see. I really need him to trust me. The last thing I need is him talking to my mom about his fears and worrying her. "Hey, I have a new lead on a car. There's a garage nearby that has a few second-hand cars for sale."

Lou nods sagely. "Anything is better than that Craig's List car from a few months ago."

That was an experience. I keep thinking of that guy having his family treat him like that. I hope he stayed away from those assholes. Who the fuck tries to sell their kid's stuff from under them? Who talks like that to someone they are meant to love? Especially to someone who looks so sweet and kind. The mom and sister deserve all the paper-cuts.

"Yeah, well, this place looks legit. It's got great reviews online."

"What's it called? I'll check it out?"

"Are you allowed to use police resources for that?"

He waves his hand. "Yeah, it's fine."

That's believable.

"It's called Jackson's Garage."

Lou's face immediately relaxes. "I know Garrett. Good guy, he won't screw you

over.”

I don’t have the chance to ask him any more questions because at that moment I see the moving van and the truck delivering the hives arrive.

I grab my favorite purple baseball cap from my back pocket and put it on. Time to get into it, I guess.

Literally, I am never moving again. Thank fuck for uncle Lou organizing the movers and delivery guys. That shit was stressful. I am pretty positive they all thought I was his slacker kid who didn’t want to help out.

Once the hives are settled and everyone has gone home, I notice sounds of life coming from next door. I guess now is as good a time as any to introduce myself to my neighbors.

I let myself out of the garden through the side gate and walk up to their porch. Their house looks identical to mine from the outside. Not every house on this street does, though, which I like. It’s got personality.

The sounds coming from the house are too tame to be hockey, but too loud to be swimmers.

Does Flora Vista have a volleyball team?

I knock on the door and I’ve barely pulled my hand back when it opens and I’m faced with five guys looking at me with a mixture of wariness and confusion.

And a sixth guy who just looks horny.

“Hi, my name is Beau, and I just moved in next door. I thought I should introduce



myself.” I say with my most winning smile. The confusion at least clears from their faces, except the horny dude, but the wariness is still there.

“Hi, I’m Luke,” a cute red head says holding out his hand to me. “We very rarely have parties, sir, so don’t worry about that.”

Sir?

Fucking hell. Has moving taken such a toll on me I now look like I should be addressed as a sir?

“Dude, how old do you think I look?”

“You look twenty-four, twenty-five. Ish.” A different guy says. “I’m Gio.”

“But you have to be older if you just bought the house next door,” Horny guy says. “That’s Hudson, Wyatt, and Nate. Are you into guys?”

Before I can answer him, there is a shout from upstairs. “Does anyone know where my banana scented lube is? I thought I left it in the bathroom.”

I watch as the prettiest guy I have ever seen comes crashing down the stairs.

The guy with the cool car and shitty family.

Perriwinkle.

Nate...I think, snorts. “Welcome to the chaos, neighbor.”

Perriwinkle’s eyes flash with fear, and something else I don’t quite catch.

I think I'm going to enjoy his particular brand of chaos.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 3

Perry

“Neighbor?”

The word bounced around my brain like a toddler on a sugar high.

Hottie lives in the house next door?

Fuck.

His eyebrows knit together, concern etched on his face. I can only imagine the look on my face right now. I just can't have him say anything about the shit show that is my family. I don't want that.

I stick out my hand and plaster on a smile. “Sorry, I didn't realise there was a new guy on the hockey team. I'm Perry.”

He slides his hand into mine in a way that I swear should not be as sensual as it is. When was the last time I had sex? Definitely before Christmas. Maybe even before thanksgiving. The only orgasms I've had lately have been self inflicted either by watching a WatchMe creator I subscribe to or...shit. I've imagined Hottie so many times as I've jerked off. How could I not? That smile. Those arms. And wearing a backwards hat? There is no way he is real. He has literally been plucked from my sexual fantasies.

“I’m not a hockey player,” he says in a deep velvety voice. “I live in the house on the other side. It was my grandpa’s house and I’ve inherited it.”

“That’s nice.”

Hottie rolls his lips like he’s trying not to laugh at the say time Luke hisses my name.

“Shit, I didn’t mean it’s nice that your grandpa died. I meant that it’s nice you’re moving to the area.” I run my free hand through my hair and realise my other one is still clasping his.

Between the car shit show and this, Hottie is going to think I’m a fucking idiot.

“I figured you meant something like that,” He chuckles. “What sport do you all play?”

“We are cheerleaders. Go Rhino’s. Woo.” I yell and punch the air.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“That is really cool. I’ll have to make sure I catch a game next season,” he smiles at me. “I should get back. There are a couple of things I have to unpack tonight if I want to sleep and shower. It was great meeting you all.”

Perfect.

Now I’m going to be picturing him in the shower.

Naked.

Water cascading over his tan body, droplets clinging to the end of his erection.

Me on my knees, licking at the beads of pre-come pooling at the tip of his cock.

“Okay, bye.”

I fucking wave at him and then practically run into the kitchen.

There was no way I could stand there in the hall with those fantasies running through my dirty brain. Popping a boner in front of the guy who saw one of my worst moments would be a new low.

I open the refrigerator when I hear the front door slam shut, and I pull out some ready to roll cookie dough packages. Maybe if I look like I’m doing something, the others won’t question why I was weird.

“Dude, why were you weird to Beau?” Wyatt asks, walking into the kitchen with Hudson, Luke, and Gio trailing behind him.

“Who is Beau?”

Hudson snorts. “Cute.”

“What? Why is Perry cute?” Wyatt asks, looking between us.

“Perry is trying to deflect.” Hudson says, sitting at the island.

Wyatt drops down next to him. “Oh, so Perry isn’t really cute.”

How dare he?! “Fuck you, I am adorable.”

“Adorably attracted to Beau.” Gio interjects.

Beau.

Now that is a name to scream through an orgasm.

“Who says I’m-”

“I have never seen you that flustered,” Luke cuts in. “It was weird. Like watching a blue tang reading a book.”

“Thank you for that,” I sigh. Not that it matters or I care or anything, but Beau is going to think I’m an idiot.

I hate people thinking I’m anything other than in complete control at all times.

Wyatt wags his eyebrows. “Do you have a crush on our hot neighbor?”

“It’s like you don’t want any of my hot cookies,” I tell him as I open the packages.

“What? I do I want cookies.” Wyatt says, giving me puppy dog eyes. I keep my expression neutral. I am not letting anyone know that whenever they do those faces, it has an effect on me.

“Stop talking about my crush on Beau and you get cookies.”

I don’t even need to look at my friends’ faces before I realize I fucked up

“Okay, you know I didn’t mean an actual crush. I was talking about you guys giving me shit,” I say, stumbling over my words in a panic. “If you all carry on, none of you are getting cookies.”

There’s a chorus of no’s and I give in.

“Fine, you can each have two.” I put the rolled out cookies onto the baking sheets and put them in the oven. Probably should have pre-heated it. Whatever, I’ll leave them in for an extra minute.

I’m definitely not going to tell them my plans for the rest of these cookies.

I will never hear the end of it if they find out.

I get it; I’m not really one to crush on guys.

That’s a lie.

I don’t really talk a lot about men I might be into. What’s the point? They aren’t going to last long.

“You okay?”

I look up from rolling out the dough to see Hudson’s soulful brown eyes on me while everyone else is chatting among themselves. Wyatt’s quiet bestie sees a lot more than I want him to. Him and Nate. A part of me wonders why Hudson and Nate aren’t the inseparable duo, but then you see him and Wyatt together, and it makes sense. I used to think they were straight best friend goals. Now, I’m pretty sure Wyatt is the only person who thinks Wyatt is straight. And Hudson is...something.

I know I shouldn’t question people’s gender or sexuality, but does it count if the only person I’m speculating with is myself?

“Perry?” Hudson is frowning now.

“Sorry, I’ve been thinking about my class with Professor Gordon.” Not the truth, but also not a total lie. Hudson doesn’t look like he totally believe me, but he lets it go.

“What’s the problem?”

“I need to market a small business launch. It counts as 40% of my grade, so I need to pull something epic out of my ass.”

I got the email of the assignment earlier today and it is going to be so much work. This kind of project is usually set at the beginning of a semester, not halfway through.

“What’s stuck in your ass?” Nate says, coming into the kitchen and flopping down on Hudson’s other side. I think I’m the only one who doesn’t miss the flash of a scowl Wyatt throws Nate’s way.

What the fuck is that about?

It’s gone before I can say anything.

“Sadly nothing. Why? Do you want to take a look to be sure?” I wink at Nate.

“Ew, dude, no. You’re like my little brother.” He shivers in disgust.

“One; I’m older than you. Two; I’d be offended if I didn’t feel the same way.”

I feel that way about each one of these idiots. They are the family I chose. Even if none of them knows it.

“Is it just school that’s bothering you?” Hudson asks.

Thankfully, the timer goes off before I can answer. I busy myself with the cookies and ignoring Hudson’s penetrating gaze.

There is no way in hell I am going to tell anyone that my family treats me like shit



and no longer wants me in their life.

Logically, I know these guys love me, but what if knowing my mom and sister cut me off makes them think that I'm the problem?

I can't lose my cheer queers.

Before they descend like locusts onto the cookies, I put a few in a food bag.

"They're hot, but help yourself."

I slip out with my baked goods and head up to my room. There is no way I am going to let anyone think I'm an idiot. Tomorrow I will show Beau exactly how put together I am.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 4

Beau

Waking up in my own house is something I don't think I will ever get over. It'll be even better when I'm all packed, and the decor is this century.

Today is all about unpacking at least one box for each room - Some rooms only have one box, so I guess that is a win - and making sure the bees are all settled. Then maybe tonight a beer, pizza, and googling how to start a business. I'm funding it myself, so I won't need a plan...I don't think. Maybe I'll do some research over breakfast?

I throw on a pair of grey sweats, a purple t-shirt and head downstairs. Thank fuck I had the foresight to order some groceries last night. Bacon, eggs, hash browns, and toast is the breakfast of champions. Or of the recently relocated.

An hour and three coffees later and my belly may be full, but my brain hurts. I am way over my fucking head. Marketing, regulations, stock, newsletters, tax. So much tax. So many different taxes. Shit.

How am I going to be able to figure this out?

I know I've had things kind of easy my whole life. Other than the dead dad thing, I've not had any trauma. I was an athletic, average student in high school, got a sports science degree because I had the privilege to study what I wanted instead of worrying if I needed to make a career out of it. I inherited a house at twenty-five, and I have

enough money that if I live really frugally, I will be able to live off of it for the rest of my life. Being gay wasn't an issue because my mom raised me not assuming my sexuality, so I never had to question anything.

I assumed starting a business would be just as easy as everything else has been.

I look at the fifty seven tabs I have open.

This shit is not easy.

I slam my poor laptop shut, and run my hands through my hair. This isn't for now. I am going to go check the hives and then do some unpacking. The business mess will be there tomorrow.

I slip on my sliders and head out the unlocked backdoor. I should really remember to lock that in future.

As I get closer, I see that they are calm and happy, so I don't bother suiting up. If I hadn't been around bees my entire life, I never would have approached six newly settled hives.

They all look good.

I hear a gasp from behind me. "Holy shit." I turn and see a wide eyed Perry looking pass me at the hives.

They really are impressive.

"You like my girls?" I say, drawing his attention to me. I watch as his eyes slowly travel over me and I try not to smirk when he realizes he's been caught out.

“Girls? Bees are all female?” He asks.

“The worker bees and the queen are female, the drones are male. I named the hives after pop queens, so I just generally refer to them all as my girls.”

Perry lets loose a smile that could bring men to their knees. It’s the smile you imagine people talk about when they say a loved one lights up any room they enter.

“I have to know their names now.”

“Starting from the left we have Madonna, then Rihanna, Britney, Gaga, Whitney, and Shakira.”

“I love all of this so much. I have one question, though.”

“Shoot.”

“No Beyonce? What would her Bey-hive say?”

There is a flirty little gleam in his eyes.

“My first ever hive was named after her.”

“How long have you kept bees?”

“Since I was in high school. I saw a photo online of a bumblebee asleep in a flower, thought it was cute and it bloomed from there. My mom bought me my first hive for my fifteenth birthday.”

Perry’s smile turns soft. “She sounds lovely.”

Shit.

Nice one Beau. Talk about your mom doing something nice for you to a guy who has mom trauma.

“Beau, please stop,” Perry sighs, before straightening up and piercing me with his pretty hazel eyes. “Just because my relationship with my mother is not ideal, doesn’t mean you have to tiptoe around me. I’m not breakable. I’m not going to be sad that you have a good mom. Envious, maybe a little, but that isn’t a negative thing, and it’s not your job to manage my emotions. Got it?”

“I got it,” I reply. My lips curl up in a smile.

Bossy Perry is hot.

Granted, our two previous meetings weren’t conventional, but I’d bet my hives that this bossy, put together version of Perry is the one he likes the world to see.

“Now, tell me more about your mom.”

“She is incredible. She’s an artist, and she loves penguins, even though she’s never seen one in real life. She is aggressively supportive in all the things. She found out my uncle Lou had joined a local hockey beer league and we drove through the night so he would have family there for his first game. She has been encouraging me to start the bee business that I’ve been thinking about for years. Not that it looks like it’s ever going to happen. Making honey, candles, soap, I can do. Running a business. Not so much. I don’t think I have the brains for it.”

Perry is looking at me wide eyed and jaw slack.

I can’t tell if his shock is from how cool my mom is or how stupid I am, but I really

want to stick my dick in his mouth.

“First of all; your mom is amazing and I wish that her favorite shampoo is always on offer and never out of stock.” Perry starts.

That’s a bit weird, but sweet. “Thanks, I-”

“Second of all,” he carries on like I never said anything. “I can totally help you start a business.”

He beams at me like he’s just solved world peace, and it is too fucking cute.

“I-,”

What? What do I say to this very attractive guy who is offering me help? This very attractive college guy. Shit, what if he’s a teenager?

“How old are you?” I blurt out.

Okay, well, I definitely shouldn’t have just blurted that.

“I’m twenty-one,” he replies, folding his arms. “Why?”

Do not say because I’m attracted to you.

“I-I just, um, I alcohol?” I stammer out.

Perry cocks an eyebrow. “I’m going to need a translation.”

“I’m planning on maybe making some honey flavored liquer so I needed to check your age to make sure I won’t break any laws.”

Perry's eyebrows knit together. "I think as long as someone under twenty-one isn't physically selling the alcohol, you don't have to worry about ages."

"Oh, cool. That's good information to know." I sound like a fucking dork. "What did you mean by help me start a business?"

Perry raises an eyebrow and smiles at me slowly. It's a move that looks well practiced and it hits me straight in the groin.

With all the confidence in world he says, "I mean, I am about to be your silver angel."

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 5

Perry

“A silver angel?” Beau says, looking confused.

I playback what I just said. Fucksticks

“I got my similes mixed up.”

“But what were they meant to be?”

“That doesn’t matter. What matters is I can help you, and these cookies are getting broken,” I say, lifting said cookies up to show him.

“They will if you wave them through the air like that,” he says in that deep voice of his. It’s like he has a direct line to my cock, which is really fucking inconvenient. I’m going to have to start wearing jockstraps and jeans whenever I’m around this man.

Even when he doesn’t talk he is a huge temptation.

Gray sweats, practically see through white tee, and a backwards ball cap.

What a slutty outfit to be wearing at nine am on a Sunday morning.

“Do you want to come inside and tell me how you can help me?” Beau says.



“Thank you, yes.”

I follow after him, watching as his ass moves so perfectly in those sweats. I should probably stop thinking about Beau’s ass if I’m going to help him out.

And considering he is the only person who knows my family situation.

That is a sobering thought.

One careless comment and my life comes crashing down.

Because even if I do have the best friends in the world, they still won’t look at me the same way. How could they? They’ll pity me. Or hate me for not telling them the truth.

How can anyone love you when your own family doesn’t even love you?

“I don’t have a lot of groceries, but I definitely have milk to wash those cookies down. Is half and half okay with you?” Beau says as we head into his kitchen.

It looks like a pine explosion has gone off in here. Cabinets, walls, furniture, even flooring. All pine.

“That’s great, thanks.” I sit down at the table and put the mostly whole cookies in the middle.

Beau places a glass of milk down in front of me and sits down opposite me.

“So you can help me?”

I nod. “We can help each other.”

He cocks his head, and I feel my cheeks start to heat. How is it that this man can make me throw my carefully crafted control out the window?

“I have a college assignment where I need to launch a small business from the ground up. Marketing plans, what forms to file, permits. I need to plan it all. We could throw all our stones in the same basket.”

Beau’s mouth twitches like he’s trying not to smile.

My eyes narrow. “You better not be thinking I can’t do this,” I start.

“Shit, no no no,” Beau says, leaning forward. “Perry, this is kismet. I need you.”

I need you too. On your knees, sucking me off, wearing nothing but that fucking hat. Slutty man.

Head in the game, Perry.

“We need each other. There is one other thing I want in exchange for my help.” I ask straightening my spine.

Beau’s eyes flash with something I definitely wish I could explore.

“Anything,” he says, voice even deeper than before.

“M-my friends don’t know about my relationship with my mother and sister. I want it to stay that way. If I help you, then I want your silence in return. Please.”

Asking this of him strangely wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be. Probably because I’ve made a fool of myself in every interaction, we’ve had.

I'm kind of impressive like that.

"Perry," he says in a way too soft a tone. All sexy huskiness gone. "I would never talk about your family stuff to anyone. That's your business. I want your help. Fuck, do I need it, but I don't want you to do it because you think you have to in exchange for something. In fact, I should be paying you to do this. What's the going rate?"

I choke on my own spit. "No, Beau. You can't pay me."

"Is it against college rules?" He pulls his phone out and starts tapping away.

"What are you doing?"

"Googling if I can pay students for private services," he says, not taking his eyes off the screen.

I lean over and grab his phone from his hands and place it next to me.

"Hey." Indignation laces his voice.

"Beau, that wording will land you on some kind of FBI list." I roll my eyes so fucking hard it actually hurts.

"Shit," he says, cheeks taking on an adorable pink hue.

"You're not going to pay me and I won't think you will spill my secret unless I do this. Deal?"

I hold out my hand for Beau to shake. He spits on his own and then takes my hand with the perfect amount of grip.

Shame it wasn't my dick.

"Okay, well, I wasn't expecting that. Maybe next time you spit on me, you warn me first?"

The pink on his cheeks intensifies. "Shit, sorry, I-wait. Next time?"

I pull my hand away and surreptitiously wipe it on my pants under the table. Thankfully, Beau's phone starts ringing, letting me off the hook.

I look at the caller ID.

"Pa is calling. Is that different grandpa?" I ask, remembering his mentioned his dad died.

Beau snorts and picks up his phone, canceling the call. "No, it's my ex-boyfriend."

"Oh. So, is that a daddy thing? I don't know much about that kink," I say, with what I hope is a judgement free smile.

I am a little shocked. Beau doesn't give off boy/little energy.

"What? I'm not into that. No shade to it, it's just not my yum," he says. He takes his hat off, runs a spit free hand through his messy black waves and puts the hat back on.

Is he nervous?

"You're going to think I'm an idiot, but Pa is actually Paul. We were together for three months last year. He kept doing things like standing me up to go hang with his buddies, and when we did go out on a date, he always forgot his wallet when it was his turn to pay. I started deleting a letter from his name and decided when his whole

name was deleted I'd break up with him. Found out he was engaged before that happened."

"Wow, shit, I am so sorry that happened to you." I cover his hand with mine. "The man is a cunt and I hope he walks into his bedroom to find his fiance railing his dad."

Beau throws his head back and lets loose the sexiest laugh I have ever heard. His throat muscles are mesmerizing.

I am such a dick for ogling the guy when he just shared his trauma.

"That is amazing. Thank you for that imagery." He gives me a sly look. "I might have got my own petty revenge. He worked for a company owned by his fiance's mother. I sent her and every employee at the company screenshots of Paul's hook up app profiles, screenshots of our conversations, and anything else I could get my hands on. Legally she couldn't fire him, but she did demote him, which was just as fun."

This moment will be etched in my memory as the day I fell in love with my future husband.

"That is so petty," I whisper.

Beau squirms in his seat. "Um, yeah, I guess it was a little immature."

"Fuck no," I say louder than I meant to if Beau's wince is anything to go by. "What you did was beautiful. A work of art. Too few people appreciate petty revenge. Fuck, forgiving and forgetting. Protect your peace by giving them none. Less silence, more violence."

Beau chuckles. "You are my kind of person, Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn."

“Full name me again, and the kind of person I will be is your worst nightmare.” I smirk at him to take some of the bite out of my words.

“Sure thing. I’ll stick to calling you my silver angel, like you said.”

I will not blush.

“You’re extra cute when you blush,” Beau says.

Well, that worked out well.

This business launch assignment is going to take a few weeks and I honestly think I won’t survive it if Beau is going to be the perfect petty man the whole time.

He is going to kill me.

Even if it’s just by proxy.

Is Beau an accessory to murder if I die of dehydration due to jerking off to thoughts of him multiple times a day?

It’s official.

He’s turned me stupid.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 6

Beau

“Don’t forget to rate me five stars on the app,” the driver of the car service says as I get out. I place the bag of Korean barbeque that we stopped to pick up on the seat and gave him a sound of affirmation before getting out as quickly as I could.

I watch as FoodzDriverIan speeds off with a happy wave. I really feel for whoever ordered food from him.

Hopefully, Garrett Jackson has a second-hand car that will fit my very limited needs. A car to take me around Flora Vista and occasionally up to Oregon to visit my mom. Lou had suggested I buy a new car with the inheritance money, but that was an easy and quick no. I am cursed when it comes to vehicles. New, old, rented, doesn’t matter, I will ruin it somehow. I’m not going to waste money on a new car when it will inevitably last as long as a used one.

I walk into the garage, heading to the reception area as soon as I spot it.

“Can I help you?” Comes from a voice behind me. I turn and see an attractive guy about my age wiping greasy hands on a rag.

“Hi, yeah, I messaged someone over the weekend about a car you have for sale.”

He smiles. “That was me. I’m Owen, and I’d shake your hands, but I’ll get you all dirty.”

Two guys come into the garage, from what I'm guessing is the backyard. One was younger than the other by a fair few years, but they definitely look related.

"Talking about getting another man dirty? I honestly didn't need to know that you and my uncle are taking on a third." The younger guy says.

The older guy, Garrett I'm guessing, slaps him upside his head making Owen chuckle.

"You deserved that, Ryder. Your uncle is all I need," Owen says with a wink before he turns back to me. "Excuse him. Let me show you the car."

"You're all good."

I up nod Garrett and Ryder and follow Owen to the forecourt. I let him do his obviously practiced sales spiel, smiling when it's all done.

"Any questions for me?"

"Just a couple. Is there a warranty and how much is it?" They are the only things that really matter to me.

"It's twenty-three hundred for the car, and I'll ask Garrett about the warranty. He's the owner of this fine business."

"There's a twelve month warranty, but it's void if you drive like a dick," Garrett says coming out of the garage, Ryder trailing behind him.

"I don't drive like a dick," I chuckle. "I just have the worst fucking luck with cars. This is just going to be a grocery run car with the occasionally trip to the beach and to see my mom in Oregon."



“Yeah, this car will see you through that. Give Owen your number and we’ll send you a text when you’re due an oil change and that kind of shit.” Garrett says. He looks me up and down and turns to Owen. “Maybe take him out for a drink. He’s new in town.”

Garrett then heads back in to the garage.

“I don’t want to have sex with you,” I blurt out.

Ryder and Owen burst out laughing.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean-”

“Dude, you’re fine.” Owen snorts. “Garrett wasn’t trying anything sexy. My bestie lives on the east coast and I think he wants to make sure I have friends outside of him.”

“Hey,” Ryder says. “What am I? Chopped liver?”

“I love you Ryder, but I’m not going to talk about my boyfriend with you,” Owen says.

“I talk about my boyfriend with you.”

“Yes, but your boyfriend is a cute cheerleader who is not related to me.”

That piques my interest.

“Cheerleader?”

Ryder gets a dreamy smile on his face. “Yeah, we go to Flora Vista University

together.”

There are a bunch of cheerleaders on the squad. I saw at least five at the house over the weekend. Ryder’s boyfriend could be any one of those guys.

“I should really buy Perry and a fruit basket or something.”

That little kernel of hope that had been building inside me drops like lead in my stomach.

Perry has a boyfriend.

A cool, hot, leather wearing mechanic who is his own age.

“Yeah, what Perry did for you and Lexi was awesome,” Owen says.

“My boyfriend had a crush on me for years, which I was clueless about, so basically Perry took a photo of Lexi and another guy at a party and tagged me in it. Lit a fire under my jealous ass and I went to the frat house and claimed my man.”

“So Perry isn’t your boyfriend? Lexi is?”

“Yeah.” Ryder looks at me with knitted eyebrows. “Do you know Perry?”

“Um, yeah. Kind of.” I scratch the back of my neck. “I just moved into a house next door to the cheerleader squad. He, I mean they, all seem really cool.”

I turn to Owen. “I’ll take you up on that drink and the car.”

“Sounds good, man. Let’s get you on the road.”

Forty minutes later and my car is safely parked in the drive while I'm reading through the to do list Perry gave me.

I probably should take the thing for a drive to get used to it. Might make the likelihood of me breaking it somehow a little less.

Meh, I'd rather look up the stuff Perry wrote down. He said he'd bake me more cookies. That man knows how to incentivize people.

I open my laptop and look at the only bullet point written in Perry's loopy handwriting.

\* Pick a name for your business (bee puns are fine, but GOOGLE them. They might be rude, taken, or offensive.)

I swear he wrote a list as long as my arm at the weekend.

Shrugging, I get to work.

After what feels like hours, I finally have my name.

Beetastic.

Or should it be Bee-Tastic? Hmm, maybe I'll ask Perry.

Like he could hear my thoughts, my phone buzzes and it's a message from the man himself.

Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn

Are you free this evening? We got off practice early and I was wondering if you

wanted to go through some of my research.

Me

That sounds great! Want to get food first?

Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn

Yeah, what do you want to order?

Me

No ordering!!!!

Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn

Hahahahahaaha, did you happen to get a ride with FoodzDriverIan?

Me

Yup. I'm in the mood for food that won't look like a Pinterest fail.

Perriwinkle Cyan Hawthorn

Dude, I just snorted water out my nose.

Me

Haha, oops?

Come over, will work our way through some of your research and then go get food. I

bought a new to me car today. I should probably take it for a drive to get used to it.

Periwinkle Cyan Hawthorn

Sounds good. See you soon.

I put my phone down quickly, realizing my cheeks are aching from smiling o much. I read back over what we said, and it's not flirty at all.

This is bad. So very bad.

He is in college; I am starting a business. We are at different points in our lives. He is younger than me. We're working together.

There is absolutely no way I am allowed to act on this stupid crush.

So why is my fucking heart screaming at me to make him mine?

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 7

Perry

I am so fucking glad Coach Phillips picked a Caffeine Daydreams song. If we're going to have to listen to a song played on repeat for two hours a day, multiple times a week, I'm glad it's a good one.

I wonder if Beau likes Caffeine Daydreams? He has to. It's like a queer rite of passage.

I should concentrate on the fact I am being tossed twelve feet in the air.

The feeling of escape and exhilaration when I'm doing stunts is something that I hope everyone gets to feel when they are doing something the love.

We finish the routine and coach looks at each one of us in turn.

"Again."

We go again, and I don't know what it is, but as we move through the routine, I know that we are nailing it.

Three minutes later and Coach is obviously on the same wavelength.

"Yes. You've finally got it," Coach breaks into a smile. "I'm cutting practice short. Get some rest and bring that energy back here tomorrow."

I don't participate in the whooping and hollering that the others partake in, but I'm cheering on the inside.

I head straight to my bag and pull out my phone to text Beau.

"Ooooh, who has got you smiling like that?" Wyatt says a few minutes later, walking over to me with Luke and Bradley trailing behind him. "What's the guy's name?"

"The isn't a guy. I was just texting Beau," I say haughtily.

"Hey Luke, is Beau a guy?" Wyatt asks not taking his eyes off of me.

Luke nods enthusiastically. "Yup, Bradley asked him about his pronouns the other day."

"When did you see Beau?" I demand

"The other day. We both got home at the same time. I think he had been for a run. You are a lucky man, Perry. Beau looks hot when he's all hot and sweaty." Bradley smiles at me serenely and if it wasn't for the fact I know he isn't going to ask out Beau, I would want to wipe that smile off his adorable face.

"Beau isn't my man," I start saying calmly. Wyatt snorts and I zero in on him. "Why aren't you annoying Hudson?"

Wyatt's whole demeanor drops and I feel like the shittest of shitheads.

"He's hanging out with Nate again."

"I'm sorry, Wyatt. I shouldn't have said anything." I pull him in for a cuddle, and he wraps his big arms around me.

“You’re fine, man. He has other friends that aren’t mean. I need to remember that.”

“Have you told him how you feel?”

“No, he-he disappears whenever I try, so I stopped asking.”

“Oh, Wyatt, I’m sorry. Want me to bake you some cookies tonight?”

That perks him up. “All the yeses.”

“Perfect. As soon as I’m home from Beau’s, I’ll make some.”

Suddenly, there are three matching smirks, all aiming at me.

“It’s not what you think. I have an assignment he’s helping me with. I’ll be hanging out with him a few times a week until we get it done.”

Bradley snorts. “Is it a biology class?”

“It’s marketing, actually.”

“Is Beau marketing your ass?” Wyatt says, and the three of them dissolve into laughter.

I throw my hands up in exasperation. “That isn’t even funny.”

I’m glad my friends are all amused and shit, but did it have to be at my expense? My preference will be to laugh at one of them if I’m totally honest.

At least I know with these guys it’s harmless ribbing.



“Okay, I’m leaving now.” I grab my bag and head out.

“Say hi to Beau for us,” Wyatt calls out loudly, catching the attention of everyone in the gym.

I know what I should do is turn around, say something sassy, and try and quell the rumors.

That isn’t what I do though.

Because that scenario would take time and I really want to see Beau.

The quicker I get to his house, the quicker we get this assignment done, and then I don’t have to see him as often.

Yeah, I can’t even lie to myself. I have a full blown crush on my next door neighbor.

I am so fucked.

“Okay, that stomach rumble was at least a seven on the Richter scale,” Beau says with a chuckle. “Let’s call it for the night and go get you fed.”

I am so tired and hungry; I don’t even have the energy to argue with him. He isn’t wrong. We’ve done a shit tonne of work this evening. I swear if Professor Gordon doesn’t give me a fucking A with all the bells and whistles, I will riot. At the very least, I will figure out a way to redirect all of his mail to the Dean.

That might be illegal.

“Beau, is it classed as tampering with mail if you don’t physically touch it?” I say. I stand up and stretch my arms over my head. Classes, followed by my cheer practice,

followed by two hours sitting at Beau's kitchen table, have given me some serious muscle ache.

"Um, that's random," he says, not making eye contact with me. "I-I think it probably is illegal. Is this about your professor?"

"Yeah," I sigh, flopping back into my seat. "He absolutely hates me and I don't know why."

"Stick with your key idea. I could take a few when I next go visit my mom? Really branch out," Beau says, looking at me again.

He really is the perfect man.

"Are you okay? Your face looks a bit weird. Let's go get you some food." His faces scrunches up in concern.

Wonderful. My, I have feelings for you, face makes me look weird and hungry. Super. That's exactly how I want it to look, obviously.

Ugh, no.

Not feelings face.

I need a break from my own goddamn brain.

"Let's go get food. I'm thinking burgers." I say with pep I do not actually feel.

I follow Beau out to his car which looks slightly familiar, but my fluency in cars extends to my baby and that's it.

Ten minutes and I totally understand why Beau's cars do not last long.

"I am so fucking glad you never got the chance to buy my baby if this is how you treat all of your cars," I tell him.

His response is to roll his eyes. "I'm driving like any normal person does."

"Our definition of normal are definitely at odds."

"You are exaggerating," he looks over at me and snorts. "You do not need to be white knuckling the oh shit handle."

"Eyes on the road," I screech in a manly way.

"They are. I barely glanced at you."

"At least you have some flaws," I mutter.

I watch a smirk slowly overtake his face. He opens his mouth, but I cut him off before he gets the chance to say anything.

"Turn left here."

Horns blare behind us as he takes a sharp left without even flicking his blinker on.

I am way too young and too hot to die.

"I think you just aged me twenty years."

"It wasn't that bad. The other drivers are just being dramatic," he says, pulling into the drive thru.

We order tacos and head back to Beau's to eat them. It was a stupid idea in hindsight. His bunny hop style of driving meant that the tacos will probably end up as delicious mush. We will need spoons.

"Were you thinking I was as perfect as you, angel?" Beau said as we pulled up outside his house?

I swallow hard. "Angel?"

"Yeah, isn't that what you said? You are my silver angel, here to solve all of my problems. It's definitely working. I have permits pending and a newsletter. With actual subscribers."

I should really remember to tell the cheer queers I signed them up to that.

"You are a smart and capable man, Beau. I have every faith that you could have done all of this, eventually."

He huffs out a laugh. "I'm not sure I agree with all of that, but I am definitely smart enough not to argue with you."

Beau locks eyes with me, determined sincerity on display.

"You really are an angel."

I don't know if it's the nickname or the conviction his voice held. Maybe it's the heady combination of the two that leads me to what happens next. Either way, I find myself leaning across the center console, ready to taste his smile.

This kiss never comes.

Beau leans back, eyes wide in horror.

“Shit,” I whisper. “I’m sorry. I-I got to go.”

I throw open his door and make the speediest exit I have ever accomplished.

He shouts something out behind me, but my brain feels like it’s full of cotton wool, so I hear nothing he says. Probably just letting me know I’ve left my food in the car. It doesn’t matter. My appetite is gone.

I stumble into the cheer house, race up the stairs, and slam my bedroom door behind me. Thankfully, it’s empty, so I guess Gio is staying with Tucker tonight.

I don’t bother to get undressed, I just crawl into bed, pulling my sheets over my head.

Maybe if I hide here forever I will forget the look on Beau’s face.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 8

Beau

Me

Can we please talk about what happened the other night?

I stare at the message I sent Perry days ago. I don't even know if he left me on read because he doesn't have that feature turned on.

I hate that he thinks I rejected him.

"Hey man," Owen says, pulling me out of my musings. "I'd assume you were staring at porn, but that doesn't usually make people look so miserable. Unless..." he looks around the coffee shop before turning back to me to whisper. "You know those dudes are hired for their big dicks, right? Having a small one isn't a bad thing. It's all about how you use-"

"Please stop," I hiss. "I'm average sized and I'm not looking at porn."

His face brightens. "Oh, that's awesome. I didn't want to judge you for watching it in public, but I would have."

A laugh bursts from me.

"That is much better. Let me go get us both a coffee and then you can tell me all

about why you are actually miserable.”

He heads up to the counter and I’m really glad I took him up on the offer to get a platonic coffee. I could really use a friend other than Perry. If we are even friends anymore?

“Okay, you’re sad again,” Owen says, putting a coffee down in front of me. “Spill.”

I run my hand through my messy hair, wishing I’d remembered my hat. “My neighbor tried to kiss me and now he isn’t talking to me.”

A wordsmith, I am not.

Owen nods. “Ah, yeah, I can see that being awkward. Do you regret not kissing him?”

“Yes. No. Maybe?” I say.

“Yes, those are all of the options.”

“I guess I do, but there are reasons. Good reasons. Like how he is only twenty-one, he’s in college, and we are working together to set up my business.” I look at Owen, who has an eyebrow raised.

“Seriously? They are non reasons.” He says with a snort.

“They are valid reasons.”

“Okay, let me prove to you how they totally are not.” He raises a finger with each point he solves. “Twenty-one is only four years and not that it matters, but the rule works in your favor.”

I sit up straight. “What rule?”

“The half your age plus seven rule,” Owen says. I stare at him blankly and he continues. “The rule to dating someone younger than you is half your age, plus seven years. You are twenty-five so if my maths is mathing, that means you can date someone who is nineteen and a half without it being weird. Your guy is twenty-one, so you are more than okay.”

“I didn’t know this was a thing.”

“It only counts if all parties are over eighteen and I personally think it’s whatever. It doesn’t work with me and Garrett, and there is a soccer player in England who is dating his ex teammate who is nearly twenty years older than him. So fucking hot.” Owen rests his chin on his hands. “Forget the reasons for not dating him. What are the reasons for being with him?”

I can’t help but smile. “He’s fucking brilliant. Perry is the most loyal person in the world. He would set the entire world down for anyone who hurts someone he loves and cares about. He has a wicked sense of humor. I told him about a cashier being rude to me and he said he was going to manifest their spouse getting their dream job abroad and deciding to divorce them before they sign the contract so the cashier couldn’t go with them or get alimony. He’s also hot as fuck. He has blue eyes that look like they have a splash of violet and blond hair that looks like it will be so silky to touch.”

“Dude,” Owen says looking at me with a soft smile. “You’ve got it bad. You have to date him.”

Is it that simple? the pros outweigh the cons.

Before I get the chance to answer my own question, my phone starts ringing and



Perry's name flashes up on the screen.

"He's calling me."

Owen rolls his eyes. "So stop looking like a dillapitated stingray and answer the phone."

"Hello?" I say as soon as the call connects.

"Hi, is this Beau?" a voice that definitely does not belong to the man who is currently occupying my every thought.

"Yeah, who is this? How do you have Perry's phone?"

"I'm Luke, Perry's best friend. Perry is currently zip tied to a tree. We could really use your help."

I still. "He's what?"

"I'm going to send you the address," Luke says before he hangs up.

"What's going on? Why the face?" Owen asks, concern written all over his face.

"I think Perry has been kidnapped." I have to have this wrong. I just need to keep my head on straight and it will all be okay. Do not overreact, Beau.

"What?"

"I need to call my uncle. He's a cop," I say as the address comes through. "Shit, I walked here. Can you drop me off at the address?"

“Of course.” We leave the coffee shop, drinks abandoned. I quickly type out a message to Lou as I get into Owen’s car.

Me

Perry has been kidnapped. His friend said they were at this address.

I forward the address Luke sent via Perry’s phone and hope like hell they are both okay.

He’s resourceful and smart. If anyone can escape a kidnapper, it’s going to be Perry.

### Chapter 9

Perry

“Beau is on his way. I sent him the address,” Luke says cheerfully.

Oh thank god.

Zip tying myself to a tree was probably the most impulsive thing I’ve ever done.

Other than trying to kiss Beau and cutting off my family. Actually, that was probably a long time coming.

Whatever, there was no way I was going to let this man murder this poor hive.

“Did you hear that you bee fascist? A real bee keeper is going to come and save this swarm.”

The man looks at me like he would like to participate in some human murder as well. Thankfully, Hudson and Perry aren’t going to leave my side, and the street we’re on is fairly busy.

“Are you positive these are bees?” Hudson says for the tenth time.

“Yes, now stop asking. They look exactly like the ones Beau has in his backyard. He names them after pop royalty.” I say, squirming. These ties are too fucking tight and I swear I’m going to get splinters.

It's worth it though.

The minute I saw the exterminator with his snide little face and bottle of pesticide, I knew I had to save these bees. After listening to Beau talk about how amazing these creatures are, I think I fell in love.

With the bees.

I'm trying to not think about Beau and how it's going to be seeing him for the first time since I tried to kiss him. I get it, he doesn't see me like that. Not to get all woe is me but that really fucking sucks.

I just want to be the one who is chosen for once.

But throwing myself at a guy because he's funny, smells nice, and wears a slutty backwards baseball cap is not the way to go.

"Do you think Beau will let us name this hive?" Luke says, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

"I think if anyone gets to pick the name, it's going to be Perry," Hudson says, patting Luke on the shoulder. "He's tied himself to a tree for the little fuckers."

I brighten. "Hudson, you are right. I'm going to name them Kelly."

"Kelly Osbourne?" Luke says with a frown

"What the fuck? No, Kelly Clarkson." I tell them.

"They aren't the same person?"

That is actually a little bit offensive. “You need a pop icon intervention, Luke. I am so disappointed right now.”

“What did you say to him?” A low menacing voice says from behind me. Judging from the way Luke’s face lights up, it can only be Corey.

“Kiss me first, then I’ll explain,” Luke demands. Corey leans down and presses a hard kiss to Luke’s lips. “Love you,” he murmurs before pulling away. “Perry was offended that I thought of Kelly Osbourne and Kelly Clarkson were the same person.”

Corey raises an eyebrow at his boyfriend. “Yeah, I’m on Perry’s side.”

Luke looks up at his boyfriend with the poutiest pout. Corey’s eyes darken and he pulls him even closer.

“Hey, can you not foreplay whilst I am trying to prevent the murder of innocent bees?”

Corey tucks Luke under his arm and turns to me. “So bees? Is this a new thing or...?”

“He has a crush on our neighbor, the bee keeper.” Hudson snorts.

Corey gives me a shit-eating grin, and I am not here for it.

“Beau has opened my mind to how amazing bees are,” I tell the three of them. “I am trying to save them because it’s the right thing to do. Not because I have a crush on him.”

I try to ignore the hurt that my friends think I only care about something because I think a guy is hot.

“Perry! I’m here.” I look at the road and Beau is getting out of a car I don’t recognize with a guy who looks vaguely familiar. “You fuckers better know the police are on the way and I have a bottle of mace.”

Beau, looking like an avenging angel, the sprays Luke, Corey, and Hudson in the face with whatever is in that bottle.

“Shit, Beau, what are you doing?” I screech. I go to see if they are okay, forgetting the zip ties. All I manage to do is pull them tighter, making the stupid strips of plastic cut in to my wrists.

“Saving you from your kidnappers,” Beau scowls. “Wait, aren’t those two your roommates?”

“Yes, they are. And the other one is Corey, Luke’s boyfriend. None of them are kidnapping me.”

Beau rubs the back of his neck. “Oh.”

“Does mace usually smell like lemongrass and mint?” Hudson asks between coughs.

“It’s actually deodorant,” Beau says sheepishly. “If you aren’t being kidnapped, why are you tied to a tree? Are you being held hostage?”

“I am so confused. Why are these your thoughts?” I say.

Beau looks at me as he rifles through his pockets. “I got a call from your phone from Luke saying you were being kidnapped. Shit, I don’t have it on me.” He turns to the guys standing by the car. “Owen, do you have a multi-tool?”

“Owen, who works with Ryder?” Are they on a date? He looks like he might have his

shit together. Is that what Beau is into?

“And who dates Ryder’s uncle,” Beau adds, looking at me intently.

I can feel the goofy smile that overtakes my face and I’m strangely okay with it.

What is it about Beau that makes my desperate need for control slip?

“Got the multi-tool,” Owen says jogging over.

Beau takes it from him and steps so close to me, our bodies are flush against each other. I can feel the heat from his body through our layers of clothes and it’s making me wish I was naked and spread out on his bed instead of this rough tree. I usually like to be the one in control when it comes to sex but I would happily give that up and let Beau worship my poor empty hole and neglected cock.

“What are you doing?” I whisper.

“I’m going to cut you free,” he whispers back, eyes drawn to my lips.

His words pull me from my reverie. “What? No, you can’t. Not until you’ve found the queen!”

Beau’s eyebrows knit together. “Is that code for something?”

“The queen bee of the hive that’s at the top of this tree,” I say. “I named it Kelly.”

Beau looks up through the branches at the hive. I’m guessing. Because while he’s looking at it, I’m looking at him.

The most beautiful man to ever exist.

“You tied yourself to a tree to save this hive?” he says quietly, eyes still on the bees.

“Yeah, I’ve seen how you are with your hives, how you talk about them. I could never let anyone murder fucking cool creatures.”

He looks at me, and it’s like time stands still. We’re together, stuck in this moment on the precipice of something big. And then Beau moves. One hand cupping my jaw, the other on my waist, holding something metal. I don’t give a flying fuck though because in my next breath, his lips are on mine and I’m lost.

Lost in his taste.

Lost in his scent.

Lost in his touch.

Lost in Beau.

His body is flush against mine, pressing me into the tree, and I love it. My tongue tangles with his and I want nothing more than to get untied so I can wrap my arms around his neck and rut my dick against his stomach.

“Fuck, Perry,” Beau murmurs against my lips.

“Yes, please do fuck Perry,” I groan, making Beau chuckle.

A throat clearing pulls me out of the moment. I look up and Corey, Luke, and Hudson are staring at us with matching smirks.

“That was hot, but getting arrested for public sex isn’t,” Hudson says.



“He’s probably right,” Beau says sadly.

He flips open a knife from the multi tool Owen lent him and cuts each zip wire from my wrists. Beau rubs my wrists. “Let’s go back to mine. I can rub some cream in to your wrists, make them feel better”

“I bet it’s not the only place you’ll be rubbing cream into.” Luke says with a snort.

I ignore him and frown at Beau. “What about the hive?”

Beau looks at me softly. “They aren’t bees, Angel. They’re wasps. A pretty invasive species actually, so it’s probably a good idea that it gets exterminated.”

I’m such a fucking idiot.

“You are so fucking amazing,” Beau looks at me with awe in his eyes.

My shoulders slump. “I tied myself to a tree to save a bunch of evil little anti-bees.”

“Perry, you-,”

Whatever you is, we don’t find out because that is when the exterminator decides to interrupt.

“The dean is on his way.” He yells over to us.

Shit.

Corey rolls his eyes. “Don’t sweat it. You guys go, I’ll sort everything out with the dean.”

“I could kiss you man.”

“Try it and get maimed.”

I huff a laugh. “Not, kill? You do like me.”

He lets loose a loud laugh. “Or do I love Luke and he happens to love you?”

Yeah, that’s more plausible.

“You sure you don’t mind talking to the dean for me?”

Luke rolls his eyes. “Puh-lease, he loves it. We are going to have some great sex later.”

“Can I leave too?” Hudson groans.

“No, we need witnesses.” Corey says.

“Thank you,” I say and pull Beau in the direction of my car. “Where did Owen go?”

“He text that it looked like I had everything handled and he had to get back to the garage.” Beau said, trotting along behind me. “I love how eager you are to get somewhere private, but should we talk?”

“Talk later, get off first.”

Because who knew how long it will be before Beau’s reason for not kissing me come back in full force. It’s going to hurt like a bitch when they do, so I am going to make sure I enjoy every second now.

We get into my car and his seatbelt is barely buckled before I'm pulling out of the space and hurtling towards our neighborhood.

"This car really does drive like a dream," Beau says almost wistfully.

I snort. "Yeah, because I'm driving her not you."

"I bet if I drove her-"

"Never in your wildest dreams is that going to happen," I huff.

Beau leans into my space, laying one of his hands on my upper thigh, his heat searing me through the fabric of my jeans.

"What if I do something really nice for you?" he whispers, and then licks the shell of my ear.

I let loose a full body shudder and swing into my usual parking space outside the cheer house. It's the worst I've ever parked, but I really don't give a shit.

I undo my seatbelt and push Beau back into his seat, scrambling over the center console to straddle his lap. His hands grab onto my hips and he grinds his erection into my own hard dick. I thread my fingers through his hair and pull so his green eyes meet my blue ones.

"I have a feeling you're going to want to do something nice to me even if I don't let you car."

He smirks up at me. "Oh yeah, Angel, I think I'd rather drive you wild." He leans up and captures my lips in a filthy kiss.

Fuck, he tastes delicious. I could get addicted to Beau so fucking easy.

He continues to grind our bodies together while I hold on for the ride, attached to his lips.

“Beau,” I moan out. “You feel amazing, but i need more. Give me a finger.”

He stills.

“Perry, you can’t say shit like that. You’re going to make me cream my underwear.”

That is so fucking hot.

“Yes, I want to see you come.”

“Let’s-”

A rap on the car window cuts Beau off.

Why does everyone have to interrupt us all the time?

We both look at the window and standing there with a grim smile, is the cop who was with Beau the first time I met him.

“If we keep really still, he might not notice us,” Beau says turning to stone.

“You are ridiculous,” I chuckle, leaning in to kiss him.

“Beau, get your ass out of the car.” Lou says, rapping on the window again.

We both leave through the passenger door. I stand tall, trying to show I have some

dignity. I think the bulge in my pants might be letting me down.

“Uncle Lou, you remember Perry tight?” Beau says, wrapping an arm around my shoulders.

“I do,” he says with a friendly up nod.

At least I think it’s friendly? What if it’s a no-way-are-you-going-to-smooch-my-nephew up nod?

“Hi,” I squeak out.

“Are I to assume you didn’t get kidnapped?” he asks me sternly.

I look at Beau, before turning back to Lou. “No, I’ve never been kidnapped to my knowledge.”

“Um, I might have panicked.” Beau says, looking sheepish. “Luke’s friend said Perry was zip tied to a tree, and I made an assumption. Perry is fine, and we were actually just going to hang out. I’ll see you during the week?”

Lou chuckles. “You and Perry can hang out another time. I drove across the city. Me and you are going to have a couple of beers and you can tell me how you’re settling in.” Lou turns to me. “It was nice seeing you again. Glad you weren’t kidnapped.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Lou smiles and heads across the yard to Beau’s house.

“Shit, I’m sorry Perry. I really wanted to spend the rest of the day with you. Maybe under you. Are you free tomorrow?”

He looks so hopeful. It soothes the bitter taste of disappointment.

“I’m cheering tomorrow at a football scrimmage game, but I’ll be free in the evening.”

“Yes, please,” he says with an emphatic nod. “I want to see you then.”

I lean in and my heart gives a little pitter patter when he meets me halfway.

This morning I woke up feeling sad that the guy I am into rejected me, and now he’s giving me goodbye kisses and we have plans for tomorrow.

What is life?

### Chapter 10

Beau

WE'VE GOT SPIRIT

WE'VE GOT SPUNK

WE'RE GONNA DEFEAT

YOU BUNCH OF PUNKS

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

LISTEN AS THESE RHINOS ROAR

FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT

WATCH AS WE DOMINATE.

The scrimmage game ended about forty minutes ago and I don't think I will ever get the chants out of my heads. It's cool though, my new favorite things in the world are cheerleading chants and Perry performing them.

He was in his element and he looked hot.

And he would be knocking on my door any second.

I take a quick look around the living room and it's looking good. I went to Target first thing this morning to buy some cushions, throws, and candles. Basically the nice shit that makes a house look more like somewhere a certain cheerleader will want to hang out and less like a serial killers lair.

Because I really want this to be a recurring thing and not something Perry does just to pass time.

My uncle Lou thinks I'm rushing things. The man saw one medium heavy make out session and now I'm going to quickly. He worries too much. It's not like I'm going to ask Perry to move in tomorrow.

There's a rumble of cars and I peep out of my living room window. Several cheerleaders and football players get out of multiple cars. Including Perry. I watch as he waves bye to them all and heads up the path to my house.

I'm not even going to pretend I have any chill right now. Perry has got me so worked up, I need him in my house and pressed up against me.

I open the door and Perry stands there in an FVU hoodie, loose jeans, hair damp from a post game shower, looking every bit like the Angel I call him. Well, an Angel that licks his lips slow and sensually like he's wishing he was licking something else.

My dick.

He looks like he wants to suck my dick and if that's the case, sign me up. I'll be happy with just his lips on mine again, but I'm not going to lie to myself; I want Perry's cum.

"Are you going to stare at me or are you planning on inviting me in?" Perry says, sweeping his eyes slowly over my body. I'd never felt so naked wearing so many



clothes. I knew he'd appreciate my outfit. Sweats, tee, and my favorite ball cap on backwards. Those pretty eyes of his do not hide his desire.

Wrapping my fingers around his wrist, I pull him into the house stright into my arms, slamming the door behind him.

"You smell delicious," he sighs and leans in for a kiss.

I lick along the seam of his lips, my tongue pushing inside his mouth, the need to taste him overwhelming my senses

Fuck, I want to taste Perry everywhere.

He obviously has the same idea, because he places both hands on my chest and is pushing me backwards, leading me into the living room. Perry must have Jedi powers of something because he manages to do this while never breaking our kiss. So fucking sexy.

I feel my knees hit the back of the couch and our kiss finally breaks as he pushes me down.

"I want you naked, Beau," Perry says, hands trembling with need. "I want you to undress yourself for me. The perfect present."

Now, I know I should probably do it slowly, sensually, but I need Perry's skin back on mine so that isn't going to happen.

"How many demons did you sell your soul to for a cock like that? It's a masterpiece, Perry says, practically drooling, eyes fixed on my dick. I can't wait to have you inside me. I'm going to feel you for days."

If I get my way, he'll never stop feeling me. All my hesitation and hooking up with Perry melted away when I thought he had been in danger. It made me realize I want more than a hookup. I want all of Perry.

Starting with his mouth.

"Why are you not on your knees already?" I whine, opening my legs further to encourage him.

"I was trying to decide if I wanted to pour honey all over your dick and then lick it all off, but I think I'll save that for another time. I want the first time I suck you dry to be all you."

I have no words, no thoughts, just desire. That is all that I am and all that I'll ever be. Horny.

Perry takes his clothes off at a torturous pace.

The second he is naked, he drops to his knees, braces his hands on my thick hairy thighs, leans in and presses a brief kiss to my cockhead. If he didn't have a string of precum connecting my tip to his lips, I'd say the kiss was sweet, innocent even.

He locks his gaze on mine.

"I'm so fucking glad you kept the cap on, Beau," He says huskily. "I want your eyes and hands on me the whole time, baby."

I suck in a breath, shocked at the endearment. My hands find his beautiful blond hair and my eyes stay on him. As if I'd look anywhere else. I want the image of him seared into my brain for eternity.

He licks the pre-come beaded on my cockhead, and hums in satisfaction. Having Perry, my angel, enjoying the taste of my cum makes me even harder.

I don't think I've ever been with a man who enjoys sucking my dick as much as Perry is.

He hollows his cheeks and swallows my dick down in one go.

Fuuuuuuck.

His warm wet mouth slides up and down my shaft at a glacial pace, yet it still brings me too fucking close to the edge.

I thrust my hips gently fucking into Perry's mouth and my eyes roll back in my head. I am going to bust a bust so fucking fast. I look over Perry's shoulders to his tight ass.

I want the first time I come in him to be in his ass. I want to fill him to the brim.

"Perry," I gasp. "Need to come in your ass. Angel, let me, please?"

He pops off my cock with a grin and grabs his pants lying on the floor next to him. He rifles through a pocket and I hope he's looking for some lube. I don't want to move from this spot.

He finds what he's looking for and crawls onto my lap.

"Give me your hand," he demands. I do as he says and I'm rewarded with him, pouring lube over my fingers. "Open me up."

He presses small, feathery kisses and I get to work getting his hole ready for me.

Fuck, he's tight. His dick is going to strangle my dick in all the best ways.

"Your dick felt so good in my mouth. Gonna feel just as good in my ass? You going to fuck me good, baby? Make me feel it tomorrow? So I know you are the one who turned me inside out?"

"Fuck, Perry," I moan, grinding my cock into his. "Lift up."

He does as he's told and I line my dick up against his tight little hole. I surge into his hole, bottoming out in one thrust. Perry cries out in pleasure and I grab hold of his waist and start plunging into him over and over.

Perry's cock bobs between us, teasingly. I need a taste.

I lift him completely off my cock and hold him up as I swallow his pretty dick into my mouth.

He tastes as good as I knew he would.

I pull him out and spear him on my cock again. "Touch yourself, Angel. I need to come first."

He jerks himself as he bounces on my cock.

I am too fucking close.

As soon as I think that, Perry is shouting, clenching his hole around my dick, spilling his seed all over the both of us.

It triggers my release and I roar as my orgasm crashes through me, my cum filling my man up.

Because that's what he is.

Mine.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

### Chapter 11

Perry

“Angel, your phone is popping off,” Beau mumbles into my neck.

I have to be dreaming because there is no way this is real life. I’m curled up in Beau’s bed, with his body plastered against my back. I can still feel the ache of his dick in my ass. Not enough that it’s sore, but enough to make want another round on his dick.

“Mmm, I don’t care. I need you inside me again.”

Beau climbs on top of me. “I’ll give you all the orgasms you want, but first I want to know what we are?”

I gulp. “You want to define the relationship?”

He nods.

“Okay, then we’re boyfriend.” Go hard or go home, I guess.

The look of pure bliss is beautiful. Maybe even more than his O face. And that was a work of art.

“We need to find you that before we have sex again, boyfriend.”

Beau lets out a loud laugh and I think I hear my phone chirp again. Ugh, I'll find it in a moment. I'm too happy in this moment.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" I chuckle.

His eyes sparkle with mischief. "Mentally I didn't."

"But physically?"

"Look, what my body does is none of my business," he says, nipping at my jaw.

"I don't think that would stand up in a court of law." I moan as he tweaks my nipple.

"Well, in the court of this relationship, it does."

My eyes meet his, and I revel in this moment.

Beau is my boyfriend.

Nothing can bring me down today.

My phone chirps again and Beau leans over to grab it from the box that is acting as his nightstand and hands it to me.

Horror crashes through me when I look at the text message on my screen.

Gio

Your mom is here.

Beau and I crash into the cheer house, his hand a vice grip around mine. I love it. I

need it.

“Mom? What are you doing here?” I looked nervously at my friends. How long had she been here with them? Alone. Fuck, she better not have upset anyone.

Hudson, Nate, Bradley, and Gio all shared matching murderous expressions. Lexi, Luke, and Wyatt, looked sad, and a little confused.

“Your sister is getting married. Isn’t that wonderful news?” My mom’s smile lit up the fucking room. I hated it. I missed it. “Of course she will need help with the wedding.”

I can feel Beau bristle behind me

“Leave,” I snap at her.

“Excuse me?” She sneers at me. “I am your mother. Dahlia is your sister. You owe us.”

“I owe you nothing,” I spit out. “God, I know this will do nothing except to add fuel to your Perry is the villain bit, but I don’t care anymore. I have a family and they will always be by my side, no matter what poison you spew. I used to wonder what horrible thing I did to make you hate me and love Dahlia, but I know now that it wasn’t me that did anything awful. It’s just how your brain is wired. You are the broken one, not me. My love for you was never conditional, but you can’t say the same. So leave. I never want to see or hear from you and Dahlia ever again.”

Beau’s hand squeezes mine, and I turn to him. He looks down at me with so much love, I nearly melt.

This may be too fucking fast, but I know love and this man is love with me. Godd



fucking thing I'm right there too.

"You know what, Perriwinkle?" Mom spits out. I forgot about her for. second. She is not going to take any of my words to heart, but it felt really fucking great to get it off of my chest.

"I hope that one day you have a child who is just like you. You deserve it." She continues.

"You mean a child who is loves unconditionally? Who is fiercely loyal and protective of those they care about? That kind of child?" Beau says before the pain from her verbal hit can land. He scoffs. "It's amazing how amazing Perry turned out despite you. If he ever decides to have kids, I just know that they will be so loved, they will flourish."

"How dare-"

I cut her off before she can insult Beau.

"Yeah, we're done here." I stare at my mom one last time before channeling my inner petty queen. "Have the life you deserve."

And I slam the door in her face.

There is a beat of silence before Beau pulls me in for a hug. Quickly followed by Luke, Gio, and before I know it I am the yummy center of a massive group hug.

"You were so brave, angel," Beau murmurs.

"Fuck yes you were," Nate adds.

“I love how sassy you are,” Luke snorts.

Lexi grabs my hand. “We will come up with a plan together to do something epic and petty to her. Don’t you worry.”

I let out a laugh that borders on the hysterical side. “I don’t want to do anything. I just want to forget she exists. Having your family hate you is like a fist to the gut.”

“You know that saying? Blood is thicker than water ?” Beau says, hands cupping my jaw.

“Yeah, you think I should give my mom another chance?” Confusion laces my voice. Where is he going with this?

He chuckles, “No, Angel. That isn’t the full quote. It’s actually; the blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb .” He smiles down at me, thumb gently caressing my cheek. “It means the family you choose is more important than the one you are tied to biologically. And from what I can see, who you’ve chosen is leagues above your mom.”

I look at my cheer queers. My brothers, all smiling back at me. Beau is right. They are my real family. We aren’t perfect. No one is. We bicker and shout, but we also love each other unconditionally and never make each other feel less than. That is what family is truly meant to be.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 3:26 am*

10 Years Later

Perry

“Perry, come look at this,” my boyfriends calls to me from the guest bedroom.

If it’s another moth, I’m calling uncle Lou. He can sort his nephew out. Beau happily goes and checks the pop queens in shorts and a tank, with no fear of getting stung, yet moths are what scare him.

He’s so pretty.

He’s also taking ages sorting out the spare bedroom for Luke, Corey, and their toddler Jace. It’s been weeks since we last saw them and I need to re-cement favorite uncle status before Luke’s brothers try to oust me. In a totally fun, noncompetitive way.

The cheer queers are still really active in each other’s lives. I can’t believe we were all lucky enough to find our forever person while in college.

They are still my family and being with Beau meant I also inherited his mom and uncle Lou.

Thankfully, I haven’t heard from my mom and sister in years. Just how I like it.

“I know what you’re thinking, but it’s not a moth. It’s the original labels you made for the Bee-Tastic honey jars,” Beau says, handing me the label when I walk into the

room.

I remember him being so proud of me when my old professor gave me an A for that assignment. I was more excited by the fact the assignment helped me land the love of my life. After the A, I never got below a B in that class. Maybe I just needed to prove something to the professor.

I still drop a few key rings with his number on every month.

“They were great labels, but your new ones are even better.” I tell him, leaning down to kiss his temple.

“They are all you as well.” He smiles up at me, the love and adoration etched on his face.

“How do you do that, Beau?”

“Do what, Angel?”

“After all these years, how do you still leave me breathless?”

He pulls me down so I am straddling his lap and takes my lips in a lazy kiss. “You have the same way, Perry. It’s called love, and I know I’m never going to let it go.”

“Like I’d ever let you.”

The End.