



# Daddy's Grumpy Cowboy: An M/M Novella (Deep Desires Book 4)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Elias Masondo is all sunshine. As a billionaire businessman, the thirty-five-year-old doesn't spend a lot of time relaxing. Only annually, when he takes the month of August off of work to stay at Maple Oak Springs, a ranch in Texas he happens to favor, does he truly escape.

The views, the lake, and the fresh air that typically fuel him take a back seat this summer as Elias finds himself craving the company of a hotter-than-the-sun cowboy.

Meeting Caleb Burke sparks an interest in Elias that he cannot ignore. With that southern charm and grumpy exterior, the younger ranch hand is tempting beyond resistance.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

Maple Oak Springs smells like sunshine and fresh-cut grass. The air is clean and easy to breathe, a welcomed break from the less-than-stellar scent of the city. My brother Abel and I make it a point to take the month of August off every year. Maple Oak has been our vacation spot of choice for the last four years, and this year is no different.

Well, it's a bit different. This year, his wife Erin is with us too. Meaning the two of them will likely be ditching me on more than one occasion in the upcoming weeks. I'm not mad about it, honestly. Abel and Erin have had a tough year and they deserve to relax, and when you're newlyweds, fucking is prime relaxation.

It's the main reason we aren't sharing a house this time around. I'll have a little fancy cabin all to myself. Booking out a ranch may not be every billionaire's idea of a luxury vacation, but it's most certainly mine. I go to Europe and tropical islands for business deals on occasion, so they hardly feel like an escape to me.

A trip down south to a secluded paradise of farms and fields with a fat lake and privacy? Now that's true luxury.

I'm ready for a whole month of swimming, boating, and shutting off my damn phone. Maybe I'll get lucky and find someone to keep me company while my brother is getting busy with his wife. Working hours like I typically do... your dick tends to suffer when you're not a sleazeball that will take under-the-desk head from eager interns.

As tempting as getting your cock wet is, it's not worth the trouble of creating a crazy-

ass work environment. Professional in the office, deviant outside of it, that's the way to live.

"You need help with that, Erin?" I ask, watching my sister-in-law struggle to pull her suitcase from Abel's truck bed. He told her to sit tight while he checked in with the ranch hands, making sure we were good to move into our houses.

Erin is good at a lot of things, but staying put isn't one of them. She's a take-no-shit kind of woman, but she's also 5'4 and probably a hundred pounds on a good day. She often wants to do things on her own that are just physically impossible.

It's pretty cute if you're into that kind of thing. And while she's got toned and tan legs, silky blonde hair, blue eyes, and a blinding white smile, I couldn't be less attracted to her. Maybe if her name was Aaron and she was about a hundred pounds heavier with big arms and... you get the picture. Let's just say I'm really hoping there's a man waiting around here hoping for some summer fun because I'm not into the farmer's daughter thing. Mainly the daughter part.

"I got it," she insists, continuing to struggle.

Knowing my brother will kick my ass if I don't step in, I heft the large suitcase from the truck, sitting it up on its wheels for her before she can pout in protest. When her lips pop open to chastise me for my help I reach out, ruffling the hair on top of her head.

"Come on, Erin, the faster we get unpacked, the faster I pour you a glass of red and get your cute little ass in a bikini and have you floating on the lake."

She grins, fully appeased by the answer.

"Don't talk about my wife's ass," Abel growls, returning with two sets of keys.

“You tell me it’s cute then,” Erin jabs playfully, looking up at him with a twinkle in her eye.

“Yeah, you tell her,” I chuckle, stealing the key with my house number on it. “Any issues?”

“Your ass is sexy,” Abel tells her, ignoring me. “Why don’t I show you just how much I like it, hmm?”

Erin giggles and I roll my eyes before clearing my throat. “Any issues?”

“Nah,” Abel says, pulling Erin’s back into his front for a reverse hug. “Different guy who checked us in this time though, less grandpa, more your type.”

“Oh really?” Interest suddenly peaked, I look around him, trying to scout out who he’s describing. “Did he look single?”

Laughing again, Erin asks, “What does ‘single’ look like?”

“No wedding band,” I explain easily.

“No wedding band,” Abel informs me. “No smile either though, looked like he’d rather be anywhere else.” Throwing me a bone, he nods over his shoulder. “The one who’s about to ride off back to the main property.”

When you rent out a ranch, you don’t get it entirely to yourself. There are still people who are around keeping the place running. Ranch hands, farmers, landscapers, etc. But if this guy brought us the keys, he’s likely related to the owners. A ranch hand that my brother says is my type... this vacation just got a hell of a lot more promising.

As I squint to get a better look, I find a deliciously sexy man swinging himself up onto a white saddled horse. He's wearing a tan cowboy hat, well-worn denim jeans, boots, and a white t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. To say his arms look lickable would be an understatement.

His whole body is tan from working outside during the summer, the tawny hue only helping to define his muscles further. His jeans aren't skinny but they're tight around his thighs which means those are just as toned. Thick thighs are one of my weaknesses.

Fuck, I want him. I haven't even seen his face and I'm drooling.

"How old do you think he is?"

"Stop staring and pick your jaw up," my brother commands, laughing. "He looked mid-twenties maybe."

"Did you catch his name?" I ask hopefully, licking my lips as the horse takes off.

Abel snorts but nods. "Yeah, he said it's Caleb. Caleb Burke."

Well, hello, Caleb Burke.

"Uh-oh," Erin utters. "He's in love."

Now it's my turn to laugh. Elias Masondo has never done love.

I'm the kind of guy who gives you the fuck of your life, makes you laugh a little, and sends you home with no hopes of anything more. I'm not the commitment kind, at least, no one seems to think so. I could never put a spouse through my hectic schedule anyway. So, 'no strings attached' has been what I've been relegated to for years.

Whether it was my choice or not.

Abel was the same way, a stubborn voice reminds me. Look at him now.

Yeah, yeah. My brother was an even bigger workaholic than me before Erin came along. But one look at her and he dropped responsibilities without her asking in an instant, hiring people to shorten his hours to give him more free time.

I'm not against the concept of love, don't get me wrong. I'd fucking love to have a husband someday. But there's just something about me that guys see as fun for a good time but not a long time. Maybe it's my fault for not putting myself out there, but being vulnerable is hard.

"Doesn't need to be love to be fun," I reply, waving Erin off. "He's probably not interested in getting with a guest anyway. He looks like he takes work seriously."

You don't get a body like that by slacking off on the job.

My brother claps a hand on my back, squeezing my shoulder. He thinks I should give myself more credit, but he can't exactly judge. We Masondo boys have a habit of putting ourselves down while bringing everyone else up.

"Last one to the lake gets thrown off the dock?" I ask, grinning while seamlessly shifting the mood. A Masondo family skill is lightening the mood, and I'm the best at it.

Erin pouts, lips pursing. "But I take longer to get ready."

Smirking, I smack a quick kiss to the side of her face. "I'll be gentle when I throw you in, don't worry."

Scowling, she slaps my chest with the back of her hand. “Asshole.”

“You love me,” I counter, grabbing my duffle bag from the SUV I rented and slinging it over my shoulder. “Better get moving, darlin’.”

She scowls. “I’m going to push you into the water so hard.”

“Promises, promises.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

“How’s that for a promise?” Erin asks, arms folded over her chest in victory.

I sputter lake water from my lips and glare up at her. “Using my own flesh and blood against me, that’s cold even for you, you wench.”

She had Abel push my ass into the lake before I could toss her in for taking her sweet time getting ready. I should have seen it coming, my sister-in-law has a bit of a vicious streak, and she is not above cheating.

Erin gasps at the name-calling. “Take it back or I’m jumping in and tickling you,” she demands, taking a threatening step to the edge of the dock.

“Come and get me,” I challenge, holding my arms out wide.

I think she’s going to back down, knowing I can swim faster than her, but she doesn’t. Like a crazy person, she jumps... right at me. I have to scramble to catch her in a way that doesn’t hurt the both of us, but luckily, I’m able to figure it out. Still in my arms, she attacks, fingers digging into my sides.

“Ahhh,” I complain, thrusting her off of me and into the water to stand on her own. “You married a psycho,” I tell my brother, walking back to distance myself from the fucking tickle monster.

Abel ignores me, choosing to lovingly stare at his evil wife instead. Let me tell you, brotherly love is only strong until one of you says I do.



“Don’t be a baby,” Erin snarks, splashing me with a sizable wave of water.

“Where’s your wine?” I demand. “You’re nicer to me when you’re tipsy.”

She splashes me again. “I want a wine slushie, but you wanted me to hurry up.”

“Say less,” I scoff, pulling myself out of the water. “You fix your attitude and I’ll bring you a wine slushie, how about that?”

“Yes please,” she sing-songs sweetly.

I have to chuckle at her drastic change in tone. Snagging a towel from one of the lounge chairs, I shake my hair off on Abel before wiping my face.

“You’re a child,” he sighs, moving to get into the lake. No way will he let Erin get lonely in there, even if he’s more of a sunbathing kind of guy.

“I’m your older brother, if I’m a child, then you’re a baby,” I inform him, rolling my eyes.

Abel just turned thirty this year, and boy is it nice. He used to taunt me constantly about being in my thirties despite our small five-year age difference. Look who’s old right along with me now, huh?

“Great comeback,” he deadpans. “Grab me a beer while you’re going.”

Slipping on my sandals with wet feet, I start to head back to my place.

“Try not to pull a muscle while I’m gone,” I call out over my shoulder. “Erin won’t be able to pull your big-ass out of the water.” Abel has always been a bit stockier than me, even when we were kids.

We're the same height, thankfully. I can't imagine how much we'd tease each other if one of us were taller. But Abel is much more muscular than I am. Where I'm toned and lean with some solid mass, he's broader and thicker. I like my body though, so I don't find myself jealous in that regard.

Having a happy partner who fucking adores you like Erin does him? Yeah, I might be a bit jealous about that. Happy as hell for him, but secretly longing too.

"Fuck off," he grunts just loud enough for me to hear.

I chuckle to myself, letting the hot southern sun dry me off as I continue to walk. The sunscreen I made sure to lather myself with before coming outside is tainting the air with its scent but not enough to bother me. I may love summers here, but I know that being in boardrooms all year leaves me a bit on the pastier side and I have to make sure I don't burn. I do not look good in red.

Being half South African, Abel and I both tan up pretty good, and our natural olive tone is never truly gone, but we have to be careful with abrupt sun exposure after months without it. I take my skincare quite seriously, thank you. Besides, while our father has a deep brown tone to his complexion, our mother is as pale as it gets. Since she's from Sweden, she turns pink after being in the sun for more than an hour, even now in her older years. Hence my sunscreen regime being ingrained in me.

As mom would say, "SPF is best."

Despite how much time we spend away from home, Abel and I have a great relationship with our parents. We'd even invited them to come here for a week, but they politely declined as they always do. Having kids later in life, the two of them are both firmly in their sixties and much prefer playing cards with their friends to taking long trips in their retirement.

It's fine by us, we'll make a trip to visit them soon like we always do.

I'm about to step onto my rental's porch when blond hair catches my eye. With waves that touch his shoulders, the shiny locks glow under the bright sun, some small strands sticking to his neck from sweat.

He turns slightly, giving me my first really good look at his face.

Caleb.

His cowboy hat is gone, but I'd recognize that frame from a mile away.

He catches me staring, thankfully with my tongue in my mouth.

"Just dropping off extra towels," he says, holding up a wicker basket with the evidence of his claim, a clear country twang to his tone.

Dear lord, he sounds ridiculously hot. I guess that's fitting since he is ridiculously hot.

Hazel eyes, a dusting of sun-kissed freckles on his nose and cheeks, a strong jawline that could cut glass, and pillowy pink lips I could kiss the hell out of.

Grunting to clear my throat before I make a fool out of myself, I extend a hand to greet him. "Elias Masondo, nice to meet you."

He sets the basket on the rocking chair by the front door, likely where he was about to leave it, and reaches his hand out in return.

"Caleb," he says, his strong hand wrapping around mine for a firm shake. "Burke."

God I'd like to feel that grip around my—Shit, get your mind out of the filthy place, man.

“Don't think I've seen you here before,” I tell him, retracting my hand before it gets awkward.

“Don't usually work with guests,” he mutters, tone guarded and flat. He is definitely not a people person but fuck if I don't want him to keep talking.

“But you work on the ranch?” I ask, trying so hard not to chew on my lip. “You look like you do.”

He arches a sculpted brow like he doesn't know how to respond.

“Shit, I didn't mean that in a weird way, I just mean... well, you're fit as fuck.” Cringe. “God, I am not saying this right. You look like you can throw hay bales like they're nothing is all.”

I swear his lips twitch, but he certainly doesn't smile. God, he's beautiful. Abel was right, he looks like he's in his twenties and he's definitely someone I would find myself hitting on.

Awkwardly, I ask, “So... do you?”

He dips his head in a nod. “Yes, I work on the ranch, my family owns it.”

“Oh! Burke, shit, I thought your last name sounded familiar.” I try not to frown at the fact that his family owns the place and yet this is the first time I'm seeing him.

“Yep,” he responds, offering nothing else.

“That’s cool,” I reply stupidly, scratching the back of my head. “You met my brother at check-in.”

He nods. “Abel.”

Okay, Caleb either really doesn’t want to talk to me or he’s not a fan of talking altogether. For my ego’s sake, I’m going to pretend it’s the latter.

“Right, well, I won’t keep you,” I say, forcing a smile. “See you around?”

He shrugs. “Sure.”

My smile instantly turns more genuine. If the possibility of seeing him again makes my stomach flutter, maybe Erin is right. Maybe I’m more than just attracted to this guy.

In love? Certainly not.

Infatuated though... yeah, I just might be.

Caleb maneuvers his big body around me and I’m too weak not to watch him walk away. My cock literally twitches with just one look, and I sigh, knowing I’m in deep trouble.

Once he’s gone, I let myself into my rental and let out a groan. That man is doing things to me without even trying.

I’m going to be jerking off like crazy if I don’t at least try and shoot my shot.

Something to consider.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

It takes a whole three days before I see Caleb again. Of course, the days were fun as hell. I'm not so gone for him that I couldn't enjoy myself without thinking about him. Even if I did think about him a lot.

Surprisingly, I found myself wondering less about what he'd taste like and more about who he was. Simple things like what food he likes, what music he listens to and his favorite drinks. But deeper questions have been on my mind too. What are his goals? Does he like working here or is it just what's been expected of him?

Of course, now that I'm finally seeing him again, all of the things I could ask him vanish from my brain. I stare at him like he's a fucking marvel because he basically is. He's too gorgeous for words and my mouth literally waters at the sight of him.

It could be because he's shirtless, adding a brand new level to the deliciousness that is Caleb Burke. His body is unreal.

I might actually have to remove myself from his presence to take a cold shower if I can't peel my eyes off of him soon enough. His stomach though... sweetJesus. His abs aren't super toned and tight, they're like the rest of him—thick. Like he could break my fist if I tried to punch him there.

Hitting him isn't something I would do. Hitting on him... well, I don't know that I'll be able to stop myself. God, I hope he's into men.

He's tightening some screws on the dock that I didn't even know needed to be

tightened, but good gracious it's like he's putting on some private dreamy show for me.

"Can I help you with something?" he drawls and I stiffen, looking up from his bare stomach to find him watching me. Aaaaand I've been caught. Shit.

"Nope," I choke out awkwardly.

He arches a brow in disbelief. "You sure about that? You're starin' awful hard."

A hot cowboy calling me out of my shit. Best vacation ever.

"You're like, ridiculously hot," I blurt out, unashamed.

Saying what's on my mind is one of my more prominent traits. Erin says that's because I'm a 'himbo' but she's a bit dramatic. I like to think of myself as more of a sweetie. Like a cinnamon roll.

Sweet and playful as I typically am, the things I want to do to Caleb are far from sweet. If he'd have me, I'd put him on his knees in a second flat. What would his little accent sound like while he's begging for my cock and calling me Daddy like a good boy?

Caleb looks taken aback, lips parted in shock. But hey, at least he doesn't look pissed off or disgusted. I'll take it.

"What?" he asks like he might have misheard me.

Well, I'm not going to lie. "I said you're hot, ridiculously so. Are you sure you work on the ranch and you're not modeling for some country life magazine or something?"

Again, he looks puzzled. His eyebrows are scrunched in the middle and his expression can only be described as dumbfounded.

Trying to lighten the mood, I shrug. “I don’t mean to make you uncomfortable, but I couldn’t help looking at you.”

“Are you,” he pauses, “Are you hitting on me?”

“Are you going to punch me if I say yes?”

Affronted, his head rears back. “Why the hell would I hit you?”

Well, that’s reassuring.

“Some guys don’t like male attention,” I say, still a bit cautious.

“I’m not—” He shakes his head, chewing on his lip. “I’m not like that.”

Giving him a pointed once over, I ask, “Because you like it, or because you don’t mind?”

Being put on the spot, he shifts uncomfortably, looking over his shoulder for anyone who could be listening in. But we’re all alone out here.

“It’s—” He’s clearly flustered. “It doesn’t matter either way, you’re a guest.”

Oh wow, I gulp. Caleb just might be interested in little ole me after all.

“Is there a rule about that sort of thing?” I tease, lips tipping into a smirk.

“Yes,” he replies without hesitation, but his voice wavers. I don’t think there’s a rule



at all, but I won't press him.

By the look of it, Caleb is either in the closet or uncomfortable with being out around his family or maybe just at work. The last thing I want to do is push too hard and make him feel bad in any sort of way.

"Well." I click my tongue tilting my head to the side. "That's just too bad."

"Yeah," he rasps. "Too bad." And for the first time, Caleb eyes me up and down, getting a long and slow look at me. Fuck, I wish my shirt was off like his.

Licking my lips, I let him pursue me with his eyes. Get a good look, baby. This could all be yours.

Damn, where did that come from?

Do I want to be his? Shit, I think I definitely want him to be mine, and I'm a fair kind of man. If Caleb is mine, I'll damn sure be his.

"If you're ever in the mood for some rule-breaking, come and find me," I suggest brazenly. "We could have fun."

"Fun?" he echoes.

So. Much. Fun.

Flashing him an eager grin, I nod. "You have no idea."

His throat bobs and I wish I could catch his Adam's apple between my teeth. I wonder if he likes it rough, he looks like he could handle rough.

Would Caleb bottom? He's radiating some pretty serious grumpy top energy, but you never really know for sure. I've almost always topped but I would let Caleb fuck me if he asked—as long as he knew who was in charge. Being dominant is what gets my blood pumping, so it would be pretty difficult to switch in that regard.

"I have to go," he says suddenly, probably overwhelmed by my bold offer.

Wanting to make sure I haven't come on too strong, I clear my throat. "Tell me to piss off if I annoy you too much."

There's that stunned expression again. "What?"

"I'm going to flirt with you, so I'm giving you a fair warning," I tell him seriously. "Tell me to stop if you hate it, and I will."

"I..."

"Caleb! I need a hand with this!" someone calls out, interrupting whatever he was trying to say.

Smiling, I offer him a quick wave. "See you around, Caleb."

Taking the pressure off of him, I walk away first. Erin and Abel are grilling on their deck and I'm supposed to be meeting them for dinner in a few minutes—well, I might actually be late now.

So worth it.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Caleb

What the fuck was that?

Elias Masondo, the thirty-five-year-old billionaire business mogul stunner just hit on me. Me.

I think I've been out in the sun for too long without a hat today because heat stroke feels like a proper explanation for the brazen flirting I just witnessed. Maybe I was hallucinating it. I mean, what the fuck else could be responsible for it? Surely Elias isn't actually interested in me. He's a million miles out of my league.

Not only is he naturally gorgeous, but everyone loves him. He's the sweetheart of the business world, according to public opinion, and he's even better looking in person. Tall, muscular but still slim, soft brown eyes, a strong and full hairline... I could go on for hours.

Top it all off with a trimmed beard and killer smile, he's a ten out of ten. Being outwardly nice and well-off financially are just the cherries on top. He'd still have caught my eye if he was just a regular guy like me, but he's not.

Elias is far from normal, he's picturesque—too damn good to be true. And that's why I'm going to assume his gawking at me and his bold words are the product of one too many cocktails before dinner.

I'd be stupid to think it means anything else.

“What’d he want?” Tyler asks, fumbling with a weed whacker. The kid can do just about anything we throw at him but changing the strings on these things trips him up every time.

“He’s chatty,” I grunt, dismissing the idea that our conversation was anything more than friendly. Tyler is a good worker and a decent guy, but he’s a gossip.

“Wouldn’t mind him chatting to me,” he chuckles, passing me the machine so I can get it sorted for him.

“He’s thirty-five,” I inform him, avoiding his eyes in favor of fixing this shit.

“So?”

“So, you’re nineteen.”

I glance up, finding him smirking. “Exactly.”

“Don’t let Montana hear you talking like that,” I warn, watching as heat crawls up his cheeks. God, he’s so obvious. They both are.

Those two need to stop snapping at each other and just get it on already. Nobody gives a fuck that their parents are married. Well, maybe their parents do, but fuck ‘em. Montana is a solid guy, still older than Tyler but much closer in age than Elias would be.

“You can have Montana,” he spits, but there’s a hint of insecurity in his eye.

Sighing, I run a hand down my face, stubble prickling at my palm. “It ain’t like that.”

Relief has his shoulders relax ever so slightly, but there’s still disbelief. “Yeah,

right.”

“Don’t you think that if we were gonna be together we’d be married already?” I challenge, eyebrow ticking up. “We experimented together years ago.” We fucked more than a few times, but I’m sure Tyler is aware of that, so there’s no reason to rub it in his face. “We’re never going to be more than friends, so if you want him, you should probably get over the past and just fucking go for it.”

“Yeesh,” he mutters, eyes wide. “I don’t think I’ve heard you say so many words all strung together like that in... shit, months? What’s gotten into you?”

Scowling, I pass him back the fixed machine. “You need anything else?”

Knowing when to stop pushing, he shakes his head. “Nah, I’m good.”

Right as I’m about to walk away and find a lemonade to chug, he adds, “So the hot guy, you got dibs?”

I stiffen, pausing. “Fuck off, Tyler.”

His responding laughter doesn’t fade until I’m far enough away from him to stop hearing it. Calling dibs on Elias would be pointless because once whatever high he was on when he called me hot wears off, he won’t look at me twice.

Only a few days later, I’m starting to wonder if Elias is experiencing some sort of crisis. True to his word, he’s been flirting with me nonstop. It shocks me every time but he just keeps doing it.

It would be annoying if it wasn’t so damn flattering. I blushed more in the past week than I have in my entire twenty-five years. If it weren’t for the sizzling Texas sun, I wouldn’t have a cover for it. Thankfully, I’ve been able to play it off as mild sunburn

because the guys have noticed more than once.

I've never had a man pursue me the way that Elias is. He's relentlessly flirtatious, playful, and smiley. He isn't creeping on me like some asshole in a bar who can't take no for an answer—and I haven't even told him to stop.

Being treated like I'm something to be desired isn't something I can push away. If I'm honest with myself, I fucking love it. I can't help but smile to myself after every little interaction, knowing someone like him is interested in someone like me.

He's got everything. Excessive wealth, power, friends, family, happiness. I don't fit in with that. So while he's not asking me out to a fancy dinner or something, just his open desire to “break the rules” with me is flattering beyond belief.

There ain't any actual rules written down that say employees can't date guests or even hook up with them, but that's because they don't need to be written. I know what my parents expect and sleeping with the billionaire who pays them thousands of dollars annually to get some privacy isn't something they'd be too happy about.

Speaking of...

“I hear them boys out there talking about Mr. Masondo taking an interest in you,” my mama drawls, turning up her nose while she kneads a ball of dough.

I hadn't intended on staying at the house for more than a glass of lemonade, but she insisted I sit to chat with her for a while as she worked on dinner. Ever since I started picking up longer hours on the ranch, she's been complaining that I don't spend time with her anymore.

Sighing, I shake my head. “You know how they are, mama. They're just talkin'.”

She gives me that look she does when she's trying to tell if I'm lying or not, and I hold her stare. Satisfied with what she finds, she nods, continuing to work her dough ball.

"That's good," she hums, her tone already lighter. "I don't need my baby getting caught up by some big city man who'll steal him away."

Mama always grumbles about the prospect of me leaving the ranch, but I've been thinking about exploring the world since I learned Texas isn't the only place that exists. First time I saw a world map I knew I wanted to see more. But here I am, still twenty-five with hardly enough money to go on a road trip for a few months, let alone hop on a plane to somewhere far far away.

"He doesn't want to steal me away."

Fuck me, probably, yes. Steal me away? I fucking doubt it.

"But he's got an eye on ya?" she asks warily.

My parents have always been decent about my sexuality. They're not hateful, but they're kind of old and don't always want to hear about it. Honestly, I don't think they'd want to hear about it if I had any attraction to women either. If it ain't about the ranch, football, or food, they ain't all that interested.

This place is their whole lives, and if I'm being honest, I could probably go the whole rest of my life without ever coming back. I'd miss my family a little, I think. But if I had all the money I needed and nothing holding me back, I'd be gone.

"I doubt it, ma," I mutter, shaking my head. "Think he's just real friendly."

"Ah," she hums. "One of them smiley types, is he?"

You can say that again.

“Pretty sure most people would be smiling with his bank account,” I joke, still attempting to shrug her off.

It’s the wrong thing to say.

“Money don’t buy you a personality, son,” she reprimands, giving me a stern look. “Anyway, if you think he’s just nice then I feel a lot better about you helping him tomorrow.”

I frown, not knowing what she means. “Tomorrow?”

“Tyler didn’t tell ya?” she asks, clicking her tongue. “He can’t guide their hike tomorrow afternoon so you’re going to have to do it.”

Oh, fuck my life. I hate that hike.

What is even the point of scaling a mountain you’ve seen the top of a hundred times over? It’s a waste of a perfectly good afternoon. But fuck it, at least I’ll be getting paid.

Sighing, I finish off my drink and rinse my glass. “Guess I better go prep for that.”

“Mhmm,” she drawls. “You be back in time for supper.”

Wincing, I reply, “I was just going to eat at my place.”

It’s no use. I’ve been living in a loft above the equipment barn for four years now and the amount of times my mother has allowed me to eat on my own, I could count on a hand.



She doesn't even look up from the counter. "You bring Tyler over with ya, I'm making plenty and his mama don't feed him near enough."

That's because Tyler can tell his mama no.

"Yes, ma'am," I mumble, letting myself out before she can say another word.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

“You’re bailing on me?” I groan, clutching my heart like I’ve been shot. “The betrayal. How will I survive this? I’d never known you to be so cruel.”

I’m being over the top, of course, but she deserves a bit of pestering. A solo hike with just a guide is boring. It’s supposed to be the three of us.

“Make him shut up,” Erin groans, covering her tired face with a couch pillow. Somebody had one too many glasses last night and is now facing the consequences of it.

Abel gives me a scathing glance and brushes his fingers through her hair. “Spare her the dramatics until she can function again, asshole.”

Chuckling to lighten the mood, I lift my hands in mock defense. “Fine, fine. Do you guys need anything before I go?”

I’m not going to bail on whoever is scheduled to lead us through the mountain trail, I know they get paid extra for it. I’ll just make it a quick one if it gets too awkward alone.

“I need you to shut your face,” Erin whines, pouting into her cushion.

Miming zipping my lips, I tip my head to my brother and make my escape. Erin is not a happy hungover person, but I mean, who can blame her? We aren’t in our twenties anymore so getting a little too tipsy hurts a helluva lot more in the morning than it

used to.

And sure, it's after lunchtime, but anything before 3 pm is the morning when you're hungover as fuck.

The weather is pretty fucking phenomenal out today with the sky bright blue and slightly cloudy. There's a decent cool breeze that floats around just often enough to take the bite out of the sun's heat too, which will hopefully make hiking much less sweaty.

Having already dressed in my cargo shorts, hiking shoes, and T-shirt, I strap my little bag to my back and head over to the meeting point. I've got a little first aid kit, a knife, and a water bottle in there just in case.

I'm not too bummed about Abel and Erin skipping out on this but I'm even less bummed when I notice who's waiting for me.

"Well, well, well," I tease, approaching Caleb from behind. "Did I luck out and get the hottest tour guide in the world or do you just happen to be standing here?"

When he spins around to meet me, I grin. Under the shade of his cowboy hat, I can't tell if he's blushing or a little red from the sun. Either way, I like that pink shade on his freckled cheeks.

"I'm your guide," he answers, voice husking on every word. "Where's your brother?"

"Helping his wife nurse a nasty hangover," I answer honestly. "They've abandoned me to sit around the TV and recover. How rude, huh?"

I get half a chuckle out of him before he dims his smile, returning to his attempt at a grumpy demeanor. I have no doubts that he's able to be closed off easily with other

people, pushing them away with sarcasm and bored expressions, but not with me. Even the grumpiest of the grumps can't withstand my sunshiney nature.

"I've done this hike before," I tell him. "Last year, were you not doing them then?"

He shakes his head. "I only do them when someone else can't."

"Why not?"

Caleb shrugs those broad shoulders. "Not really the tour guide type, people find me off-putting and unapproachable."

Well, that's not very nice.

"I find you very approachable and not the least bit off-putting," I note sincerely.

The corner of his mouth twitches. "Yeah, I've noticed."

And you aren't complaining, now are you, cowboy?

"You ready?" he grunts the question.

For an hour of being alone with you? Hell yeah, I'm ready.

Smirking, I nod to the path nearby. "Lead the way, stud."

Halfway into the hike, Caleb starts to swear. It's not profusely or anything overly noticeable, but it's catching my eye for sure. The way the dew beads ever so slightly on the back of his sun-kissed neck... fuck, it's obscenely sexy. All I can picture is dotting my lips around the thick space, peppering him with kisses while he moans before silencing him with a salty kiss.

Unfortunately, staring at him and thinking about him like this is making my dick hard. So hard that it hurts and I would love to know how he feels about kissing it to make it better. I mean, he's responsible for it, so he should tend to it, no?

"So, are you gay?" I ask casually, sipping on a bit of water as the altitude begins to get higher.

Caleb's eyebrows jump to his hairline and he coughs in surprise. "You just say whatever is on your mind, don't ya?"

"Oh I have a filter," I assure him. "Trust me, I'm keeping the truly unhinged stuff locked up." For now, anyway.

Unable to help himself, he chuckles and sways his head from side to side. "Yes, I'm gay."

"Me too," I reply smiling. "There were rumors there for a while that I'm bisexual and my brother and I share his wife, but I assure you, that is not the case."

I couldn't handle Erin even if I was into women. She is chaos personified and I need to be the ridiculous one in my relationships. No one should steal my thunder and be more goofy than me, it would be a catastrophe for my attention-loving brain.

Caleb's lips part in shock. "Why the hell would anyone think that?"

Now it's my turn to shrug because I really don't know. "Probably just because I haven't dated anyone since they went public. People love to speculate."

"They should mind their own business," he grunts.

I agree but I also don't stress over it. It's never going to change and if you dwell on

the bad shit, none of the good shit feels as good. I've got a lot to be thankful for, and when you're a fortunate public figure, there tend to be downsides. I wouldn't trade it though.

I hum, nodding along with his point. "Are you out?"

"Out of the closet?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yeah," he replies quietly. "I'm just private around here."

"I get that," I tell him seriously. "This is where you work, it makes sense to have personal stuff you prefer to have to yourself."

The cowboy seems to soften, understanding my lack of judgment. Everybody has their own way of being themselves and who am I to evaluate his?

"Yeah," he murmurs absently.

"So since you're out," I start, rubbing my hands together as we maneuver around a sizable fallen tree. "And it's against the rules to fraternize with guests, would you let me take you out after my reservation expires?"

Caleb stops in his tracks, eyes widening at me. "W-what?"

Okay, that was adorable. But why is he so shocked?

"When I leave," I repeat, still smiling. "Would you let me take you on a date? Dinner, maybe? Or lunch, if you're the kind of guy who thinks dinner is somehow more intense than lunch for a first date."

“You want... you want to go on a date?” He gapes, jaw hanging open. “With me?”

Scrunching my eyebrows together, I give him a bewildered look. “Of course I do. I’d love to go out with you.”

He’s struck silent. All I can hear is him breathing for several moments.

“Seriously?”

“What do you think I’ve been doing this whole time?” I ask. “I thought I’ve been pretty clear about being really fucking into you.”

Caleb shakes his head. “I thought... I thought you were just looking for a hookup.”

Oh, bless his heart.

“Maybe when I first saw you, yeah,” I admit. “But most of that thought process was just me being struck by how seriously fucking gorgeous you are. I’d take a no strings thing if that’s what you’re looking for, but it’s not all I want.”

“I—” his voice trails off and he looks at me. Really fucking looks at me. “Why would you want that? You can have anyone you want.”

Licking my lips, I counter, “I’m looking at exactly who I want.”

It’s like it finally hits him and before I can say another word, he’s pressing me firmly against a tree and attacking my mouth with his.

Fuck. Yes.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Caleb

I shiver on first contact like a damn electric bolt just shot down my spine. Kissing Elias is absolutely reckless on my part, but fuuuck it feels good. Tastes good too—all manly and minty. It's been way too long since I let myself indulge in anything, let alone a kiss like this. Shit, have I ever had a kiss like this?

Elias groans against my mouth, lips parting to make room for my tongue. His hand is already wrapped tightly around a fistful of my shirt, using it to keep me rooted in place. He doesn't want this to end and neither do I.

My hands frame his face, fingertips dipping into the back of his hair. He smells even better this close, like the ocean with a hint of SPF. How he smells like California dreams after being here for days—maybe it's a cologne—I don't know but I'm not complaining.

I want him to rub the scent all over me so it'll linger for days.

No, I can't think like that. Elias isn't going to want me for days. He might claim to want to take me out, and even if the declaration is flattering as fuck, I just can't believe it.

He wouldn't want to be in a long-distance thing and he's leaving sooner than later. I can't expect him to travel to come to see me while he's busy and I sure as fuck can't afford to go see him myself. We'd be doomed before we even started.

What was that he said about no strings though?



Panting, I pull back, looking him in the eyes as they flutter open. Those beautiful deep brown pools sparkle at me and my chest radiates with a warm desire.

“You said no strings?” I ask breathlessly.

The smallest flicker of disappointment flashes on his face, but it’s too quick to address. “I’ll settle for it,” he rasps. “If that’s all you’re willing to give.”

Boldly, my hands drop to his waistband. “That’s all I can give.”

“Okay,” he whispers, hands moving to my belt buckle. “No strings then.”

With a nod and a sigh of relief, I crush my lips back into his.

The kiss is hungrier this time—fevered almost. We claw at each other while our tongues twirl and our mouths nip at one another, breaking up the long exchanges of movement with teasing bites. My lips are going to be all bruised up after this, but hell, it’ll give me something to remember him.

Eventually, our greedy hands get our bottoms out of the way, my jeans wrapped around my ankles and his shorts much the same. Boxers slip down just as fast and I get my first feel of him—his warm and heavy cock being surrounded by my fist.

“Oh fuck, you’re big,” he groans, looking down at my cock with lusty eyes before wrapping his hand around me.

“We’re like the same size,” I reply with a grunt, giving him a small stroke.

Elias leans forward and smiles against my lips. “Yeah, I’m big too, baby.”

Goddamn. That pet name sounds too good coming from him.

The pressure surrounding my dick intensifies and Elias grins as I gasp, catching my bottom lip between his teeth.

“How do you like it?” he asks with a husky tone, twisting his wrist. “Rough? Fast? Slow?”

“I’m not picky,” I confess, trying to make my hands perform the same magic he’s using on me. I feel like a fumbling virgin next to his confident demeanor and I’ve definitely done this before. I need to get it together.

“Mmm,” he rumbles, starting to tease my neck and jaw with small bites and hard kisses. “Lose the shirt, baby. I want to see this fucking incredible body while we get off.”

“Take yours off too,” I reply, biting my lip nervously.

Reaching behind his back with one arm, he pulls off his shirt and tosses it onto a nearby tree branch. His chest is hairy which is new for me, but I’m kind of into it. Just like I’ve never felt a beard burn on my face before and I’m feeling like I enjoy that too.

Maybe that’s just because it’s him though. Since I’ve never been attracted to those qualities like this before. I don’t think I could picture Elias without his trimmed beard or his body hair and I wouldn’t want to.

I have to take my hat off to get rid of my shirt, but for some reason, I drop it back on my head right after. A force of habit, maybe.

Elias seems to like it though, taking a few seconds to check me out in all of my naked glory all the while he continues to lazily pump his fist around my erection.

After he gets his fill of looking at me, he leans in, sealing his lips around my nipple. A little burst of pleasure makes me groan. My nipples aren't overly sensitive but it feels nice either way, I love having his lips on me.

“You wear this hat while you ride, cowboy?” he asks, teasingly licking my chest.

A flush crawls up my neck. “I don't kiss and tell.”

Elias smirks. “Nah, you're more about the show and tell, huh?”

I have no idea how to answer that, but I don't need to.

Like being in the lead is the most comfortable thing for him, Elias changes the game. He removes my hand from his length, pulling me a step closer before lining our cocks up and fisting us together.

My brain short circuits and I moan, relishing this delicious friction that comes as he pumps his hips and his fist in tandem.

“Fuck,” I rasp, looking down to watch as our dicks glide together.

“Hot, right?” Elias grins, flashing that cocky smile. “We look damn good together, baby.”

Baby, ugh. He better stop calling me that before I get attached.

“I'm not going to last like this,” I grunt out the words, too turned on to be embarrassed.

Elias takes it as a compliment. “I have that effect on people,” he drawls.

The back of my neck tingles as he tightens his hold on us, jerking faster. Without saying a word, he pauses, lifting part of his fingers and leaning down to spit on my length. It's filthy and it makes my balls jump. Speaking of balls...

While Elias begins to rub his saliva in, lubing us up a bit, I reach forward and under, cupping his sack with a warm hand. His breath hitches and he moans deeply.

"Mmm, that's nice," he tells me, rocking his hips forward. "You're being so good for me, cowboy. You wanna come, yeah?"

"So fucking badly," I admit, groaning through every word.

"Don't worry, big boy," he coos, tightening his grip. "Daddy will make you come."

My balls draw up before I can stop it, heat flaring in my gut at what he just called himself. Stars flash behind my eyes and I let my lips fall open in a cracked moan.

"Ooooh fuck," I whine, hot spurts of cum shooting from my tip. Creamy ropes paint his pelvis and Elias moans harshly, the sight tipping him over the edge.

He comes just as hard, blowing his load directly on me like I did to him, his warm palm stroking himself through it. We breathe heavily, trying to keep ourselves upright while the most intense parts of our orgasms begin to fade.

Eventually, my knees don't feel like they're about to buckle, and Elias's sunshiny face returns to its typically bright look.

He grins, licking some cum from his hand teasingly slow. "So you're into the daddy thing, good to know."

I think I'm just into the Elias thing, I ponder but don't say it out loud.

“It was unexpected but not unwelcome,” I say, grabbing my shirt to clean us both off. I have an empty ziplock bag in my pack that I can tuck it into.

“I normally do this part,” he tells me, but he’s still grinning. “Next time I get to clean you up, cowboy.”

“Yeah.” I gulp. “Next time.”

His expression falls and we start to redress. “You don’t want a next time, do you?”

Zippering up my pants, I wince. I do want a next time, I just don’t think I can handle doing this again and having to say goodbye after. I’m already going to struggle as it is.

“I’m not sure that I can,” I mutter quietly. “It’s...”

“Complicated?” he guesses.

Too guilty to agree, I just nod.

Elias bites his bottom lip. “But it was good?”

“It was fucking perfect, Elias.”

That’s the problem.

“Do you want to head back down?” I ask, praying to God that he’ll agree.

“Sure.” He nods downhill. “Should probably check on Erin and Abel anyway.”

I wanted him to say yes, so why am I kind of upset that he did?

“All right,” I say, forcing a tight smile.

And without another word, I guide him back down the mountain.

Later that night, I drag my fingers along the seam of my lips and frown. I should have gotten one last kiss.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

The hottest hookup of my life is followed by a whole week of Caleb avoiding me. He isn't obligated to make an appearance wherever I am, but he's actively trying to stay away and I wish I knew why. He made himself clear, he can't do another tryst in the woods. Does he think I'll jump him the next time I get close?

No... does he think he'll jump me?

That has to be it because I've made myself very clear. I would never try to seduce him if he wasn't interested. I may be extremely bummed that he doesn't want anything more than a hot and heavy hookup one time, but I'm not pushy. Well, not sexually anyway.

I think a lot of people would consider me to be pushy or overbearing, maybe that's why everyone I've been interested in has never wanted more than to keep it casual. Though, there have been the occasional overly interested off-the-jump guys who I was certain were more interested in my finances than me.

Don't get me wrong, I'd love to spend some money on Caleb. Hell, he can have half of everything I have if our dates go well—if he'd let me take him out. But the difference is in intent, I suppose. I want to spoil my partner, not spoil someone into becoming my partner. I want them to want to be with me and think of the money as a bonus.

“Where's the hunk you were shamelessly flirting with last week?” Erin asks, sipping a margarita as her tube floats closer to mine.

“Don’t call him a hunk,” Abel grunts from the deck, shaking his head as he sips his beer.

“Don’t be a downer,” she shoots back. “You know you’re the only hunk I want.”

“Better be,” he replies, shaking his head but smiling at her.

“So?” she asks, wiggling her brows. “Any updates on that front?”

I shrug, tipping my head back to see the fading sun instead of looking at her. “I asked him out and we hooked up, but I don’t think he’s interested.”

She squeals, splashing me lightly with water. “You hooked up?”

“On the hike,” I explain, keeping my voice low. The last thing I need is Caleb around overhearing and thinking that I’m gossiping about him. Erin is my friend, I wouldn’t indulge just anyone about this. “But he didn’t say yes to a date.”

She hums like she’s trying to gather her thoughts. “Maybe he didn’t want to start a long-distance thing? I mean, he lives here and we don’t.”

My lips draw down. “Maybe.”

“Maybe you should try harder,” she suggests lightly. “Let him know that you like traveling and you wouldn’t mind taking trips to see him.”

“You can only try so hard before you’re a creep, Erin.” Sighing, I shake my head. “I don’t want to go overboard and scare him off. I think he has a lot going on personally, you know?”

Erin nods, giving me a sympathetic look. “I think you should just lay it all out there.



Tell him what you want and what you're willing to do to get it."

"Oh, so I should be vulnerable and have it thrown in my face when he turns me down again? No thanks, your advice sucks."

Before she can protest, her husband speaks up. "Just fuck him."

"That's terrible advice," Erin rebuttals, looking at him with shock.

"It's how I got you." He shrugs.

She blushes hard. "That's not entirely true."

"I'm going to go shower off and start prepping dinner," I announce, sliding out of my blow-up tube and into the waist-high water.

"Nooo, don't go," Erin protests. "We'll stop meddling."

"It wasn't your meddling," I fib. "I'm just hungry."

Hungry for Caleb, mostly.

"See you in an hour?" Abel asks, making no effort to get me to stay. He knows when I need alone time, I'm not persuaded easily.

"An hour works," I agree. "I'll meet you guys at your place, we can grill on the back deck." I have been craving kebabs all day, so at least I have those to look forward to.

Toweling off as I walk back to my rental, I can't believe the odds when I run into Caleb. He's watering the flowers in front of my porch, old jeans hanging low on his hips. His cut-off T-shirt is damp from the water he's using and likely sweat because

of the heat.

He stops short when he sees me.

“Hey,” he greets, tone even and hard to read.

“Hey,” I say in return, forcing a smile. “Haven’t seen you around in a bit.”

“Had to go into town this week,” he replies, looking guilty.

So he wasn’t avoiding me and had work to do, or he went to do the work so he could avoid me. Great.

“Well, I won’t bother you longer,” I tell him, pointing a thumb over my shoulder at the house. I’m just going to take a freezing cold shower and start cutting vegetables, pretending that I’m not daydreaming about our hike the whole time.

“You don’t bother me,” he utters quietly.

“You sure about that?”

He hesitates and I nod, making a move to walk away when he speaks up again.

“It’s just tempting,” he admits, rubbing the back of his neck and turning off the hose so that he doesn’t drown the plants. “To be around you, it’s tempting.”

I try not to frown. “And you want to ignore the temptation?”

“I have to,” he croaks. “I don’t... we live very different lives, Elias. Why should we torture ourselves by getting close and then having to pull away?”

My jaw ticks. “Who the hell said we have to pull away?”

“Come on,” he groans, rubbing the back of his neck like it aches. “Don’t pretend like a relationship between us is somehow feasible. My life is here, even if I wanted it to be where you are, I can’t afford that. I don’t have the ability to go wherever I want like you do. I’m stuck here.”

Oh, baby, you’re far from stuck here.

“Is this why you didn’t say yes to a date? Why you wanted no strings but only once?”

He shrugs, shaking his head. “Does there have to be more than that?”

Yes, because I can fix all of that.

“Do you want to come inside?” I ask boldly, refusing to feel ashamed. Caleb may think that giving in to temptation will lead to pain, but I’m already hurting without him. If he thinks money is an issue for me, he’s out of his mind.

I’ll give him my Amex right now if it means he’d let me take him out.

He blinks at me. “Elias?—”

“When’s the last time you felt an attraction like this?” I question, invading his space with a few steps forward. “When’s the last time you wanted someone as badly as you want me?”

His breathing picks up and his eyes flash under the sun. “It shouldn’t matter.”

“If it shouldn’t matter then you shouldn’t mind answering the question,” I challenge.

“Never, okay?” he replies, frustratingly spilling the words from his lips.

“Neither have I,” I swear. “I don’t know about you, but I’m going to feel tortured without you, even if you never take me up on that date. I’m already hooked on you, Caleb Burke.”

He shutters, absorbing the declaration. “You’re going to leave.”

“I’ll come back,” I vow. “You’ll be lucky if I don’t snatch you up and take you with me.”

“You wouldn’t,” he whispers, but his voice... oh he sounds hopeful. Caleb doesn’t want to be here and he’d love for me to steal him away. Fuck, I’d love it too.

“If I thought you’d say yes, I’d have already offered. I’m a man that knows what he wants when he sees it, baby. Come inside with me, and come with me when I go home. Say the word and I’ll send you right back here, as hard as it would be. I want to see where this goes, and when it comes to how you make me feel, money is the most insignificant obstacle.”

The most wonderful hope pools into his expression and I hold my breath.

“I won’t be a sugar baby,” he warns.

Laughing lightly, I cup his face. “You’d be my boyfriend, Caleb. I’m not in the market for a sugar baby. I’m in the market for you.”

“This is... this is a lot,” he admits nervously. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything,” I suggest, giving him a filthy smirk. “Just come inside, we’ll both think more clearly after we’ve got our hands on each other again.”

This time, he doesn't protest.

"Okay."

Time to show this handsome cowboy how good for him I am.

I'm already wondering how he'd feel about going on my next business trip with me.

And if Caleb wants to go on one, he'd probably be up for going on all of them...

Too much?

No, not enough.

Elias

“Can I get you anything to drink?” I ask, leading Caleb over the threshold.

“Not really thirsty,” he replies, shutting the door behind him.

“That’s good,” I say, spinning around to grab his shirt. “I’ve been dying to do this for a week and if I had to watch your lips wrap around a bottle before I put them to use, I’d be losing my mind.”

Before he can ask me to elaborate, our mouths connect. I groan at his taste, feeling the pressure of his skin meeting my beard. Caleb sure as hell knows how to kiss, and I fucking love it. I walk him back into the door for support, just in case his knees start to go wobbly.

The passion is sizzling hot as he makes me gasp, his tongue dragging along the seam of my lips.

“Since you’re not interested in a date yet,” I drawl, teasingly kissing his neck. “We could fuck for real this time—call it an appetizer for that dinner I’m going to convince you to eat with me.”

“I’m sweaty as fuck,” he grunts like I don’t already know. It’s obscenely hot how drenched he is, but I’ll agree, it’s not the best for sex. I want to taste his skin with a light sheen he earns from riding my dick, not with this layer of hard work on him.

“And I’m covered in lake water,” I reply, smiling into his thick neck. “Shower with

me?”

Licking his lips, he replies, “Okay.”

Grabbing his hand, I lead him upstairs, heading for my bathroom. It has a walk-in shower that will be perfect for the two of us—just big enough that we won’t feel cramped. There’ll be plenty of space to prep too.

“I normally top,” I admit as we get into the bathroom, throwing it all out there so there are no surprises. “But I can bottom if you like?—”

“I don’t top,” he cuts in, interrupting me while tearing off his shirt.

A thrill shoots through me. Partly from the prospect of drilling into his sweet ass, partly from his enthusiasm. “Oh really?”

“Yeah,” he grunts. “Don’t try to take my role from me again.”

Oh fuck, he really likes to bottom then. That’s exciting.

Once his shirt is gone, I step forward, planting my mouth on his neck again. I love kissing him here. “Demanding little cowboy, aren’t you?”

“Not little,” he hisses as my teeth graze his throat.

“No, not little at all,” I agree, dragging my hands over his muscular stomach. “But you don’t mind if I make you feel little, do you, baby?”

Instead of answering, he curves an eyebrow and asks, “Because you want me to call you Daddy?”

“Only if you want to call me Daddy,” I counter teasingly. “I could live without it if it meant having you.”

His breath hitches at my admission. “I don’t want you to give it up, Daddy.”

My eyes threaten to roll. Fuck, that word coming from his lips is so good.

“Yeah?” I rasp, cupping his erection through his jeans. “Keep that in mind then, big boy. I expect you to call me that when I make you paint the fucking sheets.”

“Why wait for the sheets?” He smirks, looking at the shower. “I bet you could make me flood the tiles in there.”

Fucking shit, he’s perfect.

We attack each other after that, shredding the remainder of our clothes and stumbling into the shower while swapping messy kisses. It’s hurried and hot, the warm water washing away the day as we make out under the spray.

Like we can’t help it, we lazily wash each other with my soap, exploring each other’s bodies while getting clean. Caleb spends a fair amount of time just lathering my dick with bodywash and I don’t complain once.

“You want me to prep you, baby?” I ask against his lips.

“You better,” he says with a husky groan.

“Mmm, someone’s feeling mouthy,” I tease.

“I’ll call you ‘Daddy’ all you want, but I’m not getting rid of my attitude,” he declares.



Oh, if he thinks he'll have the ability to sass me after I pound him into the wall, he's never been fucked the way I'm going to fuck him.

"We'll see about that, cowboy," I taunt, spinning him around so his back meets my front. "I don't think that attitude of yours will translate through your whimpers while I'm milking your fucking prostate, big boy."

Punctuating my words, I squeeze his asscheeks into my hands.

"Fuck," he whispers, just loud enough for me to hear him over the rushing water.

Grabbing a bottle of lube from my shelf, I pour a generous amount in my hand and make sure the spray of the shower isn't in my way before spreading him open. While he isn't covered in body hair, he's got some here, dark little curls down and into his crack.

I groan at the sight, locating his puckered hole with my fingers and slathering the lubrication over it liberally. I don't know how much he plays with himself, so I'm definitely proceeding with caution. Hurting him even a little bit would make my chest cave in with guilt.

I sink a finger in without much struggle, going slow until I hit my knuckle.

"Mmm," I rumble as he releases a small moan. "That's so fucking sexy, baby."

"More," he demands with a rasp.

"More, what?" I prod, curling my finger inside of him.

Caleb gasps and then purrs, "Please give me more, Daddy."

“Ooooh,” I moan, adding a second finger into his snug hole. “That’s a good boy, using your manners for Daddy.”

“Fuck me,” he pleads, pushing back into my hand, practically humping my fingers for more. “I can take it.”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” I reply cautiously.

“I like a little pain,” he whispers, lust lacing his words.

My balls jump, sparks running up my back. I’ve never been super into any sort of pain play, but if he wants it rough, I can give him rough.

“We’ll discuss that further later,” I tell him, nipping at his shoulder with my teeth. I could learn to add a little bit of harshness into sex if that’s what he wants. Spanking has always been intriguing, I think. “But if you want me to fuck you hard after so little prep, who am I to deny you?”

“Fuck yes,” he growls. “Please, Daddy.”

God, that’s good enough for me. Pulling my fingers out of him, I make sure to drag them along his p-spot on the way out, earning me a full-body shiver from him.

Fisting my length, I slather my throbbing shaft with lube and line up at his entrance.

“Tell me to stop if it’s too much,” I insist, slowly beginning to breach the ring of muscle. “You hear me, cowboy?”

“I can take it,” he replies firmly. “Fuck me, seriously, Elias?—”

“Who?” I ask, thrusting my hips forward, sinking in at least four inches. Just under

half-way.

“Daddy,” he cries in response.

“That’s right, I’m your daddy, baby,” I grind out, slamming the rest of the way in.

We both moan, the collective sound echoing off the tiled walls.

“You good?” I grunt, needing to check.

“Better than good,” he slurs, moving his hips forward only to push back against me in a swift move. “Need more.”

I can do that.

Collecting myself so that I don’t come embarrassingly fast, I start a hard and deep pace, saving some speed for now. Shit, I have a feeling I won’t be able to hold back long.

“Fuuuck, you feel so good,” he curses.

Oh yeah, there’s no way this isn’t over fast. I’ll have to make it up to him another time.

The speed picks up quickly, my hips repeatedly meeting the curve of his ass, the sound only fueling me further.

“You should see yourself right now,” I groan. “You look so fucking perfect when you’re stuffed full of cock, baby.”

“Yeah?” he rasps, grinding back against me.

“Fucking immaculate.”

Shit, this was so worth missing him for a week. As much as it sucked, I wouldn't go back and change anything that could take this moment away from me.

“Next time I'll fuck you on your back so you can look down and see it, baby. You and me, we're a perfect fit.”

“Mmmfuck,” he whimpers.

“Fuck your fist,” I demand, tapping his ass to show him I'm in charge.

Even the small little smack makes him moan. Oh yeah, he'd like spanking for sure. I make a mental note to address that in the future.

When he doesn't move to stroke himself, I give him another slap. “This is too good to last, cowboy. I need you jacking off right now.”

Caleb breathes out, the air shaking from his lips. “O-okay, Daddy.”

It's not long after wrapping his hand around himself that my needy little cowboy starts to curse under his breath. He's losing control just as quickly as I am. That's why he hesitated to fuck his hand. It's too much for him and there's nothing hotter than a good boy losing his composure in favor of letting an orgasm sweep through him.

“You getting close, baby?” I ask with a grin he can't see.

“S-so close,” he whimpers, trembling as he jerks off.

“Fucking you is the highlight of my entire vacation,” I grind out, looking down to

watch as I plunge into his tight asshole over and over. “By far.”

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck...” Caleb babbles like a mantra, stroking himself faster as I continue to take him from behind. His ass is squeezing my dick like a vice with every thrust and I’m already addicted to the sensation.

I’m addicted to his sounds too. Every slutty pant, every whimper, whine, and moan. He’s so fucking sexy just like this, half bent over taking dick like a good little cowboy.

“That’s it, big boy, take it all.”

All he can respond is unintelligible groans.

Spreading my palms out on his thick ass, I flex my hands, grabbing him roughly. “You going to come for me, baby? Yeah? Show Daddy how much you like his cock and fucking come on it.”

He hisses through his teeth, back muscles spasming as he tightens up all over. “I-I’m... fuck, Daddy... I’m coming.” His movements become chaotic and shaky while I drive into him from behind chasing my own release.

As his ass pulses around me, I meet my end, our skin slapping as I fuck him through it. Like he can feel my cum spilling into him, Caleb rides back on my dick, only making my climax stronger.

“Oooh, good fucking boy,” I praise, running my nails up his back.

We rock together until the pleasure subsides, breathing heavily as my cock begins to soften and slip out of him. Both of us are too exhausted and overwhelmed to speak, exchanging only a few words as we get cleaned up and dried off.

Caleb and I both wrap towels around our waists and I guide him to my bed, not to sleep, but to rest up a bit. Dinner with Abel and Erin might be a little late, but I don't even care.

The pair of us lay on our sides, using the comfort of the bed as a way to calm down. That was the most intense sexual experience of my life and I have a feeling it was the same for him. We let the comforting silence of the room surround us, controlling our breathing until it evens out.

"We didn't use a condom," Caleb says, chewing on his lip like he can't believe it.

"Shit, I'm sorry, baby," I reply with a wince. "I should have stopped to bring up the safety stuff. I've never not used a condom before, I've never forgotten?—"

"Neither have I," he interrupts, eyes softening. "And I've been tested since the last time I did anything, I'm all good. Are you?"

"Totally set," I tell him quickly. "I'd be happy to pay for an exam for both of us if you want one."

He shakes his head, smiling. "I trust you. It just caught me off guard, I didn't even think about it until after."

"Neither did I," I confess. "Lust has never been this intense for me."

Softly he nods. "Me either."

I'm glad to hear it. I might be a bit homicidal if Caleb had someone in his past affect him the way I do. That poor fucker would have to flee the country so I know he can't be near my cowboy again. Don't judge me, jealousy and possessiveness like this are new to me.

Testing the post-sex waters, I let out a breath. “So, are you going to let me take you out, baby?”

This time, he doesn’t even hesitate. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

Prepare yourself, Caleb. I’m about to date the fuck out of you.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Elias

I'd say Caleb cleans up real nice, but I think he looks just as beautiful as he normally does. His jeans are cleaner and they don't have any wear and tear, but I wouldn't mind whatever outfit he landed on. His white button-down and his cream-colored cowboy hat looked just fine.

When he asked me a day ago how to dress for this date, I said casual and comfortable. First dates shouldn't be too formal. It puts a ton of unnecessary pressure where it shouldn't be. I just want to show this man a nice time and get to know him better over food. I can wine and dine him later on.

It took us an hour to get to the closest restaurant, but as someone who was born and raised here, Caleb didn't mind. Texas is a beast of a state, but the distance between the ranch and the restaurant allowed us time to start chatting. I've already learned so much.

His favorite food? Seafood boils with extra crab.

Favorite song? It changes all the time, but right now it's anything by Hozier. (Yeah, my man has taste).

Favorite TV show? Yellowstone.

Favorite sport? Football, all the way. (I vow to sway him to the dark side with one hockey game, of course).



And my favorite fact about Caleb? His biggest dream is to travel the world.

Talk about a perfect match. A Texas cowboy who can't get out of his small town and the billionaire with all the money and resources to make it happen. The man working his ass off to fulfill his dreams and the man whose dream it is to see him happy.

"This place is nice," Caleb tells me, cutting into his ribeye. It's not fine dining by definition, but it's got a classic feel to it. "You didn't have to take me here. We could have eaten at your place."

I snort at that. "Unfortunately for you, I'm not a very good cook. I do employ one, though. Besides, I wanted to take you out, I like that everyone here knows you're with me."

"Possessive?" he asks, lips twitching on the sides.

I set my sweet tea down, looking him in the eye. "A new development, I assure you."

His cheeks flush with no sun to blame it on. "Oh."

"Indeed," I agree, smiling. "I'm really glad you decided to come."

"I almost backed out," he admits.

I try not to frown. "You did?"

Shyly, he explains, "I've never been on a real date."

That is a travesty, but also to my benefit. I'm sure if any dumbass were smart enough to take Caleb out they'd have realized what a catch he is and snatched him up before I had the chance to get him for myself.

“And how are you finding this one?”

Caleb chuckles. “It’s really great. I almost don’t want to go back.”

Good.

“Trust me, baby, we’re only getting started.”

Another blush. Such a precious sight.

“I’ll hold you to that,” he replies softly.

I’ll exceed every expectation and then some, cowboy, I promise.

Unfortunately for us, time seems to slip by too fast and we’re back in the rental truck, heading for the ranch. Fortunately for us, the date doesn’t really end.

We talk almost the whole way back, discovering each other with every word. When the conversation begins to naturally fade, I decide to pick the mood up and turn some music on. When the first song to shuffle in is too funny to skip, I turn the volume loud enough for Caleb to hear.

It’s Dixon Dallas’ song Like Whiskey and pretty quickly into the singing, Caleb chokes on his own spit. Looking at me with wide eyes from the passenger seat, he balks. “What the fuck is this?”

I just turn it up, chuckling to myself. “Like that, do you?”

“They put this on the radio?”

I burst into a fit of laughter as Caleb absorbs the country-pop sound and the

provocative lyrics.

“No, but it’s in my playlist,” I boast shamelessly. “Something about gay country music gets me hot, I wonder why that could be.”

Caleb scowls, huffing at the comparison. “I am nothing like this song.”

“Not really,” I concede. “It’s fun though. Feels like summertime.”

“It feels like summertime because it is summer,” he argues playfully, leaning over to smack a kiss on my cheek. But he doesn’t pull back, instead, his lips find my ear. “You know what else would feel summery? My lips wrapped around your dick while you drive us back.”

Looooord.

Chills skate up my arms. “Is that right?”

“What do you say, Daddy? Can you handle it?”

“You’re trouble, baby,” I mutter, catching his chin between my fingers. “Tell you what, you can give me head on the way home if you agree to come with me when I leave.”

His eyes twinkle. “You really want that?”

“I want that and more,” I assure him. “I’m currently figuring out how to get you to agree to come with me on my next work trip. I only have three meetings over a full two-week stay.”

“Goddamn, Elias,” he practically moans the curse. “I was already going to give you a

blowjob, you don't need to sell me on it."

No, I just need to sell him on me. Preferably forever.

Caleb makes short work of my belt, pulling it off of me and clawing at my pants to free my already stiffening cock. He doesn't offer a warning before swallowing me whole.

"Shit," I hiss, gripping the wheel harder. "Take it easy on me, baby, I still have to drive."

"You can handle it, Daddy," he mumbles the words against my flesh, vibrating his lips on my dick. "I believe in you."

Little shit, I chuckle to myself.

There isn't any humor in the way that he sucks my soul through my dick, though. It's insanely sexy and feels too good to be true.

Caleb slurps and sucks my cock with deep and fast movements. He chokes and gags but persists, making the most filthy sounds for me. He's deep-throating all nine inches of me like it's his goddamn job.

"Fuuuuck, baby," I sigh. "If you don't want cum in your mouth, you have to pull back?—"

Somehow he goes deeper, his wet wide-spread lips brushing against my sack. That's what sends me over the edge, tumbling down into bliss.

Just as we're rolling to a stop in his family's parking lot, I take my foot off of the break and put the truck into park. Dropping my head against the back of my seat, I

blow out a breath and shoot my load into his throat.

Forcing my eyes to stay open as the orgasm tumbles through me, lighting me up from the inside out, my whole body tightens up.

Blinking through watery eyes, Caleb drinks me down, swallowing around my girth. He breathes through his nose until he can pull up and take in large mouthfuls of air.

Pulling him close for a sloppy kiss, I taste myself on his mouth and moan happily. “You’re unreal, Caleb Burke.”

He chuckles. “Daddy likes being deepthroated, I’ll keep that in mind.”

Daddy likes you period, baby.

“About my business trip,” I trail off, shifting to look at his face. “How do you feel about the Philippines?”

His smile lights up and my heart swells.

I’m going to show this man the world, one place at a time.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 7:17 am*

Caleb

A Month Later

Somehow getting a blowjob on a boat is better than anywhere else. There's a sort of erotic freedom to it—breathing in the fresh sea air while baking in the sun on the top deck and having a warm mouth wrapped around your cock.

Best. Vacation. Ever.

Well, thus far, it's my only vacation ever. But Elias has promised to change that, and I believe him. I'd say I can't wait, but I can. I no longer have this beating urge inside of me to move quicker, clawing at any opportunity to reach my goals. Elias gives me that, the ability to bask in the present while thinking fondly of the future.

There's no stress about dying before I ever leave Texas, there's hardly stress about anything at all. All thanks to this man.

“Daddy,” I whimper, knowing how much he likes me when I'm desperate. “Please stop teasing me.” I stick out my bottom lip, pouting while his eyes flare with heat.

He's been taking his sweet time with me today, lavishing my cock with long and slow strokes of his tongue, suckling on the head in short spurts. It has been deliciously tortuous, but I'm running out of strength. I need to come.

Moving my hips as much as he'll let me, I thrust into his mouth to get more pressure. He's pinning me down by my thighs to give himself control over the pace so there

isn't much I can do aside from beg.

"Greedy," he chastises but sucks me into the back of his mouth and fucking swallows as soon as the words leave him. His throat constricts around me and it's enough to push me over the edge.

"Fuck!" I grab his head, crying out with a cracked groan, emptying my balls into his tight little mouth. He drinks down every goddamn drop, slurping me clean when the waves of pleasure subside.

"Goddamn," I moan, letting out a pant. "Remind me to fall asleep on the deck again."

Being woken up by lips around your cock is an experience every man should have at least once. It's fucking magical.

Although, every minute with Elias has pretty much been the same. Beyond incredible and impossible to describe with only a few words. So maybe it's just my man that's truly magical.

Moving off of the ranch was sudden for my parents, so it was a bit of a scene, but with Elias' support, I didn't allow them to hold me back again. I took the leap and he was there to catch me if I fell, never taking his eyes off of me.

We moved into Elias' main home—a mansion he shares half of with Erin and Abel. I was nervous about moving into a new place not just with Elias but with two other people. But like he assured me it would be, it was amazing from the start.

There is endless space for privacy and the boundaries they all had set in place made sure nothing was too overwhelming. Our houses may be connected under one roof, but they truly are two different spaces. Erin and Abel have their own kitchen, living room, so on and so forth, and if they want to visit our side of the place, they always communicate that. No one drops in unannounced and it's honestly the most mutually

respectful dynamic I've seen between siblings before.

We have weekend dinners planned for when we're home next, one of which Elias' parents are coming to meet me at. They wanted to meet me as soon as I moved in, but my boyfriend made them give us some space first. After all, we were leaving for this trip only three weeks after moving in.

And now that we've been exploring The Philippines for a week, I still can't wrap my head around how happy I am. This is the life that I've been dreaming about, only better. In this life, I'm not just exploring the world, I'm doing it with a man I adore. A man that I love.

I'm about to tell him, too. I have a feeling that he's been holding those three little words back, waiting for me to be ready and I am. More than. I can't wait to tell him that I love him for the rest of our lives. Because that's exactly how I plan to spend every single moment from here on out, loving Elias Masondo.

What might be too fast and too soon for some people, is just right for us.

Passing me a glass of water filled with lemon-lime ice, Elias drops a kiss to the top of my head before sitting down next to me. "You look so fucking good on my boat."

I grin, taking a sip. "Just on your boat?"

He chuckles, pressing another kiss to my head, the side of it this time. "Nah, you look good everywhere, baby. I can't get enough of you."

"Probably a good thing since I'm not going anywhere."

"Mmm," he rumbles happily. "I'm stuck with you, am I?"

"Yeah," I agree. "I could never be the kind of guy who lets someone go when he's in



love.”

Elias freezes immediately. “Really?”

He sounds positively giddy in his disbelief.

“Really.”

Teeth sinking into his bottom lip, he asks, “Can you say it again?”

“I’m in love with you,” I repeat, words strong and meaningful.

“I’m so fucking in love with you too,” he replies, grabbing my face to smack a hard kiss to my lips.

“So.”

Kiss.

“Fucking.”

Kiss.

“In love.”

Kiss.

“With you.”

Kiss.

I’m breathless as our mouths part.

“Tell me again?”

Elias smirks, white teeth flashing, vowing, “Over and over again, cowboy.”

And he keeps that promise.