



# Bull's Boy

**Author:** *Kiki Clark*

**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** "Consider my lap your throne. You can sit on it whenever you please."

Getting passed over by women for his height and for not being "manly" enough has become the story of Malcolm's life. He's tired of it and just about ready to give up on dating completely.

What's the point? He can't make himself taller and being Mr. Take Charge will never be his vibe.

And not only is his romantic life in shambles but bills are piling up and now his awful older brother is getting married and wants to do a destination wedding.

Malcolm can hear his bank account crying already.

What he needs is a chance to just relax and forget his worries for an evening. What he doesn't expect is for his giant of a boss to step in and help him out. No one has ever made him feel the things Bull does. He's quiet and kind, and his eyes follow Malcolm, keeping watch over him.

Bull deserves a proper thank-you. Something that makes him feel as good as Malcolm does after their night out with Bull's friends.

Something tells him one reckless encounter won't be his last. Bull is about to change his life... and claim him for his own.

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# Page 1

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## CHAPTER ONE

“ I t just sucks. I haven’t been on a date in... fuck, I don’t even know how long. And it’s not like I can help how I look, you know.”

Bull paused, a dirty plate in his hand. He wondered if the two people talking realized he was there.

The restaurant’s dining room had a wall that jutted out several feet to separate the space into two areas, and Bull was standing right behind it, clearing a table.

The only other people in the front were two servers sitting at a table and finishing rolling silverware for the next day.

He recognized the voice of the man who’d spoken, and it confused the hell out of him.

There wasn’t anything wrong with the way Malcolm looked.

Hell, Bull had rubbed one out more than once, thinking about the younger guy.

Imagining Malcolm’s lean body covered in hickeys and spunk had gotten him off more often than he’d care to admit.

“There’s nothing wrong with the way you look!” Dahlia exclaimed, sounding shocked. “You’re adorable.”

Bull agreed wholeheartedly. Malcolm was exactly his type, but there was one little problem...

“Women who are actually into men don’t agree with you,” Malcolm said, a forced chuckle making Bull frown harder.

As much as he was attracted to Malcolm, the guy had only ever expressed interest in women in the six months they’d worked together at Bo’s Bar he got lonely, too, and wished he had someone to share his life and bed with.

Someone who wouldn’t mind when he acted possessively.

And who didn’t mind his... anatomical issues.

The last few guys he’d been with had basically run screaming when he took his pants off—not a great feeling.

It had made him take a step back from dating, and before he’d realized it, two years had passed.

He and his left hand had been in an exclusive relationship for so long he wasn’t sure he’d remember what to do with another person.

“I guess,” Malcolm said, sounding unconvinced.

As Bull moved to the last table he needed to clear—one that was still partially hidden from where the two were working, but they’d be able to catch sight of him if they looked up—he kept his eyes down, refusing to look over to see if Malcolm appeared as upset as he sounded.

It wasn’t his business. Malcolm wasn’t his business.

As long as he continued to do his job well, Bull had no reason to talk to him about his personal life.

The two of them chatted quietly about nothing important as they worked to finish their tasks so they could go home, and by the time Bull was almost done, Dahlia was saying, “I’m going to pee, then start on condiments. Want me to grab you a water or anything?”

“No,” Malcolm said. “I just want to get this stuff done so I can go home and pass out. I’m so tired.”

For a reason he didn’t care to think about too hard, Bull waited until Dahlia headed off to the restrooms before picking up his tub and moving toward the kitchen.

He was a couple of yards from the table Malcolm was working at when he frowned and glanced up, seeming confused by Bull’s appearance, then flushed an adorable pink, probably realizing Bull must have overheard them.

Malcolm grimaced and gave him a half smile as he finished the last of the silverware and stood.

Even after working all day at a demanding job, Malcolm looked unfairly attractive.

His wavy, light brown hair was disheveled, and there was a mystery stain on the apron tied around his waist, but Bull could honestly stare at him for hours without getting bored.

His dark blue eyes and freckles sprinkled across his cheeks and the bridge of his perfectly straight nose drew him in.

And when Malcolm smiled and his whole face lit up?

Bull was a damn goner.

“Shit, I’m sorry.”

Bull frowned, setting the full tub of dishes on a nearby table and crossing his arms over his chest, discomfort crawling up his spine. “What for?”

Gesturing vaguely, Malcolm said, “For you having to hear all that. I’m sure you don’t want to listen to me whining about my love life.”

Bull didn’t say anything for a moment, unsure what an appropriate response would be. In reality, he craved every little tidbit he could get of Malcolm and his life, but he knew if he tried to explain that to the younger man, he’d just come across as an obsessed creep.

Which was probably accurate.

He was still trying to decide how he should respond when Malcolm’s eyebrows began to climb up his forehead, and his eyes widened a little.

Fuck . He’d taken too long to answer. That happened sometimes; Bull had a bad habit of thinking through things too slowly for others’ liking and making them feel uncomfortable.

Clearing his throat, Bull turned partially away and picked up his tub once more. “You don’t need to apologize. I’m sorry you’re... having a hard time.”

“Thanks, Bull,” Malcolm said softly.

He nodded but didn’t turn back around, not sure he wanted to see the look on Malcolm’s face.

Resisting the urge to try and offer comforting words or advice, he carried the dishes into the kitchen and did his best to remind himself that it didn't matter how many women turned Malcolm down or how sad he was about it: that didn't mean he'd suddenly become interested in men.

Or interested in Bull.

Bull managed to put the conversation and Malcolm's shitty luck with dating out of his head eventually, focusing on his moms and work and helping his brother Marv with projects around his old farmhouse whenever he had a spare evening or weekend.

He refused to let himself think about offering to take Malcolm's mind off things by sucking his dick.

He could drive himself crazy if he let his mind wander down the path of impossible what-ifs .

He'd even gone on a date in his attempt to ignore his attraction and draw to the unavailable man. But he'd spent all night comparing the guy—and finding him lacking—to a certain straight server. His hair wasn't the right color. He didn't have blue eyes. His laugh was too soft.

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He hadn't told anyone he'd turned down the blowjob at the end of the date, not wanting to explain he'd been worried he wouldn't be able to stay hard. He could just imagine how his brother and their friends would tease him.

Of course, all that hard work of trying to put Malcolm—and Bull's attraction to him—behind him went up in smoke one Saturday night in May.

Bull was covering the bar at Bo's by himself because the regular bartender was out sick.

He didn't mind, normally. Knotting Pine was a small town, and most of the regulars knew him and knew not to expect Mona's usual speed and wit.

As the night had progressed though, more and more people had streamed in from outside or from the doorway that led to the restaurant's dining room.

Before he knew it, the place was packed, and people were starting to get impatient.

He was filling drink orders as fast as he could, but the ice was getting low, and he was about to run out of clean glasses. He'd texted his mom twenty minutes ago, letting her know he needed some help, but he hadn't gotten any yet.

And the guy right in front of him was about to get thrown out if he didn't wipe the sneer off his face.

“Seriously? How fucking hard is it to make a rum and Coke?” the guy said to the two women next to him, not even bothering to lower his voice.

Bull stopped what he was doing and raised his head to stare the guy down, more than a little pleased when he visibly paled.

He was opening his mouth to tell the asshole to kick rocks when a firm hand landed on his forearm, jolting him and saving the guy.

Dark blue eyes and the sexiest smattering of freckles known to man grinned up at him and winked.

Malcolm winked at him.

“I got it, big guy. Why don’t you start refilling things?”

Throwing one more glare at the dick, he grunted in agreement and got to work.

Despite rarely working back in the bar area, Malcolm quickly showed he had more skills than Bull, throwing together drinks quickly and efficiently while smiling and chatting with folks.

The part that surprised him the most, though, was that they worked effortlessly together .

Without seeming to even realize it, Malcolm would instinctively move out of Bull’s way as he worked on replenishing the ice and taking loads of glasses into the kitchen to run through the dishwasher.

The one time they bumped into each other, it was Bull’s fault. He’d realized he’d forgotten to grab a knife to slice up more fruit and turned around abruptly, intent on running back into the kitchen, and collided with Malcolm instead.

“Ope!” Malcolm laughed, glancing up and smiling at Bull while still pressed all down



his front. “You zigged instead of zagged.”

His tongue felt three times too big for his mouth as he tried not to react to feeling Malcolm’s heat against him. He only came up to Bull’s pecs, and he couldn’t help but picture Malcolm’s sweet, angular face relaxed, eyes closed, as he sucked on Bull’s?—

Stepping back, he said gruffly, “Sorry. Forgot something.”

Malcolm waved him off and moved around him like it was nothing and not like Bull’s cock was half-hard in his pants.

Thank fuck he hadn’t realized Bull’s cock was half-hard in his pants.

About an hour before closing, things had slowed down enough that he felt okay leaving Malcolm for a few minutes, sneaking out of the bar and down the hallway to his mom’s tiny office.

He didn’t knock before entering, just slipped inside and lowered himself onto the smallest couch in the world, tucked against the wall.

“Hey, you.”

He grunted a hello to his mom, Sally, not bothering to open his eyes as he concentrated on taking a few deep breaths, head leaning back against the wall behind him. He needed to get his shit together before he got sued for sexual harassment or something.

“You okay, baby?” his mom finally asked when he didn’t say anything. “I was going to come check on you guys when I finally finished sorting out this payroll mess, but when I didn’t hear from you again, I assumed you and Malcolm were fine.”

“We are. I just... needed a second.” To get his body under control, but he wasn’t about to tell his mom that.

She hummed in response and clicked her mouse a few times, then stood and came around her desk to perch on the arm of the couch, her feet on the seat next to him. “You still lusting after that boy?”

“Mom...” He groaned, rubbing at his face.

She just snickered, enjoying embarrassing him. “Why don’t you just ask him out? I heard him tell Dahlia that the woman he was dating started haunting him about a week ago.”

He cocked his head, trying to decipher what the hell she was talking about. “Do you mean he got ghosted?”

“I don’t know what you kids call it these days.”

Bull hadn’t even known Malcolm had been seeing someone. And even though the idea of him being happy with someone else made his chest tight, knowing how much it had to have hurt him to be left hanging again made him want to put his fist through a wall.

What was his fucking deal?

“He’s not gay.” When his mom opened her mouth, he quickly added, “Or bi or anything else other than straight.”

She rolled her eyes and poked his thigh with her sock-covered toes. “Says you.”

“No, says him,” Bull said firmly, refusing to even let the idea of Malcolm being

anything less than one hundred percent straight enter his brain. “Dahlia asked him like two weeks after he started here if he was queer.”

“I didn’t know I was until your mother,” his mom pointed out. “What could it hurt to ask him?”

“A lot. For one thing, he could quit because it made him uncomfortable. Or sue us for sexual harassment. Or just make things really awkward?—”

“Oh my god, okay.” She threw her hands up in defeat. “For what it’s worth, I don’t think he’d do any of those things. He’s a sweet, kindhearted young man.”

Bull knew he was, but he wouldn’t risk making Malcolm feel uncomfortable in a place where he should feel safe.

His mom had always made a point to hire inclusively and make sure people felt like they could be themselves while there—whether as an employee or a customer. Bull wouldn’t take that from Malcolm.

“How your mom and I raised two men afraid of taking any risks is beyond me,” his mom muttered as she stood and moved back to her desk.

He rolled his eyes. “Marv is a member of a motorcycle club. I don’t think he’s that risk averse.”

“He wears a tie to work every day,” she countered, shuddering. Plopping back down into her chair, she shook her head in mock disapproval.

Bull snorted. It was true. Marv was an accountant and a bit of a clothes snob, liking to dress to impress even for his regular day-to-day work. Bull had even seen him in a vest and bow tie recently—he’d made sure to tell Mom immediately so she could be

properly horrified and tease him.

“Speaking of, are you going to the party in a couple weeks?” she asked, once again focused on her computer screen.

“What party?” He should have just said no since it didn’t matter, but he had no idea what she was talking about.

She hummed, clicking on something and then lifting her lip in annoyance. “God, I may need to have Marv come fix this. I don’t even know what I did.”

He pulled out his phone, shooting a text to his brother to let him know he’d need to stop by Bo’s to fix the payroll.

Again. She said she needed Marv to help her, but she wouldn’t actually call him, not wanting to be a burden, even though Marv had said more than once he’d be fine taking over keeping the books straight and making sure the payroll went out smoothly.

“He says he’ll be here in the morning.”

Bull tucked his phone back in his pocket, smiling when Mom muttered a heartfelt “Thank fuck .”

“I should get back out there.” He started to stand as she began shutting things down, hoping he could get through the last hour of being open and clean up without popping wood again. Or blurting out something inappropriate like how beautiful he thought Malcolm’s eyes were.

“Wait, you didn’t answer my question.”

He turned toward her, frowning. “About the party? I don’t know what party you’re talking about.”

She sighed, like he was the most tiresome person she knew, and he couldn’t help but grin.

His moms were the best and total opposites.

Sally liked to sass her boys and act like they were disappointments when the reality was she’d fight literally anyone who even looked at them wrong.

Whereas Bo was the epitome of sunshine and sweetness, always at home baking something wonderful in between programing gigs now that she was ‘all done raising babies.’ And she always had a hug at the ready when you had a bad day.

They even looked like opposites. Despite her long blond hair—always pulled back in a claw clip—Sally was rail-thin and decked out in work boots and baggy jeans every day. Bull didn’t understand how his butch mom hadn’t known she was gay before meeting Bo, who was all curves and daring makeup.

He and Marv both had Sally’s white skin since she’d carried them, even though Bo always said she wished she could have.

They’d found out when they’d started planning for kids that Bo would have a difficult time getting pregnant, if she was able to at all.

When he was around ten, he’d asked her if she was disappointed he and Marv weren’t Black like her, and she’d smiled, kissed him all over his face, and then given him a cookie, reassuring him she loved them both just the way they were.

“At the clubhouse,” Sally said, rolling her eyes. “I think it’s someone’s birthday? Or

maybe that wild child Ollie just wants to have a party.”

Bull chuckled. “He isn’t a child.”

He was wild though. Bull had only met the spitfire a couple of times at events his brother’s motorcycle club—the Devil’s Hands—had held in the last year or so, but he could tell the club’s Enforcer, Six, had his hands full.

Ollie always had bright, colorful hair and shorts or skirts that showed so much skin they made Bull blush sometimes.

Well, that and how... free Ollie and Six were with their affection.

He couldn’t help but be a little jealous too, especially after he’d heard they’d gotten engaged a couple of months ago.

His mom waved her hand as she stood and pulled her boots on. “Either way, families are invited, so I’m guessing it won’t be a sex party.”

“Jesus, Mom.”

“Marv thinks we don’t know what’s going on over there, but Demarcus’s mom told me she heard Cynthia talking to Tay about these new private sex parties the club is hosting?—”

Bull groaned, wishing he could bleach the sound of his mom saying the words sex party from his brain. “You two shouldn’t be gossiping about your kids.”

She scoffed, walking over to him and reaching up to pat the side of his face. Hard. “Please. That’s the only way I’ve known what’s going on with you two since you became teenagers. Once you learned what your dicks were for?—”

“Mom!”

“—you stopped talking to your mothers.” She grinned up at him, brushing her thumb over his flaming cheek. “So we had to get creative to make sure you weren’t getting into too much trouble.”

Shaking his head, he pulled open her office door and strode out. He should never have thought he could get some peace and quiet in her space while she was also occupying it.

“Bo and I have bowling league that night, but you should go and support your brother,” she called after him.

He grunted, waving his hand in acknowledgment.

Then he spent the rest of the night alternating between trying to forget the horror of his mom talking about sex parties and wondering why the hell he hadn’t been invited to one.

### CHAPTER TWO

“What do you think of this? I’m not sure about the color...”

Malcolm did his best to hold on to his temper as he looked up from his phone and pretended to consider the suit Evan was wearing. It looked exactly like the first three his brother had tried on, but he knew better than to say that.

He should have known better than to think “getting lunch” with Evan would be anything less than awful or just consist of eating food—which they were supposed to do forty-five minutes ago, but Evan had wanted to stop and grab something from the department store really quickly.

Ha.

Malcolm’s stomach growled, but Evan was too busy admiring his thin frame in the wall-length mirror to notice. “Looks great.”

“I don’t know...” Evan said, turning so his body was in profile and studying his nonexistent ass. When the store worker stepped closer, he didn’t even bother looking at her as he barked, “Bring back the last one. The lines on this one are off.”

Malcolm rolled his eyes and looked back down at his phone. It was a ninety-dollar, off-the-rack suit. What did his brother expect? He pulled up his texts and shot one off to Dahlia.

Malcolm



why did I agree to meet with him? My one day off this week and I'm stuck watching him try on suits while my stomach eats itself.

Even though he knew she was at Bo's, her response came almost immediately, making him grin.

Sally and Bull were super chill about letting them have their phones on them as long as it didn't interfere with taking care of customers, but he had a feeling Dahlia had been waiting to hear from him.

She'd told him to cancel as soon as she found out he'd agreed to the lunch, and, of course, she'd been right.

LBF

I tolllllllld you.

Malcolm

I know, I know. I wish I could leave but he picked me up and is holding me hostage. I'm seriously so hungry I could cry. Why would he torture me like this?

He knew why though. His brother had always been all about the power moves.

When he'd called Malcolm a few days ago and suggested they have lunch his next day off from the restaurant, he'd made it sound like Malcolm was being the terrible brother for keeping his distance and how much Evan—and their parents—missed seeing him.

So he'd caved. Like always.

But the parade of cheap suits was at least half for Malcolm's benefit, rubbing it in his face that not only did he not need one—being only a server—but that even if he wanted one, he couldn't afford it.

He couldn't even afford to fill up his gas tank until his next shift, assuming he got some decent tips.

As Evan stepped out of the dressing room while still doing up his pants, he finally glanced over at Malcolm. The look in his eyes was familiar, so he braced himself, not wanting to give Evan the satisfaction of seeing him flinch no matter what he said.

"I proposed to Cathy last week."

Malcolm stared at him, confused for a second by Evan's nonchalant tone. "That's great," he said carefully. "What did she say?"

The smile Evan gave him wasn't nice. "I don't have your trouble with girls, baby brother. She knows she can't do better than this."

He could feel his face flushing, but he did his best to smile as his phone vibrated in his clenched hand. "Congratulations. I'm happy for you both."

LBF

Where are you?

He told her the name of the store, knowing she would have offered to come and get him if he were in town.

Unfortunately, Evan had driven them to Ridgewood for some reason, and there was no way even Sally would be cool with letting Dahlia leave for over an hour to come

and save him from his obnoxious brother.

He should have insisted they eat somewhere in Knotting Pine so he could have at least walked home or to Bo's when things went up in flames.

"We're thinking of doing a destination wedding," Evan was saying, back to examining his figure in the mirror.

"Okay." He pulled up Google and quickly typed in food near me . If Evan wanted to keep trying on hideous suit after hideous suit, then Malcolm could just walk somewhere to grab a damn sandwich.

Wait. Did he say destination wedding?

He looked up from his phone to find Evan staring at him, nose scrunched in annoyance. "Can you pay attention for ten seconds?"

The sharp reprimand threw Malcolm back to when he was a kid and teenage Evan constantly screamed shit like that in his face. Neck flushing with annoyance, he set his phone on his leg and held his arms out. "You have my full attention."

Light brown eyes, completely different from his own dark blue ones, narrowed on him. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, Evan. You want to do a destination wedding." Why was the question. Malcolm had always thought the idea of making all your friends and family travel somewhere expensive just for the privilege of seeing you get married was a bit selfish—though that was completely on brand for Evan.

"Yes, but Cathy won't agree because she doesn't think you can afford it."

The heat from his neck raced up to his cheeks, his teeth clenching so tightly he worried he'd crack a molar. He didn't say anything though. That wasn't a question—it was Evan fishing for him to confirm how broke he was so he could launch into how Malcolm was ruining his wedding already.

The fact that Cathy —a woman Malcolm had met less than a half dozen times—was the one to consider it might not be feasible for Evan's own brother to travel wherever he ended up wanting to get married wasn't lost on Malcolm.

As sad as it was, he'd bet Evan didn't really care if he came, but didn't want Cathy to know how shitty of a brother he was.

His phone vibrated on his thigh a couple of times as they stared at each other before Evan finally turned away and said, "If you had a real job, our family wouldn't have to bend over backwards to accommodate you and your finances."

Direct shot.

Sucking in a breath, Malcolm pushed to his feet and did his best to stand as tall as he could. He didn't want to give his brother the satisfaction of knowing he'd made him feel about two inches tall with that jab, but being eight inches shorter than Evan sort of negated the effect.

"Being a server is a real job. I make real money and everything. If it's easier for you, then just don't invite me."

Malcolm caught his eye roll in the mirror before Evan whipped around and crossed his arms over his narrow chest. "God, don't be so fucking dramatic. I'm sure Mom and Dad would loan you the money to come if you asked nicely."

Pushing his tongue between his bottom lip and teeth, he tried to rein in his temper

before he went off on Evan in public and ended up as a viral video.

He was probably right. If Malcolm asked their parents to help him pay to attend the wedding, they'd grumble about it for a few days or maybe a week, make a few shitty comments about him needing to grow up, and then agree to front him.

He wasn't about to do that. Not for something inane like a wedding in Mexico or wherever. He'd have to be on the verge of homelessness to swallow his pride and put himself through months of passive-aggressive comments and disappointed looks.

His brother wasn't worth that on his best day.

"Whatever, Evan. I'm going to go get some food, then head home.

This was... yeah." He opened his phone as he turned away, ignoring the texts from Dahlia for the moment and pulling up a rideshare app.

He'd have to put it on his emergency credit card—that he'd been so good about not using—but it would be worth it to not have to be in the same space as Evan for another minute.

"Jesus, always such a drama queen."

He heard the muttered words but ignored them until a tight grip on his upper arm jerked him to a stop. "Ouch! What the fuck?"

Evan bent down so their faces were only a few inches apart, looking more pissed than he had just a minute ago. "Stop being a goddamn baby. Cathy will lose her shit if you don't come, so maybe think of someone else for a change and figure out how you're going to pay for?—"

Evan's eyes widened as a shadow fell on them, his head tipping up and jaw slackening.

Confused, Malcolm looked behind him and felt his stomach flip at the welcome sight of Sally and Bo's son, Bull. He wasn't sure why he was there, but his pissed-off face had Evan dropping his harsh grip and stumbling backward, so Malcolm was just going to be grateful.

"Hey, Bull."

"Hey." The big guy didn't look away from Evan until he huffed and stomped back over to the area they'd been occupying by the changing rooms. Once he was gone, he looked down at Malcolm, and his face shifted to the polite smile he was used to from the restaurant. "You ready to go?"

Malcolm scrunched his face in confusion. "I'm sorry, what?"

"Lia said you needed a ride..." Bull swallowed and took a step back, smile dropping away.

"Oh!" Malcolm swiped out of the rideshare app, pulled up the unread texts from Dahlia, and started to grin. "I can't believe she sent you to save me."

LBF

Bull is in Ridgewood picking up an order for Bo's. Hang on a sec and I'll ask if he's still in town.

And then a couple of minutes later...

LBF

Success! He said he'll be there in like five minutes. You're welcome

He quickly typed out a message for her, thanking her and letting her know he owed her big-time, then tucked his phone in his pocket and grinned at Bull's cautious face. "Sorry, I'd missed those texts. I really appreciate this though."

Bull nodded slowly, eyes flicking back to where Evan was probably still preening in front of the mirror. "It's no problem."

Malcolm believed that too—right up until they were pulling out of the store's parking lot and he realized they had a thirty-minute drive back to Knotting Pine and he'd never had a conversation with Bull outside of work.

Hell, the man barely spoke at work either.

Clearing his throat, Malcolm glanced over at the giant next to him and blurted out, "Um, so why do people call you Bull? Because you're so big?"

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The half of his face that Malcolm could see did something complicated as his humongous hands squeezed the steering wheel. “Uh. Kind of.”

When he didn’t clarify or give any more detail, Malcolm nibbled on his bottom lip, trying to come up with something else to talk about to occupy the time. “Do you like working with your mom?”

“Most of the time.” The two boulders otherwise known as Bull’s shoulders jostled up and down. “She doesn’t have... great boundaries.”

The pause was just enough to give him away, and Malcolm grinned as he turned a little more to face him. “Oh, really? In what way?” Bull shot him a stern look, but Malcolm wasn’t buying it and just started laughing. “You had to know I was going to ask!”

Coughing lightly, Bull shifted in his seat. “Like with personal stuff. Relationships and... whatnot.”

Relaxing even more, Malcolm was glad to have teasing Bull to focus on instead of the shitshow with his brother. He reached over and lightly punched Bull’s bicep, then jokingly shook out his hand like he’d hurt himself. “Does she set you up on blind dates with her friends’ daughters?”

Every muscle in Bull’s body seemed to tense, and the humor drained out of Malcolm. Oh shit. What had just happened?

“Sons.”



The gruff word was said just softly enough that Malcolm almost didn't catch it, and then his eyebrows shot up.

“Oh, sorry. I didn't realize you were gay.

Dahlia told me Sally was totally open to everyone when I started working there and that quite a few LGBTQ folks were employed at Bo's but never went into specifics.”

Bull nodded slowly but didn't say anything.

Feeling like he'd ruined the mood in the truck, he tried to segue back to how Sally lacked boundaries. “So your mom gets all up in your business about guys you date?”

One big shoulder shrugged again. “I don't date very often, and neither does my brother. She says her and Ma are worried they'll never get grandkids.”

The idea of a man Bull's size taking care of a tiny baby was nearly ludicrous.

But as he studied him for a moment, watching how he handled the big truck and thinking about all the times he'd stacked glasses or other breakables at Bo's without issue, he realized Bull was more than gentle enough to handle a teeny newborn.

Malcolm had always wanted a big family. Growing up with a brother who terrorized him probably should have soured the idea for him, but it was the opposite.

He wanted to have a wife and kids so bad he came off as too eager.

But it was like... He wanted a do-over. A chance to make the family he'd always wanted and never had.

Voice softening, Malcolm asked, “Do you and your brother actually want kids?”

Bull's lips tipped up. "I don't think Marv does. He's... very particular about things. I think a kid would be too messy and unpredictable."

"And you?" He didn't know why, but he really wanted to know the answer.

"I wouldn't mind kids," Bull said slowly, eyes glued to the empty road ahead of them. The fields on either side were full of lush green vegetation—mostly cornstalks but some soybeans as well. "With the right partner."

"Yeah," Malcolm said, unable to hold back his wistful sigh as he slumped back against his seat. "Finding that right person sure is the tricky part though, isn't it?"

"Sometimes."

"So what did we learn from this experience?" Dahlia asked him as she grabbed a tater tot from his plate before handing it to him.

Rolling his eyes, he dutifully said, "To listen to you when you say to cancel plans with my brother. Oh! And that Bull is great in a pinch to provide a rescue."

Dahlia's girlfriend, Becca, chuckled as she curled up on one end of their big comfy couch, already halfway through her burger.

She was so tiny you expected her to eat daintily, but Malcolm had seen her outeat men twice her size without any problem.

Tucking her long black hair behind her ear, she shook her head at Dahlia.

"I can't believe you made Bull pick him up and bring him home. "

"I couldn't believe it either," Malcolm said, balancing his plate on his lap and picking

up his own burger. “I hadn’t seen the text about it and was very surprised to see him standing there glaring at Evan.”

“Ugh, Evan. He’s such a d-bag,” Dahlia said as she came back into the living room with her own plate of food and sat cross-legged on the couch right next to Becca. “I can’t believe some poor woman is marrying him.”

“She seems so nice and normal too,” Malcolm said, grimacing. “I don’t know what she sees in him at all.”

“Maybe he has hidden depths,” Becca said around a mouthful of food before wiping at her chin with her rolled-up sweatshirt sleeve.

She’d once told him that getting to work from home in sweats was the pinnacle of all of her successes, even though her parents—who had immigrated from Japan and had worked incredibly hard for Becca and her siblings to have every opportunity—didn’t really understand the whole remote work thing.

Dahlia stared at her like she’d hung the moon for a second before shaking it off and snorting.

“Hardly. The last time Malcolm tried to go to his parents’ for family dinner, Evan showed up and insisted on taking everyone out.

Then, at the end of the meal—where he’d ordered not one but two bottles of wine?—”

“For the table,” Malcolm said sarcastically.

“Evan looked at the bill and told Malcolm what his half was.”

“What?” Becca gasped, her light olive skin flushing with anger on his behalf. “After he offered and then ran up the bill?”

Malcolm grimaced and nodded. “It’s true.

He’s the literal worst. When I refused to pay for more than my own meal, he made a big deal about how he’d thought it’d be such a nice gift for us to treat our parents for a change.

They fawned all over him and gave me the silent treatment the rest of the evening. ”

“Gross. I’m so glad Bull rescued you today before things could get worse.”

“Me too.”

“You’re welcome,” Dahlia said, smiling affectionately at him.

Becca picked up the remote and navigated to the show the three of them had been watching recently.

Malcolm tried to come over for dinner and a few episodes at least once a week—sometimes it was the only time he got a decent meal that wasn’t from Bo’s.

Though Sally only charged them half price for food, he still sometimes couldn’t afford it with his super-tight budget.

Becca got the next episode teed up but didn’t start it, turning to him and Dahlia and asking, “Are you two still going antiquing this weekend?”

“Oh my god, babe.” Dahlia slapped a hand over her face as Malcolm nearly choked on a tot as he started to laugh.

“What?” Becca demanded.

“We aren’t going antiquing!” Malcolm exclaimed as soon as he could breathe properly. “Do you know how expensive antiques are?”

Becca rolled her eyes. “Excuse me. Are you going to the estate sale where you’ll bring home more old people stuff?”

Dahlia laughed as she nodded and took a huge bite of her burger. “Yeah. Malcolm still hasn’t found a decent kitchen table and chairs.”

“Mhm.” Becca eyed Dahlia as she spoke to him. “Try to restrain this one from buying any more fireplace screens, okay?”

“But—”

“Sweetie, we don’t even have a fireplace!”

Malcolm cackled and pulled his favorite blue-and-gray blanket over himself, beyond grateful to have been befriended by his crazy Lesbian Best Friend.

### CHAPTER THREE

Bull

Mom keeps insisting I attend some party at the clubhouse this weekend. Is this a real thing or is she just trying to get me to be more social again?

He tucked his phone in his pocket as he pulled the door open to Bo's. He'd stopped at his mom's house before coming to work, and Sally had jumped on him about the party, even though he hadn't heard anything about it from Marv.

He was really beginning to suspect it was a trick to get him to go spend time with his brother's MC.

He tried to tell her he had his own friends, and that was...

sort of true. He considered Marv to be his best friend, and he didn't care if other people thought that was weird.

Most everyone else he was just friendly with, really.

How many friends did one person need? He'd never be a social butterfly, and his size made him feel awkward in a lot of situations, like he took up too much space and drew all the attention to himself just for existing.

Besides, working took up most of his time. Every year, his mom did a little less, and he filled in a little more as they geared up for her retiring in a couple of years. Which

was terrifying, but he'd manage... somehow.

And when he wasn't working, he was either at home relaxing in front of his TV, working out in his home gym, or out at Marv's old farmhouse, helping him fix it up.

It wasn't that he was necessarily against having other friendships; he just didn't feel like he needed them to simply fill some unspoken societal expectation. He was comfortable with his life and with spending time with his family. He didn't need anything else.

Well... except for someone in the empty side of his bed. He wouldn't say no to that, but dating hadn't been a priority for him in a while. He knew that part of the reason was because of Malcolm and that he was being ridiculous.

He should get back on some apps. His stomach curled at the very thought of strangers asking him to show them his dick and wanting quick and furtive hookups. He was thirty-five—he wanted more.

A horrible thought occurred to him as he stepped inside the diner, nodding absently at an elderly couple who waved and called hello.

Was Mom pushing the party so hard because she was trying—in her overbearing way—to help him get over a certain straight server?

It would be almost sweet if he didn't know her well enough to suspect there would be way more to the scheme.

Whipping his phone back out, he shot her a text right there, two steps inside Bo's.

Bull

This party isn't you trying to set me up or something, right?

Just the idea had him shuddering. Sally picking a date for him was the stuff of nightmares.

Trying to shake off the thought, he glanced around the dining room, doing his best to get into Manager Mode, and nodded at Christina as she carried a tray of food to one of the occupied tables.

It was the weird time between lunch and dinner, so they weren't busy, but that would change soon.

Monday's special was a grilled cheese bar, and people went nuts for it.

He scanned the rest of the room, frowning.

Maybe Dahlia was on break? But why wouldn't she have waited until he got there so Christina wasn't alone?

He'd texted them both—and Raul—to let them know he was on his way.

If she hadn't shown up for her shift, why hadn't Raul let him know?

Though he had a hard time believing that could have happened.

In the nearly three years she'd worked at Bo's, Dahlia had never no-called, no-showed.

Meeting Christina at the drink station, he asked, "You okay? Where's Dahlia?"

"I'm fine," Christina said, playfully hip checking him out of the way so she could



reach the lemon wedges. “She’s in the office with Malcolm. I can handle things until she comes back.”

He stared at her for a moment, his stomach doing that stupid flip thing it always did when Malcolm was mentioned. He really needed it to stop. “Malcolm’s here?”

He wasn’t on the schedule. Bull knew because he made it, and he could never not notice when they wouldn’t be working together.

When he’d first started developing feelings, he’d tried to put them on as few shifts together as possible, but that hadn’t lasted long.

His moms had teased him about it, but that wasn’t what had changed his mind about keeping his distance.

He’d fucking missed him too much. Not getting to lay eyes on his pretty face regularly, to know for sure he was doing okay, had been more than Bull could take.

That’s also when he’d known he was cooked.

There would be no getting over his little crush. He’d just have to lean in and let it run its course until his heart caught a clue.

Months later and he was still waiting.

“Yeah, he came in a few minutes ago.” She glanced around, then lowered her voice as she sidled closer. “He looked really upset, Bull. Like, on the verge of tears.”

His heart lurched so hard in his chest he was forced to take a half step back.

He hadn’t really talked to Malcolm since picking him up at the department store the

other day.

Had that guy been bothering him again? He should have found out who he was and why Malcolm had needed to be picked up.

Bull hadn't wanted to pry—and Dahlia hadn't needed to give more information for him to speed over and then storm inside like a jealous boyfriend—so he didn't know what the story was, but he'd seen the way the man had grabbed Malcolm's arm to stop him from leaving.

Bull's vision had turned red, and it had taken all of his self-control not to beat the shit out of him right there.

“Thanks for letting me know,” he mumbled, already backing away. “I'll send Dahlia back out.”

“No rush!” she called after him, grabbing her lemon waters.

He'd always appreciated her can-do attitude, but he didn't want her getting overwhelmed if a large group happened to come in or something.

He forced himself to stop and pop his head into the kitchen, wanting to make sure there weren't any fires to put out since his mom had left earlier.

Raul was in charge when neither Bull nor Sally was there, but he preferred being head cook over manager and could get downright grumpy when left to “mind the children” too long.

Bull found the tall man standing over a huge pot, muttering to himself in Spanish. The black-and-gray flaming skull on the front of his throat gave him a menacing appearance, but he'd been a model employee since Bull and Marv were teenagers and

Sally had first hired him, fresh out of prison.

“¿ Todo bien ?” Bull called to him, and Raul gave him a thumbs-up without looking away from his tomato soup.

Satisfied, he made his way to his mom’s office to see what was going on.

The space was small, but since Sally loved being interrupted and having an excuse to avoid invoices and payroll, the room had become an informal break area that was used more than the tiny employee space across the hall.

He knocked, hesitating to just walk in despite knowing he had every right to.

“Uh, it’s Bull,” he said awkwardly, grimacing. He told himself he was just checking on them because Dahlia really needed to be up front working and not because he couldn’t stand the idea of Malcolm being so upset.

The door swung open, revealing Dahlia’s usually smiling face pinched into worry lines. He was temporarily distracted by the end of her blond curls being bright pink, matching her skirt and sneakers. He had a feeling he knew who’d done the dye job. “Hey, Bull.”

Clearing his throat, he threw off the surprise over the new look and focused on what was important. Malcolm was behind her on the tiny couch, knees pulled up to his chest, eyes red, and his cheeks flushed and damp.

“What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” he asked before he could stop himself. He squeezed his hands into fists so he didn’t do something insane like shove tiny little Dahlia out of his way and barge into the room.

Malcolm shook his head and buried his face in his knees, mumbling, “I’m fine.”

Dahlia frowned over her shoulder at him, then told Bull, “He is hurt, but not physically.”

“Lia,” Malcolm groaned, banging his forehead against his legs a few times. “Don’t bother Bull with my sorry love life.”

Oh.

More relationship issues.

Ignoring his queasy stomach, Bull stepped back, prepared to leave them to it and go and help Christina himself, but before he could say anything, Dahlia shook her head at him.

He paused, not sure what that was supposed to mean.

Did she want him to stay and hear all the gory details about the woman who’d hurt Malcolm?

Was she contradicting Malcolm’s statement about not bothering him?

Frozen in place as sweat began to build under his arms and along his hairline, he prayed it was the latter and not the first. He wasn’t sure he could stomach hearing about a woman Malcolm had cared about—oh fuck , what if he loved her?—and why he was so upset over her.

Darting over to the couch, Dahlia wrapped her arms around Malcolm. “I love you, but I’ve done all I can while we’re here. We’ll get drunk tonight, if you want, then have Becca make us ramen.”

Malcolm chuckled wetly. “Just because she’s Japanese doesn’t mean she has to be the

one to make it.”

“Shut up.” She straightened, swatting at his shoulder with a laugh. “She just makes it better . Why fight it?”

Bull glanced down at his shoes, a little uncomfortable about watching them in what was obviously a familiar exchange in a loving friendship.

It also made him wonder if he was too hasty at shrugging off his mom’s less-than-gentle pushes toward making more friends.

Sure, he could go to Marv if he was upset about something, but was there a single person outside his family he could turn to like Malcolm could Dahlia?

“Come hang out in my section when you’re ready. I’ll sneak you a rib eye.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:16 am*

Bull jerked his head up and caught her winking at him. Rolling his eyes, he crossed his arms over his chest, trying to appear disapproving and not like he'd give Malcolm all the steak in the walk-in if it made him feel better.

On her way past him, she patted his arm and threw a glance at Malcolm, whispering, "Sit with him a minute, okay?"

He swallowed, a lump forming in his throat. All he could do was nod, not sure what kind of comfort he could offer but willing to at least stay with Malcolm so he wasn't alone. Before walking away, she gave him a knowing look that had him starting to sweat all over again.

He stared at her retreating back, heart beating in his throat. She couldn't know, could she? Only his family knew about his inconvenient feelings.

Right?

Shoving aside the horrifying thought, he moved into the office, leaving the door cracked open.

The space was so small he didn't want Malcolm to feel crowded by his bulk.

He turned one of the chairs facing the desk toward the couch and slowly lowered himself.

He tucked his legs as close to himself as he comfortably could and hunched his shoulders a bit, doing what he could to shrink down into a less intimidating size.

Then he cleared his throat, unsure what he should say.

“Oh god,” Malcolm muttered, wiping the evidence of his tears on his dark jeans. Raising his head, he lowered his feet and avoided Bull’s gaze. “We don’t have to do this. I’m sorry I bothered Lia during her shift. I promise it won’t happen again.”

“Stop.” Bull held up a hand, frowning and studying Malcolm’s face. Where had that come from? “Do you... think I’m upset?”

That got Malcolm to glance at him for a second before he darted his eyes away again. “You’re scowling pretty fiercely, but your tone suggested you’re not. It’s kind of confusing, honestly.”

Bull snorted at that clear-cut assessment.

Scrubbing at his face, he tried to erase whatever expression he was making and to find the right words inside his brain while it still insisted he should just scoop Malcolm into his arms and hold him.

“I’m not upset you came here when you were hurting.

I guess I am upset, though, because I don’t like that something...

” He swallowed, forcing the words out and ignoring the heat in his cheeks.

“That something bad happened to you.” When that didn’t feel like enough, he ducked, finding Malcolm’s gaze.

“This place will always be a safe space for you and everyone else who works here. I’m glad you know that. ”

Malcolm's chin wobbled. "I think that's the most you've ever said to me at one time."

He leaned back to give him more space and shrugged. "This is important."

"Thanks, Bull." Malcolm gave him a soft smile, sniffing wetly.

Bull's heart and dick were in conflict about how to feel about a gently smiling Malcolm with big, wet eyes.

Fuck, they were so blue, like Lake Michigan on a perfect summer day.

Licking at his dry lips, he snagged the tissue box from his mom's desk and offered it to Malcolm.

His voice was a little rougher when he said, "No need to thank me."

After blowing his nose and cleaning himself up a bit, Malcolm scrunched up his face. "Well, that was embarrassing. I should go."

"Malcolm..." He should just let him leave, and both of them could pretend it had never happened. But there was something about the quiet intimacy of his mom's office that was pushing at him, urging him to offer more than a few kind words and tissues.

But what could he even say?

Tell me who hurt you so I can handle it?

Let me show you how well I could take care of you?



Would a blowjob help?

Pushing to his feet, Malcolm was stepping past him when Bull blurted out, “Do you want to go to a party?”

Malcolm frowned, then pivoted to face him. One step forward and he’d be straddling Bull’s leg. Not that he was thinking about that. Because that would be highly inappropriate.

He ran his eyes up the length of Malcolm’s jean-clad legs and slim chest, unable to help himself. He was dressed nicely, his pants a little tighter than what he normally wore to work, and his brown-and-blue, horizontally striped shirt was like a second skin, showing off just a hint of collarbone.

Fuck, he looked good.

“Right now?” Malcolm’s delicate brows furrowed adorably.

What? Oh, right, he’d just stupidly offered to take Malcolm to a party. At the Devil’s Hands Motorcycle Club’s clubhouse. Where they apparently threw the occasional sex party, and he still wasn’t sure that wasn’t what was happening that weekend.

“Uh, no.” Bull scratched at his bearded jaw, wishing there was enough space for him to stand, too, so he could put some space between them.

He glanced at his lap. Yeah, never mind.

Sitting was good. “This weekend. It’s okay if you don’t want to,” he added quickly.

“I just... I know you’ve been sad and having a hard time lately.

” He shrugged awkwardly, not sure why Malcolm was staring at him so intently.

“I thought you could use some fun, is all.”

A thick silence fell over them, an unfamiliar tension seeping in.

Instead of shrinking away from it, Bull sat up straighter, marveling at how he was nearly as tall as Malcolm while seated.

This wasn’t him shooting his shot, but it was him doing what he could to take care of the man he cared about, no matter that Malcolm could never return the feelings.

Holding Malcolm’s beautiful eyes, he did his best to project confidence.

If Malcolm trusted him with this, he’d make sure he had a good time.

“Yeah, okay,” Malcolm said slowly, voice soft. “I’m in.”

“Hey.”

“Oh, so you are alive,” Bull snarked, cradling his phone between his ear and shoulder as he pushed open his front door.

He’d forgotten to leave the porch light on when he left for work, so he’d fumbled with the lock for longer than he’d be admitting as he listened to his brother’s phone ring.

Add to that he was exhausted, had to deal with idiots at the grocery store who couldn’t count how many items were in their cart and insisted on using the express checkout, and the new dishwasher had broken an entire tray of dishes, and yeah, he was in a bit of a mood.

Oh, and he'd made a jackass out of himself by inviting Malcolm to an MC party Bull hadn't even technically been invited to.

"Jesus, you sound like Mom," Marv said dryly.

"Fuck off. I've been texting you for a damn week, and you've either left me on read or given a one-word response." Bull grabbed the handles of his cloth grocery bags and headed inside, kicking the door shut behind him.

Marv sighed. "I've been busy. The summer camp opens in a few weeks and needed last-minute renovations, so I've been juggling overseeing that with my regular shit."

"I thought Tomas hired someone to handle camp? That guy quit already?" Bull had heard all about the new hire and how Marv hadn't wanted the MC's president to bring in someone to be the camp's activities director when he'd been at his brother's a few weeks ago, helping him lay tile in one of his bathrooms.

Marv snorted. "No, he's still there. He's who I'm keeping an eye on."

There was something in his brother's voice... A grin began to spread across his face, his bad mood already lightening. "Do you like this guy? Are you stalking him at camp? Should I be worried someone's going to call the cops on you?"

"Shut up, asshole."

Bull laughed, setting to work putting away his groceries. "I'll take that as a yes."

"I'm going to hang up."

"Hold on," Bull said in a hurry but still grinning to himself at the idea of clothes-whore Marv crouching in bushes to spy on the new summer camp director. "I need

your rational brain because I did something completely irrational.”

After putting the milk away, he paused, trying to figure out what noise he was hearing.

It was like a soft thumping. He spun in a circle, but nothing was moving in his kitchen or the living room on the other side of his large island.

The sound stopped as he stepped over and turned on the lamp next to the couch.

“You told Mom to set you up on a date?” Marv asked, bringing him back to the conversation.

“Very funny.” He wandered back into the kitchen, resuming his unpacking. “I assume she told you about her offer?”

“Probably the second after she made it.” The smile was easily detectable in his voice, the jerk not even trying to hide how funny he found Bull’s predicament.

He knew he shouldn’t have put the idea out in the universe, but he’d honestly been worried she’d set something up for at the MC’s party.

Of course, after denying having done that, she immediately offered, claiming to know a lot of men who’d love to go out with him.

He didn’t want to know where she was finding all these supposed men who were chomping at the bit to date him.

Maybe he should ask Ma if Mom had made a dating app profile or something. Though he couldn’t see Ma just going along with such a terrible idea.

“That’s not what I need advice about, no.” The soft thumping sound started again. It seemed to be coming from the living room. “I sort of asked a straight guy on a date. Except it’s not a date. But... it kind of sounded like it was when I offered, I think.”

Marv didn’t say anything for a second. “I don’t know what you just said.”

Exhaling roughly, he quickly shared a little about Malcolm’s issues with dating and then explained what had happened in the office.

There was another long silence after he finished, which let him hear the noise again.

It was definitely coming from outside his sliding glass door.

He shoved the drapes aside, but with the lights on inside and the darkness outside, he couldn’t see what was causing it.

“You’re sure he’s straight?” Marv asked.

“Yup. Well, as sure as I can be.”

“Then it’s not a date,” Marv said, using his big brother voice. “It’s just two friends hanging out. Don’t let yourself think otherwise, or you’ll just end up heartbroken. Trust me.”

“Yeah,” Bull said slowly, letting out a quiet breath. “That’s what I thought you’d say.”

Because he’d known that was the truth. As much as he might want it to be a date, Malcolm didn’t want that. Couldn’t want that. It wasn’t his fault any more than it was Bull’s that he’d developed feelings for him. He just needed to make sure he didn’t make things awkward between them that weekend.

He flicked on the switch to the back patio light just as there was another soft thump and found a fluffy gray cat with white on its chest and paws headbutting the glass door.

Huh.

“I wasn’t going to go to the party, but I can come if you want,” Marv said with a shrug in his voice. “I was just going to get caught up on this audit I’m behind on.”

Bull stared into the brilliant blue eyes of the cat as it sat and gazed right back at him. Just waiting. Now that it had Bull’s attention, the small creature seemed perfectly content to just sit there while Bull got with the program.

Though... he wasn’t sure what that meant. And he was trying really hard not to focus on how the first thing he’d noticed was that the cat’s eyes weren’t quite as dark a blue as Malcolm’s.

God, he had problems.

Clearing his throat, he turned and headed back to the kitchen, grabbing a can of tuna from the cupboard. “No, that’s okay. He’ll probably back out of going once he has time to come up with an excuse, and then I’ll just hang out at home.”

“You should still go even if he doesn’t. Mom’s not wrong that it’d be a good place for you to meet someone.” Marv paused, then added, “Which it sounds like you need to. Getting hung up on straight boys isn’t your style.”

It wasn’t. Unlike some guys he’d known, he’d never understood the desire to bag a guy who wasn’t interested in his gender. He’d never desired the thrill of attaining the unattainable. And he still didn’t. His feelings for Malcolm were inconvenient, but he wasn’t going to act on them.

Unlocking the sliding glass door, he said, “Yeah, maybe. What’s the party for anyway?”

Marv chuckled. “Does the club need a reason to have a party?”

“Fair enough.”

“Though I think it’s one of Tomas’s boys’ birthdays. I think.”

“You don’t know?” Bull shook his head in mock disapproval as he slipped outside, his stomach dipping when the cat scampered half a dozen feet away, but then it stopped. He held perfectly still, never more aware of his size than in that moment. “Shameful.”

“Fuck off. I’m really hanging up this time.”

He slowly lowered the open can to the ground, trying not to startle the poor thing again. To his shock and no small amount of delight, the fluffy creature slowly crept back over, nose leading the way. “Yeah, I should go. Thanks for... you know.”

Marv sighed into the phone. “Protect that big heart of yours, little brother.”

“I will,” he lied.

It was already too late.

### CHAPTER FOUR

“Open the door, asshole!”

Sighing, Malcolm finished rinsing the bowl he’d left from breakfast and grabbed his plain gray hand towel as he headed toward the door.

He hated the bland color, but when you got most of your stuff secondhand from friends or places like Goodwill, you couldn’t exactly be picky.

He tossed it onto the end of the counter and braced himself.

“I know you’re in—oh, hey.” Dahlia grinned at him, her small frame taking up most of the space on his stoop.

The light above her head flickered, and he frowned at it, positive he didn’t have a spare to replace it.

He weighed the idea of asking his landlord about it.

Dale barely remembered to salt the steep stairs that led up to Malcolm’s minuscule third-floor apartment.

And the wooden planks on the steps were really starting to bow, but Dale always just waved him off when he mentioned it, saying he’d get to it when the weather was warmer. Or not so hot. Or not so windy...



He just hoped he didn't fall through on his way up one day.

The place was basically the only thing in Knotting Pine in his budget, and there was a reason for that.

The whole house looked like it was one strong wind away from blowing over, but it kept the rain off his head—except that one spot in the living room—and he'd never had issues with bugs—though a few bats had sent him screaming outside—and while Dale was useless about fixing things, he'd never given Malcolm a hard time when he was a day or two late with rent.

Sighing, Malcolm crossed his arms over his chest. "I told you I'm fine. I don't know why I got so upset."

She shouldered her way past him, ignoring his feeble attempt at blocking her path. "No, you texted me you were fine, after sneaking out of Bo's yesterday without saying bye and then ignoring me all day."

He grimaced as he pushed the door shut, putting his weight behind it to get it to latch. "I was working all day. I literally got home like fifteen minutes ago and immediately let you know."

The fact she was already at his place made him wonder if she'd sweet-talked someone at Bo's into telling her when he left. His money was on Raul. The man barely spoke to most everyone else but adored Dahlia. Most people did. It was sort of hard not to.

"Psh. It's Tuesday." She rolled her eyes and pulled a bottle of wine out of her giant purse and waved it in his face emphatically. "We've never been so busy all day that you couldn't give some sort of sign of life."

That was true. There'd been plenty of times he could have responded to her check-ins instead of waiting until he'd gotten home.

But he'd been... distracted.

All day, he'd had to force himself not to constantly check where Bull was or what he was doing.

It was not a problem he'd ever had before.

It wasn't that he'd ignored Bull in the past—that was impossible with the size of him—but he was always just...

there. Helping where he could, getting teased by Sally, or quietly refilling drinks and bussing tables.

He was Malcolm's supervisor and the boss's kid, and that was it.

Or it had been.

Until he'd gone out of his way to pick Malcolm up from a shitty situation he'd gotten himself into. No complaints or guilt trips, just a quiet ride back to safety, where he showed little bits of himself to Malcolm he'd never seen before.

It shouldn't have been a big deal. And it wasn't. Not on its own. Not when Malcolm had his brother's wedding to worry about and his first first date since Gemma had broken things off a month ago and an endless pile of bills he needed to pay.

Except his date—who'd asked for them to meet for coffee before her shift started—went to the bathroom about twenty minutes after sitting down and just... never came back.

Ghosted. During a fucking coffee date.

He'd been so upset about it he'd gone to Bo's to see Dahlia without thinking clearly and made a fool of himself in front of Christina.

Because she was amazing, all she'd done when she'd seen him that morning as he was clocking in was smile and raise her brows in a silent You okay ?

When he'd nodded quickly, she'd gone about her business, no more questions asked.

If only he could erase the humiliation of what had happened in Sally's office as easily. He should have left when Dahlia did, but he'd still felt like shit and had thought Bull would just leave him alone to mope for a bit before heading out.

But because he was also amazing, he'd come in and shown Malcolm nothing but kindness. He'd even offered him tissues, for heaven's sake. There had been zero judgment on his face as he'd tried to make himself smaller in the tiny space, watching Malcolm with soft eyes.

He'd looked at Malcolm like he truly saw him—all the sad, ugly bits included—and didn't mind. Maybe even appreciated what he saw when he looked at Malcolm. Like he wanted to keep looking beyond what was normally acceptable between two people who weren't even really friends.

And Malcolm had liked that. Had liked feeling important to someone who didn't owe him anything beyond a paycheck for the work he did. Had liked feeling seen when his date had looked right through him and then bailed without saying anything.

Bull would never treat someone like that.

Being all up in his feelings and with the realization that his boss might be a little

attracted to him on his mind—which probably should have been weird, but he was just grateful to be considered a desirable person—he’d thrown away his first instinct to decline the invitation to the party and actually said yes.

Which was...

He didn’t even know.

But he did know that there was no way Bull didn’t regret doing it.

After a night of restless sleep and all day watching for any signs of the look he’d sworn he’d seen in the office, he was half convinced he’d imagined it.

Which made it a spur-of-the-moment invite when Malcolm had been pathetic.

It was a pity invite, which hurt a little, but Malcolm didn’t know how to let Bull off the hook without looking ungrateful or like he wasn’t comfortable around the giant man.

And... part of him didn’t want to.

He couldn’t remember the last time he’d gone to a party, so it was probably during his one year of college. He’d made some friends and tried to do the normal post-high school thing, but he’d bailed after a year, not wanting to end up drowning in debt for a degree he didn’t even really want.

As soon as he stopped going, he’d lost touch with the friends he’d made and quickly became too busy working—sometimes multiple jobs—to do much socializing. His, Dahlia, and Becca’s weekly night of dinner and some episodes of their show was about all the “getting out” he did.

He was only twenty-two, dammit. He wanted to let loose and pretend he wasn't agonizingly single with a shitty family and barely any money in his account.

But that would be taking advantage of Bull's kindness.

Watching Dahlia dig through his cupboards for the two plastic wineglasses he'd picked up at the dollar store after she complained about having to use a coffee mug at his place, he debated how much to tell her.

She knew about his date ditching him, but he wasn't sure how to explain their boss being incredibly sweet to him and his worry he was using him for a night out.

"Ah, here we go," she muttered, twisting off the top to the wine bottle and pouring them both a generous amount.

She handed one to him and grinned as she took a sip from the other, which said cheers bitches in big swoopy letters.

Malcolm's was just plain pink—they were literally the only two wineglasses he could find that day at the store, and she never let him live it down—so they usually ended up fighting over the bitches one. "So what's really going on with you?"

He followed her the few steps across his apartment into the living room area and quickly took the weird, bright red chair that rocked.

It didn't stop when you leaned back, so people tended to end up flipped on their backs.

The one time Dahlia had sat on it, she'd screamed bloody murder as she'd gone backward, and then a police officer and EMS had knocked on his door because his landlord had called 911.

Can't fix the leaky faucet in Malcolm's bathroom, but he had no issue reporting a possible "assault in progress."

Sighing, he took a gulp of wine and then forced the words out. "You know when you left yesterday and asked Bull to stay with me? Which was a dick move, by the way."

Her pretty hazel eyes shot wide, and she scooted to the edge of the love seat. "Obviously. Did... something happen?"

"Yes." He groaned and covered his eyes. "He felt so bad for me he invited me to a party this weekend. And because I'm a loser without a social life, I said yes."

And now I don't know how to tell him he doesn't actually have to do it, and it's just gotten so weird and messed up and—" He peeled his hand off his face and glared at her. "Why are you fucking laughing?"

"Because!" She had to pause to take a breath and calm her giggles, but she was still smiling widely. "Because you've been freaking out about this since yesterday, but it isn't a big deal. Bull invited me and Becca too."

He sat up straighter. "He did? You guys will be there too?"

She shook her head. "Sadly, no. We're visiting Becca's family and going to her sister's baby shower this weekend."

"Oh. Right." He slumped, wobbling precariously. He'd forgotten about that. Becca and her sister were super close, and they'd been planning the shower practically since her sister peed on the stick.

"But you should definitely go," she said, crossing her legs and settling in. A clear indication she planned to stay for a while and continue to give him hell. "It's at

Marv's clubhouse, so you'll have a blast."

He squinted at her. "Marv's motorcycle club's clubhouse?"

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:16 am*

“Yeah.” She nodded, her newly pink-tinted tips swaying around her. “My hairstylist hangs out there—or maybe lives there with his boyfriend? Oh, wait, no, I think they’re engaged now. Either way, Ollie is a riot. I’m jealous I can’t come with you guys. I hope we get another invite in the future.”

He still wasn’t convinced Bull’s invitation yesterday hadn’t been accidental, but the fact he’d also asked Dahlia and Becca took a load of guilt and worry off his chest. If Bull was regretting it, he wouldn’t have invited even more people to go, right?

The Devil’s Hands’ clubhouse was huge. The second Bull opened the door for him—which he tried not to feel weird about, his belly going squiggly for some reason—they were blasted in the face with noise.

The place was full of people and vibrating with music and loud voices, the scent of beer and fried food drifting in the air.

It was exactly what he needed.

A tall guy maybe a few years older than Malcolm was hanging out just inside the door and immediately stood from his stool, coming at Bull with an outstretched hand. There wasn’t a name on the leather vest he wore. Instead, the patch on his left pec just said Prospect.

“Bull! Long time, man. How’ve you been?”

Bull shook his hand, smiling. “Hey, Tony. Tomas still hasn’t patched you in yet?”



Patched him in?

Tony rolled his eyes but was grinning. “He’s taking the no-favoritism thing to an extreme.” He glanced at Malcolm, seeming a little surprised, but quickly cleared his face back to his welcoming smile. “Hey, man. First time, huh?”

“Oh, um, yes?”

“The huge eyes gave you away.” He winked at Bull. “Plus, this guy doesn’t usually bring anyone around.”

Tony extended his hand again, but before Malcolm could accept it—or decide how he should take the news that Bull never brought anyone to the clubhouse and was Tony assuming they were together -together since Bull was gay?

—a shorter man with a face he could only describe as angelic grabbed Tony’s arm and pulled it over his shoulders, snuggling into his side.

Bull snorted next to him.

Tony smiled down at the top of the new guy’s head, looking indulgent, but his voice was firm when he said, “Brat, there’s no reason to get territorial.”

The “brat” ran his eyes over Malcolm, then turned away dismissively, nuzzling into Tony and saying something too softly for Malcolm to catch. Bull must have though, his face hardening into the same scowl he’d given Evan that day in the department store.

“Tony.”

That was all he said, but Tony nodded, grabbing the clingy man by the back of the

neck and steering him away. “Excuse us.”

“What just happened?” Malcolm asked, laughing awkwardly.

Bull shook his head, rubbing a hand on the back of his head and then waving at someone who shouted his name from across the room. “Don’t worry about it. Roman is just... Roman. I promise everyone else is gonna be nice.”

That’s what he’d said in his truck on the way to the clubhouse.

Several times, actually. He’d also reassured Malcolm that it was okay he was attending the party, a brand-new worry unlocking when he’d found out it was for someone’s birthday.

Now that they were there, he could see Bull had been right about no one caring he was crashing.

Based on the crowd, Malcolm sort of doubted anyone would even notice .

One of the benefits of his stature, he didn’t tend to stand out in large groups.

“Drink?”

“Yes, definitely.”

Bull gave him a careful sort of smile, and while Malcolm appreciated being allowed to tag along, he didn’t want to be treated with kid gloves.

He also didn’t expect Bull to babysit him all night.

As soon as he got a lay of the land, he’d tell him to go have fun with his friends.

He'd mentioned his brother wasn't going to be there, but based on the fact that a prospective member of the club knew who Bull was, Malcolm figured he was probably friends with most of the actual members.

Malcolm would be okay on his own, mingling and chatting. Maybe he'd even ask one of the women moving around the room to dance. He spotted a gorgeous redhead laughing over on a sofa, but when she leaned forward, he could see that the top of the vest she wore said Property of .

He'd have to be careful who he approached. He couldn't imagine most bikers would take too kindly to an outsider hitting on their girlfriend.

They made their way to the back of the first floor of the clubhouse, the space seeming even bigger than it had from outside.

He tried not to gawk, but there was so much to see.

The Pride flag hanging on the wall made him smile and wish Dahlia and Becca could have come.

But it was the people who mostly held his attention.

There was seating around the outside of the room, but the middle had been cleared out and was being utilized as a dance floor.

Bull led him around the edge of the mass of people, but Malcolm could still see what was happening.

A lot of folks were wearing leather vests, some even leather pants, but it was the way they danced with their partners that had his heart beating faster.

As he watched, one guy—who had to be nearly as big as Bull but with a bit more of a beard—kissed his dance partner while pushing a leg between the shorter guy’s thighs and gripping his ass with both hands.

Even from where he stood, he could see their tongues tangling, their bodies mostly just pushing against each other in a way that made his face feel warm.

They weren’t the only ones either.

There were other men together, as well as a woman with bright purple hair singing along to the song and fondling her female dance partner’s breasts at the same time.

Near the edge of the open space was a couple in their forties or fifties just sort of swaying together, and Malcolm thought it was really sweet...

until he noticed the man was obviously fingering her from behind, the back of her skirt flashing part of her ass that appeared to have a tattoo on it.

Pants tighter than was appropriate for a public setting—though what the hell did he know since these people were practically having sex in front of him—he didn’t realize he’d stopped moving and was straight up staring until Bull came back for him, startling him with a hand on his shoulder.

He jerked his head around, then wished he could disappear into the ground when Bull looked to where he’d just been staring. Bull’s cheeks flushed a light pink, barely noticeable compared to Malcolm’s lobster-red face probably.

Dropping his gaze to Malcolm, Bull studied him for an agonizing second and then jerked his thumb behind him, toward a different crowd near the back wall. “Come on.”

Knees a little unsteady, he got with the program, relieved when they found an open space at the long bar.

There were two people on the other side making drinks.

The young woman was gorgeous, her dark brown hair down past her shoulders, smile wide and genuine, and tits barely contained in the tiny crop top she wore.

When she turned to grab a bottle, he realized the shirt wasn't plain black like he'd thought.

The MC's emblem of a winged skull and fist was on the back, stretching shoulder to shoulder.

He was disappointed when the other bartender came over to serve them—not that he'd actually planned on hitting on her. His ego had taken enough of a beating for the week, but he wouldn't have minded looking a little longer.

The other person was a young man around his age, with eyeliner drawing attention to his green eyes and his own crop top showing off some impressive abs. Irritation sparked in him as the guy ignored him and eyeballed Bull like he was a piece of grade A beef.

“Hey, big guy,” the bartender said, practically purring as he leaned his arms on the oak bar top and ran his teeth over his bottom lip. “What can I offer you?”

Malcolm rolled his eyes at the blatant come-on. Was this the kind of guy Bull was interested in? Someone who probably flirted with everybody he served and didn't actually care what a great guy Bull was.

Glancing up to gauge Bull's reaction, he was surprised to find that serious face

directed at him. “Want a beer? Houston stocks some great local stuff.”

“That sounds great.” He mostly drank wine since Dahlia hated beer and was the one to splurge every now and then on alcohol.

Bull ordered them two of some brand he’d never heard of, and the bartender pouted at the lack of reaction to his come-hither approach, but he got them their bottles quickly and then slipped away without saying anything else.

Furrowing his brows, he started to pull out some money, but Bull was already dropping a twenty into the closest tip jar.

“We didn’t pay though?” Malcolm said, then nearly moaned as he took a sip of his drink. “Shit, that’s good.”

“The MC doesn’t charge for drinks at the clubhouse,” a bright, friendly voice said behind him.

Malcolm whipped around, then did his best not to stare at the bright purple hair—the same color as the woman’s he’d seen on the dance floor—or tiny skirt on the man who’d spoken. The guy grinned, like he could tell Malcolm didn’t know what to make of him.

He heard Bull say something behind him, and when he glanced over his shoulder, he found him turned away, talking to a scary-looking guy with mismatched eyes. Even though he’d planned on telling Bull he didn’t need to hover over him all night, he was oddly annoyed at being ignored so quickly.

“So,” the feminine guy said, drawing Malcolm’s attention back to him. “Bull, huh?”

Frowning, he took another sip of beer. “What about him?”

“Come on, don’t be shy?—”

“Ollie!” Another man appeared at the fem guy’s side—who must be the hairstylist Dahlia had mentioned—his face flushed, eyes a little glassy, and curls disheveled.

“You disappeared!”

Ollie laughed. “I came to get a drink and found Bull... with a guy .”

Curly-haired guy looked at him with wide, gleeful eyes. “You came with Bull?”

“Um, yeah?” He looked back and forth between the two as they stared at him like he was a fascinating TV show. “Not like, with him with him. We’re just friends.”

Ollie’s face fell, his shoulders slumping dramatically. “Dammit.”

Malcolm couldn’t help but chuckle as the other guy patted Ollie consolingly on the back. “You’re upset we’re friends?”

“No, of course not,” Ollie said sadly. “I’m upset that you can’t confirm for me that Bull has a huge cock.”

Malcolm choked on his drink.

### CHAPTER FIVE

“Bull, long time.”

Turning, Bull smiled at the MC’s Enforcer, Six.

He wasn’t quite as tall as Bull, but he carried himself like the biggest guy in the room, gaze always moving and assessing.

His face was usually locked down in a serious expression—sometimes downright scary—but Bull had known him for years and knew he was a good man. He just... didn’t smile much.

“Hey, Six.” Bull shook his offered hand and clapped him on the shoulder, grinning when Six raised an eyebrow at him, but he didn’t shake off the touch.

He had to wonder though—how many times would people comment on how long it had been since they’d seen him?

It wasn’t like he used to be a regular. Though, now that he thought about it, he didn’t think he’d come around since the club’s New Year’s party. “Yeah, been staying busy.”

Six’s eyes—one bright blue, the other golden brown—said he wasn’t buying it, but he didn’t press. It wasn’t his style. “How are your moms?”

Rolling his eyes, Bull took a drink of beer.



“Ma’s good, but Mom has been gossiping with Houston’s mom about the club.

I was going to let him know.” He cleared his throat, trying to figure out how to phrase the next part.

“Uh, apparently, word is getting out about something to do with... sex parties?”

“Fuck’s sake,” Six muttered, the curse only audible because the music was transitioning to a new song. He jerked his head, indicating he wanted Bull to follow him, but he hesitated, glancing back at Malcolm. It didn’t feel right to just take off or expect him to traipse along behind Bull all night.

They’d drifted apart, Bull closer to Six and Malcolm leaning toward Ollie and another young man with loose curls.

He could only see Malcolm’s profile, but it was enough to tell his eyes were huge, mouth gaping.

This was a common reaction to Ollie though, so he wasn’t actually sure if Malcolm needed rescuing.

When Six saw what Bull was looking at, he stepped up next to him and sighed. “Ollie, are you terrorizing Bull’s friend?”

Six’s boy smiled widely, skipping over to press himself down Six’s front and plant his hands on his chest. His skirt barely covered his ass, and his midriff was bare, which wasn’t unusual for him, but it always impressed Bull that he could be so comfortable in his own skin.

And that no one in the MC ever batted an eye at him—unless he was being particularly bratty.

Bull eyed the diamond-encrusted ring on Ollie's left hand, trying to remember if Marv had mentioned Six and Ollie setting a date for their wedding yet.

He didn't think so, and he'd like to think he'd get an invite, but he couldn't be sure.

It was one of the drawbacks of keeping the club's members at arm's length; he was never really sure how good of friends they were.

But it didn't feel right, encroaching on Marv's territory too much.

His brother was a member, not him. Hell, Marv was a damn officer .

He'd carved out a life for himself with the Devil's Hands, and even if that made Bull jealous sometimes, he'd never try to take it away.

"Terrorizing? Of course not, Daddy. I'd never do that." Ollie winked at his friend, he and Malcolm having followed Ollie over.

Six shook his head, but his face was soft in a way it only ever was when he was looking at Ollie. "Are you trying to earn a punishment, boy?"

The friend snorted. "When isn't he?"

Worried Malcolm might be uncomfortable with the openness that was common with the club, Bull studied his face.

He was looking back and forth between Six and Ollie like he was afraid he'd miss something, his eyes still a little wide and cheeks flushed.

Surprised but not horrified. That was good.

As crazy as some of the shit Ollie said and did was, he'd probably be a good friend for Malcolm.

As far as Bull could tell, Malcolm only really had Dahlia—and Becca by extension—and being friends with someone as outgoing as Ollie could be good for him, help him get out there and meet... someone else.

Swallowing, Bull dropped his eyes and took a drink of his beer, ignoring the fact it tasted like shit suddenly. He wouldn't be selfish and hope Malcolm stayed single when it made him so unhappy. He wouldn't be that guy.

Leaning down, Six said something in Ollie's ear, causing the younger man to squirm and nod eagerly. Despite his depressing thoughts, Bull couldn't help but chuckle at the smirk on Six's usually stern face as he turned Ollie around by the shoulders and gave him a hard smack on the ass.

Ollie's friend laughed, but it was Malcolm's reaction that held his attention.

He jumped at the slap, startled, but the way he wet his lips, a soft flush growing on his throat...

Bull had to look away again. He'd bet the diner that Malcolm was turned on by the spank, and Bull could not handle the knowledge of what he looked like aroused.

He scolded his dick for reacting, reminding himself Malcolm was probably imagining giving a woman that sort of proprietary treatment, not being on the receiving end.

Or maybe he would like to be treated that way—Jesus fuck, why would his brain suggest that?

—but he wouldn't be imagining someone like Bull doing it to him.

It'd be someone like the female bartender he'd been checking out.

Someone feminine and beautiful in a way Bull could never be.

"I'm going to borrow Bull," Six was saying, drawing Bull's attention back to what was happening and away from his internal spiral. "Keep his friend company."

"Yes, Daddy," Ollie chirped, threading an arm through Malcolm's.

"Oh, he doesn't—you don't have to do that," Malcolm said in a rush, turning to Ollie. He seemed embarrassed, tugging on one of his earlobes. "I'm sure you don't want to babysit me. I'll be fine on my own."

Before Bull could figure out how to insist, Ollie laughed and pinched Malcolm's cheek. "That's adorable. This crowd will eat you alive if you're left on your own." He shot a sly glance at Bull. "Unless that's what you're looking for? In which case, Mase and I can help find someone to devour you."

"Totally!" Mase agreed, even though it hadn't looked like he was paying any attention, staring at something across the room with a spacy, vacant look.

"Oh, I... Um." Malcolm glanced around, seemingly overwhelmed at the idea. When his gaze landed on Bull, he dropped his eyes, face reddening.

Bull squeezed his hands into fists to stop himself from yanking Malcolm away from Ollie and into his side, making the decision for him and offering silent comfort all at once.

Grinning like the devil personified, Ollie waggled his eyebrows at Bull and started pulling Malcolm away. "We're going to have a blast."

“Behave, boy,” Six called after him, but Ollie only threw an air-kiss over his shoulder before the three of them were swallowed by the crowd on the makeshift dance floor.

“Come on,” Six said, turning in the opposite direction. When Bull still hesitated, he snorted. “Ollie’ll make sure your boy’s safe.”

Annoyingly, Bull felt his face heating. He scowled at Six. “He’s not my anything. We’re just friends.”

Barely even that, though he supposed they were moving in that direction. And that was... good. Great even. If “friend” was all he could hope for, then he’d be the best damn friend Malcolm had ever had.

Six didn’t say anything about his denial, but Bull had the distinct impression he didn’t believe him. Which was crazy. Why would Bull deny them being in a relationship when Malcolm was perfect?

“Busybodies,” Tomas muttered, taking a sip from his lowball glass and shaking his head. He didn’t seem overly concerned about the fact that Bull’s mom knew about club business—he was still sort of reeling at the fact they were actually having sex parties—but he didn’t seem pleased either.

Tomas had been the MC’s President since the Michigan chapter’s creation, having split off from the founding chapter down South. He had to be at least a decade older than Bull’s thirty-five years, his dark hair gaining a little more gray every time Bull saw him.

Though, he figured that could also be from the stress of managing the club and all of its businesses. Marv didn’t share a lot with him about all the pies the MC had a piece of, but Bull knew enough to be impressed with Tomas’s savvy management decisions.

“I’ll talk to my mom,” said Houston, the MC’s Vice President, barely hiding his grimace. He was a big Black guy with solid muscles but the most easygoing attitude of any of the club’s officers. Always quick with a smile and a genuine question about how a person was doing.

His boyfriend, Kenneth, was curled up next to him, eyes half-closed. The golden-brown skin of his torso was beautifully displayed with an intricate design of a teal rope. Houston was an artist with his ropes, apparently.

Bull was learning all kinds of shit that evening.

“And Cynthia,” Houston added. “Though I don’t know that either will listen to me.”

His sister Cynthia was the club’s lawyer and a complete badass. Bull had only met her once, but it was enough for him to be intimidated by her. He was grateful he wasn’t the one who had to tell her she needed to be careful about talking club business in earshot of her mom.

Tomas grunted, then turned to Bull expectantly.

He held up his hands. “Yeah, no. You want someone to tell Sally to mind her business, you better ask Marv or do it yourself. She will not listen to me.”

Plus, there was no chance he was risking hearing her say the words sex party again.

Tipping his head to the side in consideration, Tomas scratched at his salt-and-pepper beard. “I’ll stop by Bo’s sometime next week. Impress upon her the importance of discretion.”

Bull tried to hide his shock. He hadn’t actually thought Tomas would want to do it himself. “Alright. She’s usually there in the mornings, so breakfast would be a good

time.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

“Good time for what?” a young Black man asked, flopping down on Tomas’s lap and wrapping his arms around him like a clingy koala. His jeans were obscenely tight, leaving nothing to Bull’s imagination. He looked away quickly before Tomas saw him accidentally checking out his boy.

“To have a chat with Bull’s mom about not gossiping about the MC,” Tomas said, like it would be that easy. He ran a hand down one of the guy’s legs before sliding back up and cupping his ass. “Enjoying your birthday party, gatito?”

He nuzzled into Tomas’s neck, his response either too low for Bull to hear from where he sat a few feet away or the kisses to Tomas’s throat tattoo were his answer.

“Mason still dancing?” Tomas asked, and Bull reflexively looked toward the mass of people, recognizing the name. He hadn’t realized Ollie’s friend had been one of Tomas’s boys.

His breath caught in his throat when the crowd shifted and he laid eyes on Malcolm.

He’d periodically checked on him since they’d parted ways, doing his best not to obsessively watch him talk and laugh with other people and only succeeding maybe half the time.

But now... now he was moving to the music, head tipped back slightly and eyes closed. Completely lost to the moment.

Bull couldn’t look away, the rest of the clubhouse disappearing until the only thing left was a dancing Malcolm, his hips moving enticingly.



Fuck, he was beautiful.

He jolted when big, male hands landed on Malcolm's hips from behind, breaking the spell and lighting an instant fury in his gut. He was on his feet, intent on telling the asshole touching Malcolm to back off, preferably with his fists, but a strong grip on his elbow stopped him short.

Whipping his head around, his muscles were already bunching, ready to fight off whoever was preventing him from charging out there, but he stopped short at Houston's wide grin.

The flashing strobe light someone had turned on a while ago danced on his dark skin, highlighting his strong jaw and straight nose. And his amusement at Bull's reaction.

Which had been... extreme.

"Easy, brother," Houston said, releasing his hold on Bull's elbow and gripping his shoulder instead. "You go over there on a rampage, you're going to scare your little bunny rabbit."

"He's not... I wasn't..." He stopped and took a breath, letting the air completely fill his lungs and then letting it out slowly. Once he felt like he had control of himself, he said, "It's not like that. Malcolm's straight. He won't want some guy groping him."

"Take another look," Six said dryly, still sitting on the other end of the couch from Tomas. The club's president didn't seem to be paying attention, his hand between his sub's legs and face buried behind his ear.

Frustrated and still jittery with adrenaline, he glanced back at where he'd last seen Malcolm, and the last of his possessive anger drained away.

The random guy who'd grabbed his hips was gone, replaced by Ollie, who was keeping his hands to himself but stayed close to deter anyone else from moving into the space.

In front of Malcolm was the club's Sgt at Arms, Viper, and she was laughing at something, head thrown back.

Bull had seen her dancing with another woman earlier, but there was no sign of the redhead now.

Instead, she was helping Malcolm feel safe and was probably the one who'd scared off the asshole.

Clearing his throat, Bull slowly lowered himself back onto his armchair. "Good, uh, I'm glad he's..."

The words dried on his tongue at Houston's and Six's knowing looks.

Thankfully, neither one made a big deal about his overreaction.

Houston sat back down as well, Kenneth smiling happily as he curled back up against him, then picked up the conversation they'd been having.

"Even with us telling the moms to keep what we're doing during certain events quiet, I think it's safe to say the cat's out of the bag.

We need to make a plan for how to address the potential PR fallout. "

"It's a private club, and everyone is of age. Fuck anyone who doesn't like it," Six growled.

Bull agreed but kept that to himself. It wasn't his club, so it didn't matter what he thought.

Had he been surprised his mom had been right, that the Devil's Hands were essentially having sex parties?

Hell yeah. But he'd also been grateful she didn't know that the gatherings were geared toward MC members interested in exploring BDSM and helping them find partners interested in the same.

He was a little upset Marv hadn't at least told him, even if he wasn't comfortable inviting his brother to the parties.

But mostly, he understood it. Marv had always been private about his relationships, often not bringing the person around their family until he'd been seeing them for months.

If at all. Bull had no idea if his brother was into any sort of BDSM dynamics—and honestly wasn't sure he wanted to know—but the fact he hadn't told Bull anything about them made him think Marv had at least checked them out.

But he wasn't about to ask Houston or one of the others if Marv had attended one of the educational events or parties—again, he didn't need to know if his brother liked to tie up his partners and whip them. Or get whipped himself. Or tickle them with a feather.

Really, the less he knew about his brother's sex life the better.

He let the conversation about dealing with the club's public image float around him as he sipped his beer.

Tomas had tried to get Bull to join the MC several times, calling him a legacy and saying the brotherhood was in his blood.

But motorcycles had never been his thing, not like Marv.

Their grandpa had been the club's Road Captain for years, right up until he'd passed away from an unexpected heart attack about five years ago.

Right after that, Marv had campaigned to be the new Road Captain, wanting to use all the knowledge he'd learned from their grandpa to make sure the club's rides were safe.

Bull always said no to joining, but sometimes he wondered what it would be like to have built-in friends like the MC. Or, really, a second family. He knew some of the members didn't have great biological families, and the club became their only family.

The urge to join was there sometimes, but the prospect of riding a motorcycle was terrifying.

Not that he was going to tell anyone from the MC that.

He'd never live it down. He'd never even told Marv that the idea of balancing his bulk on the back of a machine that could very easily tip over made his palms sweat.

Instead, he just stayed on the fringes and focused on his moms, Marv, and making sure Bo's stayed a sought-after dining location for locals and tourists.

Easy.

His eyes drifted back to the dance floor without his permission.

Malcolm was learning some sort of dance move from Mason that seemed to mostly involve rolling his hips and touching his torso.

Bull watched, transfixed, as Malcolm did it over and over, laughing occasionally but getting smoother with each attempt.

He was so screwed.

Just being friends with Malcolm was going to be a special kind of torture, but what was the alternative?

Not talking to or seeing him outside of what was necessary for work?

Now that he'd had a taste of seeing Malcolm outside the diner, cutting loose, having fun, and radiating happiness, he didn't see how he could go back without going crazy.

He may not be the one out there showing Malcolm the moves, but he'd been the one to bring him. He'd put that smile on his face.

He couldn't give that up.

Friends would have to be enough.

### CHAPTER SIX

The echo of pounding music was still vibrating in Malcolm's ears as he hummed along to the radio, his legs tired and dried sweat making his scalp itch.

He felt good . Better than he had in ages.

Getting the chance to lose himself to the energy of the clubhouse, dancing and laughing and drinking a few beers, was exactly what he'd needed. Sure, none of his problems were gone, but they felt distant, like pesky annoyances instead of unbearable obstacles.

And he was pretty sure he'd made some new friends.

Dahlia hadn't been exaggerating when she'd called Ollie a riot, and literally, the only thing that could have made his night better was if she and Becca could have been there with him.

Even without her, he'd been welcomed and treated like an old friend.

After he'd gotten past the shock of Ollie's initial greeting, Malcolm had quickly relaxed and found he appreciated his—and the other men and women he'd met through him—straightforward approach to everything.

Even if their very public displays of affection had made him blush a few times.

The fact Ollie had wanted to know if Malcolm could verify Bull's dick size had stuck

with him though.

He couldn't stop thinking about it, no matter how hard he tried.

Or the fact that when Bull had driven him home the week before and he'd asked if people called him Bull because of his size, he'd hedged on answering.

He had no business thinking so much about another man's junk, but he kept glancing at Bull's lap in the dark interior of the truck without meaning to.

Guilt began to crowd out all the good feelings from the evening.

Bull had been nothing but kind to him, and he'd helped Malcolm get out of his funk after his disaster of a date.

He deserved better than Malcolm trying to ogle him.

Bull slowed as they entered Knotting Pine, the town empty and desolate at nearly one in the morning.

The man deserved a massive thank-you instead.

He'd seen that Malcolm was struggling and reached out, offering him the perfect chance to get out of his own head.

He wished he could afford to get him a huge bouquet of flowers or something.

Maybe he could put it on his emergency credit card and then pick up an extra shift or two.

His rusty car still sat on the curb in front of Bull's house, silently waiting for him so

they could return to his place on the other side of town and the run-down house his apartment was in.

Bull's place—hell, all the houses on the street—was a sharp contrast, the lawn well manicured and siding fresh and clean with big windows that probably let in amazing amounts of natural light during the day.

Malcolm stared at the two-story house, curtains pulled over all the windows except one that he figured probably belonged to the kitchen. There was a faint glow of light visible, like Bull had accidentally left a light on.

Or maybe he'd left it like that on purpose.

Maybe he was the kind of guy who didn't like coming home to the dark.

Malcolm liked the idea. He was always careful to turn everything off when he left because he couldn't afford a higher electric bill, but on nights when he got home late from work or after hanging with Dahlia and Becca and the place was cold and dark and unwelcoming, it would be nice to be greeted by a cheery lamp instead.

"You okay driving home?" Bull asked, drawing Malcolm out of the thoughts that threatened to bring down his good mood.

He turned his head on the headrest, smiling. "I won't fall asleep if that's what you're worried about."

"That and... I wasn't sure how many drinks you had." There was something in the way Bull said that, the careful way he chose his words, that made Malcolm think he might not be telling the truth.

That maybe he knew exactly how much Malcolm had had to drink because he'd been



watching him all night.

Swallowing, Malcolm traced his eyes down Bull's profile as he rubbed awkwardly at the back of his thick neck.

There had been several times throughout the evening when he'd felt the weight of eyes on him, but he'd only caught Bull looking at him once.

He'd been on his way to the bar with Ollie—and his friends Mason, CJ, and the birthday boy, Vinnie—having just let Mason teach him some dance move he swore made everyone look sexy, when he'd had that same sensation of being watched.

As subtly as he'd been able, he'd glanced over to where Bull had been sitting with some of his friends, chatting, and they'd locked eyes. It had probably only lasted a couple of seconds, but his breath had caught in his throat, his steps slowing, at the look on Bull's face.

Open admiration.

Malcolm had shrugged it off, assuming he'd misread him or that Bull had been looking at someone else, and it only seemed like he was staring right at him.

But maybe he hadn't been?

God, why did it even matter? He sat up straighter, giving his head a little shake. Maybe he'd drunk more than he'd thought, except he didn't even feel buzzed anymore.

"I'm good," he said, forcing a calm smile when Bull glanced at him. "Thank you again for inviting me to go with you."

“You’re welcome.”

“And for letting me co-opt some of your friends for the night,” Malcolm added, a more genuine grin growing at the thought of Ollie and the others.

Bull shrugged, one corner of his mouth lifting in a small smile. “They’re more my brother’s friends than mine, but I’m glad you had fun with them.”

Chuckling and rolling his eyes, Malcolm slapped at Bull’s shoulder as he unbuckled, his eyes widening as his hand slid down accidentally and he grazed Bull’s enormous bicep.

Holy. Shit. He watched his fingers tighten, feeling completely disconnected from the limb, and nearly swallowed his tongue at how hard the muscle was.

“Jesus.” He didn’t realize he’d said that out loud until Bull made a choked sound, startling him. He jerked back, his cheeks burning almost as much as his fingertips. “I’m so sorry, I... I don’t know why I?—”

“It’s okay,” Bull interrupted, deep voice hoarse and thick. He turned toward the front of the truck, big hands curling around the steering wheel. “I know you didn’t mean anything by it. I won’t make it weird.”

Malcolm was nodding along until Bull got to the second part. “Wait, what? Make what weird?”

He cleared his throat but didn’t take his eyes off the windshield. “Work. I know you aren’t... You aren’t interested in me like that.”

Little pinpricks of heat began to bloom on his skin, and his palms were damp.

Bull's assurance kept spinning through his head, moving around the pieces he'd been ignoring and slotting everything into place, creating a picture he shouldn't care about.

It shouldn't matter what Bull was implying because he was straight.

He licked his dry lips.

He was... pretty sure he was straight.

But he needed to be sure, some driving need inside him wouldn't let it go.

Shifting, he pulled a leg up so he could more fully face Bull.

His big body was stiff, his knuckles protruding from how hard he was gripping the wheel.

The soft hum of the engine and faint music were the only noise in the truck's cab.

"Bull..."

He shouldn't say anything. The smart thing to do would be to thank Bull for such a wonderful night and then drive himself home to his tiny, lonely apartment.

Because Bull was right— things could get weird at work if he didn't let it go.

If he pushed, he could lose a lot more than Bull's friendship too.

He definitely shouldn't say anything.

But... it had been a wonderful night. Like, way better than any date he'd been on.

And wasn't that kind of sad? Or, at least, kind of telling.

Especially since they hadn't spent a lot of time together at the clubhouse.

It felt like a date though, and that was what was tripping him up.

The way Bull's attention had stayed on him even when he was talking to his friends, how he checked in with him every once in a while, the shiver that had cascaded down Malcolm's spine when he'd caught Bull checking him out.

It wasn't dinner and a movie—it was better. It was exactly what he'd needed, given to him by someone who'd had no responsibility to make him feel better.

So instead of doing the smart thing, he took a deep breath and blurted out, “Are you attracted to me?”

Bull's head slowly turned toward him, jaw tight. He didn't say anything for a long moment, but Malcolm didn't let the silence stifle his desire to know and grab the words back. It was just how Bull's mind worked. He thought through things before speaking, choosing his words carefully.

Something else Malcolm admired about him.

“You shouldn't ask me that,” he finally said, hands sliding around the wheel and then regripping tightly. “I don't want you to feel uncomfortable.”

As far as Malcolm was concerned, that was answer enough. There was only one response Bull could be worried about giving him, one response that would potentially change things between them. And it wasn't no .

Mouth dry, he dug his teeth into his bottom lip. Knowing the answer and hearing it

were two different things though. And as reckless as it was, he wanted to hear the words. Needed to. Like an itch under his skin, but in a good way.

Bull was the epitome of manliness: big and handsome and somehow sweet while also a little bossy. And for some reason, the idea that he was attracted to Malcolm was heating his blood... and his groin.

He wanted those damn words more than he wanted his next breath.

“I want to know,” Malcolm whispered, swallowing when Bull’s eyes dropped to his mouth.

The air crackled around them as Bull shifted, the leather of his seat creaking under his bulk. “Of course I am,” he said just as quietly as Malcolm had been. “You’re fucking gorgeous.”

Malcolm sucked in a breath. Gorgeous ? Him? “Do you really mean that?”

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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

Bull narrowed his eyes. “Yes. And screw anyone who made you doubt it.”

Heart racing, Malcolm wet his lips and leaned a little closer.

No one had ever said anything like that to him.

If he was lucky, women called him adorable or cute—but never gorgeous.

And none of them had ever looked at him with the fierce intensity that Bull was or made his hands sweat and the skin on the back of his neck tingle.

“Thank you.” The words felt inadequate.

Bull nodded once and cleared his throat. “It’s the truth. You don’t have to thank me.”

God... he was about to do something incredibly rash.

A voice in his head warned him he might regret it come morning, but it didn’t stop him.

Not after the way Bull had terrified his brother.

Not after he’d driven him home without prying.

And not after he’d found him upset and offered him the perfect antidote, then kept an eye on him all evening.

Bull made him feel good .

He wanted to do the same for him.

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Slowly, he extended one hand and lightly placed it on Bull's chest between his two massive pecs. He could feel his thudding heart and the way Bull straightened his spine but didn't push him away.

"Malcolm—"

"Am I making you uncomfortable?"

"Parts of me," Bull grunted and shifted his hips the tiniest bit.

The implication made Malcolm flush and press his fingers a little harder into Bull's chest. He was barely even touching him, and Bull was already reacting to him? The knowledge made his own cock begin to thicken.

"But do you want me to stop?"

"I don't know what you're doing..."

"Me either," he admitted softly, glancing up and finding Bull's eyes locked on his face. Holding his gaze, he slid his hand downward at a snail's pace. Giving them both plenty of time to say stop .

When he reached Bull's thick midsection, he dropped his eyes, staring at his pale skin trailing down Bull's navy blue shirt, between the parted sides of his brown leather jacket.

He finally understood what it meant to have an out-of-body experience. He felt like he was floating, not in control of what he was watching, and yet could feel how soft his T-shirt was and the way Bull's stomach twitched under his fingertips.

When he hit the button of Bull's jeans, he slammed back into his body and sucked in a ragged breath. This was it. If he kept going, things would never be the same between them. Hell, even if he stopped, they wouldn't be, but it'd be different if he kept going.

Because... he was pretty sure he was going to touch another man's dick.

Except he seemed to be losing steam as he fingered the top of Bull's pants through his shirt but didn't tug it up.

The longer he hesitated, the more awkward he started to feel.

He always did this—not that he'd hooked up with a lot of women.

He'd initiate things and then get in his head or worry he wasn't doing something right, and the mood would go downhill fast.

Not this time. He hadn't changed his mind; he just needed... help. Unlike with the women who always seemed to want him to take the lead, he felt like he could follow Bull's.

If he could figure out how to ask.

Sucking in a shaky breath, Bull spoke before he could. "You don't owe me anything, Malcolm."

His voice was so deep it rumbled through the air between them, filling up all the



space and rippling over Malcolm's exposed skin. Good god, how was he reacting this strongly to another man when he'd never even looked at one twice before?

He shoved that thought away for another time. He could have a little freak-out later when Dahlia was there to pat his head and call him a dumbass.

"I know," he reassured Bull. While he did want to make Bull feel good, he didn't feel like he had to in exchange for the kindness he'd shown him.

He wasn't sure how to explain that without it potentially coming out wrong and ruining the mood.

Instead, he decided to try and move things along. "Will... will you take it out?"

Bull groaned and grabbed Malcolm's wrist, his hand huge and so strong compared to his. His gut tightened at the sight, his mind flashing to other scenarios where Bull held his wrists.

"Malcolm ." Bull sounded like he was in pain, gritting out his name between his teeth.

Swallowing, Malcolm held his eyes, trying to project confidence. "Please, Bull?"

"Jesus Christ," he grunted as he let go of Malcolm's arm and made quick work of his button, pushing his hips up to get better access.

Malcolm pulled back and watched, breaths sawing in and out of his parted lips.

He made a soft sound when Bull tugged his shirt up out of the way, exposing several inches of hard, hairy belly.

He had the strongest urge to lean forward and nuzzle his face there but didn't want to lose focus on what he was trying to accomplish.

The sound of Bull's zipper lowering was jarring in the quiet truck, making him gasp, but he couldn't look away.

Was Ollie's source right?

He leaned closer to peek at where Bull's jeans were gaping open, exposing a dark cavern... and a bulge. Holy shit. That was another guy's dick. Bull tugged his jeans down, revealing more of his underwear, and then settled back in his seat.

"Doing okay?"

His voice startled Malcolm, and when he tipped his face up, he got caught in Bull's dark brown eyes that looked black in the dim lighting. "What?"

"Do you want me to keep going?"

Did he? He was about to come face-to-face with another man's cock for the first time. Was he sure? Could he really go through with it?

Could he handle the what-if if he didn't?

He studied Bull's wide, handsome face.

Licking his bottom lip, Malcolm murmured, "Tell me I'm gorgeous again."

"You are," he said without hesitation, his voice little more than a growl vibrating around them.

He gently cupped Malcolm's cheek with one of his giant hands, the skin rough and so warm it sank right into Malcolm's bloodstream. His eyes fluttered at the unexpected pleasure of the touch, working harder than before to focus when Bull brushed his thumb just under his bottom lip.

"You are gorgeous and sweet and absolute perfection."

Malcolm made a soft, broken sound.

He wasn't. How could Bull think...

Bull's eyes darkened, his thumb and forefinger gripping his chin, holding his eyes. "Such a perfect, pretty boy."

"Oh ."

That... that was really nice. Warmth spread across his cheeks and through his chest, down to his fingertips. He reached out blindly, needing to catch hold of something, and found Bull's thigh. Thick, warm, and sturdy.

"Fuck. You like that, don't you? You want to be my pretty boy."

"Bull ."

"Shh." Bull's rough, calloused thumb smoothed over his lips, making his whole mouth tingle. "Don't worry, baby."

Oh god. Heat flushed through him with an edge of embarrassment. No one had ever called him that, not the way Bull did. Not in a way that made him feel small and soft... and precious.

But dear lord did he like it.

He glanced away, overwhelmed but needy for more, and pursed his lips, pressing a kiss to the pad of Bull's thumb. When he forced himself to look, Bull was staring at his mouth with open hunger, running his teeth over his bottom lip. And that... that made him feel powerful .

“Show it to me,” he said softly, tugging free of Bull's gentle hold and focusing on his lap. It was too dark to see much detail, but he needed to know. Needed to see. Needed to give Bull something he'd never even considered giving to another person.

Cursing under his breath, Bull hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs and tugged.

Malcolm's jaw dropped.

Ollie's source had been right, alright. The man was enormous .

“That's...” He wasn't sure what he'd been going to say. His brain was shorting out at the sight of Bull's dick. He was thick, with a large, plum-shaped head, and a solid ten inches.

How did that thing fit anywhere?

Bull moved one of his hands to cover part of his shaft as he cleared his throat, and Malcolm glanced up at him, confused, and then was surprised to find Bull looking embarrassed, maybe even a little uncomfortable.

“What's wrong?”

He scratched at his jaw and glanced away. “I know I'm too big...”

Too big? Did he really think that? As stunned as Malcolm was, that was already wearing off. Instead, a fervent curiosity was filling him. What would he feel like? Would it be weird to touch another man like that? What would he taste like?

“You’re not too big,” he said with a confidence he pulled out of thin air.

Bull raised his brows.

“I’m serious. I was surprised, yeah, but I still want to touch it. Is that okay?”

For a second, Bull just stared at him, eyes wide, before coughing lightly and moving his hand out of the way. “Yeah, baby boy. You can do whatever you want.”

He bit his lip to hold back a whimper. Baby boy was even better than baby somehow.

Ducking his head, he tentatively ran one finger down the side of Bull’s veiny shaft. Smooth. Hot. Sexy in a way he’d never imagined. When he wrapped his hand around Bull’s shaft and it throbbed in his grip, he made a soft noise and came to the sudden realization he was rock hard in his own jeans.

So he was officially at least bi-curious, then.

Good to know.

Bull grunted when Malcolm gave him an experimental squeeze and a slow stroke. He glanced back up at Bull’s face and found his head tipped back, eyes squeezed shut.

He’d done that. Malcolm. The guy who’d been ghosted in the middle of his last date. Who’d been broken up with countless times for not being tall enough, or manly enough, or whatever excuse they came up with, but could they still be friends?

He'd turned Bull on before he'd even touched him, making his gigantic dick hard just by asking to see it, and then he'd given him pleasure with a single stroke.

It felt heady in a way he could definitely get used to. He felt powerful. Seductive. Sexy.

Bull's obvious arousal and the fact that Malcolm had caused it was ratcheting up his own at a surprising rate. Well, probably no more surprising than anything else that had happened in the last fifteen minutes.

Or what he was about to do if he could muster up the rest of his courage.

### CHAPTER SEVEN

Bull was pretty sure he was having an out-of-body experience.

That or someone had drugged him at the clubhouse, and he was hallucinating his wildest dream come to life.

Malcolm—the same Malcolm he'd been obsessed with and doing his fucking best to not let know just how deep the obsession went—was gripping his cock and jacking him.

There was no way this was happening.

He squeezed again, and Bull grunted, fire racing through him.

It was not even a good hand job, but it was perfection because it was Malcolm.

His sweet face was staring at Bull's junk like he couldn't quite believe what was happening either...

but he didn't stop. He didn't pull away in disgust or fear at the size of him.

Malcolm leaned closer, his warm breath lighting up the sensitive skin of Bull's glans, and he needed to stop this. Or come. Or beg Malcolm to grip him tighter, spit on his dick, and go faster .

No, he should definitely stop it. Before he shot come all over his employee's face for

fucking breathing on him too hard.

“We should—” His thick words turned garbled when his dick disappeared from view, the wild hair at the back of Malcolm’s head the only thing he could see, and then wetness . “ Christ .”

“Do you want me to keep going?” Malcolm asked, his lips brushing against the crown of Bull’s cock, and he was about to spank his perfect ass for teasing him and throwing his own words back at him.

“So you do have some brat in you,” Bull rumbled, tentatively carding his fingers through the wild waves he couldn’t look away from.

Malcolm shivered at the touch.

God damn.

“Ollie said being a brat is more fun than being sweet,” Malcolm whispered, rubbing his damp lips up and down Bull’s throbbing shaft. “Thought I’d try it out.”

“I regret letting you meet him.”

Malcolm lifted his head, and Bull sucked in a breath at the sight of him: flushed cheeks, wet mouth, and pupils blown to smithereens. “Really?”

There was an edge of... something in his voice, like he was honestly worried Bull could regret a single fucking moment of the night. He traced the shell of Malcolm’s ear. “No, baby boy. But don’t let him convince you to be anyone but who you want to be.”

A shy, beautiful smile broke over his face. “I won’t.”



“Good.” He licked his lips, wondering if it would be too much for Malcolm if he guided his face back down and encouraged him to go back to exploring Bull’s cock. Probably. No, definitely. “Do you want... What do you want?”

The flush in Malcolm’s cheeks deepened. “I don’t know. Can I just... do what feels right?”

“Of course.” Even if it killed Bull from a massive case of blue balls.

Smiling again, Malcolm shifted so he was on his knees, then leaned over the center console—the worst invention in the history of the world, Bull decided—and licked across his tip again, humming thoughtfully.

“I thought it would taste different.”

Bull thunked his head back onto the headrest, his thighs tensing automatically when Malcolm planted a hand on one to brace himself. “Different?”

In the dark corners of his mind, the places he liked to pretend weren’t there, he’d imagined having a moment like this with Malcolm. Fuck, he’d imagined a hundred different variations of Malcolm suddenly showing interest in sucking his dick.

But he never could have anticipated how chatty it would end up being.

For some reason—or at least a reason he wasn’t interested in examining too closely—he always imagined it being quick and furtive and dirty and then them going their separate ways.

This was a million times better.

Malcolm shrugged, his other hand disappearing and wrapping around the base of

Bull's dick. He bit back a groan, holding his hips still from sheer terror he'd freak Malcolm out if he tried to thrust into his face.

"It's okay if you don't like it," he said unsteadily, sliding his hand down to Malcolm's upper back, not wanting him to feel trapped by the hold in his hair.

"I didn't say that." Then he wrapped his lips around Bull's head and sucked lightly.

Lightning shot through him, and he couldn't completely keep his hips from moving, a ragged groan slicing the steamy air of his truck cab. "Fuck, baby. That feels so good."

He felt Malcolm shudder at his praise, his legs shifting restlessly, and Bull zeroed in on that tiny movement. Was Malcolm aroused too? Was he really getting off on sucking him?

Or was it just the pet names and praise? A reaction he couldn't help, just the submissive in him craving the attention, even if it was coming from a man.

He didn't know how to be sure, but he wouldn't deny Malcolm something they both enjoyed.

"You're a natural at this. Fucking perfect for me."

Malcolm gasped around his dick, hips swiveling.

Yeah, he liked that a lot. Bull wanted to shower him in praise, fill him up with kind words and unending affection, but before he could say anything else, he nearly swallowed his tongue as Malcolm took more of his cock into his warm mouth and moaned.

The vibration cascaded down his shaft and landed in his balls, drawing them up.

“Fucking fuck,” Bull groaned, fingers diving back into that soft hair all on their own.

“Your mouth is...” He grunted, Malcolm’s hand sliding up and down again but now so much easier with his slick spit smoothing the way.

“That’s it. Use your tongue on— yes , just like that, baby.

God, you’re so good at this, made to suck this big dick. ”

Malcolm’s movements quickened, tiny whimpers filling Bull’s ears and driving him out of his mind.

He was going to blow any second—he couldn’t hold back, not when he had the perfect boy eagerly sucking him.

The same one he’d dreamed about for months, had imagined getting to have a million times.

He didn’t know what he’d done to deserve getting Malcolm, but he’d thank every deity he could think of just as soon as his balls were empty.

That cute, pert little ass he’d done his best not to stare at shifted in the air again, and he couldn’t help but slide his hand down Malcolm’s firm back, pausing at his hip. Would he want Bull to touch him like that?

Slowly, he crept his fingers up and over the small curve of Malcolm’s ass, then squeezed.

Jolting, Malcolm lifted his head, wiping at his mouth in an obscene way that had Bull’s dick throbbing . He didn’t move his hand though, waiting to see what Malcolm would say.

“Okay?” Bull asked softly.

“Um.” Malcolm glanced away, eyes dropping to Bull’s chest and teeth sinking into his swollen bottom lip. He could almost hear his brain working, trying to decide if he liked the possessive touch or not. Raising his gaze, he nodded. “Only seems fair since I’m touching you.”

Bull lifted his hand away, frowning. “That’s not how consent works, baby boy. You’re allowed to say no to anything you don’t want, same as me.”

A soft smile graced his lips. “I know, Bull. I was teasing.” Then he pursed his lips in thought. “Wait, is there something you don’t want me to do?”

Bull snorted. “I literally can’t think of a single thing I wouldn’t let you do.”

Malcolm ducked his head, but Bull caught his grin. Cupping his adorable, pointed chin, Bull lifted his face, holding his eyes as he dropped his other hand back onto his ass. His lips parted, eyes wide, but he didn’t try and look away.

“You sure this is okay?”

His pink tongue peeked out, swiping at his distracting lips. “I’m sure.”

“What if I want to slip my fingers inside these jeans?” Bull asked, pressing his fingers into the sensitive underside of Malcolm’s cheek through the rough material. “What if I want to come on your gorgeous face as I touch your sexy little ass?”

Malcolm sucked in a breath, lashes fluttering as he blinked quickly. “I don’t... I’m not sure...”

Bull nodded. “It won’t happen, then.”

The conflict in those pretty eyes would be enough for him, the knowledge that Malcolm was even tempted to let Bull grope him like that and leave his mark on his skin. He'd take whatever he could get because he knew there was a pretty good chance he'd never have another opportunity like this again.

"Um." Malcolm couldn't quite meet his gaze. "You can... on my face though. If you want to."

He groaned, squeezing his eyes shut for a second.

"You don't have to— I thought you— It's okay if?—"

Bull pressed his thumb against his lips, silencing the tumble of words. "I want that. More than you can possibly understand."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

"I never really got that," Malcolm said, voice soft and confessional. "The need to come on someone else."

Bull shrugged. "Some guys just like how it looks, others... like the power trip. For me..." He pictured white streaks on Malcolm's flushed face and shuddered. "I don't think I should tell you."

"Why not?" Malcolm whispered, smirking and giving Bull a couple of quick strokes, nearly taking his brain completely off-line at the easy way he did it. Like it was nothing to casually stroke Bull while they chatted.

"I don't want to scare you off."

Eyebrows winging up, Malcolm shook his head. “If sucking you hasn’t...”

That might be true, but since Bull wasn’t really sure why Malcolm was doing it or what he was really getting out of it, he couldn’t say with certainty that some of the more...

depraved things he imagined doing to Malcolm wouldn’t send him running.

His desire to leave something behind on Malcolm’s skin wasn’t so bad, but hearing it might push him over the edge and stop whatever was happening between them.

“I can be really possessive,” Bull said slowly, watching Malcolm carefully. “I like the idea of marking... someone as mine.”

Could Malcolm tell he’d almost said you ? Almost admitted he’d dreamed of leaving come and bruises all over his sexy little body?

Swallowing, Malcolm whispered, “Oh. Okay.”

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When he didn't say anything else—or run from the car in disgust—Bull slipped his hand to the back of Malcolm's head and applied the slightest pressure, prompting him. “Let me feel that perfect fucking mouth again first, then I'll paint your gorgeous face.”

“ Bull ,” Malcolm whimpered, but he didn't say anything else or resist the light touch urging him downward. He fell back onto Bull's lap with an eagerness that made sweat drip down Bull's spine.

As soon as his lips wrapped around the end of Bull's cock again, he groaned, letting him hear how good he was making him feel. “That's it, baby boy. Get it nice and wet.”

Malcolm moaned, some of his spit dripping down to Bull's tight balls, and he shivered.

He loved sloppy blowjobs, loved how good it felt when the person let go of trying to look hot and just worked to get him off.

Eyes rolling back, he tightened his hold on Malcolm's hair and ass, helping him find a fast rhythm as he bobbed up and down.

“ Yes . Fuck yes. I could live in this mouth,” he groaned, toes curling in his boots as he fought off finishing. He wanted to live in this moment for as long as possible; he wasn't ready for it to be over. But he also needed to come so fucking bad. “Take as much as you can— oh fuck !”

Malcolm lifted his head, coughing and taking a few quick breaths. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry, baby boy.” He could barely see straight, petting Malcolm’s ass to reassure him and pushing his hair back to see more of his face. “You gagging on my cock is hot as shit. I nearly came.”

Tilting his head, he glanced up at Bull, smiling a little. “It’s not a mood-killing reminder I don’t really know what I’m doing?”

Bull pushed Malcolm’s face back toward his dark red head with a little more force than before. “Fuck no. You don’t have to do it again, but it was hot. Trust me.”

Malcolm hummed thoughtfully and then stuck his tongue out, licking up the whole length of Bull’s shaft before popping the tip back into his mouth.

Bull gritted his teeth, doing his best not to be too aggressive as he guided Malcolm’s movements.

The wet sounds rang in his ears, adding to the momentum building inside him.

“Stroke the rest, nice and fast,” he managed to say. “Get me right to the edge, baby.”

His fist immediately sped up, shuttling up and down and twisting to touch as much as possible. The combination was exactly what Bull needed, rushing him toward the end.

“Perfect. You’re so fucking perfect. You’re so good at this I’m going to come embarrassingly fast.” He groaned, hips twitching as he tried to time things just right while his damn brains were getting scrambled in his skull.

Malcolm moaned, the fingers on Bull’s thigh digging in, the ones on his cock



tightening almost to the point of pain.

That was all he could take.

“Shit, shit, shit.” He gasped for breath as he yanked Malcolm’s mouth off him and then switched hands so he could hold him in place by his hair while he jerked himself over the finish line.

He wrapped his hand right over Malcolm’s so much smaller one and picked up the pace of their strokes. “Stay right there, baby.”

Grunting, he started to come, seed shooting from him. Malcolm’s head blocked most of the view, the tight space between Bull and the steering wheel not offering much room to maneuver. It didn’t matter though—he’d get to see the end result.

He tightened his grip, stroking himself a few more times and squeezing out every last drop he could, then swiped the tip against Malcolm’s cheek. Chest heaving, he slumped back against his seat and let his arms drop. “Let me see, baby. Sit up for me.”

For a second, Malcolm didn’t move, then he planted both hands on Bull’s thighs and pushed himself upright. Come was dripping off his lashes, with more smeared on his cheeks and a sexy dollop on his lower lip.

“ Fuck .” He cupped the sides of Malcolm’s face and swiped his thumbs back and forth, rubbing his seed into his skin. “You look so sexy. This sight is burned in my brain.”

Malcolm nodded shakily, slipping free from Bull’s light hold and moving back to his own seat. His eyes were a little too wide, mouth open as he tried to catch his breath.

Bull furrowed his brows. “Are you okay?”

Malcolm didn’t respond, just glanced around the truck’s cab like he was searching for something.

“Malcolm?”

His head jerked up, and he zeroed in on Bull. “Yeah?”

His voice was all wrong. Not the sweet, surprised tone he used when he couldn’t believe Bull was calling him gorgeous or the shy, flirty one Bull had been gifted a few times. That single word was said flatly, without any intonation.

“What’s going on, baby?” He wanted to reach for him again, maybe pull him fully into his lap and give him a hug, but he could tell his touch wouldn’t be welcomed. “What can I do?”

Malcolm shook his head, eyes dropping to Bull’s crotch and then away again.

Glancing down, Bull realized his cock was still half-hard, its length and weight pulling it straight out from his body like a third fucking leg between his other two.

Old insecurities bubbling up, he quickly tucked himself back into his underwear, arching his hips to tug his jeans back into place.

He was still struggling to get redressed when the passenger door popped open.

Malcolm was gone before he could do anything but glance up, the cool night air whisking in and smothering any good feelings he had left. What the fuck had he just done? Why had he gone along with things? He knew it would end like shit. He knew Malcolm didn’t really want him.

Fuck.

Scrubbing at his face, he turned off his truck and shoved open his own door, checking the street as he prowled around to close the passenger side.

Malcolm's taillights were already at the corner, his blinker flashing too fast and making Bull frown.

Did he know that meant a bulb was burned out or was about to be?

Did he know how to replace it so he didn't pay an arm and a leg at a shitty body shop?

He slammed the truck door shut and shook his head.

Stop . Malcolm wasn't his to look after.

No matter what had just happened, Malcolm's response made it crystal clear he already regretted it.

For whatever reason, he'd gotten caught up in the moment or felt like he owed Bull something for being nice to him.

Whatever it was, he should have fucking known better.

His house was silent, the low light over his kitchen sink the only one illuminating the open space.

For once, he was grateful. The last thing he wanted was to catch sight of himself in a mirror or some other reflective surface.

His stomach was churning, thoughts racing as he tried to figure out how to fix what he'd just broken.

Grabbing a bottle of water, he chugged half, then pulled out his phone.

Bull

I just got a confusing blowjob.

Even though it was late, he knew his brother was probably still awake. The man was a total night owl, stemming from years of insomnia. Sure enough, Marv texted back almost immediately.

Marv

Idk what that means.

Neither did he.

Bull

I fucked up. Malcolm must have thought he owed me something? I don't know. I thought he was into it but then afterward he bolted.

Hopefully, he didn't quit. He knew Malcolm needed the job and the higher-than-average wages they paid at Bo's even before tips. Maybe he should say something to Dahlia, let her know Malcolm was freaking out and needed a friend.

Fuck, no. She was out of town for the weekend.

He banged his head against the fridge, wishing he could go back and say no when

Malcolm asked him to take his fucking dick out of his pants and show it to him.

At least... he should want that. Groaning, he stood upright and drank the rest of his water.

Because he was a terrible, terrible man, he didn't wish that at all.

He couldn't force himself to regret what had happened. Not when he got to have the memory of Malcolm moaning around his cock like he truly liked blowing him.

A soft thump drew his eyes to the sliding glass door. He hadn't seen the cat he'd fed in days, so he'd assumed she'd found her way back home. Or at least hoped that was what had happened. The idea she may not have come back because she'd been hurt—or worse—had been too much for him to contemplate.

Striding over, he glanced at his phone as he reached for the outside light switch.

Marv

Give me twenty minutes and I'll be there. Need me to bring beer?

He flicked on the light and stared at the familiar furry face... and the three tiny ones surrounding her. Two mini versions of her and one a gorgeous all-white fluffball.

Bull

I have beer. But I need a pet carrier. Or maybe two. And the number to the best vet in the area.

Marv

WHAT

### CHAPTER EIGHT

Malcolm

SOS!!!!

He'd lain awake most of the night, unable to stop thinking about what had happened in Bull's truck.

The few times he'd managed to doze off, his subconscious had helpfully replayed the scene, except he didn't run away afterward.

Oh no. In his dreams, he stayed, and Bull used that huge dick of his to?—

He shivered.

His mind wouldn't stop swinging wildly back and forth between abject shock at what he'd done and a horniness unlike any he'd ever experienced before.

Which was probably what was freaking him out the most. Not only had he sucked another man's dick, but...

he'd loved it. He'd gotten hard as hell knowing he was turning Bull on so much, yeah, but also from the silky feel of his cock against his tongue and the inside of his cheeks.

The taste of him. The overwhelming way he'd struggled to take even half of the

length into his mouth.

And then there was the way Bull had talked to him.

The man had barely spoken to him all the months they'd worked together, but the second his dick was out of his pants, it was like he couldn't hold back, telling him how to please him and what a good job he was doing.

"Fuck..." he groaned, turning to yell into his pillow. He was hard. Again.

His balls ached from being in a constant state of arousal all night, like he hadn't come in weeks or months. Except... he had come.

In his pants.

From Bull telling him how perfect he was at sucking his giant cock.

His phone vibrated, startling him, and he dug through his bedding until he found it.

LBF

What happened?? Are you okay??

Was he? Bull had asked the same thing after coming all over Malcolm's face. He still had no idea if he was or not.

Malcolm

I did something really dumb

Like... really dumb



LBF

Oh god, what did Ollie convince you to do? Dance on a table or something? Is there video evidence? Have Bull call Six. He'll make Ollie delete it.

He chuckled breathlessly. God, he wished that was all it was. If he'd just gotten drunk and acted like an idiot, his morning might have been more physically painful from the hangover, but he'd probably not be having an existential crisis on whether he was gay now.

Malcolm

Worse

LBF

Okay spill. You're really starting to scare me.

Rubbing at his face, he asked if they could talk on the phone, then felt even worse.

Malcolm

You're probably super busy getting ready for the shower. It's fine. We can talk when you get home.

He'd barely hit Send, and his phone was vibrating with an incoming call... an incoming video call.

Groaning, he answered, one arm thrown over his face.

"What are you doing? I can't see you," Dahlia said as soon as they connected. There

was some noise in the background, music and a few other feminine voices, but it went quiet a second later. “Okay, I’m locked in Becca’s parents’ bathroom. Tell me what happened.”

He took a deep breath. He could do this. He wanted someone to talk to, and Dahlia was his best friend. She wouldn’t judge him. “I sucked Bull’s dick.”

She didn’t say anything for a long moment. A really long moment. Finally, “I’m sorry. I didn’t catch that. Can you uncover your face and repeat yourself? There’s no way I heard what I thought I did.”

He ripped his arm away and glared at his best friend, her face beautifully done up in dramatic makeup and hair curled into loose waves. “I said I sucked Bull’s dick!”

She rolled her lips inward, looking down at the floor.

“Are you... are you trying not to laugh?” He scrambled upright, indignant and a little hurt. “I’m serious!”

Shaking her head, she snorted, then cleared her throat and looked up at the phone. “I’m sorry. I just... I really thought my ears were messing with me when you said that the first time. Are you freaking out?”

“Of course I’m freaking out !”

She jerked the phone back, grimacing. “Whoa.”

He took another breath. “Sorry, I just... My whole life, I thought... and now I’m suddenly gay?

Or bi. Or whatever. All because he was so nice and I wanted to do something nice for

him and my brain was dumb and decided licking his dick was the best thank-you I could give him and now how am I supposed to ever look him in the eye again? I know what his dick tastes like, Lia!”

Without realizing it, he’d glanced away, panting and gesturing at his dim, empty apartment like she was across the room. When he refocused on the screen, she was staring at him with wide eyes, a hand covering her mouth.

“Please say something,” he whispered, bending his knees and wrapping his arm around his legs.

“I’m trying to decide what would be most helpful right now,” she said back, just as softly. “I don’t want to downplay your feelings, but one blowjob does not have to mean you’re queer. Lots of straight people experiment, and it doesn’t change their orientation.”

He knew that was true, but... it wasn’t how last night had felt.

What had happened between him and Bull had felt profoundly life-changing.

“Okay,” he said slowly. “But what if...”

“What if?”

“What if I liked it. A lot.”

Her face scrunched up in thought. “Like you enjoyed doing something nice for him, or you enjoyed doing it.”

It was his turn to make a face as he thought about that. “Maybe both? And...”

“What?” Her eyes widened again, like she was preparing herself for another bombshell.

“I liked how he, um, talked to me. During.”

Her lips parted. “Bull’s a dirty talker? I should have guessed! It’s always the quiet ones, isn’t it?”

His face was on fire, but he forced himself to power on. “What do I do?”

“What do you want to do? How did you leave things afterward? If you agreed it was just a onetime thing, I don’t know that you need to worry he’ll make it weird. Bull’s not the type.”

“Um.”

She narrowed her eyes. “You guys did talk about it, right?”

“Not so much.” He covered his face again as she sighed at him.

“Poor little confused straight boy,” she tsked.

He peeked through his fingers. “I don’t think I’m straight, Lia.”

Saying it out loud like that eased some of the pressure in his chest. He wasn’t sure how he hadn’t known his whole twenty-two years that he liked men too, but he could ponder that later.

In that moment, it was freeing just to admit it to another person, the thing that had been circling his brain for hours.

He wasn't straight.

Her face gentled into a half smile. "Me either. Which leaves one question."

"Only one?"

"One, most important, question."

"What's that?" But he was pretty sure he knew what she was going to say.

Guilt over how he'd done a disappearing act on Bull had been eating at him.

He may not have had the exact same thing happen to him before, but he'd been ghosted, ignored, lied to, and made to feel less than more times than he cared to remember.

Bull deserved better than that. They both did. And not just because of work.

Instead of asking if he was going to go and talk to Bull, she was the one to land a bombshell. "Do you have feelings for Bull?"

His belly swooped, heart picking up its pace. Feelings? No, of course not. He barely knew Bull. How could he have feelings for the man?

He opened his mouth to tell her that, to brush off all the warm and fuzzies he'd gotten when Bull had rescued him. And then invited him out to cheer him up. And then watched over him all night.

Called him gorgeous.

Told him how perfect he was.

Possessively touched and marked him.

“Oh, shit.”

He cleared his throat and wiped his palms on his thighs twice. He could totally do this. It was just a conversation. And an apology for running away. And maybe a suggestion they could do some other stuff?

If he was brave enough to suggest that. He wasn't sure he was ready for everything , but he really had enjoyed sucking Bull off. The way he'd taken control, guiding Malcolm's head and telling him how well he was doing...

Heat coursed through him, and he bit his lip.

Yeah, he wouldn't say no to doing that again.

The drive to Bull's was quicker than his racing heart would have liked, but it wasn't like he could make the town bigger by force of will.

He passed the yarn place on Main Street and felt the same lurch in his chest he always did.

Before his nan passed, she'd taught him to crochet and would invite him over to work on projects together.

She'd always bought their yarn and supplies, so he'd been shocked the first time he'd gone into the shop—when he could look at the place and not be overwhelmed with grief—at the prices.

His budget didn't allow for “frivolous” things like hobbies.

He asked for supplies for his birthday and Christmas that year, but his family had ignored him, making snide remarks about how crocheting wasn't something he should like to do as a guy.

Turning onto Bull's street, he cringed, imagining their reactions when they found out he wasn't straight.

His parents would either call him a liar, tell him he was being selfish somehow, or not care at all.

But not in the we-love-our-child-no-matter-what kind of not caring.

The kind that made him feel small and insignificant because they made it clear they didn't care about him .

Evan would probably be an asshole and say he'd always known Malcolm was fruity .

That's what he called queer people, because he was secretly a Boomer stuck in the seventies.

He couldn't really think about that right now.

He'd talked to Dahlia for nearly an hour before Becca had come looking for her when people started showing up for the shower, and she'd helped him wrap his head around the realization of his orientation.

He still felt sort of ridiculous that he hadn't known before, but he also couldn't ever remember really looking at men and feeling attracted to them or wanting to date them.

He hadn't even noticed his growing feelings for Bull until after he'd sucked the

man's cock.

How could he be so oblivious?



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*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

Dahlia had stopped him before he could spiral all over again and pointed out that when a person was in survival mode, focusing all their time and energy on staying alive and meeting their most basic needs, it made sense they wouldn't have the mental or emotional capacity to figure themselves out.

He'd tried not to feel ashamed when she'd said that.

Survival mode . That was exactly what he was in—and had been for years—but a little piece of him died that it was so obvious to other people.

He knew it wasn't his fault, that he did the best he could and worked hard, but the shame was still there, eating at his self-esteem.

But that wasn't what he was focusing on as he slowed and pulled over to park on the curb in front of Bull's place. His money problems would still be there tomorrow, but whatever thing had happened between him and Bull might not be. Not after how horrible he'd been, running off like that.

Malcolm didn't know exactly what he wanted from Bull or where things might lead, but at the very least, he owed him an apology and explanation.

Climbing out of his Jetta, he barely noticed the loud noise the door made when he opened and then closed it, his attention on the back of Bull's truck.

There were quite a few bags and some boxes sitting and waiting for Bull to come and carry inside.

At first, Malcolm thought he'd just gotten back from grocery shopping, but as he got closer, walking slowly up the perfectly maintained driveway, he could make out some of the items. One large box was a cat tower.

There were three giant buckets of cat litter.

And a massive bag of both adult and kitten food.

Bull was a cat person ?!

He reached the open tailgate and used a finger to lift the edge of one of the plastic bags so he could peek inside. It was stuffed full of cat treats and toys and canned food.

Lord, how many cats did the man have?

“Hey.”

Malcolm jerked and whirled around, his face flaming at getting caught snooping. Oh, and the whole I-can-now-personally-attest-to-why-they-call-you-Bull thing. “Um, hey.”

Bull had on dark-tinted sunglasses, and Malcolm found he didn't like not being able to see his eyes.

He stood at the top of his porch steps for a moment, like he wasn't sure whether he should just go back inside or not, then slowly descended and traversed the curved sidewalk that connected the bottom with the driveway.

Narrow flower beds sandwiched the path, just as well maintained as the rest of the yard and porch.

It was obvious that not only did Bull take pride in his home, but he also had the money to make it look really nice.

He stopped right at the edge of the driveway and shoved his hands into the back pockets of his jeans.

His T-shirt was faded and well-worn, molding to his thick pecs and firm midsection, straining around his massive biceps.

The words across the front were hard to read, but he could just make out Clinton 2016 .

Why that made his heart flutter, he wasn't sure, but he was just going to go with it.

Bull cleared his throat. "I didn't think I'd see you again."

Right. Because he'd run away after coming in his pants like a teenager.

"I..." Fuck. He should have practiced what he'd actually say.

His throat seized up, his fears and insecurities and hopes all fighting for space and blocking out the oxygen he needed to make words.

Running a hand through his hair, he dropped his eyes to his feet, unable to look at Bull in all his gigantic glory and make his voice box work. "I shouldn't have done that."

Okay, good start. Those definitely counted as words, and they made a complete sentence. Go him!

"Right," Bull said flatly, then sighed. "That's what I figured. You don't have to quit.

I'll tell my mom what happened, and she'll handle your schedule and?—”

Malcolm jerked his head up, eyes wide in panic.

“What? No! That’s not what I— No, I meant...

” He forced himself to stop and take a deep breath, then moved closer to Bull, shoulders hunched over.

“I didn’t mean I shouldn’t have, um, blown you.

” God, his face was on fire. He was a grown man—he should be able to talk about the blowjob he’d given Bull without nearly fainting with embarrassment.

“I meant, I shouldn’t have just left afterward without saying anything. ”

Bull’s eyebrows furrowed, his lips set in a firm line. “It’s okay you didn’t like it. You don’t have to try and make me feel better. Nothing that happened between us will jeopardize your job. I swear it.”

If Malcolm hadn’t already been sure he was more than just physically attracted to Bull, his fierce promise would have done him in.

Slowly, in case Bull didn’t want it, he closed the final foot between them, raising his arms to lay his hands on Bull’s abdomen and tipping his head back to look straight into his face.

“I did like it.”

For a second, Bull didn’t react at all, then his head cocked to the side just a fraction.

“What?”

Smiling, Malcolm pressed his hands more firmly against Bull. “I liked sucking you. I liked all of it.”

Bull pulled his sunglasses off—thank god—and his dark brown eyes were narrowed on him. “I don’t understand, Malcolm. Why did you take off like that then?”

Moment of truth. “I got freaked out—” Bull’s face started to close off, so he rushed to finish. “—at how much I liked it. And what that meant... about me.”

He didn’t say anything, studying Malcolm’s face. He had to remind himself that Bull did that, would pause and think things through before saying anything, and that it didn’t mean he was rejecting Malcolm.

“I’m sorry you felt you couldn’t tell me this last night.”

Malcolm felt like he’d been punched right in the heart. “Oh god, no. Bull, it wasn’t like that. I just... I think I was in a state of shock. But I called Dahlia this morning, and she helped me figure some stuff out.”

Bull’s eyes dropped to where Malcolm was now clutching his T-shirt. Embarrassed, he smoothed the fabric back out, then couldn’t stop petting him. Bull’s stomach wasn’t hard with a six-pack, but it was firm with just a little extra padding over top. It was... sexy.

It was still a little weird to think of another man that way, but it was getting easier, especially standing in front of a man like Bull. Especially knowing Bull was attracted to him. That gave him a boost of confidence he wouldn’t normally have.

“Can you forgive me?” Malcolm asked, voice husky.

Drawing his gaze up Malcolm’s body slowly, Bull ran his tongue over his bottom lip.

“You didn’t actually apologize for anything.”

Hadn’t he?

“Oh, right.” Embarrassed, he dropped his eyes, but Bull gently gripped his chin and tilted his face back up.

His heart thumped loudly, trying to escape his rib cage.

Bull’s fingers were warm and rough, unfamiliar yet enticing.

“I’m sorry I left without saying anything.

I’m sorry I made you feel like I didn’t like what happened between us. I’m sorry?—”

Bull leaned down and pressed his lips to Malcolm’s, silencing him with a soft kiss.

Bull was kissing him.

His lips moved slowly over Malcolm’s, gently exploring him and coaxing his stunned mouth to get with the program. Malcolm made a soft noise and tilted his head, letting his eyes fall shut. Following Bull’s lead, he kept his movements languid, sliding against soft lips.

Then Bull’s tongue licked at the seam of his mouth, and he jolted and moaned, body bumping into Bull’s and his focus splintering between parting his lips to let Bull inside and the feeling of his growing erection.

He wasn’t sure he’d ever get used to the fact that he could arouse Bull without really trying.

Him . Malcolm Heath Kerr. He was making Bull hard with a damn kiss!

When Bull bit his bottom lip, his knees nearly gave out, but strong hands grabbed his thighs and hoisted him up. He pulled back to gape at him as Bull easily carried him toward the house. Instead of saying anything, Bull just leaned in and kissed his throat.

Which felt amazing. He'd always been sensitive there, a well-placed lick sending shivers down his spine. Without even seeming to try, Bull found all the best spots, zeroing in and giving all of his attention to them until Malcolm was moaning and clutching at his shoulders.

“You’re so responsive, baby,” Bull mumbled against his skin, using one hand— one—to hold him up so he could use the other to open the door, then kicked it shut behind them. “Not getting enough attention, hm?”

God, wasn’t that the truth. He’d only had a handful of sexual encounters in his life, and most of them were during his one year of college. Since then, he’d been more focused on eating than hooking up, and his time on dating apps the last six months or so had been amazingly awful.

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye, something gray and fluffy scurrying away in a hurry, but forgot all about it when teeth bit into him, his hips jerking forward instinctively as pleasure shot through him.

“Bull!”

He just grunted in response, lowering them to a huge couch and arranging Malcolm’s legs so he was straddling him.

He barely noticed the sliding glass door he was staring at, overwhelmed at just how fast things were moving.

He'd thought he'd have to do some serious groveling to get back on Bull's good side, but Bull seemed to be skipping right past that and into the after-dark events, despite it being 10:00 a.m. on a Sunday and them both having to be at work later that day.

Two big hands slid up his thighs and wrapped around his hips, encouraging him to roll against that huge snake growing down his left thigh.

It felt good, amazing even, and he nearly let himself get lost in the moment, but then one of those hands slipped behind him and grabbed his ass, and he couldn't stop himself from stiffening.

Bull's lips froze against the hinge of his jaw, and both hands left his body. "Sorry. That... That wasn't okay."

Malcolm cleared his throat and forced himself to meet Bull's eyes.

His pupils were wide, nearly swallowing all of the dark chocolate, and his lips were damp.

Even without the erection pressing against him, he'd have known Bull was turned on just by looking at him.

And it was hot, knowing it was because of him.

"It's okay. I just... I think we should talk some more first." He pinched his lower lip between his teeth, trying to figure out how to word what he wanted to say, and Bull made a low sound in his throat. "What was that for?"

"You, chewing on that lip four inches from my face."

"Oh." For some reason, his face started to heat, but he couldn't stop his smile either.



“Sorry. I didn’t mean to tease you.”

“I can handle it,” Bull said, letting out a slow breath and leaning back against the couch.

Malcolm frowned. If he could handle it, why was he putting space between them? Maybe... Did he want Malcolm to get off his lap?

Flustered, he lifted his hands off Bull’s shoulders and glanced to either side of him, trying to figure out how to dismount and wondering how women always looked so graceful doing stuff like this. “Sorry, I should... I didn’t... I can move.”

“You don’t have to move, baby boy. Consider my lap your fucking throne. You can sit on it whenever you please.”

Heat punched through him, lighting him up and burning away his reservations. No one spoke to him like that. No one had ever treated him as precious. No one could turn his muscles to liquid with a few words. Until this man came along and blew up everything he’d known about himself.

“Fuck,” he whispered, then fell on Bull and locked their mouths together once more.

### CHAPTER NINE

The boy in his lap was temptation personified.

Bull couldn't help kissing back, dipping his tongue inside that warm mouth he was already addicted to.

Malcolm was plastered all down his front, a tiny, needy lapful of gorgeousness, and he was making the sexiest little whimpering sounds as he clung to Bull, fingers grasping at the back of his head and neck.

But Bull kept his hands to himself, laying his arms on the back of the couch and gripping the cushions.

His cock was throbbing with a heartbeat of its own, but he forced himself to break their mouths apart. "I thought—" Malcolm chased after him, forcing the rest of his sentence to come out muffled against his lips. "—you wanted to talk?"

Malcolm sucked on his lower lip. "I do, yeah. We... we should do that."

"Baby boy, you are sending mixed messages," he mumbled, then gently bit him.

Gasping, Malcolm sat back a little, touching his lip. "You bit me."

"Just a tiny nip," Bull said, staring at his damp mouth. Fuck, he wanted more, wanted to get that mouth on his dick again, wanted to lick every inch of Malcolm's body.

He just... wanted.

He took a deep breath and met Malcolm's eyes, which were a little hazy, pupils dilated. Not a lot less distracting. "We should finish the conversation we were having outside."

Malcolm sat back fully, running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, you're right. I didn't just come to apologize. I thought... Well, you see I... The thing is..."

Bull started chuckling; he couldn't help himself. The annoyed frown he got in response was adorable. "Sorry, go ahead."

Except... Malcolm just slumped and shook his head. "I don't know where to start."

His instincts were screaming at him to help, to comfort, and he decided to listen to them, praying they wouldn't steer him wrong or scare off the sweet boy in his lap.

Slowly, he cupped Malcolm's cheek, giving him plenty of time to tell him to stop or move back.

He didn't. Instead, he let out a quiet breath and leaned into the touch, eyes falling shut.

"Can you tell me what parts you enjoyed last night?"

"All of it."

Bull grinned, his ego loving that answer. "How about what you liked best?"

Dark blue eyes peeked a look at him. "The way you talked to me," he whispered, cheeks turning a lovely shade of pink. "And, um, knowing it was me that was turning

you on.”

Bull traced beneath his lower lip. “I liked talking to you that way too. I could tell how much you liked hearing what a good job you were doing. Praising you is easy, baby. And you never have to worry about turning me on.”

Malcolm furrowed his brows in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“I mean you turn me on just by existing. You can smile at a customer, and I’ll start to get hard.

When you laugh, I have to leave the room until I can calm myself down.

” At Malcolm’s disbelieving look, Bull shrugged.

“It’s true. I’m aware of you whenever you’re near me, and I have to work not to stare at you the whole time. ”

Squirming a little, Malcolm admitted, “I caught you once last night at the clubhouse.”

“Only once?” Bull grinned.

“I liked that too,” he said, playing with the hem of Bull’s shirt. “I liked that you were looking after me even though you were with your friends. It made me feel important.”

“You are important,” Bull said fiercely, tipping his face up to meet his eyes.

“You are important. Never doubt that. And even if you decide not to explore this—”  
He gestured between the two of them.

“—you can always count on me to keep an eye on you if I’m around.

That won't change, no matter what you decide. ”

Malcolm sucked in a hitching breath. “You say these things... Before yesterday, you barely spoke to me! Now you're seducing the pants off me without seeming to try.”

He snorted, ignoring how his blood heated at the idea of Malcolm losing his pants or the fact his cock hadn't deflated at all where it pressed against the underside of his ass despite being trapped in his jeans.

“Before yesterday, I didn't know how to talk to you without making it obvious I was attracted to you. ”

Eyes flicking down for a second, Malcolm quietly asked, “Are you just attracted to me? Or is it... more?”

Fuck. How was he even sexier when he was shy like this?

“It's more for me,” Bull said, like that was an easy thing to confess. His heart was racing though. He was laying his shit all the way out there and would get burned if Malcolm decided he wasn't really interested. “It's been more for a while. Even though I tried to fight it.”

Malcolm grimaced. “Oh, okay.”

Bull palmed the other side of his face, making sure he heard him clearly. “I don't know what just went through your head, but I can guarantee it's wrong. I fought my feelings for you because I knew they would only end with me getting hurt.”

“Why?” Malcolm whispered, eyes wide.

He raised his brows. “Because I thought you were straight, baby.”

“Oh, right.” Malcolm squeezed his eyes shut, so Bull released him, letting him tuck his head and hide. “Duh.”

“But you’re not, right?” Bull asked tentatively, not wanting to press but needing at least a little reassurance before he completely lost his heart to this man. “Is that what Dahlia was helping you with this morning?”

Malcolm nodded, still not lifting his eyes. “Yeah. Well, no. I guess not really. I’d already come to that conclusion around the time you, um, were in my mouth, and I was enjoying it, not just doing it as a thank-you.”

“Fuck,” Bull hissed, shifting as his cock throbbed at the words in my mouth like that was a damn invitation. Instead, he tried to focus on the rest of what Malcolm said. “Is that why you did it? You thought you owed me a thank-you?”

That got him to jerk his head up, eyes narrowing. “No, I didn’t think I owed you a thank-you. I wanted to thank you. There’s a difference. I felt like you deserved something nice after everything you’d done for me and how you’re always so kind and generous.”

It was Bull’s turn to blush, his cheeks heating at the praise.

“But it became more than that really quickly,” Malcolm added, voice thick. His eyes trailed down Bull’s chest and stomach. “So yeah, I already knew before I talked to her that I wasn’t one hundred percent straight.”

Bull swallowed. “Good to know.”

“But she did help me figure out I wasn’t just... attracted to you,” Malcolm whispered, meeting his gaze again. “Somehow, without me even realizing it, I’ve developed feelings for you.”

There was a buzzing in Bull's head as time seemed to slow.

There was no way Malcolm had just said what it sounded like.

Was there?

No...

But it had sounded like...

"Bull? Did you hear what I said?"

His focus zeroed in hard on Malcolm's worried face and pinched brows. "Yeah, yes, I'm sorry." He shook his head, trying to clear out the lingering disbelief. "Baby boy, you have no idea what it does to me to hear you say that."

That shy smile reappeared, punching Bull in his gut. Or his feelings. His feelings' guts.

Malcolm glanced down at Bull's groin, cheeks pinkening. "I have a little bit of an idea."

Bull snorted, dropping his arms to his sides and letting his fingers barely brush against Malcolm's jean-covered knees where they pressed into the cushions near his hips.

"That's not what I meant. I meant..." He swallowed, words swirling inside his head.

He wanted to get this right. This moment couldn't have higher stakes.

If he didn't adequately express how he felt, Malcolm might disappear as fast and

unexpectedly as he'd shown up.

But words, heartfelt words anyway, weren't exactly his strength. Dirty praise was easy. He could tell Malcolm how sexy he was every minute of every day. But explain how his heart felt full at the mere idea of Malcolm having honest-to-god feelings for him?

Fuck him running.

A grin began to spread over Malcolm's face, his hands landing on Bull's chest. Could he feel his heart pounding as his anxiety grew? "You meant...?"

Running his tongue over his lips, he carefully said, "I meant that hearing you say you're developing feelings for me makes me very happy." Very happy ? Jesus, he could do better than that. "And I... My heart... When I hear that..."

"Oh my god," Malcolm said, trying and failing to stifle a laugh. "You're so bad at this."

Bull's face heated. "Shit, I'm sorry, baby.

I just... I don't know how to tell you I've been fantasizing about hearing you say things like that to me for months.

That it makes my heart feel like it's exploding, but in a good way.

That yeah, you make my dick hard, of course, but you also make me want to protect you from every asshole who's ever made you feel bad about yourself because you are fucking precious to me. "

Neither of them said anything for a long moment, just staring at each other in shock,



breaths a little heavier than they should be. Then Malcolm muttered, “Yeah, definitely not straight,” and fell forward once again, arms going around Bull’s neck and lips landing on his panting mouth.

Bull groaned and kissed back, losing himself in the moment and taste.

He kept his hands at Malcolm’s knees, not wanting to startle him again, and kept his focus on how Malcolm was squirming on his lap, moaning into his mouth, and Bull was pretty sure he was going to come in his pants if he kept it up.

But he couldn’t stop. He wasn’t sure he’d ever have enough of the feel and taste of this sweet boy.

“Bull,” Malcolm groaned, pressing his face against the side of Bull’s and panting. “Why aren’t you touching me?”

He sucked in a few deep breaths in an attempt to clear the lust from his brain. “I don’t want to go too fast for you. You’re setting the pace, baby boy.”

Making a soft sound, Malcolm tucked himself down into Bull’s throat and mumbled something. His arms were wedged under Bull’s, and his hands gripped the back of his shoulders like he was holding on for dear life.

“What was that?”

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Malcolm let out a deep breath but didn't raise his head, repeating himself a little louder. "Why do I have to set the pace?"

Smiling at the top of his head, Bull said, "Because when I touched your ass a minute ago, you weren't into it. And you weren't into me touching you under your clothes last night. It's okay to not be ready and need to take things slowly."

"Not this slowly," Malcolm grumbled. "And it's not that I wasn't into you touching me. I just... I'm not ready for everything."

"That's okay." Bull ran a hand down Malcolm's spine, following the curve of his body but stopping before he reached the base. "Again, we can go as slow?—"

He lifted his head and pouted. "Don't treat me with kid gloves."

"I'm not." He frowned and slid his hand back up to grip the back of Malcolm's neck. "I'm trying to respect you and your limits without actually knowing what they are."

"Oh." He slipped his hands around and placed them on Bull's chest, sitting up straighter. "Um, I'm not ready for sex, I don't think."

"Okay." Bull nodded, not surprised. "All sex or just cock-in-ass sex?"

Malcolm's face flushed, and he cleared his throat. "The second one."

He forced back a smile. Sometimes he forgot how much younger Malcolm was than him, but his easy embarrassment over talking about sex seemed to highlight those

thirteen years in neon. He supposed part of the shyness came from never having had the discussion with another man before.

“What about mouths and hands?”

Malcolm rolled his eyes playfully. “I already said I liked sucking your dick, and I’m sure I’d enjoy getting one too.”

“Good to know, but I meant on your ass.”

Blue eyes widened in shock. “Oh, right, yeah, um...”

Bull smirked. “If you don’t want me to touch your ass at all, I can wait.”

“You really want to put your mouth on my ass?”

“Well, yeah,” Bull said, brows furrowing. “Your ass is sexy as shit. Of course I want to rim you.”

Malcolm squirmed against him, covering his eyes with one hand. “You can’t just say that.”

He snorted, laying both hands on Malcolm’s strong thighs and giving him a quick squeeze. “I can, and I will. If you said yes, I’d flip you over on this couch, peel your jeans off, and shove my tongue into your hole as fast as possible.”

Malcolm dropped his hand to gape at him, face bright red.

Shrugging, he added, “But I’m also not going to pressure you into doing things you aren’t ready for just because I’ve been fantasizing about it for a while.”

“I don’t think I’m ready for that quite yet,” Malcolm said softly and swallowed.

“Okay.” He squeezed again. “Why don’t we just say that for now, your ass is off-limits until you tell me otherwise. How does that sound?”

Malcolm scrunched up his face in thought. “What about... you can touch it, but don’t put anything, um, inside until I say otherwise?”

Heat scorched through him. “Just to be clear, are you okay with me touching your hole as long as I don’t go past that?”

“Yeah,” Malcolm said on a shuddery breath. “Yeah, I think that’ll be okay. I’ve never, um, done that before though.”

A fierce, illogical possessiveness stabbed at his gut, wanting to claw out and crow with happiness.

He swallowed it back, slipping a hand to the side of Malcolm’s neck, his fingers curling around the back, and tugged him forward.

Gently, he pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth and said softly, “That’s okay.

I think you’ll like it, but if you don’t, just tell me to stop, and I will, baby. I promise.”

“I know you will,” Malcolm whispered, tipping his head back a little, encouraging Bull to drag his lips down his jaw to his throat. “Are we done talking for a while? I really want to come now.”

“Whatever you want, baby boy,” he growled, licking the spot that made Malcolm shiver. “Undo your pants for me.”

“ Thank fuck ,” he groaned, hands dropping to his button and zipper without hesitation.

Bull pressed his smile into the hinge of his jaw, then leaned back to enjoy the show. Malcolm’s fingers were trembling just a little, making him fumble with the tab of his zipper, but he got it down without needing help.

Though Bull would have been happy to lend a hand.

As soon as he was done, Malcolm looked up at him, waiting to see what Bull wanted him to do next. Fuck, he was sweet in his submission without even realizing it.

“Do you want my mouth, hand, or to rub against my cock?” He still had his hand on Malcolm’s neck and felt him swallow. Grinning, he ran his thumb down the front of his throat and the bump of his Adam’s apple. “Rub against my cock it is.”

He eased Malcolm up and off him, then stood, too, and quickly tugged his shirt off. He had his jeans undone and halfway down his thighs when curious fingers touched one of his nipples.

“You have your nipples pierced?” Malcolm asked, an edge of awe in his voice.

“Yeah. Tay tried to convince me to do my cock, but I stood firm, so we compromised.” He winked when Malcolm glanced up at his face, letting him know he was kidding. Sort of. He kicked off his pants and stuck his thumbs in his waistband. “Are you going to get undressed?”

“Hm?” Malcolm flicked the barbell, and Bull hissed at how good it felt. “Oh yeah.”

Bull watched his face to make sure he didn’t seem overly nervous, but Malcolm didn’t hesitate to peel off his clothes.

They held each other's eyes as they lowered their underwear, the moment feeling enormous in its importance but natural too, like they'd done this before and didn't have anything to be worried about.

When his briefs hit the floor, he stood up straight, letting Malcolm look all he wanted and taking his time to run his gaze over every tantalizing inch of him as well.

He only had a little hair between his pecs, and his happy trail was a little thicker, leading to a cock that was probably a solid six inches.

In fact, it seemed a little large on his short, lean body.

The hair around the base was neatly trimmed, unlike Bull's.

Manscaping had never been his thing, but he loved it on Malcolm.

It was probably just a personal preference, but he loved the idea that he'd done it for Bull.

"You're so fucking sexy," Bull said hoarsely.

"I think I'd convinced myself it wasn't as big as I remembered," Malcolm said absently, seeming to not have heard Bull, eyes glued on his cock.

He wrapped his hand around himself and gave a few quick strokes, the caveman in him beating his chest at the way Malcolm sucked in a breath, lips parted. Smirking, he sank back down onto the couch and patted his thighs.

"Come here, baby boy. Climb back onto your throne and make yourself feel good."

### CHAPTER TEN

“Ouch, shit.”

Malcolm pressed his lips together to prevent his laughter from spilling but still snorted out of his nose at Bull shaking out his hand.

He got a mock glare in return, but Bull’s chocolate eyes melted at the sight of him, just like they’d done every time he’d glanced at Malcolm ever since he’d pulled on Bull’s shirt.

He squirmed into the plush couch, his skin heating in all the places Bull’s come had coated him an hour ago. “Don’t maim yourself over there.”

Bull grunted and turned back to his project: a mostly completed, massive cat tower. “Why include instructions if they aren’t going to make sense?”

“At least you read the instructions,” he offered, snickering again at the dry look he received in response. “Can I help?”

He shook his head—just like he had the other two times Malcolm had offered—and went back to work. “I got it, baby. You just relax.”

Warmth seeped through him at the familiar words.

He’d said them—or a version of them—each time Malcolm had volunteered to help with the tower, and when he’d attempted to go out to the truck with him to collect the

rest of his purchases, and when Malcolm had tried to insist he could help with making food after they'd cleaned up in the bathroom together.

Each time Bull refused—calling him baby or baby boy in the process—and instructed him to relax or to just let Bull take care of him, it did things to Malcolm's insides.

Turning his guts into a pile of marshmallows, for starters.

Was this how some people really treated their... Huh. What were they? They hadn't gone on a date or really spent time together in a get-to-know-you capacity like he had in the past before taking the step of being in a relationship with the woman he was seeing.

And yet, Malcolm knew what his cock tasted like. And how it felt to rub against the beast while Bull whispered in his ear how sexy he was. And that when Bull squeezed his ass, his hands were so big his fingertips dipped between his cheeks, and that excited Malcolm so much he came all over himself.

But he didn't know as much about Bull as he wanted to. A horrible thought occurred to him, and it must have shown on his face because when Bull glanced over, he immediately started to rise, concern etched in his brow.

"What's wrong?"

Malcolm covered his face and groaned. "Oh my god."

"Baby, tell me what's happening." There was a firm command in his voice, an edge of dominance that pulled at something in Malcolm's chest, loosening the words despite his embarrassment.

"I've made you come twice, and I don't know your real first name!" he cried,



dragging his hands down and pulling at his face, then flopping onto his back. “I’m such a slut.”

Bull snorted, coming to stand next to the couch and tower over him.

Since Malcolm had stolen his shirt, he only had on the well-worn jeans with holes in the knees.

The rest of him was bare to Malcolm’s ravenous eyes, his gaze lingering on those pierced nipples every time they caught the light and the tantalizing happy trail that led to the monster in his low-slung jeans.

“Come here,” Bull said, smiling at him and offering a hand.

Malcolm took it without hesitation and let himself be pulled upright and then maneuvered back onto Bull’s lap after he sat down against the arm of the couch. They were about the same height, since Bull was slouched down a little, and he liked that he could look right into his eyes.

And he had a feeling it was going to become his favorite seat in the house.

“My first name is Mark,” Bull said.

Malcolm pulled a face. “You don’t seem like a Mark.”

He shrugged and ran his hands down the sides of Malcolm’s thighs, teasing at the edge of his T-shirt where it had hiked up a little and bringing goose bumps to the surface. “You can take that up with my moms, but it’s probably because I’ve gone by Bull since high school.”

“Oh yeah? That’s a long time to go by a nickname. I guess it makes sense you seem

to personify that instead of... Mark.”

Bull laughed at the exaggerated way he said the name, like it really was strange and not a perfectly normal one.

Why was his heart beating faster over his reaction?

It wasn't like he'd never made someone laugh before, but Bull was usually so serious and reserved it felt like he'd broken through a shell and found a new layer to him.

And that... made him really happy.

Smiling, Malcolm settled against him more fully and rested his hands on Bull's warm chest, loving that he could touch his skin, be close to him and just talk, and it felt so easy.

There was no awkwardness between them now that they'd cleared the air.

He wasn't sure if it was because they had known each other for months or if it was because Bull was a man instead of a woman.

Maybe his brain was hardwired to be nervous around women but relaxed around men?

Or, a small voice in his brain whispered, it's because Bull so easily took charge, even in simple instances, like a conversation about his name.

Instead of letting Malcolm spiral or downplaying his feelings, Bull had just smiled, climbed on the couch, and cuddled him as he answered the unspoken question.

“Yeah,” Bull said, a small grin lingering on his face. “The guys on the football team

started calling me that, and it spread to the rest of the class, then to everyone else. My whole family has called me Bull for nearly two decades.”

“But the team started calling you by that because of the size of your dick, right? Not because of how big your body is?” Malcolm couldn’t help but confirm, leaning forward a little more.

Bull rolled his eyes. “Who told you that?”

“Ollie,” Malcolm confessed without hesitation. He was sure his new friend wouldn’t be mad. “It was literally like the first thing he said to me.”

Bull sighed heavily, his big hands sliding up to Malcolm’s hips and staying there, his grip light but noticeable through the thin shirt. “Six sure has a wild one with him.”

That seemed like an understatement to Malcolm, but he didn’t want to talk about them. “It’s true though, right?”

“Yes, it’s true. Most people assume it’s because of how—” He gestured at himself in a vague way.

“Tall and muscular, you are,” Malcolm finished, and for some reason, Bull started to blush a little.

“Yeah, I guess.”

“You guess?” Malcolm asked and clapped his hands on Bull’s massive shoulders. “Look at these beasts. You’re built like a tank.”

That made Bull laugh for some reason, but he just shook his head at Malcolm’s questioning look. “I was always the biggest guy in the room, taking up all the space.

Luckily, my moms let me play any sport I was interested in, which was pretty much all of them, so my size became an asset.”

“Did you play any sports in college?” He could totally imagine Bull moving around campus, embarrassed at all the attention he got by being some star footballer.

“Uh, no.” Bull cleared his throat and glanced away. “I played in some rec leagues, but I wanted to focus on my classes. Marv’s the smart one. Shit like school always came easy to him, but I had to work hard to get my degree.”

Malcolm frowned and slid his hands over Bull’s traps, up his neck, and then clasped the sides of his face, his long stubble brushing against his palms, nearly distracting him.

But he persevered, tilting Bull’s face up and saying, clearly, “Marv isn’t the smart one.

You’re smart too. We all know you’re basically running Bo’s, even if your mom does come in sometimes. ”

God, it should not have been so sexy for a man his size to blush and smile like Malcolm’s assurance embarrassed him, but he also liked hearing it.

Before he could argue—which Malcolm could tell he was about to do, no doubt downplaying the very real work he put in at Bo’s—he doubled down.

“I’m serious, Bull. Just because you’re not an accountant doesn’t mean you’re not smart and don’t have skills.

Your mom wouldn’t be getting you ready to take over the business completely if she didn’t know for sure you could handle it. ”

“I guess,” Bull said slowly, but he hesitated, brows furrowing in concentration.

Malcolm let him have the time he needed to figure out what he wanted to say, absently brushing a thumb over one of those brows and then across his cheekbone before letting his hands settle at the top of Bull’s chest, his fingers tracing over his pronounced collarbones.

“I’m not sure I’m cut out to take over at Bo’s,” he confessed in a soft, hoarse voice, and Malcolm got the feeling it was the first time he’d ever said the words out loud.

“Why would you think that?”

“I do a lot now, you’re right, but that’s with the safety net of having her there. Once she retires...”

Malcolm tilted his head and smiled at him. “I don’t think Sally and Bo plan on moving out of town, do you?”

“No.”

“So even when she’s retired, if you ever have a question, I think that means you can call her.”

Bull rolled his eyes. “Yeah, but it won’t be the same.”

“You’re right,” Malcolm said. “I don’t mean to mitigate your fear here.

I’m just trying to give you a different perspective.

” He waited until Bull nodded before continuing.

“It’s okay if things don’t run exactly the same way once Sally leaves.

When that happens, it’ll be your business.

If you want to change the hours or the menu or renovate the dining room, you can. You can do anything you want.”

Bull made a face like he couldn’t conceptualize the idea of actually changing his mom’s restaurant.

He supposed he understood that. He knew Sally had opened the place when Bull and his brother were young, and they’d basically grown up there.

It probably really was difficult for him to imagine changing anything about the place.

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So Malcolm decided to change tack. “You’ve already learned the skills that you need to run Bo’s. You’ve been watching Sally most of your life and been doing a lot of the work for years now, according to Dahlia.”

“Yeah, but?—”

Malcolm pressed his fingers to his mouth, holding back his protest. “ And no matter what the future holds, if you make a mistake—which doesn’t seem likely,” Malcolm added quickly when Bull opened his eyes wide.

“But if you do and the place goes out of business, your moms aren’t going to stop loving you. You know that.”

Malcolm uncovered his mouth, and Bull’s big body rose beneath him as he took a deep breath and then let it out slowly. “I know you’re right, and maybe one day, I’ll actually feel ready.”

Shrugging, Malcolm said, “It’s okay to not ever feel completely ready. I think that means it’s something important when you’re nervous, you know?”

“I like that,” Bull said softly, staring at Malcolm like... Well, staring in a way that made the pile of marshmallows inside him begin to melt. “If it’s something important, it’s okay to be nervous when you do it.”

“Yeah,” he whispered back, his breath stuttering a little. The air between them felt charged in an exciting way he wasn’t quite ready for. “I mean, I didn’t come up with it,” Malcolm added with a light laugh. “But I definitely appreciate the concept. I’ve

had to use it myself sometimes.”

Bull raised his eyebrows and waited silently for Malcolm to continue, completely fine with letting the electric moment pass.

Except Malcolm hadn't meant to change the subject to his family .

“My family's not like yours,” he admitted, then scrunched his nose. “Though you probably could have guessed that after meeting my brother.”

“When did I meet your brother?”

Malcolm tilted his head, confused, then burst out laughing. “Oh, shit, right. I never actually introduced you guys or told you about what happened that day you picked me up in Ridgewood.”

Bull's eyes narrowed. “That asshole who was manhandling you was your brother?”

“Yeah, he and my parents don't exactly approve of the decisions I've made in my life.”

“Like, what kind of decisions?” Bull asked, frown still firmly etched in his brow.

“Like when I dropped out of college after a year because I didn't want to go into a bunch of debt when I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life.”

“They didn't approve of you being fiscally responsible?” If anything, Bull looked even more furious on his behalf.

He snorted. “That's not the way they view it. They took it to mean I'd rather party all the time—or whatever it is they think I do—than work hard and get a degree like my



saint of a brother.”

“You do work hard,” Bull said, a thread of danger in his voice that sent a shiver down Malcolm’s spine.

“Don’t I know it,” he said, a little breathless, then cleared his throat and tried to focus on their conversation and not how warm Bull was beneath him. “But not in their eyes. I love working at Bo’s: it introduced me to Dahlia, to you, and it’s a job that I’m actually good at.”

“You’re amazing at it.”

It was Malcolm’s turn to flush with embarrassment. It was such a gimme compliment and yet filled him with rioting butterflies. “They don’t see it as a long-term career. So every time I talk to them, which thankfully isn’t often, they ask when I’m going to get a grown-up job.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Bull growled.

“I wish. That day in Ridgewood, my brother was informing me that he had gotten engaged and that he’d like to do a destination wedding, but his fiancée—not him—was worried I wouldn’t be able to afford it. He basically accused me of ruining his wedding by being poor.”

“What a piece of shit,” Bull said, his fingers tightening on Malcolm’s hips and body tensing beneath him.

“I wish I could say that wasn’t normal behavior for him or that my parents didn’t treat him like the golden boy and me like the disappointing spare, but that’s just the way it’s always been,” Malcolm said and shrugged.

“So, yeah, I know what it’s like to have to do things when you’re scared you’ll mess up. ”

He tried to bring the conversation back to Bull and his worries about taking over Bo’s.

He didn’t really feel like talking about his fucked-up family anymore.

They were the definition of a mood killer, and thinking about the last conversation he’d had with his brother made his stomach sour.

He didn’t have the money to attend a wedding in Mexico or wherever, and he really didn’t have the wherewithal to deal with the fallout his absence was going to cause.

“I can’t wait to meet your brother again,” Bull said, surprising him. “I’d like him to try that shit again in front of me.”

Malcolm knew he should probably be offended at the idea he needed Bull to stand up for him, but instead, warmth pooled in his belly, his blood beginning to heat. There was zero doubt in his mind Bull would vehemently defend him to his own family, if put in the situation.

And that was sexy as hell for some reason.

He squirmed, rubbing against Bull’s lap.

After being fed and made to relax while Bull carried in all his boxes and bags and then put together the cat tower, he was more than ready for some more action before he headed home to get changed for work.

Would Bull want to go again too? He was older than him by over a decade. Maybe

he'd?—

Grunting, Bull slid one of his hands around to palm Malcolm's ass and said in a low voice, "You'd better hold still, baby boy."

He sucked in a shuddery breath. Okay, yeah, definitely still interested. "Or what?"

Instead of answering, Bull pulled him down for a deep, unhurried kiss.

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

Bull was clearing a table the next day when Malcolm arrived for his shift, he and Dahlia walking in together, smiling and laughing. He watched them, unable to look away with his heart in his throat, waiting for the moment when Malcolm spotted him.

The day before felt more like a dream than reality.

The time they'd spent together at his house, talking and learning about each other between long kisses and the occasional orgasm, had been just about...

perfect. Then Malcolm had gone home to get ready for work, and by the time he'd arrived for his dinner shift, Bo's had been packed, and Bull had barely even caught a few glimpses of him before he'd ended up closed up in his mom's office to work on the next schedule once things thinned out a bit.

He was hoping they could talk before things picked up for lunch.

He really wanted to check in and see how Malcolm was feeling after his big sexual epiphany over the weekend.

There had been no sign of him freaking out or regretting his decision the day before, but had he gone home last night and spiraled about liking guys now?

Maybe he'd decided that he wasn't actually developing feelings for Bull after all and it had just been a weekend-long experiment.

Bull had wanted to call or text him and almost caved to the impulse lying in bed that morning and wishing Malcolm was snuggled up next to him.

But he didn't want to come on too strong.

If Malcolm was still interested but Bull pushed too hard, he worried Malcolm would retreat and want to go back to being only friends.

Not even friends, really. They'd barely been more than coworkers before the party.

He slowly finished clearing the table, barely glancing down and almost dropping a plate covered in ketchup and hardly touched hash browns as Malcolm and Dahlia clocked in. After returning from stashing their belongings in the employee break room, Malcolm finally saw him and smiled.

The little bit of excitement Bull hadn't been able to tamp down dwindled at the sight. It wasn't the same smile from yesterday, intimate and a little shy. It was his server smile, the one he gave customers, the one Bull was used to getting before the weekend.

Fuck, maybe he did regret things.

He dropped his head and finished bussing the table, and then he hauled his tub into the kitchen to unload.

Bracing his hands on the edge of the sink, he bowed his head and took a few deep breaths.

He needed to get his shit together and stop assuming the worst. If he weren't so gone on Malcolm already, he wouldn't be having a little meltdown over a damn smile.

“Are you sick? If so, you need to get the fuck out of my kitchen.” The angry, accented voice snapped him out of his spiral, and he turned to face Raul.

“I’m not sick.”

The head cook narrowed his eyes and took a step closer, running his gaze over Bull’s face and then down his body in a quick assessment. “What’s wrong, then?”

“Got my hopes up about something,” Bull said vaguely and waved a hand in the air. “It’s nothing.”

Raul grunted disbelievingly but left him alone, going back to cursing at one of the line cooks. Butch, who’d worked there nearly as long as Raul and was best friends with the ornery man, yelled back from the walk-in, “How many times I gotta tell you I don’t speak Spanish, Raulito?”

Bull ignored their familiar bickering and took one more deep breath, straightening his shoulders.

Maybe Malcolm didn’t regret everything that had happened.

Maybe he just wanted to keep whatever was growing between them outside of Bo’s.

It hurt Bull’s heart, the idea of hiding when he’d rather plaster the news on a billboard erected outside the restaurant, but he’d respect Malcolm’s wishes.

It wasn’t fair for him to expect everything to be as easy as it had seemed the day before. Discovering this new side to himself was a huge change for Malcolm. It made sense he didn’t want to deal with advertising it and explaining his sexuality to a bunch of people yet.

He was worth waiting for though.

Bull was pretty sure a part of him had always known that, had been waiting and hoping that if he was just patient enough, Malcolm would see just how good for him Bull could be.

He wasn't going to fuck it up now.

The dinner rush was in full swing when Bull spotted a couple of familiar faces.

He made his way across the dining room and saw Malcolm was at a nearby booth, chatting with the small group as he input their orders.

As he neared his destination, Bull tried to make eye contact, but Malcolm either ignored him or didn't notice, his whole focus on the family in front of him.

The pair in the corner booth noticed him right away as he neared though.

"Hey, Bull!" Lukas said cheerily, sliding out from his side and wrapping Bull in a quick but tight hug.

Bull smiled down at his ex-boyfriend, returning the hug and then ruffling his dark hair. Lukas tried to scowl as he ran a hand over his head, but his big, Disney-princess eyes softened the expression.

"Hey, Bull," Lukas's best friend, Kevin, said, not rising from the booth but offering a warm smile.

Bull nodded at him and waited until Lukas had dropped back onto the bench seat before asking, "Where are your better halves?"

Kevin snorted, but Lukas grinned, his eyes sparkling with the kind of affection that was almost palpable. He and his husband were disgustingly in love, and it was rare for him to come in without John. “They’ll be joining us in a little bit.”

“If Singer lets them,” Kevin added with an eye roll. “That guy’s such an asshole sometimes.”

Bull wasn’t sure who that was but nodded sympathetically and offered to get their drinks.

They were in Malcolm’s section, and he couldn’t stop himself from trying to help as Bo’s got slammed.

The kitchen was struggling to keep the grilled cheese bar full, and the servers were running their asses off.

He told himself he’d do the same for any of his staff, so it wasn’t special treatment.

Lukas waved him off, laying a hand on his wrist with an affectionate squeeze. “You don’t have to do that. I’m sure our server will be over in a minute, and you’ve probably got more important things to do with how busy you all are.”

Bull shrugged guiltily. He’d been bussing tables and helping to keep things filled since business had picked up, and there was always work in the office to do, unfortunately.

He was pretty sure his mom had never placed the paper products order, and that needed to be done before they ran out of napkins.

“I’m glad you came over to say hi,” Lukas said, giving his arm one more squeeze before letting his hand drop to the table. “If you can, swing back by when John and



Hank get here.”

“Should I leave when that happens?” Kevin asked, a shit-eating grin on his handsome face. “That way, you can be alone with all your boyfriends.”

Lukas stuck his tongue out at him. “Like Hank even notices me when I’m next to you.”

Shaking his head with a smile, Bull promised to stop by when the guys got there and then slipped away. He knew better than to get sucked into one of their snarky fights.

Circling the dining room, he checked on a few regulars, making mental notes of who looked about finished. At one of the small two-tops in the center of the room, tiny Mrs. Faraway had an almost empty coffee cup and still half a plate of food.

“Hi, Mrs. Faraway, how’re you doing?” he asked, making sure to speak clearly since the woman was at least half-deaf.

“Very poorly,” she said without missing a beat, peering up at him from under her white permed hair. Behind her wrinkles, her eyes sparkled with mischief. At ninety-six, she was still sharp as ever, bringing herself out to Bo’s three times a week for a meal.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” he said, knowing what was coming but playing along. “Is there something I can get you to make your day better?”

“A couple of hot, young studs like yourself should help,” she said, grinning.

Pressing his lips together, he did his best to nod solemnly. “I’ll see what I can do. Until then, how about some more coffee?”

She sighed dramatically. “I guess I’ll settle for that. Leaded, dear, none of that decaf nonsense the pink-haired one tried to pawn off on me.”

He had no idea how she’d lived so long drinking coffee all day, every day, but who was he to deny her at this point. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll be right back.”

He was at the drinks station, just grabbing the carafe, when Malcolm popped up next to him, a scowl darkening his face. “I would have appreciated a heads-up if you were already dating somebody.”

“What?” Bull turned to face him, positive he’d misheard.

Malcolm’s mouth twisted into a mulish expression. “I said,” he repeated, his voice rising just enough for Bull to glance around, checking if they were drawing attention, “I would have appreciated a heads-up if you were already?—”

“What are you talking about?” Bull cut him off, setting the carafe back down.

“That guy,” Malcolm hissed, gesturing toward the crowded dining room. “The one who hugged you and touched your arm.”

Bull knew who he meant, and yet his mind went blank as he realized with a jolt that Malcolm was jealous. Not just annoyed or angry at what he perceived as being misled. He thought Bull was in a relationship with another guy, and it had bothered him so much he’d made a small scene about it.

“Come with me,” Bull said, voice low. They were nipping this in the bud now.

He went to put a hand on Malcolm’s elbow to steer him, but he jerked out of his hold, stomping away.

Bull stood there, frozen in place for a second.

A lick of hot, possessive outrage surged inside him, and he had to squeeze his hands into fists to stop himself from making his own scene by reminding Malcolm just how much he'd liked his hands on him yesterday.

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He forced it back down. It wasn't the time or the place, nor did he have the right to get upset. Whatever was happening between them was brand-new, and Malcolm was feeling insecure and was lashing out.

In the future though, they'd be discussing boundaries and how getting shrugged off had felt for him.

Unsurprisingly, Bull found Dahlia's wide eyes not too far away. He pointed at the coffee and then at Mrs. Faraway. She nodded and hurried over, but he didn't stick around to hear anything she might have to say, following Malcolm and catching up just as he reached the office.

Once they were both inside, Bull closed the door behind them, planted his hands on his hips, and said clearly, "I'm not dating anyone else."

Malcolm rolled his eyes with such gusto Bull was surprised he didn't fall over. "Oh, excuse me. I guess if you're just fucking him, you probably don't consider it dating."

"Malcolm—"

He sliced his hands through the air and stepped closer, craning his head back to hold Bull's gaze. "I guess this is my fault. I should have asked if you were fucking anybody else before putting your dick in my mouth."

The words hung in the air around them for a long moment, Bull's cock twitching in his jeans at the mere reminder. Malcolm's face was flushed, his dark blue eyes red-rimmed. The sight of his pain was like a knife to Bull's stomach, and the last of his

own lingering hurt drained away.

“Baby boy,” Bull said softly. “I’m not fucking anybody else. I’m not interested in fucking anybody else.”

Malcolm licked his lips, squinting a little. “Who was that, then? I’ve seen him in here before.”

“That’s Lukas, and yes, he’s been here before. I always say hi whenever he or his husband”—Bull carefully enunciated the words—“stop by.”

“His husband?” Malcolm repeated, eyebrows rising.

“Yes. Lukas is very happily married.”

“Oh,” Malcolm muttered, dropping his head and wrapping his arms around himself. “Fuck. This is embarrassing.”

Bull cupped his chin and raised his face.

“Don’t be embarrassed. I’d feel the same way if I saw you hugging another man.

Especially right now when things are new and...

uncertain.” He debated whether or not he should mention that he and Lukas used to be a couple, then decided he didn’t want Malcolm to find out later and be hurt that Bull had kept it from him.

“A couple of years ago, Lukas and I did briefly date, but it never got very serious. We’ve just stayed friendly. ”

Malcolm winced. “I don’t know if that makes it better or worse.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, he’s really good-looking,” Malcolm whispered.

He didn’t mean to, but Bull laughed, then immediately felt like shit when Malcolm’s lips parted and hurt flashed across his face. “I’m sorry, baby, but you seriously do not have anything to worry about. You are gorgeous. Every time I look at you, I have a hard time looking away.”

A lovely flush grew on Malcolm’s cheeks, making his handful of freckles stand out. Bull wanted to trace the small constellations with his fingers and then kiss each one.

“I’m sorry I made a scene in there,” Malcolm said. “I kind of... lost my head.”

“I have to say, I’m a bit surprised,” Bull said slowly, studying his face. “Considering how you’ve been acting since your shift started, I didn’t think you would want to draw so much attention to us.”

Malcolm’s face scrunched. “What are you talking about?”

Sighing, Bull stepped back and ran a hand over the back of his head.

“You were acting like it was any other day, so I thought you might not want people around here to know about what happened this weekend.” He lowered himself to the couch and tried to keep his voice neutral, not wanting Malcolm to feel pressured into doing things just to not hurt Bull’s feelings.

“I understand if that’s what you want to do.

You've got a lot to figure out, and I don't want you to feel rushed. ”

Malcolm cocked his head and closed the distance between them until he stood between Bull's spread legs. He ran a finger over one of Bull's knees, the light touch raising goose bumps on his arms. He was so easy for this man.

“I didn't really think about it,” Malcolm admitted, his gaze on his finger tracing over the ridges. “It sort of felt like a regular day, so I just did what I always do. Plus, Dahlia already knows, so it's not like it's a secret. We were actually talking about it when we came in.”

“Is that why you were smiling when you got here?”

A shy grin spread across Malcolm's face. “You were watching me?”

“I don't know how else to say it, baby boy,” he said, shaking his head. “There's no one for me but you, and there hasn't been since I met you. You're all I see the moment you walk into any room.”

Malcolm sucked in a breath. “Fuck, I love when you say things like that to me.”

Bull chuckled and scratched his jaw. “It's just the truth. I can't say I'm not flattered you got jealous over me talking with Lukas, but I'm not going to pretend like I haven't been crazy about you for months. I'm sorry if that's... too much or freaks you out.”

He was shaking his head and climbing onto Bull's lap before he even finished talking. “It doesn't. I like it,” Malcolm said in a hurried tone, clasping the sides of Bull's face. “I like the idea of you maybe being a little obsessed with me. Even if that makes me a bad person.”

“Baby, I’m not a little anything,” Bull said, threading his fingers into the hair on the back of Malcolm’s head and holding tight. “My obsession with you runs soul-deep.”

Malcolm fell on him with a soft, keening sound that ripped at Bull’s insides.

He tightened his grip on his soft hair and tilted his head, sealing their lips together.

He threw everything he’d felt the last day into the kiss, all his worries and hopes and his achingly sweet relief.

Malcolm wasn’t pulling back. He didn’t regret the things they’d done.

He didn’t want to go back to how things had been.

He still wanted Bull, needed him.

Whimpering, Malcolm opened for him, letting him plunder his mouth and pour himself into every inch of his slender frame.

He wrapped his arm around his body, tugging Malcolm forward so they were plastered together.

His cock hardened at an uncomfortable angle, trapped by his jeans and Malcolm’s weight.

When he had to tear his mouth away to gasp for breath, he panted and stared into Malcolm’s glassy eyes. His pink lips were damp and flushed darker, calling to Bull like a fucking siren song.

But he wanted something else first.



Dipping down, he licked up the side of Malcolm's neck, smirking as he rolled his hips against Bull.

His boy's neck was so sensitive, but there was one area in particular he'd discovered the day before that he zeroed in on.

He sealed his lips around the erogenous spot and sucked, working the skin hard.

If Malcolm was going to doubt his devotion, he was going to leave a mark that could be seen from outer space. A reminder that there was no one for him but the sweet boy rocking in his lap.

"Fuck," Malcolm groaned, slipping a hand behind Bull's head and holding him closer. "I can't believe you're giving me a hickey."

Bull grunted and bit at the bruise that was already starting to blossom. It was beautiful, darkening his pale skin and shining like a neon sign that declared him as Bull's.

Malcolm hissed and arched against him. "Shit, shit, shit. God, that hurts so good, but if you keep it up, I'm going to come in my pants."

Tempting, but he lifted his head to find Malcolm's damp mouth again, licking back inside. He slipped his hand down to his perfect little ass and gave his cheek a squeeze, his long fingers digging into the cleft through his jeans.

Someone knocked insistently at the door, and they froze, panting against each other's lips.

"Not sure what's happening in there," Dahlia said loudly, making no move to enter the office, "but we're in the weeds out here. Dishes are dying on the pass."

Because they were at work.

At his mom's restaurant.

Not an appropriate place to maul his maybe-boyfriend.

“We’ll be right there,” he called out, then brushed his face against Malcolm’s, breathing him in. “The caveman in me liked that you were jealous, but you never have to be. I am consumed by you, Malcolm. That will never change.”

### CHAPTER TWELVE

I am consumed by you.

The words echoed in Malcolm's head, a relentless refrain through the remainder of his shift.

Who said things like that to another person?

Something that could cut right through Malcolm's fears and insecurities.

It was surreal that Bull, a man who had been right in front of him for months, was saying and doing things that made Malcolm's knees weak.

Things he hadn't even known he craved in a partner.

He could have missed it. That was the part tripping him up the most. Bull never would have said anything. He would have continued living his life—being a good friend and an amazing boss—never once letting it show that he wanted more from Malcolm.

Maybe, eventually, Malcolm could have found a woman who made him feel the way Bull did, but he had a hard time believing it. Bull fit into all the hidden nooks and crannies inside Malcolm without even trying.

I am consumed by you.

The rest of the day dragged on—despite them being busy as hell—his mind preoccupied with finishing what he and Bull had started in the office.

He'd gotten three separate orders messed up, something he hadn't done since he first started serving.

Dahlia's knowing smirk and pointed stares at the hickey on his neck only made it worse.

He was more than ready for the shift to be over.

But when he finished his side work and was free to leave for the night, he found Bull in a heated discussion about a missing order of beef with the head cook in the kitchen. He smiled at Malcolm and wished him a good rest of his night and then turned back to Raul.

He lingered in the doorway for a second before heading out to his car.

So much for leaving together and picking things up at Bull's place. Or in his truck.

Hell, he'd have followed Bull back into the office and dropped to his damn knees without him even having to ask.

I am consumed by you.

He trudged up the steps to his apartment, wondering how he'd ever been around Bull and not noticed how sexy the man was.

His heart skipped a beat when his phone vibrated in his pocket.

He pulled it out, nearly dropping it in his hurry, and held his breath, having no shame

about how much he hoped it'd be from Bull.

For the first time since they'd met, he was disappointed to see it was Dahlia texting him.

LBF

Are you going to tell me what I interrupted today?

Malcolm snorted.

Malcolm

Not on your life.

Which... was probably a lie.

He didn't have anyone else to talk to about what was happening between him and Bull, so he'd probably cave eventually.

On their way into the restaurant earlier, she'd already been badgering him to spill the details of what had happened after he'd talked to her on Sunday.

It wasn't that he didn't trust her or didn't want her opinion.

It was just that a bigger part of him wanted to keep what was happening between him and Bull just between the two of them, at least for a little while longer.

Plus, he was pretty sure she wouldn't have much advice for some of the things he was contemplating. As far as he knew, she and Becca were... very vanilla. What kind of advice would she have if he told her that sometimes, when Bull called him baby boy ,

he had the urge to call him Daddy ?

He frowned at the burnt-out light bulb above his door. Sighing, he sent a text to his landlord about it, knowing it wouldn't amount to anything. He'd end up having to buy a new bulb and teetering precariously on one of his rickety kitchen chairs.

He took a quick shower, rinsing the smell of food off himself, and contemplated texting Bull to see if he was at home. Would that make him seem needy, though? Pulling on gym shorts and Bull's T-shirt that he'd "accidentally" stolen, he settled on his couch and stared at his phone.

I am consumed by you.

Fuck, even if it did make him needy, Bull wouldn't care. He shivered. He had a pretty good idea of just how much Bull wouldn't mind—would, in fact, appreciate Malcolm being open and honest about what he was feeling and wanting, just like Bull always was with him.

God, this man had him tangled up in knots, and it had only been a few days .

Making up his mind, he threw his phone charger, toothbrush, and clothes for work the next day into a beat-up old Nike bag he'd bought at Goodwill a few years ago. There was a tiny hole in the seam near one of the corners, but otherwise, it worked just fine on the rare occasions he used it.

He practically skipped all the way back out to his car, a feeling of anticipation expanding inside him, making him light as a feather.

A reel of sights and sounds from the day before combined with the things Bull had said to him earlier in Sally's office and replayed in his head as he backed out of his parking spot and headed down the street.

His dick was half-hard by the time he reached the first stop sign.

As he pulled up outside of Bull's house a few minutes later, much of those happy feelings had dissipated, replaced with worry he was going to bother Bull.

It was late, and he hadn't checked the schedule to see when Bull would be going in tomorrow.

Sally usually covered opening, but not always.

What if Bull was already in bed or relaxing and would be annoyed at the interruption?

He shook his head. He could be chill. He'd just see what Bull was up to and check if he was interested in hanging out. Nodding to himself, Malcolm turned off his car and pulled out his phone, sending off a quick text.

Malcolm

Hey, are you still up?

Right after he sent it, he realized what it sounded like. God, he might as well have sent an eggplant emoji and some water droplets. Grimacing and panicking a little, he quickly shot off another message.

Malcolm

I meant, are you already in bed?

Oh, fuck. Was that even worse? It sounded like he was about to ask what Bull was wearing!

Frustrated, he sent a third text, trying to ignore the horror show that was him attempting to be chill.

Malcolm

That's not what I meant either. I was just wondering what you were up to.

That sounded normal. Like what a normal human with normal thoughts and desires would have sent.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when his phone started vibrating in his hand. Swallowing, he took a few steadying breaths before answering. "Hey, Bull."

"Baby boy, why didn't you just knock on the door?"

Slowly panning his head to the right, he stared at Bull standing in the open doorway of his home, wearing nothing but low-slung sweats, a shoulder propped against the jamb, phone in one hand and what looked like a kitten in his other.

"I didn't want to bother you," Malcolm said slowly, grateful he was so far away that Bull couldn't see how red his face was. "You know, in case you were already in bed for the evening."

Bull chuckled, the sound low and tickling Malcolm's belly. "Come inside."

And then he hung up and disappeared from the doorway.

Thanks to the light within, Malcolm could see it was still cracked open, welcoming him.

Swallowing, he shoved his phone in his bag, climbed out, and hustled up the



driveway, cutting across to the porch on the curved sidewalk.

Just as he laid a hand on the door to push it open, a little gray face appeared in the gap.

“Dammit, Rose,” Bull growled, his heavy footsteps moving closer. “You’re an indoor cat now.”

Grinning, Malcolm scooped up the tiny kitten and slipped inside, using his back to shut the door behind him. He scratched under the fluffy escape artist’s chin, grinning when she started to purr. Glancing up at Bull, shyness nearly overwhelmed him. He sank his teeth in his lip. “Um. Hey.”

Bull strode over and slowly lifted a hand to Malcolm’s face, watching him closely the whole time. When he didn’t pull away, Bull cupped his cheek, long fingers curling around to the back of his neck, and leaned in to lay a soft kiss on the corner of his mouth. “Hey, baby boy.”

Tingling all over, Malcolm let Bull take the bag off his shoulder and carry it over to the couch, setting it on the end.

Bull was still holding another kitten, the all-white creature looking positively minuscule in his large hand.

Malcolm’s was gray with some white on her chest and paws and brilliant blue eyes.

He’d known that Bull had recently adopted the cats who had shown up at his back door, but none of them had come out yesterday when he’d been there, so he hadn’t laid eyes on any of them.

A third ball of fluff scampered over, looking eerily similar to the one Malcolm was

holding, and began to climb up Bull's sweat. He smiled down at the tiny thing and scooped it up so he held a kitten in each hand, cuddled close to his chest.

Malcolm had never really thought of himself as a cat person, but the sight had his heart melting. There was just something so sweet about a man Bull's size gently handling the small animals.

"Dorothy doesn't like being left out," Bull said, lowering his head to let Dorothy bump his chin with her forehead.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Malcolm said, "Rose and Dorothy? Are you telling me that one's Sophia?"

Bull ducked his head, smiling shyly. "No, this is Blanche. Sophia is the mama cat."

"Of course," Malcolm said, nodding like that was the most sensible thing he'd ever heard. He peered around but didn't see any sign of another cat in the living room.

"She's a little more shy," Bull said. "I'm sure she'll get used to you before too long though."

Malcolm liked how that sounded, the idea that he would be around enough that she would eventually grow comfortable in his presence.

It was a casual thing to say, yet the implications were enormous, at least to Malcolm.

Bull was acting like his coming around for the foreseeable future was just a given. Inevitable.

I am consumed by you.

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Bull set his two kittens on the floor in front of the couch, where a half-dozen toys littered the rug. Malcolm gave Rose one more snuggle, then released her to go and play with her siblings.

“I have an appointment with a vet Saturday morning to make sure everyone’s healthy and get them started on their vaccines,” Bull told him as he dug around in his couch until he found the remote to the TV.

He turned to Malcolm with a soft smile curling the corners of his lips. “Do you want to watch a movie?”

Malcolm moved toward him, shaking his head. He plucked the remote from Bull’s fingers and tossed it back onto the couch. “No, I don’t want to watch a movie.”

Bull swallowed, his eyes sliding down Malcolm’s body before returning to his face. “Did I mention how sexy you look in my T-shirt?”

“I’d wondered if you’d even noticed.” Malcolm stepped in front of him, laying his hands gently on Bull’s abdomen.

Wrapping his arms around him, Bull leaned down. “There’s nothing about you I don’t notice.”

Malcolm couldn’t hold in his soft, broken sound.

Throwing his arms around Bull’s neck, he stretched up on his toes to close the distance between their mouths.

Like a match to a gasoline-soaked rag, passion flared back up between them.

It was as if the hours since the last time he had been in Bull's arms hadn't happened.

They were picking up exactly where they'd left off.

Bull devoured him, lips moving greedily over Malcolm's, his tongue pressing inside insistently, and it was all Malcolm could do to keep up, to open for him.

To allow him to consume Malcolm right back.

He grunted in surprise, tearing his mouth away, when Bull picked him up by his ass and started moving. He glanced at where the kittens were chasing metallic crinkle balls. "Are they okay to be left out?"

"They'll be fine," Bull said, finding the sensitive, bruised spot on Malcolm's neck and sucking the skin into his mouth harshly.

Malcolm's dick went rock hard so fast he got lightheaded.

He tipped his head back, eyes closing, offering Bull all the access he could want.

He didn't care that Dahlia had already snickered at the hickey Bull had left earlier.

He loved the idea of being marked by Bull with something a little more permanent than the come he'd left on his face Saturday night.

Bull kicked his bedroom door shut behind them.

"Don't want to scar the kittens?" Malcolm teased.

Bull grunted and licked his way up Malcolm's neck, bit at the hinge of his jaw, and then murmured against the edge of his mouth, "No, I definitely don't."

His snicker turned to a moan when Bull sucked his lower lip into his mouth, teasing at the sensitive skin with his teeth. He rocked gently against Bull's stomach, unable to hold still, needing some sort of friction on his cock.

Bull's hands tightened on his ass, stealing his breath and holding him still. He lifted his head and met Malcolm's eyes, his face serious. "If I do anything you don't like?—"

"You won't," he said with confidence. After their conversation yesterday, he knew Bull took his limits very seriously and wouldn't push them.

"But if I do, just say stop, and I will."

Malcolm palmed the sides of Bull's face, brushing his thumbs over his cheekbones. "I trust you, but if I'm not comfortable with something, I promise to tell you."

"Good boy," Bull said, and then he was licking inside Malcolm's mouth again for more long, drugging kisses.

Good boy rang in Malcolm's ears, scratching at an itch he hadn't known he'd had. A new and unexpected part of himself was blossoming, coming to life with Bull's gentle words and growled praise.

After kissing him until his lips were deliciously sore, Bull lowered him to the ground and snagged the hem of his T-shirt, slowly pulling it up his body and holding his eyes, watching Malcolm closely. His searing gaze was like a physical touch, burning Malcolm alive.

If anyone else had looked at him the way Bull did, it would have made him nervous. But he loved having his full attention, knowing that there was nothing or no one more important in that moment to Bull.

He lifted his arms to help, and Bull peeled the T-shirt the rest of the way off and tossed it away.

When he grabbed the waistband of Malcolm's shorts and started to tug them down, he sucked in a shuddery breath, goose bumps peppering his skin.

His cock sprang up as soon as it was free, already damp at the tip.

Dropping to one knee, Bull groaned and ran his tongue up the underside, from the base of his shaft to the very end of his flushed head, licking up all the precome.

Malcolm moaned and rocked forward, shivering as his dick brushed against the side of Bull's face, the short bristles scraping at his sensitive, blood-engorged skin.

"Step out," Bull said.

It took him a second to figure out what he was talking about.

Giving his head a small shake, he braced his hands on Bull's shoulders to steady himself as he stepped out of his shorts.

They went flying over Bull's shoulder, and he chuckled, but it turned into a moan when half his dick disappeared inside the wet heat of Bull's mouth.

"Shit," he groaned, palming the back of Bull's head. "Feels so good."

Bull hummed, the vibration shooting down his cock and landing in his balls.

He worked him like a fucking pro for several long minutes, running his tongue over his veins and ridges, sucking at the tip, fondling his sack, and then giving it the gentlest of tugs that he felt all the way down into his toes.

He was going to be a goner very soon if Bull kept it up.

And yet, he still whimpered in disappointment when Bull gave him one last hard suck and then pushed to his feet.

Dizzy with arousal, Malcolm wobbled unsteadily, grateful when Bull grabbed his hips and anchored him in place.

Malcolm stared as Bull wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, the gesture obscene and sexy as hell.

“Is there something specific you want?”

It took a moment for the words to penetrate his lust-fogged brain, but then he shook his head. “No, um, I guess not. Is there something you want?”

Bull grinned at him, his eyes full of heat and promises. “I’ve got an idea.”

Excitement shot through him. Maybe he should have been a little hesitant since his experience with guys was... the previous weekend, but he trusted Bull, possibly more than he’d ever trusted a partner before. No, scratch that—definitely more.

Even though they’d only been doing whatever it was that they were doing for a few days, the trust had already been built.

It was already there from the months of knowing each other.

He was pretty sure that if Bull asked, Malcolm would let him fuck him, but he also knew that Bull wouldn't.

He would never try and pressure him before he was ready, and he wasn't—not yet—despite how his whole body tingled when he let his eyes drop to the prominent erection in the front of Bull's sweatpants.

Bull gripped his chin, tugging his face back up, a small smirk on his lips. "You'll like this," he said, voice low and seductive, and then pressed a quick kiss to Malcolm's mouth.

Malcolm had to actively work to stay standing, not sure which affected him more: the possessive way Bull held his face or the cocky way he assumed to know what Malcolm would and wouldn't like.

Probably a combination of both.

Bull moved over to one side of the bed and grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand.

Dropping his sweats, he stepped out of them and climbed up onto the bed, settling on his back but propping himself up on his elbows.

Malcolm couldn't help but stare at how thick and heavy his cock was, with its broad, plum-shaped head weeping with precome.

Just the sight of it had Malcolm's mouth watering, like his taste buds had a memory and were panting at the idea of getting to taste him once more.

Before he could crawl up onto the bed and make that happen though, Bull squeezed some of the clear liquid into his hand and jacked himself, coating the whole thing in



glistening slickness.

Malcolm clenched his ass as he watched, wondering what exactly Bull had in mind.

Tossing aside the lube, Bull beckoned him onto the bed with a crooked finger.

“What should I...” Malcolm paused, perched on the end of the bed at Bull’s feet, not sure where he wanted him, and that uncertainty starting to dampen his excitement.

“I want you right here,” Bull said clearly, patting his groin just above the base of his cock.

Relieved he didn’t have to try and figure it out, Malcolm bit his lip and moved up between Bull’s legs on his hands and knees.

“Fuck, you look good crawling to me, baby boy,” Bull said, his voice harsh and drawing Malcolm’s eyes up to his face.

He was staring at Malcolm like he had never seen anyone as sexy as him.

It gave him just the boost of confidence he needed to hop onto Bull’s lap—his throne—and settle right over Bull’s thick cock where it stretched up toward his stomach.

Bull grunted and leaned back onto his elbows again, running his teeth over his bottom lip. “Go ahead, gorgeous. Grind that ass on me. Let me slide between those cheeks.”

Malcolm sucked in a breath, a little scandalized and a lot aroused at the words and the sight of Bull in the soft, low lighting in his bedroom.

The whole moment was drawing him in, seducing him.

Bull's big, strong body on full display and at his disposal.

The slick feeling of his cock pressing against the cleft of his ass, begging to push between his cheeks.

His furry chest teasing at Malcolm's fingers.

He was going to fall in love with this man and the things he made Malcolm feel scarily fast.

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Instead of thinking about that, he adjusted his seat, leaning back and pushing down, and his lips parted on a silent sound as Bull's dick pressed between his cheeks, right against the most sensitive and unexplored part of his body.

Holding Bull's gaze, he shifted his hips back and forth, just a hair, probably not even a full inch, but the way Bull's slick cock moved against him, rubbing against all those secret places, had him gasping. His fingers dug into Bull's thick torso, and he licked his lips.

"That's it. You're doing such a good job," Bull said, eyes darkening with possession. "I knew you'd like it. You're so responsive whenever I get anywhere near your little hole, aren't you, baby? I bet you can make yourself come just like this."

Malcolm's balls tightened at the idea, Bull's easy praise lighting up all the lonely corners inside him, and he moved his hips a little farther, using more of Bull's shaft to pleasure himself. His hole was so sensitive he would swear he could feel every single vein on Bull's cock.

"You're so gorgeous like this," Bull said, watching him, his breaths growing labored. "You were made to ride this cock, baby boy. Made just for me."

Malcolm nodded, nearly lost in pleasure already, sliding back and forth over and over. His own dick was being completely ignored, but that wasn't stopping him from starting to drip precome.

When Bull shifted so he could palm one of Malcolm's thighs, holding him steady as his pace quickened, the low lamplight caught the metal of his barbells, drawing

Malcolm's eyes to his thick pecs.

He fell forward, following an instinct he didn't really understand, and latched onto one of Bull's nipples, tonguing the piercing and then sucking.

He moaned, a sort of relaxing euphoria washing over him.

Opening his mouth wider, he latched onto as much of Bull's pec as he could fit inside his mouth comfortably and suckled.

One of Bull's big hands came up to cup the back of his head, and that felt so nice too, reassuring and protective.

Malcolm wiggled himself into a comfortable position, his dick pressing against Bull's furry belly, and wrapped his arms around him to tuck beneath his back.

He thrust gently, the soft hair on Bull's stomach the perfect amount of stimulation as he focused on the soothing feeling of sucking on his salty pec.

All the urgency from a few moments ago drained away, but he was still riding the cusp of his orgasm, having been so close before he changed tactics.

He knew what he needed.

Cheeks flushing, he tugged a hand back out from beneath Bull and grabbed one of his ass cheeks, spreading himself open, silently begging for Bull to touch him.

Thick fingers delved between his cheeks and rubbed against his hole, the skin slippery from the lube off Bull's cock. Being touched there was still a little strange and foreign, but fuck , it was so good.

His calluses were just a touch rough, but Malcolm loved it. Loved the reminder that it wasn't one of the women he'd been with in the past touching him. It was Bull, who was all man. Hard where all Malcolm's past partners had been soft.

He whimpered when those fingers disappeared, but Bull shushed him, the hand on the back of his head pressing him a little harder into his chest. "It's okay, sweet boy."

Relaxing, he let Bull feed his cock back up between his cheeks, and then he laid his hand over Malcolm's and pushed, pressing the sensitive skin of his cleft around as much of his thick shaft as they could.

Then Bull moved, driving his hips upward and his cock against him. It was so close to being fucked by him it made Malcolm a little dizzy, his head swimming at the idea of being forced to take that monster right then and there.

"That feel good?" Bull asked.

Malcolm moaned and nodded as best he could without releasing his latch.

He planted his knees more firmly on the mattress on either side of Bull's waist and arched his low back, trying to give them both the most pleasure.

The next time Bull drove his hips upward, the head of his cock rubbed right over Malcolm's hole, the firm push against his tight entrance stealing his breath for a second.

Malcolm ground his dick against Bull more firmly, digging his fingers into Bull's back and his own ass where his hand was trapped under Bull's still. He was so damn close.

"So perfect and greedy," Bull growled, his hold on the back of Malcolm's head

tightening. “Rub yourself against me. Make yourself come all over me, baby.”

Sucking a little harder, Malcolm whimpered and did it, humping against Bull’s belly with an animalistic intensity. His frantic humping made it too difficult for Bull to keep himself between his cheeks at the same time, their movements too off rhythm.

Malcolm grunted in annoyance, but before he could lose his momentum, Bull dragged his hand up to his mouth and sucked his middle finger inside that wet heat. His balls tightened as Bull sucked hard, then licked over the length several times.

Forcing his eyes open, he found Bull staring right at him. He pulled Malcolm’s finger out of his mouth slowly and pressed a chaste kiss to the tip. “Rub your needy little hole with that. I want to watch you touch yourself for me.”

Malcolm’s lips loosened on Bull’s pec as his face heated, half-embarrassed, half so aroused he thought he’d combust.

Bull gave him a stern look and gripped his hair, a lick of pain shooting down Malcolm’s spine. “I didn’t tell you to stop sucking.”

Overwhelmed and so turned on he was pretty sure his insides were going to melt, he latched back on, unable to look away from Bull’s face as he reached back and found his asshole with the pad of his finger.

His cheeks were flaming as he rubbed gently at the furled skin, but he was disappointed that it didn’t feel as good as when Bull did it, like he wasn’t as sensitive when it was his own touch.

“Good,” Bull said, grabbing a cheek and pulling Malcolm’s ass apart. “You’re so sexy like this.”

He whimpered and squeezed his eyes shut as he rubbed harder, entranced at the way he could feel his body loosening, ready for something to push inside.

“My perfect baby boy,” Bull whispered, then in a harder voice, “Now, thrust your cock against me. That’s it. Just like that. Keep rubbing that needy little hole.”

Malcolm whimpered and dragged his finger over himself harder.

“Feels so good, doesn’t it? Imagine how good it’s going to feel when it’s forced open around my tongue and fingers.”

He had to know.

Swallowing thickly, he pushed against his softened opening and breached his hole for the first time in his life.

He cried out around Bull’s pec, his whole ass lighting up with a new kind of pleasure that was so big and unexpected it destroyed him.

Rutting against Bull, his cock erupted on his furry belly, his ass locking down on his finger.

His heart pounded in his ears, all his muscles spasming.

He pulled free of his ass and grunted as his balls tightened and forced a little more come from his aching shaft.

Splayed on top of Bull, he tried to catch his breath, his sharp, quick gasps not seeming to fill his lungs for several long moments.

“Good boy,” Bull murmured, carding his fingers through his hair. “That was perfect.”

“It was...” he croaked, lips brushing against the warm metal of Bull’s piercing. “I don’t think I’ve ever...”

He didn’t even know what he was trying to say, his brains so scrambled.

That he’d never stuck his own finger in his ass before?

He was pretty sure that was obvious. That he’d never come so hard before?

He was pretty sure no one in the history of the world had and that he’d lost a few brain cells in the process.

That he’d never sucked on another man’s chest while he humped him?

Jesus, he couldn’t say that . He could barely think about how he’d latched on and not let go without flushing with embarrassment.

He got lost in his head for a moment, letting Bull’s gentle touches to his hair and thigh ease him down from a life-changing orgasm.

Oh shit.

Jerking his head up, he peered over his shoulder. “You didn’t come.”

“Not yet,” Bull said, tightening his hold on Malcolm’s hair and forcing his head around, drawing him in for a deep, wet kiss that had his toes curling against the rumpled bedsheets.

His head was still spinning when Bull picked him up and gently moved him to the side so he could spread out on the cool sheets instead of Bull’s warm skin. He shivered, but then heat seeped into his back as Bull crawled on top of him, his



enormous body engulfing Malcolm in the scent of sex.

“What do you want me to do?” Malcolm asked, glancing back at Bull and shivering as he lined his cock up between Malcolm’s cheeks once more.

He felt more sensitive, his hole aching in a way he wasn’t familiar with, like now that it had had something inside it, even just the tip of his finger, it was hungry for more.

But Bull’s dick was a lot fucking bigger than one of Malcolm’s fingers.

“Nothing, baby,” Bull growled, shifting Malcolm’s hips and moving his lax body exactly how he wanted him. “You just lie there and let me use this sexy little ass to come.”

Malcolm moaned, grasping at the bedsheets and arching his back. “Okay, yes, please do that.”

Bull pressed on the outside of his ass, making the channel he was fucking into as tight as possible and Malcolm could feel everything. Every time the head of his cock popped out the top, Bull grunted and dragged it back.

His whole body buzzing, Malcolm watched him through half-lidded eyes.

“Are you imagining me pushing this big dick inside you, baby boy?”

“Yes,” he moaned out, gripping at the sheets. That was exactly what he was imagining. The position, the way Bull held him up for his use, it was doing things to Malcolm’s insides, convincing him he could handle that cock driving inside him.

“Me too,” Bull grunted, his hips speeding up. “You’re going to be so fucking tight. It’ll be perfect. When you’re ready, I’ll prep this ass so well you’ll be begging me to

take you.”

“Fuck, Bull...” He clenched his ass, pretty sure the imprint of Bull’s dick was going to be left behind between his cheeks.

“But I can wait. However long it takes,” Bull said between gritted teeth. “You know why?”

Malcolm shook his head, his dick somehow already starting to get hard again.

“Because I know I won’t just be your first. I’m going to be your last, baby boy.”

Wet heat began to fill the space between his cheeks, slicking up the channel even more as Bull’s thrusts stuttered and then stalled out, his head thrown back on a loud moan, jaw tight.

Fuck, he was beautiful.

Bull didn’t move for a long minute, his huge chest heaving, and then he dropped his chin and stared at Malcolm with a look that made him shiver. Hands gentle now, he lowered Malcolm’s hips to the bed, then used one hand to spread him open once more.

He didn’t say or do anything else, just stared at Malcolm’s come-smeared ass before cursing softly. “You look fucking good covered in my seed, baby.”

For some reason, his face heated at the word seed . It was so... base. Primitive.

Hot.

Malcolm sucked in a breath when Bull dragged a finger down his cleft, pausing to pet

against his sensitive hole, but he didn't push inside. It took him a few seconds to realize Bull was collecting his come and rubbing it against his entrance.

Heat shot through him, and he was tugging one of his legs up to open himself more before he fully understood. "Do it," he whispered, face half-buried in the rumpled bedding.

"Baby..." Bull groaned, his finger pressing at the opening without breaching him.

An ache began to build inside him, a need he didn't fully understand. "Please. Push it inside me."

"Fuck," Bull snarled.

Malcolm's mouth dropped open as his body gave way to one of Bull's thick fingers. There was a hint of pain as he stretched to accommodate him, but it mostly just felt overwhelmingly good.

"Yes," he hissed, arching his back and pushing his ass out, forcing that finger deeper. God, he was already so full. How could Bull's cock fit inside him?

Bull bent down and licked up one of his ass cheeks as he curled his finger inside Malcolm, and starbursts exploded behind his eyes. His body tensed as another smaller orgasm ripped through him unexpectedly.

Panting, he slumped back down onto the bed. "Holy shit."

Bull chuckled lightly and carefully drew his finger out. "You okay?"

"More than okay. That was..." He didn't have words, again. Finally, he settled on, "Thank you..."

The name he wanted to call Bull was on the tip of his tongue, that title he'd heard some of the guys at the clubhouse use for their partners. It was right there, but he held it back.

Was he really the type of guy to call another man Daddy ? A man he'd only been fooling around with for a couple of days?

But as Bull settled down next to him, pulling Malcolm's body over so he was half on top of him and whispering a quiet "You're welcome, baby boy," he couldn't help but think maybe he was.

At least when it came to this man.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

“Well, it turns out that Blanche is a boy,” Bull said as soon as Malcolm picked up.

He snorted. “Sweet little Blanche is a boy? Do we have to change his name now?”

He said we . Like the cats belonged to both of them.

And fuck, did Bull like the sound of that.

He smiled as he steered his truck down the back road that led to his brother’s place.

He’d bought the old farmhouse a couple of years ago and had been slowly working on fixing it up ever since.

Bull was usually out about once a month to help with larger projects, and they spent half the time watching videos on YouTube to figure out how to accomplish what they were trying to do.

Whenever their moms came out, they usually laughed at them before chipping in to help.

“Hell no,” Bull said. “I mean, what are we going to rename him? Stanley, after Dorothy’s ex-husband?”

Malcolm laughed, the sound lighting up the inside of Bull’s truck and giving him the urge to turn around and head back to Knotting Pine.

Fuck helping his brother. Malcolm was at Bo's, working the shift he had picked up when he'd found out Bull wasn't going to be around all day.

He doubted his mom would mind if he turned up to help out, but he could just hear Marv bitching in his head, reminding him of the work he had helped Bull do to his house when he bought it.

Of course, he'd gotten his grandpa's old place, and it'd only needed updating and one bathroom renovation. They'd had to take Marv's down to the studs.

"How was breakfast? Was it busy?" Bull asked.

"We were pretty busy but stayed on top of things. I thought Christina was going to have to fight these douchey teens at one point, but Butch came out of the kitchen carrying a butcher knife, and they settled right down."

"A butcher knife," Bull repeated, a throbbing beginning behind his right eye.

"Yeah." Malcolm chuckled. "It was actually pretty funny. Then Raul cursed him out in Spanish, and your mom came out of her office to see what was going on and had to referee them."

Bull shook his head. Shit like this was why he didn't want to take over.

Raul had known him since he still had pimples and a creaky voice; he wouldn't listen to him.

Of course, if he'd been there, he probably would have been the one to lose his cool over people treating one of his servers poorly.

"I'm sorry I missed it. Are you eating something on your break?"

He could hear the smile in Malcolm's voice when he said, "Yes, I'm eating something. Raul made me an omelet."

"Good," Bull said. "I'm glad you're taking care of yourself while I'm not there to do it."

He kept to himself the fact that he'd told Raul to make sure his boy ate while he was off today.

The ornery bastard had rolled his eyes but apparently followed through.

The official policy at Bo's had always been that employees got their meals fifty percent off when they were working, but he and his mom never really enforced it.

Most of the cooks and servers just had the kitchen drop some extra fries or wings when things were slow.

Since no one abused their leniency, Bull didn't give a shit.

He'd prefer his employees weren't hungry at work.

But he'd found out earlier that week that Malcolm felt guilty asking for "handouts" and couldn't always afford to buy a meal. So he'd been going without more often than not or bringing a pitiful-looking lunch with him from home.

Bull had put a stop to that immediately, announcing to everyone that the policy was changing and all employees were allowed one free meal during their shift—two if they worked a double.

Malcolm had cornered him in the office afterward, embarrassed and grateful.

When Bull had awkwardly told him it was nothing, he didn't want anyone going without, his boy had stared at him for a second and then dropped to his knees and choked himself on Bull's cock.

One of the best Wednesdays of his life.

"It's weird being here without you." Malcolm sighed lightly, thankfully bringing Bull back to their conversation before he ended up with a half chub at his brother's. "I can't remember the last shift I worked where you weren't here too."

That had been intentional. Once Bull had given up on the hopeless idea of avoiding Malcolm until his crush went away, he'd pretty much put them on every shift together, despite how it made his mom's eyes roll.

"I'm gonna miss you," Bull admitted gruffly, the words trying to stick in his throat, but he forced them out. "I... I wish you would have come with me today."

"I'm going to miss you too," Malcolm said, his voice softer.

Not like he was embarrassed to say it, but like he just wanted the moment to be between them and not whoever else might be nearby.

"But I think we'll survive one day without seeing each other.

Besides, I don't really know your brother.

I'm sure he wouldn't have appreciated me crashing at his house when he has work for you guys to do. "

"He would've loved to have you there to embarrass me in front of," Bull grunted.



He also disagreed with the idea that they would be fine spending a whole day apart.

Since Malcolm had shown up at his house Monday night after work, they'd spent pretty much all of their time together, with Malcolm staying over at his house every night, and it had been an amazing week.

Tuesday afternoon, he'd gone with him to get clothes from his apartment—despite Malcolm protesting and trying to keep him in the truck while he ran in—and they'd put a dent in the wall with his headboard.

He'd offered to stay there for the night, not wanting Malcolm to think for even a second that Bull had a problem with his place, but Malcolm had been worried the cats would be lonely.

The one evening they hadn't been together because Malcolm had his weekly dinner with Dahlia and Becca to catch up and watch their show, they'd spent half the night after he'd returned to Bull's making each other come until his needy boy had finally been sated.

Maybe it wasn't healthy or normal , but who fucking cared?

He would rather they spend all their time together than have separate lives, and he had a feeling Malcolm felt the same but was trying to hide it.

Either because he was worried about how it looked or because he didn't want to come off as clingy or something.

“Still...” Malcolm said, and Bull could just picture him chewing on that tempting bottom lip of his.

“Maybe next time. I'll let you know when I head home, but it'll probably be late,”

Bull said regretfully, wishing he'd thought to give Malcolm a key to his place before he'd slipped out that morning.

If he didn't think his mom would traumatize him, he'd ask her to give Malcolm hers.

But considering she'd spent all week trying to ask him if the party the weekend before had been a sex party, he wasn't risking his boy's sanity.

Marv liked to keep him as long as possible, working until their bodies couldn't take it anymore or they ran out of materials.

He turned onto his brother's driveway, the big farmhouse about a quarter of a mile down the bumpy gravel stretch, and smiled at the unexpected vehicle parked next to Marv's Harley.

"Actually, it looks like he recruited some other help, so I might get done at a reasonable time."

That or he'd try and push to get even more done.

"Don't rush back," Malcolm said. "You and your brother deserve to spend time together."

There was something in his voice that had Bull frowning at his dash, where Malcolm's name lit up the touchscreen. "Is everything okay?"

Malcolm didn't say anything for a long moment and then let out a heavy breath. "I popped over to my apartment this morning and grabbed the mail." He paused again and then said in a hoarse voice, "There was an invitation to my brother's engagement party next month."

“Fuck that asshole,” Bull said immediately. Just thinking about Evan made his blood start to boil. “You don’t have to go to stuff like that if you don’t want to. If they aren’t going to treat you with respect, you shouldn’t go.”

They being Malcolm’s whole fucking family.

Anytime Malcolm shared anything with him about any of them, Bull just got more pissed off.

How any parents could treat one child so much worse than another was beyond him.

Bull would have cut ties with them years ago.

Sure as shit made him grateful for his moms though, even when Sally tried to corner him and talk about sex parties.

“I don’t... I know I don’t have to,” Malcolm said, and Bull wished he were there to hug him, the pain in his voice like venom straight into his veins. “But I feel like, if I don’t go, I’m letting them... I don’t know, win or whatever.”

“Baby... there is no winning here,” Bull said carefully, parking his truck next to Six’s and putting it in Park. “There’s just you being happy, living your life without the constant weight of their disapproval.”

When Malcolm didn’t say anything for a long minute, Bull grimaced and scrubbed at his face.

He’d probably just way overstepped. No matter how much he was feeling for his sweet boy, he had to remind himself that it was still just the beginning of their relationship.

The last thing he wanted to do was come off as overbearing and controlling.

He just hated the idea of anyone making Malcolm feel like shit about himself.

“I know you’re right,” Malcolm said softly.

“But you’re not ready for that yet,” Bull finished for him, nodding to himself. He needed to be supportive, not pushy. “That’s okay. Text me the date so I can be sure to put it in my calendar.”

“Bull, you don’t have?—”

“I know I don’t have to,” he interrupted, voice firm. “But I am going to. No way I’m letting you walk into the lion’s den without me.”

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

“Okay,” Malcolm said without any more argument. There was a pause, like he was thinking about saying something else, but he just cleared his throat and said, “Thank you. I’ll talk to you later?”

“You can count on it.”

“Bye, Bull.”

“Bye, baby boy.”

After they hung up, Bull sat in his truck for a few more minutes, thinking about that day at the department store when he’d found the asshole grabbing Malcolm to stop him from leaving and accusing him of only thinking of himself.

Just the memory lit a fire in Bull’s belly, a remembered surge of violent rage, one he didn’t think would get extinguished until he put his fist through Evan Kerr’s face.

“So I walk into my house, just covered in filth from this jobsite. Everything from drywall dust to insulation to probably actual shit from whatever animals had been living in this house.”

Bull wrinkled his nose, grateful he didn’t have Tank’s job.

The big biker worked on the demolition crew for a large renovation and development company and had shared a few entertaining stories about things he and his crew had found in abandoned houses now that they were finished working for the day on Marv’s place.

Just the idea of being covered in all that stuff made Bull's skin itch.

He wasn't sure how Tank handled it, but he claimed he loved it.

That getting to take a sledgehammer to counters and cabinets and walls had become one of his favorite things.

"I'm about to make a beeline for the bathroom so I can shower and then decide if I want to just burn these clothes or try and salvage them.

And there, laid across my new kitchen table...

" He paused for dramatic effect, his lightly tanned skin flushed from the hard work and the four beers he'd consumed.

It was the most animated Bull had ever seen him, and with each bottle of beer he drank, his Southern accent thickened.

"...is Ollie's naked body, red ass fully on display, as he scrolled on his phone. "

He and the guys around him all laughed; even Ollie's stone-faced fiancé, Six, chuckled where he sat next to Tank.

They'd finished working on laying the flooring an hour ago and had migrated outside to relax in the mild late-afternoon sun, a little impressed Marv had enough lawn chairs for them to sit on.

Tank and Six were opposite Bull in their makeshift circle, and his brother was on his left.

Houston, who'd arrived not long after Bull had that morning, was on the other side of

Marv, his wide chest on full display after stripping off his shirt hours ago.

On Bull's right was the MC's secretary, Rooster, his long brown hair pulled up in a messy bun.

He and Tank had both ridden with Six and so had taken advantage of the beer Marv had brought out a couple of hours ago when work was starting to slow down as they got tired.

Bull slowly nursed his second bottle, knowing it would be his last one. The last thing he wanted was to get shitfaced and end up sleeping on the newly installed floor in his brother's empty living room instead of in his comfortable bed with his boy's naked body sprawled on top of him.

"I stand there for a second," Tank continues, shaking his head, "just staring at this boy's ass, wondering what in the fuck is going on and why are his cheeks candy-apple red."

Six cleared his throat, drawing Bull's and Tank's attention to him.

Tank just rolled his eyes and finished off the bottle in his hand, setting it in the grass next to him before clapping Six on the shoulder. "Bull's cool. He gets it."

When everyone in the circle turned to look at him, Bull raised his eyebrows, not sure exactly what he was supposed to be getting . He rewound what Tank had said in his head, and then it hit him.

He shifted in his seat, face warming, but that was probably from sitting in the sun for so long. "Um, yeah, I get it."

Marv snorted into his bottle of water, so Bull swung a leg at him. He could have at

least vouched for him in front of his club friends.

Six continued to study him for a second, like he was deciding if Bull had passed some test or not, then nodded at Tank. “Go ahead.”

Tank smiled at Bull, then picked up where he’d left off, like there hadn’t been an interruption.

“And then in walks my husband, also naked and with a bottle of aloe. He barely even glances at me as he says hello before squirting some on Ollie’s ass and starts rubbing it in, right there on the kitchen table. ”

“The new kitchen table,” Houston clarified, head tipped back and eyes shut but a shit-eating grin on his face.

“Yes! Barely had it a week, and Ollie’s dick print was on it.” Tank shook his head, chuckling. “I thought I’d walked into a fucking porno or something. I swear, those two... absolutely no boundaries with each other.”

Six smiled at his bottle of water, like he was remembering something good. The only time he saw that look on his face, it had to do with Ollie, so Bull had to wonder what all was being edited out of the story.

“One time, Ollie kidnapped Emmett,” Rooster started to say, grinning widely.

“Wait.” All eyes turned to him again, and Bull almost didn’t continue, but his curiosity got the better of him. “Why was Ollie at your house getting aloe’d by your husband? And, um, why was CJ also naked?”

“Better question, when isn’t CJ naked,” Rooster said under his breath as he leaned forward to snag another beer from the dwindling supply in the center.



Tank waved a hand in the air. “He always is when he’s at home.”

Bull’s eyes flared open before he could stop himself from reacting, and he could feel his cheeks heating. He wasn’t a prude by any measure, but he hadn’t been expecting to hear that answer.

Fuck, what if Malcolm did that?

The idea of his boy walking around his house naked and available to him whenever he wanted a taste excited him more than was appropriate in front of his own fucking brother.

But knowing that Tank’s husband hung out at their house naked? That flustered him a little.

Tank smirked but didn’t tease him about his reaction. “And apparently, Ollie had gotten into some trouble before coming over. CJ told me later that Ollie had been extra dramatic about how much his ass was burning, so he’d offered the aloe.”

Everyone turned to look at Six, waiting to see if he’d share what his boy had done to warrant such a hard punishment.

Six shrugged. “He tried to leave while I was in the shower.”

That was all he said, like that was an acceptable reason to spank your partner’s ass until it was bright red and burning. Bull supposed it was for them. He wouldn’t mind getting his hands on Malcolm’s ass for fun, but not to that extreme or to punish him.

“Oh shit, I remember that day,” Houston said, sitting upright and slapping his knee.

“You guys should have seen it. I’m sitting at a table talking to a prospective new

Prospect, and I see Ollie on his way out, so I wave, but that boy didn't even make it to the door before a dripping wet Six came thundering down the steps and through the clubhouse.

I thought for sure his towel was going to hit the floor he was moving so fast."

"And Tomas wonders why we can't hang on to Prospects," Marv said quietly.

"He hollered goodbye through the door," Six said as they all chuckled at the visual of the stoic Enforcer running down his errant sub. "He knows that's not acceptable."

"Aw, because he didn't kiss you goodbye?" Tank asked, and Rooster made kissy faces at Six.

Bull almost choked on his drink, beer burning his nose. He wiped at his face as Marv laughed at him.

"That and he didn't make sure I heard him," Six said calmly, unbothered by the teasing.

"I'm kind of surprised you went after him," Marv said, peeling the wrapper off his bottle.

When the mood shifted immediately, everyone quieting and looking at Six to see how he'd react, Marv glanced up and made a face.

"I just mean because you let that boy get away with murder. You all do. Those subs run the clubhouse."

"I wouldn't go that far," Houston said, still side-eyeing Six.

“CJ and I don’t even live there anymore,” Tank argued.

“Emmett is too sweet to get into any real trouble,” Rooster claimed.

Six’s jaw tightened as he stared Marv down for a long, tense moment.

Bull shifted in his seat, wondering if he was going to get his ass beat trying to defend his big brother.

He might be bigger than Six, but that man had experience and a streak of violence in him Bull didn’t want to fuck with if he could help it.

Sighing, Marv held his hands up, palms facing Six. His tattoo sleeves were on full display in his black tank top. “Jesus, man, don’t get your panties in a bunch.”

“Remember when you told me I let CJ get away with too much?” Tank said to Six, obviously trying to diffuse the situation.

Six ignored him, keeping his mismatched eyes on Marv. “I thought I knew what I wanted before I met Ollie. Now, I’d cut off my own hands before doing anything to dull his light.”

“Shit,” Houston said, relaxing back in his chair and tipping his face up to the sun once more. “That was fucking beautiful, man.”

Clearing his throat, Bull turned to his brother. “So are you going to be super strict with the camp counselor?”

Marv whipped his head around to glare at him. “He’s the activities director, and I told you, nothing’s going on.”

“Wait,” Rooster said, face scrunching in confusion. “Are you talking about Foster?”

Sighing, Marv rubbed a hand down his face, then up through his messy curls. “Yes, that is his name. Yes, that’s who he’s talking about. No, there’s nothing going on between us. That would be wildly inappropriate.”

“Wildly inappropriate,” Tank mocked him, snorting. “More inappropriate than me stalking my prison pen pal or Six hooking up with a guy he met on a DV call?”

“Or me hooking up with the kid brother of my best friend from high school?” Rooster added.

“I have to sit this round out,” Houston said, waving a hand without looking at any of them. “There was nothing wrong with how I met Kenneth... unless you count following him into a parking garage at night and eavesdropping on his phone call with his sister.”

Bull covered his mouth to muffle his laughter.

“What I meant to say,” Marv said, enunciating each word, a touch of pink highlighting the kind of cheekbones some people would kill for, “was that I’m not interested in him, so it doesn’t matter if it’s appropriate or not.”

“I’m not buying it,” Tank said, then turned to Six. “You?”

One corner of Six’s mouth tipped up, and he shook his head. “Not a word.”

Draining the last of his bottle, Bull chuckled and set it on the ground. When he glanced up, Marv was smiling at him.

This wouldn’t be good.

“Speaking of inappropriate, let’s talk about how Bull’s fucking one of his straight employees.”

Shit. He should have seen that coming.

### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

“Hey, are you clocked— Jesus, what’s wrong with you?”

Malcolm’s hand was slapped over his pounding heart as he stared at Dahlia in the doorway. “You just scared the crap out of me!”

Snickering, she stepped farther into Sally’s office and plopped onto the other end of the small couch. “You think because you’re sleeping with the boss, no one else is allowed in here now?”

He rolled his eyes and nudged her with his elbow, tucking his phone under his leg and pretending he hadn’t checked it every spare moment all day.

Or that he wasn’t disappointed each time there wasn’t a message from Bull.

It wasn’t like he didn’t know that he was busy helping his brother, but he really had missed working with him and wished he’d been brave enough to go with him.

“No, jerk, but I thought you were Sally.”

Dahlia raised her eyebrows. “It is her office, you know. Though I think she left for the day.”

“That’s the only reason I’m in here.” Malcolm grimaced. “I’ve been avoiding her all day. She keeps trying to talk to me about Bull.”

“Oh, shit,” Dahlia said, mouth twisting. “That’s so awkward. You didn’t tell me he’d told his family about you two already.”

Malcolm shrugged, picking at a loose string on the seam of his jeans. “I didn’t think he had, but I never explicitly asked. He must have, though, because every time we got slow today—and one time on my way back from the bathroom —she was there, trying to pull me into a conversation.”

“Shut up! On your way back from the bathroom?”

“Yup. I was horrified.”

“How do you know it was about Bull?”

“Oh, she made that very clear,” Malcolm said with a light laugh. “‘Malcolm, I just want to make sure you understand how sweet my son is.’ ‘Malcolm, did you know Bull graduated magna cum laude?’”

Dahlia smiled. “Okay, that’s actually really sweet.”

“I don’t know.” He made a face. “It didn’t feel sweet. Maybe it would’ve in another circumstance? But at work, it just made me feel weird about...”

“The fact that you’re sleeping with your boss?” she finished dryly.

“Yeah,” he sighed. “Do you think everyone here knows?”

She snorted, so he slapped gently at her arm. “Sweetie, everyone in this place is a horrible gossip. You know that. Of course they know.”

“Great,” he muttered, one more thing for him to worry about. All his coworkers

talking about him behind his back and being judgy about his and Bull's relationship.

Dahlia touched his wrist, giving it an affectionate squeeze, then stood, straightening her apron. "I should get back out there. We're slow now, but it'll probably pick up soon for dinner."

"Did you need something?" he asked, standing too. He'd clocked out twenty minutes ago but had been hanging out in the office, wondering what he'd do while Bull was busy. It had only been a week, yet he felt aimless, knowing he wouldn't be spending the night with him.

"Oh, yeah," she said, slapping her forehead. "There are a few people here to see you. I put them at table three."

"What?"

But she was already gone.

Who would be there to see him?

Grabbing his phone and shoving it in his pocket, he headed toward the floor, praying it wasn't his brother ambushing him about the engagement party.

He'd be shocked if Evan actually knew where he worked.

Though he wouldn't put it past him to track down the information just to come and yell at him about how Malcolm was ruining his life or whatever.

As he neared the booth in the corner where Dahlia had seated them, he smiled, wondering what on earth Ollie was doing at Bo's. There were two other guys around his age, putting them all a few years older than Malcolm.



He didn't remember telling Ollie where he worked last weekend at the party, but maybe he'd mentioned it in passing. They'd chatted quite a bit between drinks and dances and his friend Mason teaching Malcolm some new moves.

As soon as Ollie spotted him, he jumped up and hurried over, a wide smile lighting up his unfairly beautiful face.

He was wearing a tiny pair of jean shorts and a crop top that said Emotional Support Bottom in bright pink lettering.

It revealed a few inches of his belly—and a tattoo around his navel—when he lifted his arms for a hug.

Malcolm accepted the embrace, a twinge of guilt pricking him that he was surprised by it. Ollie had been nothing but kind to him last Saturday.

“Hi!” Ollie chirped. “Lia said it was okay that we waited for you. You’re done with your shift, right?”

“Yeah.” Malcolm nodded slowly, trying to catch up with what was happening. “How did you know...?”

Ollie threaded his arm through Malcolm's and steered him over to the booth where the other two guys were waiting. “How did I know you worked here, or how do I know Lia?”

“Both, I guess.”

“Six is at Marv's with some of the others. When he texted me earlier, I gently persuaded him to give me some details about the two of you. He finally admitted you worked here with Bull after I promised to do that thing with my tongue and?—”

“Ollie!” One of the guys clapped his hands over his ears, cheeks flushing bright red.

“Whoops.” He winked at Malcolm. “Anyway, and I know Lia because I’ve been styling her hair for years.”

“Oh, right,” Malcolm said, snapping his fingers. “I totally forgot about that. She was so disappointed she couldn’t make it last weekend.”

“You and Bull should bring her and Becca next time,” Ollie said excitedly, rocking up onto his toes. “I’ve never actually gotten to meet Becca, even though she gushes about her at every appointment.”

You and Bull .

Something loosened in his chest at Ollie’s easy acceptance that the two of them were a package deal now.

It felt different than Dahlia’s gentle teasing or Sally’s awkward conversation starters.

Ollie was outside the Bo’s ecosystem. His assumption that not only would Bull and Malcolm be going to another clubhouse party but that, of course, they’d be together, made everything feel a bit more real.

A little scary, but mostly just exciting. Their isolated pocket of connection, where they had a chance to learn about each other and take things slow, was bursting. Their relationship was about to spill out in front of everyone they knew.

“I don’t know if you met these two last Saturday,” Ollie said, pointing at the two guys in the booth. “But that’s CJ, and that’s Emmett.”

CJ looked familiar, but Malcolm wasn’t sure if they’d ever actually exchanged names

at the party.

He had short, wavy hair and bright green eyes, and there was a small silver hoop on the side of his nose.

Emmett had been the one to cover his ears when Ollie had nearly revealed what he'd offered to do to Six to get the information about Malcolm.

His golden-brown eyes were soft and welcoming, a deep set of dimples in his full cheeks.

"It's nice to officially meet you guys," he said, smiling warmly.

"Do you want to hang out here or go back to your place?"

Ollie's question made Malcolm's stomach dip.

He hadn't even wanted Bull to see his sad little apartment, and now, three people he barely knew were going to invade the space and know immediately he was dead broke and struggling?

What if one of them sat in the red chair before he could stop them and they flipped over in it?

What if... What if they didn't want to be friends with him after seeing it?

CJ snorted and pinched the bridge of his nose. The movement shifted his shirt, allowing Malcolm to see that it said I licked it so it's mine next to a... neon eggplant? Where did they get these shirts?

Probably not Goodwill.

Right.

“Ollie, you can’t invite yourself to someone else’s house,” CJ said, exasperated.

Emmett snickered, ducking his head when Ollie stuck his tongue out at him. At least his shirt was benign, featuring cartoon dogs from a kids’ show Becca was obsessed with. Maybe he’d ask Emmett where he got it so he could suggest it to Dahlia if she hadn’t noticed.

“Okay, yes, you’re right,” Ollie said, pointing at his friend. “Normally . But since you also tell me that there are certain things we shouldn’t discuss in public, I thought we should give Malcolm here the opportunity to choose where we talk.”

CJ rolled his eyes. “I like how you only follow social norms when it’s convenient for you.”

“Thanks. I like that about me too,” Ollie said, then spun to face Malcolm. “Well?”

Malcolm glanced back and forth between the three of them, almost afraid to ask what it was Ollie wanted to talk about that he thought Malcolm wouldn’t want to discuss in public. “I guess it kind of depends on, you know, the subject,” he said cautiously.

“You and Bull, duh,” Ollie replied.

“Well, apparently, everybody here already knows,” Malcolm said and shrugged. “So I guess we can just stay.”

“Okay!” Ollie scooted into the booth next to Emmett, smiling at him more gently than he had at CJ. “You hungry, Em? I think we should get some food.”

Emmett nodded and grabbed the menus that had been lying in the middle of the table.

Malcolm slowly lowered himself onto the other side of the booth, next to CJ, still a little worried about what Ollie wanted to know about him and Bull.

Ollie grabbed his own menu and then said, without looking up from it, “Firstly, I’d like to know why you lied to me about having never seen Bull’s dick before.”

Malcolm choked on his own spit and glanced around, but no one was seated close enough to have heard. He hoped.

“Good lord, Ol,” CJ said, patting Malcolm on the back. “You okay? I swear you get used to him.”

Slamming his menu back down, Ollie rolled his eyes so hard Malcolm worried they’d get stuck. “Well, he did. Six told me that Houston told him that Marv told him ?—”

Malcolm’s head started to hurt.

“—that Bull was kind of mokey today because he missed Malcolm.” Ollie grinned at him. “Because you guys spend all your time together. Banging like bunnies. According to Marv.”

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

Malcolm was never going to be able to show his face at Bo's again. He dropped his head onto the table and covered it with his arms. "Oh my god. Marv said that?"

"Oh no, you've broken him," CJ said, gently rubbing Malcolm's back.

"Would you rather we not talk about this here? Because his questions will probably only get more invasive. We can go to your place if you'd be more comfortable.

I promise we just wanted to reach out and let you know we're available to talk to. About anything."

He slowly sat up, touched beyond words for a second. These guys barely knew him and yet were making more of an effort than any of the friends he'd made in college had when he'd dropped out. A couple had texted him a handful of times, but those had dried up quickly, and he was forgotten.

"Uh, well," he said, tugging at his earlobe and dropping his eyes. "My place is kind of... small, and Emmett said he was hungry."

A warm hand covered his, and he glanced up at CJ, who smiled at him in a soft, understanding way. "You don't need to be embarrassed about where you live, but we can stay here, and Ollie will use his inside voice."

"Totally," Ollie said, getting up onto his knees and planting his forearms on the table to lean over it so he was closer to him and CJ.

He lowered his voice and said softly, "Babe, you never have to be embarrassed in

front of me. I share a single room with the love of my life on the second floor of a motorcycle club's clubhouse.

And before that, I lived above a friend's garage in a tiny little studio.

That was my first time ever living on my own. ”

“I’ve never lived on my own,” Emmett added, his round cheeks flushed but he held Malcolm’s eyes. “I lived with my parents until about a year ago. Then I went from a roommate to my Da—boyfriend’s place.”

“I also used to share one room with my husband at the clubhouse,” CJ said, squeezing Malcolm’s hand before pulling away. “Though we did recently buy a house.” He shook his head in disbelief. “Which still seems crazy to me.”

“Yes, yes, we’re very proud of you,” Ollie said, stretching to pat CJ’s shoulder and then refocusing on Malcolm.

“I can tell,” CJ muttered, but he was still smiling, a small dimple flashing in his right cheek.

“So, is it a micro? Is that why you lied?” Ollie asked, head cocked so that some of his purple hair fell over his forehead. “Because we don’t body shame here, and I didn’t mean to make you feel like I would judge him if his dick wasn’t humongous.”

“Oh my god.” Malcolm’s face was on fire. He covered it with one of his hands.

Ollie resettled onto his side of the booth, looking genuinely confused. “What?”

Malcolm shook his head. “I just can’t believe I’m having this conversation, but here goes nothing. No, he doesn’t have a micro penis, but I’m not going to tell you how

big it is,” he quickly added when Ollie’s mouth opened, and he slumped with disappointment. “But, um, yeah. It’s... large.”

Emmett snickered at his awkwardness, hiding behind his menu, and CJ chuckled too. The traitor.

“Fine,” Ollie said, dragging the word out. “Next question.”

“Wait, no. And I didn’t lie when you asked me last Saturday.” He glanced around before adding, “I didn’t see it for the first time until that night. How, um, how did you find out things between us had changed?”

“Six said that Bull was being quieter than normal, but he didn’t seem sad like he has the last few times he’d seen him.”

Malcolm’s stomach flipped, and he placed his hands over his midsection to hold it in place. He hated the idea that Bull had been sad, especially knowing that it was probably because of him. Because he had been developing feelings for Malcolm and thinking they would never be reciprocated.

“Wow,” CJ said, laying down his menu and pushing it back to the middle. “Says something when Six, of all people, notices that someone is quiet.”

Ollie ignored him except to flip him the bird. “So I texted Emmett—because Six wouldn’t just flat out ask Bull—and he asked his boyfriend, who is also at Marv’s, to ask Bull, and he confirmed you two were together.”

He was pretty sure he’d followed most of that.

“Is he your first guy?” Ollie asked brightly.



“You really don’t have any kind of filter, do you?” Dahlia said as she approached their table, and Malcolm sank farther down in his seat. At least it had been her and not Trisha covering this section.

“Yes, I do,” Ollie said, like he was repeating something he had said often. “It’s just not as strong as other people would like.”

Dahlia just laughed, took their orders, and left again. Three pairs of expectant eyes turned on Malcolm.

Swallowing, he nodded. “How did you know?”

Ollie shrugged. “Educated guess. At the clubhouse, you had mentioned a breakup with a woman and had seemed genuinely shocked when I asked you about Bull’s dick. How are you handling things?”

“Okay, I guess,” Malcolm said, rubbing his hands on his thighs. “The weirdest part has been how not weird it is, if that makes sense. It was like once I let myself actually think about the possibility, it just seemed so obvious and natural between us.”

He glanced up and found three smiling, nodding faces.

“We totally get that feeling,” Ollie said. Emmett nodded enthusiastically.

When he glanced at CJ, he grinned and said, “My love story is more of a slow burn than these two if you start from when we exchanged our first letters.”

Malcolm’s eyes popped wide. “Exchanged letters? Like, on paper and through the mail?”

CJ nodded, his face turning wistful. “For nine months, Tank and I only

communicated that way while he was in prison down in Louisiana.”

Malcolm wasn't sure how to process that and didn't want to offend his new friend. “That's... cool. I'm happy for you two.”

Thankfully, Dahlia swooped past, depositing drinks in front of each of them, and then disappeared again. Once she was gone, Malcolm glanced around to make sure no one had been seated near them and then turned back to the others.

“So, um, you and Six...”

Ollie took a long drag of his lemonade, then set the glass down. “Are K-I-S-S-I-N-Ging,” he confirmed.

CJ laughed. “You guys definitely do more than kiss.”

“We definitely do.” Ollie sighed dreamily. “That man is a dick wizard.” Emmett made a sort of squeaking noise, and Ollie pinched his cheek like he was a small child doing something adorable. “God, I love when Rooster lets you out to play with us.”

Emmett brushed his hand away, looking pleased instead of insulted.

“Right,” Malcolm said, swallowing down his nerves. If he was going to ask anyone about this, Ollie was the person to do it. He'd been almost uncomfortably open about his and Six's relationship since about five minutes after they'd met. “Um, so you, like... call him Daddy sometimes?”

It was possible he'd have heat stroke from embarrassment, and he couldn't quite meet Ollie's eyes after putting his question out there, but he still saw him turn to look at CJ and Emmett.

When he refocused on Malcolm, there was a guardedness to his expression that he wasn't used to and seemed out of place on the gregarious man.

"I don't just call him that. That's who he is," Ollie said carefully.

Malcolm had a hundred more questions, but he knew it wouldn't be fair to expect these guys to answer everything he wanted to know and not share anything about himself.

He took a drink of water and then blurted out, "I really like it when Bull calls me baby boy, and sometimes I want to call him Daddy, but I don't really know what that means, or what it can mean for us, or if it would just make everything weird when everything has been really, really good so far."

His vision was a little blurry, and his heart was racing, but he'd said it. He'd said the thing that had been weighing on the back of his mind all week.

"It can mean anything you want it to mean," CJ said.

He surprised Malcolm when he added, "I only call Tank Daddy in the bedroom." He glanced at Emmett, eyebrows raised.

When he nodded, CJ said, "Emmett's boyfriend is his Daddy all the time.

And then Ollie is somewhere in the middle.

It really just depends on what the two of you want and what you're both comfortable with. "

That totally made sense.

Except...

“How do I...” Malcolm said, chewing on the inside of his lip. “How do I bring up that I might want to try?”

He glanced around the table, and they were all smiling at him. Not in a mocking or mean way, but like they were proud of him for having the courage to talk to them about this. For some reason, that made his eyes start to burn, and he had to blink a few times to clear it away.

“You just say it,” Emmett said, his soft, sweet voice clear. “If you know in your heart that you can trust him, then that means you can share all the parts of yourself, even this one.”

“Come with me,” Ollie said abruptly, jumping up from the booth.

Malcolm watched him walk away, his strides purposeful, and then glanced at CJ and Emmett.

CJ just chuckled and waved a hand. “You better follow, or he’ll just come back and drag you after him.”

Right. Of course he would.

Malcolm hurried to catch up just as Ollie reached the restrooms. “What are we doing?”

“I want to show you something.”

“I’m not really interested in seeing anyone’s dick but Bull’s,” Malcolm said, unsure where else this could be leading.

Ollie snorted and led the way into the handicapped stall and started undoing his pants.

Malcolm began to back out, hands up. “Seriously, man?—”

“Quit being a baby,” Ollie said, laughing. “Get in here.”

Filled with trepidation, Malcolm stepped back into the stall and pulled the door shut behind him, sliding the lock home.

Ollie’s shorts rustled as they fell down his legs, but he didn’t see it, his eyes glued to a weird stain high up on the wall.

Did Sally or Bull know about it? What if it was mold or something?

“You have to actually look,” Ollie said, laughter clear in his voice.

Sighing, Malcolm dragged his eyes down the wall and then Ollie’s slender frame.

He wasn’t sure what he was expecting, but the metallic contraption around Ollie’s dick was nowhere near the list of things he could even come up with.

Like... it was in another zip code from the things Malcolm had been imagining.

“What is that?”

“A cock cage,” Ollie said, glancing down at himself with a soft smile. “Six asked me to wear it when we first got together. Before he asked, it wasn’t something I’d ever considered, but now I love it. I wear it whenever I can as a physical reminder that I’m his.”

Malcolm’s eyes were drawn down to a tattoo on the inside of his thigh. In black,

stylized script, the words Property of arched above a pair of beautifully rendered black and gray wings. Underneath in bold letters, it simply said Daddy.

Licking his lips, he said softly, “You’re saying I should just talk to Bull.”

Ollie grabbed his shorts and pulled them up.

Once he was zipped and buttoned, he snagged Malcolm’s hands and squeezed his fingers.

Holding his eyes, he said, “I’m saying that you should not only talk to him but listen to him too.

Find your way forward together, and I bet he’ll make you happier than you could even imagine. ”

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Exhausted and more than ready for a hot shower and another beer, Bull was surprised to see Malcolm's car parked in front of his house as he pulled into his driveway.

He hadn't texted him to let him know he was on his way home since it was after eleven, and he'd figured Malcolm would already be in bed.

Guilt tickled at him. How long had he been waiting?

Six, Rooster, and Tank had taken off from Marv's a few hours ago, but Houston's boy had been working a sixteen-hour shift, so he'd ordered the three of them some pizzas and hung out around the bonfire Marv had started.

The guy didn't have a couch but had a neatly stacked pile of wood, just in case?

Houston had done the familiar pitch about Bull joining the MC but had let it go easily enough.

He'd shared about some of the trouble his partner's siblings had gotten into recently and then asked how things were going for Bull.

He followed up each of Bull's answers with another question, seeming genuinely interested in the restaurant, his and Marv's moms, and, after some gentle coaxing, Bull's worries about the future.

But if he'd known Malcolm was waiting for him, he would have left hours ago.

Climbing out of his truck, he checked his phone to make sure he didn't have any missed calls or texts but didn't find anything.

Frowning, he crossed the front yard, worried something had happened.

His porch light was on, but it was the only illumination since the rest of his house was dark.

Where Malcolm sat in one of the Adirondack chairs at the other end, he was mostly in shadows.

There was just enough light for him to see his eyes were closed, and there was a black shopping bag next to his feet, the silver lettering of the name Monique's catching the dim light.

"This is a nice surprise," he said softly as he approached. "But did you fall asleep, baby?"

Malcolm's eyes peeled open, a soft, tired smile on his lips. "No, I was just resting my eyes."

"Everything okay?" Bull asked, closing the distance between them.

"Everything's fine."

Crouching next to the chair, Bull studied Malcolm's face before nodding, accepting that answer. "Well, you should have told me you were coming. I would have come home sooner."



Malcolm yawned and stretched, then leaned over the arm of the chair and pressed a soft, lingering kiss to Bull's mouth. Fuck, that was a nice way to be welcomed home.

"I haven't been waiting very long," Malcolm murmured, rubbing his lips against Bull's a couple of times and then relaxing back against the chair again. "I spent most of the evening with Ollie and his friends."

Bull raised his brows. "Really? I was with Six, and he didn't say anything about it."

He pushed to his feet, then held out a hand. Malcolm accepted it and let Bull pull him up from the chair. Pressed close together, he couldn't resist leaning down and stealing one more kiss. Malcolm hummed, smiling against his lips.

"Now that I know him a little better, I feel confident saying it is entirely possible he didn't mention it to Six," Malcolm said, shaking his head with a fondness Bull had seen others have regarding the brat.

"Sounds about right. What did you guys do?"

Malcolm's face flushed, his eyes darting away. "Well, we had dinner at Bo's and then did, uh, a little shopping."

Bull led the way to the door, unlocked it, and then stepped aside once he opened it so Malcolm could go in first. "Shopping for what?"

He was more than a little surprised his budget-conscious boy had done some impromptu pleasure shopping. His curiosity grew when Malcolm's blush crawled down his throat, and he opened and closed his mouth a couple of times without saying anything.

Before Malcolm could figure out what he wanted to say, Sophia jumped onto the

back of the couch and yowled at him in displeasure. A second later, the kittens came scampering into the room, more interested in getting attention than food.

“Shit, hold that thought, baby. Let me feed them first.”

He quickly did, checking to make sure she and the kittens had what they needed and giving their box a scoop. He hesitated a second, then dipped into the bathroom to shower really fast, rinsing off the sweat from earlier in the day.

After pulling on a pair of shorts, he headed back out to the living room and paused just inside, smiling at the sight of Malcolm curled up in the corner of the couch, the TV on one of his home renovation shows, and two beers on the table in front of him.

He really could get used to this.

He settled himself on the couch next to Malcolm, snagging his beer on the way down, and admitted that he might have already. He’d been off all day, thinking he wouldn’t see Malcolm when he got home, and now that he was, he could truly relax finally.

“Thanks, baby.” He took a long swig, then set the bottle back down, eyeing the shopping bag near it on the table. He nodded at it. “Did you guys have fun?”

Malcolm glanced over at Bull, his teeth nibbling at his bottom lip and cheeks flushing.

Bull really wanted to know what was inside that bag to cause such a reaction.

“Yeah, they were all really nice,” Malcolm said, his voice low and a little hesitant. “They helped me figure some stuff out. Stuff that had been bothering me.”

Bull’s stomach churned. He leaned forward, grabbed the remote from the table, and

muted the TV, then resettled on the couch, pulling his leg up so he was fully facing Malcolm. “Stuff about us? About... me?”

He matched Bull’s position, their knees knocking together. “Sort of, but not in a bad way,” he quickly added, grabbing Bull’s closest hand and slotting their fingers together.

Malcolm stared down at where they were touching, but Bull just watched his face, still not completely sure he wasn’t about to get dumped.

“Sometimes... it feels like we’re moving really fast,” Malcolm said slowly. “Maybe too fast.”

Bull swallowed, pushing down his reflexive urge to deny it. He covered Malcolm’s hand with his other one, so it was sandwiched between both of his. “Then we’ll slow down. We’ll take a few steps back and figure out where?—”

“No, wait,” Malcolm interrupted, shaking his head and scooting closer on the couch. “That’s not what I want. Sorry, this is coming out wrong.”

Bull frowned, trying to figure out what Malcolm did mean if not for them to slow down. “I’m... not sure what you want, then.”

“I just mean that... Well, this week has been amazing and perfect, right?” Malcolm asked, his face earnest.

Bull nodded slowly, more confused than ever.

“But it scared me a little how much I missed you while I was at work. And when I thought I wouldn’t see you at all today...”

Bull felt like he'd been punched in the gut. "It scared you?"

"Fuck, I'm really messing this up." Malcolm tugged his hand free and sat up on his knees, gently cupping both sides of Bull's face.

"You don't scare me. What's happening between us doesn't scare me.

"He swallowed thickly, fingers tensing against Bull's skin.

"How fast I'm falling for you terrifies me," he whispered.

"But I don't want to slow down, and I don't want to spend less time together.

Ollie and his friends helped me realize there is no right or wrong way to do this. "

"Do what exactly, baby?" Bull asked, still feeling like he was missing part of the conversation.

Malcolm ran his teeth over his bottom lip, then licked them, his eyes a little wide. He tightened his jaw and said clearly, "I want to try calling you Daddy sometimes. But, you know, only if you're okay with it."

Bull's blood began to heat as he blinked a few times, having not expected that at all .

But fuck yeah, he was okay with it. He was more than okay with it.

It wasn't something he'd ever done before and had never thought about until some of the guys in the MC began hooking up with their boys.

He'd never considered it for himself, though, until the words passed Malcolm's lips, but as soon as they were hanging in the air between them, the idea settled over him

like a suit jacket perfectly tailored to his frame.

Hell yeah, he could be his daddy.

“I’m definitely okay with that,” Bull said, smiling and turning to press a kiss against each of Malcolm’s palms. Maybe they could try?—

“But I don’t want a cock cage,” Malcolm blurted out, his face bright red.

Bull jerked back in surprise. “What?”

“You know what, never mind,” Malcolm muttered, shaking his head. “Fucking Ollie.”

He leaned in to kiss Bull, then balanced on his leg to reach over and snag the bag from the coffee table. Monique’s was unfamiliar to Bull, and he couldn’t help but wonder what kind of expensive boutique place Ollie and his friends had taken Malcolm to that he’d actually bought something.

Or why he was pulling it out now when Bull would much rather go back to talking about being his daddy.

“When I told them I was, um, a little nervous about, you know, taking all of you,” Malcolm said, fiddling with the top of the bag and not meeting Bull’s eyes, “they suggested we start with one of these.”

Suddenly, Bull knew exactly what was inside. He swallowed as Malcolm placed it in his lap, then clasped his hands together tightly, waiting for Bull to pull out what he’d bought for himself.

So he could work up to taking Bull’s cock.

He didn't draw it out, and not just because his dick was already getting hard. His boy looked like he'd baked in the sun all day his face was so red.

Sticking his hand inside, Bull pulled out the hard plastic packaging containing a set of three clear silicone butt plugs. His breaths grew unsteady as he studied them. The smallest wasn't quite as wide as two of Bull's fingers, but the biggest was almost as thick around as his dick.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

Bull tried to settle his racing heart and keep his dick from punching out of his shorts with some careful breathing. When Malcolm nervously cleared his throat, he glanced up at him and smiled. “You want Daddy to get you ready to take his cock, baby boy?”

Malcolm sucked in a shaky breath, his pupils dilating. “Y-yes, that’s what I want.”

“Fuck, you’re so perfect,” Bull said, placing the newly washed plug on the end of the bed next to the lube and stroking himself as he ran his eyes from the tips of Malcolm’s toes up his shapely legs, over his hard dick and the flushed skin of his chest, his tempting parted lips, and all the way to his disheveled hair.

Bull gave himself a couple of quick tugs to try and relieve some of the pressure already building inside him, but then he forced his hand away. “Are you ready, gorgeous?”

Malcolm licked his lips. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good boy. Bend your knees for me and put your feet flat on the bed.”

It was so quiet in his bedroom he could hear Malcolm swallow.

He did as he was told, dragging his heels up toward his ass until he could comfortably plant them on the sheets beneath him.

Bull stepped right up to the end of the bed, his heavy dick so engorged it stuck straight out from his body, pointing right at the man he wanted more than anything in

the world.

“Spread your legs, baby,” Bull said, his voice low and husky.

Malcolm propped himself up on his elbows, watching Bull with such a look of vulnerability on his face it was like a shot of arousal straight into Bull’s balls. He held those beautiful blue eyes as Malcolm slowly slid his feet apart, making space between his thighs for Bull.

“Perfect. Such a good boy.”

Malcolm bit his lip, making a soft sound as a drop of precome slid down his shaft. His boy really did love getting praised.

“Did you touch yourself while I was in the bathroom washing your new plug?” Bull asked, climbing onto the end of the bed and shuffling forward on his knees.

“No, Daddy.”

“And why not?”

“Because you said not to,” Malcolm said, his voice breathless and trembling just a little.

Bull touched his knees and felt that same tremor just under his skin. “Shh. It’s okay,” he said, gliding his fingers up and down the outside of Malcolm’s calves. “You’re being so good for me, just like I knew you would, my beautiful, sweet boy.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” Malcolm whispered and licked his lips, gaze fixed on Bull’s dick.



Smirking, he grabbed his boy's ankles and lifted, pushing back as he went to press his thighs against his slender torso. "Grab your legs. Hold yourself open for me."

"Oh, fuck," Malcolm groaned, flopping onto his back and scrambling to latch onto the back of his thighs.

"That's right. Just like that. Good job, baby."

Bull moved a little closer, laying his hands on the soft skin just beneath Malcolm's cheeks, then dragged his palms down and sank his fingers into that soft flesh, pulling him apart and baring him completely to Bull's eyes.

Malcolm moaned. "Daddy."

"Look at that gorgeous hole," Bull said, running his teeth over his bottom lip. "Fuck. It's gonna look so good stuffed full of Daddy's cock one day, but first, we've got to get it ready."

Malcolm whimpered and nodded, his eyes squeezed shut and knuckles white.

Leaning down, Bull led with his tongue and gave that perfect hole a kiss.

Malcolm's whole body jerked like he'd been electrocuted, a harsh gasp bursting out of him and eyes popping back open. He tipped his chin down and stared at Bull, lips flushed and parted.

Bull tightened his hold on his cheeks and fluttered his tongue over his furled entrance. The day he finally got his dick in there, he knew he would lose his fucking mind, but that's exactly where it belonged—locked inside his boy's tight, hot ass.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Malcolm chanted, rocking up against Bull's face.

One of his heels landed on Bull's shoulder with a thud. Before he could peel himself away from his new favorite meal to ask what Malcolm thought he was doing letting go of his leg, a strong hand landed on the back of his head, pushing him harder between those plush cheeks.

He grinned and licked more firmly at his boy's tiny, unused hole.

"More, please, more," Malcolm begged, arching his hips off the bed. "Please , Daddy. So good."

His boy was so fucking sensitive. He was pretty sure he could make him come just from eating his ass and made a mental note to try one day soon.

He couldn't deny him when he asked so prettily, so he continued longer than he'd intended, licking and sucking at his hole and all the delicate skin around it.

He ran his tongue from Malcolm's tailbone all the way up to his sack, where he buried his nose and inhaled the scent of his boy deep into his lungs.

Shit, how was he ever going to be able to focus on anything else ever again when he knew his boy tasted and smelled so fucking good?

Kissing his way back down, he straightened his tongue and pressed against that reluctant opening, wiggling and forcing his way inside.

"Bull!" Malcolm yelled, his hold on Bull's head brutal in its strength and heel digging into Bull's shoulder blade. "Oh, my God. Why didn't anyone tell me it would feel this fucking good?"

Bull chuckled, and Malcolm moaned, rocking himself against Bull's tongue, trying to get it deeper. He was shameless in his search for pleasure, riding the tip like a well-

practiced bottom.

Instead of giving him more, Bull pulled away, giving him one last long lick before rising from between his cheeks. At first, Malcolm's hold on him tightened, trying to stop him from moving, but then he relaxed, sliding his hand down to Bull's jaw.

Turning his head, he pressed a kiss to the inside of his wrist, then grabbed the lube.

"I love how sensitive you are," Bull said, slicking up one of his fingers. "You're gonna love these plugs. Almost as much as you'll love my cock."

Malcolm stared at him, nodding and panting.

Pressing a kiss to the inside of one of Malcolm's knees, Bull carefully rubbed the tip of his finger against Malcolm's hole. Then, slowly, he pushed inside, stopping at his first knuckle.

Tossing his head against the pillow, Malcolm licked his lips. "Keep going, please."

Bull watched his boy carefully as he sank the rest of his finger into his soft heat. He bit back a groan when Malcolm clenched around him, imagining that tightness on his cock. "Feels good, doesn't it, baby boy?"

"Yes, Daddy," Malcolm moaned.

Bull worked the digit in and out, keeping his movements slow and controlled. It wasn't long before Malcolm was whimpering and begging for more again, trying to rut back against him, searching for more to fill him.

Pulling out one last time, Bull crooked his finger and gently swiped against Malcolm's swollen prostate. His perfect boy screamed, body tensing for a moment as

precome drooled from his dark red cock.

“So fucking gorgeous,” Bull growled, grabbing the plug with trembling hands and slicking it up quickly.

“Give it to me, Daddy. Make me take it,” Malcolm said, his words a little slurred as he gripped the back of his thighs and pulled, rocking his ass up in offering.

Make me take it.

The words rang in Bull’s ears, clouding his mind as he pushed the silicone plug against Malcolm’s loosened hole. He tried to control how fast he pushed it in, but with Malcolm’s keening in his ears and his own throbbing dick, he shoved the last inch in with more force than he’d intended.

Malcolm cried out, mouth wide and panting and eyes staring, unseeing, at the ceiling.

Petting the stretched skin around the flared base in apology, Bull asked, “Too much?”

He shook his head, still looking dazed, before blinking a few times and refocusing on Bull. “Need to come. Please . Make me come, Daddy.”

Practically snarling, Bull dropped down and sucked half of his boy’s length down in one go, licking it clean of all that musky precome he’d been leaking for him.

Malcolm moaned and palmed the back of his head with both hands, his feet landing on Bull’s shoulders as he humped up against his face erratically.

Instead of trying to slow him down, Bull relaxed his jaw and let Malcolm fuck his mouth as he needed, giving him as much pleasure as he possibly could.

He gripped the end of the plug and tugged it halfway out before plunging it back in.

On the next thrust, he angled the tip so it would hit his engorged gland on the way in.

Malcolm's gasping breaths turned to sobs, his fingernails digging into the back of Bull's skull. His cock erupted inside Bull's mouth, spilling his essence onto his tongue and down his throat. Bull swallowed quickly, not wanting to lose a single drop.

Once Malcolm started to relax, his legs splaying out to the sides, Bull settled the toy fully back in place, grinning at the way his boy's body twitched. Bull sat up, licking his lips, and surveyed the results of Malcolm's first plugging.

A gorgeous flush and sheen of sweat coated his boy's skin from between his soft pink nipples all the way up to his cheeks. His mouth was damp and parted as he panted, and his eyes were closed.

Definitely a success.

Shuffling forward, Bull maneuvered himself up to the head of the bed next to Malcolm's face and started stroking himself with a tight grip.

His sack was already drawn up tight, his balls aching for release.

The last thing he wanted was to draw it out.

All he could think about was marking his boy's pink skin, dotting it with his come, and then licking it off, sharing the taste with sweet kisses afterward.

Grunting as he neared the end, he focused his rough tugs on the top half of his dick and the sensitive spots just beneath its wide head.

Malcolm turned toward him, his beautiful blue irises nearly swallowed by his pupils.

Zeroing in on the tip of Bull's dick three inches from his face, Malcolm moaned quietly, closed his eyes again, and gently cupped Bull's tight sack, rolling his balls between his fingers.

Then he opened his mouth and extended his tongue, eager for Bull's come.

With a hoarse cry, Bull erupted, his seed splashing across Malcolm's lips and waiting tongue, then his cheeks. He worked out one last dribble onto the hollow of his throat before smearing the tip against one of the fading bruises on his neck.

Fucking perfect.

Humming, Malcolm swallowed and licked his lips, trying to find every drop he could.

He opened his eyes slowly, giving Bull's sensitive sack one last caress before dropping his arm back to the bed.

Bull lay down next to Malcolm once he could feel his limbs again and licked across the streaks still remaining, using his own tongue to feed the rest to Malcolm, sharing deep, messy kisses in between.

Once Malcolm was clean, they kept kissing, their movements turning languid and sweet, fingers gently touching each other's cooling skin.

When Malcolm's lips started to slow, his hand having settled and stayed on Bull's hip for several minutes, Bull lay on his back and pulled his boy over him, settling them into their preferred sleeping positions.

"I should go take the plug out," Malcolm said, the words thick and slow, his body

completely relaxing against Bull's.

"I'll do it," Bull assured him and carded his fingers through his soft hair. "Later. You can go to sleep, baby."

Malcolm hummed in acknowledgment. "Thank you for being patient with me."

A ball of emotions settled in Bull's throat, and he had to clear them away before he could respond, his fingers flexing. "I'm the one who should be thankful, and I am."

"Why?" Malcolm asked, voice still quiet but a little clearer.

"In the past, not everyone has had... the willingness to take my cock," Bull admitted, old insecurities washing over him. "If you ever decide you don't want to go that far, we can?—"

"Shut up."

His teeth clamped together.

Malcolm shifted his head so he could prop his chin on Bull's pec and squint at him in the dim bedroom.

"You're worth the little bit of extra work," Malcolm said fiercely, then shrugged and made a face, before settling back against him. "Maybe if I'd done this before, I wouldn't be so nervous, and we wouldn't need as much preparation."

Bull hiked him up his body, so Malcolm's face tucked into his neck and grabbed one of his ass cheeks, fingers sinking into his cleft and brushing against the end of the plug. "It might make me a caveman, but I'm glad I'm your first, Malcolm."

Malcolm kissed the thin skin of his throat, causing Bull to shiver at the delicate touch.

“Me too, Daddy.”



### CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Malcolm ran his fingers through Blanche's soft fur, the kitten curled on his chest as he lay on the living room floor.

Dorothy and Rose scampered about, but their sweet little boy preferred cuddling over chasing toys or wrestling with his sisters.

Sophia lounged on the couch, like the queen she was, finally tolerating Malcolm's presence enough to be in the same room as him after three weeks of being at Bull's every day.

She still didn't let him pet her though.

Jerk.

"Hey, did you hear about Raul and Butch?" Malcolm called to the kitchen, where Bull was rummaging for dinner.

"What about them?"

He wondered how long it would take Bull to realize the fridge was empty and the cupboards had dwindled to not much more than cat treats and crackers. They would have to finally go grocery shopping or order in.

"Apparently, they're in some sort of fight," he said, snickering when he could feel Bull's heavy footsteps moving toward him through the floor. He claimed not to like

to gossip about their coworkers, but he never stopped Malcolm from sharing things he'd learned.

“Did you say they’re in a fight?” Bull asked at his feet, a frown marring his stupidly handsome face.

“That’s what I heard. Apparently, they both slept with the same woman, and now they’re not speaking to each other.”

The furrow between Bull’s brows deepened, his arms crossing over his chest. “Together or separately?”

It was Malcolm’s turn to frown. “What do you mean?”

“Did they sleep with her together or separately?”

Surprise shot through him, and he started to sit up, but Blanche blinked his eyes open and sank his tiny claws into his chest, reminding him of his place as cat pillow.

“Ouch, shit, um, I don’t know,” he admitted. “Is that something they do? Sleep with women together?”

Bull shrugged one huge shoulder, and Malcolm’s gaze drifted, distracted by his giant boyfriend’s half-naked body.

After work, they’d showered together, and Bull had only pulled on shorts before dragging Malcolm to the bedroom, working him open with his fingers, and pressing the new vibrating plug inside him.

It was controlled by an app Bull had downloaded before they’d even left Monique’s parking lot.

He kept expecting him to turn it on, but so far, he'd seemed happy to let Malcolm simmer in anticipation.

Being stuffed full kept Malcolm aroused, sure, but staring at Bull's wide shoulders, thick chest, and long legs had his dick filling in his sweats.

"I think so," Bull said, drawing him back to the conversation. About how their coworkers sometimes fucked the same person at the same time. Who'd have guessed? "Raul has never said anything, but Butch has let a few things slip over the years."

"Huh," Malcolm said, scratching Blanche's chin until the tiny furball started purring.

"Well, maybe something happened while they were both fucking someone. Or maybe they have rules about only sleeping with the same person together, and one of them broke it, and now they're in a love triangle as they both try to win her over."

Bull raised an eyebrow, shaking his head in exasperation. "This isn't one of those TV shows you and Dahlia watch."

He sighed in disappointment, arms flopping to the sides, and hissed when Rose pounced and bit his finger. "You're right. Bo's could never be that interesting."

Bull wandered back to the kitchen. "Well, I hope your source is wrong because the last thing we need while Janet is out on maternity is a disruption in the kitchen."

Janet was one of the cooks who'd worked there almost as long as Raul and the only one he would usually allow to fill in on the rare occasion he took a day off.

The kitchen was a delicate ecosystem, and he felt guilty for getting so excited at the prospect of Raul and Butch fighting it out over true love.

Bull and Sally would be the ones dealing with the fallout if things didn't resolve quickly.

"My source was your mother," Malcolm said regretfully.

Bull was back, towering over him, a fierce scowl on his face. "My mom was gossiping with you about them?"

Malcolm nodded, thrilled at the sight of Bull's barely contained aggression. He ran his teeth over his bottom lip and stared at his pierced nipples for a few seconds, already tasting the metal on his tongue.

"Malcolm?"

"Hm?" He glanced up and found Bull smirking.

"My mom?"

"Right, yeah. Um. So she said when she got there this morning, Raul and Butch were the only ones in the kitchen, and she went in to get a cup of coffee and overheard them, but she couldn't make out much of what they were saying.

Raul kept switching to Spanish, and then Butch would yell at him that he didn't understand, so she only caught bits and pieces. "

Bull rolled his eyes, stalking to the couch and picking up Sophia to cuddle her. "I can't believe my mom is gossiping with you at work."

"At least she stopped trying to corner me to tell me how amazing you are."

Bull's face softened, likely because Sophia was headbutting his chin. "Well, it did

help when I officially told them we were seeing each other.”

Malcolm chuckled. “Honestly, I thought that would make it worse.”

“It definitely had the potential to,” Bull muttered, pressing three kisses to Sophia’s head before setting her back on the couch. “Do you want to go out for dinner or order in because the fridge is fucking empty.”

Malcolm ran his gaze over Bull’s body. “I think I’d like to order in.”

Bull’s eyes heated as he licked over his bottom lip and pulled his phone from his pocket. He frowned at it, though, instead of placing their order.

“What’s wrong?” Malcolm asked, carefully lifting Blanche off before sitting up.

“My brother texted me a few minutes ago,” Bull said slowly. “It’s weird. He just said, ‘I’m really sorry about this.’”

Malcolm jerked his head toward the door as someone knocked.

They looked at each other, confused, as Bull went to answer.

Malcolm climbed to his feet, sucking in a breath as the plug shifted, pressing deliciously against his prostate.

Whoever it was, they better not plan on staying because if Bull didn’t use that app soon, Malcolm was going to steal his phone and play with himself.

Sophia darted over the back of the couch and down the hallway, Blanche scurrying after her.

He was starting to show a lot of her more timid tendencies as he got bigger.

Rose and Dorothy, on the other hand, scampered to the door as Bull opened it.

Malcolm hurried after them, gritting his teeth as he bent to scoop them up. He froze when he heard Sally's voice.

"I hope you boys didn't have plans for dinner," she said, pushing past Bull with a Crock-Pot in her hands.

Behind her was Bo, a reusable grocery bag dangling from one wrist. She pulled Bull down to press a kiss to his cheek.

Malcolm had only met Bo a few times, but her beauty always dazzled him.

She had dark chestnut skin and high cheekbones.

Her tight curls were styled in box braids, and her full figure was wrapped in a white and peach dress.

"Hi, sweetie," she said, wiping the lipstick smudge off Bull's cheek. She looked around him, smiling when she saw Malcolm where he was still frozen, a kitten under each arm. "Have you two eaten dinner yet? We brought pulled pork."

Malcolm's stomach growled, and she laughed, light and carefree.

"Excellent. Bull, sweetie, set the table," she said, disappearing into the kitchen after her wife.

"I didn't know this was going to happen until they were walking out the door with the food," Marv said, stepping in and nudging the door shut, hands full with a six-pack of

beer and what looked to be homemade rolls.

He nodded at Malcolm. "Hey, man." He turned to Bull.

"I didn't realize when they invited me over for dinner that they didn't mean at their house. "

"I should have seen this coming." Bull sighed, rubbing his face. "They could have at least called first."

He didn't actually sound very annoyed, just exasperated.

"And give you the opportunity to say no?" Marv gave him a look, then strolled into the kitchen.

Bull turned to Malcolm, running a hand down his bare chest. "I should probably put some more clothes on."

Carefully, he bent over, biting back a moan, and released the kittens. Their paws barely even touched the floor before they were bounding after the newcomers. When Bull tried to walk past him, Malcolm grabbed his arm, hissing, "I'm coming with you."

He looked genuinely confused for a second, and then understanding dawned, and he chuckled. Stepping closer, Bull wrapped an arm around him and settled a hand on his ass, squeezing.

Malcolm gasped, rocking onto his toes as lightning shot through him.

"You don't want to eat dinner with my moms and brother while you've got this plug inside you, baby boy?" Bull whispered.

“N-no,” Malcolm stuttered. “Especially not when you could turn on the vibration at any moment.”

Bull pressed his lips to Malcolm’s ear. “The second they leave, I’m shoving that plug back inside your needy little hole and playing with you for the rest of the night. Understood?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Malcolm said breathlessly, gripping Bull’s shoulders as his knees went weak.

“Good answer.”

“He was only five years old, but he was as big as the eight-year-olds,” Sally said with relish, waving her fork in the air.

She was at one end of the table with Bo to her right, and Bull was at the other end, being a great sport about mostly getting roasted by his moms. “He walked right up to them and said, ‘Don’t hurt my brother.’”

“That’s so sweet,” Malcolm said, turning and smiling at Bull. His cheeks were flushed above his thick stubble, and he kept his eyes on his plate.

God, he was so fucking adorable.



*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

Malcolm laid a hand on his forearm, giving it a squeeze. That got Bull to look up, his smile small and a lot embarrassed. Across from Malcolm, Marv wiped his mouth with his napkin and pushed away his plate.

“I would have been okay on my own if there hadn’t been four of them,” Marv said, leaning back in his chair, a bottle of beer dangling from his fingers.

“Yes, dear, we know,” Bo said, smiling at her eldest as she delicately buttered a roll.

Marv grabbed the back of her chair. Leaning over, he mock-whispered, “I don’t think you believe me.”

“Well, you were rather... small for your age,” Bo whispered back, closing the distance between them and planting a kiss on his clean-shaven jaw.

“I was perfectly average. I just looked small next to this guy,” he retorted, sitting upright and jerking a thumb at Bull.

“You fought four eight-year-olds when you were five?” Malcolm asked, eyes widening.

Bull shrugged awkwardly. “I don’t like bullies.”

His heart melted at the soft words as Bull played with the little bit of food left on his plate.

“Fight is a strong word. He basically just pushed one down, and then I caught up and

put a stop to everything,” Sally said, laughing and shaking her head. “It was so cute, and that’s when I knew he’d excel at football.”

Malcolm chuckled, imagining a mini-Bull running around in pads and a helmet.

“Of course, he burst into tears right after he pushed the other kid, so we were also pretty sure he wasn’t going to go pro,” Sally added, winking at Bull as he groaned and covered his face.

“He and Marv have always been very protective of each other. Even with the few years between them, they were always inseparable. From the moment we brought Bull home, Marv called him his baby and wanted to do everything for him,” Bo said, smiling widely at her boys, and they both groaned that time.

Malcolm couldn’t imagine there had ever been a time Evan had been protective of him.

For as long as he could remember, his brother had begrudged his very existence for some reason that had never been clear to him.

Maybe his parents had foisted him off onto ten-year-old Evan, and he’d grown to resent Malcolm instead of doting on him like Marv had with Bull.

“You’re lucky to have each other,” he said, giving Bull’s arm another reassuring squeeze, then smiling at Marv, who tipped his head back and forth.

“Despite how these two remember it,” Marv said, gesturing between his moms. “Things weren’t always sunshine and roses between us growing up. Right, brat?”

He leaned over, reaching for Bull’s head like he planned on rubbing his short hair, but Bull ducked away and frowned at him. “I was never a brat.”

“Sure, you were.”

“No, I?—”

“Boys,” Sally said, voice firm, and they both sighed but didn’t resume the argument.

Malcolm glanced between each of the Eaton family members, lips pressed together to stop from laughing.

When he met Bo’s dark eyes, they both couldn’t hold it in any longer.

Bull huffed at them, but he also turned his hand over on the table and slotted their fingers together, so Malcolm wasn’t too worried about him being annoyed.

“Do you have any siblings, Malcolm?” Bo asked, delicately wiping her fingers and then the corners of her mouth.

“Yeah,” he admitted, holding back his grimace. The last thing he wanted to do was ruin the mood by sharing about his family. “He’s almost ten years older than me though, so we’re not close.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” she said sympathetically. Turning to Marv, she said quietly, “Dear, would you go and grab the pie? I stuck it in the fridge to stay cool.”

He nodded and rose, taking his and Bo’s empty plates with him into the kitchen. Bull’s small dining room was barely more than a breakfast nook with a wide archway the only thing separating the spaces, so they could all see him as he deposited the dishes next to the sink, then opened the fridge.

Malcolm was a little embarrassed that Bo and Marv—and probably Sally at some point—had seen the bare insides.

He wasn't sure why since it wasn't his house, but a part of him still worried they'd judge him and Bull for not having much food around.

Unlike at his apartment, it wasn't because Bull couldn't afford to go grocery shopping.

He just really didn't like to, complaining quietly the whole time about how rude the other people were.

"What about your parents?" Bo asked, turning back to Malcolm and surprising him. "Are you close with them?"

"Sweetheart, I thought we agreed not to bombard him with questions?" Sally said, smiling at her wife.

Bo rolled her eyes. "How is two questions a bombardment? Am I not allowed to ask the man dating our son anything?"

"I'd prefer that," Bull said, squeezing Malcolm's fingers twice in rapid succession. He wasn't sure exactly what that was code for, but he took it to mean, I've got this .

But that didn't seem fair.

"It's okay," he said to Bull, giving him three quick squeezes and a soft smile. Turning to his moms, he said, "I don't have a great relationship with them either. My family... doesn't really like me."

Welp. The cat was out of the bag.

His face burned as silence followed his statement for a long moment, and then Marv appeared at the table and set the pie down harder than was necessary.

“What the fuck do you mean they don’t like you?” he asked, voice low and a little scary.

Malcolm stared at him with wide eyes. This was a side of Marv he’d never seen before.

“Did you all have a falling-out?” Bo asked more delicately.

“No, they’re just assholes,” Bull said.

Shrugging, Malcolm had to agree. “What Bull said. They’ve just always preferred my brother and the choices he’s made with his life over me and mine.”

“What choices?” Sally asked harshly. “I don’t know that there’s a single thing either of these boys could choose to do that would make me not like them .”

Bo looked between him and Bull. “Because of your relationship?”

Malcolm was shaking his head before she finished. “No, nothing like that. I doubt they’d care enough about me to get upset over me being bi.”

“They don’t know?” Marv asked, glancing at Bull. “I thought you said you were going with him to his brother’s engagement party?”

“He offered, but?—”

“I am,” Bull said firmly, then turned to give Malcolm a look he usually only got right before Bull took his pants off. “Or we both stay home, baby.”

God, he really didn’t want his dick getting hard over Bull’s bossy, possessive behavior while his moms were sitting right there .

Clearing his throat, Malcolm turned to the others and pasted on a bright smile. “I’ll tell them before we go, but like I said, I doubt they’ll care enough to have a reaction.”

Bo shook her head and started cutting the lemon meringue pie. “Foolish people. I was going to say we should invite them to dinner next time, but I’ve changed my mind.”

Malcolm chuckled, some of the tension easing out of him as the conversation turned away from him and his family. Bull’s thumb brushed against the back of his hand soothingly as they accepted their pie and started eating it, everyone making noises of appreciation over the sweet and tangy goodness.

“So, Marv,” Sally said after finishing her piece and complimenting her wife several times. “What’s this I hear about you stalking a kids’ camp director?”

Marv’s head whipped around, his scowl fierce. “You dick.”

Malcolm’s giant of a boyfriend covered his mouth and snickered. “Whoops?”

Shaking his head, Marv turned to his grinning moms. “I’m not stalking anyone. I’m doing my job and checking in on the camp.”

“Does ‘checking in’ usually involve lurking in bushes?” Bull asked, barely able to keep a straight face.

“I wasn’t lurking in— You know what? I’m not going to entertain this anymore,” Marv said indignantly and started clearing the table.

Bo looked to her wife. “Should we be concerned? What are the chances we’re going to be getting a phone call from the police someday soon?”

“Maybe we should start a bail fund,” Sally played along, her voice serious.

Eyes twinkling and the corners of her mouth twitching, Bo nodded. “We always knew this day would come after he insisted on joining the motorcycle club.”

Marv stormed back into the room. “You mean the one your father helped start?”

“I didn’t know that,” Malcolm said, glancing between Bo and Marv.

Bo grinned. “Yeah, he always loved motorcycles and spent a lot of Saturdays working on his old Harley in the garage. When he met Tomas, the club’s president, the two of them just hit it off. It didn’t matter that he was old enough to be Tomas’s dad.”

The mood shifted as Marv sat back down, brows furrowed. “He taught me everything I know about motorcycles. It still doesn’t feel the same, riding without him.”

Malcolm ached for their loss. He knew from Bull that Bo’s father had passed five years ago from a sudden heart attack none of them had seen coming. His loss was obviously still potent for each member of his family, Bo surreptitiously wiping under her eyes.

“Do you think you’ll ever join the MC?” Malcolm asked Bull softly, a question he’d wondered about for a while but hadn’t thought to bring up.

The rest of the Eatons erupted with laughter.

“Yeah, Bull, why haven’t you gotten around to joining? You’re a legacy,” Marv said, a shit-eating grin on his face.

Malcolm realized he’d inadvertently stepped into a potential sore subject for his boyfriend. “Sorry,” he whispered. “I didn’t mean to put you on the spot.”

Bull shook his head, squeezing his hand three times. “Ignore them. No, I don’t plan on ever joining the MC. Motorcycles aren’t for me.”

“That’s partially my fault,” Bo said with a sigh. “I let him go for a ride with my dad when he was too young. Poor thing came back with wet jeans from being so scar?—”

“Ma!”



### CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Malcolm paused outside Bull's front door and stared at the key in his hand.

Bull had given it to him the day before, acting like it was completely normal as he slid it across the table to him while they were finishing breakfast together.

He'd stared at it then too, knowing what it was and yet unable to compute what was happening for a minute.

"In case you need it" was all Bull had said.

Then he'd grabbed Malcolm's chin, tugged him forward, and kissed him until all thoughts of arguing flew out of his head.

They'd almost been late for work because of how good that kiss had been.

He hadn't thought he would actually need it.

They were together more often than not, and it was rare for him to have to wait for Bull to get in.

In fact, he was pretty sure the only times they hadn't been at work or Bull's house together in the last few weeks was for his nights with Dahlia and Becca.

And the last time, they'd come over to Bull's to watch the show, and he'd teased them before kissing Malcolm, grabbing Sophia, and going to watch baseball in the

bedroom.

So, of course, Malcolm had to use it the very next day after getting it.

His phone vibrated in his pocket, startling him so much he almost dropped his key ring. He dug it out and saw it was a text from Ollie.

Ollie

Are you locked out?

He glanced over his shoulder, having not realized that he and Six were still idling at the curb, waiting for him to safely get inside.

Ollie had insisted on them picking him up for what Ollie called Sub Club Shenanigans.

He hadn't known what that meant, but when Ollie had said there would be adult beverages, he'd agreed to the chauffeur service.

Malcolm

No, sorry. Minor existential crisis.

Ollie

Ah. Understood. Take your time.

Though you should know, I'm going to start sucking Six's dick right here if you take toooooo long.

Snorting, Malcolm shook his head and tucked his phone away. He took a deep breath, straightened his shoulders, and stuck the key in the lock. It twisted easily, and he was inside moments later.

Ollie

You're no fun.

Night!

He leaned back out and waved at Ollie and his scary fiancé, then closed the door, relocking it.

The house was silent, but Bull had left the light over the sink on and a lamp in the living room.

The thoughtfulness of the gesture made him smile.

He honestly hadn't thought he would be so late and had told Bull as much before he left, suggesting they could watch the new shark movie that Bull had been hinting at wanting to watch when he got home.

Time just seemed to disappear when he was with Ollie and the others.

They'd spent hours just talking and laughing.

He felt so full of happiness—and tacos. He and Vinnie, one of Mason's boyfriends, had made a huge batch of them for everyone to enjoy after they'd finished the painful portion of the evening.

The best thing to happen to him after going to the birthday party at the clubhouse was

Bull, hands down.

But the second-best thing was getting adopted by a group of friends who made him feel seen, appreciated, and included.

He'd gotten that with Dahlia and Becca, but it was a little different with Ollie and CJ and the others.

Being in kinky relationships and having someone else to talk to about it bonded you in a way he had never experienced before.

He turned off all the lights, gave Blanche a scratch where he was curled up on the back of the couch, and tiptoed through the house. He had texted Bull when he was on his way, but it had gone unread, so he knew he had to be asleep.

A part of him had told him he should just go home to his tiny, lonely apartment and not bother Bull, but he'd very easily ignored that voice.

He wanted to be there with Bull, and he knew his boyfriend wanted him there with him.

And he just slept better in Bull's arms than he did alone now.

The couple times he'd tried staying at his place after having gotten used to being at Bull's had made for miserable nights of sleep where he woke up every hour or so.

Of course, Bull hadn't even rubbed his nose in it the next day, just offered him extra coffee and kisses.

The only time he woke up at Bull's was when Rose and Dorothy got a little feisty, sounding like they were trying to kill each other. Bull always just kicked them out of

the bedroom, closed the door, and then would climb back in bed and give Malcolm a lazy hand job before they fell back asleep.

So still way better than his lumpy mattress and drafty apartment.

He stripped down in the bathroom, tossing his clothes in the hamper because that was a thing he did now, and then crept into the bedroom, only to pause halfway to the bed when he realized Sophia was curled up on his pillow.

She was such a jerk sometimes.

At least she let him pet her now, which he did for ten whole seconds before she got annoyed, stretched, and then hopped off the bed. He turned his pillow over, then crawled under the covers, scooting over so he could plaster himself against Bull's bare back and wrap an arm around him.

Bull stirred, sliding his hand over Malcolm's and lacing their fingers together. "I'm awake."

He pressed his face into his back to muffle his laughter. "No, you weren't."

"Well, I am now." He turned over to face Malcolm, his eyes barely slit open. "Hey, baby, did you have fun?"

He kissed Malcolm, then nuzzled against his cheek before burying his face in his neck, finding the barely there hickey and softly kissing the skin.

He was sure there would be a new one before too long.

Bull couldn't make it more than a few days before marking him again, usually on his neck but sometimes his thighs, and one memorable time on his ass cheek.

“Yeah, it was fun,” Malcolm said quietly, wrapping himself around Bull and holding him close. After a few long moments of enjoying the skin-to-skin contact and Bull’s gentle kisses, he said, “I have a surprise for you.”

Bull hummed in question and nipped at the edge of his jaw, sending goose bumps cascading down Malcolm’s spine.

He was still a little surprised with himself that he let Ollie talk him into getting waxed.

As soon as he had walked through the door of CJ and Tank’s house, the other guys already there with music playing and laughing at some story Mason was telling, CJ had handed him and Ollie cups of blue liquid.

After taking a quick drink, Ollie had turned to him and without any preamble said, “Are you going to let us wax you?”

He’d nearly choked on his own sip, which seemed fitting, considering he found out later the beverage was called a Water Hazard.

He’d watched a couple of the other guys get their junk and asses waxed, grimacing when Mason yelped, but the others had called him a baby. Emmett was there, but he refrained, saying his daddy preferred him natural.

Malcolm had never been all that hairy to begin with, at least not around his hole, and he kept the rest of himself trimmed.

But when Ollie had clasped his hands and held them beneath his chin, fluttering his long eyelashes, and said, “Please, if you don’t like it, you don’t have to do it again.

But I think you will. You get all these new sensations.

Oh, and I bet Bull will go crazy for it. ”

He hadn't been able to resist.

Bull slid his hand over Malcolm's hip and skimmed his lips down his neck to nibble on his collarbone, sleepy but definitely interested. “What kind of surprise?”

Malcolm grabbed his wandering hand and guided it to his groin.

It took a second of petting over the bare skin for Bull's half-asleep brain to catch up to the fact something was different. Then he lifted his head and squinted at Malcolm. “You shaved?”

“Apparently, the Sub Club all wax each other regularly,” he said, giggling at the look of astonishment that announcement got.

“I don't know why I'm surprised,” Bull said absently, his fingers delving all around the base of Malcolm's growing cock and then fondling his smooth balls.

“Do you like it?” Malcolm asked, squirming at the new feelings.

“Do you?” Bull said instead of answering, one finger creeping back across Malcolm's taint and slipping up between his cheeks.

He sucked in a shaky breath. “Yeah, I think so.” His eyes fell shut as Bull explored all of his hairless skin. “Everything's a little bit more sensitive now.”

Bull grunted and threw the covers off them. Malcolm gasped as he was rolled onto his back, then moaned as Bull kissed him, taking possession of his mouth. He wrapped his arms and legs around his big body, rocking himself up against Bull's deliciously thick happy trail.

Kissing down his neck once more, Bull said against his warming skin, “I ain’t waxing shit.”

Malcolm burst out laughing, happiness erupting out of him before he could stop it. Bull lifted his head and smiled at him in a soft, intimate way that warmed his chest and spread out to the rest of his body, loosening his muscles.

“What?” he asked when Bull just continued staring at him.

“I love when you laugh like that. I don’t hear it enough.”

Malcolm caressed his bristly cheek, running his thumb over Bull’s damp lower lip. “The Water Hazards probably helped,” he admitted.

Bull’s brows furrowed.

“It was the drink that CJ made. Blue Gatorade, vodka, and Sprite. It was really good. You could barely taste the vodka.”

“Sounds dangerous,” Bull said, skimming his hands up Malcolm’s thighs. “Are you saying you’re drunk right now?”

Malcolm snorted. “Hardly, but I am feeling pretty good.”

Bull shifted his legs until Malcolm’s feet were flat on the mattress, thighs spread wide. “Should we see if I can make you feel even better?” Bull asked, an arrogant smirk curling his lips.



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They both already knew the answer to that, but Malcolm pretended to think about it, tapping his chin with his forefinger. “I guess there’s no harm in trying.”

Bull laughed, low and rumbling. It cascaded over Malcolm’s skin, settling deep in his bones.

“Let’s see how sensitive,” Bull said and lowered his head, licking up the seam of Malcolm’s sack and then sucking one of his balls into his mouth.

Malcolm moaned and tugged at his own hair with one hand, cradling the back of Bull’s head with the other.

Bull was thorough, carefully licking and sucking each one, then moving to his groin, nuzzling and kissing the freshly exposed skin.

He ignored Malcolm’s dick as it grew harder, beginning to throb.

“Let’s take a peek back here,” Bull said conversationally, like he wasn’t taking Malcolm apart with his mouth. He cupped Malcolm’s cheeks and spread his ass wide. “Completely smooth, even here.” He glanced up his body, his eyes full of liquid heat. “I love both ways, but this is really sexy.”

“I’m glad you think so,” Malcolm said, chest heaving. “I did it for you.”

Bull sucked in a breath through his teeth, his fingers tightening in the flesh of Malcolm’s ass. “You did this for me?”

Malcolm nodded, grazing his fingers over Bull's short, stubbly hair, tracing one of his thick eyebrows, then scratching at the short beard he was growing. "Yes, Daddy, though I'm definitely enjoying it too."

Bull turned fucking feral, diving down and burying his face between Malcolm's cheeks.

"Oh, fuck ," Malcolm hissed, one of his legs kicking out wildly and nearly nailing Bull in the shoulder.

His boyfriend didn't even notice.

He licked every inch of sensitive skin, making soft, appreciative sounds as he made Malcolm into a damn meal. Well, everywhere except for the spot where Malcolm needed him most. His hole ached to be filled.

Whining, Malcolm pushed at his head, trying to get what he desperately needed.

"Such a slut for my tongue in your ass these days, aren't you, baby boy?" Bull said, chuckling.

Heat shot through him, and he grabbed Bull's head with both hands, spreading his legs as wide as they'd go. "God, yes. Love your tongue, Daddy."

It was true too. He didn't know how he'd gone so long without knowing how much he loved having his ass played with, and now he doubted he could survive without Bull licking or fingering him at least once a day.

He'd gladly wear the name slut because it was just plain facts now.

Bull moved away from his ass though, shifting forward to suck the tip of Malcolm's

throbbing dick into his mouth.

Fuck, that was good too. He moaned and arched off the bed, wanting deeper in that wet heat, and slipped one of his hands under Bull.

Just as he started pushing two of his fingers past his tight rim—the burn extra intense without any lube, and yet he somehow loved it even more—Bull jerked his head up and grabbed his wrist, halting his progress.

“Not so fast,” Bull said, then winked and pulled the tips of his fingers back out.

“No,” Malcolm moaned, thrashing against the bedding. “I need it. Please, Daddy!”

“Whatever my good boy needs,” Bull murmured, and then he was there, giving Malcolm’s hole a sloppy kiss, fluttering his tongue over all the wonderful nerve endings.

The room was filled with Malcolm’s panting, gasping groans and the wet sounds of Bull’s mouth on his skin. It ratcheted up the growing buzz of anticipation under his skin, but it still wasn’t enough.

Bull laughed and scraped his bristly cheeks against the insides of Malcolm’s cleft, where the thin skin was hypersensitive, and scratching just a hair shy of too hard.

Malcolm’s back bowed off the bed, and he keened, grabbing at Bull’s ears and pushing him harder against him, past caring about being gentle. “Daddy, please,” he begged, needing Bull’s tongue or fingers or something inside him before he died of frustration.

“You always ask so nicely,” Bull said, humor thick in his voice, and licked from his tailbone to his sack. “Such a good boy.”

The tip of his tongue pushed at the center of his hole, forcing its way past the furled muscle and wiggling, lighting Malcolm up from the inside out.

“ Yes ,” he moaned, rocking his hips, trying to take more.

Bull pressed his cheeks as wide as they would go, stretching the skin, and shoved his face against Malcolm so hard he was pretty sure there’d be an imprint. He thrust his tongue in and out, sucking at his rim as it began to loosen, letting him go farther.

Just when Malcolm thought he really would lose his mind, Bull raised his head.

“What? Noooo. Go back,” Malcolm pleaded, trying to pull Bull back down.

Bull wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand and pushed up onto his knees.

“You want something more to fill you up, baby boy?” he asked, voice guttural as he started to shuffle back on the bed.

His huge cock swayed with his movements, drawing Malcolm’s attention to it. “How about that tentacle one again?”

“No,” Malcolm said, panting and pushing himself up onto his elbows. He kept his gaze on Bull’s dark-red dick, clenching his ass instinctively. “I just want you. All of you.”

Bull froze on the edge of the bed. “Are you sure?”

He nodded quickly. He’d been ready, probably for a couple of weeks, but the two of them had been having too much fun playing.

First with his training set of plugs, then the vibrating one, and then Bull had started

getting dildos of all shapes and sizes.

The tentacle one was the latest purchase, and Malcolm loved it.

It felt amazing, all the grooves and ridges catching and pulling on his rim deliciously.

But his daddy had been patient long enough. This was something they both craved. It was time for Malcolm to face the tiny tendril of apprehension still left about being able to take his whole monster-sized cock and just do it.

“If this is about the key,” Bull asked as he knee-walked back between Malcolm’s legs, placing his hands on his thighs, “you don’t owe me anything for that.”

Malcolm chuckled, wondering if Bull somehow knew he’d had a mini crisis earlier out on the porch about it. “No, this isn’t payment for giving me a copy of your house key. I promise I’m ready. Fuck me, Daddy.”

Bull made a sort of groaning, growly sound deep in his chest, diving across Malcolm to grab the lube from under his pillow and slicking up his fingers. Holding Malcolm’s eyes, he forced two of his thick fingers inside him at once. The stretch and burn, now so familiar, still took his breath away.

He tipped his head back and moaned, trembling as Bull touched all the best spots inside him before rubbing at his swollen prostate. In and out at a slow and steady pace. His gaze stayed locked on Malcolm’s face. His dick drooled against his stomach, his breaths coming in quick pants.

“More,” Malcolm gasped out, pulling his legs up and grabbing the back of his knees.

“You’re so fucking greedy for it, aren’t you, baby boy?” Bull said, pulling his fingers out and then working in three at once. “This hole was made for my cock and won’t be

happy until the whole thing is stuffed inside.”

Malcolm nodded and took a few deep breaths, focusing on relaxing, knowing he needed all the prep he could get before Bull shoved his fat dick inside him. But God, he wanted it. He wanted to be gaping open afterward, wet with come and swollen from being used so perfectly.

Once he’d worked all three fingers fully inside him, Bull held still, giving Malcolm a moment to get used to the feeling of fullness. Then, slowly, carefully, with his eyes studying Malcolm the whole time, he spread his fingers apart and pulled them back out.

The pain was minimal. The white-hot pleasure was overwhelming .

“Yes. God, yes,” Malcolm moaned, eyes falling shut so he could just feel his body giving way to the immense pressure as Bull did the whole thing again.

After the third time, he swirled the tips of his fingers in a circle just past his rim, and Malcolm mewled softly, a delectable flash of electricity jolting through him.

Then Bull slapped his hole.

The sharp pain, brief but unexpected, made him twitch and moan brokenly.

“Open your eyes, baby,” Bull said, a ragged edge to his voice. “Watch me wreck this slutty little hole.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

He peeled his lids apart to stare down his body at his big, hulking boyfriend kneeling between his legs, stroking his huge cock.

It glistened in the low lamplight as he smeared lube down his thick, veiny shaft.

Malcolm's belly clenched at the sight, and he shoved away that tiny kernel of fear.

He could do this. They'd been training his ass for over a month.

Tensing his ab muscles, he released his legs and grabbed his cheeks, pulling himself apart. "Wreck me, Daddy."

Bull pressed the tip of his meaty cock against Malcolm's entrance and pushed. The pressure from his wide, plum-shaped head was immense, and when it popped past his rim, the burn was delicious, a shudder working down Malcolm's body.

Bull grunted and held still, taking a few unsteady breaths. "Okay, baby boy?"

"Yes," Malcolm hissed, digging his fingers into his cheeks. "Make me take it, Daddy."

Teeth clenching and eyes flaring wide, Bull drove his hips forward, sinking half of his length into Malcolm's body for the first time. It almost felt like he would be ripped in half but in the best way .

Gasping, his hands fluttered for purchase, grabbing onto Bull's biceps as he leaned forward and planted his fists on either side of Malcolm's shoulders.

Staring into each other's eyes, Bull pulled partway out, the delicious slide tearing a moan from Malcolm's lax lips, and then he shoved forward again.

He did it over and over, his pace quickening until his groin finally slapped against Malcolm's ass, and he was fully seated inside him.

“God, I think you really are going to rearrange my guts,” Malcolm mumbled, his heavy-lidded gaze running over Bull’s sweat-slicked body.

Choking on a laugh, Bull shook his head with such a look of fond exasperation that Malcolm’s stomach swooped.

Bull guided one of his legs up over his shoulder, then the other.

The relaxation of his muscles now that he didn’t have to hold them in place allowed Bull’s dick to slip just a little farther inside him.

“Ready?” Bull asked.

Malcolm stared at his familiar face, his features harsh with built-up tension.

Was he ready to get fucked down by this monster cock? Definitely.

Was he ready for the silent meaning behind the key now on his keychain? Okay, yes.

Was he ready to spend the rest of his life with this man who cared for him so well, giving Malcolm everything he wanted and then some? Most likely.

Cupping Bull’s face, he traced the shell of his ear and whispered, “Ready.”

He wasn’t sure if Bull heard the unspoken promise behind that single word, but his eyes softened, a tiny smile tugging at his lips. Aching slowly, he pulled his hips back and then pushed forward.

It was similar to how the dildos and plugs felt but so much better. The slight give, the burning heat, and just the knowledge that it was Bull inside him, not a piece of silicone, made everything that much more intense.



Carefully, Bull worked up his speed until the sound of their skin slapping together and Bull's deep, guttural grunts filled the air around them.

Malcolm was so blissed-out, riding the waves of thrilling pleasure growing inside him, he didn't realize he was making a soft wailing sound with each thrust until Bull said, "Fuck, you're taking this cock so well. My perfect boy," and he stopped to thank him.

Swimming in a pool of delirium, he was barely aware of his own body. Bull was pounding into him, making it so none of their toys would ever satisfy him again, and all Malcolm could do was beg for more.

"Please, please, please," he slurred, touching every part of Bull's body he could reach. He paid special attention to his nipples, playing with the shiny barbells he loved so much.

Bull grabbed one of his hands, licked across his palm, then placed it on his neglected cock. He gritted out, "Make yourself come. I want to feel you bearing down on me as you come all over yourself."

Malcolm whined and started stroking, using the ocean of precome that had leaked all over to slick himself up.

He matched Bull's quick, relentless pace.

Within a few minutes, he cried out, his balls drawing up sharply, and his orgasm punched out of him.

A jet of come hit the base of his throat from the force of it.

He jerked himself through it, moaning as Bull's thrusts turned to short, sharp

punches.

“So fucking gorgeous,” Bull grunted over the slick sounds of his plunging cock. Then he stilled, buried deep inside Malcolm, his face drawing tight with pleasurable pain.

For a long minute, they just panted and stared at each other, contented astonishment settling over Malcolm’s muscles. He’d done it. He’d taken every single centimeter of Bull’s dick and loved it.

Bull leaned down and kissed him, licking inside with slow, languid movements. Malcolm sighed sadly when Bull started to deflate and he carefully pulled out. Pushing up onto his knees, Bull swore softly, his eyes glued to Malcolm’s ass.

A trickle of wetness began to seep out of him, and Bull frowned, swiping up the fluid and pushing it back inside.

Malcolm was so tender he hissed but didn’t ask him to stop.

He simply let Bull continue to push his escaping come back inside him until Bull stumbled off the bed, looking about as unsteady as Malcolm felt, and pulled open the dresser drawer where all their toys were.

He came back with a mid-sized plug and held it up for Malcolm’s approval.

Sliding his teeth over his bottom lip, Malcolm nodded and then groaned as Bull forced the silicone inside him, plugging him up so his seed couldn’t escape anymore.

Bull carefully laid himself over Malcolm, licking at the streak of come that had landed on his throat before burying his face there and sighing. “That was amazing. You’re so perfect, baby boy.”

His deep voice rolled over Malcolm, soothing him just as much as the warm, heavy weight of his body did.

“You took my cock so well. You did such a good job, baby.”

The quiet, steady stream of praise filled him with a sort of soft contentment that eased him into a deep, dreamless sleep.

### CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

“ This is ridiculous,” Malcolm said, storming out of his bedroom and back into the main area of his apartment. “I shouldn’t even be going to this. You definitely don’t need to be wasting your time. I can just meet you back at your place afterward.”

Bull watched him pace back and forth, not interrupting his rant.

He did take a moment to appreciate how hot his boyfriend was though.

Malcolm was wearing tight black dress pants and a light blue button-up with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

His normally adorably chaotic hair was parted on the left side, his waves somewhat tamed.

Bull would always prefer him naked and in his bed, but this wasn’t a bad look.

When Malcolm paused to take a breath, hands fisted on his hips, Bull closed the distance between them and grabbed his shoulders.

“Baby boy, it doesn’t matter if you say it a hundred more times—you’re not going without me.

So how about we come up with a signal for when you’re ready to leave instead? ”

Malcolm huffed and looked away, nibbling on his lower lip. “How about when I run

out of there screaming, you bring the truck around?”

“Sounds good to me. Now, why don’t you tell me what you’re really worried about?”

Dropping his head, Malcolm sighed before looking up at him guiltily. “I didn’t tell my parents I was bringing you. Or, you know, about you in general.”

Bull remembered the conversation from a couple of weeks ago when his moms had dropped by unexpectedly.

Malcolm had said he would be sure to tell his parents about their relationship before they showed up for the engagement party.

The fact he hadn’t didn’t bother Bull that much.

He didn’t really care two shits if these people liked him or not.

What he did care about was why his boy was driving himself crazy worrying about it.

“Okay. Do you think I’m gonna be upset about that?”

Malcolm shook his head, then nodded, then rubbed at his face with both hands.

“I don’t know. You probably should be. I said I would, and then I didn’t.

But it’s not that I’m embarrassed,” Malcolm added quickly, dropping his hands and looking up at Bull earnestly.

“I swear to fucking god, Bull, I am not embarrassed about you or our relationship.”

“I believe you,” Bull said quietly, cupping the side of his face and drawing him closer

for a quick kiss.

“It’s just that,” Malcolm said against his lips. “It seemed weird to do over the phone, but I kept putting off driving over to their place, and then I ran out of time.”

“Did you RSVP?” Bull asked, nuzzling against his face.

“Yeah, of course.”

“Did you write down one or two?” He tugged Malcolm’s earlobe into his mouth, grinning around it when his boy sucked in a quick breath.

“T-two. I definitely remember writing two.”

“Then that’s all that matters,” Bull said, taking a half step back and grabbing Malcolm’s hand. “Come here. We have a little bit of time before we need to leave.”

He led Malcolm into his tiny bedroom and grimaced at the full-size bed.

His six-and-a-half-foot frame didn’t really fit on it, but they’d made do a couple of times when he’d been over and wanted to take his boy apart on a flat surface.

They spent ninety-five percent of their time at Bull’s place, and just as soon as he could figure out how he was going to ask Malcolm, he was going to turn that into one hundred percent of the time.

He carefully unbuttoned his own shirt and laid it across the top of the sad-looking dresser with the crooked bottom drawer. Since he was wearing dark-wash blue jeans, he didn’t bother taking them off. Turning to Malcolm, he started working on his clothes.

“I just put these on,” Malcolm said softly, not fighting him at all.

“You did, and I don’t want them to get wrinkled.”

“I don’t think we have time for what you’re thinking about.” Malcolm grinned and pulled his phone out of his pocket to look at the time. He made a contemplative face. “Well, maybe a couple of blowjobs.”

Bull snorted and carefully helped him step out of his dress pants.

He climbed up on the bed and positioned himself across it diagonally so his feet weren’t hanging off. Malcolm snickered at him and then clambered up, straddling his hips and settling himself on both of their favorite spot.

“You forgot to take your pants off and my underwear,” Malcolm teased, walking his fingers up Bull’s belly and then flicking one of his pierced nipples.

Grunting, Bull grabbed the back of his neck and pulled him down, settling Malcolm over top of him. “I don’t need to take my pants off for this.”

“What exactly are we doing, then? Snuggling?”

Bull guided Malcolm’s head over to one side of his chest, watching to see how his boy would react.

Sucking on Bull’s pec when they had sex was one thing, but how would he handle using it as a coping mechanism for his stress?

Lips brushing against his barbell, Malcolm’s eyes widened a little as his pupils dilated, and he squirmed against Bull.

“We’re going to relax,” Bull said in a low voice, smoothing his other hand down Malcolm’s back and cupping his ass. “Open your mouth, baby boy.”

Malcolm stared at him, but he parted his lips and let Bull pull him onto his nipple.

He latched on without needing to be told, his eyes fluttering shut on a soft moan.

Bull carded his fingers through his hair, messing up all the work his boy had done to make it presentable, but he liked it messy, wild, and imperfect—just like his boy.

Malcolm shifted against him, making himself more comfortable. He made a soft, questioning sound in the back of his throat when he noticed Bull’s dick was half-hard in his jeans, but he just shushed him, feathering his fingers through his soft strands.

“Don’t worry about anything,” Bull said soothingly. “I want you to just focus on this moment. It’s the only thing that matters.”

Humming, Malcolm sucked a little harder, bringing his hand up to run his fingers delicately over Bull’s collarbones.

Slowly, as they lay there for long, peaceful minutes, the rigid tension seeped out of Malcolm’s muscles.

His fingers eventually stilled, his body going completely lax except where he suckled at Bull’s pec.

The whole time, Bull kept holding him, hoping his boy knew he’d do anything for him.

While Malcolm put himself back together in the bathroom, having fussed at Bull for messing up his hair, Bull ran back down to his truck and grabbed the light bulb he’d



picked up the other day.

It took a matter of moments for him to change it out for the burnt one at the top of the stairs outside Malcolm's door.

He scowled down toward the main entrance of the house. His boy was too short to do it without needing a ladder, which he didn't have. So when Bull had asked about it, he'd admitted he would probably just have to use one of his kitchen chairs.

That wasn't acceptable, even if they'd been well-made, which they were not. There was no way in hell he was letting his boy climb up on a fucking chair at the top of these death-trap stairs just to change a fucking light bulb.

He was just throwing the old one away when Malcolm stepped out of the bathroom, running a hand down the front of his rebuttoned shirt. He stared at the trash and then at Bull, eyes narrowed a little like he was putting two and two together.

Then he hustled over to his front door and threw it open, craning his head out as he flicked the light switch on. Closing the door once more, he crossed his arms over his chest, a small frown on his lips. "You didn't have to do that."

Bull cupped both sides of his face, kissing him until he felt his mouth relax and then a little bit more, just because. "Yes, I did," Bull said softly against his lips.

"You take such good care of me," Malcolm whispered back.

"And I always will."

Bull meant that with his whole fucking heart.

Malcolm stared up at him, his eyes glassy.

The tension between them grew, and this was it, the moment Bull had been waiting weeks for.

He couldn't be the first one to say it. He didn't want Malcolm to feel pressured, like he had to say it back, so he'd waited as patiently as he could for his boy to realize just how perfect they were together.

How their lives were just beginning together.

Malcolm's lips parted—and someone knocked on the door.

Bull had half a mind to put his foot through it.

Pulling away, Malcolm frowned and muttered, "I don't know who that could be."

Moment effectively ruined, Bull took a couple of deep breaths and scrubbed a hand over his short hair, then grabbed the back of his neck and squeezed.

There would be time for them to exchange those three little words.

He knew that. And yet, he couldn't help but be disappointed.

He stepped over to grab his phone where he'd left it on a small side table in the living room, keeping most of his attention behind him where his boy was opening the door.

"Oh. Hi, Dale," Malcolm said unenthusiastically. "Did you need something? I was about to head out."

Bull lifted his lip in a silent snarl. He couldn't believe the balls on this asshole, showing up five minutes after he changed the light bulb that was Dale's responsibility.

“This’ll be quick,” the guy said, his voice raspy like he smoked a couple of packs a day. “I just wanted to let you know I have to raise your rent \$300 a month.”

Malcolm sucked in a breath, and Bull took a couple of steps toward him. “\$300?” Malcolm repeated, astonished. “That’s—you can’t do that.”

“Sure I can,” Dale said without a hint of remorse.

“Well, I don’t know how I’m going to afford it,” Malcolm said absently, glancing over his shoulder at Bull and then looking away quickly, his face turning red.

“Maybe we could work something out.”

There was no fucking way this guy was about to suggest what Bull thought he was, was there? Bull stepped up right behind the door but kept his footsteps light, doing his best not to make a sound. His poor, oblivious, former straight-guy boyfriend just looked confused.

“Okay. Work it out how?”

“That huge guy you’ve brought over here a few times—he your boyfriend?”

“Excuse me?” Malcolm’s spine stiffened, the hand he still had on the edge of the door tightening until his knuckles turned white.

Bull clenched his jaw to hold back the urge to take over the conversation. Had he seriously not seen Bull’s truck outside? Was this asshole loaded or something?

“Well, I was thinking,” Dale said, unconcerned that Malcolm hadn’t actually answered his question.

Bull almost laughed out loud. He would bet good money that what this guy was about to say had come about through the complete absence of thinking .

“Whatever it is you let him do to you that makes you moan like that?—”

Malcolm gasped and stumbled back like he’d been shoved, face draining of color.

“If you’re willing to let me fuck you like that a couple of times a month, I can forget about raising your rent.”

Bull jerked the door the rest of the way open and filled the doorway. “Big mistake, asshole.”

Dale the Landlord was a man of average height with a body that looked like he probably played sports in high school and college, but he was well into his fifties now, with a horrible comb-over, a goatee, yellow teeth, and small, mean eyes.

They sure as shit widened, though, at the sight of Bull.

He scrambled back a step, hands going up instinctively.

Bull had to give him credit—that was a good fucking instinct.

He pulled his arm back and let it fly, punching the guy square on the jaw and knocking him back against the wobbly banister. He was half-disappointed it didn’t give way to let the creep return to ground level the fast way.

“Ow, fuck!” the guy yelled, holding his face. “I swear, I was just kidding!”

“No, you weren’t,” Bull said, stepping out onto the tiny landing and crowding the man back against the loose piece of two-by-four this guy thought was an acceptable

railing. “Malcolm’s moving out immediately. Don’t ever try to fucking contact him. Do you understand me?”

Dale nodded. “I understand.”

“Good. Or my fist hitting your face will be the least of your fucking worries.”

Face slack with shock, Dale was scrambling down the steps before Bull even finished threatening him. Bull stood there, watching him the whole way until he hopped in his old beater van and sped away.

Rage was still simmering inside him, that one punch barely enough to take the edge off. He shook out his hands and rolled his shoulders a few times before turning and stepping back into the apartment, shutting the door firmly behind him.

Malcolm’s eyes looked about ready to fall out of his face, and his lips were parted in shock.

“We’ll worry about packing up your stuff later,” Bull said, glancing at his watch.

“We need to get going.” When Malcolm didn’t move or blink, Bull took a step toward him, his anger lessening as worry for his boyfriend took its place.

“Baby, are you okay? Did that piece of shit touch you or something?”

He gently gripped Malcolm’s chin, tipping his face up so he could study him better. His touch seemed to jolt Malcolm out of whatever it was that had him frozen.

He blinked a few times, licking his lips and clearing his throat. “I can’t believe you just did that.”

Bull raised his eyebrows. “Punch a guy who asked you to whore yourself out for him? The same guy who couldn’t be fucking bothered to change a light bulb for you? Baby, he’s lucky all I did was punch him.”

Malcolm made a muffled sort of groaning sound, and then he dropped to his knees, fingers attacking Bull’s belt buckle.

“We don’t really have time for this,” Bull said, his dick starting to fill out down his left pant leg.

Malcolm moaned and pressed kisses against the hardening shaft through his jeans as he worked to get his pants and underwear out of the way. Once he had tugged everything down to Bull’s knees, he wasted no time, sucking Bull’s tip straight into his hot mouth.

Bull grabbed the back of his head and groaned. “Fuck it. We can be late.”

### CHAPTER NINETEEN

Malcolm wiped at his mouth discreetly and then tugged on his rolled-up shirt sleeves. “Can you tell?”

Bull glanced at him as he met him at the front of the truck, holding out the same hand he’d just used to punch his landlord to hold Malcolm’s.

Balls tightening, Malcolm threaded their fingers together, and he decided he was possibly the dumbest man on Earth for showing up to his shitty brother’s engagement party rather than letting Bull suck him off in return.

Or, better yet, go get boxes so they could start packing up his apartment.

Because apparently, he was moving in with Bull.

After he’d caught his breath, with the taste of Bull’s come still on his tongue, he’d tried to say it wasn’t necessary, that they really hadn’t been seeing each other long enough to live together.

Which was bullshit, and Bull called him on it immediately, reminding him they’d practically been living together since they first started seeing each other.

He’d stopped trying to argue after that because there was no point. Bull was right. They both knew it, and moreover, Malcolm wanted to live with him. He didn’t want to keep running back to his apartment to grab things or feel like he was a guest with no say in certain decisions at Bull’s house.

Bull had tried to make him feel welcomed, including him in everything from what groceries to buy to the color of the new towels he'd recently ordered, and every step of the way, Malcolm had done his best to remember it wasn't his place.

Since it was Bull paying for the groceries and the towels and everything else, it should be his decision.

But now they would be combining their lives—including their finances. He'd be able to truly contribute to the household necessities.

They wouldn't just be seeing each other anymore; they'd be taking the next step to becoming each other's family.

"Can I tell what?" Bull asked, leading the way across the street to Malcolm's parents' house.

It looked exactly the same as it had since he was a kid: baby blue siding, white shutters, petunias in the flower beds.

It always gave him a weird sense of déjà vu coming back there, like just stepping across the threshold sent him back in time to when he was a miserable kid or an angry teenager, just wanting to fit in with his own family.

But this time, he wasn't alone. He wouldn't have to stand there and take their silent, judgy looks and not-so-silent criticisms. He'd pay his respects, congratulate Cathy, mingle for a little while, and then they would leave.

"You know," Malcolm said, gesturing toward his face.

Bull smirked at him. "Oh, can I tell that you were just sucking my dick twenty minutes ago like you were a well-paid whore?"



Malcolm slapped at his arm, his face flushing red.

That description made him more than a little proud though, considering just over a month ago, he'd been staring at Bull's dick in the dark interior of his truck, not sure what the hell he was doing.

And now, not only did he crave having his boyfriend in his mouth as often as possible, but he liked to think he was getting pretty darn good at sucking it.

And apparently, Bull agreed.

"Yes, that," Malcolm said, laughing.

"Oh, definitely. Your lips are still swollen, and there's still come on your cheek. At least they probably won't be able to see the back of your throat where I bruised it."

Malcolm swiped frantically at his cheeks. "Oh god, are you serious?"

Bull pulled him to a stop a few feet from the front door, turning Malcolm to face him and cupping his chin.

It was one of his favorite things, when Bull held him in place like that, forcing him to meet his eyes and hear whatever truth he was about to speak or accept the kiss he was about to give.

It was possessive and dominant and a surefire way to get his engine running, even as he worried that everyone at his brother's party was going to know what he'd just been doing.

"No, not really," Bull said, his voice gentle. He looked between Malcolm's eyes, studying him for a long moment. "But even if it was true, I doubt most of these

assholes know what a well-fucked mouth looks like.”

Malcolm swayed toward him, his knees a little weak.

“But I do,” Bull continued, using his thumb to pull down Malcolm’s lower lip a little. “Because my boyfriend loves sucking me off, especially when I use his mouth however I like.”

He had to grab onto Bull’s arms to hold himself steady. “You’re such a dick,” he said breathlessly, squeezing his eyes shut and sucking in a couple of quick breaths. “I was already on edge from before, and now I’m about to burst out of these fucking pants.”

Bull chuckled, and Malcolm’s eyes flew open in astonishment. “Yeah, but you’re not worrying anymore.”

Malcolm rolled his eyes and glanced down as he tried to adjust himself to make it less obvious he was more than a little aroused at the moment.

“Let’s get this shit over with,” Bull said and pulled him up the couple of steps to the cement stoop.

On the outside of his parents’ front door, there was a little sign taped just below the knocker.

The party’s out back. Please let yourself in and join us!

There were flowers all around the border of the card, making him wonder if his mom or Cathy had designed it.

Taking one more deep, fortifying breath, he pushed open the door and headed inside.

There was a formal dining room to his left and the living room to his right.

The house was quiet, as expected, so he made his way down the hallway, Bull right behind him, holding his hand firmly.

As soon as they stepped into the kitchen, he could see the crowd of people in his parents' backyard through the sliding glass door. He didn't let himself pause or worry about what might happen, simply stepped over and jerked the door open.

There was music playing just over the sound of dozens of conversations.

A couple of young kids darted past—his cousin Sarah's—and they shrieked with delight as they waved long wands and made enormous bubbles.

His cousin was not too far behind them, though she skidded to a stop when she noticed Malcolm and Bull.

“Hey! I didn't know if you were going to make it,” she said warmly, coming right over and giving him a hug. He returned it, her orange, curly hair briefly suffocating him.

“I didn't know you would be here at all,” he admitted as they separated.

She and her husband lived an hour and a half away, and as far as he knew, she and Evan had never been especially close.

She was about halfway between them in age.

Their moms were sisters, but even growing up, they hadn't visited each other's families that much.

He always figured his aunt and mom hadn't been close either.

Whenever he had seen them, his aunt and uncle had always been exceptionally kind to him, almost like they'd noticed the shitty way his parents treated him and had gone out of their way to be nice.

She leaned in and whispered, "We wouldn't have, except Drew's family does a big family camping trip every year, and the site we're all staying at is nearby, so my mom guilted me into coming."

Malcolm pressed his lips together to stifle his laughter. "Well, I'm glad you did."

"I'm glad I did too. We'll have to catch up later." She gave his arm a squeeze.

He glanced back at Bull, who nodded encouragingly, and then said, "I don't know how long we're going to stay, but if you'd like, while you're in the area, you and your family could come by our place for dinner someday."

Our place . It rolled off his tongue so naturally.

When he turned back to her, her eyes were huge as they took in Bull. Her surprise reminded him that no one at the party knew who Bull was, so for the first time since they'd started seeing each other, he actually had to introduce the man.

"Oh, sorry, this is my boyfriend, Bull. Bull, this is my cousin Sarah."

"Nice to meet you," Bull said, slipping his hand back into Malcolm's.

"Boyfriend," she repeated weakly, her eyes still glued on Bull. After a second, she seemed to shake herself out of it and turned back to him, pulling him into another, tighter hug. "Good for you, sweetie," she said softly. "But dear lord, the size of him."

Malcolm laughed so hard he snorted.

It took almost half an hour for them to finally get his parents alone. Every time they'd moved closer to them, his mom or dad would notice someone else they had to go talk to, and they'd skirt away.

Malcolm was pretty sure Bull had been about to throw one of the white folding chairs that surrounded half a dozen eight-foot-long tables in the yard right over the fence to get their attention when his parents went inside to grab some refills for the food.

Grabbing Bull's hand, Malcolm excused them from a conversation with someone he was pretty sure Evan worked with—though the guy hadn't actually said when he'd walked up and started talking to them—and hustled them across the crowded space, smiling at the couple of people who made eye contact with him.

As soon as they were in the kitchen, sliding the door closed behind them, his nerves bubbled up inside him, and he thought for a second he was going to be sick right there on the hardwood floor.

His mom glanced over at them and then went back to digging through the fridge. His dad was cutting up half of a watermelon and didn't look up from what he was doing. Bull's hand tightened around his, and he knew that he noticed.

"Mom, Dad, I wanted to introduce you to someone."

"Oh?" his mom said, pulling out a large tub of what looked like potato salad and setting it on the island near where his dad worked.

"Yeah." When neither of them stopped what they were doing, he lost his patience. "Can you both look at me, please?"

They sighed almost identically, like it was the most inconvenient thing in the world.

“What is it?” his dad said, while neither one even bothered to look at Bull.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

“I wanted to introduce you to my boyfriend. This is Bull Eaton. Bull, these are my parents, Michelle and Dave.”

His mom squinted at him, looking a little confused, and his dad finally glanced at Bull and then went back to cutting the watermelon.

“Okay,” his mom said slowly, then picked up her tub of potato salad. “Is that it? I need to get this outside.”

He tried not to let it hurt him. He almost wished they would have gotten mad or that they would have railed at him about how he couldn’t be gay, how no son of theirs would date a man. Instead, they just... didn’t care. Like with everything else in his life.

His mom walked over to the door, and Bull moved out of the way, still opening it for her despite looking like he was about to crack a tooth.

“Wait, did you say Eaton?” she said and glanced at Bull once more. “Are you Sally Eaton’s boy?”

“One of them,” Bull said tightly.

She glanced at Malcolm and shook her head. “His family owns the restaurant you work at, don’t they?”

Malcolm’s spine straightened at the disgust in her voice, and he took back his wish from a moment ago. He wasn’t sure how she knew that. Sure, Knotting Pine was a

small town, but it wasn't like his parents came into Bo's. At least, they hadn't since he'd started working there.

He tilted his chin up, refusing to be ashamed when his relationship with Bull was the most caring and loving of his whole life. "Yes, that's how we met and became friends before we started dating."

"Typical," she said under her breath as she stepped outside. "Always looking for the easy way out."

He stared at her, gaping, and then made the mistake of glancing at his dad, some primal instinct looking to him to defend him.

But he knew better, or at least he should have.

It didn't seem like his dad was paying attention.

Or he was pretending not to have heard what his wife had said to their son and the implication of it.

"Let's go," he said softly, and Bull was practically dragging him across the house a second later.

He shouldn't have come. He definitely shouldn't have let Bull come with him.

He didn't even know why he had insisted on it anymore.

They'd been there half an hour, had only seen his brother in passing, and he'd been called a whore for the second time that day—third, if he counted Bull teasing him about his dick sucking skills.



This was somehow even worse than his landlord propositioning him.

When his landlord had implied that he could save money by sleeping with him, he'd been more shocked in the moment than disgusted. But when his mom implied the only reason he was in a relationship with Bull was to get ahead in life, it made him feel dirty... and sad.

He was so fucking sad. His eyes filled with tears as Bull marched them down the hallway and out the front door.

"Any plan you had to attend the wedding, you can forget about it," Bull said, his anger barely controlled as he spun around to face Malcolm.

But when he laid his hands on the sides of Malcolm's face, his touch was achingly gentle.

"These pieces of shit don't deserve you.

You hear me, Malcolm? You're better than them, and it's time you cut them out of your life like the disease they are. "

"They're doing a destination wedding" was what he said instead of "You're right" or "I'll think about it" or even "Just because you're my daddy in the bedroom doesn't mean you can tell me I can't go to my brother's wedding.

" Though they both would have known that was a lie, the dynamic seamlessly seeping out to the rest of their relationship.

Bull frowned at him, leaning closer, like proximity was the reason he didn't understand what Malcolm was talking about. "What does that have to do with anything?"

“I couldn’t afford it, even if I wanted to go,” Malcolm muttered.

“Baby,” Bull said in exasperation, “yes, you can.”

Malcolm winced. “No, you c?—”

“You are mine,” Bull interrupted, his fingers tightening against the back of Malcolm’s neck. “My gorgeous, sweet, perfect boy. And we’re building a life together—and that means finances too. So I want you to stop fucking worrying about the price of everything, okay?”

It was the same thing he’d been thinking about before they’d entered his parents’ house, and yet, after his mom’s cutting remark, the idea didn’t thrill him like it had not even an hour ago.

Malcolm swallowed, the burn in his eyes returning. “I don’t want you to feel like I’m just with you because of that.”

Bull kissed him punishingly hard and then said against his lips, “No one who actually knows you would ever think that. And I know you, Malcolm Kerr. I see you.”

Had anyone ever seen him the way Bull did?

That was easy—no.

Not even Dahlia had seen the aching need inside of him. But Bull had. He’d found it and tended to it, fulfilling his needs in every imaginable way.

Malcolm stared at him for a long moment, their faces so close it almost made him cross-eyed. “I love you,” he blurted out hoarsely, surprising them both.

Or maybe not, because a moment later, Bull was wrapping his arms around him, holding him tight and whispering, “It’s about fucking time. I love you too, baby boy.”

“ You have some fucking nerve !” a voice screamed at them as the front door slammed shut.

Malcolm jerked in surprise, twisting his head around and finding his red-faced brother, a vein throbbing on his forehead as he stormed toward them. Bull released him and took a step forward, placing himself between them.

“What are you talking about?” Malcolm said, gliding his fingers down the inside of Bull’s forearm, trying to placate him on the off chance he intended on punching someone else today.

“You, showing up here with him,” Evan said between clenched teeth, gesturing at Bull. “This is supposed to be a special day, and you just had to try and make it all about you and whatever freak show the two of you are up to.”

He felt Bull tense, so he wrapped his fingers around his forearm and gave it two quick squeezes, their silent sign for I’ve got this .

“I didn’t try to make anything about me,” Malcolm said calmly. “I just brought my boyfriend to a family event.”

“Boyfriend,” Evan sneered. “Couldn’t find yourself a woman who actually wanted you, so you decided to start batting for the other team? How fucking pathetic are you?”

He hated that his face flushed at the insult.

“You better watch yourself,” Bull said in a low, scary voice.

Evan finally seemed to notice the size of Bull, running his eyes over his body. He took a small step back but then refocused on Malcolm. “Whatever disgusting things you want to do at home is fine. But you won’t be bringing this shit around anymore, do you understand me?”

“I think we all understand you,” a feminine voice said.

They all whipped their heads around to find Cathy, Evan’s fiancée, coming around the corner of the house, her parents trailing behind her, faces pinched.

“Cathy, baby, that wasn’t what it sounded like,” Evan said quickly.

She shook her head, tears in her eyes. “My friends tried to warn me about you, but I just couldn’t see it.

” She wiped at her blotchy cheeks and glanced at Malcolm.

“For what it’s worth, I would have welcomed you, both of you.

” Then she turned around and walked back toward her parents. “Yeah, this wedding is off.”

“Cathy!” Evan yelled, running after her.

Malcolm could only stare, stunned over the last few minutes. First, his mom being a judgmental asshole, then his brother being a homophobic prick, and then Cathy calling off the wedding.

“Well, I’d say we made an impact today,” Bull said.

Malcolm slowly panned over to him, mouth parting in shock at the huge grin on his

face. “Let’s at least wait until we’re in the car before we show how happy we are about him getting dumped.”

“That guy got exactly what he deserved,” Bull said, throwing his arm over Malcolm’s shoulders and heading toward his truck. “You want to pick something up for dinner?”

Just like that, the awfulness of the day started to drift away.

Bull had been right. It was time for him to cut out his family. He didn’t need them. He never had. Sure, life had been hard the last few years as he’d struggled to get by. But if it was the price he had to pay to get to this moment, to get to Bull, he would have done it for another ten years.

The two of them could make their own family. With his brother and his moms, Dahlia and Becca, Ollie and the Sub Club. Bull made him happy in a way no one else ever had and loved him like no one else ever could.

He didn’t need anything else.

*Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 9:17 am*

“ Didn’t you get adopted by Ollie? Why aren’t he and his pack of hellions here helping?” Marv said as he helped maneuver Malcolm’s old mattress through the front door.

Coming in behind him with a box full of kitchen stuff, Malcolm laughed. “I did, but most of them had to work today.”

Malcolm had told him that he’d texted Ollie right after they’d gotten back from his parents’ last weekend, and he’d been really disappointed he wouldn’t be able to come and help.

Apparently, Ollie had to work one Saturday a month, and the following weekend just so happened to be it.

Most of the rest of the Sub Club had to work as well, or at least that was what Bull had been told.

That and that Ollie had invited the group over to his and Malcolm’s place for the next waxing session. He’d reiterated to his boy he still wasn’t getting any of his hair ripped out, and Malcolm had laughed and called Ollie to tell him.

“I’m here!” Emmett said from where he sat on the floor, playing with Rose and Dorothy.

Marv glanced at him, his face softening. “You’re not a hellion, but you’re also not helping very much.”

Emmett giggled as he trailed one of the cat toys on the ground in front of Rose as she chased it.

Bull wasn't worried about it. Anything in decent shape that Malcolm hadn't wanted to keep had been boxed up for Marv to take to the domestic violence shelter on Monday, and the rest they'd been able to bring over in one load in the back of Bull's truck, with a couple of boxes stuck in Marv's car.

Once they got the mattress up to the second floor and into the spare room he'd never used for anything other than the cats, Bull clapped Marv on the shoulder. "I really do appreciate you helping."

"Goes without saying, baby bro." Marv waved him off and led the way back downstairs. "I was just giving him shit."

It wasn't that Bull didn't believe him, but there was something in his voice, and he'd seemed distracted all day.

"Everything okay?" Bull asked.

Marv grunted. "Just tired."

He didn't really buy it, but he let it go, knowing when his brother was finally ready to talk, he'd be right there ready to listen, just like Marv had always been for him.

After a few hours, they had everything unloaded, and most of what went in the kitchen or living room was unpacked.

Pretty much all of Malcolm's clothes had been at Bull's place for a while, along with most of his toiletries.

He'd go back over to the apartment sometime that week and give it a final sweep

before leaving the keys on the counter.

Malcolm had tried to say he would run over and do it, but Bull had put his foot down.

He didn't care that they hadn't seen a hint of Dale as they'd sorted and packed things up all week.

There was no way Malcolm was ever going over there by himself again.

Dahlia and Becca had arrived about forty-five minutes ago, Dahlia still salty that he'd made her work.

He hadn't told her yet, but he and his mom had decided to start giving Dahlia more responsibilities to see how she handled them before asking if she'd like to be trained to be a manager.

With Sally working less, Bull needed someone else up front he could depend on when he wasn't there or was in the office.

Becca had made herself at home on the couch next to Emmett, and Dahlia had disappeared into the kitchen to complain about him to his moms. Even without helping with the actual move, he knew his boy was grateful they'd come for such a special day.

Just as he was about to offer Marv a beer, his brother returned from the bathroom, face pinched.

"I'm gonna take off," he said, stepping close and giving Bull a quick hug, slapping him on the back twice.

Bull frowned and glanced toward the kitchen, where Malcolm, Dahlia, and their moms were making a spaghetti dinner for all of them. Emmett's boyfriend, Rooster,



would be there in less than twenty minutes, having just gotten off his shift and gone home to change.

“Are you sure, man?”

“Yeah, I have something I need to do,” Marv said distractedly. He hollered a goodbye to their moms and Malcolm, rubbed a hand through Emmett’s hair on his way past, and then he was gone.

“That was kind of weird,” Emmett said absently, running fingers through his hair to fix it, then going back to petting both of the cats curled up on his legs.

“Good, glad it wasn’t just me who thought that,” Becca said, cradling Blanche like a baby. She’d coaxed him out of his hiding spot and had been showering him with affection ever since.

Bull couldn’t help but smile at the sight of them. Sophia was still MIA, and had been since his moms arrived that morning, but Rose and Dorothy loved all the attention Emmett was giving them. He had a feeling he’d be seeing the sweet boy more often.

“A little,” he admitted, scratching each cat’s head. “I’m sure he’ll be okay though.”

He wandered into the kitchen to see if he could help and found Ma putting a second large pot of water on the stove and turning the burner on beneath it. He glanced at Malcolm, who waved his phone at him and then tucked it in his pocket.

“Ollie just texted me,” Malcolm said. “He said he and Six would be over shortly because, and I quote, ‘they wanted some damn spaghetti too.’”

“Whoops, sorry,” Emmett called from the living room, not sounding apologetic in the least.

“It’s alright, sweetie,” Ma called back. “We have plenty of pasta to go around.”

“I don’t know,” Dahlia called from the dining room where she was laying out plates.

“I can eat a lot of pasta.”

“If we run out, I’ll go to the store,” Bull said when he noticed Malcolm eyeing the ingredients on the counter.

He smiled gratefully at Bull.

“You know, sometime I’d like to come over for dinner and not cook the meal,” Ma said, throwing a wink over her shoulder at him when Malcolm sputtered.

“I said I could handle the spaghetti!”

“I know, dear.”

“I really could have,” Malcolm huffed.

“Of course, but with the extra mouths, it’s better that you have the help.”

“What extra mouths?” Sally asked, appearing next to Bull. She hip checked him and added, “I watered your flowers, but I think the begonias are getting too much sun.”

“Thanks.” He didn’t even know what a begonia was. “I’ll help you replant it.”

She rolled her eyes. “It’s in a pot. I just need your muscles to move it, but it can wait.”

“The extra mouths are Ollie and Six,” Malcolm told her, emptying jars of sauce into a pan. “They’ll be here in a little bit.”

“Oh, good,” she said, grabbing a stack of paper plates and silverware. “I want to ask them about these sex parties I’ve apparently been banned from talking about.”

“WHAT?” Dahlia yelled, dropping the plate in her hand. Thankfully, it was paper.

“Mom,” Bull groaned, rubbing at his face. Ma cackled and pulled open the oven to check on the meatballs, their familiar heavenly scent beginning to fill the whole house. “Tomas told you?—”

“Yeah, yeah. Discretion. Invite-only. Public relations nightmare.”

He stared at her as she went in to help Dahlia in the dining room, the two of them immediately whispering to each other, and then decided it wasn’t his fight to have with her.

Following Malcolm to the fridge, he asked, “Do you think it’ll just be them?”

He wanted to snag a beer before going out to the living room and relaxing, maybe turning the baseball game on to check the score before the others arrived and the food was ready.

“He said he was going to check with CJ to see when he was going to be done at the tattoo shop,” Malcolm said, digging around on one of the shelves. When he popped out and spun around, he bumped into Bull.

“Shit,” Bull said, steadying him and then moving out of his path. “Sorry. I know I’m taking up too much space in here, so I’ll get out of your way.”

Malcolm frowned up at him for a long moment before handing the block of cheese to Ma and saying, “Hold down the fort, please. We’ll be back in just a minute.”

“Yeah, sure you will,” she said, snickering. ““Oh, I can handle everything, Bo. I don’t

need any help.’”

Malcolm stuck his tongue out at her. “Good thing you ignored me.”

Bull shook his head, immeasurably pleased at how easily Malcolm fit in with his crazy family, and followed his boy through the house and up to their bedroom. He couldn’t wait until everyone left and they could spend their first official night together in their house.

He had a list of things he wanted to do to celebrate.

There was a large plastic bag stuffed full with yarn, crochet hooks, and everything else his boy had looked at for more than three seconds at the store still sitting on their bed from when he’d moved it out of the closet earlier.

His heart had broken when he’d found out that Malcolm had given up the hobby he’d shared with his gran because of the cost of the supplies and surprised him with a trip to buy whatever he wanted the other day after work.

The thank-you he’d gotten afterward had made him consider buying out the whole store to keep his boy happy... and bouncing on his dick in gratitude.

He watched, unsure what was happening, as Malcolm shoved the bag out of the way and then gestured where it had been, raising his eyebrows.

Bull slowly stepped over to the bed and lowered himself onto it.

He grinned widely, though, when his boy immediately climbed onto his lap, legs straddling him and arms going around his shoulders.

“Hey,” Bull said softly, closing the distance between them and pressing a soft kiss to that tempting mouth. They hadn’t had a moment alone all day, his moms having

arrived about twenty minutes after they'd gotten out of bed.

"Hi," Malcolm said, almost shy as he laughed lightly. He pressed his forehead against Bull's. "You know I love how big you are, right?"

The unexpectedness of the words caught Bull off guard, his heart lurching in his chest and fingers twitching on Malcolm's hips. He wasn't sure what to say in response. For the first time in weeks, he struggled to express himself to Malcolm.

His boy didn't seem to mind, sliding over until his face was pressed against the side of Bull's and saying, "Because I do. I absolutely love how big and strong you are. It makes me feel safe, like you could protect me from... I don't know, an avalanche."

Bull snorted out a laugh. "An avalanche?"

Chuckling, Malcolm tightened his arms around him, wiggling closer. "You know what I mean. I don't wish you took up less space."

"Okay," Bull croaked out.

"You take up all the space you need, Daddy."

His eyes burned, and he wrapped his arms fully around his boy, hugging him close, letting the words and the sentiment behind them seep inside him.

You aren't too big.

I love you just the way you are.

For the first time in his life, he thought he might actually believe that.

"Thank you, baby," he said softly.

Malcolm hummed, laying his head on Bull's shoulder and pressing a quick kiss to his neck. "You give me so much. Making sure you know how amazing you are is the least I can do."

"I give you exactly as much as you deserve," Bull corrected.

"I must deserve a whole lot," Malcolm said, a smile clear in his voice.

"The whole damn world, baby boy."