



Calla's Boys

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: My life was ordinary and unexciting.

When four young men walked in, I assumed they were nothing more than a group of delinquents, but I was wrong...

They changed everything. No more abiding by the rules... instead my world became full of deviances and secret trysts.

The outlaws—the rebels—decided that they wanted to keep me as their own.

How could I refuse?

***Callas Boys is a spicy, why choose forbidden romance between a teacher and four of her male students.

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Calla

I moan loudly as he slams his cock deep into me, the sound hitching in my throat as I do my best to maintain control.

Clyde Hartley clamps a hand over my mouth. He doesn't want anyone knocking on the door and disrupting our mid-flight tryst.

At least, not until he's done with me.

Being in uncomfortable, cramped quarters such as the airplane bathroom is challenging, but he never fails to impress me with what he can do.

My head leans back as I arch into him, grinding my wet pussy down on his dick. He grunts as he thrusts his hips, making me gasp as his assault brings me closer to the precipice of euphoria.

"I fucking love you, Calla," he groans as he comes hard, his body shaking. The warmth of his seed as it shoots deep into me makes me smile tiredly, leaving me feeling more fulfilled than I have in a while.

My boys—Clyde, Doc, Jesse, and Billy—keep my appetites well satiated, but the way Clyde works his cock is unmatched by the other three.

Granted, that's not something I would ever tell them—I like having a small group of young men at my beck and call, and hurting any of their fragile teenage egos would more than likely ensure that I would have a dry vacation.

Over the intercom, the pilot announces that we'll be making our descent in the next hour or so and is requesting that all passengers either return to their seats or remain where they are.

"He can keep the plane in the fucking air until I'm done," Clyde growls as he pulls his cock out of me and turns me around.

My palms are pinned against either side of the small, square mirror, and Clyde grunts as he pushes himself back into me. "Watch us while I fuck you, Calla," he commands as he begins to thrust his hips again.

Without mercy, without restraint.

My wild boy claims my pussy like the fucking god he likens himself to be and grabs a fistful of my hair, jerking my head back, to make sure that I'm watching our reflections.

The animalistic look on his face as his mouth slightly hangs open, as his cock is thrust violently into me, is becoming more than I can bear, and I know I won't be able to hold on much longer.

Again, the pilot's voice comes over the loudspeaker requesting that all passengers return to their seats, and Clyde looks into my reflection's eyes.

"Should we stop, Calla? Be good little boys and girls and go back to our seats?" he breathes into my ear.

I shake my head as I begin to fuck him back, slamming my ass against him, taking him deeper into my pussy.

Clyde lets go of my hair and digs his fingers into the flesh of my hips as he quickens

his pace. He's feral now, and nothing will be able to get him to stop until he fills me with his hot, sticky cum all over again.

"Harder," I mewl as I keep pushing back to take him in as deep as I can.

My tits are bouncing wildly, the smell of sex and sweat in the small compartment is starting to hang like a low fog, but it's not until he leans down and grazes my back with his teeth, breaking skin, that he finally moans so loudly that I'm sure the first few rows on either side of the door know what we've been doing.

Clyde places a hand on the small of my back as he grips his sticky cock and slowly pulls it out of me.

He knows how much I love the sensation, and he's always sure to give it to me, each and every time.

I stay where he put me—hands still splayed on either side of the bathroom mirror, a low arch to my back so that my ass is still in the air, and wait until he tells me that I can get dressed.

I listen for the sound of his zipper, then his belt. I wait while I feel the gentle caress of his fingertips tracing the curve of my ass, before he gives one of my cheeks a gentle slap.

"Get dressed, Calla," he says as he slips a thumb underneath me, dipping it into my wet hole. "Or I'll be forced to fuck you again."

I wiggle my hips as I clench my inner walls around his digit, then moan gently as he slowly pulls it out.

"To be continued," he whispers into my ear as he slaps my ass again, then opens the

bathroom door and walks out—leaving it open for anyone in the surrounding rows to see how he’s left me.

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Clyde

I suck the taste of her off my thumb as I walk back toward our row, then sit down next to Doc Harmon.

He looks at me and shakes his head with a laugh—he knows the gesture because he’s done it more than once himself.

“Leave some for the rest of us,” he teases me, and I smirk. There’s more than enough of Calla Hunt to go around, and that’s why it takes more than one man to handle her.

At least, I like to think we’re men.

I’m twenty years old, Doc is twenty-one, Jesse Mills and Billy Russell are nineteen, while our delicious, shared toy, Calla Hunt, is forty-two.

She’s the head of the Gifted and Talented program at Southview U that we’re part of.

The four of us shone at different things, and Calla decided to take up the challenge of having us in her program.

At first, none of us were interested in anything she had to say or teach us. We were bored, and sometimes, I still am, but I hang in there for the best pussy I’ve ever had.

Besides, I think that if we continue to make appearances then no one at the place will get sus, and we can keep fucking her whenever we want.

Calla finally appears and sits at the end of the aisle next to Jesse, who places a hand on her thigh. I watch long enough to see her flash him a quick smile, then sit back in my chair, securing the lap belt.

Of course, I didn't know exactly how gifted and talented she was until the first time she had me stay after to go over some school bullshit and then swallowed my cock.

I told Doc, he told Jesse, and he told Billy. Next thing we knew, the four of us decided to continue the program with her in our own special way.

And the best thing about Calla is that she let us.

She put up a fight at first, but I could smell how wet her pussy was when Billy laid out a drop cloth and told her to lie down.

I could see the fucking need burning in her eyes when Jesse tore her clothes off, and I saw the way her legs trembled, practically begging for us to fuck her when Doc grabbed a half-full bucket of yellow pastel paint and emptied it on her big, luscious tits.

Calla Hunt went from program leader to art project in the span of thirty minutes and has been hooked on our cocks ever since.

"Have you ever heard of this place?" Billy asks as he leans over Doc and hands me one of the airplane magazines.

I give my thumb another quick suck before I rub my hands against the side of my jeans and shake my head as I take it from him.

"I can't even pronounce it," I tell him with a laugh as I read the name of the ski resort town. Gstaad. I shrug as I begin flipping through the pages, taking in what I'm

assuming is the most recent scenery, before I hand it back to him. “Looks cool, though.”

Billy nods in agreement as he takes the magazine back, closing it, then replacing it in the holster he took it from.

Switzerland is going to be a first for the four of us, though I don’t know if Calla has ever been here before. It could be why she chose it, or maybe it was just a way to escape and give us a place where she can let us have our way with her without the fear of being caught.

I lean my head back against the rest and close my eyes.

I don’t know what’s coming next or how long this will last, but whether she likes it or not, Calla Hunt belongs to us.

Until we’re done with her.

An hour and forty-five minutes later, we’ve landed in Switzerland. There are the stereotypical yuppies that clap as soon as we land on the tarmac, and I smirk when Jesse snickers at them.

He’s the crazy one in our bunch, for lack of a better term. He’s so goddamn smart that there was nowhere else for him to go, so he slid down the slippery slope of the intellectual mountain, down into the pit of insanity.

He hides it well, though, and we don’t judge him for his quirks or random outbursts. If anything, I think he fits in just fine with the rest of us.

Where Jesse is the borderline genius/madman, Billy is the quiet storm that brews on the horizon. The kid can't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds soaking wet, but he's strong as fuck and can easily knock out someone twice his size.

I witnessed it myself during this last semester when one of the jocks decided to pick on him by taking one of his beloved art books from him and ripping it in half.

He stood up very calmly, picked up the half of the book that was still intact, then just leaped on the fucker, beating him wildly with it until he saw blood and beyond.

That's when we became friends.

Out of everyone in the library, only myself, Doc, and Jesse went over to help him pick up the rest of the pages, then congratulated him on doling out the beating of the century.

Doc is extremely laid back about everything. Nothing, and I mean nothing, bothers him—which I think is cool.

I envy that about him.

Because, I myself, am the hothead. Everything bothers me.

Not having time alone with Calla and having to take it when I want it.

Not being as smart as Jesse, or as studious as Billy.

Not being able to let shit go as easily as Doc.

I guess the four of us complement each other, and Calla has been the icing on the proverbial cake that holds the slices together.

“Come on,” Billy says quietly as he nudges me with an elbow. I glance over at him, then realize that damn near everyone around us is standing.

“Yup,” I say as I get to my feet and file out of the row behind Jesse. I lick my lips at Calla, who’s holding up the rest of the plane until we come out of the aisle, and she blushes.

She knows that this isn’t over.

Hell, that little taste in the bathroom was only the beginning of what I plan on making a wild, fucking trip.

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Doc

The way her hips sway when she walks—highlighting that succulent ass of hers—is making me hungry. I would kill to have her sitting on my face right now, but that will have to wait until we get to the resort.

“Dibs,” I say to Clyde as I rib him playfully.

He rolls his eyes and scoffs, “You mean sloppy seconds.”

“No, dumbass,” I reply with a laugh, “I mean for her in a bed . Actually, if we brought the rules with us, you’re officially at the back of the line now, buddy.”

When he gives me a withering look, I grin and clap him on the shoulder as we continue toward a set of escalators.

Jesse and Calla are standing on a step a few down from the rest of us, having a quiet conversation between them, and I’d bet anything that he’s trying to weasel his way into my spot.

No fucking way, I think as I shake my head. I haven’t had a turn to fuck her in a week, and that puts me at the top of the heap.

Speaking of heaps...

“Do you think she’ll go for it?” I ask Clyde. Billy turns to the side and rests his back against the moving railing as he suddenly includes himself in the conversation.

What I'm asking about was his idea, and to be honest, I'm quite proud of him for coming up with it.

I'd love nothing more than to see all of Calla's holes stuffed with our cocks, cum dripping down her inner thighs, out of her mouth, out of her fucking asshole— Relax, I tell myself as my dick starts growing in my jeans.

“Who says she has a say in the matter?” Clyde replies with a sly grin. “If she wants to keep fucking us, she'll do whatever the hell we tell her to.”

“It'll be fun,” Billy adds in his quiet tone. We both turn our eyes to him and smile when his face blushes crimson.

“That it will,” Clyde agrees with a nod. “That it will.”

Here's hoping the rest of us get a chance to fuck her, too, I think when I see the dark look suddenly cloud his eyes.

—

I roll my shoulders when we finally find our baggage claim area, then settle in for another ungodly wait.

I like traveling—it's one of my hobbies—but I never cared for how long it takes to get a fucking bag off a slow-moving carousel.

“They should just let us carry these things in the main cabin,” I grumble as I put my hands on my hips.

“Wouldn't that make the plane too heavy?” Clyde asks me curiously.

I shake my head. “Baggage goes under the plane. I just think they don’t want to deal with the overcrowding it would probably cause.”

“Hm,” he replies indifferently, and he shrugs.

I watch fondly as he grunts, crosses his arms over his chest, then shuffles closer to Calla.

He never likes it when she pays attention to any of us individually, unless it’s him or he’s included, so the fact that she’s spending so much time talking to Jesse is probably grinding his gears into dust.

A loud, annoying horn starts to blare incessantly, followed by a red light turning in a circular motion, and the damn conveyor belt finally starts moving.

“God, I thought we’d end up sleeping here,” Jesse grumbles as he crosses his arms over his chest.

“Yeah, one outburst from you and they’d put us on the next thing flying back to the States,” I tease with a laugh.

Jesse gives me a withering stare, but his lips twitch, giving away the fact that he’s not exactly pissed off about my crack.

Still, I think that’ll be the only one I manage on this trip, so I won’t end up taped to the bottom of the plane on the way home.

“Doc, come get your shit!” Clyde calls out after ten minutes pass. He tosses my duffle bag on the ground behind him, then turns his attention back to the conveyor belt. I roll my eyes.

He's the conquering hero—or at least, he likes to think that he is, but the flaw in his little referendum is that he's not exactly gentle.

With anything.

Words, luggage, Calla.

Nothing is safe from Clyde's bullshit, but we all fall in line when we have to, because no one wants to upset her to the point of finding another group of men to quell her desires.

“Jesse —”

“Throw it, and I'll make one out of you,” Jesse cuts him off cheerfully as he walks forward and takes his bag from Clyde.

I smirk when I see him shrink a little in fear because God knows that Jesse's been dying to hurt someone.

I don't know which part of him that happens to be, though.

The genius or the madman.

As he comes back to stand next to me, I start making small talk to try and keep him preoccupied as Clyde continues to play Skee-Ball with everyone else's luggage.

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Jesse

This is fucking annoying, I think irritably as we all pile into a shuttle. There are lots of strangers in here, and the only people I do know, I don't really want to see again until tomorrow.

Almost eight hours on a plane will do that to a person.

I do my best not to take a bite out of Calla's ass as she saunters by me, settling in a seat against the back of the shuttle, next to one of the stranger's children.

It's her way of keeping the peace, and while it works for the most part, I wouldn't have said no to her sitting on my lap for the ride to the resort.

"Pretty," Billy remarks, and I glance at him. If he's talking about Calla, then he's stating the obvious, and I'll become unnecessarily agitated, but when I realize he's glancing out of the window behind us, I relax a little.

The homes here are way different from in the States. I have a feeling that the deeper into the town we go and the higher the shuttle climbs the mountain to the resort, I'll feel like I'm Hansel, surrounded by gingerbread houses.

Though it's nice to have a change of scenery, considering that East Aurora can be pretty boring.

I clear my throat as I reach down for my bag and pull the zipper open, poking around inside until I find a tube of Chapstick.

I quickly apply it to my lower and upper lip before smacking them together, covering the tube and tossing it back into my bag.

I hear Clyde snicker, but instead of acknowledging him, I decide to let it roll. He thinks it's girly that I'm constantly making sure that my lips are soft and free of cracks, but Calla likes the way they feel, so he can fuck off with his judgement.

"I wonder if the place is as big as the brochure on the plane made it out to be," Billy wonders quietly next to me.

I shrug and glance at him curiously. "You afraid of open spaces?"

He purses his lips and shakes his head. "No. I think it would be cool. We could go hunting."

I grin instantly because I know what he's getting at.

This entire thing—all of us fucking Calla—was his idea from the start. But quiet, shy little Billy Boy has had some thoughts about what else we can do with her instead of just fucking.

He usually only shares them with me, because, unlike the others, I'm not a gossip whore and won't talk about him behind his back. Especially when his ideas so far have been pretty fucking cool.

"We could always set it up so it's just us," I begin conversationally. Billy steals a glance at me as I begin to pick at my fingernails. "I think it could be fun, you know? Once the lights go out, we can invite her on a romantic evening stroll, then..."

The way my lips curve into a devious grin makes him blush, and I chuckle as I lean over and give his shoulder a reassuring clap.

“Just think about it before you decide,” I say with a shake of my head.

I close my eyes and rest my head against the cool pane of glass, hoping that the rest of the drive is faster than the fucking flight to get here.

“Mr. Mills, do you know why I asked you to stay after school today?” Ms. Hunt asks me.

I roll my eyes as I rake a hand back through my hair. “Probably because I fell asleep during art class.”

“Not ‘probably’,” she snaps at me, slamming a hand on her desk. “You’re in this program because I believe in you, and you’re just throwing it all away!”

I arch an eyebrow at her obvious disdain for my little afternoon nap, then sigh as I suck my teeth.

“Okay, sorry,” I state in a bland tone.

Ms. Hunt gets to her feet, palms flat on the desk, her knuckles turning white, and I smirk.

“Ms. Hunt, can I ask you something?”

“I’m not done,” she barks as she reaches up to push a strand of blonde hair out of her winter-green eyes. “Now,” she continues as she crosses her arms over her chest, “what exactly do I have to do to get you to pay attention in class?”

“You really wanna know?” I counter in an even tone.

“I asked, didn’ t I? ”

With a shrug, I reach forward, pry her hands away from her chest, then hold her gaze as I begin to undo the buttons of her crisp, white dress shirt. I move slowly, in a way that lets her know that I’m in control of what happens next, and that her “authority” means fuck all to me.

Ms. Hunt drops her arms to her side, her body trembling as I reach for the last button, slide it through the hole, then push her shirt open.

I tilt my head to the side as a grin starts to spread across my lips. I walk the tips of my fingers up from her belly to her bra, slip my arms around her, our lips mere inches from each other as I undo the clasp and let her luscious, full tits free from their chambers.

I look down as I grip them firmly in my hands, digging my fingernails into the soft flesh and giving them a violent turn in either direction. When she squeals, I use my forefingers and thumbs, clamping them down on her hard nipples.

Ms. Hunt grunts in pain, and I smirk as I press my lips against her forehead. “You know what you can do to make me pay attention in class? Put these babies on display for me. Let me see them when you’re teaching, and I’ll listen to anything you have to say, Ms. Hunt.”

“Jesse, you know I can’t—”

“Then I guess we’ll go to plan b,” I cut her off with a smirk.

Before Ms. Hunt has a chance to protest, I move my hands quickly, grabbing her thick ass and lifting her off the floor.

Settling her on the edge of the desk, I reach down and unzip my jeans, shoving them down, briefs quickly following.

As I spit into the palm of my hand and start to tug on my dick, I nod at her to come closer.

“Hold those massive things together and let me fuck them till I come,” I growl as I start to grow in my hand.

Ms. Hunt looks a little scared, but she seems to know there’s no way to get out of it, and honestly, I don’t think she wants to.

Especially not when she takes a deep, shuddering breath, pushes her huge tits together, and opens her mouth.

She is far from an innocent bitch.

She knows exactly what she wants and how to get it.

I slide my cock between her soft globes and bite back a moan as soon as I start to fuck them. I’ve never felt anything like this in my life before, and I’m already quickly becoming hooked on Ms. Hunt.

I slide a thumb into her partially opened lips, pull them open, then lean down and spit into her mouth.

Ms. Hunt immediately swallows it as I go back to fucking her tits, licking the head of my cock with each thrust.

Yeah, Ms. Hunt knows exactly what she fucking wants.

And on this fine afternoon, she wants me.

“What?” I gasp in shock at being jolted awake. I let out a loud sigh when Billy nudges me and nods out the window.

I don’t know how long that nap was, but it was obviously timed well enough for me to sleep on the way up to the resort.

The only problem I’ll have now is getting off the shuttle with everyone else, because if I stand up, they’ll all see how fucking hard I am.

This sucks, I think irritably as I rub the back of my neck and wait patiently for everyone to gather their belongings and start to make their way toward the small steps.

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Billy

I grab Jesse's bag from near his feet as I stand up and do my best not to laugh. He's got a stiffy, which means he was probably having a good dream, and I knocked him out of it.

But the sense of wanting to laugh leaves me almost as quickly as it comes, because that means he'll more than likely try to get back at me for it.

How was I supposed to know he was having a wet dream? It's not like he advertised it, and he didn't fall asleep on purpose.

Jet lag is real, and I think it's taking a toll on all of us. Clyde is moving sluggishly, Doc is holding on to the railing as he goes by, and even Calla's walking a little funny.

Granted, that could be due to the fact that she joined the mile high club, or it could just be because she's tired... which could also be attributed to joining the mile high club.

I shake my head as I glance at Jesse, who's got his hands clasped together tightly over his face, and decide it's best not to wait for him on the shuttle.

Eventually, he'll be ready, and it's not like the driver can just take off with him still inside, anyway.

"Where's Jesse?" Calla asks as I get off with his bag slung over my shoulder.

“He’s coming. He’s just trying to wake himself back up,” I state.

It’s not a total lie.

If he wasn’t tired, he wouldn’t have fallen asleep, but I also don’t need to announce that he’s got a rager.

Clyde immediately reaches for Calla’s hand, but she gently slaps it away.

He’s got a thing with being her main guy, and never fails to try to impart that on all of us, including her, but she’s quick to remind him when he can, and shouldn’t, step out of bounds with his shit.

He grunts and shifts his feet, and I share an amused glance with Doc.

We love when she shuts him down—it puts him in his place in ways that we know we’ll never be able to.

“I’ll wait for him,” she states as she walks back toward the shuttle doors. Calla leans against the side of the vehicle and crosses her arms over her chest. “You boys go inside and get comfortable. I believe there’s a lounge in the check-in area.”

Clyde and Doc nod as they start heading toward the building, but I hang back. I guess I’m kind of jealous of all the time alone they get with her, and I haven’t even been able to have a conversation with her in the past few days without at least one of them attached.

“Are you okay, Billy?” Calla asks as she tucks her hair behind her ears.

I nod. “Yeah. Thanks for bringing us out here. I think it’ll be cool to spend the holidays somewhere other than home.”

She smiles warmly at me.

Calla knows about the issues I have at home with my family. They treat me like I'm more of a burden than a brother or son, and I hate being there.

I just don't have anywhere else to go.

So, when she told everyone in the program that she would have information for us to review for an amazing opportunity, I broke into the school after hours and stole four of the forms. One each for me and my friends.

Then I crept into the bio lab and stole some bacteria that I knew would wreak just enough havoc to keep the school closed for the next few weeks and set it loose.

I know she has an idea that one of us had something to do with it, but the rest of the guys thought that it was cool , so they didn't turn me in.

For a day or two, I was the main guy.

It felt nice.

Until now, while I'm standing here alone with her, my conscience gnaws at me over it.

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Calla

I wait patiently with Billy while Jesse regroups on the shuttle. I'm not entirely sure what the issue is, but I've learned rather quickly that pushing him to do something he isn't ready for can lead to ... interesting consequences.

I sigh as I reach into my jacket and pull out a pair of black leather gloves, then slip them on. Billy steals a curious glance at my hands before he turns his eyes away again, letting them rest on another shuttle that's just now arriving.

As the occupants start to depart from the vehicle, I turn my attention up toward one of the windows just above where I'm standing. I shake my head ruefully when I see Jesse's face is still firmly planted against it, then lean over and tap Billy on the arm.

"Huh?" He startles so easily. "Sorry, what's up, Ms. Hunt?"

I smile at him.

Of my four boys, he seems to be the only one with a firm grip on the rules I've attempted to set out for them. Inside of the school and on public outings, I prefer that they address me properly. In private, they can either call me Calla or anything that comes to mind during the heat of passion.

"Wait here for me? I'm going to head in there and find out what the holdup is," I state, jerking a thumb toward the window.

He returns my smile and nods, shuffling away from the door so that I can let myself

in.

“And do me a favor, Billy?” His ears always turn so red when I say his name, I muse mischievously.

“Don’t let anyone on until we come out? Not even the driver. ”

He instantly looks nervous as the crimson crawls from the top of his ears, down to his cheeks. He’s never been good at lying, but persuasion, he’s a master at that. I’m living proof that Billy can get anything he wants—he just needs to learn to believe it himself from time to time.

“Sure, Ms. Hunt,” he finally agrees as I push the doors open, then begin to ascend the few stairs inside.

I pull the lever to close the doors, then smile warmly when he leans his body against the door.

“ Hey, Calla, ” Jesse calls out.

I glance over at him as I start to close the gap between us. I sit down next to him and cross one leg over the other.

“How’d you know?”

“Your scent,” he answers, his eyes still closed. I arch an eyebrow at him. My scent? I wonder what I smell like. “You know, like predators can smell their prey from a mile away? I know what your pussy smells like even after it’s been used by one of them.”

I roll my eyes as I cross my arms over my chest and lean back in the seat. “Are you planning on joining us today, Jesse?”

“As soon as it goes down.”

I shake my head fondly. That’s what the problem is.

“You can make it happen a lot faster, Calla. Wanna give me a hand?” he asks, a sly smile starting to spread across his lips.

The thing about Jesse is that he takes what he wants, when he wants it—even if it isn’t freely given. I learned that the hard way with him on more than one occasion.

And even so, I know we don’t have time for this right now. Especially not since it’s Billy who’s been left guarding the door. He’s a good boy, but he buckles under pressure far too quickly, and I know he’ll let the driver on when pushed.

“The sooner you can rein that in, the better. We need to check in before this place gets crowded, and besides, I could use a nice, relaxing soak in the hot tub.”

Jesse ’s eyes open instantly as he turns that sly smile toward me. “Hot tub?”

I laugh as I shake my head and get to my feet. “I thought that might get your blood pumping in the right direction. Just put it in the waistband of your boxers and let’s go get checked in.”

With a grunt, Jesse does as suggested, then stands up. Placing his hands on my hips, he guides me toward the double doors.

“Dibs,” he breathes into my ear as I lead the way down the stairs, then push the doors open.

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Clyde

I try not to nod off as the bubbly young lady talks about her goddamn Etsy store. Her guy keeps giving me glances that I can't quite figure out.

Is he making sure that I stay awake? That I pay attention? Or is he sorry that they sat down next to us to begin with?

“So, anyway,” she continues as she picks up her slice of pizza, “if you want to check out my greeting cards, I can give you a discount. Actually—here,” she says as she sets her slice down on the plate.

She reaches for a napkin to quickly wipe her fingers clean, then I watch, as patiently as I can, as she sifts around in her small clutch before producing a business card and holding it out to me.

“You don't have to buy anything, so no pressure. ”

“Thanks,” I say as cheerfully as I can. I hope she doesn't think I'm mocking in trying to match her disposition, but I've never met a happier person in my goddamn life and it's a bit weird to me.

But at least it keeps my mind off Calla and wherever the hell she may have wandered off to.

“What did you say your name was again?” I ask, barely glancing at the card as I set it down next to my beer.

“Carly! And this is Fin,” she reminds me, gesturing toward her guy. He gives me a nod as he raises his pint of beer, and I return his nod.

“Clyde,” I say, holding a hand to my chest briefly, “and Doc,” I finish with a nod at my friend sitting on the other side of me.

Carly leans back slightly to wave at Doc before picking up her pizza again, and I elbow him as imperceptibly as I can when I hear him snicker.

“So, what is that you do, Fin?” I ask before I raise my bottle to my lips and take a swig.

“I’m in real estate,” he replies quietly.

I try to look interested, but I’m not. I want to get up with my bottle and Doc, and take off, but these two were nice enough to ask us to sit with them when the bar started getting busy, so I figured the least we could do is talk to them for a little while.

I just didn’t know it meant that my brain would slowly start seeping out of my head from meeting Queen Enthusiastic Etsy Lady.

“That’s cool,” Doc pipes up. I’m almost faint with the fact that he’s finally had enough mercy on me to enter the conversation since I’ve been carrying the entire thing by myself so far.

“What are you all doing here?” Carly asks as she takes another bite of her pizza.

“We’re in a program at our college. We’re out here with the head of the program as a reward for doing well,” Doc states proudly.

I roll my eyes at the ceiling before I glance toward the entrance of the resort again,

then scowl that there is still no sign of Calla, Billy, or Jesse. Chances are they're having a fuck-a-thon somewhere while we're stuck talking to Mr. Stoic and Ms. Brightside.

"Anyway," I state loudly as I push my chair back and get to my feet, "we gotta head over to the front desk and get checked in, but it was nice to meet you guys. Thanks for the beer."

Carly smiles brightly with her eyes since her mouth is full, and Fin even gives us a small smile of his own. Weird. I didn't think he knew how to do that.

I toss the rest of the beer back, place the bottle on the bar-top, then drop a couple of francs next to it before I walk away from the nicest, yet strangest couple I've ever met in my life.

"I didn't know you had it in you, Clyde."

My jawline becomes square as I grind my teeth at the sound of his voice. There's a needling aspect to what he just said that he can't hide, and I doubt he even tried to begin with.

"I didn't know you knew how to stay quiet for so fucking long," I snarl at him as I steal a glance at the entrance again. As Doc lets out a good-natured laugh, I stand up a little straighter when I see Billy walk in with Calla and Jesse trailing closely behind him.

"It's about fucking time," I grumble as I slap Doc's shoulder and nod in their direction.

“You’re hooked on her pussy, Clyde. You gotta learn to calm down when she’s not around,” Doc says with a chuckle.

“Fuck off,” I growl as I walk by him and head over to meet them at the registration desk.

Addicted to Calla’s cunt or not, she’s got a pussy like a vice, and I’m dying to feel it clamp down around my cock again.

Number in line be damned, I tell myself as I sidle up next to her and run a finger down the curve of her torso.

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Doc

“This is nice ! ” I exclaim as soon as we walk into one of the suites. I know it’s the cliché thing to say when walking into a hotel room, but this is nice.

I’ve never been anywhere as fancy as this before, and I want her to know that she did an amazing job by praising her choice of the rooms she booked.

Calla grabbed adjoining suites so that we would all have easy access to her.

A little fact that she points out as soon as we’ve picked our beds and dropped our luggage on them, claiming them as ours for the duration of this trip.

“Glad you like it,” she replies shyly, and I smirk at Clyde. Calla isn’t shy with him like she is with me, but that’s because he’s a fucking Neanderthal when it comes to handling her. I like to take my time with her, to make her feel as good and as beautiful as she is.

“Who’s staying in your room with you?” he asks in a gruff tone, and I suck my teeth as I roll my eyes.

“No one,” Calla replies with a simple shrug. “You boys share these two rooms, and I have my own.”

“And what room is the hot tub in?” Jesse pipes up.

Hot tub? I think curiously as I look at him for a moment.

“It’s in mine,” Calla answers as she flips her hair over her shoulder. “And you’re all invited to join me, but we need to get some sleep tonight and wake up on Switzerland time before we worry about anything else.”

The pointed way she says it makes Clyde shrink down slightly, and I chuckle quietly, unlike Jesse, who snorts with laughter.

“Sounds good to me,” I state cheerfully, doing my best to mimic that Carly girl before I walk over to my bed and push my luggage to the floor. Flopping down on my stomach, I let out a loud, fake snore to let everyone know that it’s quiet time in my suite and to fuck off if they don’t belong in it.

Everyone laughs at my not-so-subtle signal—even Clyde.

Then I listen to the sound of shuffling feet, a door or two closing, then the muffled creak of the mattress next to me as Billy lies down.

Tomorrow will be fun, I think as I stifle a yawn with my fist and close my eyes, hoping to drift off to sleep for real this time.

What the fuck? I think groggily as I use the back of my hand to rub my eyes. Something feels different, and while the sensation is something I’m accustomed to, I’m wondering if I’m dreaming.

I roll one of my shoulders, shifting one leg, then the other, before my hand reaches for the blanket, making an involuntary fist around it.

I grind my teeth down to keep from waking Billy up as the feeling of Calla’s mouth moving expertly up and down my shaft, her soft hand trailing her tongue and lips,

forces me to swallow a strangled moan.

Holy shit.

I snake my other hand under the covers, grabbing a fistful of her hair and thrusting my hips up. My eyes open wide, as does my mouth, when I hit the back of her throat with the head of my dick and my body begins to tremble.

I take a series of short, calming breaths as I lower my ass back onto the mattress, then shove the covers off of us.

Calla looks up at me with her sleepy, doe-shaped eyes as she moves her mouth away from my cock. She uses her tongue to trail my length, then swirls it around the head of my dick before taking it back down her throat again.

I jerk her by the hair, but she doesn't stop. She continues sucking my cock like it's the last one on Earth, and when she lets it out of her mouth again, she does so with a pop!

She's relishing being able to sneak into my bed without the others knowing, with Billy sound asleep next to us, snoring slightly, forcing me to keep my cool and not wake him up.

I sit up, shoving my cock all the way down her throat again, before I reach for her and drag her up my body by both arms .

"Fuck me, Calla," I whisper thickly as she looks down into my eyes.

She pulls her nightshirt off, letting her luscious tits bounce free, before she starts clawing at my boxers.

I do the work for her, pulling them off and tossing them over the side of the bed, then settle back against the headboard for the ride.

Calla reaches down for my dick, then lowers herself onto it, biting her lower lip to keep from letting out a moan.

I dig my fingernails into the flesh of her hips as she places her hands on my chest and begins to roll her hips.

I don't know why she chose me out of all of us tonight, but I'll be good and goddamned if I don't end this by coming inside of her tight, wet pussy.

Calla leans her head back as she moves her hips fast, grinding down onto me, her tits bouncing wildly. She wants to lose control right now, and she's fighting not to.

But I can't help myself.

After a few more wild bucks on top of me, I push her off and gesture for her to settle onto her back. When she does, I lean down and hold my balls as I slide my cock into her, then begin fucking her like the dirty little whore I know she can be.

Calla's hands instantly grip my forearms as I thrust in and out of her, claiming her pussy as mine because for tonight, it is.

"Harder," she whispers, and I grin as I circle inside of her before I continue fucking her.

Calla wheedles quietly as her mouth hangs slightly open. I lean down and take one of her nipples between my teeth, grinding my teeth as gently around it as I can, while I piston my hips faster.

“ Fuck, ” I growl through grit teeth, finally letting go of her nipple as I feel myself getting closer and closer to coming.

“More,” she whispers as she licks her lips and closes her eyes.

That’s when I can’t hold on to it anymore. Calla Hunt with her big, beautiful lips, her soft, massive tits, and tight, warm pussy wants me to give her more.

I grunt as I come, shooting a hot stream of my load inside of her, then close my eyes as I do my best to steady my breathing.

Calla’s pussy walls convulse around my cock, milking me for every last drop I can give her.

She lets out a quiet, contented sigh, then gently puts her hands on my chest and shoves me away.

As I slide my sticky cock out of her hole, I let her sit up before I glance down at her pretty little pussy.

“Show it to me,” I whisper.

Calla leans her head back and smiles as she does as she’s told, pushing my come out, and I watch it slowly drip down her thigh.

I lick the tip of my forefinger, then trace the stream back up her thigh, shoving it back into her.

“Mm,” Calla moans as she revels in the feeling of being used.

“Go to sleep, Ms. Hunt,” I tell her with a smirk as I climb off the bed and look for my

boxers. “ We ’re supposed to wake up fresh tomorrow.”

“You’ re no fun, ” she grumbles under her breath as she sighs, then moves toward the side of the bed.

Arching an eyebrow, I drag my boxers back on, then lean across the bed before she has a chance to stand up, and fist her hair, pulling her back toward me.

“Don’t you dare take a shower. I want to smell myself on you in the morning.”

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Jesse

“What the hell smells like day-old cum in here?” I ask, wrinkling my nose as we sit down to breakfast the next morning.

Calla suggested we try one of the resort restaurants, and I was quick to agree. It’s close, it can be charged to the room, and I don’t feel like dealing with sunlight until I’ve had a chance to fully wake up yet.

Doc smirks as he whips out his cloth napkin with a flourish, then smooths it on his lap, and I blow out an impatient breath.

Nothing against him, because he’s definitely one of my best friends, but the smug, bullshit-eating grin on his face gives him away instantly.

“Back of the line,” I state curtly.

The look on his face drops instantly as he slumps down in his chair a little, and Calla gives us both a curious look.

His very favorite thing is to tell us when we’ve lost our “spot” with Calla, so I take great pleasure right now in returning the favor.

“Fuck off, Jesse,” he grumbles as he swats his napkin. I chuckle as I exchange a triumphant look with Clyde, who, for a moment, is actually relishing that I managed to get a one-up on the prick.

Not that Doc is too bad or anything—it's just his gloating can get to be too much sometimes.

“What line?” Calla asks curiously as she unfurls her napkin and places it on her lap.

“What line?” we all echo her in unison. She shakes her head ruefully as we burst into laughter— even Doc.

“Behave, you three,” she remarks with a chuckle as she rests an elbow on the table.

I inhale a contented breath as I glance around the restaurant.

It's honestly the fanciest place I've ever been to, and I'm glad that I get to share this experience with her.

Having other guys attached to what I would consider a date isn't the best way to make an impression, but it's not the worst either.

“So, what looks good?” Calla asks after a tense moment of silence shared by everyone at the table.

You.

I don't say it out loud, though. She doesn't take compliments too well when all of us are around. Her face turns red, so do the tips of her ears. I think it's adorable, and she thinks it's embarrassing.

“ Anything ,” I state enthusiastically as I pick up a fancy, leather-bound menu and open it up. It's true—I could eat whatever they threw at me on a plate, so long as it was cooked.

I'm not as picky as Clyde.

I'm not as haughty as Doc.

I'm not as hard-pressed in my ways as Billy.

Which is probably how I ended up agreeing to this group-fuck, anyway, I muse with a chuckle as I glance down the options on the breakfast menu.

As everyone else at the table begins chatting about what they'll be ordering, I lose myself deep in thought. With all of the snow outside, I wonder if Calla would be up to play a game?

A smile starts to curve my lips. I've never been partial to being out in the snow, but I have a feeling there's more than one way to build a snowman.

I feel the gentle nudge of an elbow in my ribs and blink rapidly a couple of times before I glance at Billy. "What's up?"

He cuts his eyes across the table, and I look up, then grin.

I couldn't have been thinking my childish thoughts for more than a few moments, but enough time had apparently lapsed for a pretty, wild-looking server girl to appear.

My eyes instantly go to the number of silver studs climbing up the side of her ear, then slowly wander toward the soft, purple streaks hidden not so methodically by her natural, black hair.

Her eyes are narrow and mischievous, a gentle shade of sky blue, and as I let myself take in the rest of her shapely form hidden underneath a pair of black slacks and a white, crisp dress shirt, I can feel Calla staring daggers at me.

“Surprise me,” I tell the girl, my grin widening as I hold out the menu toward her. She rolls her eyes and chuckles as she takes it, then turns and quickly wanders away. I wonder if she wants to build a snowman, too.

I lean back in my chair with a sigh as I let my head fall back slightly and stare up at the ceiling. Even something as mundane as this is still one of the fanciest things I’ve ever seen.

Calla is still staring at me, but she doesn’t have anything to worry about when it comes to my commitment to her. Sure, my eye may wander every now and then, and I may think things that I shouldn’t about other pretty women, but she should know that my dick belongs to her.

Always has, always will, I think as I run a hand back through my hair and tip my chair backwards slightly. The two front legs come off the ground a little, and I just sit there, eyes trained on the ceiling, doing my best not to give in to looking at Calla Hunt and her accusing eyes.

I guess in a way it’s nice to know that even though she’s almost always surrounded by dick, she still craves us individually.

Dropping the chair legs back down to the floor with a dull thud, I reach over and nudge Billy’s arm.

Billy

“I’ve got an idea,” Jesse whispers excitedly when I look at him.

I swallow the nervous lump in my throat. None of his ideas have ever been anything short of crazy, but at the very least, they’ve always been kind of fun.

“Okay,” I reply cautiously with a shrug. “What is it?”

“We should build a snowman with Calla,” he says, his voice riddled with enthusiasm.

My eyes narrow in confusion as my brow dips, mimicking the sentiment. I know that Jesse isn’t exactly the most level-headed out of all of us, but that seems a little too childish. There has to be a catch.

He blows out his breath impatiently, then nods at me to look down.

“ Ohhh, ” I say a little louder than I mean to. His gesture explains his entire plot without him having to say another word.

“ Shh, ” he snaps at me through grit teeth. I cast a quick glance around the table and find the others watching us curiously, then smile nervously as I look back at Jesse.

“What makes you think she’ll go for it?” I ask him in a hushed tone. “Or any of them, for that matter?”

“Because everyone at this damn table thinks with their dick,” he replies smugly.

“Except for her. She thinks with ours,” he finishes with a sly smile.

I shake my head as I chuckle, then steal a quick glance at Calla. She’s completely enthralled by whatever it is that Clyde is saying to her, and Doc is starting to get annoyed.

He is such an attention hog, I think as I look back at Jesse.

“Okay, I’m in.”

I wrinkle my nose when the pretty, punkish looking girl brings our meals. I don’t know what the hell smells the way it does, but when she sets it down in front of Clyde, I lower my face to hide a smile.

He’s going to end up smelling rank, and it’s going to make him feel self-conscious. I sigh as I sit back and let her place my plate down in front of me.

For Jesse’s plan to work, we all have to be in on it. Not that Clyde will pass this up.

With as much as I hate to admit it, Jesse came through with another wild idea that I know everyone—maybe even Calla—will be enthusiastic about.

It’s dirty, devious, and a little gross, though I have a feeling that my latter opinion will change once we start building our snowman.

I do my best to put the thought out of my head while I enjoy my breakfast. I don’t know what they’ve done to my eggs, but they taste better than anything I could have cooked up at home myself.

As I 'm ready to shove another forkful into my mouth, Jesse loudly clears his throat, and I look over at him with my mouth open and fork stopped mid-flight to its destination.

He does his best to jerk his head imperceptibly toward Doc, who's sitting on the other side of me. I shake my head briefly in confusion and arch an eyebrow.

He rolls his eyes before mouthing, tell him.

All things considering, I think his idea is really creative and cool, but I'm not entirely sure that's a message to pass on when people are trying to eat breakfast. But, when Jesse's eyes harden and his mouth becomes a tight line, I know I don't have much of a choice.

Placing my fork down, I take a deep breath, then lean over and tap Doc on the arm. He glances at me curiously as he takes a bite out of his huge, fancy breakfast sandwich and raises an eyebrow.

Leaning over, I quickly whisper Jesse's idea to him.

Doc

I quickly put a fist to my mouth to keep from spitting out my food. The raucous laughter that's just erupted from me has gotten the attention of almost everyone in the restaurant, but I can't help it.

I hiccup as I pick up my cloth napkin and wipe my mouth, nodding at Jesse, who grins back at me.

What quite possibly could turn out to be one of his nastier ideas actually piques my interest to the point that I have to try it.

Calla might be pissed by the time we're done, though something tells me that she'll let bygones be bygones.

Her usual boys will be boys bullshit excuse she likes to hand out to us when we've gone a little too far.

Not that she ever seems to have much of an issue when she feels that we've crossed the line. Calla believes whole-heartedly that she can walk away from us at any time.

She believes it, but it's not true. However, I don't like to piss on her parade, so I'll let her have her little fantasies so long as she keeps fulfilling ours.

I clear my throat as I pick up my sandwich again and take another bite. I stare at Jesse until he feels my eyes on him, then mouth a question— when?

He holds up one finger, and I nod in understanding.

We all have one hour to finish our meals, convince Calla to get back upstairs instead of going out and seeing the city, and have some fun.

I shove the last bit of sandwich into my mouth, then snap my fingers at Clyde, who's monopolizing Calla's attention. He gives me an annoyed grunt as he glares at me with a dangerously arched eyebrow, and I push back my chair, getting to my feet. "Got a sec?"

"I'm having a conversation," he barks, motioning toward her, and I smirk. "I can see that, thanks. But I really need to talk to you about something."

The aggression drops away from his face, his tense body, his everything almost immediately. Clyde knows that something is up now, and I'm taking him away from his precious time with Calla. He's put two and two together, and realizes now that it's about her.

"I'll be back in a sec," he tells Calla as he pushes his chair back.

I roll my eyes and laugh as I cross my arms over my chest, then start walking away from the table.

It amazes me how in control of this arrangement he thinks he is.

He bullied Billy out of the top spot, which was rightfully his considering this entire thing was his idea, and has latched onto the theory of Calla with his goddamned teeth.

Clyde catches up to me as I step outside of the restaurant doors and into the enormous hotel lobby.

“What’s the big deal, Doc?” he snarls, and I drop my arms to my side with a sigh.

He pretends so much to be a feral dog when it comes to being away from Calla; maybe it’s finally time for a distemper shot.

“Relax,” I shoot back with an even stare. “Jesse wants to set something up, and while it should be all of us, I’m not above shoving you down a ski hill until you learn to stop acting like she only belongs to you.”

Clyde grunts as he shifts from one foot to the other, his impatience growing by the second, and I’m actually kind of enjoying it. Maybe he’ll implode and finally see reason when it comes to everything.

“He wants to build a snowman,” I finally say after a few more tense moments of watching his neck turn crimson.

“Are you seriously telling me that you pulled me away from breakfast over a snowman?” Clyde asks incredulously.

“Yeah, but not just any kind of snowman.” I pause for a moment to glance around us, then motion for him to watch my hands. “A snowman.”

He wrinkles his nose for a split second, then bursts into laughter. I smirk at his reaction because it’s nice to see him not feeling so high-strung now over being dragged away from “his” precious Calla Hunt.

“I’m in for this,” he finally says, rubbing his hands together. The devious way he confirms his participation... I know we’re going to have to fight to all do our part, but whatever. It’s never been too difficult to get Clyde out of the way once he comes.

“Jesse wants to get this going in an hour, so we have to finish eating, then figure out a

way to get her to stay in the hotel,” I inform him as we start walking back toward the restaurant doors.

“Leave it to me,” he states with a smug smile. “I’m pretty sure I can persuade her to follow me upstairs.”

I roll my eyes at the back of his head as he walks in and heads back toward the table.

Clyde’s always been as difficult a friend to have as he’s been a good one.

Not to say that he doesn’t have his uses from time to time.

I just wish he’d stop thinking that she only sees him , when she clearly sees us all equally.

Whatever.

It’ll all work out.

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Clyde

Fuck, we 've already lost half an hour, I think irritably as I glance at the fancy clock hanging above the bar area nearby.

I toss a glance in Jesse's direction as he takes his time finishing up the last of his damn breakfast, wondering what hour he actually meant when he suggested it.

Unless Doc got the info wrong, I think with a grunt as I drop an arm on the table and begin to drum my fingers.

"Is everything okay?" Calla asks in a hushed tone as she leans toward me.

"Huh? Yeah, fine," I lie with a forced chuckle. "Just waiting for His Majesty there to finish up."

"Fuck off, Clyde," he says good-naturedly through a mouthful of food.

I scowl.

How he thinks that planting an idea like building a snowman with Calla, then making me wait was a good idea, I still haven't figured out.

But now that I have the chance...

"Hey, do you think we can go back upstairs after breakfast? I'm still feeling a little zonked," I say to Calla with a warm smile.

She arches an eyebrow, but shrugs and nods in agreement. “I guess so. I’m not exactly on Swiss time either yet,” she admits with a sheepish smile.

“Then you should have said something earlier,” Billy pipes up. “Breakfast could have waited.”

I give him a withering stare, and he shrinks down in his seat a little. I get that he’s the one that’s always looking out for her emotionally, but being Mr. Feelings right now has the potential to fuck up our plans for the rest of the morning.

“Sorry,” he mumbles as he picks up his fork and gently starts to tap it against his plate.

Doc rolls his eyes and glances at him. “Don’t apologize to him just because you’re not a sociopath like he is.”

I laugh and shake my head.

I have feelings.

Most of them, anyway.

The important ones.

The ones that want to fuck Calla every chance I get, and especially when I can get her alone.

“ Nah, ” I intercede, taking the opportunity to present myself as the proverbial good guy, “I’m the one that’s sorry. I think I slept wrong or something. I need to lie down for a bit, is all.”

All eyes at the table turn to look at me curiously.

I get it.

No one is used to me apologizing for anything, nor are they used to me backing down.

And in a way, I' m not.

I'm just playing along so that when we get upstairs, Calla doesn't push us all away so she can nurture Billy's feelings back to normal.

Then that'll fuck up everything, just because I chose the wrong thing to be impatient about.

"Thanks," Billy finally says with a nod, breaking the curious silence.

I grin at him as I reach over for one of Calla's hands, doing my best not to sigh at the soft feeling of her skin.

Sooner rather than later, she's going to be slick with sweat, radiating heat from desire, and made up too, according to one of the best ideas that Jesse has ever had.

When breakfast is finally over, and Jesse is done acting like an absolute twat and taking his time, we all stand up after Calla signs her name on the receipt.

The rest of them start walking with purpose toward the restaurant doors, but I'm a gentleman—I wait patiently for her, following her as she walks quickly to catch up to them.

I grind my teeth together as her hips sway from side to side, her succulent ass teasing me as she goes.

By the time we exit the restaurant, the rest of the guys are over by the elevator banks, talking animatedly like a bunch of kids.

I roll my eyes as I take Calla's hand and go over to wait with them.

After a few moments, the elevator bell dings and the doors slide open. We wait for some people to file out before we shuffle in, and I press the close doors button, holding it down to ensure that no one else will be able to get in with us.

“Hey, Calla? Before we all hit the hay for a few hours, wanna help us with something?” Jesse asks her cheerfully.

She stifles a yawn, placing her free hand gently over her mouth and nods. “Of course. What do you need help with?”

“Nothing too big. Extra credit project for art class is all,” he advises with a wave.

Calla chuckles as she rests her head on my shoulder. I give Jesse an amused look. Art class is all he can come up with?

He smirks as he crosses his arms and rests his back against the elevator wall, Doc and Billy quietly snickering behind us.

When the elevator finally hums to a gentle stop on our floor, I place a hand on the side of the bank, allowing her to walk out first.

Then they fall into step beside me as we follow her. Our new art class project—our snowman ready to be built.

While it's not the most depraved thing that we can come up with to do with or to her, it's the most creative thing so far.

Calla uses her keycard to unlock the door and we walk in behind her.

As she tosses the card on the large desk nearby, she turns to look at us with a smile on her face. I watch her tuck a strand of blonde hair behind her ear.

"What can I do to help?" she asks.

"Just be yourself," Clyde begins with a smirk. "And whatever you do... don't fucking move from that spot. Not until we tell you to."

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Calla

I feel a bit like a trapped animal. Excited, scared, nervous—all of the things I usually feel when I'm surrounded by my boys, but this is different because I have no idea what to expect.

No predestined plans.

No hint as to what's coming.

No say in the matter.

Clyde smirks as he exchanges a glance with Jesse, then starts to make his way toward me. He circles around to the back of me, slips his arms around my waist, and brushes the side of my neck with his lips.

“Deep breaths, Calla. You know we'd never hurt you,” he breathes into my ear.

Not on purpose, I mentally amend as I inhale the breath as commanded, then hold it as I wait.

I don't know if this is part of the game, the waiting. I don't know if they think this will heighten whatever senses they're going to attack next. However, the fear of not knowing is starting to grip hold of me, pushing the excitement and nervousness aside.

“What's going on?” I ask again, my voice catching in my throat as Clyde slides a hand up my body. He rests his hand around the flesh of my neck, gently squeezing his

fingers around it, chuckling in a way that makes my body tremble.

“We told you,” Jesse pipes up as he reaches down, the sound of his zipper rushing against the fly of his jeans assaulting my senses. “ We ’re going to build a snowman.”

Clyde brushes his lips against my ear, nibbling the lobe as Jesse pushes his pants down and steps out of them, his boxers following shortly after. My core becomes warm and slick as I watch him pull his shirt off next.

His body has always been strong, built like a swimmer, with his agility in bed matching the sentiment.

He glances from Billy to Doc, then shrugs as he closes the gap between us. Clyde tightens his grip around my waist, pulling me even closer against him as Jesse stops just a breath away.

“On your knees, Ms. Hunt, ” he says in a husky voice, and I let out the breath I’ve been holding.

Clyde ’s arm slips away from around my waist as he begins to quickly undress behind me. It seems to spark something in the other two that I can see, nothing more than a blur for the moment, taking their clothes off somewhere behind Jesse.

“Come on, Ms. Hunt, ” Jesse hisses as he places a finger under my chin, tilting my head up. “You know what you have to do next.”

You know what you have to do next is mocking in a way. It’s one of the first things I ever said to him when he refused to acknowledge the very first assignment I gave to my talented and gifted students.

I just didn’t know that the words sat with him for this long. I didn’t know that they

would come back to haunt me.

Taunt me.

Tease me in a way that I never knew they could.

I extend a shaky hand toward his flaccid cock and grip hold of it. His smirk gives way to a devious grin as he quickly steals a look at Clyde.

The latter places his hands on my shoulders, grips them tightly, then grunts slightly as he guides me closer to Jesse.

I lick my lips before I wrap them around the head of Jesse's cock. He inhales a sharp breath almost immediately as I begin to take his length into my mouth.

I start slowly because I know that's what he likes, trailing my hand slowly where my tongue and lips have just caressed. I feel the vein that runs along his length throb for the briefest of seconds as I begin to quicken my pace.

"God, that's so fucking sexy," Clyde breathes as he tangles his fingers in my hair, making a fist and jerking me back against him. He slaps his semi-hard cock against my cheek, and I turn my face, lapping gently at the head of his dick before he grins and pushes me back toward Jesse.

As I begin to suck his cock again, I can feel a flaccid dick being shoved into my left hand.

I wrap a hand around it without hesitation and begin to stroke it to life.

If my boys want me all at once, I'll do my best to give them what they need, because I know they always do their best to give me what I need.

Doc, I think as he begins to thrust his hand through my fist. He's never been a patient lover and lets nothing stop him from getting off.

Another hand gently grips my right arm, and I feel the warmth of Billy's flesh as he slides his cock into my right hand.

I stroke both of them in unison as I suck Jesse's cock, tasting the salty tart of pre-cum gently pooling on the tip of his dick.

Clyde grabs a fistful of my hair and yanks me away from Jesse again, this time shoving his own cock into my mouth. I grunt as he starts to thrust his dick, ramming it against the inside of my cheek.

Desperate.

Determined.

Almost feral .

He lets out a groan that shakes the walls and Doc loses it, giving him a violent shove backward. An anguished breath escapes me because Clyde still has a grip on my hair.

"Stop being fucking greedy, Clyde. She's not yours ," Doc barks at him.

"Be careful," Billy growls as he reaches down for me and rubs my shoulders gently. He crouches down in front of me, runs a hand affectionately over my hair, and smiles slightly. "Are you okay?"

I wince as his hand caresses the spot where Clyde inadvertently almost pulled my hair out by the roots, but I smile back at him for his sake.

I nod, take a steadying breath, then look up into his eyes.

Doc stands to my left, and as Billy gets back to his feet, they both exchange a glance.

“Open wide, Calla,” Doc tells me softly as he palms his dick and gives it a tug. I push my hair behind my ears and do as I’m told.

The next breath I inhale is snuffed by the two of them, shoving the heads of their cocks into my wide open mouth.

I do my best to suck both cocks at once.

It’s what they need .

I run my hand up and down their shafts. I want to milk every drop from them. I want them to give me their salty, warm cum. I want to feel it coating the inside of my mouth and sliding down my throat.

But before I have a chance to taste the one thing I want, Clyde is behind me again, pulling me away from Doc and Billy and yanking me to my feet.

“Be good, Calla,” he whispers into my ear. “You’ll get what you want soon enough.”

“And so will we,” Jesse adds as he lies down and motions for them to bring me closer. Clyde picks me up beneath my arms and firmly places me down, straddling Jesse’s face. As he starts to lap at my pussy, a whimper escapes me.

I wiggle as soon as the sensation hits me, harder than it ever has before, but Jesse firmly wraps his arms around my hips and holds me in place.

I can feel Billy’s gentle touch as he moves behind me, forcing Clyde out of his

preferred spot, and places his hands on my shoulders. He begins to guide me, rocking me back and forth against Jesse's face.

I arch my back, resting my head against Billy's thigh as I ride Jesse's tongue, hell-bent on coming, but as I feel myself getting close, Doc quickly snatches me off of him.

He doesn't give me a chance to steady myself, pushing me on my hands and knees. I gasp as he roughly slides his cock into me, grabs my hips, and begins viciously thrusting.

My fingers desperately attempt to grab at the floor, but my fingernails only scrape wood, allowing me no way to brace myself for his rabid assault.

No sooner than I attempt to start pushing back against him, out of the corner of my eye, I see Clyde walk around us. He settles down on the floor, a small gap away from us, reaches for my arms and forces me toward him.

As Doc's cock slides out of me, I let out a quick huff of relief, only to have it stolen as Clyde violently pulls me down onto his lap.

I let out a loud groan as he starts to thrust his hips upward. His cock slamming into me deeper than it ever has before. I let my arms loosely fall over his shoulders as my body is wracked over and over by the boy beneath me, doing his best to claim dominance.

An amused chuckle greets my ears as I'm roughly pushed forward. Doc places a hand on one of my hips as Clyde holds me close. I hear him spit and feel the wetness as it slides down the crack of my ass.

A moment later, my hole is being forced open. He's ignoring my pleas for him to

stop, to go slower, to show me a modicum of mercy, and continues sliding himself in until he's filled me.

"Fuck, I can feel you inside of her," Clyde states through a bated breath. The pressure I feel inside of my pussy and my ass is something they've never done before, and I don't know if I'll be able to take it. But I'm left without a choice. "Come on, man. Let's fuck her up."

With a grunt, Doc pistons his hips forward as Clyde thrusts his upward.

The burning sensation as I'm being stretched through both holes is as maddening as it is delicious.

I want more.

I need more, and before I have the chance to tell them, I get it.

Jesse and Billy stand on either side of Clyde, careful to keep their distance from Doc, then shove their cocks into my mouth again.

I reach down and grab my bouncing tits, squeezing them tightly as I run my tongue around each head, suckling like a babe needing nourishment.

I dig my fingernails into my flesh as the sound of skin slapping against skin, the heavy breathing and moans echoing off the walls of the room, amplified by the perfect acoustics of our surroundings, drowns out the sound of my rapidly beating heart.

"Faster," Clyde grinds out to Doc, who obliges with enthusiasm.

They're in sync now, violating me with their cocks, damn near burrowing their way

through to each other.

I've never felt so used, degraded, or fucking alive in my entire life.

I begin to grind my hips, moving my pussy forward against Clyde and my ass back into Doc.

Jesse grabs a fistful of my hair, forcing me to look up at him and Billy. He's got a devious grin on his face, but my darling Billy... he looks like he's so fucking close.

I grab Billy's shaft and wrap my mouth around his cock, swallowing down to the back of my throat, sucking on it like I'll never get the chance to again.

He closes his eyes tightly, grinding his teeth together, desperate to hold on to his seed, but I want it more than I ever have before.

"God, I'm gonna fucking come," Doc groans as he pulls his dick out of my ass, giving one of my cheeks a firm slap.

Clyde sits up and pushes me off his lap.

Jesse wrings my wrist to get me to let go of Billy's dick and as I'm sitting on the floor, ass sore, pussy pulsating with desire for my boys, they all stand in front of me.

"On your knees, Ms. Hunt," Jesse taunts as he grips his cock and begins to stroke it quickly.

I push myself up shakily and watch as Clyde, Doc, and Billy also begin to tug on their dicks in front of me.

I'm eager with anticipation, wondering who's going to fuck me next, when Billy

starts to breathe quickly. I lick my lips, biting the lower one before I let my mouth hang slightly open.

“Keep your mouth closed, Calla,” he instructs through grit teeth.

I push my hair behind my ears, resting my ass gently on my heels, when Clyde reaches down and jerks me back up into position.

And then it happens.

My boys begin to come.

One after the other, coating my face with their hot, sticky fluids, moaning loudly in turn.

I close my eyes tightly and brace myself as they continue covering my face with their come, then open them again carefully when I can hear Jesse chuckle.

“See? Told you she’d make a sexy snowman,” he announces with a smirk to the rest of them.

They all start laughing, but not in a cruel way. Clyde reaches down for one of my elbows and helps me onto my feet, turning me slightly to look at the mirror that hangs just behind the desk in the center of the room.

My face is almost white.

Sticky, hot, salty, and covered in their desire.

I get it now.

I laugh even though I slightly feel like a whore because of how they just handled me, fucked me, and forced me to take more than one cock at a time.

But, I feel more wanted than I ever have in my life.

No one would ever look at me and my students and think that we're anything more than what we present.

But behind closed doors, away from prying eyes, we're exactly what we need to be.

A woman and four young men.

Ready and willing to fulfill each other's needs.

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Jesse

I'm pleased with the result of my idea—seeing Calla on her knees, the skin on her luscious chest flushed with pleasure, and her face coated and dripping with white 'snow'.

As much as I enjoy having her to myself, sharing her with the others proves to be almost as exciting.

I'll have to think of something else we can do, as a group or in our next one-on-one.

Judging by Clyde's and Doc's reactions as they fucked her in tandem, I might have to experience firsthand exactly what that feels like.

I lick my lips, still tasting her pussy in my mouth, and I savor the sweet flavor of her on my tongue.

As much as I wanted to make her come, this little snowman venture was much more exciting, and I'm still buzzing that the others agreed to it.

The final result was even more spectacular than I had imagined.

Absolutely worth skipping out on a day out in the beautiful country we're standing in right now.

Sometimes I still can't quite believe that we're here, and I don't mean in this place. I never imagined I'd be with someone like Calla, let alone sharing her with guys who

are more like brothers than friends.

Calla gets to her feet and walks on unsteady legs toward the bathroom to clean up. I don't particularly want to see our art project washed away so soon, but I'm not about to stop her.

A glance at the others' faces tells me they're of the same mind I am with regards to Calla, and I smirk. We're all bent out of shape over this woman, and hell if we'll ever let her get away from us.

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Billy

I tend to go along with the others, but Calla still makes me feel special when it's just us. Despite Clyde's dumbass idea that he's the best out of all of us, she never seems to indulge that when we're all together, or when we're apart.

I adore her for the fact that she treats us all equally, while individually rocking our worlds.

I'm keen to get her to myself again, though. I won't deny that I've been thinking about her pretty much all the time since we started all of this.

Being here, though, it's an opportunity to explore everything with her—without the scrutiny or risk of being caught. The adjoining rooms are going to make things a lot easier, but it also means the others will be trying their luck at every opportunity... especially Clyde.

I'm not the only one who's noticed how superior he acts compared to the rest of us, and even he's not made a secret of it.

It's always fun to see him get knocked down a few pegs when she is with one of us instead of him... especially when I'm the one getting all of Calla's focus and attention at the time.

The rest of the guys feel the same way, and I guess that's why this crazy little situation between the five of us works as well as it does.

We have a system, a set of rules, and it keeps us all in line—for the most part.

While I'm eager for the next 'group project', I'm looking forward to the next time I get to be the center of attention.

Part of me wishes I'd bit back when Clyde tried to take control of everything, but these guys are my brothers, and for the most part, I'm happy to share this with them, especially as it was my idea from the start...

At least when the regret at getting them involved isn't hitting me like a truck.

As I lose myself in thoughts of how this all started, my mind and emotions become a bit muddled, and I lapse into the silence that usually follows me around.

I'm used to being sidelined, treated like I'm lesser, like I'm a burden, but Calla's never been the kind of person to let me wallow in those emotions—instead, she draws me out of them with her gentle presence.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I close my eyes and lean back on my hands, sighing as I try to make sense of my thoughts.

The bed sinks down a little next to me, and I open my eyes as a soft hand rests on my knee and the warm, fresh scent of Calla's shampoo and bodywash floods my senses.

I turn to look at her, smiling a little when I see the concern in her eyes.

"Are you okay, Billy?" she asks quietly, squeezing my thigh.

I nod. "Yeah, just taking it all in. It's different here, isn't it?"

She smiles, picking up on the fact I'm not just talking about where we are right now.

I lean against her, inhaling her sweetness, and I close my eyes, savoring her warmth against me. I sigh contentedly, and turn my face to kiss her shoulder.

A soft gasp escapes her lips, and I smile against her skin as her hand tightens a little on my leg. I lift my head to meet her gaze, and I see the heat, the need, and the care for me—and all of us—in the pretty green depths.

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Calla

Sweet and troubled Billy. Of all my boys, he's the one who struggles the most. He hasn't had it easy, and initially, my instinct was to protect him—and I tried.

But, Billy didn't want protection—he wanted love and affection, which I was more than happy to give him.

When his lips press gently against my skin and he lifts his head to grin shyly at me with heat in his eyes, I have to fight back a giggle.

This moment is far from funny, but I can't help feeling amused by how quickly these boys can be ready for round two when I can still barely walk straight.

I turn toward him, feeling my cheeks warm as he tugs at the knot on my towel and my breasts tumble free.

My breath catches in my throat as he gently palms them, taking their weight in each of his hands, and then rubs his thumbs over my nipples, coaxing them into tight little peaks.

I moan a little as he pinches the still tender tips between his fingers, tugging on them slightly. He exhales sharply at the sound, and then kisses my lips so gently before deepening the kiss.

The sounds of our kiss are obscured by the quiet moans he's drawing out of me as he slowly runs his hands farther down my bare skin, massaging my hips and thighs

before coming to a pause between them.

The heat from his hands and the kiss take away the faint chill from being naked and still a little wet from my shower, and I wiggle to try and move closer to him.

Billy breaks the kiss, breathing hard and clenching his hands where they're resting in my lap.

I'm not sure why he's stopped, but I know better than to try and push him. We stay there for a few moments, sitting quietly on the bed, while I wait for him to collect his thoughts and decide what he wants to do next.

The sound of the door opening breaks the silence that was filling the room around us. Neither of us move or turn to look. It's one of the other boys, and judging by the lack of remark over my current state of undress with Billy, it's not Clyde.

Billy glances past me as he comes over and sits down on my other side. Heat spreads down my body as the warmth radiates through me.

"Mind if I join you?" Jesse's voice fills my ear, and he slides his hand around my waist.

I look up at Billy to try and gauge what he's thinking. It's not for me to play favorites or place any of my boys above the other. They're the ones who make the decisions when it comes to this, not me.

I gave up my control of the situation when they cornered me for the first time as a group, telling me they all wanted to be with me. That was all them, and I wasn't going to choose then, and I'm not going to choose now.

Billy and Jesse share a look, silently communicating or just staring each other down.

I'm not sure which. Whatever passes between them at that moment, I'm not privy to, and my only indicator of what to expect right now is a small nod from Billy.

Jesse's fingers dig into the flesh of my waist, and I turn my head a fraction to peer up at him. His expression is intense and loaded with a heat that's entirely focused on me.

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Jesse

I was half expecting Billy to say no, but out of all of us, I kind of feel like we understand each other best, and it seems he agrees... at least enough to let me in on this.

Since this is really Billy's time, I'll follow along with his cues and let him dictate how this plays out with the three of us.

He unfurls his fists and palms on Calla's thighs. I spread my fingers on her waist and stroke her soft skin.

Calla moans quietly, squirming as we run our hands over her body, exploring every part of her, teasing her with the promise of what's to come while not giving into her wordless pleas.

I press a kiss to her bare shoulder and drag my tongue down her back to just above the seam of her perky ass, then slowly move back up to her neck. Her hair gets in my face, and as I swipe it aside to bite her lightly, the sweet scent of her shampoo fills my nose.

I barely manage to hold back the groan, and as I look over her shoulder to meet Billy's eyes, I see the barely constrained need that I feel mirrored in his expression.

I don't think either of us is going to be able to hold back much longer. When Billy finally surrenders and buries his face between Calla's juicy breasts, I bite down harder on her shoulder and palm her sweet ass.

Squeezing her cheeks in my hands, I dip my thumbs between them and pry them apart slightly so I can get a peek at the little hole hiding between them. I'm hoping Billy will let me take this one while he fucks her, but I'll continue to follow his lead for now.

Between the two of us, we'll make Calla's head spin and turn her into putty with our hands and more, moving and shaping her body to suit our desires.

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Clyde

I can hear Calla and the others in the adjoining room, and my stomach twists a little with envy. Instead of interrupting them, I decide to head back downstairs and go outside.

If I share her with them this time, I'll have to wait all over again. This way I'll get my turn sooner.

I pass by Doc who's sitting on his bed with a distracted and longing expression on his face.

"Come on. Let's get out of here before we have to listen to the full concert coming through the walls."

Doc snaps out of his daze and grins up at me from where he's seated on one of the couches lining the walls of our room.

"Sure thing, man," he agrees, getting to his feet and following me out the door.

"Wait, I didn't grab the keycard," I say after quickly rummaging through my pockets for my phone and the card. I turn to stop him, but the door has already shut.

"Oops," he says with a shrug and a slight laugh.

I shake my head. "Idiot," I mutter under my breath.

Doc raises an eyebrow in my direction. “I’d say you’re the idiot for not checking you had it sooner.”

“I suppose you have yours then?” I snap.

He shakes his head. “Nope. ”

“My point still stands.”

“Should we get the others to let us back in?” he asks, jerking his head toward the door leading to the adjoining room where Calla, Jesse, and Billy are currently wrapped up in one another.

“Nah, leave them to it. I’d rather get out and have a look around before going back in there. They’ll be a while I reckon.”

Doc snickers a little as we share a knowing look. Calla is impossible to get tired of, and between the four of us, we can keep her occupied for hours if we choose.

And boy, do we choose. I grin slyly, thinking of all the ways I’ve had her—alone and shared with the others.

Never thought I’d ever share a woman, let alone one as amazing as Calla, but here we are.

Not only are we in a mutual agreement about what we have with her, but now we’re in a whole new place together.

Here, the rules of what we can get away with doing are different.

Without the constant scrutiny and watchful eyes of everyone back home, we are free

to enjoy Calla and this place.

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Doc

Clyde is a prick, but he's also a good guy to have in your corner. Without Calla bringing us together, I doubt we'd have gotten this close to each other.

Don't get me wrong, there are still plenty of times where I want to punch him and take him down a peg or two, knock him off his self-appointed pedestal, but I hold it in.

Calla is too important to all of us to get too involved in who does what with her—beyond the somewhat friendly competition we've got going on, that is.

Four desire-driven guys, all vying for the attention and affections of the same woman... it was inevitable, but somehow we make it work.

Calla makes it work. The woman is magical, and that's something we can all agree on.

Diverting myself out of my thoughts and trying not to think of what the other two are doing with—and to—her right now, I focus on following Clyde through the hotel.

Neither of us know where we're going, and we don't speak enough of the regional language to wander very far, but the grounds offer plenty of distractions to pass the time.

The view even from where we are is still spectacular, and the air is clean and crisp. It's the complete opposite of where we came from; fresh and clear, versus heavy with

pollution.

I inhale deeply as Clyde does the same, and as I look over the landscape and see the snow-capped mountains in the distance, I'm reminded of the snowman we made out of Calla.

My dick stiffens a little at the thought, and I try to subtly rearrange to hide the beginnings of a hard-on. Clyde snickers, and I know immediately that I didn't manage to pull it off as quietly as I thought.

"Shut up," I say, nudging him with my elbow. "I was thinking about this morning with Calla, that's all."

He clears his throat and winks. "That was a lot of fun," he says thoughtfully.

His eyes glaze over, and a sly, thoughtful expression morphs his face, and I know he's thinking about it, too.

Try keeping yourself under control with that thought in your head , I mentally challenge him.

Clyde would never admit it, but like the rest of us, his weak spot is Calla. I don't think any of us would be able to resist her, even if we tried... Not that we would try very hard to resist her anymore, not now we've all had a taste of her forbidden fruits.

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Calla

These boys are going to be the end of me , I think with tired amusement as I attempt to catch my breath.

I need another shower, but right now, I haven't got the energy to do anything more than lie here between two of my boys, wrapped up in a Billy and Jesse sandwich on top of the messy bed sheets.

The heat from our sweaty bodies and the warmth in our hotel room is enough that we don't need covers over us.

Every single one of my muscles is aching, and I'm stretched, sore, and extremely satiated. Knowing my boys, though, they'll be ready to go again soon enough. I can barely keep up with them, but I try my best.

I can't very well ask them to give their best in whatever they do if I don't do the same. I suppose there's also the added bonus that if I'm almost as limp as a ragdoll with exhaustion, it's easier for them to manipulate and move me into whatever intriguing and exciting positions they can think up.

The smell of sweat and sex permeates around us, and I make a mental note to open the window a little to air out the room when we leave.

I glance toward the closed door leading to the adjoining room, and I wonder where Doc and Clyde are. I'm surprised they didn't come in and join us, and as tired as I am, I'm almost disappointed.

I enjoy spending time with each of them alone, but there's something intoxicating and thrilling about being the center of their attention when they're all together.

It's intimidating, exhilarating, and completely mind-blowing when they are all working in smooth tandem with one another.

My cheeks heat and wetness pools between my legs as I think about how just this morning they turned me into a 'snowman'.

Every part of me aches, burning deliciously, and try as I might to resist the pull, sleep carries me away into darkness.

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Billy

The sound of a phone ringing wakes me. I didn't realize I'd fallen asleep. I guess I was more tired than I thought I was. Stretching, I groan a little as my muscles burn from overuse.

Glancing toward Calla, who is curled up asleep next to me, with her arm draped loosely across my chest, I smile slightly. She looks exhausted but happy, and her hair is a tangled mess.

I hear water running from the bathroom, and I guess that Jesse must be having a shower, seeing as he's no longer in the room with us.

Picking up the phone, I read the name on the screen and swipe to answer it.

"Billy, about damn time." Clyde's voice fills my ear, and I bite back the groan of annoyance at the tone of his words.

"What's up?"

"Can you open the door? We went out and neither of us remembered to grab our keycards."

I bite back a laugh.

"Yeah, I suppose I can."

“Hurry up,” he snaps, hanging up on me.

Shaking my head, I carefully move Calla’s arm and sit on the edge of the bed. I pause to look at her for a moment before I reluctantly tug the sheet up that fell off her when I moved.

She doesn’t even stir as I get up and quietly cross the room, heading to the door.

I’m almost surprised he didn’t bust it down to get back in, but I guess it would draw unwelcome attention to the five of us, and also need to be paid for if he broke it.

The last thing we need is to be kicked out of a hotel when we’re thousands of miles from home.

I stop before I open the door, half-tempted to make him wait a bit longer, but I know Doc must be with him, too, or else he’d have asked Doc to let him back in.

Clyde is an ass, but I have no issues with Doc. Poor guy is probably sick of Clyde after his little afternoon spent with him and no time spent with Calla.

I open the door, and Clyde gives me a scathing look before striding into the room. I share a knowing look with Doc and we both roll our eyes as he also walks through the door.

I raise my voice just enough to be heard without disturbing Calla. “She’s asleep.”

I take great pleasure in watching Clyde come to a stop, and I grin smugly at his scowl before he lets out a small huff of annoyance and goes into his room instead.

“How was your afternoon?” I ask Doc as he chuckles slightly.

He shrugs and nudges me with his elbow. “Not as fun as yours, I’m sure.”

I smile, still staring at the open doorway that Clyde disappeared through. Serves him right for being so possessive over Calla. She chose all of us, not just him. If it wasn’t for me, none of us would have her at all.

“You’re right about that,” I say slowly, finally turning away from the door to look at him. “How bad was it?”

“Not that bad, but he’s definitely no Calla,” Doc says.

A somewhat dazed and dreamy expression passes over his face, and I know he’s thinking about her.

We all do it. Calla is one of a kind, and she’s ours, just as much as we are hers.

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Jesse

I hear the voices of the others as soon as I switch off the shower. As much as I didn't really want to wash Calla's touch and scent off me, I needed it.

There will be plenty of other opportunities to have her all over me again, even though I know I'll need to wait.

Taking turns to be with her sucks sometimes, but at least this way it remains fair between us. It means she doesn't have to choose. We all get our time with her, whether alone or altogether.

Remembering the morning and afternoon's escapades is enough to make my dick stir under the towel. I groan as the plush fabric of the towel rubs against my skin, but I ignore the tightness and sensitivity.

For Calla, I could go round after round, but right now, I need a little break and something to eat. I'm starving.

I leave the bathroom with the towel still wrapped around my waist, but I grab one of the hotel robes off the back of the door and put it on.

It's warm enough in here that I don't need to tie it off, so I loosely knot it in case my ever-hungry-for-Calla dick decides it's not feasible to wear it.

Calla is still where I left her, passed out, half-covered by a sheet, and breathing deeply.

Doc and Billy's voices carry through the open bedroom door, loud enough for me to hear, but thankfully not waking Calla.

She needs to sleep after the morning—and afternoon—we've had.

There's plenty of time left on this vacation to tire her out all over again. I grin at the thought as I walk past her, briefly stopping to admire the way the sheet hugs her delicious curves and her soft skin.

Calla is stunning, and she's got the four of us to keep her reminded of that. I have no issue with showing her how gorgeous she is; none of us do.

"Hey, Jesse," Doc says as I approach him and Billy.

"Hey," I respond, giving him a nod.

"Where did you go?" I ask.

He tilts his head slightly and shrugs.

"Grabbed some food with Clyde, then explored a little bit."

I nod again. "How was it?"

"It's pretty cool here, actually. When we eventually get properly out of the hotel, we'll have to go a bit further. But next time, Calla is coming with. Much as I like Clyde, I'd rather explore more with her."

I wink, catching the slight double-meaning to his words. He smirks, and I chuckle.

"Sounds like a plan. Maybe tomorrow, though. I think she's probably done for the

rest of the day... Night, too, I expect.”

“Yeah, yeah. You’ve gotta wait now. You’ve had her twice today already. Don’t get greedy.”

“I’ll always be greedy when it comes to Calla. I’m not Clyde, I know how to play fair.”

“Hey, I know how to play fair!” Clyde shouts from the next room.

Billy walks past me to shut the door, keen for us not to disturb Calla.

“ Sure , you do,” I retort sarcastically.

Billy and Doc snort as Clyde moves in sight of the door and gives me the finger.

We all have our differences, but we’re still friends. The main thing we have in common now is Calla.

Calla

Every part of me aches. I can hear my boys talking from the other room, but I don't move. I'm comfortable, despite my complaining muscles, and content to just listen to them for now.

I vaguely catch them saying something about going out and exploring. I smile tiredly and close my eyes again as exhaustion takes over my body.

I wake sometime later and stretch out my stiff limbs to try and loosen them. My foot presses against something warm, and I open my eyes to see Doc sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Hi," I say groggily, smiling up at him.

"Hey, Calla. How do you feel about going out for a walk with all of us?"

I stretch again and moan a little as my body protests against the movement.

"I think a walk will do me some good. Get this stiffness out of me."

Doc smirks and winks. "No chance of that happening; we'll put the stiffness right back into you."

I roll my eyes and poke him with my foot as I chuckle. "That's not what I meant, and you know it."

“I’ll let the others know while you get dressed. As much as we would love for you to come out just like that—I can’t believe I’m saying this—clothes would be better.”

Laughing, I go to jab him again with my foot, but he hops up before I can and grabs it in his hand. I wiggle, trying to get free, and the sheet slips off my body.

His eyes darken a little as he looks at me. Closing them, he takes a deep breath, brushes his hand backward through his hair, and then groans.

“Get dressed, Calla,” he says, tearing his gaze away the moment he opens them. My lips curve into a smile as I watch him leave, and warmth fills my belly at how Doc reacts visibly as strongly toward me as I do for him... for all of them.

I moan a little as I force myself to move. My body feels like it’s been through a wringer, and I suppose in a way it has been. Hobbling slightly as discomfort settles in, I head toward the bathroom, intent on having a shower.

When I see the bath that’s set into one corner of the bathroom, I pause. Looking between the bath and the shower, I decide to draw up a bath instead.

I put in the stopper and get the water running. Spotting a small bottle and a container of complementary bath salts and bubble bath, I dump both into the hot water.

I know the boys are keen to get out and explore, but it’s not going to be much fun if I’m so sore that I can’t keep up with them.

The high pressure of the water means the tub fills up quickly with water and bubbles. As I lower myself into the water, the heat and salts instantly begin to soothe away the ache in my muscles.

Sighing with relief, I submerge myself beneath the layer of bubbles sitting on top of

the water, and I close my eyes for a moment.

As I tell myself I won't spend too long soaking, I find it harder to get myself moving the longer I lie there. The second I feel the tiredness begin to take hold, I force myself to sit up. Safety 101, don't fall asleep in the bath—I don't want to keep my boys waiting, either.

Quickly scrubbing myself clean, I then wash my hair and reluctantly get out of the bathtub and pull the plug.

It drains away slowly while I dry myself off, and by time I'm done and have grabbed a fresh set of clothes, it's empty.

I give it a quick rinse and hang up the bath towel. Running a brush through my hair, I tie it in a loose ponytail and leave the room.

I jolt in surprise to see all four boys sitting or standing in the room, clearly waiting for me to finish.

"You took your time," Jesse teases.

I raise my eyebrow at him. "Patience is a virtue," I tease back, and the others chuckle as he shakes his head, a smile on his face.

"Let's go!" Clyde calls over his shoulder, already walking through the connecting door.

Clyde

Calla is still in bed, and the others are talking amongst themselves. While they do that, I keep myself busy by organizing the hiking backpacks we brought with us, getting everything ready for our little excursion.

It's only early afternoon, but Doc and I found the perfect place to explore. As much as I'd enjoy spending this whole vacation in Switzerland in bed with Calla, this place is the opportunity of a lifetime.

Who knows if we'll ever get the chance to come back here in the future. I check over all of our gear, making sure we have what we need. There are a few things we'll have to pick up from one of the stores on our way that we don't already have here, but we're pretty well organized.

Ropes, a first aid kit, a change of clothes, a large thermos of water for each of us, lube—because you never know, although Calla has no trouble getting soaking wet for us—foldaway raincoats, a pop-up tent, flashlights, sleeping bags; anything that could be useful for a long mountain hike goes in the pile to be packed.

Excitement is building inside me as I prep all of our gear, and I'm looking forward to seeing how high we end up and what the views might be like. The altitude could make for an exhilarating experience, and not just for the exploration.

My dick hardens a little at the thought of taking Calla on the top of a fucking mountain in one of the most beautiful countries I've ever visited. I let out a groan as I adjust myself slightly and force myself to refocus on the task at hand.

Rummaging through our suitcases, I dig out all of our hiking trainers and thick socks. Blisters are no fun, and I don't want Calla to be in any discomfort from the walking. The only thing allowed to make her unable to walk properly is us.

Billy walks into the bedroom as I'm working, and he raises an eyebrow at the mess I've made of all of our stuff, but nods when he sees what I've been doing while he, Doc, and Jesse have a cozy chat in the other room.

"Need a hand?"

"Yeah, okay." Pointing toward the piles and our bags, I say, "You can help me get all of this into our backpacks."

"Sure," he agrees and begins working while I continue to dig through our suitcases, checking for anything I may have missed.

Once I'm sure I've gathered everything we could possibly want or need, I pull out my phone and make a quick list of items to grab from the store: spare batteries, a map, a compass, food for the trip, maybe a portable camping stove and fuel for it, a lighter—all items we either don't have or couldn't bring over on the flight.

"Are we going for a hike or a three-day camping trip?" Doc asks from the doorway, eyeing the bulging backpacks.

"A hike, but it doesn't hurt to be prepared for anything," I say, crossing my arms and staring at him.

He laughs. "Easy, man, I'm just messing with you. I agree, better to be over prepared than panicking because you've forgotten your makeup or something."

"Screw you, the only make up I've packed is yours," I retort, throwing a pair of

balled-up socks at him.

He dodges it easily, and they fly past him, hitting Jesse in the face as he pokes his head into the room.

“Hey! What was that for?” he exclaims, scowling at me while the rest of us burst out laughing.

“I was aiming for Doc, but hitting you was a happy accident,” I say with a laugh.

“Call it payback for the double dose of fun with Calla this morning.”

“It was my turn, so shut your mouth.”

“Actually, it was mine, but I was feeling generous,” Billy interjects.

Billy is the weakest one of our little group, but I’ve gotta hand some of the credit to him for getting Calla to agree to being with all of us in the first place. I’m slightly proud of him for standing up to Jesse just then, but I’ll never tell him that.

“Bottom of the list, guys. I’m next,” I say smugly, and all three of them roll their eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, we know. You never let us forget. One day she’s going to surprise us all and change the game so none of us know who’s next,” Doc says.

Billy gets to his feet. “I’m done packing, what now?”

“Now, we grab Calla and get this hike started,” I say, getting to my feet, striding past the other three, and into the bedroom, where they all follow after me.

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Doc

I've thought it before, and I'll think it again—Clyde is an ass.

But, I can't deny that this hike is the perfect opportunity to get out and really explore.

After the full and exhausting morning Calla has had, I'm just hoping she feels up to it and can keep up.

I'd hate for her to get left behind and miss out on this.

Calla walks out of the bathroom, her hair wet and smelling absolutely incredible. It makes me want to dirty her up all over again. But, for now, we have other plans to get on with.

"Were you all waiting for me?" she asks, looking a little sheepish.

"Not for long, we've only just finished getting everything ready to go out."

"Oh, okay," she replies with a small nod, smiling now.

"You ready?" Clyde asks, looking between each of us.

I nod, and the others do, too.

"Great, let's get going then."

We file out of the bedroom and into the other room where all of our bags are waiting.

Calla raises an eyebrow at the sight of the four bulging backpacks sitting in a line by the door and the smaller one sitting beside them.

We each grab our bags, and Calla shoulders the smaller one, which is hers.

“Fuck, Clyde. What did you and Billy put in here? Bricks?” Jesse exclaims as he puts his on.

“Don’t be a pussy, it’s your shit.”

He laughs and shakes his head before walking out of the hotel room.

Grimacing a little as I adjust the straps to make it more comfortable, I can’t help but silently agree that it feels heavier than just our hiking gear.

It’s not so bad once I’ve gotten it settled in place and the straps sorted, but I can tell that by the end of the day, we’re all going to be feeling the burn in our backs and shoulders, just from carrying these.

Calla is the last one to leave, and she slides the keycard into the front pocket and zips it up before putting hers on. At least this time we aren’t going to be locked out of our room when we get back.

I chuckle a little, and she looks at me quizzically for a second but doesn’t say anything.

As we leave the hotel lobby, I blink and squint in the bright sun and put my baseball cap on. I notice the others have followed suit, although Calla has put on a pair of sunglasses instead of a cap.

I move ahead to walk next to Clyde, and we make our way into the town. He seems to be looking for something.

“What are you looking for?”

“Camping shop,” he replies, still turning his head this way and that.

“Over there,” Billy says, pointing back the way we came. “You walked past it.”

We all chuckle as Clyde comes to a sudden stop and turns around, causing us to almost walk into him.

He makes a beeline for the shop that Billy pointed at, and we wait outside while he leaves his backpack with us and heads inside.

He comes out about ten minutes later with a large tote full of stuff.

“Got everything,” he says, looking pleased with himself.

“Can we get going now?” Jesse asks, sounding impatient and bored.

“Yeah, now we’ve got what we need,” he says, picking up his backpack and putting it back on.

I roll my eyes at his tone, but he ignores it. We all start walking. About half an hour later, we reach the bottom of the trail leading up one of the smaller mountains.

“You want to hike up that?” Calla exclaims, sounding nervous.

I can’t see her pretty eyes behind the glasses, but I can tell by the way her eyebrows are and how her mouth is hanging open—in a way that’s tempting to fill up—that she

looks shocked.

Jesse

“You’ll be fine,” Billy says soothingly, rubbing Calla’s arm as she looks up at the path we’re about to hike up.

Calla relaxes, but still looks visibly unsure of the little adventure we’re about to begin.

“You’ve always believed we can achieve whatever we set our minds to. Now it’s our turn to believe in you,” Billy continues speaking, not ceasing his attempt to offer comfort and reassurance.

She nods and straightens her back.

“So, what do I need to do?” she asks.

“Stay close, follow our lead, and hold on tight when it gets narrow. We’re going to have ropes and harnesses holding us together when we climb,” Clyde says.

She nods and doesn’t say anything, but she doesn’t look very reassured.

Clyde drops his backpack on the ground in front of him and opens it. He proceeds to pull out of the equipment we’ll need.

The rest of us start getting organized, setting up the ropes and making sure everything is secure. We won’t need to link up just yet, but as we get higher, it’s better that we’re already prepared. We’ll only need to thread the ropes through and tie them.

Once we're ready, we begin walking up the trail. The going is steady to begin with, and we keep up a good pace. Calla is walking at the back, and I find myself looking back often to make sure she's okay and managing to keep up.

The path is wide enough that I'm able to drop back a little and let Doc and Billy move past me.

When Clyde notices I'm not directly beside or behind him anymore, and that I've moved to walk with Calla, he gives me a warning glare.

I roll my eyes and shake my head, giving him a derisive stare in return. This isn't about trying to score extra time with Calla, it's about her well-being.

Our eyes remain locked for a second before he nods and refocuses on walking. None of us speaks. As we slowly get higher, we're all breathing a little harder.

I'm not sure how long we've been going, but a peek down at the ground below tells me it's been a while.

Calla seems to be managing well so far, and I'm actually proud of how far she's come, how far all of us have come.

"Let's stop here for a moment," Clyde calls out, his voice sounding strained and breathless.

I let out a relieved sigh. We haven't stopped yet, this is the first break, and I'm feeling the burn. My chest feels a little tighter, and my backpack is threatening to cut permanent grooves into my shoulders.

As we come to a stop, I notice that this seems to be a sort of waypoint, leveled out and wide enough to sit and rest.

Whether it's a natural formation or man-made, the chance to catch our breaths is a welcome one.

I slide my bag off my back and set it down, sitting on top of it. I groan and stretch my back and arms out.

"Phew, I thought he was going to make us go the whole way without stopping," Calla mumbles quietly next to me.

I chuckle. "He sets the pace for us all to keep up with. You're doing well, though."

"Thanks," Calla replies, breathing heavily as she flops down next to me and pulls out her bottle of water and takes a sip.

The air is thinner, even at this height, and it's only going to get worse as we gain altitude. Calla already seems to be struggling with the thinness of the air, more than the rest of us, although it could just be the exertion.

We've pushed her hard, taking her body to the very edge of her limits. I honestly think she'll be fine, but I still plan to watch out for her as much as possible.

Leaving her sitting with my backpack, still drinking quietly, I make my way over to Clyde.

"Getting cosy over there?" he asks, raising his eyebrow as he glances past me.

"Leave it alone, Clyde. It's not about that right now. I think one of us needs to walk at the back with her. We can take turns, like we do with everything else involving Calla. Whatever keeps your mouth shut. I want to make sure she'll be okay."

"She'll be fine, but I agree about taking it in turns," he says, nodding slowly.

I fight the urge to roll my eyes again. Out of all of us, he's the clingiest and most possessive over Calla—not that he'd ever admit it. He's never said anything, but I do wonder if maybe there's more to his behavior than he's shown.

I shrug. It's not my business, and I don't care enough to find out. Calla probably knows already; she seems to be very attuned to us all and is understanding and attentive to each of us in her own individual way.

I turn around, and this time, Doc is sitting with Calla. They're talking quietly, and I let them have their privacy and tune out their voices, though I continue to watch her carefully.

Calla keeps peeking over the edge, then looking away before peeking again. Instead of looking down, I look outward.

The sun is high in the sky still, and the wisps of clouds drifting above us are closer than they were before, obscuring the top of the mountain slightly.

We've still got a long way to go, but the view from this little waypoint is incredible.

There are rolling landscapes of green and grey and shockingly blue water in the small rivers and lakes that are visible from this place.

I look upward again, wondering what awaits us at the very top and what we'll be able to see. Billy sits down next to me and quietly observes the view as well.

Clyde is fiddling around with his backpack, but also keeps pausing to look around.

"This place is amazing."

"Yeah, it really is," Billy agrees, his tone filled with the same awe I'm feeling.

Calla

The boys seem to be relishing the challenge, and while I won't deny that the view from up here is stunning, I'm more concerned about how high up we are.

I don't know how much farther we'll be going, or how long it will take us to reach the summit, but I'm already fighting back the terror I'm feeling.

I don't like heights. When Doc and Clyde suggested going for a walk, I wasn't expecting this. Considering where we are, I probably should've predicted that they'd want to go mountaineering and plan hikes up mountains.

I can handle being on a plane, or driving over bridges, but this is completely different. We're basically free climbing a damn mountain, with no ropes or anything to keep us from plummeting over the edge.

My head spins as I peek down at the ground below. The only reason I've made it this far without panicking is my boys. I don't want them to think I'm weak for being too scared to do this with them, and they seemed so excited I couldn't say no, even when we reached the bottom of this perilous trail.

The sensible part of me knows it's not completely unsafe to be up here, otherwise there wouldn't be marked trails and there would be 'No Entry' signs and fences preventing access.

However, the irrational part of me is thinking about how far down it is to level ground and considering all of the ways that things could go wrong.

It's taking every ounce of my control to keep myself from panicking. It's already harder to breathe, the last thing I need is to panic and start hyperventilating when the air is already thin.

I try to focus on the view instead of the drop, but it's difficult to keep my eyes from scanning the ground below us. I take a deep breath, feeling my lungs burn as they protest the slight lack of oxygen and relief the action usually brings.

Breathing a little shallower, I try to regulate them instead, trying to keep myself from gasping. Thankfully, none of the boys seem to have noticed that anything is wrong, and I plan to keep it that way.

The sound of movement nearby catches my attention, and my heart jolts as Clyde gets to his feet. He's holding a thick coil of rope in his hands, and takes one end of it, looping it through the harness around his waist.

Oh, God, are we about to start the next leg of our trip? Fear sets in a little deeper at the prospect of going higher, and I'm beginning to wish I'd just told them from the start that I don't like heights.

Billy, Doc, and Jesse also stand up, and I reluctantly do the same. I move as close to the rocky wall as I can and wait for them to secure me to their harness.

Knowing we'll all be linked helps soothe my frazzled nerves, but it doesn't calm the fear that's racing through me.

Clyde comes over to me, and though he can't see them through my sunglasses, he looks me in the eyes as he carefully loops and securely ties the rope that will bind us together.

His demeanor is calm, but I get the sense of excitement he's feeling. I don't know if

it's the promise of adventure, or the risk that's got him pumped up, and I don't ask.

"There, all done. You'll be safe with us," he says quietly, sliding his hands around my waist as he pulls me in for a kiss, leaving me feeling even more breathless than I was a moment ago.

I wobble slightly on my feet, and I'm grateful for his hands keeping me in place, so I don't completely lose my balance.

"Thanks," I reply, smiling faintly up at his handsome face.

I wish I could feel some of the confidence he exudes, but I'm nowhere near as steady as he seems to be.

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Billy

I'm a little bit worried about Calla. She's been unusually quiet, but she hasn't indicated any discomfort or shown that she's not okay.

I'm about to ask her if she's okay when Clyde comes over with the ropes. He must be ready to continue. I put my worry on the back burner for now, though I'm still going to watch her closely and make sure she's alright.

None of us would let anything happen to her; that's why we're taking all of these safety precautions. We're risk-takers, but none of us has a death wish—as far as I know.

Besides, we'd be well and truly fucked if anything did go wrong. She's our entire reason for being here, and without her, I'm sure we'd all feel lost. Calla has given us all so much, not just of herself, but everything else she's done for us since we met her.

Once we're all ready to move, I reach back and give her hand a reassuring squeeze before we slowly start moving forward. Calla squeezes back, holding on a little tighter and longer than I expected.

I give her a smile and she returns it. I open my mouth to speak, but Clyde's voice cuts across what I was going to say to her.

“Let's go! Slow and steady, guys. We want to reach the top in one piece and all together.”

He sets the pace, and we all follow. Silently concentrating on where we step and on the path ahead, we begin our slow ascent of the mountainside again.

As we gain altitude, the air gets thinner and thinner, and soon, we're all feeling the burn as we struggle to get enough oxygen. We're really high up now, but we still have a long way to go.

I feel a tug on the rope as it pulls tighter, and I glance back at Calla and Jesse. Calla seems to be falling somewhat behind, as much as the rope will allow her to.

"Wait, we need to slow down," I call out to Clyde, who stops and turns to look back at all of us.

We wait a moment for Calla to catch up again, but something doesn't seem quite right.

Her movements are less coordinated, and she looks as though she's really struggling.

"Calla, are you okay?" I ask as she finally catches up.

She sways unsteadily on her feet as she looks at me and shakes her head.

"I feel faint," she whispers weakly.

We all shout as she topples, nearly going over the edge, and we rush backward to try and catch her before she can.

"Calla!" I yell as loud as my lungs will let me as I grab for her and miss.

Jesse is quicker, catching a hold of her hand and gripping it tightly in both of his as she slips. The rope pulls tight as he falls to the ground, still holding onto Calla.

He groans at the exertion, weakened by the lack of oxygen, but somehow managing to hold on.

My heart jumps out of my chest at the sight of the two of them, and the rest of us grab the ropes in our hands, holding tightly.

It burns my hands, cutting into the flesh of my palms. I grit my teeth as I ignore the pain. This is nothing compared to how it would feel to lose Calla.

“Don’t let go of her,” Doc orders from behind me, and I nod.

“Hurry up and pull her back up,” Jesse grunts, his voice muffled by the path that his cheek is currently pressed into as he hangs part way over the edge.

I wince as I pull on the rope while Doc and Clyde help. The seconds tick by, seeming so slow as we fight against the pull of gravity threatening to claim Calla and Jesse.

He’s managed to get a stronger grip on her, one hand clasping hers and the other wrapped around her forearm. Somehow, we manage to get them both to safety.

My hands are bleeding, and we’re all breathing hard, but I’m more worried about Calla and Jesse than myself right now. Clyde carefully moves past me with the tote in his hands and goes to check on them both while Doc digs through his backpack.

“Is she okay?” I ask, balling my hands into fists to apply pressure to the rope burns.

“Unconscious,” Clyde says, “But she’s alive and doesn’t seem to be hurt anywhere.”

He pulls out a small, portable oxygen tank and turns it on, then presses the little mask over her face.

“How are you doing, Jesse?” he asks, looking him over while he tends to Calla.

Jesse lifts his arms, and I can see blood running down them where he’s cut them on the rocky cliff face.

“Peachy,” he laughs weakly, rolling onto his back as he lies down near Calla. “I don’t know if she hit her head or anything, but it didn’t look like she did.

“Got it!” Doc exclaims, holding up the first aid kit.

He sets it down and unclips it, rummaging through it for the medical supplies we’ll need.

“I need help as well,” I tell him, holding up my bloody fists.

“Clyde, once we’re done patching everyone up, I think we ought to go back down,” he suggests as he sets down three packages of bandages and a bottle of saline.

Doc shuffles closer to begin wrapping my hands. After undoing the cap and rinsing my palms with saline to clear out any grit or dirt from the rope, he then passes it to Clyde so he can begin helping Jesse.

Doc tears through the plastic wrapping of one of the bandages with his teeth and unrolls it.

It doesn't take long, and soon enough, my throbbing hands are tightly wrapped in white bandages.

“Keep pressure on your palms to slow the bleeding,” he instructs me, and I roll my eyes.

“Yes, I know what to do, Nurse Doc,” I say sarcastically, balling them into fists again.

I wince at the pressure of my fingertips on the cuts, but he ignores me.

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Clyde

For a second I thought we were going to lose Jesse and Calla. My heart is racing in my chest, and it's difficult to get enough air to focus properly.

Once I'm sure Calla is going to be okay and I've checked for any potential bleeding on her body or head, I turn my attention to Jesse. Blood is dripping slowly onto the ground beneath him, staining the skin of his cut arms as he waits patiently for his turn.

"You alright, Jesse?" I ask, and he nods.

"I'm more worried about Calla than myself," he replies, grimacing as the salty saline runs over the open wounds.

"I think she'll be fine," I tell him.

I don't admit that I'm scared for her. She seems unharmed, but I can't be sure exactly what happened to make her fall until she regains consciousness. The oxygen should offer her lungs some support and give her blood enough oxygen to ensure she'll be okay.

I'm so glad I bought them now, though I'd been hoping we wouldn't need to use them, except maybe to alleviate some of the effects of the altitude.

Doc has Billy covered, so I can focus on treating Jesse's wounds and monitor Calla without worrying about Billy as well.

“Keep holding the mask over her mouth and nose,” I instruct Jesse, lifting one of his arms to check I’ve cleaned it thoroughly.

“ Sure, ” he agrees, using his free hand to hold it in place while I bandage his other arm.

I’m hoping she’ll come round soon, but until then, we’re not moving from here. Even when she does, I’m reluctant to do anything until I’m sure she’s alright and we’ve all had a rest.

Once Jesse’s injuries are fully covered in the white bandages, I leave him holding the oxygen over Calla’s mouth while I retrieve the trail map.

Scanning it, I’m relieved to see that the next waypoint isn’t much farther ahead of where we are, and I decide that we’ll head there and stop for a while.

I don’t want to push any of us harder than we already have been, and it’ll be an ideal place to stop, possibly for the night, or until everyone is well enough to either continue on ahead, or journey back down to the hotel.

“There’s a spot not far from here where we can stop, regroup, and recuperate,” I tell them, holding up the map to point it out.

“Are you crazy, we should go back down. Calla probably needs a doctor!” Jesse snaps angrily, gesturing at Calla with one hand.

“You think I don’t know that! But how will we even make it with you, Calla, and Doc in this condition? It’ll be more dangerous to go before we’ve had the chance to rest. We were lucky none of you were hurt any worse than you are.”

Jesse falls silent, but his expression is still angry and twisted with worry.

“Clyde is right,” Billy agrees, and I huff out a sigh of relief that he’s backing me on this.

“You’re both right, but I think Clyde makes a good point. It would be better to carry on just a little bit farther right now than risk all of our lives trying to rush back down,” Doc says slowly.

“Right. Let’s rest for a moment, then we can move on. We’ll need to take things slowly. Doc and I will carry Calla. Billy, you help Jesse. We all go together, stay close, and don’t take any risks.”

I’m more worried than I’m willing to admit, but I’m certainly not going to show weakness in front of the others, no matter how warranted it is.

My priority right now is getting us all safely to the next waypoint so we can rest, regroup, and properly tend to Calla.

It’s incredibly concerning that she’s not woken up yet, and I really hope it’s because her body has gone into a state of shock and needs to reset itself.

It’s going to be tricky to maneuver the narrow trail while carrying her, so we need to remain focused and careful.

With Billy and Jesse injured, me and Doc need to keep our wits about us to keep Calla and the other two safe from further harm.

The sun is starting to get a little lower, and I decide we’ve waited long enough.

“We need to get moving. I don’t want us to be on the trail when darkness hits.”

“Definitely not,” Doc agrees, and the other two nod their assent. We all get to our

feet, Jesse a little unsteadily.

I notice red is seeming through his jeans, and I realize he must have scraped his knees as well.

Unfortunately, we haven't got any more time to spare to take a look, so he'll have to wait until we reach our destination.

Billy is going to be paired with him, anyway, and I know they'll look out for each other.

Despite our friendly—and occasionally not-so-friendly—competition when it comes to vying for Calla's attention, these guys are still my brothers, and we take care of one another.

Doc

My shoulders are killing me with the weight of my backpack, and it's only going to get worse when we pick Calla up.

Clyde seems to be willing to still take the lead in this little expedition of ours.

When he steps between Calla's legs facing forward and crouches down to lift her, holding one leg on either side of his hips, I put my hands under each of her armpits.

Between the two of us, we can lift her easily, but that's not going to be the hard part... Moving with her is.

"I've got her," I tell him, and he looks over his shoulder briefly and nods.

"Let's go," he says, and we begin walking.

The pace is agonizingly slow, but necessary for all of our safeties. We're all still joined by the safety ropes, but that's more of a precaution than a guarantee, especially now we have injured members in our party of five.

Billy and Jesse take the rear, managing to stay close as we begin walking farther up the mountainside.

Internally, I'm cursing myself for having and indulging this hiking plan we concocted while the other two were having their fun with Calla.

This hasn't been the adventure we were hoping it would be, though there has been no shortage of risk or excitement—it's a far cry from what we'd planned for.

Calla isn't heavy to lift and carry, but right now, when we're already weighed down with equipment, being unconscious means she's practically dead weight.

I can feel in my lungs how thin the air is, and it's making this trek even more difficult than it should have been.

There's no way we'd leave her behind, so I grit my teeth and force myself to breathe in a way that doesn't make me too dizzy to support her.

I don't know how long we're walking with her in our arms like this, but the sun is creeping lower and lower. If we don't keep up this pace, it'll be dark before we reach the waypoint.

I want to be off this trail before then. The sun is casting a red glow in the sky, and I wish we could stop for a minute to take in the way it changes the view.

Hopefully we'll still get to enjoy the final rays when we get to the waypoint. None of us speak for a while; too busy concentrating on the journey and the precarious situation we've found ourselves in.

As we carefully maneuver around a large boulder that's obscuring our view of the path, I breathe a sigh of relief to see the wide, flat ledge that's going to be our refuge for the night.

Clyde leads us to the back of it, as far away from the edge as we can get, and we finally stop. Carefully, we lower Calla to the ground, and I sit next to her.

We're both sweating and breathing heavily from overexertion, which isn't ideal at

this height.

“We made it,” Jesse says, half collapsing on the ground and leaning his back against the rocky wall.

Clyde hasn’t stopped to rest. Instead, he’s pulling out one of the pop-up tents from his bag and is now securing it to the ground with the pegs and guy ropes.

Groaning, I reluctantly get back to my feet and help him.

Between us, we quickly get our little camp set up.

We’ve got two small tents, each big enough for two of us, and Calla to fit comfortably inside.

Technically they’re two-man tents, but chances are that Calla will be snuggled up closely in one of them with us.

Once we’re all set, Clyde goes back to Calla and lifts her into his arms, carrying her into our tent. I follow him inside, and he’s slowly stripping her of all her clothing.

Though unconscious and potentially injured, I still find myself appreciating how completely stunning Calla is.

Despite trying to be as methodical and impartial as possible due to her current condition, I can tell that Clyde isn’t unaffected either.

Calla moans a little, and my heart jolts with relief at the sound. I’m hoping that it means she’s slowly coming round, and when she does, then she can tell us if she’s hurt and where.

In the meantime, all we can do is visually assess her and make sure she's comfortable until she wakes up.

After thoroughly checking her for injuries, I help Clyde tuck her into one of the sleeping bags we brought with us. Once she's settled, we both sit down on either side of her.

"I think she's going to be okay," he says quietly, his tone betraying the worry in his voice despite the optimism in his words.

"I think so, too," I agree, leaning forward to brush a few strands of hair out of her eyes.

We both fall silent, just watching her even breaths and the way her chest moves rhythmically with each one.

Jesse and Billy are outside, talking and presumably setting up the rest of our camp.

After a while of no change in Calla, I stretch out my legs and get to my feet.

"Let's get something to eat. We can't do anything more for her right now," I suggest.

Clyde shakes his head. "I'll be out in a bit, I think someone should stay with her until she wakes up. You go first, then we can watch her in shifts. If she has a concussion or something, then one of us needs to be here so we can help her."

I give him a long look as I consider the truth of what he's saying. "That makes sense. I'll grab some food, and then I'll come take over so you can, too."

Clyde nods, and I exit the tent.

Billy and Jesse have set up their own tent, found the camping stove that Clyde bought, and have gotten it lit. A small, lidded pan is sitting on top, slowly warming up.

“What are we having?” I ask, going to sit with them and lifting the lid to peer inside.

“Stir fry, but we’ve got to cook the rice first,” Jesse says, pointing toward the open bag of food.

I rummage through, noticing some small packets of dry ingredients, some kind of sausage meat, a package of what looks like beef, a loaf of bread, and a small block of cheese. Looks like we’ll also be having sausage sandwiches for breakfast.

“Mmm, sounds good to me,” I grin as my stomach grumbles at the thought of food.

He’s moving a little stiffly, and I can see faintly where he’s bled through his bandages.

“Do you want me to cook?” I offer.

“I’m fine. Besides, it distracts me from the pain and worrying about Calla.”

“We’re going to take it in turns to watch her tonight,” I tell them.

“Good. It’s better if she always has one of us with her right now,” Billy says.

“That’s what Clyde said, too.”

The pan lid jumps a little, and Jesse dumps in a packet of quick-cook rice, stirs it with a spoon, and places the lid back on top.

“Hand me a frying pan, please, Billy,” Jesse says.

There’s a small clatter of metal as Billy rummages through the bag, then passes it to Jesse who sets it on top of the bag of food.

We sit quietly as Jesse continues cooking, and once the rice is done, he removes the pan and puts it beside him, letting it keep cooking in the hot water while the fresh pan heats up.

Soon enough, the smell of hot oil fills the air, and he dumps out the water, puts the rice into the pan with the other ingredients, and dices up some of the beef.

The sound and smell of frying food makes my mouth water, and I’m eager to dig in.

Once it’s ready, he serves it up into our small camping bowls and hands out forks. I quickly scoff it down, burning my tongue on the hot, delicious food.

“That was great,” I compliment him, and he grins. “I’d have some more, but I don’t think Clyde would be happy if I ate his share.

“There’s plenty to go around,” he laughs as he separates a portion into the lidded pan, presumably for Calla when she wakes up.

“I’ll send Clyde out,” I say.

Getting to my feet, I wander back over to our tent and head inside.

“Jesse made stir fry, I’ll take over while you go and eat.”

“Thanks, Doc,” Clyde says, giving Calla one last glance before making his way outside.

I sigh and sit down next to her, full of food and my worry for her.

Calla

I'm lying on something soft, and I can smell the scent of my boys around me. If I didn't remember vividly what had happened to me, I'd be able to convince myself it had all just been a horrific nightmare.

My head is pounding, and my whole body aches. I don't know whether it was physical exhaustion, panic, or the thinness of the atmosphere—all I know is that it completely overwhelmed me, and I nearly fell... or rather, I did fall.

I'm reluctant to open my eyes, tempted to just sleep a bit longer. I let out a small moan as I shift slightly to get more comfortable. I slowly drift off, listening to the sounds of my boys' voices as they talk quietly around me.

I know they're worried about me—I can tell from the tones of their voices—but the feeling of tiredness is too strong to fight against.

I eventually wake up again, this time surrounded by the warmth of two bodies lying close to mine, the weight of a hand on my waist, and warm breath on my face and the back of my neck. I shift a little, careful not to disturb them as I move.

It's dark, and I can't see who is lying on either side of me, but the even breaths tell me they're both asleep. The tents are barely big enough for three of us, so the other two must be in the other tent.

I slowly sit up. The movement makes my aching muscles throb, and my head spins again. I don't know how long I've been out, but I'm fairly certain that it's

dehydration causing the dizziness this time.

The hand that was on my waist falls into my lap, and the fingers flex and tighten around my thigh as a low groan reaches my ears.

“Calla,” he says sleepily, and I instantly recognize Clyde. “You’re awake. Are you okay?”

“Thirsty,” I tell him, my voice a little raspy due to the dryness of my throat.

He groans again as he rolls over and grabs something from above his head. “Here, drink this.”

I fumble to take the bottle from him, listening to the sound of the water sloshing inside.

Unscrewing the top, I take a few large gulps, sighing as the cool liquid wets my mouth and soothes my throat as I swallow.

“Thank you,” I say in a more normal voice, then drink a little more before putting the cap back on and setting it down beside him.

“Where are we?” I whisper, keen not to wake the other sleeping boy who’s lying next to me.

“Still up the mountain. We found a place to set up camp for the night before we go back down tomorrow.”

I nod, although I know he can’t see me. “Is everyone okay?” I ask.

“Jesse and Billy are a little dinged up. Me and Doc are fine, though. We’ve been

more worried about you. What happened?”

I look down at my lap. “I think I fainted. Umm, I don’t do well with heights,” I admit embarrassedly.

“Why didn’t you say so before? You could have stayed at the hotel instead of scaring the living daylights out of us by falling off a mountain.”

“I didn’t want to miss this. I came here to spend time with all of you. I didn’t expect the fear to hit me as hard as it did. That, along with the altitude, I guess it all just got the better of me.”

Clyde ’s grip gets tighter, and I wince a little as his fingers dig in more firmly. “You put yourself at risk for us.”

My voice cracks. “I know, I’m sorry.”

The sleeping bags rustle as he sits up and pulls me onto his lap. He wraps his arms around me and buries his face in my neck. “Don’t do it again, okay?”

I laugh shakily. “I promise. But, scared or not, I still want to reach the top of this damned mountain with you all.”

Clyde chuckles, and it vibrates against my skin.

“See how you feel in the morning. You might change your mind when you see how high up we are now.”

My stomach drops at the thought, but we’ve already come this far, so it seems a waste to turn back partway through.

“You’re not hurt anywhere are you? Jesse said he couldn’t tell if you hit your head or anything when you fell. And we couldn’t see anything when we checked for injuries.”

“I ache all over, but I don’t think it’s from that,” I tell him.

His warm sigh on my neck makes me shiver, and he lifts his hand to brush my hair out of the way as he presses a kiss on my skin.

“I’m glad you’re alright. And I’m glad we had all the ropes to keep us together, otherwise we’d have lost you.”

He squeezes me tighter to his chest and kisses me again. I can’t stop the gasp as his lips brush the sensitive part of my neck, and he groans.

I’ve never seen such a tender side to Clyde before, and it makes me realize just how much the worry for my safety has impacted on him.

“I promise I’m okay,” I reassure him, lifting my hand to stroke his cheek.

He lifts his head from my shoulder and nods. My heart races as his breath blows softly against my face, and I lean closer to him. He closes the distance and kisses me deeply, a sense of urgency in the action as he moves one hand up to tangle in my hair and the other sits on my lower back.

The sleeping bag shifts, and as a cool draft hits my skin, I become very aware that I’ve got no clothes on.

I break the kiss and lean backward, out of reach of his mouth.

“You undressed me while I was unconscious!” I scold, lightly slapping him on the

shoulder.

His chuckle fills the tent. “You’re definitely not feeling yourself if you’ve only just realized that. However, me and Doc were completely well-behaved gentlemen. We were taking care of you and making sure you weren’t injured anywhere. Afterward, we tucked you straight in your sleeping bag.”

“ Calla? ”

Doc ’s husky, sleepy voice cuts through the darkness.

“I’m here, and I’m okay,” I tell him, guessing he needed to hear the words as much as Clyde did.

“It’s so good to hear you say that.”

The relief is palpable, and I’m happy I could give him that after causing so much worry.

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Clyde

Calla being awake and in my arms again is a better feeling than I imagined, and I hope she doesn't expect me to let go of her any time soon.

She's still recovering from her fainting episode, and while I know I shouldn't push her right now, it's difficult to keep myself in check.

I feel Doc's arms slide around her in the darkness as he joins us in our tangled embrace.

Calla's soft, happy sigh is like a shot of adrenaline straight to my veins, and it takes everything in me to maintain my self-control.

As she leans backward against Doc, her naked, ample breasts brush against my chest. Even in such a tender state, she doesn't fail to elicit the desire she always seems to awaken in me.

I let Doc take over the hug and let my hands drift lightly across her skin as she moves backward, drawing out a quiet moan from her lips.

Dropping my head back, I remove my hands and blow out a frustrated breath, annoyed that I can't seem to control myself.

Calla's hands find mine, and she squeezes them in hers before placing them on either side of her waist.

“ Calla ...” I begin, but she stops me.

“Shhh, let’s enjoy the moment,” she whispers, stroking the backs of my hands.

I exhale sharply as she places them back on her waist. Deeper moans reach my ears as she arches her back, pushing her chest out toward me.

Her tight nipples brush against my own chest, enticing me to play.

Doc ’s hands are cupping them, squeezing her flesh and teasing the tips into little peaks.

Unable to resist, I drop my head and latch onto one of them, sucking deeply and running my tongue over the tip before moving across to give the other one the same attention.

“ Clyde, Doc, ” she moans, wiggling in Doc’s arms and pushing her breasts closer to me.

“Fuck, Calla. You should be resting,” I mumble around her nipple.

“I’ve rested enough; I need this. I need you both,” she pleads.

Her small hand lies flat on the back of my head as she holds me in place. Keeping my mouth firmly locked around her nipple. I lose myself in the sounds of her moans as I lightly twist and tease her free nipple.

A hand slaps away mine, and I guess that it’ s Doc.

“ Share, Clyde, ” he warns.

I roll my eyes in the dark. As much as I want Calla to myself, Doc makes a valid point. It's not just my turn, no matter how much I'd rather it was. The agreement we made between us was that we all share, as equally as possible.

"Yeah, yeah," I mumble, softly biting the sensitive peak, eliciting a quiet squeak from Calla.

I let Doc have free reign of Calla's other breast, and between us we continue to tease and play with her.

"I want you both," she gasps, and I smile at her words.

Doc groans, the sound filled with tortured desire for this incredible woman. The feeling is more than mutual, and I let go of her breast and undo the sleeping bag to give us better access to the woman between us.

"We won't fuck you tonight, but we will make you feel good," I say, chuckling as she huffs in mild disappointment.

Grabbing the flashlight, I turn it on, aiming it low so we can see without being blinded by it.

We all squint for a moment as the light illuminates the tent. Calla is breathing a little harder than normal, and even in the dim light, I can see the wild desire in her eyes.

I lie down, then easily lift her on top of me so she's straddling my face. Her gasp is music to my ears, and the wetness already soaking my mouth from her pussy is like a sweet nectar.

I lower her body so her pussy is pressed firmly against my mouth, and I proceed to devour her.

Calla writhes and moans above me, and her legs begin shaking almost instantly.

“Doc, come closer,” she moans breathlessly.

My eyes are closed, but I feel his body heat as he moves over to oblige her.

“Fuck, Calla. You’re so talented with that mouth of yours,” he groans.

The wet sounds of my tongue deep inside her and whatever she’s doing to Doc fill the tent.

Calla 's muffled squeal when I pinch her clit between my fingers and lick the length of her pussy before slowly spearing her with my tongue is enough to drive me wild.

I continue to eat her, determined to have her gushing all over my face before I’m done.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:36 pm

Doc

Calla 's mouth is wrapped tightly around my dick, and her moans as Clyde fucks her with his mouth vibrate through me.

I know I won't last long with the way she's sucking my dick like it's her favorite popsicle. I'm looking forward to returning the favor.

I was annoyed when Clyde said we wouldn't fuck her tonight, but I can't deny that this is just as fucking good.

Calla taking my dick down her throat is something I'll never get tired of experiencing.

She lets out a deep, throaty moan and then squeals around me, reaching the precipice of her pleasure and sending me straight into mine.

I blow my load in her mouth, and she sucks me deeper, taking me down her throat and swallowing every drop of cum that shoots out of me.

I shudder and shake as she slowly releases me from her mouth, lightly licking the head of my dick as the last few droplets seep out.

My legs feel weak, and when she stops and lets go, I sit down heavily beside her and Clyde, who is still gorging on her.

"My turn, man," I say, nudging him with my knee and getting his attention.

He rolls his eyes in response, but stops just as Calla begins to tense above him.

She mewls in disappointment, denied of the release she was clearly close to reaching on Clyde's tongue.

"Don't worry, Calla. You don't need to be disappointed, we're just switching places. I'm eager to taste you next," I say, giving her a deep kiss, pushing my tongue between her lips and tasting myself on her as I tease her with what I'm about to do to her.

Her mouth drops open in surprise, but her eyes are alight with desire.

I lie down, and help her move off of Clyde and on top of me. Her pussy is glistening and dripping with her cum. My mouth waters at the beautiful sight of her sitting above me, pussy wet and waiting for me to savor it.

Before she can catch her breath, I lift my head and lick the length of her pussy, capturing her sweet juices on my tongue.

"Ohhh," she moans, rolling her hips as I dip my tongue inside her.

I fuck her with my tongue, massaging her ass with my hands at the same time. Clyde moves to stand in front of her, and she grips his dick with her hand and guides him into her mouth.

It's his turn to enjoy the feel of her mouth on him while I give her pleasure with mine. I alternate between her clit and her pussy, driving her wild as I bring her closer and closer to the edge and finally over it.

Calla squirms as I continue to ravage her with my mouth, and her muffled whimpers around Clyde's dick are like music to my ears.

She's trying to fight against my onslaught, but I don't let up. Even though I've already filled her belly with my cum, I can feel myself starting to get hard all over again.

We won't do any more than this tonight, it probably wasn't the best idea to do this when she's barely recovered from her fainting episode earlier today.

She's just so damned tempting and impossible to resist.

"I'm coming," Clyde grunts.

I can't see him from my position between Calla's thighs, but her body jerks and stiffens as he moves more erratically. I pull her harder against my lips, biting down a little on her clit, determined to wrangle another orgasm out of Calla.

She gags a little as she squeals in pleasure just as he comes, taken by surprise despite his warning as he shoots his load into her mouth. She recovers quickly and swallows deeply, keen not to spill a single drop.

Clyde shudders and sighs as he pulls away from her, and she slumps forward, her head dangerously close to the semi I'm sporting because of her.

Calla inhales deep, gasping breaths, and I panic a little, worried we've pushed her too far, too quickly.

Clyde helps her move off me and onto her back, on the mess of sleeping bags, and lies down next to her.

"Are you okay?" I ask, rolling over to face her.

She laughs weakly and smiles up at me. "I'm fine, just catching my breath."

“ We ’ve got the oxygen here if you need it,” Clyde says, sitting up and reaching for it.

She stops him with a hand on his arm. “Honestly, I’m fine. I don’t need it.” She pauses for a moment, looking at him. “Thank you.”

He nods and kisses her on the forehead before flopping back down next to her.

It’s so warm in here now, but I can’t be bothered to move just to unzip the tent to let in some air.

The tent smells of sweat, sex, and cum, and I smile as I close my eyes, breathing in the mixed scent of pleasure hanging in the air.

Billy

My hands are throbbing, and I think they're all insane for wanting to continue—apart from Doc—but I have to admit that I do want to finish this journey as well.

It feels right, even with everything that has gone wrong since we began. With the majority of us in agreement about continuing, we finish our coffees and break camp. After a quick sweep of our little campsite to make sure we've packed everything, we set off.

The pace is slow, grueling, and gets more difficult as we begin the next stage of our mountain hike. We barely talk except to communicate about minor obstacles or tricky-to-navigate stretches of path ahead of us.

This time, we stick a lot closer together, and despite the eagerness of our group to reach the end, we're all feeling the intense burn. I know deep down we're all worried about whether we'll make it, especially Calla after what happened to her yesterday.

I'm glad it wasn't more serious than it was, though it scares me to think about how much worse it could have been. The deep rope burns in my palms are a painfully vivid reminder.

I haven't said anything to the others, but it feels like the wounds have reopened, and the ache is only getting more intense as we climb.

I mask the pain as best I can, but I've caught Jesse checking on me when I've let out the occasional hiss of pain when the skin pulls tight as I put weight on them.

A part of me feels like I should have been more vocal about my reluctance to continue, but the other part of me wants to see the same views as the rest of our group when we finally reach the peak.

I know this isn't the biggest mountain in the range, or even in the country, but it's our challenge, and we're going to rise to the top and face it.

The air is even thinner at this point, and as a precaution, we've made sure the oxygen canisters are easily accessible in case we need them.

Clyde is leading the group again, and Doc is at the back, putting Calla, me, and Jesse in the middle of the group. It makes sense, considering that currently the three of us are the weaker members of our team.

I don't know how much time has passed, I haven't been paying much attention, suspecting that it would make it seem so much longer to know exactly how long we've been going.

Clyde eventually comes to a stop, and his voice is filled with a breathless awe as he speaks. "We've made it."

We've come to a ledge, similar to where we made camp, but it's clear that the path has ended and we've gone as high as we can safely go without scaling the cliff face of the peak.

"Wow, it's beautiful," Calla says, looking outward at the country below us.

"Stay away from the edge," Jesse warns her, pulling her closer to the walls.

She glances down and wobbles slightly, and all four of us move to grab hold of her in case she faints on us again.

“I’m okay, I just need to remember not to look directly down,” she giggles, looking embarrassed.

Her face is pale, and she slowly sits down on the ground with her back against the rocky cliff.

Doc pulls out one of the oxygen canisters and hands the mask to her. “Use this if you need to, okay?”

She nods and takes it from him, setting it beside her as she gazes outward.

Satisfied she’s fine—at least for now—I turn my attention to the view that’s captivated the rest of them.

It really is amazing to witness. The rise and fall of the land, the lakes and snowy mountains sparkling under the sunlight, and the small speck that is the village and resort we’ve been staying at.

I’ve never seen anything like this before in my life, and I consider myself lucky that I’m getting to see this with my own eyes and not just in the pictures Calla showed us when she picked this country for our trip.

We stay here for a while, just admiring the view and committing it to memory.

I realize that I’m going to miss this place when we eventually have to leave and return home after our time here has run out.

It’s like something out of a dream, and it is almost hard to believe that it’s even real and not some collaborative hallucination.

We slowly return to reality, turning away from the captivating view to begin our slow

descent.

The journey down is easier, though I find the pull of gravity is a bit unnerving at times with the ground seeming to try and pull us down quicker than we're able to go.

We make it though, safely back to level ground. There's energy rippling through us all, exhilaration from what we've just achieved, mixed with the lingering awe of everything we saw at the summit.

We remove all the harnesses and pack the ropes away in our backpacks, having kept them on for the remainder of the trek upward and then back down to the bottom.

Slowly, we make our way back to the resort, eager to dump all of our bags in our rooms, eat, and clean up. All of us are hot, sweaty, and in dire need of showers.

When we walk through the front doors of the resort, Calla heads over to the reception desk to order food to be brought to our rooms.

While we've still got food left over from our trip, I don't think any of us are going to want to cook when we can simply order it instead.

Calla returns to us, and we go up to our rooms. She swipes the keycard, and we enter one by one, dumping our bags in a haphazard pile before taking it in turns to freshen up.

I carefully unwrap the filthy bandages on my hands, wincing as the material pulls at the wounds. Rinsing them under hot water, I watch as fresh blood stains it pink.

Calla walks in as I'm doing this and gasps. "Your hands! Let me look at them."

She takes each one in hers and inspects them closely, probably to check whether I'll

need stitches or something.

“I think we can probably just wrap them again, but we need to keep an eye on them and keep them clean so they don’t get infected.”

I sit on the edge of the bed as she grabs the first aid kit and proceeds to skillfully bandage them back up.

“Much better,” I murmur when she’s done, lifting them and stroking her face with my fingertips.

Her breath catches, and her cheeks flush a little.

“Food will be here soon,” she whispers breathlessly, and I lower my hand as I nod. “I’m going to check on the others. I know Jesse was hurt as well, but he’s still in the shower.”

“I’ll be there shortly,” I tell her, and she smiles as she leaves the room to go find Doc and Clyde.

Calla

Billy's hands look really painful, but I don't think they need stitches. Clyde and Doc were the only ones who didn't get hurt on the hike, but it doesn't mean they don't still need me to make sure they're okay.

Both of them stayed so strong for the rest of us, taking care of us all and making sure we all made it back in one piece.

I'm ashamed of myself for being the reason that Jesse and Billy were injured. If not for me, then they'd be fine. If I didn't need all of them as fiercely as I do, then I'd be tempted to walk away to save them from any further pain.

I suspect that even if I tried to do that then I'd have a fight on my hands—from all four of them.

They're my boys, and I should have been the one taking care of them. Instead, I messed up and got two of them hurt in the process.

I sigh, weighed down by the guilt of putting them in danger because of my stupid pride and fear.

"Hey," Jesse says from behind me. "What's wrong?"

"You and Billy got hurt because of me," I admit.

"Don't be silly, it could've happened to anyone."

“But it happened because I was too scared to admit the truth.”

“That’s true, but you can’t beat yourself up over it. We knew the risks involved when we started, and we all made it back in one piece.”

“But...” I begin.

“Stop. We took all those safety precautions for exactly that reason. Any of us could have slipped or fallen, and we’d be in the exact same place we are now.

We all look out for each other, and that includes you.

I’m just glad we managed to save you, that’s all I care about right now.

You’re here, and so are we. So what if some of us are a little less intact than we were at the start. ”

His words cut deep into me, and I realize that he’s right. It doesn’t make the pain go away, but it’s helped me feel a little better.

“I’m supposed to be the responsible adult, taking care of all of you.”

“We all make mistakes sometimes. We have to accept it and move on from them.”

I’m so proud of him right now. He could have—and probably should have—been so angry with me, but all he’s concerned about is that we’re all here safe, and I guess that’s all that really matters.

I smile at him, and he pulls me into his arms, wrapping them tightly around me.

He’s not wearing the bandages now, and up close I can see the deep grazes running

along them.

Jesse sighs when I lightly trace the outline of them. “I’ll be fine. I heal up surprisingly quickly.”

I bite my lip anxiously, and he groans before closing in for a kiss.

I gasp in his mouth as he cups the back of my head and deepens it, thrusting his tongue between my lips to tangle with mine.

“Food first, brother,” Doc says, cutting through the moment.

Jesse laughs. “I can’t help myself sometimes, especially when she bites those pretty lips of hers.”

Doc’s eyes darken slightly, and the way he looks at me makes my whole body tingle, and I blush as they both eye me hungrily.

“Food first,” I agree, giggling at the slight disappointment that crosses both of their faces.

“It’s here!” Clyde calls out, and we all trail into the room.

He’s moved the cart of food over to the table and is unloading it. I go over and help him, leaving Jesse and Doc standing by the door, whispering quietly to each other.

I have a feeling they’re planning something, and knowing them, it involves me. After the last idea the boys cooked up for me, I’m not sure whether to be nervous or excited about whatever they’re discussing.

I notice Billy has joined them, too, and I turn to Clyde. “I can take care of this,” I tell

him, knowing he's probably burning with curiosity and intrigue.

He nods and walks away, and I smile to myself as I leave them to it while I finish setting the food on the table.

Doc disappears for a moment as the other three boys come over and start digging in. I just ordered one of the set menus, not really paying attention to what was on it, but none of us are particularly fussy when it comes to food, so I knew we'd eat whatever the resort provided.

Eventually, Doc returns with a slight grin on his face, and my heart jolts a little as I wonder what they've got planned.

There's a knock at the door just as we finish eating, and Doc jumps up to go answer it before I can even move from my seat.

I look between each of my boys, and I quiver with anticipation at the hungry expressions on each of their faces, all of which are directed at me.

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Calla

Doc walks back into the room pushing another food cart, but the smirk on his face as I watch him is full of promise.

Clyde, Jesse, and Billy all get to their feet, but I remain frozen in place, unsure of what to do or expect.

One of them comes up behind me, and I blink as he ties one of the fabric napkins over my eyes, blinding me to whatever they're about to do to me.

I can hear them moving around, but I stay put, unwilling to move before they want me to. Two pairs of hands guide me up from my seat, and I shiver and gasp as they slowly remove my clothes, stripping me bare of everything but the blindfold.

I'm lifted off my feet, and I let out a squeak of surprise as they move with me, and I'm laid down on what feels like a table.

Nothing happens to begin with, but I can hear the boy talking quietly to each other as they plan their next step.

I gasp as something cold lands on my breasts and a warm trail of something is spread across my bare stomach and down between my thighs.

I lie still while strange sensations spread out across my body. I have no sense of time and no idea what they're doing; all I can do is wait for them to finish. I could remove the blindfold, but I know they'd be disappointed if I ruined the surprise by peeking

before they're ready for me to see.

The anticipation builds higher the longer I'm lying here, and I find myself getting a little impatient. My body feels strange, covered in mysterious substances that are both warm and cold.

Just as it all seems too much and my eagerness to find out what they're up to is about to get the better of me, the blindfold is removed from my eyes.

I blink as the light hits them, and once I've regained my focus, I look down at my body.

Swirls of what looks like chocolate sauce, caramel, strawberries, whipped cream, and sprinkles cover most of my body in intricate patterns.

I look at my boys who are all looking at me with almost unhinged levels of desire and smiling broadly at their latest creation.

They've already turned me into a snowman; this time they've turned me into dessert.

I barely have a second to prepare before they close in on me. I gasp and moan as I'm ravaged by four mouths, licking and sucking me all over, lapping up the sweet treats they've covered me in.

My whole body is shaking as the sensations overwhelm me, sending pleasure and warmth shooting straight to my core. I can barely tell who is where as they all move around me, eating me up like I'm the sweetest treat they'll ever taste.

I glance up as one of them parts my legs and notice Jesse between my thighs, grinning salaciously as he buries his face between them, biting my clit and licking my pussy like he'll never taste food again, while he works his fingers inside of me, plunging them in deep.

I tense as the pleasure spreads through me.

Billy is on one side of me, Clyde is on the other, and Doc is near my stomach.

Clyde and Billy each suck one of my nipples into their mouths, and while they're both lavishing attention on them, licking the cream from my skin, their mouths and movements are very different.

The myriad of sensations rippling through my entire body as they collectively devour me is too much, and I plummet over the edge, screaming as pleasure takes over and I come violently.

My breaths are ragged, and I'm shaking, but they don't stop.

Once they've cleaned me up thoroughly with their mouths, they lift me from the table and carry me over to the bed, where each of them continues to unleash wave after wave of pleasure from me until I can't take any more.

We eventually collapse in a tangle of sweaty bodies with me in the center.

I have no idea where I end and they begin, and I don't think I ever want to figure it out.

These boys of mine never cease to amaze and surprise me. They're all so different, but they have one thing they're all in agreement of—I'm theirs, and they are mine.