



F**k, Marry, Kill Me, Daddy (Murder Daddy Book 1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: SCOTTY

My boyfriend's been trying to kill me for weeks. Well, I guess he's my boyfriend. I mean, we've never officially been introduced, but he's always standing in the shadows, watching me. That has to be a good sign, right? The first time I saw him, he was hunched down in my bushes, aiming a rifle at my heart, and he's turned up with a new weapon every night since. As fun as our silly little game of Murder Daddy may be, I'm getting tired of having to steal my stalker-slash-boyfriend's affection by disarming him and using his weapons against him.

BRODY

I've got to get my head in the game. As my agency's top assassin, I've killed my fair share of men. When Senator Levinson placed his son on my hitlist, I figured it would be a one-and-done. I was wrong. Every time our paths cross, he winds up getting the upper hand. The things he makes me do once he's pried a gun or a knife out of my hand are downright depraved, and for some reason, I can't bring myself to stop it from happening. My wife tells me I need to just suck it up and get the job done. My wife's boyfriend says I'm sweet on the guy, which is absolutely ridiculous. Even if I wanted to take advantage of our open marriage, I'm not gay. This man—this Freakshow—is completely unhinged, and the worst part is, I think I might be just as crazy as him.

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Page 1

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No matter where I go, he's there. Waiting. Observing. Others might call it stalking, but I just think he's being adorable.

While I'm not exactly sure when he started following me, the first time I noticed him was three weeks ago. I was sitting on my apartment's balcony, wanting a bit of fresh air after a week of self-imposed seclusion. I couldn't have been out there longer than five minutes before the red dot appeared on the center of my chest. When I looked down over the railing, the apartment complex's floodlight lit him up just for me. He was hiding in the bushes, pointing a rifle at me. Our eyes locked, and we stood there for what felt like a solid five minutes, neither of us making a move. It had been such a long time since anyone had looked at me like that. The tension was like a million little shockwaves coursing through my body.

My impending death aside, there had been a gentleness in the moment. A connection of sorts. I must have frightened him when I waved, because he stumbled, falling on his back and sending a bullet into the sky. I'm not sure why he ran off into the dead of night, but it gave me a delightful view of his ass. The thought of topping had never even crossed my mind—with my small stature and constant desire to be coddled—but I don't know, I might make an exception for this guy.

The next time I spotted him, he was hiding under my car with wire cutters, fast at work. I thought he was trying to be a good Samaritan by changing my oil. Being a twinkish procrastinator, I know nothing of cars, and it's been over three years since I've taken it to the mechanic. I mean, it's not that big of a deal. I just pour a little oil into the hole thingy under the hood when it starts making rattling noises, and it's good as gold. Still, it was nice to have someone looking out for me. It's been a long time since anyone has. For his chivalry, I figured the least I could do was kiss his

hand like a distressed damsel to his knight. I knelt down to thank him, but he startled, dropping the wire cutters. When I picked them up and tried to hand them back, his beautiful brown eyes practically bulged out of his head, and he scurried away like a cheeky scamp.

I'm pretty sure he's obsessed with me, but I think I've high-key wanted that all my life. To be the center of someone's world.

Now, each time I see him, he's got some other ridiculous tool in his arsenal. A lead pipe. A fabulous candelabra. A noose. He scattered marbles on my apartment stairwell once, but I'd been lucky enough to notice them before falling to my death. Then there was the time I saw him wielding an ancient broadsword like a video game barbarian. Again, I tried to ask if he was my knight in shining armor, but he tripped on a rock, making him flail and send the sword flying into the air. It landed inches from me, and the second I wrapped my hand around the handle, he was running across the parking lot. It's like living in a live-action roleplay of Clue. I just wonder if he'd like to meet Mr. Peacock.

Honestly, it's getting a bit ridiculous at this point. I try and try to strike up a conversation with him, but he seems hellbent on hiding from me. Tonight, I can't see anything in his hands. He's got his arms folded across his chest, and he's giving me his familiar stare. Truth be told, it's a look I've started to love. His dark, smoldering brown eyes that always look a bit lifeless. The same vacant expression that seems to be cemented on his face. And then there's his mouth. Jesus of Nazareth, that mouth is positively sinful. The way it twitches in the corner, as if he's snarling at me like a rabid dog, makes my stomach feel like it's spinning.

The gay bar is packed. Twinks and bears are practically throwing themselves at each other, looking for their weekend fuck. As for me, I've been on the dance floor for the last hour, shaking my ass like a dog in heat, just trying to get a reaction out of my mystery man. Luckily, since I'm a social pariah, the other men on the dance floor

keep their distance, and I'm on full display, just for Daddy. So far, the only form of acknowledgment I've gotten is when he lifted his index finger and dramatically dragged it across his throat. Had he not been standing directly under a neon light, reading: DesignatedHeterosexual Safe Space, I might not have even caught the action.

Did the sight of it get me half-hard? Yes.

Did he scowl at me when he noticed my throbbing erection through the unnecessarily tight fabric of my banana-yellow hot pants? Also, yes.

I'm a sweaty mess, and I know I won't win his heart looking like a drenched rat. Making eye contact with him, I toss the man a wink and a wave before palming my cock through my shorts. His eyes dip to the promised land, narrowing when he sees me touch myself. He quickly shakes his head, making a face like he might be sick at any moment.

Wanting to freshen up, I blow him a kiss before heading toward the restroom. Thank God, there isn't a line. The last thing I want is to stand behind a gaggle of gays, all giving me the evil eye like I'm a defective freak. I should probably be used to those glares by now, but it still stings. All I want is to belong. Thanks to my father, I'm Queer Public Enemy No. 1. Well, mostly thanks to him. That video didn't do much to help my reputation. Nope. I can't think about that video. Not right now. This isn't the time for cycles of self-doubt and shame.

The only person who can pull me out of the funk those memories put me in is my bleach-blond bestie, Tatum. With no family left to love me, and no potential friendships on the horizon, he's all I have. I invited him out with me tonight, but he simply refused, telling me he wouldn't bear witness to my impending murder. No matter how many times I tell him the man isn't actually trying to kill me—that this is all just a bit of cheeky foreplay—Tatum refuses to see sense. Oh well, more time with

Murder Daddy for me.

The bathroom is disgusting on every possible level. There's piss sitting stagnant in the toilet, used condoms littering the floor, and a discarded dildo in the sink. I'm not sure who brings a dildo to a gay bar, but there it is, coated in KY Jelly, standing at attention.

When I catch sight of myself in the mirror, I cringe. My makeup is an absolute mess. My glittery eyeshadow has been smudged to high-hell, my eyeliner is streaked down my cheeks like I'm a busted-up drag queen, and there's no lip gloss left on my bottom lip. It must have come off while I nibbled it for my mystery man, letting him know what I could do to his foreskin, provided he was uncut. He seems the sort who might have a bit of skin around the tip. Regardless, I'd praise his holy cock either way. Cut or uncut, I have no preference, just as long as he lets me call him Daddy.

I use a napkin to pick up the dildo and toss it onto the floor. My face is a disaster area and I'm feeling overheated, so I splash a little water on my cheeks, trying to kill two birds with one stone. I hear the bathroom door open, and when I'm done drying my face, I catch sight of him in the mirror. He's standing right behind me, his left eyelid twitching like crazy. I'm not exactly sure why he's growling at me, but it's an adorable sound.

God, he's gorgeous. He has a solid foot on me, making me feel like Pluto orbiting the sun. I know Pluto isn't a planet anymore, but it's always been my favorite, anyway. Maybe because it's also the name of that dog? Well, just like that adorable little furbaby, my stalker's got two big brown puppy-dog eyes. Right now, they're narrowed into slits, but they're super cute when he's not all caught up in our ridiculous game of predator-and-prey.

"Finally," I say, grinning at his reflection. "I was wondering when you were going to say hello." I whirl around, licking my lips like a thirsty little thing. "You're even

cuter up close.” I fling my hand forward, even though there isn’t much space between us. “I’m Scotty. Scotty Levinson.” When he doesn’t respond, I worry it’s because he knows more about my past than I thought. “I haven’t spoken to my father in ten years, if that’s what you’re worried about.” His face remains still as stone. “Is it about . . .” I close my eyes and try to swallow down my shame.

You can do this.

“If it’s about the video,” I say, “I had no idea that man was a member of the Log Cabin Republicans. I was catfished. He said he had a homophobia kink, and I was just trying to get him off. How was I supposed to know he was recording the entire webcam session? Obviously, I don’t believe any of the stuff he asked me to say. He was just using it to further my dickhead father’s political campaign.” I lift my hand long enough to point to the small rainbow flag I drew on my cheek before I left my apartment. “See? Gay pride. Now, less talk of my problematic past, more talk about our future.”

He doesn’t respond. Instead, he wraps his hands around my throat and squeezes. If he’s trying to turn me on while he hurts me, he’s succeeding. As much as I enjoy our game, I think we might need to decide on a safeword—not that I could even use one right now. I can barely breathe, much less speak.

As his grip tightens, I realize I’ll need to find another way of getting his attention. God knows, flailing my arms frantically doesn’t seem to be getting my point across. With no other choice, I do the only thing I can think of. I place my hand on his bulge and give it a gentle squeeze. His eyes double in size, and the moment his grip eases and his mouth hangs open, I take my shot. Lunging forward, I slam our lips together and shove my tongue in his mouth. There’s a strong flavor of vanilla vodka, and I quickly realize the taste of his tongue is quite addictive.

My tongue tears through his mouth like a tornado in a residential neighborhood,

leaving nothing but chaos and carnage in its wake. His brown wavy hair weaves through my fingers, and I swallow his raspy moan when I tug tighter. His hands are on my chest like he's trying to push me away, but I'm not having it. I've had a taste of perfection, and after a lifetime of unintentional abstinence, I'm not ready to let go of him just yet. Besides, it's all a part of our silly game. He's totally into this—his hard cock digging into my thigh is all the proof I need. There's also the fact I'm essentially a stick compared to him. All it would take is a gentle flick of his wrist and I'd be flying across the room like a rag doll.

Standing on my tiptoes, I kiss his forehead. "What should we use for our safeword?"

He growls in response, and it looks like he's about three seconds away from holding me down and ravaging my body. Since he's providing me absolutely no assistance, I realize I'll have to be the one to choose. I turn and scan the room for inspiration.

"Fine," I say. "We'll use discarded dildo for now, but we really need to think of something a bit more apropos going forward. Though, I guess dildos could be apropos. I don't know. Are you into toy play? I've got a few at home we could tinker with to see if they fit with our sexual dynamic, but . . ." I close my eyes and sigh, because I'm getting sidetracked. "Less talk of dildos, more kisses."

He tries to reach for my neck again, but we've done the strangly bit already, and I'm ready to move on to the main event. Needing to be closer, I climb him like a tree, looping my legs around his waist, loving the way his olive skin mingles well with my pale tone.

"I can feel your cock on my thigh." Wanting to prove it, I grind against him. "It's so thick, Daddy."

"I ain't your goddamn Daddy." It's the first time I've heard his voice and damn if it hasn't been worth the wait. Low and gravelly, like someone's crushed his vocal cords

and he has to thrust the words through the wrecked remains.

“You could be,” I counter.

“And that ain’t my dick.”

I arch an eyebrow at him, because if that long, thick shaft isn’t his cock, I’d like to know what it is. Maybe a flashlight? A lead pipe, perhaps? Fuck, it doesn’t matter. Whatever the mystery bulge is, throw enough lube on it, and I’ll ride it until dawn.

“What is it then?” I say. He slides his hand into his pocket, and when he pulls it out, he’s holding an old, rusty wrench. I click my tongue against my cheek. “I’ve got some pipes that could use screwing. Wanna screw me?”

His pupils dilate as he lifts the wrench, holding it over my head. “Wanna kill you. Wanna bash your fucking skull until I hear your bones crack.”

Fuck.

“Jesus, Daddy, you know the way to a twink’s heart.” My fingers tear through his hair, tugging mercilessly until his head falls back and he cries out. Whether his cry is one of delight or pain, I’m not entirely sure. “Are you okay?”

He breathes heavily into my face. “You think you can hurt me? Really?” he snarls. “Fucking try.”

God, yes. Don’t mind if I do. I slam my lips on his, wanting to taste more of that vanilla vodka. He must feel my cock twitch against him. It’s straining so tight against my hotpants, there’s no way he can’t feel each time I give it a flex. Grinding against him, I fuck myself on his abdomen. God. It’s like he’s made of solid steel. There may have been a wrench in his pocket earlier, but unless he managed to fit two in there,

I'm pretty sure it's his actual cock grinding against my ass now. He's meeting each thrust of mine with one of his own. I'm not even sure the action registers for him; It's like he's running on instinct.

Though his eyes have been lifeless the whole time he's been in the restroom, it's like someone's flipped a switch, and he's back in the land of the living. Honestly, I'm not sure where he goes when he gets lost in his head, but I love how easily I can lead him out of the dark, just so he can bask in my light. I lean in, wanting to capture his tongue, but he just shoves the side of his wrench into my ribcage, making me cry out in pain.

"What the hell was that for?" I shout. The unhinged look of madness that's settled on his face is doing things to me, and even with the jabbing pain in my side, I roll my hips, fucking his stomach. "God, you're beautiful."

"What the—" His mouth hangs open like I've slapped him, and my-fucking-GOD, he's got a beautiful set of teeth. I want to know what they'll feel like tearing into my skin. "What the fuck are you doing? I just told you I'm going to kill you, and you're trying to bust a nut?"

I playfully nip his chin with my teeth, because he's adorable when he's flustered. "You were grinding just as hard as I was."

A rush of red warmth spreads through his cheeks. "No, the fuck I was not."

I look down at his rolling hips and smirk. "You're literally dry-fucking my ass as we speak."

He glares at me, thrusting again. "Am not."

Another thrust.

“Are so. Listen, if you really want this to stop, all you have to do is say the safeword. Just say discarded dildo, and I’ll hop down.” I pause, praying he doesn’t say it. We’re so close. We’re on the precipice of eternity; all it would take are two tragic words, and we would be over before we’ve even begun. His mouth opens, and I try to stop my words from tumbling out, but I’m not successful in the slightest. “Please don’t say it.”

His eyebrows meet in the center of his forehead like it’s the biggest decision he’ll ever make. Maybe it is. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out, and I shake my head forcefully.

“Please?” My voice must sound like a plea, because his expression changes the second the word is out. The confusion and anger are still there, but maybe there’s something . . . more? Desire, perhaps? His tongue trails across his lips, and he opens his mouth like he’s going to say the words. Terrible words. I hate those words. I wish those fucking words were stripped from history. And then, just as quickly as he opened his mouth, it closes, and he softly grunts his approval. Exploratorily, I roll my hips, hoping those words stay locked inside his mouth. To my surprise, his hand tightens on my ass, his fingers digging in deep.

“Okay,” he says, his eyes widening like he can’t believe the word escaped him.

He fucking wants this. I knew it!

Wanting to meet him halfway, I increase the speed of my hips’ movement, living for the absolute drama of it all. “Gonna come all over you, Daddy. You want that? You want me to mark you?” Leaning in, I claim his neck, sucking his skin with my teeth, wanting to leave a mark. “Want me to make you mine?”

“How about I slit your fucking throat?”

I pull away long enough to wink at him. “Promises, promises, Daddy.”

He lifts the wrench again, holding it over my head. And I can’t lie; I’m loving all of this. Who knew murder kink was a fetish? Who knew I would be into it? Certainly not me. As sexy as he looks with the glint of mayhem in his eyes, I’m ready for more, so I lunge forward, sucking his bottom lip between my teeth. As he sputters out his disdain, I quickly reach for the wrench, biting down on his lip to force him to let go. With the wrench in my hand, I break our kiss so I can waggle the rusty tool in his face.

His eyes blow wide when he realizes he no longer has the upper hand. There’s a glint of fear in his dark-brown eyes, and the sight of it makes my cock throb in my shorts. I can even feel a bead of pre-cum soaking through the fabric. He’s lording over me like a protective papa bear. The head of his dick is spearing against my thinly veiled hole, and it feels like he’s trying to fuck me through the fabric. Though I’m not entirely opposed, I feel like it could lead to quite a bit of chafing.

“I think I’m about to come,” I whisper, my lower lip trembling. But I don’t want to. I’m not ready yet. Now I’ve connected with Daddy McStalkerPants, I don’t think I ever want to let him go. No one has ever touched me like this. Or ever held me against their chest like I’m something precious to them.

“How?” he says, looking both confused and impressed all at once. “You haven’t even touched it.”

“Because of you,” I whisper, my breath warm as it deflects off his face, right back at me. “It’s because of you.” I shove down my hotpants, pull my package over and let it swing free. Truthfully, I should have shaved this morning. I like to keep my most intimate area neat and tidy, and right now, the bush is growing wide and wild. Reaching behind my back, I wedge the wrench between my cheeks, out of sight, out of mind.

I'm close. So fucking close, I almost can't stand it. I haven't gotten off in three days, and I want—need—to give it to him. To paint his face. I reach for him, cupping his cheek. "Wanna make you mine. Wanna claim you."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" He stares down, but we're chest to chest, so I know he's not getting much of a show. I need to fix that. If he wants to watch me blow, I'm happy to oblige. Trusting him completely, I fall back. For the briefest moment, I worry he won't catch me. Then his hands press firmly against my back, holding me for support as he growls, "Be fucking careful." His eyes are practically glued to my cock, and I notice his tongue trail over his lips as he watches the head grow red with heat.

"Touch my balls," I plead.

He doesn't look up. His eyes remain locked on my cock as I pump it furiously. Blinking slowly, he pulls one hand off of my back and brings it to my crotch. At first, I think he might wrap his hand around my shaft and guide me to the promised land. Instead, he takes my peach-fuzz covered balls in his palm and gently rolls them with his thumb. He's staring at his hand like he can't believe what he's doing. Like it's the most unexpected of outcomes.

"Jesus Christ," he whispers, seeming unable to look away. "Fuck." He breaks his gaze long enough to look me in the eye. "You're gonna come?"

I nod, as the obscenely slick sound of pre-cum sliding against skin fills the room. "Can I? May I come, Daddy?" He bites his bottom lip, pondering the question. It takes him a second, but his head finally dips in approval.

"Yeah," he whispers, looking dazed. "Come."

I stroke faster, enjoying the look of wonder in his eyes as the head of my cock burns

bright red, readying to fire volley after volley right at him. The first jet shoots out, and it's like I've been holding back this load for a year. The force with which it leaves me is overpowering. It flies up, landing in his open mouth, right on his tongue. He makes a sound like he's choking before slamming his mouth shut, his throat working as he swallows, gagging slightly. The next shot lands on his ruby-red lips, the sight making my insides tremble. I thrust my hips forward, pressing my cock against his chest.

“Take it,” I rasp, trying to catch my breath. “Take it all, baby. Wanna coat your skin. Want you to wear me like lotion.”

As the last shot oozes from the tip, his knees must go weak because he falls to the floor, carefully cradling me to his chest so I don't get harmed on the descent. Trembling, I wrap myself around him, clinging to him like a drowning man to a buoy. Something about him makes me feel safe, though. Like if I fall, I know he'll be there to catch me. From the look of terror in his eyes, and the way he's threatened my life to no end. I know. I just know. Tears well in my eyes, because I've never felt anything so true.

It may sound a bit obsessive—I'm perfectly aware I may come off as a bit unhinged—but I've been reading a lot of fated mates books during my isolation. My therapist says I should get a job working with the public so I don't spend so much time on my own, because it's uncondusive to a healthy mental state. But what the fuck does he know? Who made him the King of Rationality, anyway? Honestly, I don't even think he's a real therapist. I don't pay him or anything. I just sit naked in front of him, pouring my heart out as he masturbates on his webcam, telling me I've been a naughty boy. Either way, therapist or not, I'm sure he's going to have a field day with this one. I can imagine the look of abject horror in his eyes when I tell him I've found my IRL fated mate.

“I love you,” I say, digging my nails into his back, pulling him closer.

“What the fuck?” he says in the most adorably absurd voice I’ve ever heard. There’s still a glob of my cum on his lips, and each time he opens his mouth, a bit more oozes in. The way his Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows my seed has me half-hard again already.

Silly man.

“I love you,” I say again.

“We’ve never even spoken. What the fuck are you talking about? Get off me, you creepy little freak.”

Okay, well, now he’s gone too far. I’ll stand for many things in a soon-to-be committed relationship, but name-calling outside of the premarital bed isn’t one of them. Glaring at him, I hold my hand over his cum-stained lips. “Stop ruining the moment. Jesus Christ. Worst boyfriend ever.”

He bites my palm and I have to pull away because, motherfuck, that hurts. The tears of joy that were just welling in my eyes now fall freely, due to the pain. “Why would you do that?”

“You just shot your load in my mouth and told me you loved me. What the fuck do you expect?”

“A cuddle, you psychopath. I mean, Christ, Daddy, I’m sitting in your lap. I couldn’t make my wants any clearer.” Reaching behind my back, I pull the rusty wrench from my crack and poke him in the chest. “Apologize.”

“Are you kidding me?”

I lift the wrench over my head, not planning to actually strike him—he’s just gotten a

bit too big for his britches, and he needs to be reminded that I know how to play this silly little murder-boyfriend live-action roleplay game too. “I said, I want you to apologize.”

His body shakes like a leaf beneath me, and when he opens his mouth, a weak apology falls from his lips. “Sorry,” he grumbles, though he doesn’t sound sorry in the slightest.

I sigh. “Yes, well, you could have tried to make it sound a bit more believable, but I suppose it will have to do for now. Don’t worry, we’ll work on your manners on our next date.”

Another drizzle of cum slips between his lips, and he swallows it down, practically purring. “Next date?”

“Next date,” I agree. Clinging to the wrench is nice and all, but I’d rather be clinging to him, so I do. I wrap my arms around him, holding on tight, resting my face on his chest. Someone bangs on the bathroom door, and he jolts, but I just hold on, wanting to comfort him. “It’s okay. You’re mine now, there’s no need to worry. I won’t let the horny little queens get you. All mine.” We sit this way a while, me cuddled close as his hands rest affectionately at his sides, nowhere near me. “You still haven’t told me your name.” I kiss his chest, right above the heart that now belongs to me. “Bad boyfriend,” I scold. “Naughty boyfriend.”

“You’re a?—”

“Uri?” I say dreamily. “I think that’s the prettiest name I’ve ever heard. They sound good together, don’t they? Uri and Scotty.” He doesn’t answer, but I don’t need him to. All I need is for him to let me cling to him like a cuddly koala. “Where are you going to take me on our next date? Don’t worry if it isn’t somewhere nice, I’m not picky.” Puckering my lips, I press a kiss over his heart again, wishing there wasn’t a

t-shirt hiding him away.

“You’re fucking delusional. I’m not taking you any?—”

I playfully dig the wrench into his spine, and I can’t lie, I get why he was doing it earlier. It’s really neat how fast your boyfriend complies when faced with the possibility of grievous bodily harm. “Are you being apprehensive because you’re poor? I promise, you don’t have anything to be embarrassed about, honest. I don’t need to go anywhere fancy. Being with you is fancy enough for me.” I dig the wrench in deeper, enjoying the way he wriggles beneath me. “Tell me where you’re taking me,” I say, my voice a little firmer this time.

He grumbles under his breath before finally relenting. “I’m going to come by your apartment, pour gasoline on you while you sleep, and watch you fucking burn to death.”

I sigh, because the way he wants to watch me burn beautiful is almost too much for me to bear. When I pull away, he’s got his eyes narrowed, giving me that old, familiar, lovestruck glare. It’s been so long since anyone has looked at me with so much intensity. I trace his jaw with my thumb, enjoying the rough feel of his stubble against my skin. My cum is still coating his lips, and I want to share it with him. To lap the leftovers up and fuck my load into his mouth with my tongue. His eyes bulge as I lean in and run my tongue over his bottom lip.

I let the flavor settle on my tastebuds, enjoying the musky, manly tang. When I open my mouth and move forward, he doesn’t even try to meet me halfway. Instead, he remains locked in place, looking shell-shocked, refusing to open his mouth.

Silly Daddy, always playing hard to get.

“Please?” I manage, batting my lashes.

He blinks slowly as his warm breath gusts across my face. “Okay.”

Leaning in, he opens his mouth, welcoming me. What’s left of my load mixes and mingles with our saliva. It doesn’t last long—just a few seconds, at most—but it’s a life changing few seconds. Sonnets could be composed to chronicle this kiss.

Then it happens. He squeezes my ass. He squeezes it like it fucking belongs to him. Like he owns me. And, I suppose, he does. I break away, giving him a quick peck on the lips. “I want you at my apartment tomorrow afternoon. It doesn’t matter where you take me, I just want you to show me a good time.” Another kiss, and now I’m pressing my forehead against his, sighing heavily into his face. “Tell me you love me.”

“Get the fuck off me,” he says, shoving my chest.

“No,” I say, pulling back and snarling. Lifting the wrench, I give him a quick pop on the knee. “Say it.”

“I love you,” he growls. “Jesus Christ, I fucking love you, okay?”

“Better,” I say, standing up. I hold the wrench out for him, and once it’s safely in his hand, I throw a smile his way. “Tomorrow afternoon.” I turn and head toward the door. “Four o’clock. Don’t be late, my love.”

As I exit the filthy bathroom, there’s a slew of twink and bears in the hallway, all giving me death glares for holding up the line. Behind me, I can hear my Uri shout out his rage. I glance over my shoulder to see him rushing for me, his wrench held high to the sky, only to be stonewalled by a group of bears trying to enter the bathroom. I blow another kiss at him, mouthing that I love him before turning and walking out of the bar.

Tomorrow.

Tomorrow, the man of my dreams is taking me out for a night on the town, and I couldn't be happier.

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What the actual fuck was that?

If I'd known taking this assignment would mean having a guy shoot his load in my mouth and declare his undying love for me, I would have told the agency to go fuck themselves. I know I don't have much say in the marks I'm assigned, but I never agreed to be spank bank material for a gay man with daddy issues. The man—this freakshow—is absolutely depraved.

It's half-past midnight when I walk into my house, ignoring my dachshund as she rushes around my feet like a flailing torpedo. She probably wants a snuggle, but my need for a non-cummy face takes priority. Puppy cuddles are going to have to wait.

In the bathroom, I squeeze some soap into my palm and furiously rub it into my skin, taking longer than necessary when I get to my lips. Fuck. I can still taste his cum in my mouth. As hard as I try, I can't get the image out of my head of the twisted motherfucker's cock exploding, or his semen shooting into my mouth. I've never met anyone more shameless.

But you didn't stop him.

Why the fuck didn't I stop him?

Once I've got my face clean, I grab my toothbrush from the cup by the sink and slather an excessive amount of toothpaste onto the bristles. There isn't enough toothpaste in the world to rid me of his flavor. It lingers like Brussels sprouts, relentless and unrequested. I stare at the toothpaste, giving my tongue a final chance to taste him.

What the fuck are you doing, Brody?

Once my mouth is as clean as I can get it, I head into the bedroom, wanting to be done with this day. My dog, Daisy, trails behind, and when we make it to the bed, I lean down and scoop her up, setting her on top of the bedspread. After sliding between the sheets, I chuckle at the sight of Daisy wriggling beneath them, making her way to the end of the bed. I reach for my laptop, which is lying on the bedside table. The browser is already pulled up, and I log into my email account, going to the last message from the agency.

It should be a simple job, the email says.

I don't understand how you keep fucking this up, it says.

You've got one month, it says, and I have to swallow down my nerves. If I don't get this right, Scotty won't be the only one with a target on his head. After typing out another detailed report of my failed hit, I bring up Facebook and load Scotty's profile. His picture is one I know by heart. In it, he's standing proudly next to his mother. I still don't understand what the kid could have done to warrant having his father place a bounty on his head. Judging by his post history, the kid seems like a nice enough guy—murder attempts and unwelcome ejaculation aside. From what I can see, he used to be an active member of his former college's LGBTQ outreach program. In the pictures, it's like the rest of the members are purposely distancing themselves from him. A strange, bitter feeling settles in my soul. I kind of want to track every one of them down.

I'm starting to think the bounty might have to do with him being a queer. His father is a staunch opponent of gay rights, so it would make sense.

Staring at Scotty's face, something happens. I focus on his lips. Those soft, pretty pink lips had been pressed against mine earlier. Their smoothness was a stark contrast

to the force he used them with. He tunneled his tongue through my mouth with abandon, not giving a fuck how I felt about it. The worst part was, I wasn't entirely sure how I felt about it either.

The front door clicks, and my dick rises like a phoenix from the ashes. As the bedroom door opens, I wrap my hand around my shaft, giving it a tug. The second she spots me, she sighs.

"I've asked you not to do that with Daisy in the room."

I look down at the bedspread. Daisy is burrowed under the blankets, all the way at the end of the bed. There's no chance of her witnessing what I'm doing. I lean back, stroking myself obscenely as my wife stares with disinterest, shaking her head.

"Not happening." She points at the bathroom. "I just spent thirty minutes sucking off Kincaid, I don't have the energy to tend to you too. Either go take care of it in there, or roll over and go to sleep." She slides out of her dress and bends over, giving me the perfect view of her tight ass.

Honestly, I should probably be more annoyed by the admission. Our relationship has been floundering recently. I don't know if it's down to her, or if the fault lies squarely at my feet. All I know is she and Kincaid have been spending more and more time together, and less and less time with me. Almost as much as I miss the physical connection with my wife, I miss my best bro, Kincaid.

When Fee broached the subject of turning our relationship into a triad, inviting my childhood best friend to share her heart and to share our bed, there hadn't been a single morsel of jealousy on my part. Now, it courses through my veins like lifeblood. For half a year, we spent every night in this bed. At first, Kincaid slept between us. I knew it was a weird arrangement. Even weirder, I didn't seem to mind all that much. Though I've never looked at him sexually, he's always been a really

good cuddler. As kids, after his parents died and my family took him in, we slept top-to-toes in my beds. I'd wake to find my arms wrapped around his leg and his morning wood digging into my thigh. Sometime over this last month, our sleeping arrangement had changed, though. Fee started sleeping in his spot, and it didn't take me long to realize he's been the glue holding us together. With him on the other side of the bed, it feels like he's a million miles away. Eventually, they stopped sleeping in our bed altogether, choosing instead to stay at his place. I rarely even get a heads up when they won't be coming home.

The time they spend together is time they no longer spend with me. They fuck like bunnies while I'm left at the mercy of my right hand. Sure, I could go out and find a fuck buddy of my own, but it's easier this way. We've had an open relationship from the beginning, and it's an arrangement she's well and truly taken advantage of, but I only agreed to it to keep her happy. Most men might feel jealous to see their wife taking another man's cock, but it's never bothered me. I don't get anything out of it sexually, but I enjoy knowing she's being taken care of. Less work for me in the end, and I can relish in the afterglow. It's not the sex I miss. It's the connection we all share. Fee. Kincaid. Me. I'm feeling like I'm being iced out of this thing we share, and I can't lie and say it doesn't sting, because it does. It fucking aches. Maybe that's why I didn't push Scotty away earlier. I was lonely, as he was.

Resigning myself to another night of blue balls, I shove my cock back into my underwear and bring the blankets back up to my chest.

"Did you do it?" She grabs an oversized shirt with a panda on the front and slides it on, hiding her naked form from me, the same way she does every night these days.

"No," I simply say, not wanting to hear the judgment in her tone.

But there it is in the passive-aggressive sigh she lets out. It marinates in her mouth before she opens it long enough to say, "Seriously? He's a twenty-two-year-old

twink. A trained monkey could have killed him by now.” She sighs again before sliding into bed. When I look down, I notice a small spatter of blood on her palm. Licking my thumb, I rub it against the spot, wiping it away.

“What about you? Did you take care of your mark?”

She nods before reaching for the Kindle on her bedside table. I watch as she loads some book with a long-haired hipster on the cover. Going off experience, I’m sure it’s another one of those stories where men take turns raw-dogging each other for two-hundred pages. Once, I’d peeked over at the screen to read about the big guy who was carrying around his little twink boyfriend on his hip. I wonder if that’s what Scotty likes. He’s small enough. I’m sure he’d fit snugly on someone’s side.

“If you don’t kill him, they’ll?—”

“I know,” I say sharply. “You think I don’t know what they’ll do to me?”

“To us,” she clarifies. “I’m just saying. If it was me, I’d do everything I could to kill the kid before his father set his sights on me.”

I bump my shoulder against hers, trying to be playful. “You’d miss me though.” In part, the statement is meant as a means of reassurance. My cry for help. I need her to tell me we’re still okay, because nothing about this feels okay anymore.

“Debatable,” she replies, tapping the right side of the screen to flip the page. “Right now, the only thing I miss is peace and quiet.”

I know I should just leave her be, but I’m tired of feeling like a third fucking wheel. The way she glosses over the subject—like if we don’t mention it, it can’t be real—is really getting to me.

“Fee?”

To my surprise, I’m not met with another unkind gaze. Instead, her annoyance seems to be fading, thank God. “What’s up?”

“It’s just—I mean . . .”

“Brody? Spit it out.”

I close my eyes and push out a heavy breath. “Kincaid hasn’t slept over in a while.”

She eyes me curiously. “Do you miss him, babe?” The question isn’t cruel, and there’s no tease in her tone, thankfully. Maybe that’s why it makes it a little easier for me to work up the courage to nod. Like with Scotty earlier, I can’t get my mouth to work. She closes her eyes and sighs. “Total honesty. That’s the rule, right?”

I nod, because it is. We don’t have many rules when it comes to our arrangement, but honesty is at the top. Sure, she’s broken that rule more times than I can count, but we’re supposed to talk about our feelings. It’s hard for me though. I wasn’t raised the way she was. My parents never sat me down in a sharing circle to discuss my emotions. In the Frost household, the atmosphere was—what was the stupid, gay word Scotty used earlier? Apropos to our family’s name. The Frost crew is frosty by nature. Now, I’m the only one left. Same as Scotty. Sure, his dad’s still alive, but the guy paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to have the kid killed. I’d hardly call him a paragon of fatherly love.

“You’ve been making him uncomfortable,” she says, and it feels like someone sucker punched me. I’ve gone above and beyond to keep them both happy. I’ve allowed my best friend to forge a relationship with my wife, and never questioned them about what they do without me.

“What? How have I made him uncomfortable? That doesn’t make any damn sense.”

She sets her Kindle beside her and turns my way, giving me a rare hug around the waist. Leaning closer, she presses a kiss to my bare shoulder. I can’t lie, it’s nice to feel her again. I’ve missed this connection. “Ever since you got this assignment.” Our eyes lock and she studies my face. “Kincaid is bisexual.”

I cock an eyebrow at her. “Obviously, I know that. We’ve known each other since we were kids. I was the first person he came out to.”

She nods. “You’ve been making a lot of really off-color comments about Levinson’s son. Calling him a queer. Saying he dresses like a flamer. I don’t know what’s going on with you. You’ve never been like this before. You’re starting to sound like one of those right-wing harpies on Fox News.” I open my mouth to defend myself, only to realize I have no defense. “If you want to be around Kincaid, you’re going to need to get that in check. I know you, Brody. I know your heart.” For emphasis, she pats my chest, her brown skin contrasting beautifully with my golden tan. She keeps her hand right over my heart—right where it belongs. “I think this goes deeper than you’re willing to admit.”

“The fuck does that mean?” I look away, because a mental picture of Scotty jacking off in my arms flashes through my mind.

“Something tells me you know exactly what it means.” She gives me a final kiss on the cheek before grabbing her Kindle and resting against her pillow. “You’re going to need to sort out whatever internalized shit you’re working through, or you’re going to lose him.”

It takes me a second to realize she’s still talking about Kincaid. For a moment—one single, confusing, terrifying moment—I thought she meant Scotty. It was a ridiculous thought, mainly because, why the hell would it matter if I lost the creepy twink who

masturbates for me at random? Of course she's talking about Kincaid. Of course.

"And," she adds, tapping the side of her Kindle to flip the page, "I think you should explore it."

I raise an eyebrow, but she isn't even looking at me. "Explore what?"

She taps to the next page and slowly looks up at me. "We have an open marriage. I think you should take advantage of the arrangement."

"I don't want to screw another woman."

"I wasn't talking about another woman—although that would be fine too. Go on, Brody. Ride the rainbow. Worst-case scenario, you have a shitty lay. Best case, you learn that you enjoy cock. Cock is awesome." In a rare show of emotion, she perks up and kisses me on the cheek. "You'd look cute with one in your mouth."

I bang the side of my fist to my chest, trying to dislodge the stray droplet of spittle that just went down the wrong pipe. "Jesus, Fiona!"

She shrugs her shoulders. "I'm just saying. It's okay to be curious. If you don't feel like trying with a stranger, there's always Kincaid, but with it being your first time, I don't know if he's what I'd consider a starter dick. I still have trouble taking all of him."

A mental image of Abi Kincaid flashes into my head, but when I blink, his face morphs into Scotty's. Scotty between my legs, leaving little trails of kisses down my thigh. Scotty on all fours, kneeling in front of me, staring at me over his shoulder. Begging to be claimed. Demanding to be dominated.

With a sigh, I pinch the bridge of my nose between my thumb and forefinger. I don't

know why the hell I'm having such a hard time killing the guy. I've taken out thirty men during my time with the agency. Politicians, anarchists—fuck, I'd even managed to snuff out a popstar once. Why can't I kill this guy? I've tried ten times, and for the first time in my professional career, each attempt has been a colossal failure.

The first night I saw Scotty, when he was out on his balcony, I had my gun's laser trained right on his heart. It should have been a one-and-done. Instead, I'd stupidly looked into his eyes. It was the briefest of glances, but when I saw the tears in his eyes, I just couldn't do it. I couldn't make myself pull the trigger. He seemed so hurt. So wounded. So goddamn broken it almost broke me too. The way the moon lit up his face, making his tears glitter against its light, made it seem like his hurt was illuminated just for me.

The next night, I went back to his apartment like a man on an unstoppable mission. I'd psyched myself up, only to be let down. For some reason, there was a ladder below his window, like it was leading me right to him. After climbing up, I stared into his bedroom, with the gun cocked and aimed at him. It was like he'd been waiting for me. Like he knew my reappearance was inevitable. He was kicked back on his bed, shirtless, a blanket pulled over his hips. His short hair was drenched in sweat. That night, as I stood on a ladder where only God and Scotty knew my shame, I watched him, unable to move. He kicked off the blanket and turned his head to stare at me. Again, I tried to pull the trigger, but the look he gave me stopped me dead in my tracks. He'd shoved down his underwear—these little pink things that left nothing to the imagination—and swiveled around in bed, giving me an unobstructed view of his cock. His hand worked the shaft quickly, his big brown eyes never leaving mine. I couldn't look away. Not as his finger dipped lower, rubbing roughly against his hole. Not as his balls drew closer to his body. And not when his load shot out, coating his chest. Even worse, I continued to stare as he traced a finger through his mess and brought it to his mouth, licking it clean.

The memory of him making himself into a whore—just for me—sends a rush of

blood pumping into places it has no business pumping, and I know this has to end. I need a plan. Something foolproof. I need him vanquished from my to-do list and my memory. Scrubbed from my subconscious. I want every one of these unwelcome, unexplainable feelings out of me. I'd rip them out with my bare hands if I could.

If Scotty wants a date, then that's exactly what he'll get. A date to end all dates. A date with destiny.

"Say your prayers, Freakshow," I growl, staring at his picture, amping myself up for the task at hand. "Even God can't save you from The Wrath."

There's a tap on my shoulder, and when I turn to face my wife, she's blinking slowly at me. "Brody?"

"Don't," I warn her.

"We've talked about this."

"It just slipped out."

"You know I don't like when you refer to your penis as The Wrath."

"Yeah, Fee." I roll my eyes and close the lid to my laptop, setting it on the nightstand. Rolling onto my side, I pull up the blankets and hug my pillow, hoping it'll somehow hide my embarrassment. Once I'm half-submerged beneath a sea of duvets, flat sheets, and throw-pillows, I close my eyes and try to get the image of Scotty Levinson out of my head. He's like a mental wraith—always there. Always waiting. Tomorrow, he'll be waiting for me to pick him up, and for once, I'm at a loss as to what my next move should be. I could barge into his house and slit his throat. There's also the option of breaking in tonight and turning on his stove, letting his place fill with gas. I'm not sure how long it would take to fill his home with fumes, but his

apartment is basically the size of my bedroom, so it couldn't be too long. Then there's the easy option. Retreat. Hide. Give him a few more days of life before I'm forced to snuff it out. Of course, it would mean standing up the little creep for the date he'd demanded, but I never intended on indulging him in a romantic dinner for two before killing him. Maybe I should? Fuck. I don't know.

My head's a mess, and I don't know how to pull myself back together.

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I don't understand what I've done wrong. It took most of the day, but I'm dressed to the nines, wearing my best—well, my only—suit. I've even got a pretty pink pocket square I bought special for the occasion. I had to go to the department store for the suit and everything. The trip took everything out of me. From the dirty looks of hateful homosexuals as they shouted my father was an asshole (tell me something I don't know), to the cruel glances of the employees who acted like I was inconveniencing them by simply existing, it was a horrible experience all around. It's not that I meant to bother the workers. I've never been on a date before; how the hell am I supposed to know what to wear? I was almost in tears by the time a kind employee finally took pity on me and helped me select the outfit. It cost me three hundred dollars I don't even have. She didn't give me a price, just pushed the new suit, pocket square, and dress shoes into my arms and ushered me onward. By the time I got to the checkout counter, I was too shocked by the unnecessarily high number to step away. Instead, almost in a trance, I tapped my card against the terminal and paid.

I won't be able to afford food for the rest of the week, and now Uri is standing me up. I don't know what feels worse. The hurt of knowing I'm not good enough, or the embarrassment of thinking I ever was.

When I told my best friend Tatum about my date, he said I was crazy for putting all of my eggs into an attempted murderer's basket. He doesn't understand, though. No matter how many times I've tried to tell him Uri isn't actually trying to kill me, he just stares at me like I'm stupid. I know I'm not the smartest guy out there, but seeing him look at me that way—the way the rest of the world does—hurts. He's supposed to be my safe place, but there's no safety in the shame his words bring me.

I loosen my tie because it feels like it's choking me. Uri isn't coming. He isn't coming, because I'm not good enough. I'm starting to think I never will be. Not for him, and not for anyone.

Resigning myself to another lonely Sunday night, I try to think of what I can do to pass the time. I don't have to work until noon tomorrow, so I can stay up late if I want, but I kind of just want to crawl into my bed, cry into my pillow and go to sleep. My therapist-slash-jack off buddy Brendon is probably online, but I really don't want to tell him about my heartbreak as he furiously strokes his cock, scolding me for the terrible life choices I'm making. I guess I can just take a few Tylenol PM and fight sleep so I can ride out the wicked, over-the-counter high they give me, but that'll just make me feel groggy in the morning.

If Mom were still alive, I could call her. Tell her all about Uri and how he's broken my heart.

Mom.

No. That's a stupid idea. The last time I visited her, it took a week for Tatum to pull me out of my downward spiral.

As much as I know it's a horrible idea, I can't stop myself. Not as I get into my beat-up Prius, not as I pull into Harmony Baptist Church's cemetery, and not as I kneel in front of her small, simple grave marker. I'd give anything to replace it with a real one. Right now, the only thing memorializing her is a small, tin rectangle with her name written in faded, black permanent marker. She deserves so much more than this. If I'm being brutally honest, she deserved more than me. If I hadn't been born gay, Dad never would have kicked me out. Mom never would have left behind a life of luxury to keep me safe. She wouldn't have been working the damn overnight shift at a gas station. She would still be here.

It's my fault.

"Hey, Momma," I whisper, pressing my palm against the dirt hiding her from the world. "I'm sorry it's been so long. I don't—It's just hard for me to—" I close my eyes and shake my head. She doesn't need to hear this. She already had to listen to my head stuff all my life. They say the dead are supposed to rest in peace. What's peaceful about a blubbering wolf in sheep's clothing crying out for his mother?

I lay at what I hope is her side, holding my arm over what I assume would be her waist, if she were next to me. I don't say anything for a while. Finally, the wall I've built around my breaking heart crumbles, and the hurt falls down like rubble and debris.

"I miss you," I say, my voice shattering. "I miss you so much it hurts." Sniffling, I wipe my nose with my suit jacket, not caring how gross the action is. "I know I need to be strong, because it's what you would have wanted, but I'm not strong. I never have been. Dad's out there, preaching all of his hate, and no one will even talk to me. Everybody hates me. What am I supposed to do now?" I lie there, waiting for an answer I know won't come.

It isn't until I see the sun disappear over the trees that I realize how long I've been out here. An hour or two, easy. Kissing the tip of my finger, I squirm it against the cool dirt, hoping it might somehow make its way down to her, letting her know she's not alone.

"I'm sorry for worrying you. I promise I'll try to be better." Then bite my bottom lip to keep it from trembling. "I'm sorry I wasn't better when you were still here." The wind touches my cheek, and it almost feels like her.

He's leaning against the hood of my car when I make it to the parking lot, and while I should probably be happy to see him, I'm not. I'm just sad. Sad that he made me wait

so long. Sad that, of all the places he could follow me, he chose this place. He chose this moment, of all moments.

I want to scream at him. To tell him I waited all evening for him in this stupid suit. That I got all dressed up just to be let down. Instead, I put my key into the door and unlock it. As I try to pull the key out, he grips my wrist and refuses to let go. Not until I look up at him.

He stares at me like he's trying to hear what's going on inside my head. I guess he must have superhuman hearing, because the look he gives me isn't one I've seen before. There aren't any twitching eyelids or teeth being bared with rage. My eyes are a little misty, and a teardrop slips from the corner. I can't lie and say it doesn't feel good when he reaches up to wipe it away, but the only reason it's there is because of him.

I open the door, but as I try to get into the car, he whirls me around. His arms crush around my back, pulling me snug against him. The embrace doesn't last long—maybe thirty seconds, at best—but it's a hug to end all hugs. Like being pummeled with affection.

“You're crying,” he says, stating the obvious. His voice goes into this low, gravelly texture that, at any other time, might have made my heart swell. Now, it feels like a slap in the face. “Why are you crying? Who hurt you?”

“Don't act like you care now.”

His hand touches my cheek. “Why are you crying?”

My jaw wobbles. “My mom,” I say, pointing back at the cemetery. “And you. You hurt me.”

He glances behind, and his shoulders sag. If he's feeling bad, I don't really care enough to ask. He should feel bad. He's hurt me worse than anyone has in a long time.

"You said you were gonna kill me today," I whisper, hating myself for how bad my voice cracks. "I bought a new suit and everything. I waited, Uri."

"I'm sorry," he says, and it sounds like he means it. "I still can, if you want me to."

I shake my head. "I just want to go home and go to bed."

He stares into my eyes, biting his bottom lip. I'm not sure what he's contemplating, but I need him to hurry up and spit it out. The longer I stand here, the closer I come to shattering, and I don't want him to see me spiral. I'm already humiliated enough.

"Do you want me to follow you home and kill you there?"

A rush of anger washes over me. Because how dare he try to play the doting boyfriend now? How dare he offer to follow me home and murder-slash-cuddle me until I feel better?

His foot is right there. Right beside me. I lift my knee as high as I can get it, and then I slam my leg down, smashing his toes. He groans in agony as I shove him away, sending him tumbling to the ground. I know I should look back and see if I've accidentally hurt him, but he's already hurt me, so I guess we can just call it even.

"Don't ever make me wait like this again, Uri. It's cruel."

In my car, I don't dare look at him through my window. Instead, I crank the engine and peel away, wanting to leave him in a trail of dust and loose gravel.

At home, I take a quick shower before sliding into bed, where I open my laptop so I can bang out a quick email to my boss. I already feel lower than low; there's no way I can sign on to the phone system and get yelled at by angry customers during my work-from-home shift. I've got eighty hours of paid vacation time to use at my leisure, so I put in a request in the portal after sending him an email, giving him a heads up.

Just before midnight, my doorbell rings. No one ever comes over this late. Honestly, aside from Tatum, no one ever comes over at all. And Uri's never knocked on my door. Sure, he's stood outside my window a few times, holding various life-threatening objects, but he's never knocked on my door or rang the bell.

The second the door is open, Uri rushes in, wrapping both hands around my throat and squeezing tight. He shoves me against the wall and leans in until our noses touch. It feels good to have him take control like this. I almost wish he'd done so at the cemetery, back when I was still breaking.

"I'm not going to tell you this again," he growls in his familiar way. "If you ever run off from me like that again, I'll take a handsaw to your throat. You fucking hear me?"

It's all I can do to keep myself from swooning. "Daddy," I croak, my voice rough from his grip. When he hears my gravelly voice, he loosens the hold he has on my neck.

"I ain't your fucking Daddy. Now, I'm only saying this once, so you better listen, and you better fucking listen well." His lips are so close to mine, all I would have to do is pucker them, and we'd be kissing. I don't, though. Uri told me to listen, and that's what I plan to do. "I'm coming over tomorrow afternoon. When I do, I'm tying you to the bed—" I whimper. I try not to, but I can't help it. "Cut out the gay shit. That's not how I meant it, and you know it."

“I think you did,” I taunt, forcing a smile, but he just rolls his eyes.

“Like I was saying—I’m coming over here tomorrow, tying you to your bed, and then I’m burning you alive.” God. How does he know all of the right things to say? It’s like he just knows me. Like he knows what it takes to pull me out of my troubled headspace. When he loosens his grip and steps away, he narrows his eyes.

“What?”

Though his glare doesn’t fade, he blushes brightly. “The suit you were wearing.”

“Yeah?”

He clears his throat. “You bought it for me?”

“For our date.”

He darts his eyes away and nods. “It looked nice. I liked the pink thing in the pocket.”

“I thought you would. Did you think I looked cute?”

“Of course not,” he insists, even though his head is nodding. He takes a step back, toward the door, and I’m proud of myself for not running to him and tackling him, just so I can cuddle up close. “Don’t wear it tomorrow. It’s a nice suit. Don’t want to ruin it when I burn you alive.” He takes a step back like he’s about to leave. I don’t want him to go, though. I’m not ready to be on my own just yet.

“Wait,” I say, stopping him in his tracks. “Will you stay? Just a little while longer. Please?”

He eyes me up and down, considering the request. Even though he’s shaking his head

to tell me no, his legs work against him as he walks toward the couch and takes a seat. The arched eyebrow he gives me is all the invitation I need, and I move, shuffling across the living room and hopping into his lap.

“I didn’t say you could sit in my lap.”

“I didn’t ask for your permission.” I wriggle around, noticing a bit of swelling in his groin. “It feels like you don’t mind, though.” I lean forward and kiss his chin, because he’s baring his teeth at me, so his mouth doesn’t seem like a safe place to put my lips at the moment. We need to do something to ease this awkward tension. Having never been in a relationship, I’m not really sure how to get us out of this post-fight headspace. I don’t like the atmosphere in the room at the moment, and I know it won’t change unless I try to change first. I have to pull myself out of this sad slump I’ve fallen into. “Do you want to play a game?”

“I want to end your life.”

I sigh, reaching for my deck of cards on the coffee table. “You’re hardly the first. Get in line, Uri.” Lifting the card deck, I shake it in front of his face. “Have you ever played Challenge of Pascurus? I’m in an online league. Last week Madame de Pumpawhore bested me, but Tatum bought me a new card, so I’m gonna get her good next time.”

“I don’t know what the shit any of that means.” He points at one of the barbarians on the pack and scowls. “You don’t seem nerdy enough to enjoy stuff like this.”

“And you don’t seem nice enough to be the love of my life, but here we are.”

“You keep saying gay shit and I’m going to take you onto your patio and throw you over the railing.”

“And if you keep threatening me with a good time, I’m going to take you into the bedroom and have my way with you.” When he rolls his eyes, I just lean my head against his chest and cling tightly to him. “But for now, maybe we can just cuddle. Just for a little while, I mean.”

When I catch his gaze, he looks as if he’s genuinely confused by this turn of events. Like out of all the potential outcomes of this day, having an early-twenties twink nestled on his lap is what he’d expected least.

Fuck it. Call me a wild card, I don’t care. All I know is right here, sitting in Uri’s lap . . . this is what it’s supposed to feel like. It’s the most natural thing in the world.

“Do you go to the cemetery often?” he asks, his fingers kneading into my side.

“Not a whole lot. I did at first. After she died, I spent a bunch of time out there.” He must hear me when I sniffle, because his grip tightens around my waist. “She’s all I’ve ever had. After my dad kicked me out, she left everything behind to make sure I wasn’t alone.”

His lips pucker against my forehead, and it feels like my heart is going to burst. He initiated the kiss. There were no threats of death. No weapons wielded to make him do so. It was a simple act, that kiss. Something just for me, because he knew I needed it.

“I did some research,” he whispers. “I saw the article about what happened. They caught the guy a few days later, right?”

I want to answer. Really, I do. The foundation to relationships can’t be built on omissions or half-truths, but I don’t know if I’m prepared to unpack all of that pain this soon. So, instead, I tighten the grip I have around his waist and inhale his scent.

“I know people. You don’t have to worry about him anymore.”

I stare up at him, cocking my head to the side and studying his face. “What does that mean?”

He clears his throat and averts his gaze, staring at the picture of me and Momma hanging above my television. “I watched some of the old campaign videos from your dad’s first run for senate. She seemed kind.” Our eyes lock, and there’s a hint of fire in his. “His death won’t be quick.”

I try to form words—any words—but none come. The man who killed my mom had been sentenced to life. But what right does he have to life when she’s six feet underground? Why does he get to keep on living when he stole her from me? Is Uri serious? Does he really have connections inside? Dare I even dream he could be telling the truth? “Why, Uri?”

His face is unreadable. It’s just a blank canvas, void of emotion. “Because he hurt you.” His grip is unbearable, like he’s trying to shove the sincerity into me by force. “No one gets to hurt you but me. They don’t even get to fucking touch you.” His nails are sharp; I’m pretty sure he could pierce the skin if he wanted. Instead, he loosens his grip and pats my hip, motioning for me to move. Once we’re up, I walk him to the front door. Squaring his shoulders, he takes a final look around the living room.

“You promise you’re coming back tomorrow?” I say. “You won’t stand me up again?”

He nods. “Yeah. Yeah, I’ll be here tomorrow afternoon.” His eyes are looking everywhere except at me. “If you’re religious, I’d suggest getting right with God. You’ll be meeting him soon.”

And then, as if he’d never been here at all, he’s gone. Uri’s gone, and I feel like I’m

walking on clouds. When I make it to bed, I pull out my phone and shoot a quick text to Tatum, telling him I'll need his help getting ready for my date. I put it on silent and slide it between my sheets, thanking the stars for my Uri.

"I don't think this is a good idea," my bleach-blond bestie Tatum says before finally lighting the joint he's been holding for the last ten minutes.

I've been getting ready for my date for over an hour, wanting to look perfect for Uri. Honestly, I've been on cloud nine all day. Before he showed up at my apartment last night, I was pretty sure I'd never see him again. Now, it feels like the world is shining just a little bit brighter. He'd felt bad for hurting my feelings. He couldn't have been more obvious if he'd tried. It's a fact that makes my heart swell with pride, because it means he's really into this. Just as much as me.

A boyfriend. My very own boyfriend. I've never had one before. Sure, I've flirted with a few men on hookup apps, but it never leads anywhere. Not once they see my face. It's hard to find the love of your life when your dad is on Fox News once a week, advocating the death penalty for homosexuals. The men on the apps don't seem to care that I'm literally the main target of his slander. Hell, last time Bucky Carlton had my dad on his show, he'd been wearing a shirt with a cartoon bigot holding up a likeness of my decapitated head. But do the gays give a damn about that?

"And I don't really care what you think. I invited you over to help me get ready, not to second-guess my life choices. You're supposed to make me pretty. That's it. That's all."

Tatum rolls his eyes. His makeup bag is resting on the bathroom counter, and I'm tempted to reach in and start picking stuff out for myself. God knows he's been absolutely no help. Honestly, if he wasn't the best makeup artist this side of Dallas, I wouldn't have even invited him today. I just want to look best for my Uri.

Fuck it. I'm going rogue.

With a straightening iron in one hand, I reach into the bag and pull out a handful of eyeshadow pallets.

“Don't even think about it. I'm not letting you waste the good stuff on a fucking stalker, babes.”

“Worst best friend ever,” I declare, throwing my hands in the air in frustration. The action sends my straightening iron into flight, landing on Tatum's lap. Judging by the high-pitched scream he lets out, it must burn like a motherfucker.

“What the fuck, Scotty?”

I point a finger at him, scowling. “No. I'm not going to let you talk me out of this. This is my first date—ever—and you're not going to take that from me. What would you even know about it? You're dating four men at once. Haven't you gotten your fill yet, Greedy McGreedyPants? Is it really so bad to want to find a little happiness for myself? Don't I deserve a little sunshine too?”

Tatum sighs before standing and makes his way in behind me, joining me in the ensuite. His hands crush around my chest as he pulls me in for a deep hug. “Of course you do. I'm just saying, the man is literally trying to kill you.”

I sigh, rolling my eyes. “Poppycock. It's just a bit of cheeky fun.”

“He put a knife to your throat?—”

“And he dropped it the second our hands touched.”

“Then he snuck into your apartment and held your head underwater in the sink.”

“And he let go when I stomped on his foot. Honestly, Tatum, I don’t know why you’re so invested in this ‘your boyfriend is trying to kill you’ narrative you keep trying to spin, but it needs to stop. You’re my friend. You’re supposed to have my back.”

“I’m literally trying to save your life.”

“And I’m trying to tell you I love him, and he loves me. He said so.”

Tatum groans, and the grip he has around my chest eases. “After you practically shattered his kneecap with a wrench.”

“I don’t see what that has to do with anything,” I say, reaching for the glittery eyeshadow I bought this morning. “Less gaslighting, more helping me get ready.” Whirling around, I hold the case up for Tatum to see. “Which color? I was thinking pink and sparkly. He really likes my pink underwear, so I think it’s a good?—”

Before I can finish, there’s a loud bang. It must be Uri at the door. I pick my phone up from its place on the counter and check the clock. Fuck. He’s right on time, and I haven’t even put on a shirt.

“This is your fault,” I say, driving a finger into Tatum’s chest. “If you hadn’t been harping on about murder, I’d be dressed right now.”

“And if you’d have listened to me, we could have gotten you into witness protection by now. I’m serious, babes, I’m genuinely worried for your safety.”

“Oh, please. How many times do I have to tell you—he’s not trying to actually kill me.”

There’s another loud knock, and I realize it isn’t coming from the living room. It’s

coming from my bedroom window. When I look over, my boyfriend is standing there, holding a blowtorch. He smashes it against the glass but scowls when the glass doesn't crack. Unfortunately, his impromptu bedroom-window entrance has been foiled by Tatum's overprotective streak. After the nasty little near-miss last week, he'd insisted I buy reinforced windowpanes.

Had Uri been standing on a ladder, aiming a gun at me through the window? Yes.

Was he actually going to shoot me? Obviously not.

Had he stared on in wonder as I stroked myself to completion for his viewing pleasure? Abso-fucking-lutely.

Though the bulletproof glass of my bedroom window is thick, nothing feels thicker than the air of nervousness enveloping me right now. Daddy is outside my window without a means of entry. He pulls the lever on the blowtorch, sending flames roaring against the glass. He aims his finger at Tatum, mouthing 'Don't fucking touch him,' with a terrifying expression.

"Jesus Christ," Tatum shrieks as he dives behind my bed.

I smile at Daddy Uri because he looks just as dapper as ever. He's wearing a black sweatshirt and a super-cute black beanie. I don't like how it's hiding away his beautiful hair, but that's fine. I'll just make him take it off once I pry the blowtorch out of his hands.

I give him a wave and flash him the I love you symbol in sign language, watching as his eyes dip to stare at my underwear. I should probably show a bit of restraint, but the look in his eyes is too much, and I want to show him my appreciation. So I pull down my briefs, giving him a quick flash of my flaccid cock. His entire body goes stiff, and he falls back, his arms flailing as he moves out of view.

“It’s okay,” I call out to Tatum. “You can come out now. He just fell.”

Tatum crawls out from behind the bed, peeking up at the window. When he sees Uri is gone, he stands up, his hands shaking at his sides. “How the fuck was he even standing there? We’re on the second floor!”

I sigh, because we’ve already gone over this. “He likes to watch me. I bought a ladder at Wal-Mart in case he wants to sneak a peek. Jesus, it’s like you don’t listen to a word I say. Keep up, please.” I grab my bottle of Elizabeth Taylor’s White Diamonds perfume—my mother’s favorite—wanting to smell pretty for my man. Spritzing three pumps onto my neck, two on each wrist, and one on the fabric shielding my dick, I breathe in the scent and smile. It smells like home.

My boyfriend is here.

I finally have an actual boyfriend, and he’s come to take me on an actual date.

I’m practically giddy with anticipation.

When he bangs on the door, I rush for it, not bothering with my jeans. He’s already seen me ejaculate; he can handle a little bulge action. Once I’ve got the door open, I take a moment to drink in the sight of him. His right eye is twitching like crazy, there’s a small twig wedged in his wavy hair, his beanie having fallen off during his topple. The blowtorch in his hand is aimed directly at me, and the sight of it makes my cock swell. As fun as the fight is, I don’t have time for silly games. My boyfriend is in front of me, and I want to be pressed up on him. Before he can react, I launch myself forward, wrapping my limbs around him, clinging to him like a koala.

“Daddy,” I whine, burying my face in his neck. “Missed you. Missed you so much it hurt.”

“Get the fuck off of me, you fucking freak!” he shouts, but I just latch on tighter.

“Where are you taking me, Uri? Where are we going on our date? I’ve been looking forward to it all day.”

“The only place I’m taking you is the bedroom?—”

I gasp, pulling away with wide eyes, nodding emphatically. “Yes. Yes, we can certainly do that.”

He lifts his blowtorch for me to see. “And then I’m melting your fucking eyeballs and feeding the leftover goo to you with a straw.”

I practically swoon. “How do you just instinctively know all the right things to say? Of course I’ll drink your goo, baby. Would you rather me suck you until you shoot, or do you want me to kneel in front of you while you jack off into my mouth?”

He makes a sound like he’s going to throw up and uses all his force to shove me off of him, sending me crashing onto the floor. I bang my elbow against the hardwood flooring, and it hurts so badly I can’t stop the cry from crawling out of my throat.

“Why would you do that?” I wail, covering my face with my hands so he doesn’t see my tears. “Why, Uri?” I hear the blowtorch igniting and pull my hands away from my face. Uri is holding his torch, aiming it at me. There’s a stream of fire blowing out of the nozzle, and as he steps closer, he grinds his teeth.

“The Wrath. It’s coming for you,” he says in a low, seductive tone. His tongue darts out, licking the length of his lips. “You ready for it? Gonna die real good for me, Scotty?”

I’m already in enough pain, I don’t have time for his silly game of Murder Daddy

right now. I grab the remote off my coffee table and fling it at him, regretting it the second it's in the air. Sure, he hurt my arm, but that was just an accident. I've intentionally thrown an unnecessarily large remote right at his forehead. He's going to be so upset with me when it hits him.

It connects, striking him right between the eyes, and he takes a few stumbling steps back. The way he groans in absolute agony makes me feel like a monster.

"Uri!" I cry out as he falls back, hitting the back of his head on the wall. Oh, God. I've heard one ill-placed strike to the head is all it takes to kill someone. What if I've just killed him? He's the love of my life, and it's taken me twenty-two years to find him. Am I going to have to wait another twenty-two years to find Uri 2.0? I don't want a second Uri, I want my Uri. My stalker. My salvation. My murder Daddy.

I scurry forward on my knees until I reach him, and then I sit at his side, cradling his aching head. The blowtorch is still throwing flames across the floors, and Tatum finally decides to be helpful and rushes out of the bedroom, lunging for it. Once he's got the valve shut off and the flames extinguished, he growls his irritation.

"What . . . the fucking . . . fuck . . . Scotty?" Tatum puts his hand on my back, and Uri's eyes flash with rage.

"You," Uri growls, glaring at Tatum. "Get your goddamn hand off of him."

Tatum shrieks, the shrill sound causing Uri to wince. All I can do is cover his ears to shield him from it. To keep him safe from Tatum's fucking obnoxious voice. Why is he even here, anyway? He's done absolutely nothing to help me in my time of need, aside from turning off a blowtorch. He moves around the counter leading into my miniscule kitchenette and grabs a butcher's knife from the block.

"Get out," I growl.

“Exactly,” Tatum says, stepping forward, puffing out his chest like he’s about to do something. “Get the fuck out.” He’s got the knife held out like he’s big and bad, all of a sudden.

With a sigh, I stroke Uri’s aching head, just wanting to bring him comfort. “I meant you, Tatum. I want you to go.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I’ve never been more serious in my life. Uri is dying in my arms, and it’s because of you. So, get out. Get out and don’t even think about coming back until you’re ready to apologize. To him, and to me.”

“You know what? Fine. Fucking fine, Scotty. Let him kill you, for all I care. Let him burn you alive. But when he’s done with you and you’re crying to me on the phone, I’m saying ‘I told you so.’ I’m saying it, and I’m going to revel in it.” He sighs. “Then I’ll bring over ice cream and hug you until you’re better.”

“Don’t,” Uri barks. “Don’t touch him. Ever. I’ll cut your hands off.”

Whatever Tatum says goes unnoticed, because as I stare into Uri’s eyes, I see something I’ve never seen before. The mask he wears when he pretends he wants to kill me slips, and his mouth hangs open. I lean in, giving him a gentle kiss on the forehead. Behind me, the door slams shut, but all I see are Uri’s affectionate eyes. With one hand cradling him like he’s the most precious possession in all the world, I use the other to stroke his eyebrow.

“Are you okay?” I say. His mouth opens and closes a few times, like the words are there, but he can’t get them out. I want to tell him he doesn’t have to force it. If he can’t get his mouth to work, it’s okay. I just want him to feel better. “Can you walk?” He nods, but he makes no effort to move. “Are you hurt? Did I hurt you?”

He tries to narrow his eyes but winces. The remote to his forehead must have really done a number on him. “Still got enough strength left to burn you alive.”

It feels like a weight has been lifted, knowing he’s back to his usual grumpy self. “I’m sure you can, but why don’t we relax a bit before you grab Blowie McBlowtorch and test that theory, yeah?” Again, he makes no effort to move, so I just sigh and grab the torch. Fine. If he needs me to pretend to have the upper hand just to get into my bed so he can recover, so fucking be it. I half-heartedly lift it, aiming the nozzle in his direction. His body goes stiff beneath me. “Are you going to follow me, or do I have to literally hold your feet to this flame?”

“I could just grab it out of your hand.”

I shrug. “You could try. I’d rather you let me take care of you first.” Leaning in, I kiss the tip of his nose. “Please let me take care of you. I don’t like to see you hurting.”

He pauses for a moment, considering. With the slightest of nods, he allows me to help hoist him off the ground and walk him to my bedroom. Inside, he turns and stares at the window.

“Why didn’t it break when I tried to smash it?”

God, his voice is like ice cream on a warm summer day. There’s a hint of a Boston accent swimming beneath the surface. Considering we’re slap-dab in the middle of Podunk, Texas, Population: Hillbilly, it certainly piques my interest, but I can ask him about his heritage later. Now, he needs to be coddled. To be pampered.

“Tatum was worried you were going to try to break in again. I tell him over and over this is just our silly little game of Murder Daddy, but he’s hellbent on the idea you’re actually trying to kill me.”

He stops walking, and the grip he has on my arm tightens. "I am, Scotty. I fully plan on ending your life."

I smirk at him. "Promises, promises, Daddy." Initially, he objects to slipping between my sheets, but finally relents when I hold up the blowtorch and unenthusiastically shake it in front of his face.

"You're not going to do anymore of the gay shit again, are you?"

I sigh and roll my eyes. "Well, I wasn't planning on it. I mean, I'll probably jack off for you again, because I liked it when you watched me come the other night, but that's not really weird or anything." I set the blowtorch on my nightstand.

He makes a disgusted face. "If you pull that thing out again, I'll rip it the fuck off you."

My heart beats a little faster at his admission. "You want to touch my cock?" Does he really? I mean, I know I've been hoping for it, considering it's something most gay men like to do, but still. Knowing he wants to wrap his hand around my dick makes me feel light and airy.

"That's not what the fuck I said."

I sit on the bed and hoist myself over him, straddling his lap. "That's exactly what you said." I catch him looking down at my bulge, probably hoping to find my dick standing at attention. With the worry of almost killing him still fresh in my mind, my dick is taking a much-needed nap. Still, his eyes don't move from my crotch. They just stay there, locked on the prize in front of him. "Did you like my dick? When you saw it earlier, I mean."

He shakes his head emphatically. "No. I want you to keep your little worm away

from me.”

“You think it’s little?” I furrow my brow, because—ugh—self-confidence? Shattered. I peek down at my bulge and study the landscape. Pulling the waistband away, I stare at my cock. Sure, it isn’t six or seven inches, but it still looks okay, I think. I mean, I won’t be winning any dick-measuring contests in the near future, but that’s okay. It’s still got a lovely shape.

“Keep staring at it and it’s going to get hard.” He grips my hip, painfully pulling my attention back to him. “I swear to God, if you get a hard-on while you’re on my lap, I’ll squeeze the fucking life out of you.” He smirks, reaching for my neck. I want to slap his hand away to prove a point, but I can’t. I just sit there, letting it happen. He wraps his fingers around my throat and squeezes, but it’s a gentle squeeze. Just tight enough for me to know he’s there. “Want to feel your bones crunch in my hand. Want to see the light fade from your eyes.”

A rush of blood pumps into my dick, and he must feel it stiffen against him, because his eyes blow wide, and he looks down at it in horror.

“Fucking freak,” he says, but his eyes never leave my bulge. His tongue darts out, and he traces a circle around his lips. Rolling my hips, I give an exploratory grind against his abs, but his grip tightens around my throat. “Don’t even think about it.”

“God, yes,” I manage, unable to draw in air. “Choke me, baby.” I rut against him again, but stop suddenly when his other hand crashes against my ass.

Did he just spank me?

Yes. More of that. Please and thank you.

“I said, fucking stop it, Scotty.”

The sound of my name on his lips feels like an awakening. Like someone's thrown a torch into a gallon of gasoline, and I can feel pressure mounting in my gut. He must see it in my eyes, because he shakes his head, his expression furious. Removing both hands, he pulls away from me, right as I'm about to come. The loss of contact is like being plunged into a pool of ice water, and I whine loudly, panting as I try to catch my breath.

"Please?" I say. "Need it. Wanna come. Wanna shoot on your face again." I fall forward until our foreheads touch. "Loved seeing you wear my load. Love you." He shoves me away, and I bounce back, rolling to the end of the bed. Once I've got my bearings, I sit upright and stare at him. "I was so close," I whine again. "Why'd you stop me?"

"Because, like I've told you—repeatedly—I'm not fucking gay. I don't want to fucking fuck you. I literally just want to end your life. No kisses. No boyfriends. No cuddles."

"Maybe a few cuddles," I say with a cheeky smile. "Maybe now, actually." I scurry to his side and slide beneath the blanket. I grab my phone and the blowtorch from the nightstand before scooching in beside him, bringing the covers up over our heads, cocooning us away from the outside world. Turning on my phone's flashlight, I use it as a light source. He's still scowling at me, but I can see his gaze has softened.

"Stop staring at me like that."

"Like what?"

"All lovesick, like a puppy."

I giggle. "Puppy love. I guess that's what this is, isn't it? Can I tell you a secret, Daddy?" He reaches for my neck again, but I slap his hand away and shake the

blowtorch in his face.

He sighs. “Fine. Just say whatever the fuck you want to say.”

“You’re my first. My first boyfriend, I mean. I’ve wanted one for a long time, but no one even gives me a second look. When I go to dance at the gay bar, everyone treats me like I’m diseased or something.” Another tear forms in my eye, but I wipe it away. “I don’t know if it’s because of my dad, or if I’m just all-around unlovable, but I was starting to think maybe there was just something wrong with me. That I wasn’t worthy of being loved.” I lean forward and gently kiss his lips, letting go of the blowtorch long enough to cup his cheek. “So, thank you.”

His eyes dart down to the discarded torch, and before I can react, it’s in his hand. For a second, I think he might go back into our silly little predator-versus-prey game, but he just holds onto it like he’s scared it might slip away.

“Thanks for what?” he finally asks.

“For loving me, silly. For showing me I wasn’t born broken.”

“Can I ask you something?”

I scoot closer, nuzzling my face into his chest. “Anything.”

He groans at the endearment, but he doesn’t push me away. “Do you get out a lot? Aside from the bar, I haven’t seen you leave your apartment once in the three weeks I’ve been stalking you. I think all of this isolation might have taken a toll on you. You’re unhinged.”

I shrug. “I don’t like it outside too much. It’s really loud, and people are mean. Staying home is better, because when I’m here, I can be whoever I want to be. I don’t

have to worry about the boys who don't give me a second look, or pretend to be this person I'm not. If I want to lie around and watch porn all afternoon, I can." I scooch even closer until my cock is against his thigh. "If I want to jack off thinking about the man I love, all I have to do is pull it out." He's pulled his lip between his teeth and is chewing softly, as if he's taking in every word I'm saying. "And if I want to slide a finger into my hole, wishing it was you instead, who's going to stop me?"

"That's disgusting," he says, but his voice is barely even a whisper. It almost sounds like it's cracking. Like he's cracking. Good. I want him to. I want the wall he's put up to crumble beneath this blanket, showing me the man he truly is. "Fucking sick."

I grind against his thigh, because the sound of his broken voice is doing things to me. "Tell me. Tell me what's sick about it." Rolling onto my back, I slide my briefs down until the cool cotton sheets nuzzle against my cheeks. I pop a finger into my mouth, preparing it for its impending journey. "Talk to me. Wanna hear your sexy voice."

"What the fuck are you doing?"

I turn and look at him, my eyes growing narrower by the second. "What do you think I'm about to do?"

"Something disgusting, I'm sure. Something depraved." He licks his lips, and it isn't lost on me that he's inched a bit closer. "Don't do that gay shit around me, you sick fuck."

Smiling at him, I lean over and claim him, slamming my mouth against his. For a second—one beautiful, perfect second—he doesn't pull away. His lips part. Then, as if reality has struck him, he jolts back, pulling the blankets off him, leaving the blowtorch on the bed as he stumbles, falling against my closet door. He slides down, falling to the floor and sitting there, making no effort to move.

“Watch me,” I say, my voice raw with desire. “I want you to watch me. I like it when your eyes are on me.” Sitting up and grabbing the blowtorch, I scoot to the edge of the bed and slide down to the floor. Since my bedroom is essentially the size of a linen closet, there’s only about three feet separating us, but that’s more than enough for what I have in store. Every inch of me is on display, and he’s doing everything in his power not to look. His eyes dart here, there, and everywhere. Everywhere except my cock.

For dramatic flair, I flick the nozzle on the blowtorch, jittering when the flame barrels out of the nozzle. For some reason, it helps him to feel like he isn’t in control. Like as long as I have his daily weapon of choice, he has no say in the matter.

I point the stream of fire in his direction. “What are you going to do, Daddy?”

“The only thing I can,” he bites back at me. “I’m going to sit here and watch you do whatever sick shit you’re about to do to yourself.”

“Goddamn right, you are.” Pulling my feet toward my ass until my knees are level with my face, every inch of me is laid bare before him. I wonder if he likes the view. If he approves of what he sees. It’s not just my dick this time. Now, my hole—the one that will soon belong to him—is right there for him to bear witness. I clench, making it wink at him, feeling drunk at the sight of him flinching. “What are you looking at, Uri?”

He sighs. “Your ass.”

“You like it?” I bring my hand to my taint, tickling the small patch of bare skin. “I asked you a question, love.”

“Of course I don’t like it. It’s a man’s ass.”

I drag my finger down until it rests at the peak of my crack's crevice. "What about right here? Do you like this spot?"

"No," he barks, but there's a questioning tone to his voice, like he isn't sure he believes it.

"Sure," I say with a laugh. With my finger only inches from glory, he acts like he's about to stand up. I need to steady him. To bring him back to me, the way I know he wants. "If you move one muscle, I'll aim that fire at your balls and watch them burn. Don't fucking test me, Uri."

His entire body shudders, and he leans back against the wall, his eyes locked on mine. I dip mine down, wanting to guide him back to his prize. Once he's staring at my ass again, I bring my finger lower, circling the tip around my entrance.

"Do you like that, babe? Is it a pretty hole?"

"No," he says, his jaw trembling. "I don't want to watch this; I'm not a queer." Then I press gently against my hole, and as the tip slips in, he sucks in a quick breath, his shoulders shaking.

"God. I wish this was you." I push deeper, driving my finger in, right down to the knuckle. His breathing is heavy, like he's having trouble drawing in air. With every inch of my finger inside of me, I begin the beautiful task of sliding it out. "Wish it was your cock. Can you imagine how it's going to feel when you fuck me? How tight I'll feel wrapped around you?"

"I'm not fucking you. Ever."

When my finger slips from my hole, I lift my hand and spit on it, bringing it back to my crack and circling the rim. Again, I slide inside, my hips joining in on the action,

fucking myself on my finger. It feels so good with him staring at me like this. Having him watch me explore my most secret of places. It's an exhilarating experience, but I want more. Pulling my finger out, I lean toward him and hold out my hand. "Spit."

"What?"

"Spit in my hand."

Reluctantly, he moves closer and does just that, spitting saliva in my palm. I coat my middle finger in his slick and bring it back to my hole.

"Don't fucking do that. I don't want any part of me inside of you."

I whine like a bratty little thing, enjoying the way he stares at me. "Come closer," I say, but his eyes go wide and he shakes his head furiously. I've still got the blowtorch in my hand, and when I give it a little jiggle to remind him who's in control, he exhales heavily and scoots toward me. Still, there's a solid foot between us, and I want him nearer. "Closer."

"How fucking close do I gotta get? Goddamn."

"Lie on your stomach. Want you to see me up close."

He follows my instruction, shifting onto his stomach, his face maybe six or seven inches away from the evidence of my arousal. He looks up at me, eyes narrowed into slits. "I'm not fucking touching you."

I shake my head. "You don't have to. I just like you near. All you have to do is watch, I promise."

His eyes travel lower, staring at my cock. I really want to set the blowtorch down so I

can work my shaft, but I know he gets off on this power-play thing. So I just grip the butane tank, wishing it was my cock, working my finger in and out of my hole for his pleasure. Each time he exhales, his breath tickles my sensitive skin, making me shudder.

“Do you like it?”

“No,” he says, not taking his eyes off of my ass. “You’re fucking shameless—you know that?”

I whimper, because his insults are doing things to me I can’t explain. Crooking my finger inside, it connects with that lovely, magical button, and I can’t swallow my moan fast enough. “Oh, God, Uri.”

His body shivers and I watch as a look of shame washes over him, like he’s surprised by how much he’s enjoying the show. Working my finger faster, I find myself approaching the edge, unsure how I even got there. I haven’t touched my dick for a solid five minutes, but there’s an orgasm drawing near, and I don’t know how long I can hold back the tide.

“Close,” I whisper. “So close.”

His mouth hangs open. “How? You’re not even?—”

“Because of you,” I tell him. He looks up at me, his eyes wide. Is that a smile I see forming on his grumpy face? “You’re doing this to me. Look.” I dart my eyes down, guiding him to the bead of pre-cum pearling at the tip. More than anything, I want him to taste it. To lap the pearl up like a thirsty little thing. “Would you mind getting that for me? My hands are a little full.” As if in a trance, he reaches forward, swiping his finger across the tip, collecting the droplet. He stares at the liquid like it’s the strangest thing he’s ever seen. “That’s mine. You can’t have it.”

“I don’t want it,” he insists, though the way he refuses to wipe my wetness away isn’t giving his declaration any credence.

“Give it back, Uri.” Leaning forward, I stick out my tongue, batting my lashes at him. He darts his eyes back and forth between his finger and my mouth, like he’s contemplating what to do next. Like he doesn’t want to give it away, because it’s his. Reluctantly, he finally feeds it to me, leaving his finger in my mouth longer than necessary. Our eyes meet, and I swirl my tongue around the tip, wanting him to know how good I can make his cock feel, given the chance. There’s a hint of arousal in his eyes, but I can tell he’s fighting it because he knows what his baby needs right now. What I need is to be shamed. To be told I’m a naughty boy.

“Look at you,” he rasps. “Fucking yourself like a whore.” My eyes roll back in my head, and another long stream of pre-cum oozes from the tip, dripping down my shaft. He watches as it slides down my balls. I follow his eyes on their journey until they’re staring at my finger sliding in and out. He licks his lips, but I can tell he’d rather be devouring my ass.

“Do you like it?”

He shakes his head. “It looks so tight.”

“It is. It’s gripping down on my finger, babe.”

He nibbles his lower lip for a second before leaning in even closer. He rests his head against my thigh, his face only inches from the action. It’s like he’s cuddled up with his favorite pillow, and the sight of him watching me feels like being struck with lightning. He reaches forward, and I feel the tip of his finger tracing a ring around my hole. “It seems so tight. How the hell do you fit a man’s cock into something so small?”

“I don’t know,” I admit. “I’ve never had one in there before.”

His head snaps up, and he stares at me with a look I can’t quite read. “You’re a virgin?”

“Yeah. I’ve been saving myself for someone special.” There’s a whimper crawling up my throat, demanding release, and as I make contact with my prostate, it escapes. He grips my thigh to steady me, but when he realizes he’s offering me comfort, he rips his hand away, his cheeks burning red. “Been saving it for you, Uri.”

“I don’t want it.” He throws the denial out quickly.

“Should I give it to someone else, then?”

He looks lost in contemplation. He wants to say yes. I can tell he does. He shakes his head. “No. Don’t.” He darts his eyes back and forth between my thigh and my eyes. I know what he wants. What he needs me to say. At first, I say nothing, because I kind of want him to touch it without me forcing him, but then his eyes flicker to the blowtorch in my hand. I have to roll my eyes because all he has to do is reach for my leg. If he wants to feel that connection, it’s literally all he has to do.

“Fine,” I say with a bratty whine, tapping the butane tank. “Touch my butt. Want to feel you when I come.”

“So gross,” he complains as he grips my left cheek tightly, his thumb brushing back and forth. Licking his lips, he leans closer. “I bet you want to slide another finger in, don’t you?”

Honestly, the thought hasn’t crossed my mind, but now it’s all I can think of. “Please,” I whisper, needing him to tell me it’s okay. Pleading for his permission.

He growls at me. “Get your finger wet. You’re going to fucking hurt yourself.”

“With what?”

He looks around the room as if a bottle of lube will magically appear. I should probably tell him there’s one in my nightstand drawer, but I’d rather use his saliva again. I love knowing a part of him is inside of me. It’s a physical manifestation of the words he refuses to say. The things he refuses to do to me. A way he can fuck me without actually fucking me. With one finger still inside, I straighten the others, readying them for him. “Lube me up, Daddy.”

He pauses for a moment, considering. At first, I’m pretty sure he’s going to just spit on his hand and then slick my fingers, but he surprises me when he leans forward and sucks all four of my free fingers into his mouth, nursing on them like a calf to a teat. His tongue twirls around each digit, eyes opened, staring at my hole. He stays there for a while, and I realize I’m going to have to be the one to snap him out of his lusty little stupor.

“If you want me to slide another one in, I’m going to need my finger back.”

His eyes blow wide and he pulls away hastily, his hand still locked on my ass. “I don’t,” he practically shouts. “I don’t want to see any of this. You’re forcing me.”

“I know,” I soothe, because I do. “I know, Uri.”

“I don’t like this,” he whines.

“I know you don’t.” Lifting the blowtorch, I give him another smile. “I’m the big, bad twink, and right now you’re at my mercy.” He exhales a sigh of relief and grips my ass harder. The edge is drawing nearer, and I’m about to fall. About to lose myself in the moment, with the love of my life staring as it happens. “I’m—I’m

gonna come. I'm about to—about to?—”

“Fuck.” He’s so fucking awestruck right now. I’ve never felt more beautiful than I do right now. He’s staring at me like I’m a fucking god.

I can’t do it anymore. I need contact. “Please?” He might not know what I’m asking for, but it doesn’t stop him from nodding. Needing pressure against my shaft, I let the torch fall to the floor, then grip him by the hair and drag him forward until his cheek is against my cock. Thrusting feverishly, I can feel my balls tighten, and I hear Uri gasp in surprise.

“Here it comes.”

“Holy shit,” he whispers. His eyes dart up, and I stare into them, loving the way his face looks with my cock against it. “You’re gonna come on my face?”

“Please,” I whisper. I want him to tell me it’s okay. That he wants this just as much as I do. “Can I?”

His breath hitches and his eyes go dark. “Fuck. Scotty.”

“Please, Daddy. I need it.”

He blinks dazedly at me and opens his mouth, his words caught in his throat. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply like he’s trying to breathe me into him. “Okay. Yeah. Come on me.”

Holy shit.

With a final thrust, my cock explodes, shooting jet after jet against the side of his face. He whimpers. It’s the quietest of admissions. He loves this. His shameless boy,

fucking his face. Letting go of his hair, I fist my cock, quickly pumping as more cum bursts from the tip. He pulls away, but he doesn't retreat. Instead, with hesitation in his eyes, his mouth falls open and he leans in close. Seizing the opportunity, I aim the head of my cock at his lips and watch as shot after shot of my load lands on his tongue. The sound he makes is nothing short of depraved. He closes his lips around my cockhead and drinks from the source, his cheeks scalding with red heat. Jesus, did his tongue just flick over the head?

When the last drop of cum touches his tongue, his eyes dart up and his mouth falls open. Grabbing the blowtorch, he uses one hand to scurry back, with my cum still pooled in his mouth.

"What the fuck was that?" he shouts, his voice harsher than I've ever heard it. "Why would you—" He breathes shakily before swallowing my load. It isn't lost on me how he darts his tongue out, seeking seconds. "You said I didn't have to touch you." He flips the valve on the blowtorch and a stream of fire roars from the tip, warning me back. His eyes go black, and it looks like his pupils have overtaken those beautiful brown irises. His eyes usually make me feel at ease, but this look—this new side of him—sends a chill of genuine fear down my spine. He looks like he actually wants to kill me. Not like he's playing our fun little game. Fuck, I almost expect him to lunge forward and aim the flame at my face.

"Uri," I whisper, reaching for him with my still-slick hand. "You're scaring me."

"You should be scared. You should be fucking terrified. Do you know how many people I've killed?" His knuckles go white around the butane bottle, and he lifts it, reaching toward me. "What you just did—what you forced me to do—I've carved people's hearts out for less."

"You're carving mine out right now," I admit. "Please? Just come back to me, Daddy. Don't like this side of you. Uri, please?"

“My name isn’t fucking Uri,” he shouts. “I’m not a fucking queer. I’m not like you.” He can say it all he wants—his words don’t mean much when my load is still fresh on his cheek. I push past my fear and rise to my knees, hobbling forward. As if by instinct, he turns the nozzle away from me, aiming the stream of fire at the empty space of my bedroom. When I reach him, I press our foreheads together and straddle his lap.

“Get off me,” he pleads.

“Make me.” I lean closer, placing a delicate kiss against his lips. “If you don’t want me on your lap, then push me away.”

“I will,” he says, sounding like he’s trying to convince himself. “I’ll hold you down and burn you alive.”

I nod. “You can if you’d like. I won’t fight you if you try.” His eyes open, and I can see there are tears forming in them. “Or, you can go into my closet, pick something you think I’d look cute in, and take me on our date like you said you would.”

He shakes his head. “We’re not going on a date. If you want me to take you out, you’re going to have to pry this torch out of my cold, dead hands. Try it. I fucking dare you.”

Cupping his cheek, I force a smile, but I won’t force him to do this. He’s going through something right now, and if he needs to be mad at me to work through it, I’ll let him. Still, I reach for the torch, and he doesn’t fight me when I pull it away from him. Flipping the valve off, I place it beside me and give him another quick peck on the lips.

“What I want is for you to go home.”

“What?”

“Go home.” I back away from him and walk to my bed, grabbing my phone from the nightstand. When I return, I kneel at his side and bring up my contacts. I hand him the phone. “Put your number in.”

“I’m not giving you my number,” he says, but he’s already typing it into the contact.

“And I want you to put your name in there, too.” I playfully tap the tip of his nose. “Lying about your name? Naughty Daddy.”

“You don’t need to know my name. All you need to know is I’m going to slit your throat the next time I get the chance.”

“Yes, you will,” I agree, wanting to give him a bit of his confidence back. I know I’ve pushed him farther than he was ready to go, and I genuinely feel bad for talking him into letting me come on his face. I promised him he wouldn’t have to touch me, and then I jacked off into his mouth like a slut. Granted, I know he wanted it—it was clear in his eyes—but I don’t like how sad he looks right now, especially knowing I’m the reason for that sadness. I told him earlier he was the worst boyfriend ever, but I’m starting to think maybe I’ve got him beat. “You’re going to kill me so good. I know you will.” I kiss his cheek and smile when he hands me the phone. Looking down at the screen, I see something that makes my heart slam in my chest. His name. His real name. “Thank you, Brody.”

“The next time I see you, you’re a dead man,” he says, his voice cracking.

“I am,” I agree. “Dead as a doornail, I know. For now, I want you to go home, and I want you to give yourself a little self-care. Pamper yourself. Don’t want Daddy walking around sad all day.”

“I’m not your fucking Daddy.”

I stand up and hold a hand out for him, pulling him up from the hardwood floor. I weave our fingers together and walk him toward the living room, stopping when he does. Turning, I see him eyeing the blowtorch, looking torn.

“No,” I say, taking charge like I know he needs me to. “That’s mine now. You can’t have it.”

“You’ll kill me if I try to grab it?” he asks hopefully, and I just smile and nod at him.

“Gonna kill you so hard if you do, I promise.” The moment the words are out, he breathes another sigh of relief and allows me to walk him to the living room. I let go of his hand and turn toward him, wrapping my arms around his waist and burying my face in his chest, inhaling his essence. “Gonna miss you, babe. When am I going to see you again?”

His arms are stiff at his side, but I can hear his heart thundering in his chest. “Tomorrow.”

I melt into him. “What are you going to bring to kill me with next time? I’d prefer if it wasn’t that nasty old wrench. I got rust all over my hotpants last time. Had to throw them out. I cried when I got home. They were my favorite pair.”

“Sorry,” he says, taking me by surprise as he wraps one arm around my shoulder, digging his nails painfully into my back. The admission must have taken him by surprise too, because he quickly corrects himself. “I mean, I don’t give a fuck about your fucking hotpants. They make you look like a cheap whore.”

“Your whore. All yours.” I take the hand he’s got fisted at his side and place it on my ass. As I snuggle closer, I can tell there’s definitely life swelling below, and I know

he'll be embarrassed if he realizes I can tell, so I pull away, reaching for the door handle. His eyes dart down to my cock, and his tongue pokes out of his mouth, licking a ring around his lips. His hand slips away from my ass as he takes a step back.

“Tomorrow. Me, you, and a baseball bat.” He clears his throat and squares his shoulder. “I’m going to bash your skull in,” he declares matter-of-factly, and all I can do is smile at him.

“It’s a date.”

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

There's a note on the counter when I get home. Fiona's going to be out of town for a week on an assignment with Kincaid. Good. With a face covered in dried semen, the last thing I want is for her to see the evidence of my shame. Sure, we've got an open marriage, but I don't fuck with men. I don't let them bust loads on my cheek. This new Brody Frost, whoever he is, scares the hell out of me.

I grab a beer from the fridge and head to the living room, picking up my laptop along the way. Once I'm in my recliner, I wait for Daisy to trot over. I pick her up, setting her at her usual place on the armrest. There's another email waiting for me from the agency. I guess they've decided their threats aren't worth the time it takes to write them, because all the email says is "Three weeks, Mr. Frost."

I sigh, slamming the laptop lid closed. The action startles Daisy, who lets out a high-pitched squeal. Great. Now I feel like an asshole. I set the laptop on the arm of the chair before scooping her up and laying back with her in my arms, cradling her like a baby. "Sorry, little girl." She looks up at me, her fearful eyes shifting back to their usual, carefree state.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, and when I pull it out, I groan when I see the name on the message.

TARGET: Are you okay, Daddy?

I lock the screen because I can't fucking cope with this freak right now. He's the reason my life is on the line. I've never gone soft on a target before. My killings are quick, and they're merciless. The last man I killed had begged for his life the whole trip. He'd sat in the back seat, duct-taped neck to ankle, blubbering about his family. I

don't normally let my feelings interfere with my job, but the man deserved everything he got. Honestly, he deserved worse than what I gave him. The man had been placed on the agency's hitlist after his wife found him in their daughter's room the night before. He hadn't gotten the chance to lay a hand on the kid—thank God—but the intention had been there. Now, he'll never have the chance to touch anyone again. Not lying in the backseat of his car at the bottom of Lake Ouachita.

My phone vibrates again, and I sigh, looking down at Daisy. "He's not going to shut up unless I respond." I'm not sure which of us I'm trying to convince.

I've never given a man a second glance, but with Scotty, I couldn't tear my eyes away from the tight hole as it swallowed his finger. Seeing such a small opening spread around him, swallowing his finger whole, had sent a strange, unfamiliar feeling through me. One I'd never felt with anyone—not even Fiona.

When I unlock my phone, I see that the latest message is a picture. The thumbnail is small in my notification bar, so I swipe to the message app and click his name. To my surprise, he sent me a picture of his soft cock. In the picture, he's lying in his bed—the one we'd cuddled in earlier—and he's holding his hot-pink briefs down under his ball sack. Unlike earlier, his bush is trimmed short, neat and tidy. Did he do that for me?

I type out my response and hit send.

Me: Never contact me again.

Immediately, I'm bombarded with a laugh/cry emoji with a big, red heart beside it. I see the ellipsis flash, indicating he's typing, and groan. One request, and he can't even follow it. Why the hell does he keep invading my space like this? I mean, I know I'm trying to kill the guy, but he's breaking every personal boundary I put up.

Target: Answer the question

His next message says and then another pops up.

Target: Are you okay? I've been worried.

The words are typed and sent before I even realize what I've done. Why I sent a message saying, I'm fine. Thank you, is beyond me.

I groan, because as soon as the message shows read, his name pops up in the center of the screen. He's FaceTiming me. What the fucking fuck? This man just crosses one line after the next.

I answer and scowl into the phone. "What the fuck do you want?"

Despite my agitated tone, he smiles at me like a love-sick puppy. "Hey, Daddy." Fuck. I hate when he calls me that. I'm only nine years older than him. Not to mention I'm literally trying to kill him. A gentle smile settles in the corner of his mouth. "You said you're fine, but you don't look fine. What's wrong?"

"Well, I've got a fucking pervert calling me for some reason, for starters. Secondly, you sent me a picture of your little worm." I glare at him. "Don't ever send me nudes again. Do you understand me?"

He just smiles dreamily and wiggles his eyebrows a little. "Counteroffer, how about I send you all the nudes? And maybe you could stop calling my penis little. It's not nice, my love."

"I'll stop stating the obvious when you stop saying weird shit like 'my love.' You don't even know me, man."

“I know your heart. I know it beats just for me.”

I narrow my eyes at him. “You remember when you said you didn’t understand why you couldn’t land a boyfriend? This could have something to do with it. You’re being fucking clingy and creepy, man. Is it any wonder nobody wants you?” The second I see tears spring from his eyes, a rush of regret washes over me. “Hey,” I soothe, trying to bring his attention back to me. “Scotty, look at me.” He closes his eyes and shakes his head. Now he’s crying loudly, making choking and gasping sounds.

“Why—why would you say that? Why are you always so m-mean to me? Everyone else is cruel to me, I can’t take it from you too. When w-we’re playing our game it’s okay, but I j-j—” He chokes out another sob. “I just wanted to check and make sure you were okay. I’ve been s-so worried about you since you left, and now you’re—you’re . . .” He covers his face with his hands, hiding himself away from me.

“I’m sorry.” I don’t know why I’m apologizing, but I can’t help it. The sound of him crying feels worse than when he threw that damn remote at my head earlier. I want it to stop. I need for it to stop. But I guess if I’m going to get him to calm the fuck down, I’m going to have to join him on his crazy train. “Baby, look at me.”

The endearment stops him dead in his tracks, and he snuffles before wiping his eyes. “Baby?”

My cheeks burn, and I try to harden my voice. “I don’t know what the hell you think you just heard, but it wasn’t ‘baby.’ You hear me?” I wait for him to nod, and when he does, there’s a knowingness in his eyes. Shit. There’s no fooling this guy. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that to you, Scotty. You just frustrate the fuck out of me.” I remember the way he said he thought he was unlovable earlier. Thoughts like that don’t have any business swirling in his head. He might be a fucking headcase, but he’s got a good heart—public indecency aside. “You’re not unlovable.” I clear my throat, hoping it might clear the tense atmosphere. “Now, I want you to shut the fuck

up. Enough crying. You're not a kid. You're a man."

"I'm your man," he says. His eyes glance at the side of his screen, and he smiles widely at me, tears fresh in his hopeful eyes. "And who is this adorable little furbaby?"

I stare down at Daisy, still cradled in my arms. Tilting the camera down so he can get a better look, I say, "This is Daisy." Her ears prick up when she hears her name, and she pants her approval. "Say hi, baby girl." She stares at me with the same love-drunk eyes the freak on the phone usually gives me, and I breathe out a heavy breath through my nostrils, because she isn't listening to my instructions, either. "Don't be rude. Say hello." As if she can understand every word I've just said, she stares at the screen and barks.

Scotty squeaks with enthusiasm, his mouth opening into an even wider smile. "She's adorable!"

"She sure is something."

"When do I get to meet her?"

I arch an eyebrow at him. "Never. Why the hell would you need to meet my dog?"

"Because she's like our little baby. Our love child." He pauses, chewing his cheek as he falls deep in thought. "So, to her, you're Daddy. What does that make me?"

"Pardon?"

"Like, will I be Papa? Dad? I guess there's always Papi, but I'm not Hispanic, so that kind of sounds like cultural appropriation. Maybe Da-Da?"

I blink slowly at him. “I think The Man I Plan to Kill Tomorrow has a nice ring to it.”

He winks at me. “We’ll see.”

I just roll my eyes and groan. Daisy, clearly done listening to me make a fool out of myself, hops down and heads into her open crate, cuddling up in her dog bed.

“I can’t stop thinking about you,” he tells me, and I see his shoulder moving in a strange motion. What the hell is that about?

“Try harder.”

“You’re just so beautiful, Brody. Your face. Your big, brown eyes. How did I get so lucky?”

“Someone paid me to kill you,” I remind him. “That’s how.”

He chuckles softly. “Will you do me a favor?”

“No.”

“Can I see your cock?”

The surprise of his request makes me jolt in my chair, sending my laptop crashing to the ground and startling Daisy, who lets out another high-pitched yelp from her crate. “You see?” I hiss into the phone. “Dammit! I asked you not to say gay shit to me. I’ve asked you over and over.”

“Wanna see it, Daddy. Please?”

“I’m not showing you my penis.”

Don't ask me why, because I don't have an answer for it. There's a phone screen and twenty miles between us, and still, the second he lifts the blowtorch into view, my hand reaches for the waistband of my joggers. I've got a hand around my cock before the action even registers.

"Then take your shirt off, at least."

I glare at him. "You keep your hands where I can fucking see them. You don't get to touch yourself while you look."

He bites his bottom lip and nods, cradling the blowtorch to his chest. "Yes, sir."

God damn.

Why the fuck am I getting hard at the mere sound of that word?

"Good boy," I find myself saying. I look over at the crate and see Daisy is eyeing me curiously. Refusing to strip under the watchful eye of a dachshund, I stand up, shielding the sight of my straining erection with my hand, and head toward the bedroom. She must know something is up, because she doesn't move to follow me.

"Oh, are we going on a lovely little field trip?" he teases, making me chuckle.

"Shut the fuck up, weirdo. We're going to the bedroom."

"Our room," he says dreamily. "Can't wait until I move in. Wanna wake up snuggling next to you."

I pause long enough to stare at him on the screen. "Do you want to see my chest or not?" I wait for him to give me a nod, and then I unload on him. "Because if you want to see it, you have to cool it with that shit. It isn't your room. You're not

moving in.” He holds out the blowtorch, one eyebrow lifting in threat. I swallow a lungful of air and shake my head. “Sorry.”

“You should be,” he says haughtily. I don’t know why I keep getting flustered by the damn torch. It’s not like it’s going to pop through the screen and scorch me. That doesn’t stop the mere sight of it from making me quiver. “Now, prop the phone up and stand in front of it.”

I place my phone on the dresser and take a step back. I’ve still got my joggers and sweatshirt on, and as I reach for the tail of my shirt, he stops me.

“Brody?”

I peek up at him, my shirt resting just above my belly button. “Yeah?”

“I love you,” he says. The worst part is, I think he might actually mean it. I don’t know who fucked up this kid to the point where he’s making love declarations to his would-be murderer, but they must have done a number on him. “Thank you for doing this for me.”

“I don’t have a choice,” I say, releasing the grip on my shirt and pointing at the screen. “I’ve got a flaming queen aiming a flamethrower at me right now. You’re forcing me.” He playfully flicks the nozzle, sending a foot-long stream of fire right in front of his face. “Be fucking careful!”

He turns the blowtorch off and cocks his head to the side. “Why? Are you worried about me?”

“No,” I lie, feeling heat rising to my cheeks. “I just want to see the life drain from your eyes in person.” I watch as his body shudders, and he holds the blowtorch to his chest, hugging it like he’s wishing it is me instead. I lift my shirt over my head and

toss it behind me.

“You seem to really enjoy this whole killing thing. When’s the last time you murdered someone?”

Did he just lick his lips?

“Last month,” I say, untying the drawstring of my joggers and shoving them down to my ankles. He hasn’t asked to see me in my underwear, but fuck it. When in Rome. “I shoved a funnel in a man’s mouth and poured battery acid down his throat.” I reach down, palming my dick, but it’s not because I’m horny or anything. He’s been a dirty fucking whore all day, I figure the least I can do to thank him is touch my cock for a second. A flash of desire courses through his eyes, and I can see he’s reaching for his dick. “Hands where I can see them. Now, Scotty.”

“Please,” he whispers, but I shake my head.

“If I see your hand anywhere near your lap again, I’ll make your death agonizing.” I look down at my exposed body; pleased about the nice tan I’ve got going on, and I’m in pretty good shape. I have a deeply indented six pack, and the V-shape guides his eyes down to my pubes. He’s drinking in the sight of me, and I can’t lie, I might not be gay, but it feels nice to be admired. Even when Fee, Kincaid, and I were still having our Fee sandwich sessions, I always felt a little proud when I’d notice Kincaid’s eyes linger on my cock.

“Can I see your butt?”

I shake my head, because fuck no. “You have no reason to see my ass. You’re not going anywhere near it.” I shift to the side, arching my back to make it pop before pointing down at it. “You see this?” He nods his head rapidly, and he’s practically drooling at this point. “This is off limits to you. You don’t get to look at it. You don’t

get to touch it?—”

“Can I rim it? I’ve watched a lot of porn—I think I can do a good job. Daddy, I’ll make you feel so good. I promise.”

I twitch my finger left-right-left as I smirk at him. “Not on your ever-shortening life. Off limits. Say it.” Sliding my hand down my chest, I linger at my hip, hooking my thumb into the fabric of my boxer briefs. “Say it, Scotty.”

“I can’t have it,” he says, but he doesn’t sound very sure. “I can’t touch it. Can’t kiss it.” He swallows, his adorable Adam’s apple bobbing in his throat. Adorable? “I can’t . . .” he pauses, his hand falling back into his lap as he goes against my wishes, yet again. He’ll pay for that. “I can’t bend you over, pull your cheeks apart, and shove my tongue into your hole?”

I glare at him. “No, you definitely won’t be doing anything like that. And if you don’t remove your hand from your cock, I’m hanging up.”

His hand flies up. “Sorry. I’m so sorry. It’s just, when I see you like this, I lose control.” He glances down at his dick and whimpers. “It’s so hard, I really want to touch it. Please, Daddy?”

“Fine,” I say, because I’ve told him he can’t and I’ve warned him about the repercussions. If he wants to ignore my warnings, then he can suffer the consequences. I fist my bulge and shake it. “See this?”

“Yeah.”

“I was going to show it to you,” I lie, “but I’ve changed my mind. Since you can’t follow the simplest instructions, you get nothing.”

His eyes widen. “I’ll be good. I promise. Just let me see it.”

“No. I want you to sit there, and I want you to think about what you’ve done.” I carry him with me as I walk to bed, not bothering to angle the phone at myself.

“Come back,” he whines. “Please? Miss you. Miss seeing your face.”

“Cope. You’ve lost that right. I gave you one fucking order, and you didn’t last thirty seconds before breaking it. Since you clearly can’t be trusted to put your lust aside for five seconds, I’m removing myself from the equation.”

“No! Brody, please. I don’t—I won’t—I’ll be good, I promise. I’ll be your good boy.”

“But you’re not a good boy.”

“I am!”

“You’re not. You’re acting shamelessly right now, and I refuse to reward you for it. Get in your bed and go to sleep. I’ll see you tomorrow. Well, I’ll kill you tomorrow, I guess.” I sigh. “Ah, hell. You know what I mean.” Before he can respond, I hang up. Less than five seconds later, my phone rings, but I ignore it, shoving my underwear down and crawling on the bed. I take my cock in my hand and stroke it slowly. I put my phone on airplane mode so I can rub one out without him popping into my head to remind me of his tight little hole. There’s an older video on my phone of my wife and me. It’s the only time she allowed me to record us. The video was taken a few years after we got married. We used an old, prepaid burner phone, so the quality is shit, but I can still make out the image of her pixelated breasts.

Strangely enough, the video—my tried-and-true spank material—isn’t getting me where I need it to. It keeps me hard, but my fingers are antsy, wanting to tap my

screen to find something else to focus on.

I try to get Scotty out of my mind. Every muscle in my body is screaming out for me to call him back and make him watch me shoot my load, but I resist. Even if my dick seems to be into this whole newfound exhibitionist kick, I refuse to go back on my word. He was a bad boy, and bad boys don't get rewarded. They get punished. They get laid over Daddy's lap, and they get their ass busted until the skin blisters and burns.

Fuck, I need to come.

I pull up the picture he sent me earlier of his pretty little cock.

Pretty?

"What the fuck are you doing?" I ask myself. Two days ago, I'd never stared longingly at another man's cock. I'd never checked out their asses, either, but suddenly, my dick is an equal opportunity lender, and my supposed sexuality is up in the air.

I need to kill him. It'll solve all these confusing, conflicting, emotional problems. I can see his death so clearly. His brown eyes growing wide in fear. His breath hitching in his chest. The flash of fear in his eyes when he realizes this isn't a game—that it's never been a game. I wonder how he'll react when it finally registers. Will he cry? Is he going to beg for his life? Will he let me slam my lips on his and swallow his final breath?

"Scotty," I groan as I squeeze my shaft. All it takes is one stroke. "Get ready for The Wrath." I explode in my hand, shooting the biggest load of my life. As my cum spurts in every direction like a wayward water hose turned on full blast, I swipe left. The next image stored in my phone is one of Scotty's smiling face, and I have to gasp to

draw in air. “Oh, fuck. Yeah, baby, take my cum.” I groan, shooting another spurt of semen on my chest.

The thought of ripping the life out of him makes my heart weigh heavy in my chest. Mindlessly, I swipe down and take my phone off airplane mode. I don’t think, I just act, slamming my finger down on his contact info. It takes him a second to answer, and when he does, I can see it. The hurt on his face. The cracks in his heart, just beneath the surface.

He wipes his eyes, not looking into the camera.

“Scotty?” I question, but he just snuffles and wipes his eyes. “Look at me, little guy.”

He blinks a few times before closing his eyes and shaking his head. God. He looks crushed. Like someone’s just stolen the only happiness he’s ever known. And, I suppose, someone has.

Me.

He’s told me he’s never had anyone look at him the way he thinks I look at him. Those words didn’t register at first. Now they do. Now, I can see the heartbreak written all over his face. Yes, he’s a nutcase with zero shame and zero chill—and, yeah, his life is essentially forfeit—but that life doesn’t have to end just yet, does it? Maybe I can give him a few days of happiness before I take the rest of his life in my hands and crush it to dust. I won’t fuck him or anything, obviously, but I can spend a little time with him. Let him jerk off in front of me like the deranged exhibitionist he is. Let him tell me he loves me, as stupid as the words may be.

“Wanna go to sleep,” he whispers. “Wanna forget this day ever happened.”

“I want you to look at me.”

“But I was a bad boy. I don’t deserve to look at you. I didn’t mean to make you mad—I just can’t control myself around you. And then you ran off and didn’t take me on my date. And then you hung up on me and wouldn’t let me see your penis.”

I clear my throat roughly, trying to put some heft behind my voice. “Daddy gave you a goddamn order.”

His head snaps up and his mouth falls open. I watch as his lower lip trembles. “Daddy?”

I nod. “You keep saying it, so I don’t have much say in the matter, I guess. Now, I want you to listen to me, okay?” I grab the gun I keep on my bedside table and cock the hammer.

The second the gun comes into the frame, he holds one hand up in surrender, shouting “Please, don’t.” I can’t lie—I love that he’s just as unhinged as I am with this whole death-via-phone-call shit. It’s silly and stupid, but my God, it’s a fucking rush.

“You see the blowtorch?” I ask. He quickly nods, pointing somewhere off camera. “Good. Here’s what I want. You listening to me, boy?”

“Yes, sir.”

My cock twitches.

“Don’t even think of grabbing it. I’m not letting you get the upper hand again. I’m texting you an address. You’ve got thirty minutes to get here.” My thumb hovers over the red phone icon, but I can’t bring myself to end the call.

“Daddy, are we going to . . .”

I snarl at him, because as much as my body is craving this, I don't want it. I don't want him at my house. Don't want him in my life. I need a clear head. Maybe if I bust another load, I'll be able to get rid of the chaos in my mind and just kill him once and for all when he gets here.

I type out a quick text to Fee, letting her know I'm inviting someone over. I keep the pronouns vague, because even though she's told me she wants me to 'taste the rainbow,' I don't think I'm ready to share this part of me with her yet. It's all confusion and chaos swirling constantly in my mind, and I want to work it out for myself before dragging her into the fold. She responds within seconds. Her response is both triggering and terrifying. She's sent me a rainbow flag emoji, an eggplant, and a splash of water.

I respond with a middle finger emoji.

Laying back in my bed, I place the phone facing beside me, angled at the ceiling. I stroke myself as I hear his front door open and shut. He's hurrying down the stairs, and I worry, because if he slips, it'll ruin everything.

"Be fucking careful," I bark. "I swear to God, if you slip and break something, I'll stab you in the motherfucking neck."

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir." His footsteps sound hurried, and then a car door opens and closes. That word again. Fuck.

"Did you leave the blowtorch like I asked?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. When you get in your car, I want you to prop me up in your cup holder so I can make sure you don't do anything stupid. No weapons. No guns, no knives, no

blunt objects. No getting out of it. You're going to shut the fuck up and take your punishment like a man. Understood?"

I hear his quick gasp, and the second he whimpers, I shoot my second load of the night.

He must have heard me, because he's breathing just as heavily as me. "What was that noise?"

I could lie, I guess. I could tell him he didn't hear a thing. Instead, I surprise myself when I admit the truth. "I just shot a load. You got a fucking problem with that, too?"

"Brody," he whines. "Save some for me. Wanna clean it off you. I want to lick you clean."

Jesus fucking Christ. And now I'm hard again.

What the hell is this man doing to me?

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

My hands are shaking, because I'm on my way to see my boyfriend. Ten minutes ago, I was sobbing into the phone like a baby, pleading for him to tell me I was still a good boy. Now, I'm in my clunker of a car, driving to the home of a man who wants to kill me—but also maybe kind of loves me—and I don't know that I've ever been happier in my life.

When I pull up to the gas station and put my car into park, I draw a deep breath. I'm already in trouble with Daddy, so I know this is only going to lead to an even bigger punishment.

“Brody?” I ask, interrupting the awkwardly adorable death glare he's been giving me the entire ride over. Seriously, he's just been sitting there with cum on his cheek, staring at me through the phone, barely blinking.

“Yeah, Freakshow?”

I tremble a little inside, because something about the way he says that word makes my insides feel wobbly. At first, it stung, but now I can hear the affection in his tone. I can tell he means it as an endearment rather than an insult.

“You're going to punish me when I get to your house?”

“You know I am, and you know you deserve it.”

“I do,” I agree, hoping this punishment involves vast amounts of spankings and perhaps a pinched nipple. “And I want it. I really, really want it. So . . .” I take a deep breath and ready myself to make either the best or worst decision of my life. “You're

going to have to punish me for this, too. I'm going to hang up?—”

“No, the fuck you're not.”

“—and I'm going to call you back as soon as I'm done, I promise.”

“Don't you dare hang up on?—”

“I love you, Brody.” Once the call is ended, I stare at my reflection in the mirror and smile. I really hope my punishment is worth this.

As soon as I'm back in the car with my purchase resting in the seat next to me, I try to call him back, but he instantly rejects each attempt. I pull up my GPS and listen for the instructions. The neighborhood it takes me to is one of the nicest ones I've ever seen, with homes I'll never be able to afford in my life. White picket fences. A community center. There's even a neighborhood pool. I can imagine Brody and me taking our future children there one day, with our furbaby Daisy at our side.

I know I'm getting ahead of myself. Despite my unending optimism, I realize there's a chance we're moving too fast. Still, when I'm around him, I lose all logic and run on nothing but pure, unfiltered need.

The home the GPS leads me to is just as stunning as the others in the community. My clunky car feels like an outlier in the scenery. Next to Audis and Buicks, it's an eyesore. I wonder if Brody will be worried my ugly car might bring down the market value, simply being parked in his driveway.

But I push past the cycles of self-doubt and grab the two items I purchased at the store. I don't even make it all the way to the porch before the front door jerks open, giving me a glimpse of Brody's raging face. I know I'm in trouble—I'm essentially walking toward an emotional execution—but I don't regret my actions. Given the

chance, I wouldn't do things differently. You only get one chance at a first impression, and I want that impression to be a positive one, when I meet Daisy.

Daisy isn't the only one with a treat in store, though. Once I'm in front of him, I pull my hand around from behind me, holding out the single rose I purchased at the gas station. Brody stares at it, confused.

"What the hell is that?"

Shrugging awkwardly, I suddenly feel inadequate compared to him. "I'm sorry for hanging up on you, but I thought, you know, since we didn't get our first date . . . I just thought this might make up for it." Once I get the words out, I catch sight of the items he's holding. In one hand, there's an old, brown rag. In the other, a bottle with a hastily drawn skull and crossbones. I'm not sure what he plans to do with it, but it certainly makes me feel tingly inside. I nibble my lip and watch as he closes his eyes and huffs out a burst of air through his nostrils. Without so much as a "hello," Brody turns around and sets the bottle and rag on a small table in his foyer. He takes a step toward me, and then I see it. The cum on his cheek. I point at it and try my best to maintain my composure.

"Did you save that for me?"

He takes a step forward, his eyes narrowed into slits. "I don't know what the fuck you're talking about." But even as he says the words, he's leaning in, giving me free access to his leftover load. Being a thirsty little thing, I take it willingly, running my tongue up the side of his face. The taste is indescribable. It's like someone's bottled the essence of pure man and slathered it on my tongue. I lap furiously, devastated when I realize it's all gone.

"Brody," I whine.

His hand squeezes my shoulder tightly as I continue lapping my tongue against him. “What’s wrong, Freakshow?”

“It’s . . .” I swipe his face with my tongue, inching closer to his lips. “It’s all gone.” Closing my mouth, I kiss the slick skin, leaving a trail leading to his ear. “You didn’t save enough for me.”

His breath is warm against my ear, making the hair on my neck stand on end. “Sorry, little guy. If you’re good for me later, maybe I’ll make you another batch.” He pops my ass, making me stumble. “Come on. Let’s get inside before the neighbors realize I’ve got a slut staying over.” My knees go weak, and he has to steady me so I don’t fall. He pauses in the doorway and turns to face me. “Just so we’re clear, you’re not leaving this house with your life.”

“And just so you’re clear,” I counter, “I’m always up for a round of Murder Daddy.”

“The fuck is a murder daddy?”

“You’re my murder daddy, obvi.” I roll my eyes and push past him, wanting to see my future home. It’s stunning. It reminds me of when Mom and I still lived with Dad. I grew up in the lap of luxury, and it hasn’t been easy going from riches to rags, but I’ve managed. Being in Brody’s beautiful, two-story home, surrounded by wealth, feels comforting.

He leads me to the living room, and I notice a small crate at the end of the room. The dog I saw earlier, Daisy, peeks up at me. I should be following Daddy, but I’m already in trouble; what’s one more infraction?

I kneel in front of her, offering the adorable doggy a teddy bear I’d found at the gas station. She yaps her approval, and I set it next to her, my heart fluttering as she nuzzles up to it, resting her head on its chest and closing her eyes.

“Freakshow,” Brody practically growls, making me feel tingly all over. I look back at him and see he’s in a recliner, glaring at me. He points to his lap and growls. “Now.”

I rush to him, my blood pumping so fast I can hear my heartbeat in my eardrums. I stand there, unsure what he’d like me to do.

“That was very thoughtful,” he says, pointing at Daisy’s crate. He holds his hand out, and I offer him his rose. He stares at it with a look I don’t see often. It’s kindness and sunshine amidst the most vicious of storms. He lifts the flower, bringing it to his face and inhaling deeply. I cringe, because I did the same thing in the car, and all I could smell was the lingering scent of gasoline and stale cigarette smoke. That’s why I’m caught off guard when he looks up at me and smiles. “It’s beautiful. Thank you.”

I don’t know what this imposter has done with Brody, and I don’t know if I care for the sound of kindness in his voice. He said I would be punished. He’d told me if I hung up the phone, he would end my life. Now he’s being nice and kind and I don’t know what to do. He pats his thigh, welcoming me onto his lap. This must be where the punishment begins. Thankful, I shove down my shorts and underwear and kneel over his thighs, offering my ass for him to do with as he pleases.

“What the fuck are you doing, Freakshow?”

My insides tremble, because there he is. My Brody. My potential killer. My salvation. I want him to take his aggression out on my cheeks. To spank me so I’ll have his handprint on me for weeks. To be branded as his.

“Punish me, Daddy. I can take it.” When I look up, he’s glaring at me.

“Your bare penis is on my thigh. That’s fucking sick.”

Said penis swells to life, and I know he notices, because his eyes shoot wide open. I

grind against him, hoping it'll make him angry. "Please? Want it. Need you to hurt me."

He reaches for my face, squeezing my chin tightly. "You'll be punished when I decide I want to fucking punish you. Until then, I expect you to listen to me." My cock twitches, and a bead of pre-cum seeps out onto his leg. "If you leak on my thigh again, I'll beat the life out of you with my bare hands."

I blink dreamily, lost in an endless haze of lust. "God, yes. Use me. Bruise me. My body belongs to you now. It isn't mine."

"The fuck? That's not what I meant, you psychopath. I was telling you to sit on my lap, not to fuck my upper-thigh."

"I'll sign my bank accounts over to you. Sign a conservatorship. Give you all my social media passwords."

"Why the fuck would I want any of that?"

His thigh is right there. So close all I'd have to do to touch it is pucker my lips. So I do. I kiss his thigh, my lips slowly moving up toward his hip. "Wanna be your prisoner. Wanna belong to you. I'll do whatever you ask me to, Brody. I promise. My body is yours."

"I don't want a prisoner. I want a good boy who will actually listen to what the fuck I tell him." Suddenly, a sharp sting spreads across my ass, making me clench. "That's for hanging up on me."

"Daddy," I croak.

I watch as he lifts his hand well above his head and brings it crashing down with his

full strength. His hand hits me so hard that I instinctively scurry forward, but he presses down on my back, holding me in place. “That’s for touching your little cock the second my shirt came off earlier.”

“Please?” I breathe.

His hand connects with my ass three times, back-to-back. Each strike makes me cry out—whether in pain or pleasure, I’m not entirely sure. “And that was just because I can.”

“More, Brody. Need more.”

“I know you do,” he says, squeezing my ass roughly. “You’re leaking like a fucking faucet.” Cool air ghosts across my hole when he pulls my cheeks apart. Glancing up, I see him staring at my entrance with a level of desire I’ve never seen before. “Jesus, Scotty.” His finger brushes against the pucker, and I’m unable to stop myself from shaking. “Were you telling me the truth?” Applying pressure, the tip of his finger enters me dry, making me come apart on his lap. “No one’s ever been inside of you?”

I shake my head frantically. “No one. It’s yours. Just yours, Daddy. I promise.”

“Fuck,” he groans. For a second, I think he’s going to slide more inside me. That he’s going to make me take his entire finger. I arch my back, wanting to show him I’m ready and willing. “So fucking pretty.” He pulls his hand away and stares at his finger.

I can barely breathe, much less speak, but that doesn’t stop me from rasping out, “Suck it. Want you to taste me.”

Our eyes meet, and for a moment, he looks disgusted. Then I tug my bottom lip between my teeth and bite down, pleading with my eyes. He gives his finger an

exploratory lick, and his face goes still like he's trying to decide if he likes the taste. A whimper escapes him, and he brings his finger to his face and slides it into his mouth. He's practically purring as I grind against his thigh.

Beneath me, his cock throbs, and I wedge my hand between us, wrapping my fist around it. I don't know who the fuck invented sweatpants, but I want to find them and throw bleach in their eyes because the fabric is hiding him from me. It's keeping me from Daddy's cock, and that should be a capital offense.

When I look up and our eyes meet, he's panting heavily. "Get the fuck up here."

Sitting on his legs, my ass still stings from the spanking he just gave me. Once I'm nuzzled in his lap, he reaches into the recliner's side pocket and pulls out a butcher's knife. Placing it on the armrest, he clears his throat and looks away. I'm a little annoyed, honestly, because the way he was taking the lead was super sexy. I'm not going to complain, though. If he wants to hand over the power, I'm more than happy to take it. I grab the knife and hold it casually at my side. He closes his eyes and draws in a deep breath. When he opens them, he's got a fearful look on his face.

"I bet you're going to make me do more of your twisted gay shit again, aren't you?"

"Is that what you want, Daddy?"

He shakes his head. "What do I have to do this time? Sit here while you grind your cock against my stomach? Gonna make me watch while you finger your tight hole again?" When I don't answer, he licks his lips and swallows. "This is it, isn't it? You're finally going to make me stroke your little cock? I'm not touching your dick. You'll have to kill me." He gives me a growl as he leans in, harshly pressing his nose against mine as our foreheads touch.

I lift the knife to his throat and press it just enough that a small trickle of red appears

on the tip. “Wrap your hand around it.”

His eyes narrow. “I’m not jacking you off.”

I nod in agreement, because that’s not really what I want, either. I just want to feel him on me. “Just wrap your fingers around it. Please? I only want to feel you. That’s all.”

His eyes dip down to my dick, staring at the bead of pre-cum pearled at the tip. With a shaky hand, he reaches down, as instructed, and loosely holds it. “Fucking sick, Scotty. That’s what you are.” He uses his thumb to work the droplet into my skin.

I honestly don’t know if I’ve ever felt as peaceful as I do right now. I don’t even see it as a sexual act. It’s comforting, more than anything. His hand on my prick is an endless reminder that my life is in his hands. It’s his to do with as he pleases. I may be holding the knife, but he’s holding me in his palm, tucking me away from the rest of the world. I set the knife on the arm of the recliner and cuddle up closer, wrapping my arms around his shoulders. Brody’s lap feels like the home I’ve been hoping for ever since my father kicked me out of his.

“Daddy,” I whisper, my voice cracking on the edge of the word. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For finding me. For stalking me. Trying to kill me. Thank you for all of it.”

“Most people wouldn’t thank the person trying to murder them.”

I nod in agreement. “Well, I’m not most people.” I never want him to take his hand away. All I want is for him to hold me like this for the rest of my life—however long that might be. “I love you, Brody.”

He chuckles softly, and it almost feels like he's pressing a kiss to my scalp. "You're a nutjob. I'm pretty sure you're actually crazy."

"Crazy for you," I say, tightening the hold I have on the back of his neck. "I mean it though. Before you started stalking me, I . . ." I trail off, because Brody doesn't want to hear this. He doesn't need to know how sad I've been these last few years. How incomplete and inadequate I've always felt.

"Tell me," he insists, and it almost sounds like a plea.

"Meaner," I whisper, needing him to take control.

He sighs. "Tell me what the fuck you were about to say, or I'll grab the knife and plunge it into your stomach."

God, I love him. Maybe I've got it wrong. Maybe he won't judge me for the shame that constantly swirls inside my head and heart. I wonder if he could take all of those broken pieces inside of me and glue them back together.

"I've been so lonely for so long," I admit. "Besides Tatum, I don't have anyone. My dad hates me. My mom died five years ago. I work from home, so I never see anyone. The people I talk to on the phone yell at me and call me mean things because they're too stupid to place an online order without requiring a nursemaid."

His hand grips me tighter. "People yell at you?" He clears his throat. "Start writing down their names and addresses. I'll burn their fucking houses down with them still inside. No one gets to scream at you. Just me."

I look up at him, because I want to see his face. Want to bask in his beautiful glow. "Thank you. Thank you for trying to kill me. Thank you for letting me have this." I lean in and kiss the corner of his mouth. "Will you kiss me, Brody?"

He bites his bottom lip and stares at me like he's searching for something. I'm not sure what he's looking for, but whatever it is, I think he sees it, because his hand squeezes a little tighter around my package, and he brushes his thumb harder against my shaft.

"I . . . Scotty, I'm not—" He looks so scared right now. He's got a war going on in his head, but all he has to do is ask, and I'll fight it for him. If he's not ready to kiss me of his own volition just yet, that's okay. I won't force him, and I won't make him feel bad for it either.

I squeeze the back of his neck. "Don't do that. It's okay. I'm sorry. I know I'm pushy sometimes."

"All the time," he whispers, kissing my cheek.

"All the time," I agree. "But you don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with."

He nods. We stay this way for a while, our eyes locked, neither of us speaking. He's lost in there, and I'm not sure how to lead him into the light. Eventually, he leans in and gives me a quick peck on the lips, his mouth welded shut. When he pulls away, the corner of his lip tugs up.

"If that Tatum boy ever touches you again, I'm cutting his head off and leaving it in your bed. No one touches you." The hold he has on my cock eases, and he sighs, his breath warm against my skin. "What are you doing to me, Freakshow?" he muses. Others might not understand it, but I love the way he says the cruel name like it's an endearment. A pet-name for his beautiful pet. I don't think he even realizes he's said it, because he just keeps staring at me, sliding his thumb back and forth against the base of my cock.

“Can I stay the night with you?” I’ve been hoping that’s where the night would lead us since I got here. I want him to cuddle behind me in bed, with an arm around my waist, and a hand softly strangling me as he sleeps.

He shakes his head quickly, and he takes his hand away from my cock. “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not?” I grab his hand and guide him back, using my hand to cup his fingers around my balls.

“Because I don’t trust myself.” His eyes shrink smaller as he stares at me, deep in thought. “I might kill you while you sleep.”

“At least I’ll die happy.” I close my eyes and yawn. I’m not really tired, but I figure if I feign sleepiness, he might pick me up and carry me to bed.

“I’m serious,” he says, his grip tightening until I wince from the pain that’s swelling in my sack. “I don’t trust what I’ll do to you when you’re unconscious.”

Fuck this. Fuck the back and forth. I know what I want, and he’s not going to stop me from getting it. Grabbing the knife, I point it at him and try to harden my expression. “Where’s the rope you had when you tried to strangle me last week?”

“Why?”

“Because I’m going to tie you up. If you being scared you might kill me in the morning is what’s keeping you from letting us have this, then I’m taking the option away from you. If you’re still mad when we wake up, I’ll untie you and you can spank me until my cheeks are black and blue. I’m staying here, and you don’t get to tell me I can’t.”

The corners of his lips tug up into a half-smile, and he pops my ass, motioning for me to let him up. After moving across the room, he opens a drawer at the bottom of his entertainment center and pulls out the rope. Pointing toward the hall, he says, “Bedroom’s this way.”

I extend my arm toward the hallway like one of those studio showcase models on *The Price is Right*, and he laughs softly, shaking his head in amusement. I trail behind him, and as he walks, I can’t take my eyes away from him.

He stalls in the hallway when I say, “You’ve got a beautiful ass, Brody.”

Glancing over my shoulder, he scowls at me. “Don’t look at my butt, Freakshow.”

I lift the knife and give it a shake. “Who’s going to stop me?”

With a sigh, he turns and heads toward the room at the end of the hallway. Behind us, Daisy’s feet pitter-patter across the hardwood floors, but he turns around and points back toward the living room. “Crate, Daisy. I don’t know what this deviant has planned for me, but I don’t want you to see whatever it is.” She barks before turning and walking back to the living room.

“You’ve got her trained well.”

“She loves her daddy. Usually, people listen to their daddies.” His eyes travel up and down my body. “Seems like someone missed that memo.”

His room is just as beautiful as I’ve been imagining it to be. The walls are a lovely shade of brown. There’s a sleigh bed made of mahogany in the center of the wall, and a picture of Brody and a beautiful woman in a flowing gown hanging above it. She’s awfully pretty, but her eyes don’t seem all that kind.

“Who’s that?” I ask, pointing at the picture.

Brody’s eyes widen, and he pauses, like he’s trying to remember her name. “That’s my sister.”

It’s a little weird he’s got a picture of his sister in a wedding dress above his bed, but I don’t have any siblings, so I’m not entirely sure what constitutes a healthy familial bond. She’s also Black and doesn’t really look like him, but I don’t know a thing about his history, so who am I to question him?

Angling the knife at him, I say, “Toss the rope on the bed and take off your clothes.”

His eyes widen, and he opens his mouth to object, but I take a step forward, silently daring him to make a move. After a long moment of pause, he reaches for his shirt and tugs it over his head.

God, he’s even sexier than I imagined. He’s got a forest of dark brown hair covering his chest and stomach. The hair in the center is thicker, like weeds are growing out of the cracks and crevices of his abs. Brody’s nipples are a lovely shade of dark brown, hardened by the cool temperature of his bedroom. I’ll be sucking on those later. God, I want to nurse on him like a fluffy little kitten, curled up at his side.

“Now the pants.”

Resigned to his fate of near-nudity, he doesn’t fight me on it. He just reaches for the drawstring on his sweats and unties them, shoving them down to his ankles. When they’re off, I take inventory of the stock in front of me. He’s stacked like a shelf, and I want to browse him at my leisure. He’s got on a pair of white boxer-briefs, and I can see the outline of his half-hard cock. When he catches me staring, he reaches down, cupping his dick with his hands and hiding it away. That’s fine. As delightful as his dick appears to be, it isn’t what I want to see right now.

“Turn around.”

“Why?”

“Why do you think? Wanna see your ass.”

He points an accusatory finger at me, and for a second, I don't think he's joking anymore. “You aren't going anywhere near my ass.”

As sexy as this little burst of rage is, I need him to remember who's in charge. I stalk toward him, clenching my jaw. He takes a stumbling step back, retreating until he's against the wall. Placing the tip of the knife above his peck, I watch as he draws in a shaky breath.

“What are you doing?”

I snarl at him. “Whatever I want to do. I've got the knife.”

“I'm not playing, Scotty.” The sound of my name on his tongue makes me tremble—be it from fear or desire, I'm not entirely sure. “I'm not into that. I don't want you anywhere near my ass.”

I should probably be angry at him for breaking character instead of using a safeword, but then I remember we've never set one of those up. Well, we used discarded dildo one time, but I told him we'd pick something more apropos later. I guess it's finally later. Wanting to show him he's just as safe with me as I am with him—how he can trust me implicitly—I take a step back and bend over, placing the knife on the floor. With my lifeline out of reach, I approach him, trying to convey warmth. I spot a small bead of blood on his chest where I'd had the knife only seconds before. Leaning in, I lick it off. It's an act that probably disgusts him, but I want him clean. When I hold the power, it's my responsibility to see he's safe. That lines aren't crossed that can't

be uncrossed. He needs to know he can trust me.

Pulling away, I place my palm over his heart and stand on my toes so I can kiss his forehead. He lets out a shaky breath. It's warm and smells of vanilla and vodka, just like it did the first night at the bar. He seems confused when I pull away, so I do my best to make my intentions clear.

"We need to pick a safeword."

"What?"

"Like we did in the restroom at the bar. Just think of something you'll remember in the heat of the moment. It can be anything." I give him a genuine smile and scratch my fingers against his chest hair.

He opens his mouth like he wants to throw another insult my way, but stalls when I kiss the tip of my finger and place it on his lips. To my surprise, he puckers his lips and kisses it back. He stares at me, not saying a word. The only sounds in the room are the oscillating tower fan in the corner and his breath as it crashes against my face. He closes his eyes and lifts his hand, running his fingers through my hair as he pulls me against him. He holds me there, my face nestled over his heart, and his lips press an endless array of kisses across the top of my head.

"What are you doing to me, Scotty?" he whispers again, but he seems less distraught when he says it this time. "This isn't me. I don't cuddle with grown men."

"You're doing it now. And, at the risk of pissing you off again and having you threaten to kill me for the umpteenth time today, I think you're enjoying it." Wrapping my arms around his waist, I cuddle up to him, wanting to crush his ribs just to get him even closer. I'd carve open his chest and burrow myself into him like one of those lovely little Russian dolls if he'd let me. I just want to be inside him, tucked

away, safe from the world. He doesn't respond, not that I expect him to. His hands shake as he grips my hips lightly. "We can go at whatever speed you want. There's no rush." He laughs bitterly, like there's some inside joke I've just missed, but I refuse to let that stop me. "I'll wait for however long it takes."

"Why?" he whispers.

"Because I love you, obviously." Wanting to bring a smile back to his face, I pull away and stare up at him, reaching for his face and flicking the tip of his nose. "Now, get on the bed so I can tie you up. Wanna cuddle. Wanna wrap myself around you like a candy wrapper."

He looks at the bed, then at me. There's a level of peace settling on his face, and I shudder as he repeats my actions from earlier, kissing the tip of his finger and placing it on my lips. I kiss it, leaning in when he pulls away, not wanting to lose our momentum.

"I don't think we're going to need the rope."

"We don't?"

He shakes his head. Placing his hand on my cheek, he gives me a little scratch and I playfully purr like a kitten. "Grab the knife and go sit on the bed." I arch an eyebrow at him, but he just shakes his head and rubs his thumb across my eyebrow. "Daddy asked you to go and sit on the bed, baby."

My knees wobble, and I almost tumble down to the floor, because—fuck—that word has no right to sound as sexy as it does. Wanting to make him proud, I turn around and take a decisive step forward, stopping when his hand slaps my ass and gives it a squeeze. From behind, he pulls me to a stop by hooking an arm around my waist. His hand moves closer to the edge, taking a brief moment's reprieve when it lingers

above my crack, gently grazing up and down. He gives my ass another slap and kisses my neck, sending me on my way with a half-hard cock. By the time I place the knife at the end of the bed and take my seat, my dick is standing at full attention. Brody catches sight of it and smirks, knowing he's the reason for it.

"Perpendicular," he says. I have no idea what the hell he's talking about.

"Pardon?"

"That's our safeword."

I snort. "Well, it'll certainly pull me out of the moment, so I guess that works."

He gives me a quick, nervous nod before slowly spinning around, giving me an unobstructed view of his ass in those tight boxer-briefs. There's a line of sweat down the crack, giving me a hint of what's beneath. My cock aches, pre-cum pouring out like a faucet. I wrap my hand around the shaft, giving it a furious pump; but as if he has eyes in the back of his head, Brody lifts his hand, snapping his index finger left-right-left.

"Hands off, Freakshow."

"Brody," I whine. "Need it. Need to?—"

He eyes the knife and smirks. "Guess you're going to tell me to take these off." He pulls the rim of his underwear away from his side and lets go, the pop of fabric snapping on skin sounding absolutely obscene. "Going to stab me in the heart if I don't, aren't you?"

I nibble my lip and nod, because I'm pretty sure I'll do exactly that if he doesn't let me see it. Before I can order him to take them off, he reaches for his underwear and

shoves them down.

Sweet Jesus. Baby savior, born in a manger. Hallowed be his name, crucifixion be his game.

Brody's ass. Brody's plump, round, delectable ass. Right there. Right in front of me to idolize. To praise. To drop to my knees and worship like the men in all of those porn videos I've watched every night before bed.

"Brody," I whimper. "Please."

He looks over his shoulder, his eyes focusing on my leaking cock. "Look at you. Absolutely fucking shameless." My cock twitches in anticipation as I stare at his ass. There's a long line of fur down his crack, and I just know it has to be all warm and sweaty, smelling like a man is supposed to smell. I want to bury my face between his cheeks and inhale deeply. To plow my tongue into his hole, tasting him from the inside out. "Does it meet your expectations?"

I nod feverishly, reaching for my cock, stopping when I catch the fire flashing in his eyes. He doesn't need to scold me—I already know I've been naughty. So I roll my hips, seeking contact that isn't there. Fucking the air, because apparently, I'm an absolute whore for Brody's hole.

He laughs. "You're adorable."

I blush, pausing my stroke game. "I am?"

"Maybe," he says with a casual nod. "Or maybe I'm just trying to get your defenses down so I can get the knife while you're still staring at me like a cock-hungry whore." He tosses a wink my way before shaking his underwear away from his ankle. "Guess we'll find out soon enough." To my amazement, Brody bends over to pick

them up, and there the fuck it is. The promised land. Heaven on Earth. Brody's hole is on full display.

Looking over his shoulder at me, he says, "You don't get to touch this." He gently grazes his ass before grabbing his underwear. When he turns around, he's got them shielding his package, but the base of his dick is visible, and it makes my cock surge.

"Daddy?"

"Yeah, creep?"

I dart my eyes to my throbbing cock. "Can I touch myself? Please? I'll be a good boy for you."

He chuckles, shaking his head. "If you were a good boy, you'd let me fucking kill you instead of dragging this out." He shakes his bulge. "This guy right here? His name is The Wrath. You're not ready for him." He snarls at me. "You'll never be ready for it." He takes a step forward, his hand falling just a bit lower. Fuck. It looks like a tree stump. There's an inch or two on display, and there's nothing I want more than to worship those precious inches with my tongue.

"I can take it," I promise, palming my cock. "How big is it?"

He smirks. "Too big for you." With one hand hiding his cock away from me, he uses the other to gently stroke my cheek. "I'd split you in half, sweetheart."

My heart is slamming in my chest, because this moment—this miniscule, insignificant moment—is just like any other . . . only it's not. It's so much more. The way he's letting his endearments fall like campfire embers, flickering onto my skin, providing warmth and the briefest pinch of a burn, feels like a dream come true.

“If you’re gonna kill me, that’s how I want to die. Gonna be your good boy. Gonna die so good for you, Daddy.”

He licks his lips, his eyes locked on my leaking cock. There’s a clock on Brody’s nightstand he points to. “You’ve got one minute to shoot your load. If you can’t, you’re going to bed with blue balls.”

My eyes bulge. “I can’t come that fast. It isn’t possible.”

He points at the clock. “Tick tock. You’re wasting time.”

I wrap my hand around my shaft and stroke rapidly. I don’t know how serious he is about sending me to bed with blue balls, but I’m not taking any chances. “Talk to me,” I plead as I stroke my shaft. “If you want me to shoot in less than a minute, I’m gonna need help.”

He eyes me up and down, shaking his head, his face twisted up in feigned disgust. “Go on then, slut. This is what you wanted. You keep flashing that little cock at me every chance you get. Let’s see how long it takes you.”

Making his way to the bed, he hides his cock from me with the discarded boxer briefs. When he comes to a stop, he reaches down, rubbing his palm against his balls. I’m not sure what he’s doing at first. I’m too busy stroking my dick to make sense of anything. When he pulls his hand away, he holds it over my mouth and nose.

“Smell that?”

Jesus fucking Christ.

“Yeah,” I say in a moan, my mouth muffled by his hand.

“That’s what a real man smells like. A real man takes his time when tending to his dick. But you ain’t a real man, are you, Scotty?”

“No,” I say, letting my tongue escape my mouth long enough to lick his sweat. “Not like you, sir.”

“You want to be, though, don’t you?” He waits for me to nod before smirking. “I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but that ain’t ever gonna happen.” He takes a step forward, crushing his knee against mine, making the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. “That’s okay, little guy. You don’t need to be a real man. That’s what I’m here for.” He leans in, bringing his mouth to my ear. “I’m man enough for both of us, Scotty.”

“Daddy.”

“Yeah.” He takes my earlobe between his teeth and tugs. When he lets go, he whispers, “Daddy’s got you. Come for me.”

As soon as the words are out, it feels like my cock is exploding. My load shoots out with an unbearable strength. Words leave my mouth that have no meaning. Strings of consonants that have no vowels to tether them together. It’s a deep, guttural sound. The cry of a desperate man, lost in his pleasure.

“Such a good fucking boy, Scotty. Come on. Let it go. Give me everything you’ve got. Every drop.”

I writhe and wriggle on the bed, abandoning my still-shooting cock so I can grab him and pull him close. His thigh is between my legs, and I rut against it like a depraved animal. To my surprise, he doesn’t pull away. He just stands there, letting it happen, telling me what a good boy I am. Saying I don’t have to worry, because he has me.

He has me.

When it's over, he stares down at me and smirks. I'm on the bed, trembling through the aftershocks of my orgasm. He strokes my thigh until my body goes limp. I finally open my eyes, just to find him staring at me, looking amused.

"It only took you forty-five seconds." His eyes leave mine and stare at the mess I made on my chest. Pointing at my cooling cum, he says, "Clean yourself off. You're probably going to try to fucking cuddle, and I don't want that shit on me." I don't see any towels around, but one of Brody's discarded socks is at the foot of the bed. I reach for it, but he growls at me, stopping me in my tracks. "Eat it. Every fucking drop."

I whimper, and then I frantically scoop my load into my palm and bring it to my face. I catch his gaze and hold it, wanting to watch him as he watches me. I bring my hand to my mouth and cautiously swipe my tongue through the pool of semen. His pupils blow wide—either from disgust or arousal. Brody watches until every trace of my shame is gone.

"Good boy," he says, leaning down and guiding me to my side of the bed. He grabs the blanket and covers me, stroking my cheek as he stares into my eyes. "You sleepy, Freakshow?"

I nod, holding my arms out to welcome him in. Once he's in bed, he slides under the bedding, tossing his side of the blanket away until the only thing between me and his penis is the thin, purple sheet. He raises his arm, offering me a place at his side, like he's Jesus and I'm one of his clingy little disciples.

I cuddle close, enjoying the way his warm skin feels against me. His nipple is right there for the taking, so that's exactly what I do. I lean in, latch on, and gently suck. It must tickle, because the sound of his giggle is enough to make me pull away and

stare at him in wonder. He looks so beautiful right now. An unfamiliar smile. His affectionate touch. I get a mental image of this beautiful life shared with Brody, and it's almost too much. Too much to handle. Far too much to hope for.

“Love you, Daddy.”

He smiles at me. My God, he smiles at me.

“I know you do, Freakshow. I don't understand why the fuck you do, but you couldn't be any more obvious if you tried.” He offers me one last peck on the forehead before grabbing his phone and opening his email. For a second, I think I see my name, but he quickly backs out of the message chain and brings up a spam email with a woman's breasts fully on display. “I want your hands on me all night, boy. I'll be able to tell if you move. If you think I'm waking up to you doing something filthy, like sucking my cock, you've got another think coming. Understood?”

“Yes, sir.”

Then, as if this day can't possibly get any better, he takes my hand off his chest and guides it to the bulge hidden by his sheet. “No. Not there. Keep it here. This is where it belongs.”

I know he told me not to move, but I can't stop myself. Without removing my hand, I scoot down until I'm face to face with his bulge. It's fucking massive in my hand. Leaning in, I press a kiss against the sheet and inhale deeply. It smells like fabric softener and sweaty flesh, and the combination is doing things to me.

“The fuck are you doing down there?” Brody asks, but I pay him no mind. I have a new friend to introduce myself to.

“Hello, Mr. Wrath,” I whisper, squeezing the bulge. “It's very nice to meet you.”

Another kiss, and I give it a smile. “I love you.”

When I’m in Brody’s arms again, my face nestled against his chest, he cocks an eyebrow at me. “Did you just tell my penis you love it?”

I nod. “I did. And I do. Even though we haven’t been properly introduced . . .” I squeeze him affectionately. “I think I love him as much as I love you.”

Brody laughs so hard he snorts. “You’re such a queer. All right, Freakshow, lay back and love me then.” Leaning in, he gives me a quick kiss on the forehead. And as I lay there, his skin warming me like a space heater, his soft cock heavy in my palm with only a thin sheet hiding it from me, I drift to sleep thinking if he were to kill me right now, I would die the happiest man alive.

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Freakshow's gone when I wake up. I don't know where he is or why he's left, but there's a dull ache in my chest. The room feels smaller without him, like when he left, he took all of that space with him, and now the walls are closing in around me. I don't know where the fuck he is, and I have no idea if he's safe. There's an unwelcome panic settling in me, and I reach for my phone, needing to talk to him. Needing to scold his ass for running off without telling me. Needing to threaten him within an inch of his life.

All I know is if he doesn't answer my call, I'm going to find myself a bucket of rocks and stone the motherfucker to death. Watch his insides spill outside. See his brain matter pour like pasta from the pan.

Fuck. Now my cock is hard. Fantastic.

What the hell is this guy doing to me?

I slather a little lube in my palm and wrap my hand around my shaft. When my call gets forwarded to voicemail, I have to stop all movement. I'm about to shoot my load just from the sound of his voice. Once it beeps, I continue my stroke game, needing him to hear me unload.

"Where the fuck did you go?" I pump faster, the sounds of my slick movements coming through loud and clear. "You hear that? This could be you right now, Scotty, but once again, you've been a bad boy." I slide my hand up and down my cock, moaning as loud as I can. I'm so close to the edge that I worry I'm going to fall to my death. My voice is cracked and even the breaths that leave me end with a whine. "Gonna give it to you. The Wrath is coming. Oh, Scott—Freakshow—baby. I'm

gonna fuckin' come."

Jesus. I haven't come this hard in months. Even with Fee and Kincaid, I didn't nut this often, and now I'm shooting like a fountain left and right.

Once I catch my breath, I realize what I've done and that it's all been captured on audio. I know there's some way to delete a voicemail before it goes through, but with my head still stuck in the clouds, I can't remember how.

"Whatever the fuck you think you just heard, you heard wrong." Scowling at the ceiling, and inwardly cringing at my behavior. "I didn't just cum, I didn't call you baby, and if you don't fucking call me back and let me know you're okay, I'll—" Before I finish, the call ends. I guess I talked too long.

I wipe my cummy hand across my closed mouth and snap a selfie of me licking my lips. It's disgusting on every level, but I need this cocksucker to call me back, and I'm not going to hold any punches when it comes to getting what I want.

Once the picture sends, I hop out of bed and into the shower, washing away my cum and the last of my shame over the events of the night before. He'd fallen asleep with his hand cupping my soft cock, and he hadn't tried to stroke me to completion once. No, he'd followed my instructions to the letter, like a good boy. Like the best boy.

With my shower done, I head into the kitchen and grab a bottle of beer. It might be a little early in the day, but maybe I'm stressed the fuck out because of this irresponsible little fucker, and I need something to take the edge off. Fucking sue me.

I'm on my second bottle when my phone rings, and despite it only being a few feet away from me on my nightstand, I lunge for it like a bat out of hell. When I see the name on the screen, I sigh, because as much as I love my wife, she's not the one I'm wanting to talk to.

When I answer, I'm greeted with a topless Fee cuddled up next to a shirtless man—my best bro. I've never looked at Kincaid in a sexual manner. Not once. Now, I'm trying to picture what it might look like to have him on my lap. What his hole might feel like as it envelopes my cock. The fact I'm now seeing him in a familiarly unfamiliar light makes me as confused as Scotty's been making me these last few days. Kincaid's hand drifts toward Fee's breast, and once it reaches its destination, he circles her nipple, occasionally giving it a pinch.

"Hey babe," I say, kicking back in bed. "How's the getaway going?"

She cuddles up closer to Kincaid, practically purring like a kitten. "So far, so good. Took care of my assignment yesterday. We're going to spend the rest of the trip sightseeing."

"Well," Kincaid interjects, leaning in and licking Fee's neck. "We're going to be seeing each other's sights, at least. Don't know if we'll be making it out of the hotel room."

As a blush spreads across Fee's cheeks, I find myself at a loss. This would normally be the part when I remind them to send me pictures. Before, I would have had my pants around my ankles at the mere possibility of new pictures or videos of Kincaid railing my wife with his monster cock. I mean, seriously, the man has a solid twelve inches. It's a wonder he hasn't shredded her insides with the thing.

Now though? Now, I can't wait to get off the phone, because I need to find Scotty. I need to make sure he's okay, and then I need to decapitate him. It'll be a quick exit from this world, and I want him to have that. I want him to have a lot of things, but the only gift I can logically give him is a peaceful passing.

"So," Fee finally says, snapping me out of whatever ridiculous haze I'd gotten lost in. "How did it go with your mystery date last night?" My cheeks burn, and there's no

use looking away, because judging by their expressions, I'm pretty sure they already know it was with a guy.

"It was okay. They . . . they slept over. We cuddled. It was nice."

"Did they?" Fee asks. "And were they everything you hoped they would be?" Oh, yeah. She definitely knows. Still, I shake my head, because even though it was nice sharing a bed with him, I still feel like my supposed sexuality is lost at sea, and I'm not sure how to find it again.

"It was sweet, I guess. It's just, all of this is still new, you know? I don't know what the hell I'm doing."

"You're just exploring the lay of the land, bro," Kincaid says. Through his thick Russian accent, it sounds ridiculous, but it's . . . cute? "There's nothing wrong with playing around."

But it's not just playing around, is it? No, Freakshow's acting like we've already exchanged rings. Fuck, I wouldn't be surprised if he's gone to pick up save-the-dates at this very moment.

"Have they met The Wrath yet?" Kincaid says with a smirk. The man may be my best friend, but that won't save him from an ass whooping if he doesn't stop making fun of me for naming my cock. I mean, fuck—I don't make fun of the fact that he likes to be pegged by my wife while I let him watch me jack off.

"Are you seeing them again?" Fee asks, shifting the topic. Her face is a pillar of support.

"Is it okay if I do?"

She rolls her eyes. “I’m the one who suggested it, aren’t I? Of course it’s okay.”

I breathe out a sigh of relief. I hadn’t expected her to forbid me from seeing him, obviously, but I wasn’t sure how I’d cope if she had. My feelings for Scotty still leave me dizzy, but I’m not sure I’m ready for that dizziness to fade.

She darts her eyes toward Kincaid. “Can you give us a second?” He nods before tossing me a wave. As he stands to walk away, I catch sight of his monster cock again. He’s got a nice piece, but it doesn’t have me questioning my sexuality the way Scotty’s has been. In the background, I hear the door snick shut, and I wait for whatever war Fee’s ready to wage. She bites her bottom lip. Just the slightest of tells, really. She’s usually able to keep her face fairly stoic, but with the problems in our marriage tearing away at me, I know it has to be rough on her too.

“Brody,” she starts cautiously, staring at me like she’s checking for cracks in my foundation. “I think you should take your time with this . . . person.”

“What do you mean?”

“Get to know them. See if they’re able to give you something that I can’t.”

“You give me everything I need.”

“I don’t,” she says, shaking her head. “And if we’re being completely truthful, I don’t know if I ever have. We were hot and heavy at the start, but . . . Brody, we haven’t slept together in months. The other night, when I came home to find you in bed—that was the first time you’ve instigated sex in six months.”

My eyes bulge, because none of her words make sense. It’s like a sucker punch I wasn’t expecting. “We have sex!”

She nods. “When I ask for it. I haven’t asked you for it in over three months, because I wanted to be sure it wasn’t just me. It isn’t working, babe.”

I swallow. “What are you saying?”

“I think you should keep testing the waters with this person. I want you to be happy. Even if it isn’t with me,” she says. It feels like my heart is going to burst through my chest. She can’t be serious. The way she’s talking—I mean, she’s making it sound like she . . .

“Are you asking me for a divorce?”

She quickly shakes her head, but she doesn’t look surprised by the question. If anything, she just looks resigned. “Not yet. But I need you to do this for me, because if it isn’t just a case of mismatched parts, then there’s something deeper going on, and we need to figure it out.”

I look away, because my eyes are feeling a little misty. I’m worried speaking any louder than a whisper might cause my voice to crack, so my words are hushed. “It would feel like I was cheating, Fee.”

“It’s not cheating if I give you permission.”

“It feels like cheating to me.”

She sighs, but I still can’t bring myself to look at her. Not when I’m about three seconds shy of breaking. “If you cuddling with another man—” I jerk my head up, my mouth hanging wide in horror. She said it. She just fucking said it like it meant nothing. Like the thought of me snuggling with another guy is an everyday occurrence. “Person. Sorry. If cuddling with another person makes you a cheater, then what does that make me?”

That's the million-dollar question. I don't consider what she does with Kincaid as cheating. If anything, I love getting to share a part of myself with him. But Kincaid isn't the first, and he won't be the last. Our arrangement requires full disclosure, and she has a tendency to step out without giving me a heads up.

"Brody?" she says, her voice smaller this time. "What does that make me?" When I catch her gaze, she looks more hurt than I've ever seen her. The beautiful color that usually floods her cheeks has faded, and she's staring at me like I've just slapped her. "Answer me. What does that make me?"

"Don't make me say it," I practically beg, looking away.

"You think I cheat on you? We talked about adding Kincaid into the mix for a month. You agreed."

"I agreed to Kincaid, and I agreed to our rules. We're supposed to talk about it before it happens, but you don't always come to me. There was that guy at the bar. The woman you met at spin class. That barista with the mullet."

"I'll admit, there have been a few times I may not have told you until after the fact, but . . ." She stares at me through the screen. There's an argument on the tip of her tongue, and I'm sure it's one that would be good enough to make me feel ashamed for even broaching the subject. A cleverly crafted rebuttal, tipping the scales in her favor. Whatever it is she's wanting to say, she lets it die on her tongue. "I'm sorry. Seriously, I didn't know it was affecting you like this."

I shake my head. "I'm not losing sleep over it or anything; it just stings, you know?"

"I promise, if we work this out—if you decide you still want this, once you've explored with this person—I'll do better." When I look into her eyes, they seem just as pained as mine. Like a year's worth of resentment is fading, leaving behind only

truth. Our truth. We both know she has no intention of following through on her promise. We also both know I won't fight her on it, because, as hurtful as the situation might be, I want her to be happy. I knew she wasn't into strict monogamy when we were dating—I just didn't expect the loneliness to hit me this hard.

But Scotty doesn't make me feel lonely. Sure, he raises my blood pressure by simply existing, but I've never felt alone while standing in his presence. I've never witnessed the sting of his rejection. If anything, he can't seem to take his hands off me.

Scotty.

I've only been stalking him for a month, and Freakshow's already claimed his undying love for me more times than I can count. It's strange to admit, but the guilt I feel for hiding Fee from him is ten times worse than the guilt I have for keeping him from her.

"I like him," I finally admit. "He's the most annoying man I've ever met, but it's almost charming, you know?"

A smile spreads across her face, and she nuzzles her back into the pillows, getting comfortable. "Tell me all about him."

For the next half-hour, I tell her all about his crazy quirks. How he forces me to watch him do the most depraved things I've ever seen. The way he can shift from a bratty temper tantrum to the most caring soul I've ever met in the blink of an eye. How he felt cuddled up against my chest last night. I don't tell her his name. I also don't mention that he's my current target. At one point, Kincaid returns and nestles in next to her, listening to me talk about Scotty like he's Jesus himself.

I hear the front door open, and my heart beats faster in my chest, because Freakshow is back. He's back, and I'm talking to a naked man on my phone.

“He’s back. I’ve gotta go.” I give Kincaid a bro-like nod. “You guys enjoy the rest of your trip. Take care of our girl.”

“Take care of your boyfriend, bro.” I don’t know if I’m more annoyed by the fact that he’s just called Freakshow my boyfriend, or that it doesn’t seem like he’s teasing me about it. He’s being serious. I open my mouth to object but quickly end the call when I hear Scotty’s footsteps getting closer. I don’t know why I feel like I have to hide my wife and her boyfriend from him, but I’m not ready to share this part of my life with him. It’s not like I really need to, anyway. He’ll be dead by the end of the week. Hell, he might be dead by the end of the day, if I can pull my head out of the clouds long enough to kill him.

The bedroom door opens, and I spot three unnecessarily large suitcases in Scotty’s arms. I’m naked under the sheets, and I’m not sure if I want to slip into some underwear to hide myself or kick the sheets back and give my boy an eyeful. He gives me a quick smile before darting his eyes away, toward the closet. Before I can get a word out, he’s in the closet, and I can hear clothes being flung off the racks, onto the hardwood floors.

“The fuck are you doing in there, freak?”

He pops his head around the doorframe. “Are you an undercover crossdresser?”

I blink at him. “What?”

“These clothes. Half of them are women’s. It’s okay if you like to wear dresses, babe. Honest. I don’t mind.” His eyes dip down my body, and he stares at my exposed chest with a hungered look in his eyes. “I bet you’d look really cute in fishnets, Daddy.”

I glare at him. “I’m not a cross-dresser.”

“Then who does this belong to?” He’s holding up a short pink miniskirt, staring accusingly at me. I know I need to tell him I’m married. I’m not a complete idiot. If I don’t tell him and he somehow finds out, he’ll be crushed. He’s claimed he loves me countless times, this would kill him. Then I would have to kill him. I know his end is inevitable, but from the stories he’s told me, it’s clear he’s been lonely for a while now. If he has to die, I kind of want him to die happy.

“My sister. She used to live with me. Moved out a few months ago, she just hasn’t gotten all her stuff yet.” I open my arms, inviting him in. He bounces on his toes a little like he’s contemplating what he should do. There’s a bit of fear in his eyes—as there should be, considering he left without telling me earlier—but I don’t want to go into Mean Daddy headspace right now. There’s an instinctual need to hold him. To bring him comfort. Maybe I need a little comfort myself. “Come here, baby.”

His eyebrows raise, and there’s so much fucking hope in his eyes that I almost can’t stand it. “Baby?”

I bite my bottom lip and look away. Fee and Kincaid’s acceptance is still heavy on my heart, and I know even after Scotty is dead and buried, my life is about to change. Who I am—the man I’ve always thought I was—is changing. Or maybe he’s been here all along, and I just didn’t realize.

I give him a quick nod, too scared to look him in the eyes. To my surprise, he isn’t shrieking like a banshee or making the endearment more than it has to be. He’s unhinged, but somehow, he knows me, and he knows I’m low-key freaking the fuck out.

When I finally bring myself to look at him, he’s in the closet, putting the skirt back where he found it. He takes a couple of steps before stalling, and his gaze drops to the floor.

“Are you angry with me?”

“Why would I be angry with you?”

“For not telling you I was leaving earlier.”

I force a chuckle. “I’m guessing you haven’t checked your voicemail yet.” When he shakes his head, I breathe a sigh of relief, because at least that’s a battle I can still win. Once he’s done furiously masturbating while making uncomfortable eye contact with me, I can just swipe his phone and quickly delete the voicemail. After everything that’s happened these last few days, I’m just happy to have one victory, small though it might be. “Well, I’m not going to lie and say it’s okay. You could have left me a note.” He nods, but he’s still not looking up at me. “Eyes on me, Scotty.” He snaps his head up and watches me cautiously, like he’s trying to read the room. Luckily, the smile I plaster on is a genuine one, and it seems to put him at ease. “I was worried. Right now, I’m more upset at the fact that I asked you to come to me, and you’re still just standing there. Don’t make me ask you again, boy.”

He rushes to me, hopping into my lap and wrapping himself around me, clinging on like he’s afraid I might disappear. “Daddy,” he whispers, kissing my chest. “Missed you.”

I push back his hair and kiss his forehead “Where did you go?”

“Had to grab some things from the apartment. I thought, since I was moving in, it might be nice to have some stuff of my own here.”

I almost choke on my tongue. “Moving in?”

He nuzzles his face into my chest and nods. “Moving in.” Before I can tell him he’s not moving a single item into my home, he takes my nipple between his lips and

sucks. His lips trail lower as he works his way down my chest. I'd kind of like to see how well he sucks cock, but he's just dropped a bomb on me, and we need to fucking talk about it. He's not moving in. Not happening. Sure, I might enjoy the way he submits to me when I have a weapon, but I don't want to put up with his crazy side every day. Not to mention, I have to kill the guy sometime in the next few days. I reach down to wrap my hands around his throat and end this stupid game once and for all, but before I can get to it, he stares up at me and gives me a familiar, hopeful smile.

"Can I suck you off?"

My eyes bulge in surprise. "No the fuck you can't. Are you high? Is that what's wrong with you? You're all over the goddamn place." A mental image of him lying lifeless in his crashed car flashes through my head, and I see red. I can't explain my actions. They're unhinged. I'm unhinged. I get it. It doesn't stop me from grabbing him by the throat and lifting him until we're face to face. "Did you get stoned and drive here, boy? You could have fucking died." When he arches an eyebrow at me, I realize I've been too easy on him. He's learned nothing. So, I place my other hand on his throat and shove him onto the mattress. He looks so fucking sexy with me on top of him, pinning him to the bed. His eyes widen in surprise, and he reaches for me. At first, I think he's going to go for my hands and claw desperately for air. Instead, he places one hand on my ass and another directly on my cock. There's no blanket or sheet hiding me away from him anymore. He's making direct contact with my dick.

I squeeze his throat even tighter.

"Did I say you could touch my cock?" I say, but he just stares at me like I'm stupid, his face growing redder by the second. It takes a second for me to realize he probably can't speak, what with my hands squeezing his throat closed, so I ease my grip.

"Yes," he says matter-of-factly, his voice cracked and rough. "Last night. You said

it's where my hand belongs." He sticks out his tongue before releasing my cock. Before I can react, he shoves his hands against my chest and pushes me back. I struggle, trying to get back up, but he sits on my hips and holds my wrists down on the bed. I should be able to just sit up. For God's sake, the man is half my size. He's staring down at me with those big brown eyes, rendering me useless. He grinds against my now-throbbing erection, and it slides between his cheeks, catching on his hole when I thrust against him.

Jesus.

He doesn't even have a weapon on him, and I'm pretty sure I'd still do anything he wanted if he asked.

"You're wet," he whispers, leaning in and kissing the side of my mouth. My lips part, and I lean forward, wanting more. Wanting him to take my mouth and claim it as his. "You're leaking against my hole, Daddy." He wiggles his ass, smearing my pre-cum up and down his crack.

"What the fuck are you doing to me?" I ask, my head falling back as I let out a guttural moan.

"I love you," he whispers, his lips trailing against my neck. "Say it back, Brody. Tell me you love me."

I shake my head, because I don't love the guy. I don't love any guy. Even if I'm a late-blooming bisexual like Fee and Kincaid seem to believe, I can't possibly love someone after a few weeks of light stalking. That's not a thing. So, no. I can't give him this. I know he wants it, and I know he deserves to hear it from someone before he dies, but I can't.

What I can do is show him exactly what he's doing to me. I can give him a moment's

pleasure before I take his life. His big beautiful life that could be filled with purpose, given the chance. A life spent bringing light into this cold, dark world. I'm going to be the one to snuff out his light, and I hate myself for it.

So, I give him this. I lean up and kiss his cheek. His chin. His jaw. I kiss every inch of his neck before telling him, "Lie on your back, Freakshow."

Without question, he scurries back up the bed and rests his head on my pillow, turning and inhaling my scent. He looks innocent like this. I want to give him everything. Kneeling over him, I kiss my way down his chest until he's writhing beneath me. When I reach his dick, I pause, taking inventory of the vision below.

If I'm being honest, his dick doesn't really do much for me. His body does. His ass certainly does. But his dick? My head isn't shouting for me to reach down and lay claim over it. Doesn't stop me from doing it, anyway. I cautiously wrap my hand around his shaft, surprised by its warmth as it twitches in my hand.

"Oh, God," he moans, fucking up into my fist. "Brody, you're touching my dick."

"Yeah, I can see that," I say with a chuckle. His dick is nothing to write home about. I know I'm not exactly a connoisseur of cock, but I know four-and-a-half inches isn't the norm. Still, it's just so perfectly him. A smaller-than-average dick for my smaller-than-average freak. More than that, his balls are fairly small too. Two little eggs sitting in their basket, waiting to be plucked. Below, I catch sight of his taint. There isn't a hair to be found there, just a perfectly smooth span of creamy skin leading to glory.

As I jack him off, he wriggles beneath me like he's trying to come out of his skin. Even as I watch my hand stroking his cock, it feels like I'm watching someone else. This isn't me. I don't make a habit of sexually pleasuring men.

He digs his feet into the mattress, screaming my name over and over. As his ass scoots down on the bed, I catch sight of it. That small, tight hole of his, right in the center of his hairless crack. Just like the day we spent in his apartment, it's calling out to me. Demanding I pay it attention. Releasing his cock, I ignore the frustrated groan he lets out and focus on the small, inviting ring. It almost looks like it's winking at me. Begging me to lean in and say hello. Give it a little stroke. Maybe even give it a kiss.

I can't.

I can't do that.

What the fuck is wrong with me? I don't want to lick this man's asshole. I don't want to torture it with my tongue.

When my Freakshow lunges for something, I reluctantly tear my eyes away from his beautiful hole and try to see what the fuck he's doing. He grabs something from the nightstand, and when he turns back to me, I see he's holding Fee's Kindle, wielding it like a hammer. I cock an eyebrow at him.

"I don't know if this is heavy enough to kill you, but I'm sure it'll hurt like hell if I whack you enough times with it."

"Huh?"

"I'll do it"—his voice a raspy whimper—"I'll bash your fucking skull in if you don't get down there." With his free hand, he reaches down, teasing his hole. My dick is already half-hard, and the sight of him touching his most private of spaces sends it to full mast in an instant. I reach down and stroke myself, because, fuck! My little freak playing with his little hole is a sight for sore eyes. "Brody, look at me." I look him dead in the eyes, trying to blink myself out of the fog keeping me from him.

He pulls his hand away from his hole and holds it out for me. I take it without hesitation, because it's where my hand belongs. He's where I belong. He pulls my hand to his mouth and swallows my finger down to the knuckle. I stare into his eyes as he sucks it, and I have to moan, because if this is what he feels like wrapped around my finger, I can only imagine how perfect his mouth will feel with my cock inside of it. He pulls back, his mouth popping as he lets my finger loose.

"Fuck," I groan, letting him guide my hand to his chest, right over his racing heart. I need more. To have more of him. For him to know what he's doing to me. I kiss his chest, surprised by the head rush the simple act gives me. "You're breaking me, baby. You're breaking me down, and I don't know if I can put myself back together." When I look into his eyes, the tears falling down his cheeks are too much for me to deal with. I want them fucking gone. I want every single one of them off his face. Tears don't belong on his porcelain skin. Shaking my hand free from his grip, I shove his tears away with force. "Stop crying. You hear me? You're too fucking pretty to be crying, Scotty. I don't ever want to see you cry again."

"I love you," he whispers, kissing my shoulder. "I really do."

I nod, because, yeah, I get it. He loves me. It doesn't make sense, and I don't really understand where it came from, but it's there. Love.

"Then lay back and love me, Freakshow. Let me worry about the rest. Tell me what you want me to do. How can I make you feel good?"

He purrs under me, and his hand reaches up, his fingers squeezing the back of my neck. "I don't want to scare you off if I say the wrong thing."

"I'm not going anywhere. If it's something I'm uncomfortable with, I've got my safeword, remember?"

Scotty licks his lips. “Perpen—dick—ular.” Honestly, the word has no right sounding as sexy as it does falling from his lips. The way his mouth forms an O-shape. How his tongue clicks against his cheek when he sounds out the word “dick.”

“Fuck, you’re beautiful,” I say, because he is. Laid bare before me, he’s the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen. I let out a squeak as he lunges forward, squeezing the back of my neck and dragging me down. Our lips smash together, and before I can stop myself, I submit, opening my mouth and allowing him entry.

Jesus fucking Christ.

He’s kissing me.

Oh my fucking God, Freakshow’s kissing me, and I think I want to kiss him back. I open my mouth even wider—to object or to welcome him home, I’m still not sure—and his soft, silky tongue explores me freely. It twirls around, untrained and clunky, but my God, it’s still the best kiss I’ve ever had. It’s like he’s pouring every bit of affection he has for me into it, and all I can do is allow him this moment. I comb my fingers through his hair, pulling him in to deepen the kiss. His hands roam up and down my back, starting at my nape, ending at the base of my spine. I can tell he wants to reach lower—to reach down and squeeze my ass—but it’s like he’s holding back. The fact he’s honoring my request from last night, when I’d asked him to stay away from my ass, makes my heart swell in appreciation. He doesn’t want to scare me off. Scotty doesn’t want to make me uncomfortable.

“Say it again,” I say when I pull away, panting into his face.

“Say what?”

I form a fist around his cock and stroke it rapidly. “How you feel. Tell me how you feel about me again.” I lean in, gently biting his neck.

“Daddy,” he moans, fucking my hand. “I love you, Daddy. Love you so much. Love you forever.”

That’s all it takes for me to shake the last of my resistance free. I kneel before him like a Christian at the altar, preparing to praise his holy hole. Lifting his balls, I stare at the pink pucker, not sure how to approach. There’s the obvious route—a quick flip of the fingertip to get him moaning again—but as I stare at it, there’s a familiar urge. One I usually only get with Fee. To taste. To touch the surface with my tongue. I look up at him with pleading eyes, needing my good boy—the best boy—to help give me the courage. He nibbles his lip as he grabs the Kindle and smacks me lightly on the head.

“Take care of me, Daddy. Don’t make me ask you again.”

I mouth the words I can’t get out. Thank you.

I dive in face-first, kissing his hole with my lips. I take a moment to nibble up and down his crack, enjoying the way it jiggles each time I let it go. Honestly, I’m a little worried about the taste. I’ve never been this far south on anyone, and I’d feel more comfortable if I’d showered with him beforehand to make sure he’s as clean as I’d like him to be, but I’m not about to drag this sexy ass out of bed and wash it off. There’s no time like the present, so I open my mouth and take an exploratory lick at his entrance. There’s a bit of a musky twang, but—God help me—I think I like it. It’s like the sweat of a normal day’s activities accumulated. A bit of seasoning for the snack laid in front of me.

“Jesus,” I rasp as I lap at his hole. “So fucking perfect for me.” I stick my tongue out again and lick from the base of his crack to the top of his taint. I have to stop myself at his balls, even though I think I kind of want to give them a taste too. That would be too gay though, I think. Maybe. Ah, who the fuck knows? I might be on a one-way trip to Bisexual Boulevard, but the train hasn’t reached that station yet.

Eating his ass tops any other sexual experience I've ever had. More than sucking on Fee's breasts. More than sliding my tongue deep inside her. Even more than when she let me fuck her ass a few years back. What I'm sharing with my Freakshow, it surpasses everything. And when I look up at him to find him staring back at me, his eyes filled with affection, I can't help it. My hips instinctually rut against the mattress. Pulling his cheeks apart, I stare at it, wondering how tight it's going to feel around my cock.

Fuck. It's like it's not even a hypothetical anymore. I'm going to fuck him. My dick is going to slide into his hole at some point, and I'm going to make him mine.

I need more. I need to taste him. Every part of him.

Letting go of one of his cheeks, I reach down and grab his cock, stroking quickly. I'm so fucking close, it's like I can feel the cum working its way up my shaft. Diving in, I tunnel my tongue into his hole, and the warm tightness is all it takes to send me to the edge. His hole clenches around my tongue, almost unbearably so, and I feel his cum raining down on my face like a fucking monsoon. It dribbles down my cheeks and nose until it slithers onto my exposed tongue, still half-deep in his hole. I watch helplessly as another stream of cum oozes down his crack, approaching my awaiting mouth. Making no move to pull away from my Freakshow, I open my mouth wide, inviting his load into my mouth.

With my tongue still wedged inside him and his load fresh in my mouth, I grunt loudly, giving the bed one final thrust. Cum shoots from my cock, drenching the bedding beneath me. Everything around my dick is sticky and warm. My thighs. My stomach. My pubes. It's like I've been baptized in semen, and, while I should probably come out of the experience praising Freakshow's holy name like he's Jesus, the post-orgasm cloud of confusion lifts, and all I can see is the tip of my tongue buried in another man's ass.

I gag. I wish I didn't. God, I wish I wasn't gagging and choking on his flavor, but I can't help it. I grab his cheeks and shove him off me, sending him flying against the headboard. He lets out a pained cry, and I want to look up at him to make sure he's okay. I want to check on him more than I've ever wanted anything, but I cover my face with my hands and back away, tumbling off the bed.

A man just came in my mouth. This man—this kind, gentle, innocent man just came in my mouth as he rode my tongue, and I can't get the waves of shame to stop.

"Go," I croak, curling into a ball in the corner. "Get the fuck out."

"Daddy?" he whispers, his voice sounding fearful. I don't know if he's scared of me or if he's scared for me, but it doesn't fucking matter. I need him to get the fuck out, because my head is all over the place, and I don't trust myself. "Was I bad? I haven't done that with anyone else. I'm sorry if I wasn't any good." God. He sounds devastated. Fucking wrecked emotionally. I'm the reason.

He's right in front of me. I can tell he is by the body heat pouring off him. I want to pull him onto my lap and tell him he's still my good boy. That he did nothing wrong, and I'm just working through some shit right now—that Daddy will be back, he just has to give me space to work through it.

I don't do any of that. Instead, I shove him away. I push him back until he slides against the floorboards, probably blistering his skin in the process. He cries out in pain, but I can't look up. If I look up, I don't know what I'll see.

"G-get the fuck out of h-here, Scott. Get out of my goddamn house."

When I finally look up, he's staring at me with tears streaked down his cheeks. I expected him to look angry, but he just looks so fucking confused. Like out of all the potential outcomes this morning might have held, he'd expected this one the least. He

takes a step forward, but when I look away, I spot the long-forgotten knife he'd been holding last night. It's just there, under the bed. I reach for it and hold it out at him. He must see something in my eyes, because for the first time, he looks like he thinks I might actually follow through with it. I might plunge the knife into his stomach and leave him there to bleed out. The worst part is, so do I.

“Please, Freakshow. Please, I need you to leave. I can't—I don't want to hurt you.”

My boy rushes over to the bed and grabs his discarded clothes. As he hurries to put them on, he stumbles, and I watch as he almost trips and hits his head on the nightstand.

“Be fucking careful,” I cry out, and he just nods, still not looking up at me. When he's dressed, he hurries toward the living room, pausing at the door long enough to give me one last look.

“Please, don't do anything stupid, Brody,” he whispers. “I love you. I wouldn't be okay if you did. Just please don't hurt yourself, okay?”

I look up at him with teary eyes and offer him the only thing I can. A nod.

Then, he's gone, taking my heart and leaving his oversized suitcases.

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It's been three days since Brody sent me away. Three days since he gave me the best orgasm of my life, only to kick me out. The first day, I cried a lot. I must have sent Brody at least thirty messages asking him to let me know he was okay. He didn't respond to any of them. The only thing keeping me from having the police do a welfare check has been seeing the read receipts. He was getting them, opening them a few seconds later, and simply not responding.

The second day, I took action. I drove past his lovely home a total of seventy-six times. I only stopped when one of his neighbors contacted the police with accusations of stalking. Stalking! Well, when Daddy finally gets out of his bad mood, I fully plan on having him find the caller's information and slit their throat while they sleep. I'll stand for many things—having my undying love be branded something problematic-borderline-illegal isn't one of them. They will be shown no mercy when their life is snuffed out.

It's now day three, and I haven't been able to drag myself out of bed. Daddy could be planning on killing himself, and I'm here cuddled up in bed while Tatum fixes me lunch in my kitchen. I don't want his lunch. I don't even want him here. Given the chance, I'd shove him off my second-floor balcony if it would bring Daddy back to me. I'd creep up behind Tatum and hold his face down over the sizzling frying pan until his skin bubbled black, if it earned me just one answered text message.

Am I crazy? Probably. But it doesn't take away from the truth.

I love Brody. Even though I might not know much about him, I know his heart. I know it beats only for me. He can deny it all he wants, but it's clear in his eyes. He has one more day. If he doesn't get back to me by tomorrow, I'm going by his house,

and I'm going to force him into submission by threats of death. It seems to be the only thing that works on him, and I'm not above risking a felony charge, if that's what it takes.

There's a loud bang in the living room, and for a moment, I think it might be him. Brody has come to his senses and realized we're inevitable. He's realized a life without me at his side isn't a life worth living.

It's a nice enough thought, but it isn't true.

When I rush into the living room to find Daddy, instead I find Tatum staring at the television with a look of horror on his face, and a frying pan resting on the floor beside him. Asshole. There's charred grime all over my pretty hardwood floor, and I'm not cleaning it up. I call his name to get his attention, but it's like he's got tunnel vision. When I look at the television to see what has him so despondent, I see why.

My father.

The man who gave me life, but not much else.

The man who hasn't personally acknowledged me in almost a decade.

He's standing on a stage with his wife and their three children. Behind him, there's a rainbow flag with flames creeping up each color, burning them down to ash. Dad-not-Daddy is waving at the crowd, beaming his politician's smile brightly, occasionally throwing a wink or a pointed thumbs up at the crowd. Below his smiling face, there's a headline scrolling across the screen.

Senator Mark Levinson announces presidential bid.

When Dad starts talking, I grab the remote out of Tatum's hand and turn the volume

up.

“And that’s why I’m proud to announce my candidacy for the presidency of the United States. Together, we’ll take this country back. Together, we’ll cleanse these great states of filth and debauchery. Together, we shall prosper. Thank you!”

Once the rainbow flag has been burned down to nothing, the screen behind my father flashes with images of gay couples embracing. Each picture that passes becomes more and more obscene until a video plays.

“Oh, my God,” I say, dropping the remote. Tatum rushes for it, quickly powering off the screen and pulling me in for a hug. Somehow, my father obtained surveillance footage of me holding a rusty wrench to Brody’s head as I rutted against his stomach in the gay bar bathroom. My penis has been covered by an eggplant emoji. In the video, Brody is staring at me, looking shell-shocked. Seeing him like that takes me by surprise, because it isn’t how I remember our first time. Sure, he’d been playing hard to get, but I never got the vibe that this was anything more than a game to him. The weapon play, the feigned pleas for me to stop—all of it had seemed like he was in on the game.

Maybe he wasn’t.

And if he wasn’t, then it means I forced his hand. It means he really has been trying to murder me all along. I told him I love him. I’ve told him he’s my forever, and he’s probably just been laughing at me behind my back this whole time. Worse, it means I’ve taken something I had no right to take. Was every instance of consent he’d given me said because I had a weapon? Oh, God. Did I rape him?

My stomach spins, and it feels like I’m about to be sick. I make a mad dash for the bathroom, not bothering to close the door behind me. I haven’t been able to eat since I left Brody’s house, so the only thing coming out is dark yellow bile. It coats my

mouth, the flavor relentlessly bitter, just like the bitter ache in my heart.

I don't know how long I've been clinging to the toilet, dry heaving until it feels like I'm suffocating. Then I hear it. A loud bang. The front door, bursting open. A deep voice screaming words I can't make out. Tatum's been with me this whole time, stroking my back, but he screams, and his hands fall away from me, leaving me feeling more alone than ever.

"Don't fucking touch him. I warned you last time. Keep your goddamn hands off my boy."

Oh, God.

"Get the fuck out of this apartment. Don't ever come back. I swear to fucking God, I'll drown you in the sink if I see you here again!"

And then Daddy's hands are around me, pulling me away from the toilet. Holding me tightly against his chest. The second I catch the familiar scent of vanilla and vodka, my entire body melts into him.

"Brody," I whisper, my voice choked and strained. I dig my nails into his back, clinging desperately to him, needing him to make it all better. Knowing he alone holds the power to bring me back from the darkness. But why would he? Why is he even here?

His fingers gently comb through my hair as he whispers, "It's okay. Daddy's here. I've got you. You're okay."

I shake my head, because I don't deserve his kindness. "I'm sorry." The words come out jagged and frantic. I need him to know. He has to know I thought he'd wanted it too.

His lips press firm against my scalp. “Don’t you dare apologize to me, Freakshow.”

“Please,” I say, not sure what I’m pleading for. For him, perhaps? For the events of the last three days to be erased from my memory?

The next thing I know, I’m in my bed and Brody is laying in front of me, pulling the blankets over our head. The front door closes, and I assume it’s Tatum leaving to give us a bit of privacy. I cling to Brody for what feels like hours before I can finally speak.

“Daddy,” I whisper, too scared to say it any louder for fear he might disappear.

“I’m right here, baby. I’ve got you.”

I want to rip the covers away and face him like a man, but I can’t bring myself to. Pulling the covers away will make everything real. It will rip away any hope that what we’ve done has been just as true for him as it has been for me. I’m not ready to face that yet, so I just wrap my arms around him and let him carry the weight of our burden on his shoulders.

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I could kill him. I could rip Senator Levinson's head off his shoulders with my bare hands. The second I saw the footage, I knew Scotty would need me. I might not be any closer to working out the issues surrounding my sexuality, but right now, those issues don't matter. The only thing that matters is keeping his heart safe. Encasing a wall around him so that I can keep the rest of the world out. Scotty's face is being broadcast across the nation right now, and he looks like a fucking predator in the footage. I don't even know how the fuck Levinson got it, but it really isn't a surprise he did. The man hired me to kill his son; I wouldn't put anything past him.

Selfishly, I cling to my boy, soaking up his warmth like a sponge. On the drive over, I wasn't sure how he would react to my presence. I've been missing in action for three days. Three horrible days. Days Scotty spent in anguish, judging by his endless voicemails and texts. And what had I done? Ignored him. I rejected call after call after call, and pretended not to see him drive past my house at least fifty times. I mean, yeah, I put a pipe bomb in my neighbor's garbage disposal when I found out she called the cops on my boy, claiming he was stalking me, but he doesn't know that. He thinks I've just abandoned him.

I still don't know if I can be what he wants me to be. I love my wife and I love my job. Taking Scotty on would mean losing all of that. Worse, there would more than likely be a target on my head, too. The senator will stop at nothing to see his son dead, and I don't know if I can protect Scotty on my own. Judging by the vitriol he'd spewed on television this morning, I don't doubt the next hitman will make my boy's ending painful.

As he holds on to me like a lifeline, I'm wrestling with what comes next. The kind thing to do—the merciful thing—would be to give him a painless exit from this

world. It would be easy to do. A quick cut to his carotid artery would see him bleed out in seconds. A swift decapitation when he isn't looking would be even faster. I could offer him the kindness of a headshot as he sleeps.

Or I can give him a few more days. I can shower him in love until the day my wife returns, and then I can give him the gift of mercy. Placing a kiss on the tip of his nose, I cradle Scotty's face.

"Scotty," I whisper, but all it does is make him cry even harder. "You gotta stop crying. I can't stand to hear you like this. You're breaking my heart."

He sniffles, sharp and quick. "You've been breaking mine."

Fuck.

I know he's been hurting, but hearing the pain in his voice makes all of this real. It's irrefutable evidence of the hurt storming through his heart. I lean in and kiss him, ignoring the foul taste of sick still clinging to his mouth. I don't give a fuck how he tastes. This will help him. I can help him. I'd chew fucking glass if he asked me to.

I leave him there, planning on getting him a glass of water, but the sight of the dark circles under his eyes tells me he hasn't been sleeping much since I saw him last. I pilfer his medicine cabinet, grabbing a bottle of Tylenol PM and shaking two pills into my hand. When I return to him, he's still in the same spot, his eyes locked on me.

"Why are you here?" he asks, his voice cracked and raw with emotion.

I set the water and pills on his bedside table before taking a seat in front of him, crossing my legs. "I was worried about you," I answer, reaching down to touch his face. He surprises me when he slaps my hand away.

“You don’t need to worry about me. I don’t deserve it. I . . .” He reaches for the comforter like he’s going to hide away from me, but fuck no. Not happening. I take his hand, wanting to hold it, but he just jerks away from me. “You should go.”

I shake my head, because I’m not going anywhere. Not after what he’s just been through. “I’m staying.” He sits up, but in his weakened state, it takes him a second to get upright. I try to help him, but, like before, he just slaps my hand away.

“How can you even look at me? After what I did to you—after what was on the screen. I didn’t—I thought we were just playing a game. I thought it was just your way of flirting.” He wipes a tear from his cheek, but it should be me doing that for him, pampering him the way he deserves. “I’m sorry, Brody. I forced you to?—”

No.

I’m not going to let him think he forced me to do anything. I refuse to let him believe I was unwilling. Sure, I might not have realized what those confusing feelings were in the beginning, but I’ve loved every second of what we’ve done. I have no regrets about any of it.

“You didn’t force me to do anything I didn’t already want to do, Freakshow. Do you hear me?” I grip his wrist, needing him to believe me. “I didn’t understand it at first—and, if I’m being honest, I still don’t know if I get it entirely—but I love everything we’ve done together.”

“Then why did you freak out on me? Why did you send me away?”

I want to reach into him and pull all of his pain out and take it into myself, because he’s too precious to be anchored in heartbreak. I know this is my chance to lay myself bare before him. To tell him in detail why I’ve been following him. To explain why this can never be more than a brief romance. But he’s aching right now, and I refuse

to add to that. I want to let him know love before I have to take that love away from him.

Still, I can give him something. A part of me. One of the many pieces that makes me who I am.

“Before you, I never felt this way for another guy. I didn’t realize the way I looked at other men wasn’t the way a straight person does. I’ve always found guys attractive, but I’ve never felt an emotional bond with them the way I do with women, so it never clicked.”

“So, you’re bi?”

I shrug, because I’m not entirely sure. I’ve done a lot of research in his absence, these last few days. It all seemed so much simpler before. Gay, straight, and bisexual. Those were your options. Now, there are all these labels I can’t wrap my head around. I’ve tried, but it’s confusing. Pansexual. Demisexual. Queer. It’s hard to keep up. The closest I’ve been able to pinpoint is heteroromantic bisexual, but even that doesn’t feel accurate. I love my wife. I love her with all of my heart—even if she doesn’t seem to love me all that much anymore—but these last few weeks with Scotty have shaken me to my core. They’ve taken everything I thought I knew as truth and spun it on its head. I’ve never looked at anyone the way I look at him. No one has ever made me unhinged with desire like my Freakshow.

“All I know,” I continue, cupping his face, “is that I care for you in a way I’ve never cared for anyone before.”

He snuffles, and it’s a sound that makes my heart feel like it’s shattering in my chest. “Do you love me, Brody?”

I sigh, because I can’t answer him yet. I want to tell him I do, because I know it will

put him at ease, but I can't bring myself to lie to him—not when I can't even answer the question myself.

“I love being with you,” I say honestly. “And I love every second I spend with you. I love the rush I feel when you put a gun to my head or a knife to my throat. The way you barge in like a maniac, telling me you love me and you're moving in without my permission. Freakshow, I love how insane you are, and I don't want you to stop being batshit crazy around me. You push me outside my comfort zone, and you don't give me a say in the matter. I love it.” Then I lower my hand to his throat and squeeze tight enough to cut off his airflow. “I love how I don't know if I want to fuck you or kill you. You make me just as goddamn crazy as you, and I don't want it to stop.”

Fear and desire flash in his eyes, and he opens his mouth to speak, managing to choke out the words. “Then kill me, Daddy.”

Jesus, fuck.

This man.

“You don't need to come, Scotty. You need to sleep.” I trace the circles under his eyes. “You look exhausted.”

He snuffles, looking away. “Don't wanna sleep. You won't be here when I wake up. You'll leave again.”

“I won't,” I insist, needing him to believe it. “I swear, I'm not going anywhere.” Handing him the glass, I watch as he pops the pills and swallows them down.

“Please don't leave me, Brody.”

“I'll stay here all day. I promise.”

He shakes his head. “No. More than that. Don’t ever leave me. Please? I don’t ask you for much. I won’t ask you for anything again, I promise. Just don’t ever leave me. I wanna be yours. I want you to be mine.” He sighs, and it’s like he’s already planning on me turning him down. “Please, just don’t go.”

“Oh, Scotty,” I whisper. He looks up, disbelief heavy in his eyes. “Okay.” I nod. “Of course. I won’t leave you again. I’m by the side for the rest of your life. Promise.”

I just can’t bear to tell him I’m not sure how much life he has left to live.

I wait until the Tylenol PM claims him before heading into the living room and closing the door behind me. After what we’ve just shared, I know my Freakshow needs his rest, and I’ve got a call to make.

The phone rings twice before Fiona answers. On the screen, she and Kincaid seem to be in the throes of passion. She’s lying in bed, her hair slick with sweat, clinging to her forehead. She smiles at me and says my name through her moan.

“Someone’s having fun,” I say as she nods emphatically.

“So fun. So much—oh, fuck—fun.”

“You enjoying yourself, Kincaid?”

She turns the camera, and I’m greeted by the sight of a naked Kincaid lying between her thighs, his tongue servicing her like her pleasure is the only thing that matters in the world. He looks up at me with a wet mouth and smiles, panting.

“Hey, buddy.” He leans down, licking up her slit as he eyes me through the phone. Fuck. It has no right being as sexy as it is, and a big part of that, surprisingly, is down to my best friend. I kind of wish I’d realized I wasn’t entirely straight sooner. Maybe

we could have played together.

“Jesus,” I moan, trying to ignore the way my cock rises at the sight in front of me. Kincaid must know exactly what he’s doing, because he pulls his face out from between our girl’s legs and rises to his knees. His cock is on full display, and there’s a bead of pre-cum at the tip. It reminds me of the way Scotty leaks at the slightest hint of arousal.

“I see someone’s finally on board the bisexual boat.”

His words make me blush, and the heat in my cheeks is almost unbearable. “I guess. I’m still not entirely sure what I am, but I know I’m not straight.”

Kincaid grabs the phone and shuffles up the bed until he’s sitting beside Fee. They’re both smiling at me, which makes me a little uncomfortable, but also a little happy. The fact neither of them is judging me for this makes my heart swell.

“Have you had a chance to sow your wild oats yet?” my wife asks, waggling her eyebrows. My cheeks must be burning even more, because her eyes widen and she grabs the phone out of Kincaid’s hand. “I knew it! Okay, Mister. Spill. I want all the sordid details.”

The biggest rule in our open relationship is open lines of communication and total honesty. Anything the other half wants to know is fair game. No secrets. No lies. But we all know it isn’t a rule Fee sticks to, and it seems like I’m right there with her. Spilling the sordid details of what I’ve shared with Freakshow would feel like a betrayal to him. It isn’t until this moment—right now—that I realize it’s over. It isn’t until I see the confusion on her face that I know I can’t give her what she wants. What she deserves. Even worse, I don’t think I’d take it back if I could. I hate to see her hurting, but when it comes to Scotty, I regret nothing. How can I regret anything when he’s everything to me?

She's staring at me like I'm a failure. Like I've gone and fucked everything up. And maybe I have. Maybe it's down to Scotty, or maybe it's down to me—either way, it doesn't matter. I've failed her. She's not faultless in all of this either. I can't count the number of times she's broken our rules. Still, I never have. I swore to myself I never would. She has no right to be angry at me right now, but, feeling an overwhelming sense of shame in myself, I allow her to do just that. To aim her anger in my direction like a righteous finger of judgment.

She breathes in slowly as she closes her eyes. When she opens them again, she's looking at me analytically as if she's trying to compartmentalize how I've betrayed her, and at what lengths I've gone to hide it from her.

“Have you broken any of our rules?” she asks, her voice sounding mechanical. There's no hurt or upset in her tone. The way she can shift so suddenly always leaves me amazed. It's what makes her so good at her job. The way she can shut off her emotions in order to get down to business.

I sigh, because she already knows I have. “Yes,” I answer, wanting to look away, but unable to move.

She bites her lip and nods, glancing over at Kincaid. “I need to speak with my husband. Would you mind giving us a moment?”

Kincaid flashes me a sympathetic smile. He clearly knows what's in store, and the pity in his expression is more emasculating than anything I've ever experienced. Kincaid would never betray her like this. He wouldn't go behind her back. If I'm being honest, I kind of resent the judgment she's throwing my way. She's broken our rules so many times I've lost count. As bad as I feel about betraying her, I can't ignore the bitterness that's festering beneath the surface.

Once Kincaid's out of the room, she props her phone on the bed and covers her chest

with the white, pillowy hotel comforter. “Okay. Walk me through it,” she says. I sniffle, but apparently, she’s not in the mood for a Brody Frost pity-party. “No. We’re not doing that. We’re not crying. Just give me the facts. Dry your eyes and tell me. Man up.”

I wipe my eyes, and I lay myself bare. She’s clearly angry when I refuse to tell her what we’ve done together sexually, but surprisingly, she doesn’t press for details when she sees how uncomfortable I am. I tell her about our game. How he threatens my life, and the way I threaten his. That admission earns me a soft chuckle. I tell her how he’s a little bundle of fire and ridiculousness that never seems to fade. I tell her how he’s been staying over. Lastly, and most egregiously, I tell her I lied about who she was when he asked me.

She closes her eyes and nods, going silent long enough to make me nervous. Eventually, she opens her eyes, her hardened expression falling, and a tear drips down her cheek. The single teardrop is worse than any words she could have said. The longer it falls, the lower I feel.

“Do you love him?”

I bite my bottom lip, because it’s a question I can’t answer—not when I don’t even know the answer myself. “We’ve only known each other for a few weeks.”

She cocks her head to the side and sighs. “Oh, Brody. Babe, how long were we together before you knew?”

I knew I loved her on our first date. Sure, it was all a cover for an assignment we were handling together, but that’s what it felt like to me. A date. A real one. The way she presented herself so surely had been the kicker for me. We were having coffee at a small shop downtown. There was a trans man working the register, and one of the customers had started spewing bigoted talking points at the man. Fee gave me a smile

before telling me she'd be right back. As she gave the man the tongue lashing of his life, it happened. Each word—every cleverly crafted insult she hurled his way—made me fall for her. By the time she returned to the table, I knew I was going to spend the rest of my life with her.

And now, I know the forever we'd agreed to is off the table. Forever isn't mine to give when I've just sworn it to Scotty.

Finally, after a long, lonely ten-second pause, she nods to herself. "I think it's time, Brody."

"No! No, Fee, I'm not saying I want to marry the guy or anything. This is just?—"

"It's something that's been weighing us down for a while now," she says, her voice soft. "You're not happy, and neither am I. Brody, I don't want us to grow to resent each other. You're my best friend—I don't want to end up hating you when this is over. If we end it now, we can still keep some semblance of a friendship. Don't you want that?"

"I can be better. I know I can."

Her smile is kind, but it's clear she's forcing it. She's staring at me like a teacher placating an unruly schoolboy. "Then be better for the next one. Who knows? Maybe this guy will end up being the man of your dreams. Just don't ice him out. You have a tendency of going quiet, and you can't do that if you want it to be an equal partnership. You have to share your feelings."

The sad thing is, I know she's right. I don't do touchy-feely, emotional displays. It's not in my nature. But with Scotty, I can already feel the difference. I haven't shared much with him, but I've already shared a lot more with him than I did with Fee while we were dating. I know I'm an impenetrable fortress when it comes to emotions, but

maybe she's right. Maybe I need to lay some of those defenses down.

"So, that's it then?" I say bitterly. "Our marriage is over?"

She wipes her eye and looks away. "I think it's been over for a while. We've just been too scared to admit it."

I have to choke back a sob. "I love you. You know I love you, right?"

She nods, her eyes wet. "I know. And I love you, too. I just wish love was enough to get us past this." Ever the professional, the moment her voice cracks, she steels her face and gives me a determined nod. "We can talk about the house when I get home. In the meantime, I think you should keep things going with this guy. Take him somewhere nice and make him feel special. Let yourself fall for him. No shame or worrying about what anyone else will think about it. I want you to be happy, Brody. If this guy can do that for you, then I support it."

I shake my head. "I can't. Even if I wanted to, he's . . ."

She arches an eyebrow at me. "He's what?"

Fuck. I can't tell her this. She can't know the man who's turned my world upside down is my target. I mean, she's going to put two and two together soon enough, once she sees the news footage of his father's campaign announcement. I'm a little surprised she doesn't know already. But I guess they've been too busy in their love cocoon to pay attention to trending news stories.

"He's what, Brody?"

I sigh. Moment of truth. "It's Scott Levinson."

Her eyes widen and her mouth hangs open. “Jesus. Seriously, Brody? Please tell me you haven’t fallen in love with the man you’re supposed to kill. Please tell me you’re not a complete moron.” She pinches the bridge of her nose and sighs. “I knew something was going on. You’ve never had an issue with an assignment before.” There’s anger in her voice, but more than anything, she looks scared. Terrified, really. Knowing who Scotty is—knowing who placed the hit on him—is enough to know I’m basically a dead man walking. “Fuck. This is bad. This is really bad.” She leaves the phone on the bed, and I hear the sound of wooden drawers flinging open. A purple shirt flies through the air, landing on the phone and cloaking me in darkness. All the while, she’s chanting, “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

“Fee? What are you doing?”

Her feet slam against the floor, and the shirt is lifted, giving me a glimpse of her blood-red face. “What the fuck do you think I’m doing? I’m cutting my vacation short because my husband is a moron. I’ll be home”—she picks up her phone and taps on the screen, probably looking up flight information—“tomorrow. The next flight leaves tonight, and I should be back by noon. Jesus, Brody. If they find out?”

“I know. You think I don’t know what they’ll do to me?”

“What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know. I can’t—We can’t . . . There’s no future for us. I have to kill him.” My voice cracks, and then more tears fall down my cheeks. The thought of snuffing out his beautiful light makes my heart feel like it’s cracking in my chest. He doesn’t deserve this.

She stares at me through the phone, studying my expression. “Do you need me to handle it for you? If it’s too hard?”

“Don’t touch him,” I growl, surprised by the heft in my voice.

She startles, her body shaking, if only for a second. “Excuse me?”

Panic. That’s all I feel. It starts as a trickle in my chest that explodes, like a star gone supernova. The thought of her laying a finger on him strikes up a fury in my soul. Then, that fury spreads until all that’s left is unfiltered rage.

“No one touches him but me. No one. You could hurt him. I don’t want it to hurt. I want it to be quick.”

She gives a pensive nod. “Then I suggest you make it quick. They won’t just come after you. If they think you’ve gone off course, they’ll come after me and Kincaid. That’s not happening. You’ve got a day to get things sorted. If he’s still alive when I get there, I . . . Brody, I’ll have to. We don’t have any other choice.”

I feel it when it happens.

The moment our once-unbreakable tether snaps right down the middle

She’s the woman I vowed to love, honor, and cherish, but right now—as I stare into her cold, lifeless eyes—I thank the universe that she’s not in front of me. No one touches Scotty. No-fucking-one.

I don’t even tell her goodbye. I just end the call and throw my phone against the wall before grabbing a throw-pillow so I can scream into it without waking my boy.

I could have loved Scotty Levinson, and now I have to kill him.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

I've been dreaming about Daddy. For the first time in three days, I've gotten a bit of rest. It's been nice. Knowing Brody is back—that he's still mine—is enough to take away all the hurt I felt during our estrangement. Enough to numb the sting of my father's endless list of betrayals. When I was nodding off earlier, it felt like I could sleep for days. That's why, when Brody frantically shakes me awake with little care for my comfort, I scowl at him. I just want to get a little sleep, and he's ruining it. Then I see it. He's holding a gun, and through my groggy state, my cock swells in my boxer-briefs.

"Daddy," I say dreamily. "Play time?"

He shakes his head, not saying a word. Instead, he studies my face like he's trying to memorize every single atom that makes me who I am. The look feels like shockwaves slamming through my body. I kick the covers away, giving him a front-row seat to the Freakshow Express.

The sound the gun makes as he cocks the hammer makes me jolt. Why doesn't he have his usual playful expression? I've never seen him look so serious before.

"Baby?" I question, holding my hand out for him, inviting him to sit next to me.

"Brody, what's wrong?"

He stares down at the bed, looking lost in his own head. "I could have loved you, Freakshow." He sounds so resigned. Like he's giving me away. Setting me free. I don't want to be free though. All I want is him. I try to stand up, but he puts a hand on my shoulder, holding me in place. "Don't." His voice is hard. Like concrete walls have been erected around his heart to keep me out. "I need you to close your eyes,

Scott.”

That makes my entire body shake. He never calls me Scott. I’m Scotty. Freakshow. Baby. I’m not fucking Scott.

It’s like a lightbulb goes off in my head; this is the Brody from the surveillance footage. His scared expression. The anger in his eyes. Earlier, he claimed the video was wrong. That he loved our game just as much as me. He promised me all of this—everything we’ve shared—was true. Our silly little game. But now, I’m not so sure.

“No,” I say, shaking my head. “I’m not closing my eyes. Not until you talk to me.” I grab his wrist, wanting to shake him out of whatever’s weighing him down. “Brody.”

“I can’t. If I talk to you, I’ll . . . I need you to close your eyes for me, Scott. Please, don’t make this harder than it has to be.” His hand is shaking so much, the gun looks like it might slip out of his grip.

“Not Scott,” I say, my voice firm and insistent. He finally looks at me, and the hurt in his eyes makes my heart ache right along with him. “Stop calling me Scott. I’m Scotty. I’m Freakshow.”

“You’re a mistake.”

The words feel like a knife plunging into my heart. He can’t mean them. “Please don’t say that. I am not. I’m yours. Your Freakshow. Your baby.” I reach for the gun, hoping he’ll hand it over, but he just takes a step back. “I’m yours. Daddy, I’m yours, and you’re mine.”

He winces. “You wouldn’t want me if you knew what I’ve done. You’d be running the other way. The things I’ve done—what I have to do—you’d hate me.”

“Never,” I say, and I’m done sitting on this fucking bed. Done looking up at him as he stares down at me, seemingly devastated. Once I’m on my feet, I grab his wrist and squeeze, trying to pour every bit of my love into him. “Never, Brody. I could never hate you.”

“Then you’re an idiot.” He takes a step forward, pressing the gun against my heart. Our foreheads touch, and I reach for him, touching his cheek. “I’m not a good man.”

I chuckle darkly, because who the fuck does he think he’s telling? “Yeah. That’s been pretty clear from the beginning. The good news is, I’m not all that good, either.”

“You are,” he says, roughly rubbing his eyes. “You’re a good boy. The best boy.”

I shake my head, enjoying the way his forehead feels sliding against mine. “I’m a bad boy. Your bad boy. Whatever you’ve done, whatever you have to do, it’s okay. Just tell me. I promise, there’s nothing you can say to make me run. You just have to have faith in me. I promise. Me and you. It’ll still be me and you.”

“Why?” he asks, his voice cracking.

I roll my eyes, wanting to show him a little bit of my bratty side to put him at ease. “Because I love you, obviously. You asked me to trust you with my heart. Now, I’m asking you to trust me with yours.” He pulls back, and I let him go, trusting him with my heart. With my life. I watch as he moves behind me, not turning around to follow his movements. “I trust you.”

His lips graze the nape of my neck. “You shouldn’t.”

“Yeah, well, I do. You don’t get to tell me who I can and can’t trust.” I roll my hips, pressing my ass against his crotch. Maybe I’m playing dirty. Maybe I don’t really give a fuck. “And you don’t get to tell me who I think is a good person. I see you.”

“You don’t see shit.” The look he gives me when I glance over my shoulder should probably scare me, but it doesn’t. Not when he snarls his teeth at me. Not when I feel the cool metal of the gun’s barrel. Certainly not when his arm wraps around me, pulling me tight against his chest, his nails digging painfully into my skin. “Don’t make me scare you, Scott. I want this to be quick. I want to be merciful. It won’t be if you don’t close your goddamn eyes and let me do my job.”

“Your job?”

His breath ghosts the back of my neck, sending pins and needles sparking to life. When he speaks, his voice is low and cold, every trace of my Daddy having left him. “I’m a hitman for hire. I’ve been stalking you for a month. Your father hired me to kill you. Do you still think I’m a good person?”

I slap his hand away, take a step back, and whirl around on my heel. His fingers are gripping the gun so tightly his knuckles have gone white. I see more cruelty in his eyes. Just enough to match his tone. But he’s still there, right beneath the surface. This is killing him. I can tell. He has the same look he had the day I held him hostage with the blowtorch. Fear with a peppering of lust. I take a step forward, as does he. We stand there, both of us searching the other’s face. Waiting to see what happens next. To see who will make the first move.

It has to be me.

I take another step forward, placing my hand on his heart. He stares down at it, surprised. “Do you want to kill me?”

“Of course I don’t want to kill you. But if I don’t, someone else will.” His surety is fading, and I know I’ve almost got him. He’s coming back to me, I can see it in his eyes. “They won’t make it quick for you. They’ll draw it out. Make you hurt.” He leans in and presses his forehead against mine. “I never want to see you hurt. Please,

just let me make it easy for you.” He brings his finger to his lips and presses a kiss to the tip. I know what he’s about to do. If he thinks he’s going to offer me a surrogate kiss as a means of goodbye, he’s got me fucked up.

“Don’t even think about it. If you’re going to kill me, I deserve more than a fingertip kiss.” Reaching for him, I grab his chin and drag him to me. “You fucking kiss me, Brody. You kiss me, and then you tell me?—”

My words are silenced when Brody slams his lips against mine. Our mouths collide with a force that has me seeing stars, and it’s like every one of those stars is burning bright, just for us. Bright enough to light up the sky if we let them. Bright enough to guide me home, right to him.

His kiss isn’t a declaration. It’s devastation. It’s like he’s trying to pour himself into me so I can take the pain away from him, the way he wants to take it away from me. His hand clings to my neck, and all logic must have left him, because he’s got one leg hiked over my hip, and the other one is quickly following suit. I try to hold him up, but Brody’s got a good seventy-five pounds of solid muscle on me, and I’m a delicate little thing. Before I can back us up to the bed, his weight causes me to tumble back. We fall together, Brody landing on me, the gun flying from his hand, hitting the wall, and discharging a bullet through my bedroom window. He jerks away suddenly, eyes wide and full of fear.

“Did it hit you?”

I glare at him. “Put your lips back or I’ll grab the fucking gun and blow your brains out. Honest to God, Brody. Worst boyfriend ever.”

He shakes his head fiercely. Decidedly. “I’ll be the best fucking boyfriend you could hope for, Freakshow.”

I can't even react to those stunning words because his lips are on mine, and his tongue tears through my mouth like he's been waiting for this all his life. He grabs my hand and guides it back to his ass. To a place he once told me I was never allowed to touch. More than that, he wedges it between his jeans and his underwear. Brody has given me free rein over his backside, through the protective shield of his Calvin Klein boxer-briefs. I grab his plump cheeks, the tips of my fingers digging into his crack. When I find his hole, Brody whimpers into my mouth—feminine and animalistic.

Jesus.

I want to touch it. To dig my finger inside and root around for his prostate like a twinkish termite. If this is what he's willing to give me though; I'll take it. I'll take whatever Brody has to offer. He pulls away, his lips red and raw with stubble burn. I reach for his face, stroking his cheek as he stares at me with an unbearable heat.

"I want to suck your cock," he says, and I could fucking come right here, right now. "I need to know if this is just a fluke. Can I?"

I don't know where my confident Daddy has gone, but I don't mind this guy, either. "You can do anything you want to me."

When he stumbles off me, he pulls his shirt over his head, and I'm greeted once again by the most stunning sight I've ever seen. The hard lines of his abdominal muscles, and the bulbous bulges of his pecs. The dark hair growing from his chest like wildflowers. I follow his lead, pulling off my shirt and throwing it across the room. He shucks off his jeans but keeps his crimson boxer-briefs on. There's a noticeable wet patch at the end of his erection, and I want to lean in and suck every trace of his flavor from the fabric like a cloth-covered lollipop. I don't get the chance to, because the next thing I know, Brody's lifting me up and throwing me on the bed. I squeal as I land, giggling like a maniac when he lunges forward, launching into the air and

landing on top of me. Like a madman, he snarls his teeth at me and growls, pretending to snap at my neck like a rabid dog.

“Want your cock,” he rasps, his voice still heavy with a groan. “I want to touch it. To suck it. I need to fucking claim you. You’re mine now, Freakshow, and I take care of what’s mine.” Rather than pull my underwear off like a rational human being, Brody rips them in two with his bare hands. I should probably be alarmed by the sheer strength he has, but I’m basically a whore for him at this point. He could literally set my bed on fire with me still in it, and I’d whine and whimper and beg him to burn me faster.

He leans down until his face is an inch away from my package. The way he’s staring at it makes me a little uneasy, but I’m nothing if not resilient, so I power through, combing my fingers through his hair. He wraps his hand around my shaft and stares at it like it’s the prettiest sight he’s ever seen.

“I fucking love your little cock, baby.”

“Well, that was certainly uncalled for. Jesus, Brody,” I hiss. “Way to shatter my self-confidence.”

He shakes his head, his thumb stroking softly over the head. “It’s perfect.” Our eyes meet, and I watch, wonderstruck, as his lips get closer. At first, I think he’s going to wrap his lips around it. My entire body shivers as he places a gentle kiss on the underside of the head, his eyes never leaving mine. “Perfect size.” A drop of pre-cum pearls at the tip and Brody laps at it with his tongue, collecting it for sustenance. “Perfect taste.” A smile splits his face, he closes his eyes, and I don’t know if I’ve ever felt this adored before. His smile holds everything. Every word he wants to say but can’t get out. Every hope and every dream of a life spent at my side. With my cock in his hand, only the head peeking over his fingers, he kisses it over and over. Like I’m precious to him. And, I swear to God, I can feel the love pouring out of him,

directly into me. He's not even trying to hide it anymore.

His mouth opens wider, and swallows me down to the base, his entire body shuddering as he tastes me for the first time. I want it to stay like this. Just him and me, cocooned away from the rest of the world. I'll never need another soul, as long as I have him.

He's mumbling around the shaft and I have to ask him to clarify, because I can't understand a word he's saying with a mouthful of my dick. Pulling off, he's staring at me like he's just discovered some long-forgotten artifact, and he can't wait to share his find. There's a string of saliva and pre-cum still connecting us, only breaking when he licks his lips.

"What is it?" I whisper, almost too afraid to ask.

He shakes his head incredulously. "I didn't know, Freakshow. I had no idea."

"What?"

"This," he says, shaking my cock for emphasis. "You. I didn't know it was supposed to feel like this. Thank you." I'm not entirely sure what he's thanking me for, but I am entirely sure if he doesn't get his mouth around my dick again, I'm going to grab the gun and threaten him within an inch of his life. "This is how it's supposed to be. It's just right, you know?"

Fuck.

He's staring at me like I'm a God, and I can't handle the intensity of his stare. No one should ever look at another human being this way. It's a look that could end the world as we know it. One that can change our world, if we allow it.

“I love you, Brody,” I whisper, taking delight in the way his cheeks go red at the admission. He opens his mouth like he’s about to say it back, but stops himself. I watch as his mouth opens and closes before finally granting him a stay of execution. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not . . . I mean, I feel stuff, Freakshow. A lot of stuff. Big stuff. I don’t know why I can’t say it.”

“How about instead of focusing on what you can’t do, you take care of what you can? My dick’s getting cold, babe. Warm it up?”

He gives me a nod, but I can tell he’s feeling disappointed in himself. He powers through, though, aiming his sights on my dick. Leaning in, he kisses a path from my balls to the head, his gaze flickering between my eyes and my cock.

“Look what you do to me,” I say as a stream of pre-cum trickles down my shaft. When he takes me in his hand, I thrust up, fucking myself against his palm. The longer it goes on, the harder it is to determine where he ends and I begin. His saliva and my pre-cum pool together, and the sound of our slick splits through the room’s silence, sounding nothing short of obscene. He stares in wonder as my cockhead rises and falls into his fist, like the world’s sluttiest rendition of peek-a-boo.

With whispered words through bated breath, he guides me toward completion. When I tap his arm, alerting him I’m close, he dives forward, enveloping me in his silk-slick mouth. It feels like an awakening. Like a goddamn revelation. His hand cups my balls, and he brings the other down, rubbing roughly against my hole. God.

I want him to fuck me. I want to feel him fill me up inside and mark me with his seed. To brand me. To breed me.

“Mine,” I moan, digging my nails into my chest. “Only mine. Forever.”

The words encourage him and his mouth moves faster. He sucks in harshly on each intake, releasing the pressure as my cock drags away against his tongue.

“I’m gonna come,” I say, giving him the chance to pull away. I’m terrified of what his reaction is going to be if I come inside his mouth without warning. I don’t want to scare him away. Not after getting a taste of what this could be. “Brody. You’ve got to—you need to pull off or I’m going to?”

He looks up, and the motherfucker winks at me.

His finger is slicked wet with our saliva and pre-cum, and the second it enters my hole, the room goes white around me. His hair turns to clouds, his eyes like stars. It’s like the world around me is changing shape, and all I can do is hold on to hope I fit into the new world left in its wake.

When I come, it feels like an explosion. I feel it. Every spurt. Every single shot as it travels the journey up my shaft, out of the head, and into his appreciative mouth. His eyes are closed, and he hums out his pleasure as I succumb to my orgasm with his hand around his cock, stroking furiously. Once the last waves of my release settle, he rises to his knees and grabs a fistful of my ass, pulling my cheeks apart.

“So fucking pretty. So fucking good for me.” He fists his cock, his hand pumping a mile a minute. “Gonna come on your hole and fuck it into you with my finger. Gonna claim you.”

“Fuck, Brody,” I say, reaching for my balls and lifting them up. He stares at my hole like the flag during the National Anthem. Like it’s his patriotic duty to watch as he spreads his load into my eager entrance. I almost expect him to place one hand over his heart and pledge allegiance to my cock: one twink, under his Daddy, with ejaculations and heart palpitations for all.

His eyes lock on mine as his entire body goes stiff. The sound that escapes him is bordering on feral, and when he falls on top of me, it's like I'm being enveloped by the warmest, heaviest blanket in the world.

"Give it to me, Brody," I rasp into his ear. "Put it inside of me. Wanna feel it. Wanna feel you deep, deep inside." His breathing is heavy, and I know he's probably tired, but I don't care. Since he's promised me his load, it's all I can think about. I reach down and grab his wrist, guiding him forward. His breath hitches as his finger presses against my hole. It feels a hell of a lot thicker than when he was fingering me earlier, but I don't mind the girth. I think I kind of like how full it makes me feel. I don't know how much I manage to get inside me before he sucks in a sharp breath and pulls away, staring at me with wide eyes.

"Oh, my God. Scotty, baby, don't. You can't just—" His head falls back as another deep, guttural moan escapes him, and he thrusts his hips. Suddenly, it feels like I'm being torn in two. Like he's slid his entire fist into me. "Jesus fucking Christ. I'm inside you. Freakshow, I'm—my dick is . . ." He stares down, and when I prop myself up, I stare in wonder at the sight of it.

Brody's dick is inside me. His entire cock is sheathed in my ass. His mouth is hanging open, the same as mine. I didn't mean to grab his cock. I wasn't planning on having him fuck his cum inside of me with his dick, but now it's in, I don't think I ever want it out again.

"Brody," I say, touching his cheek. I want him to look at me. I want him to see what he's made me into. His boyfriend. His good boy. His. "Daddy, look at me."

He tears his eyes away from our connection, and when he stares into my eyes, the silliest, goofiest, love-drunk smile splits his face. "Freakshow?"

"I know," I say, nodding rapidly. "I know. So good."

“I’m inside you. My cum is in there. My cock was coated in it.” He laughs louder than I’ve heard him laugh before, snorting and gasping until he falls on top of me, the movement plunging his cock in even deeper. I have to moan, and the sound of it must cause stirrings below, because Brody’s entire body shudders. “I’m inside of you, Scotty.”

“I didn’t mean to,” I whisper, hoping he’s not too angry with me. “Seriously, I thought I was grabbing your wrist. Please don’t be mad at me. I promise, I wasn’t?—”

“Freakshow?”

“Yeah?”

He chuckles into my ear, his warm breath tickling my skin. “Shut the fuck up and let me enjoy this.” His fingers thread through my hair, holding me close. “I’ve never felt this close to anyone before.”

“Me either,” I admit.

Then it happens. I feel him swell inside me. His hips roll forward, slow and steady, and I didn’t realize there was any cock left for him to give. I don’t know if he just lost a bit of volume after he came, but his cock feels even bigger now. Thicker. Longer. And he’s pushing deeper, his cum-coated cock filling me up.

I whimper, not giving a damn if it makes me sound depraved. Our eyes are locked, and he looks like he’s on the brink of breaking. He pushes up on his arms so his gaze can fall to the place where we’re connected, melded into each other.

“Brody?” I whisper, unable to make my voice louder. “When’s the last time you were tested?”

“Huh?” He’s in a daze and clearly isn’t thinking clearly.

“Tested. You’re not wearing a condom. We probably should have talked about this before the whole ‘fuck your cum in me with your finger’ thing, but still.”

“Negative,” he rasps, his eyes rolling back in his head.

“Good,” I moan. “Good. And you’re my first.” I lean forward and kiss him gently. “Do you think you can go again?”

His eyes pop open, and they’re larger than I’ve ever seen them, flooded with desire. “You want me to fuck you, Freakshow?”

Wanting to drive my point home, I bear down, welcoming in those final few inches. It feels like my heart is in my throat, and my eyes roll back as I moan, “fu-u-ck,” in a voice I don’t even recognize. His hips pull back, and for a second, I worry he’s done with me. I’m fucking terrified that he’s going to pull out, because I’m not ready for this moment to end.

“Does it hurt?” he asks, when only the head of his cock is left inside. I shake my head, even though it’s kind of a lie. His dick is mammoth, and I’m scared he’s going to split me in half. I don’t let it stop me, though. I shove the fear into a tiny ball, packing it away, out of sight, out of mind. If Brody is going to be mine, I’ve got to be brave. To feel the fear and let him fuck me, anyway.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” I say, running my fingers through the hair on his chest. “Make me yours.” The look he gives me is overpowering. His nails are sharp as they press into my hips. Looking down, I see small white indentions where he’s dragged them down. Tiny trails leading me to the man I love.

“Look at you,” he rasps.

I bite my bottom lip and nod. “Shameless. Yeah, Brody. Yeah, I know.” I don’t know how I’m even speaking. It feels like my insides are filled with fireworks and they’re seconds away from exploding. I reach down, pumping my cock as he watches. “Your whore. Your slut. Just yours. Always.”

“Always,” he says, and then he thrusts forward, impaling me as I cry his name. Brody pauses, his eyes practically radiating fear. He must think he’s just hurt me, but he hasn’t. He’s just found my special place. The one that belongs to him.

“More. Brody, please?” I’m writhing beneath him as he slowly pulls out, leaving only the head inside. Another thrust, and I lurch upward, wrapping my arms around his back and holding on for dear life. His body goes stiff, and he stops moving, but I’ll be damned if he thinks he’s stopping now. Now I’ve had a taste of the magical spells his dick can cast, I’m pretty sure I want to spend every single second of my life riding his cock. He can just carry me around, bouncing me up and down like an overzealous pogo stick.

“I’m scared I’m going to hurt you. You keep making all those sounds. Cut that shit out.” To his request, I cry louder, playing it up just to piss him off. “Stop it.”

“You’re splitting me in half,” I sob loudly. “You’re killing me, Brody.”

“Shut the fuck up,” he says, his voice hard as nails.

I scream even louder, digging my nails into his back. “I think you ripped me open, you monster.”

He pries himself off me, his eyes wide with terror. “Are you fucking with me right now, or are you really hurt?”

I wink at him. “Fuck me some more and find out.” When he simply blinks at me,

breathing heavily, I roll my eyes. “Jesus, Brody. I’m only playing with you. Shut up and fuck me already.”

He sighs. “I just don’t want to hurt you.”

Fine. Enough games. “Put me on top, then. Let me do the work.”

He licks his lips before leaning in and giving me a kiss. As our tongues duel, his hand wraps around my waist, holding me against him as he changes our positions. Once he’s on his back, I realize my knees are essentially made of jelly now, and I’m having trouble hoisting myself up. I shoot him a pleading look.

“Help me,” I whisper. “Help me fuck myself on your cock. Wanna make you feel good.”

He bites his bottom lip as his big hands engulf my hips. Slowly, he lifts me off his cock, his eyes focused between my legs. “Touch yourself, Scotty. Jack off for me, babe.”

What Daddy wants, Daddy gets.

With my hand around my shaft, I slowly stroke myself for his viewing pleasure. Honestly, if I could bottle the memory of this moment—the way his eyes never leave my cock, for fear it might disappear—I’d tie a string around it and wear it as a necklace so I could revisit it at my leisure. He’s never looked more beautiful than he does now. The sheen of sweat on his body, sparkling against the sunlight through the window. The way his chest heaves each time he lifts me until only his tip rests inside. And, my-fucking-God, the sound he makes every time I slide back down his shaft.

It doesn’t take long before he’s meeting my movements with torturous thrusts of his own. Still, no matter how much I plead, he won’t fuck me hard the way I want him to.

He's treating me like I'm fragile. Like my skin is made of porcelain, and I might shatter on his cock. After a few minutes, I'm growing antsy, and I scowl down at him, flexing my jaw.

"I swear to God, Brody. If you don't fuck me, I'm going to grab your gun and shoot off your dick." His eyes widen as I take his chin in my hand and squeeze, digging my nails into his skin. "Fucking fuck me."

Slapping his hands away, I rest my weight on my palms, leaning over him. What's that old saying? If you want someone to come, fuck him yourself? No. No, that's not it at all. A ball in the hand is worth a load in your ass? Ugh. No. I don't think that's it either. Live, laugh, come?

Jesus fucking Christ, this is torture. I can't think straight. Not as he tunnels into me at a fucking snail's pace. Fuck it. He's not going to do it, so I guess the burden is at my feet now. I'm going rogue.

I use the still-weak muscles in my thighs to lift myself off him before slamming back down to his base. His cockhead strikes my prostate, tearing a scream out of me. My eyes are closed, because I'm sure Brody's just scowling, thinking he's hurt me. With achy legs, I rise again, like a phoenix from his cum-coated cock.

"Fucking!" My legs go slack, and I slam my ass down.

"Fuck!" I slam my ass down.

"Me!" I slam my ass down.

"Brody!" This time when I land, it feels like a bomb's gone off inside me. When I catch sight of Brody's eyes, I realize that's exactly what's happening. He's coming. Brody's unloading inside of me, and the sight of him like this—so lost in his own

pleasure that he can barely see straight—sends me over the edge with him. He slaps my hand away from my cock and takes over, stroking me harder than he ever has. It's brutal and painful and beautiful and world-shattering, all in one.

"Fuck," he groans, stroking me faster. "Oh, God. Come for me, Scotty. Come on. Let me have it all, sweetheart. That's my good boy."

His words are all it takes to tip me over the edge, and we watch as shot after shot of semen erupts from my cock, painting his chest. My ass clenches around him, and I try to tighten my hole even more, loving the way it feels to unload with him still inside me. When it's over, I collapse on top of him, our chests heaving, our hearts slamming in rhythm with each other.

Brody cradles me for a while, like I'm a delicate, fragile thing. He stays inside me long after his dick goes soft, and I want to cry at the empty feeling he leaves me with when he pulls out. I know this is our moment of truth.

If he kills me, I'll die a happy man. I don't want to die, though. I want to live a life with Brody. To spend it at his side.

"I don't want you to kill me," I finally say. "And I don't want you to get hurt either."

He pulls me even closer. "What do you want, then?"

I bury my face in his neck and smile. "Forever. I want a forever with you."

"You wouldn't say that if you knew the rest." When he finally pulls away from me, his eyes are heavy, like he might fall asleep at any second. "There's something else I need to tell you, and when I do, you're going to hate me." I open my mouth to object, but he just covers it with his hand. "I need you to know I didn't expect to catch feelings." He traces a path with his finger, starting at my temple, ending at my chin.

He kisses me delicately, his eyes telling me not to move. When he slides from under me and off the bed, it feels like he's taking a part of me with him. Thankfully, I don't have to wait too long for him to come back. He's got the gun in his hand, but instead of holding the barrel to my head, he hands it to me, aiming it at his chest as he sits next to me.

"What are you?—"

He shakes his head. "Make me. I need you to make me say it, because I don't think I can do it on my own."

"Say what? Tell me," I order, not really sure what he's asking me to force him to do. Whatever it is, it looks like our game is working, making it easier for him to process.

"I'm pretty sure I love you, Freakshow, and I'm kind of freaking out about it."

My eyes widen, and it feels like my heart is going to leap out of my chest. "Oh, Brody." There's a tear trickling down his cheek, and it doesn't belong there. Sadness doesn't suit him. He's shaking like a leaf in front of me, and I want to make it stop. I need to make it stop. I cup his cheek, pressing the barrel further into his chest. A loaded gun aimed at one's heart shouldn't provide comfort, but somehow, for us, it does. "I love you too. Why would I be mad at you for loving me?"

"That's not all of it." He sits up and hops off the bed. I'm not sure what the hell is so important in the living room that it requires his immediate attention, but there he goes, running off. A few seconds later, he returns with his phone. The screen is freshly cracked, and I'm not sure what that's about, but we'll certainly be discussing it later. He scrolls until he finds whatever it is he's looking for. Clutching his phone to his chest, he gives me another pleading look. "I love you. I need you to know that." His forehead touches mine, and he mouths 'please,' more times than I can count.

Wanting to put him at ease, I squeeze his thigh and do my best to put on a brave face. I don't know how comforting the look I give him is because he still seems terrified, but he holds the phone out for me, anyway.

There's a picture of Brody and a woman. A woman I think I've seen before. She's wearing a long white gown. Brody is at her side, and they've got their hands in front of them, clinging to each other with awestruck looks on their faces. It takes a second to register what I'm looking at.

A priest. An altar. The man I love standing in front of a woman, staring at her the same way he stares at me. Like she's just hung the moon in his honor.

The picture doesn't make sense, because the woman in front of him is the same one in the picture above his bed. His sister, he'd said. While I may not be the smartest man in the world, I'm smart enough to know incest is illegal in the state of Texas. I look at his hand, and for the first time, I notice the tan line on his left ring finger. I can't look away from it. Now that I've seen the line, it's like it's calling out to me. Demanding to be stared at. Insisting I notice it.

"I'm sorry, Scotty. I never meant to lie to you. And I certainly didn't expect for any of this to happen. This isn't what I do—I don't just go around falling for gay guys."

"But you fell for me?" I say, unable to look him in the eyes.

"Yeah. I fell for you. I'm still falling for you."

I nod, lifting the phone, but not my gaze. "So, what does this mean for us?"

He takes the phone and sets it beside him before holding the sides of my face and guiding me back to him. "That's up to you. I can kill you. That's probably the right decision. It's definitely the easy decision."

“For you,” I say with a scowl.

He shakes his head. “For you. Because, if I don’t, the next person who comes for you isn’t going to show mercy. They won’t make it painless. It’ll probably be my wife, and if it is, she won’t make it easy. She’s not known for having a gentle touch.”

“Your wife is a killer, too?”

“It’s how we met. We were on an assignment together. I’ve seen her kill enough people to know she won’t be kind when she takes you away from me.”

“Okay,” I mutter, trying to take in the weight of his words. “Well, dying doesn’t sound terribly appealing, if I’m being honest. What are our other options?”

“We can run.”

“What?”

“We can make a run for it. If we do, we’ll always be looking over our shoulder. There would always be the threat of death on our trail. We could never be comfortable. A normal life would be out of the question.”

“But it would be a life? One we could share together?” I ask. He gives me a nod, and there’s the slightest hint of hope in his eyes. The sight of it gives me the strength to make the easiest decision I’ve ever made. “Then, we run.”

His exhale is heavy and harsh against my face, like little gusts of peppermint and semen-scented wind. I lean against him, enjoying the way his hands journey up and down my back like I belong to him. Because I do.

“She can’t have you back,” I say, my stomach twisting into knots at the thought of

losing him. “Mine forever, Brody.”

“Yours,” he agrees, kissing my forehead. “My marriage is over. We ended things today. I promise I’m not leaving you again.”

I pull away long enough to give him a pleading look. “I wouldn’t make it if you did. Just don’t take it away.”

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She'll be fine. It's what I keep telling myself. Fee will be fine without me. She's strong. She's never backed down from a gunfight. The woman can hold her own better than any man I've ever met. Still, it doesn't stop the guilt from washing over me every time my mind drifts back to her.

What I've done—what we're doing—there's no forgiveness for this. I'm essentially throwing her and Kincaid to the wolves for a man I've barely known for a month. It makes no sense, logically. I'm well aware of that. I've been married for five years. She should take priority. Her safety should be my number one concern.

But it isn't.

I love my wife. I know my actions don't give much credence to that claim, but it's true. My wedding ring might not be on my finger anymore, but it's right here in my pocket. Close enough to remind me of what I'm giving away. From the moment I saw her on my first day at the agency, I felt the connection. An unyielding tether. But I'm on a new journey now. One that will involve constantly second-guessing my decisions. A perilous path leading to one destination. My death, and the deaths of those I love. The thing is, I can't stop myself from hurling all of us head-first in its direction. Even if I could somehow end this before it goes too far, I wouldn't. Not if it means sacrificing Freakshow. I'll burn the fucking world to ash just to stand at his side in the ruins.

We've been driving for three days. By now, Fee will have found the note. She'll have had the realization I've left her with only one option. The same one Scotty and I have.

Run.

She'll have Kincaid. I even left my baby girl behind, because Fee loves our dachshund just as much as I do. It fucking ached to tell my good girl goodbye, but I didn't have a choice. Fee is going to need her.

Scotty's taken the news surprisingly well. He didn't argue when I told him we didn't have time to say goodbye to his friend Tatum. There were no tears when he was forced to leave most of his possessions behind. In fact, the only thing he has objected to is when we stopped at a Wal-Mart on the outskirts of Austin and told him we needed to alter our appearances. For me, it'll mean shaving my head and letting my beard grow out. For Freakshow, it's dying his brown hair blond. Also in store for him is a bottle of self-tanning lotion. The death-glare he shot me when I put the bottle in our buggy had been enough to send a chill down my spine.

The life of an assassin can lead you into hot water, so I've always kept a few hundred-thousand in my wall safe. On the way out of town, we stopped by the house to say goodbye to Daisy and grab a chunk of my nest egg. I left Fee with two-thirds, wanting her to be comfortable. Maybe once everything settles down—after Senator Levinson eventually meets his end—I'll be able to find her and apologize for putting her through this. It's a pipe-dream, I'm sure, but it's something I can hold on to when the nights get long and the road gets lonely.

The first night, we stayed in a Comfort Inn in Louisiana. I sent that Tatum boy a text from my burner phone, letting him know my wife was coming for us. With us out of the picture, I figured they'd look into Scotty's friends and family. Since it was a small circle, I felt like the least I could do was give him a heads up that he was probably in danger. Yeah, I'll drown the motherfucker if he ever touches Scotty again, but I don't want him to die at Fee's hand for something he had no say in.

Tonight, we're at a shithole in Opelika, Alabama. The No-Tell Motel isn't a sight for sore eyes. It's a place where dreams and destiny go to die. Somewhere, tweakers are ingesting copious amounts of methamphetamine until their hearts finally give out. I

wonder how many people have forfeited their lives in this shithole. How many tweakers spent weeks binging on meth before it finally claimed them? Judging by Freakshow's pained expression when we walked in, he must have been wondering too.

I want to put him at ease, because I hate this is what a life with me has resulted in. Scotty doesn't deserve to live in squalor. He should be pampered. He should be placed on a pedestal, never wanting for anything. I can't give that to him, though. At best, we'll live a transient lifestyle, bouncing from one city to the next until our nest egg runs out. All I can do is hope the senator dies sooner rather than later so we can forget about the hit he's placed on his son's life. Of course, there's always the option of shortening his lifespan myself, but it would mean inserting myself into the belly of the beast, risking death in the process. No. For now, we just need to worry about putting space between us and the state of Texas. We can think about everything else later. The room is ours for the night. Tomorrow, we'll head north.

Freakshow's been in the bathroom for half an hour. It shouldn't be taking this long. All he has to do is wash the dye out of his hair and then we can go to bed. I plan on showing him just how thankful I am for coming with me. I'll show him however he needs. Sucking his cock. Eating his ass like a fucking buffet. Maybe we can pick up where we left off earlier—my cock in his ass, my cum lining his walls.

I've been carving our initials into the side of the nightstand for the last half hour, too nervous to do much else. When he finally emerges, I know I'm in for it. At first, there's a look of rage on his face, but his anger fades when he sees my reaction, replaced with an overwhelming sense of shame. Fuck. There are tears in his eyes. They don't fucking belong there. I've told him over and over to stop fucking crying, because it kills me every time.

His once-stunning brown hair is now a disastrous shade of orange, thanks to the over-the-counter hair dye. It's not even a solid shade. There are swirls of amber, strands of

peach, and there's quite a bit of pumpkin in the mix as well.

His shoulders are shaking as he cries. It's all it takes to send me into action. I rush across the room and grab him by the wrist, and drag him back to the bathroom.

"Brody?" he whimpers.

I shoot him a stern glare before slamming the toilet seat down and plopping his ass on it. He opens his mouth to object, but I don't give him a chance. I just grab the clippers I used earlier, flick the lever, and shave away a patch of hair, right down the center of his head. His eyes go wide and he pulls away, shaking his head.

"What are you doing?" he shouts. "Brody, no!"

My knees bend until I'm eye level with him. Cupping his cheek, I brush my thumb against his skin. "It's gonna grow back even more beautiful than before."

"But I'm going to look awful. I'm going to look awful, and you're going to run off in the middle of the night and leave me here alone."

I scowl at him. "Obviously, I wouldn't do that. Jesus, Freakshow." When I turn the clippers back on, he moves back, like he's trying to slip away. I hold them near his neck and snarl. "You move another muscle, and I'll saw your fucking throat open. You hear me, boy?" The way he tries to palm his cock doesn't go unnoticed by me. I stare down at the expanding bulge and lick my lips. "If you let me do this, I'll let you fuck my face when we're done. Deal?" The red rush of heat spreading across his face is darker than the orange hair on top of his head.

Five minutes later, there's not a hair left on his head, and there's not an inch of his cock that isn't engulfed in my mouth. I can't lie, I've skull-fucked a girl or two in my past, and if I knew the rush that comes with a cockhead hitting the back of your

throat—hearing the moans and whimpers it earns you—I would’ve done this years ago. The way he comes undone when he’s inside my mouth is like a religious experience. I half-expect him to start singing “Glory, Glory, Hallelujah” when he shoots his load.

His balls draw closer to his body, and I pull away, taking his cock in my hand and stroking it for all I’m worth. I know he likes to shoot down my throat, but there’s just something about taking a man’s load on your face. Being branded a whore by someone’s seed is a rush.

“Come on, sweetheart,” I say, light and low, just the way he likes it. “Dirty me up. Come on my face.”

He takes a final breath as his body tenses, and I close my eyes. Each shot feels like it’s made of fire. It scorches and burns his essence into me. When he’s done, and he’s in my lap, falling apart in my arms, I hold him close, whispering words to bring my perfect boy’s confidence back to him.

“So fucking beautiful,” I say.

“You’re my fucking world, Freakshow,” I say.

“I’m going to ask you to marry me one day, Scott Levinson,” I say.

The noise he makes is one of the most beautiful sounds I’ve ever heard. It’s love and passion and so much goddamn hope it takes my breath away.

We take another shower together because I want every stray hair off him. If a single strand makes him itch later, I’ll pluck it from his precious skin and chuck the son of a bitch in the sink, set a napkin on fire, and burn the bastard down to ash. No one hurts my boy, not even an inanimate object.

When we're done, I lead him out of the bathroom and I take a seat on the bed. He's still standing by the bathroom door, his eyes darting between my eyes and my lap.

He wants to run to me. I can tell he does. He's holding himself back, though. Muting himself. But I don't want him to hide. I want my boy. My freak. I pat my thigh, firm and insistent. As he slowly shuffles over, I unwrap the towel from around my waist and let it fall onto the blanket, wanting to feel him, skin-on-skin. When he gets to me, I rip his towel away and fling it over my shoulder. We shuffle across the bed until we're resting against the headboard. His soft cock is sitting right there, looking lonely, so I wrap my hand around his package and slowly rub his balls. It's not a sexual act. There will be sex later, I'm sure, but for right now, I just want to hold his pretty dick in my hand.

"I love you, Brody," he says, burying his face in my chest.

"I love you, too."

"You promise I don't look ugly now? I was scared you wouldn't like me anymore."

"Scotty," I whisper. "Oh, Scotty." I kiss the tip of my finger and press it against his lips. My way of reminding him. My way of assuring him he's the most beautiful person I've ever met. "You're always beautiful. Shaving your head doesn't change anything."

He snuffles and burrows his face closer to my chest. "But what if you change your mind? What if I wake up one day and you're gone?"

"Never," I insist, gripping him tighter. "Me and you, I promise." I squeeze his package again, because it's a way I know I can reassure him. A gentle reminder. He's mine. When I look down at him, he looks content. His eyes are half-lidded, and I realize he won't be able to stay awake much longer. Any plans of burying my cock

inside that tiny hole of his tonight are gone, but I don't mind. I have him here with me. In my arms where he belongs.

I lay him on the bed, and as I walk to shut off the lamp across the room, his sleepy eyes never leave me. He watches each move I make like he's scared I'll disappear if he takes his eyes off me. He'll need a reminder tonight. Something to bring him comfort if he wakes in the middle of the night. When I climb into bed, I guide him to my chest until he's stretched out over me. Once he's nuzzled on top, I wet my finger with my tongue. He peeks up, one questioning eyebrow arched at me. Without explanation, I bring my finger to his crack and softly circle the rim.

"Daddy," he rasps into my ear.

"Right here, baby. I'll always be right here." I slide my finger into his entrance, smiling as he gasps at the intrusion. "You're going to sleep with me inside you. Understood? Keep me in there."

He blinks at me, wonderstruck. "I can?"

I crinkle my nose at him and nip playfully at his chin. "You fucking better. I'll wear your ass out if I wake up with a cold finger." And, as he fades from consciousness, my name leaves his lips on an exhale.

It took us fourteen hours to make it to Chicago. After checking into our motel room, I'm tempted to just fall into bed and sleep away the ache of the drive. Freakshow seems to have other plans, though. When he gets out of the shower, I realize the plan's just been shot straight to Hell.

He looks good. Damn good, if I'm being honest. He's wearing a tight black shirt that clings to him like a second skin. The jeans he's chosen have holes in the knees, giving me a peek at his creamy legs. When he turns around to grab a stick of eyeliner

from the duffel bag, I'm greeted with the sight of two plump, perfect humps, just begging to be spread and devoured by my tongue. I haven't gotten to eat his ass in days, and now it's all I can think of. His body writhing beneath me as I penetrate him. His breathing, quick and shaky, like he can't get enough air in as he comes undone on my tongue.

"Stop staring at my butt and get dressed," he says, scowling back at me through the mirror.

"Get dressed for what?"

"I want to go somewhere. We've been cooped up in the car for days."

"Not happening," I say, folding my arms over my chest to let him know I mean it. There's no way I'm taking him out of this room. It's too dangerous. Sure, the burner phone I bought after ditching our iPhones shouldn't be traceable, but it doesn't mean I'm not worried. Every time we leave the motel, it's a risk. Someone could spot him. His face has been all over the news after his prick of a father shared the video during his smear campaign. Yeah, he's no longer got his beautiful brown hair, and he's wearing an adorable pair of glasses he doesn't need, but I'm not willing to risk it.

"I'm going to go stir-crazy here. Come on, Brody. Even if it's just to grab something to eat. We're in the breezy city, for God's sake. We can't just not explore."

I snicker, because he's adorable. "It's the Windy City, Freakshow." I rise to my knees on the bed and hobble forward, holding my arms out for him. "Wouldn't you rather stay in?"

He arches an eyebrow at me. "No. I literally just told you I wouldn't. God, Brody. Is your memory failing you in your old age?"

“I’m only nine years older than you, dick,” I say with a chuckle.

“In gay years. That’s practically a lifetime in cishet world.”

“I’m not gay,” I remind him. Honestly, I’m still not sure what I am. I can’t deny every touch from Scotty gives me more comfort than all the women who’ve touched me combined. Though I can look at a woman and think she’s attractive, I’ve never caught myself staring at their breasts or butts. I just assumed I had a low libido compared to the women I’ve been with. Maybe that’s not the case. Maybe I’m gay. Or maybe I’ve just been Scotty-sexual all this time, and my sexual partners have been temporary stand-ins as I waited for my leading man.

“Well, you’re certainly not straight,” he says. “Not after the hand job you gave me on the interstate.”

“See? And wouldn’t you like another one?” I lick my lips, my eyes darting down to his bulge. “Or maybe I could suck you off again. I’ve got a craving for your cum.”

He just sighs and rolls his eyes. “You ate it off your hand in the car. No one needs that much protein. Now, shut up and get dressed. You’re taking me on a date.”

“Did you just fucking tell me to shut up?” I ask, narrowing my eyes. He catches sight of me in the mirror, and I watch as the color drains from his fake-tanned face. He knows he just fucked up. We both know it. Once I move to sit on the edge of the bed, I pat my thigh, but he quickly looks away, uncapping the lid to his eyeliner. I clear my throat. “Lap. Now.”

“I’m sorry,” he promises, the honesty and fear clear in his voice. “I’m sorry, Brody, I didn’t mean?—”

“It’s Daddy,” I correct him. “And Daddy isn’t very happy with you at the moment.”

His legs tremble, and for a second, it looks like he might stumble. “I’m sorry. I wasn’t trying to make you mad. Promise. I’ll be better.”

“Yes, you will,” I agree. “I distinctly remember telling you it’s my job to keep you safe. Keeping you safe means teaching you right from wrong. We’re going to have a little lesson in good behavior. Now, pull down your pants and get on my lap.”

When he gets to me, he’s got a fearful look in his eyes, but judging by the strain his cock’s got on the front of his jeans, it must be a good fear. He’s enjoying this as much as I am.

Laying over my thighs, I’m greeted by a beautiful sight. Two pale pink cheeks ready to be reddened. Demanding to be dominated.

The first strike is a gentle one. Just enough to get his attention and to raise a little color to the surface. His cock twitches against my thigh, and as much as I want to roll him over and take it in my hand, I resist, planting another slap against his ass, harder this time. The third strike cracks against his skin, making him whimper.

Fuck.

This has no right being as hot as it is. To have him come undone beneath me, completely at my mercy, feels like I’m God himself, staring down at my creation. “When Daddy tells you to do something, what do you do?” I slap his ass again, licking my lips as a pink handprint stares back at me.

“I listen,” he says as I spank his ass even harder. “And don’t talk back. I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“You will be.” I strike his cheeks three more times in a row, each one harsher and heavier than the last. “You’re going to be a good boy for me? You’re not going to

fight with me again?” He doesn’t answer, just thrusts his cock against my leg. I smack his ass again, making him cry out in pain. Immediately, I pull my hand away, worried I’ve gone too far. As he arches his back, he glances over his shoulder with tears in his eyes.

Fuck. I shouldn’t have hit him so hard. He’s just a fragile little guy. He can’t handle this much this soon.

“Please?” he begs.

I swallow the lump in my throat, preparing to cradle him in my arms and whisper sweet nothings into his ear until he can trust me again. I’ll beg for his forgiveness as many times as it takes.

He reaches for his face and wipes away his tears. “Please, Daddy? More?”

Fire flashes in his eyes, and I see just how wrong I am. My boy. My beautiful, tender Freakshow wants it. He wants to hurt. Wants me to whip him into submission.

“You’re sure?” I shouldn’t be asking. It’s not what he needs. Still, I can’t bring myself to hurt him without his telling me it’s okay first. He gives me a quick nod, and it’s all I need. “Just remember the safeword, baby. If you need it, use it.”

I rear back my hand and slap his ass harder than before, one after the other. I count to ten before letting my hand rest against his cheek, gently comforting him the best I can. He’s openly sobbing into my jeans now, pressing his face right against my thigh.

“I love you,” I whisper, wanting to give him something to hold on to. “I love you so fucking much, I can’t stand it.” When I slap his ass again, he lunges forward against my thigh, crying out. “You’re mine. Do you understand me? Me and you. You’re not getting away from me.”

“Never,” he says, his voice cracked but certain.

“I swear to fucking God, Scotty. If anyone ever tries to take you from me, I’ll kill them. If another guy touches you, I’ll shove an ice pick through his eardrum. I’m not fucking playing with you.”

“Daddy. More. Need it. Need you.”

I crack his ass, back-to-back, until the only sounds left in the room are his pained cries and the sound of skin striking skin. “You so much as look at another man, and I’ll put a bullet in his skull and then I’ll wear your fucking ass out until it’s raw.”

By the looks of it, his skin already seems raw enough. I’m worried he won’t be able to sit down for a week if I keep going, but he’s still arching his back, begging for more. I can’t. He’ll be aching in the morning. There’s something else I can give him, though. A little game Fee used to play with me.

“Spread your legs,” I say, and he does so without question. With his legs splayed wide open, I stare at his beautiful little balls. Soft and pink, like two Georgia peaches, ready to be devoured. “This is going to hurt.”

He looks up at me with tear-stained cheeks, and the son of a bitch grins at me. He’s fucking grinning. “You promise?”

It feels like someone’s set my insides on fire. All I’m running on is desire and determination. The instinctual need to fuck up my boy as he fucks himself against my thigh. I start off soft. Just the slightest tap to his balls. His eyes widen when he realizes what’s in store for him, and he starts to shake his head, only to stop as I brush a caress to his sack with my thumb. He opens his mouth, but he can’t seem to find his words.

“Do you trust me?” I whisper, breaking character. He doesn’t even have to think. He nods his head with surety. It’s all the consent I need. I tap harder this time, focusing on his left testicle. His body tenses, and I give him a second to absorb the shock. “More?”

“Yes,” he hisses.

I tap harder this time, slap-slap-slapping his balls until he lunges away from my touch. As he writhes on my lap, I run my finger up his crack, caressing his hole affectionately. “Such a good boy. You’re so fucking good for me, Freakshow.”

I know his stomach must be aching. Each time I experienced ballbusting, it felt like the worst round of cramps I’ve ever had. Like my insides were churning, and there was no end in sight. There was no relief, only strike after strike until I was sobbing on the floor and shooting my load on the carpet.

Once his shivers stop, I roll him over on the bed. His eyes are wide and unseeing, like he’s lost in a haze. Taking his cock in my hand, I stroke him slowly. “Tell me to stop and I will. I’ll jack you off and we can go to bed. Your call, Scotty.”

He closes his eyes and wordlessly mouths, “Daddy.”

“I need you to say it. I need you to tell me you want me to keep going, because it’s only going to get worse. It’s okay if you have to use the safeword.”

His eyes lock on mine, and the undeniable need swirling in them is clearer than it’s ever been. He shakes his head. “Keep going.”

I pull my hand back and pop his balls harder than before. Repeatedly. I slap them until he’s writhing beneath me, agony and pleasure dueling for dominance in his expression. He has one hand wrapped around his stomach and the other grips my

shorts, pulling as a means of relief. I don't stop. I won't. Not until I hear the safeword or until he's spilling over in my hand. At one point he screams my name so loud, I'm sure the occupants in the next room will hear, but fuck them. Let them come over here and interrupt us. I wish the fuck they would. Scotty will come in my hand and then he'll get to see someone die right in front of him.

Jesus.

The thought of my boy watching me take a life, coupled with his agonizing screams of pleasure, is all it takes. I grind against his thigh twice and my cock explodes, drenching my underwear in cum. I pop his balls one last time, harder than any of the ones before, and his cock explodes, sending rope after rope shooting against me.

"Brody!" he cries, rolling away and onto the bed, both of his arms hugging his stomach. He sobs, and it feels like someone's stabbed me. I've hurt him. I rush to the bathroom and grab a rag off the rack. Drenching it in warm water, I rush back to my boy and cuddle up behind him, resting the cloth against his sack.

"Are you okay? Did I hurt you? God, Scotty, I'm so sorry, baby." I kiss his cheek, trailing a path up to the crook of his neck. He grabs my hand and wraps it around his waist.

"Thank you," he rasps, his voice small and broken. "I didn't—I never knew—thank you, Daddy. Thank you." The grip he's got on my hand is almost unbearable, but it's everything I need it to be. A firm reminder of what's at stake. The man I love. The man I'm pretty sure I'm going to spend the rest of my short life with. If we don't make it out of this—if we're destined to die at the hands of my wife or another henchman—there's no one I'd rather leave this world with than my Freakshow.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

I'm not going to lie—I've been milking this for all it's worth. After Daddy busted my balls three days ago, I've been using it to my advantage. He's been treating me with kid gloves ever since. He'll probably be super mad if he finds out I'm faking it for attention, but, honestly, that'll just lead to more punishment, and I'm absolutely okay with him spanking my balls again. As a matter of fact, I kind of want him to make it a part of our everyday routine. He can just smack my lovely little Easter eggs repeatedly until I'm putty in his hands.

Growing up, I never thought I'd leave the great—well, maybe not so great with my father being the governor's right-hand man—state of Texas. Now, over this last week, I've seen the country. Granted, the last two days I've mainly seen the sky, as I've just been lying in the back seat, pretending my butt hurts too much to sit upright, but still.

I'm lying with my head on the passenger's side seat when the car comes to a stop. Thankfully, we haven't spent as much time in the car as those first two days. We've been averaging four-to-five hours a day as we travel to the Pacific Northwest. Brody says he's taking me somewhere special, but it's like I keep telling him, anywhere is special as long as I'm at his side.

Looking up, Brody is staring down at me, beaming brightly. "Morning," he says, reaching back and touching my cheek. "Did you sleep well?"

"I guess," I say, throwing him a pouty look. "I would've slept better if I was cuddled up against you."

"I know. I just wanted to make it past Seattle before we stopped." His hand touches

my cheek, and I nuzzle into the embrace like a love-starved kitten. “We’re pulling into Winawana now.”

I arch an eyebrow at him because it sounds like he’s having a seizure. “Wina-what now?”

“Winawana,” he says again, like it makes all the sense in the world.

“That means nothing to me. Explain. Have you had a stroke? Are you in the midst of a psychotic break?”

He snickers as he takes his hand away to put the car into park. When he’s done, he turns off the ignition and swivels around, staring at me. “Are you sure you’re okay? Because you still can’t sit up after . . .” He looks away, his cheeks glowing red, and sighs. “I hurt you. You don’t know how bad I’ve been beating myself up.”

I do, actually. He’s been crying like a toddler the last two days, and I’ve had enough. This isn’t my Daddy. This isn’t the man who’s supposed to teach me right from wrong.

“Look at me,” I order. I wait for him to meet my gaze and narrow my eyes, needing him to see how serious I am. “I’m not going to say this again, Brody. You didn’t do anything to me I didn’t want. I loved every second of it. Once my ass is healed, we’re doing it again. I mean, yeah, you could probably go just a wee bit easier on my balls, you sadist, but I want more of that too.” Leaning forward and reaching over the car’s center console, I grab his wrist and grip tightly. “I fucking loved it, Daddy. Stop beating yourself up, because you’re going to need the energy to beat my balls again soon. Understood?”

It’s like every trace of worry leaves him and he lunges over the seat, hanging awkwardly over as he smashes our lips together. “When you get better,” he promises,

interrupting our impromptu make out session. “I’m sitting you on my lap, and I’m going to fuck you until you can’t even think. Your hole is mine, Freakshow. Mine.” I nibble on my lip, because the look he’s giving is a little too intense for me to handle. “Say it.”

My cheeks are burning, but I can’t look away from him. “You know it is.”

“Then say it.”

“My hole is yours, Daddy.”

He moves in closer and kisses me on the nose. “Damn right it is. Now, you want to come in with me or stay in the car?”

“Where are we?”

He looks out the front window and squints his eyes. “The Winawana Wagon House, apparently. It’s not the nicest place we’ve stayed, but it looks like it’s a few steps above the No-Tell Motel, at least.”

I stroke his hand and give him a smile. “The No-Tell Motel is the place you made me realize I have a fetish for having my balls slapped black and blue. I won’t have you slander its good name.”

He snorts and shakes his head. “You’ve got a point. All right, come on, Freakshow. Let’s head in and get ourselves a room.”

It turns out the motel itself is nice enough. The rooms are all individual cabins, per the sign on the door, but they look more like small tin sheds to me. The main office is a lovely powder-blue shade, and though it shows signs of its age, it’s surprisingly charming. There are two flowerbeds, one on either side of the front door. The space

where flowers should be growing is filled with fast food wrappers and used condoms, but, still, it's got potential. There's a stained-glass window with what appears to be either the likeness of Jesus on the cross, or a poorly drawn llama. Honestly, whoever made it hadn't put much time into it, so it could be either.

The scent of banana nut bread invades my senses the moment we walk through the door. There's an old Celine Dion song playing on the sound system, with the volume turned up far louder than necessary. Brody takes my hand as he leads me to a desk where an elderly lady with a jet-black updo shuffles playing cards on the counter. She doesn't take notice of us at first, and I'm not sure if it's down to poor hearing or lackluster customer service skills. Either way, it takes Brody three attempts to get her attention.

When she finally notices us, she gives me the warmest smile I've seen in ages. Her two front teeth are missing, and she has a cigarette wedged in the gap, making it look like she's got a snake tongue. I half-expect her to hiss at me. Instead, she pulls the cigarette out and drops it into a can of diet root beer before grabbing an old ledger and flipping it open.

"Welcome to the Winawana Wagon House, birthplace of famed televangelist Eugenia Evangelista." She reaches for her chest and taps a name tag. HENRY, it says in all caps. She doesn't really look like a Henry, but gender is fluid, so who am I to question her? "The name's Barb. How can I help you boys?"

Brody's reaching for his wallet, but he's looking in the wrong pocket. When I reach for it, I only do so to help. And if my hand lingers on his ass a little longer than necessary, that'll just have to be our little secret.

He takes it from me and gives me a smile that makes my heart race, and then he fishes out a crisp hundred-dollar bill. "We'd like a room for the night."

Barb-slash-HENRY just shakes her head. “We’re almost all booked up. We’ve got a five-night minimum stay. Supply and demand, you see.”

Brody leans back and stares at the window, his eyebrows meeting in the center of his forehead. “There isn’t another car in the parking lot.”

She nods. “And there ain’t another motel in a hundred miles.”

I watch as Brody clenches his fist, and I want to take it and squeeze, because I’m worried if this woman is trying to swindle us, he might kill her. She seems like the kind who’s lived a hard life, what with her missing teeth and all, and I don’t want to add to her troubles. I don’t get the chance, because Barb points at a cabin through the window and grins. “Plus, we only have one cabin in service.” She sighs like the weight of the world is on her shoulders. “We don’t get too many visitors around these parts, so we’ve taken to renting out the others as art studios to the locals.”

“We don’t need a room for five nights. We’re leaving in the morning.”

“Be that as it may, you’ll need to pay for five. Course, if you’re really in a bind, I’ll let you park your car here so you can get some shuteye. What about we say an even ninety and call it a day?”

I arch an eyebrow at her, because it seems like a pretty high price for a glorified parking garage. Brody takes a threatening step forward, stopping when he hears my gasp. They both look up at me, but my eyes are locked on the cards she’s been shuffling.

Pascurus.

Barb is an avid Challenge of Pascurus player.

I put my arm in front of Brody, hold my head up high, and snarl at her. “There are no wrongs which can’t be made right if one is willing to fight.”

Barb’s eyes widen with surprise. She stares at me in silence for a good ten seconds before clenching her hand into a fist and holding it above her heart. “The fight for righteousness may be just and true, but this I swear, I’ll slaughter you.”

“What the fuck is going on here?” Brody asks, looking flabbergasted.

“I challenge you,” I declare, narrowing my eyes into slits and making the sign of Yllusiana with my hand. Granted, it’s simply the sign for “I love you,” but it’s still an action that earns me a nod of respect from her. “Are you mage, barbarian, bard, or seamstress?”

“Seriously,” Brody says, “what the hell is happening right now?”

“None of the above,” Barb answers, curling her lips up into a snarling smile. “I, dear boy, am the Botanist.”

The joy that has been swelling in me dissipates, leaving me feeling both cold and full of fear. The Botanist? Madame de Pumpawhore? She can’t be. Madame is supposed to be a glorious drag queen. The only thing glorious about this woman is her unnaturally jet-black hair and tacky ruby-red lipstick. Yes, one might go as far as saying she’s iconic, but icon or not, she’s no drag queen.

“Brody?” I say, my eyes never leaving Madame. “My backpack. Front pocket. Now.”

He roots through the bag more slowly than the situation calls for, but he can’t be expected to know what’s at stake here. My reputation in the guild. Three months ago, after losing a round of Pascurus, I swore to my party if I ever found the Botanist in person, her ending would be merciless. Sure, they’d simply laughed at me and called

me a sore loser, but that didn't matter. Devastating her face-to-face was my newly formed life's ambition.

"And just what might you be, little fox?" she taunts, her words ending on a whistle thanks to the missing teeth. "Farmer, perhaps? Or a lonely archivist?"

It's like she's slapped me in the face. I won't stand for her slander. A smile splits my face as I hold my hands out for the cards. Unfortunately, I look like a fool because Brody still hasn't found them. We stand in silence for another thirty seconds before he pulls my custom card case out, and when I take it, I slam the pack down on the check-in counter.

"I'm the Bastard Butcher of Brigston."

She looks just as shocked as me. "My arch-nemesis. So, what's this then? You've come to end me? Come to take my cards?"

"I've done enough coming to last me a lifetime, this month, Madame. Today, I seek vengeance."

"Can someone please tell me what you two are talking about?"

I turn and glare at him. "I'm winning us a room for the night. Be a lamb and have a seat. We might be here a while."

Brody doesn't say another word, just saunters over to a small, blue bean bag and takes a seat. For the next two hours, we fight tooth and nail to obtain the Son of Starlight. I've taken many hits. Three of her rose bushes have shot me with their thorns. She's sent a nasty little garden snail after me, but I've managed to hold my distance. What should be the final blow comes when she draws the card of Starlight, himself. His starry dragon wings crack the night sky, illuminating the darkest of

darkness. Then it happens. I see the moment she realizes I've bested her. The way her subtle smirk fades and she shakes her head in disbelief.

"No," she gasps, clutching a hand to her chest. "It can't be."

"You're goddamn right it is," I say, slamming the card on the table. "I call upon Prince Noah Noble, leader of Pascurus and the Yllusian Realms. He strikes you down with the might of his trademark smile."

"You . . . you can't. How did you even get him? He's the rarest card of the lot."

Damn right he is. And he cost me a pretty penny. I allowed my father to send me to a gay conversion camp for a month in exchange for the card. When I returned, I played the part long enough to collect Prince Noah, and then I told my father I was still just as gay as ever. It was the day he kicked me out.

"I can't believe this," she says, still in shock.

"I believe we've won the room, Barb." I point at her card deck and smile. "And I'll be taking the Starlight dragon. Please and thank you."

It looks as if the action pains her, but honor is held above all else in the great land of Pascurus. Her hands shake as she hands me both the key and her card. "You've bested me."

I flash her a smile, because, while I may have despised her half an hour ago, this has been the most—fully dressed—fun I've had in ages. Before she pulls away, I clasp her hand with both of mine and squeeze.

"That was so much fun," I practically squeal. "Thank you."

She nods. “Playing in person certainly beats following the flow in Facebook Messenger—that’s for sure.”

I dart my eyes at Brody, giving him a pleading look. “Would you be mad if I stay here a little longer while you get the room sorted? I’d kind of like to play another round.”

He stares at me with an unreadable expression for an uncomfortable length of time. Eventually, he gives me a quick smile and a nod. Standing up from the bean bag, he walks over to me and cups my face. Leaning in, he kisses my forehead.

“Play as many games as you want. You deserve to have a little fun.”

With that, Brody heads toward the cabin, and Barb and I launch into another battle to the death.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

The room is a shit show. That's the only word to describe it. There's a twin-size bed, a cheap end table that looks like it's made out of knotty pine plywood castoffs, and a tube-style television with a shattered screen. Barb hasn't even cleaned up the discarded glass from the floor. It's just lying there, waiting to slit someone's heel open. I sigh because there's nothing I want less than to stay here.

I spend the next five minutes picking stray glass shards out of the carpet. Once that's done, I fall onto the bed, groaning when I feel the prick of mattress springs pressing hard against my back.

The only reason I haven't thrown Freakshow over my shoulder and dragged his ass to the car yet is because he seems to be letting loose for the first time since I met him. He's always seemed skittish around other people, but with Barb, it's like he can just relax and be his normal, sassy self. I don't want to take that from him.

I spend the next two hours scrolling through Reddit, waiting for my boy to come back to me. There's an ass needing fucking, and I'm happy to offer my services, free of charge. Curiosity finally gets the better of me, and I check Fee's Facebook profile, only to find it's been deactivated.

Shit.

She must be in hiding too. Fuck. As much as I love Freakshow, I hate myself for throwing her to the wolves. Yeah, I'd do it again in a heartbeat if it meant keeping him safe, but I know how much of a monster my actions must have made me in her eyes. I do another quick search for her alternate account, hoping beyond hope Fifi Florentine is still active.

My heart leaps in my chest when her smiling face pops up. The last update from her was from three days ago, after she'd gotten home. It was a picture of her wedding ring next to a knife. The caption? Til death do we part.

Okay, well . . . that's to be expected. Honestly, it doesn't surprise me she's posted such a cryptic update. The only active friends on her profile are her parents. Kincaid and I used to be there too, but it looks like he's deactivated his account as well.

As unnerving as it is, I rest a little easier, because without an internet trail, there's nothing leading her to Winawana. I have no family in Washington, and I've never been sent here on an assignment. The reason I'm traveling north is because there's nowhere specific for her to look here. And if she can't find me, then she can't find Scotty.

Opening my browser, I bring up Senator Levinson's profile and look for upcoming events. He's going to be in California next month. After that, he's got a campaign stop in Seattle. That's going to be our best bet. If I can just get to him and put a bullet in his skull before Fee finds us, Scotty and I might make it out of this thing alive. Granted, I've never killed a presidential candidate, but I'm always open to expanding my resume. Of course, I still wouldn't be able to go back to work for the agency. Failure isn't an option with them.

I power down my burner phone and curl up on my side, treating myself to a well-earned nap. When I wake up, it's dark outside and Freakshow still isn't back. The panic is overwhelming. He knows we're hiding. He fucking knows how dangerous this is. I run for the door, leaving my boots by the bed, not giving a fuck if I've missed any glass during my earlier cleanup. The pebbles and gravel on the way to the office poke and puncture my skin, but it doesn't matter. I have to find him. I have to protect my boy.

The door's hinges sound like they're screaming when I yank it open, but a rush of

relief runs through me when I see him. He's sitting on a stool next to Barb, watching in wonder as she knits something I can only assume is meant to be a sweater. He looks up at me, then at the window, and the color drains from his face.

"Brody. Oh, my God. I'm so sorry, I didn't realize it got so late." He moves to stand from the stool, but I hold my hand out, trying to tell him he's fine. I make my way to him, wrapping my arms around his waist from behind. He doesn't need to be scolded. He doesn't deserve it. The man has upended his entire life to be with me. I'm not going to be a dick about him having fun for the first time all week.

"What have we got here?" I say.

Barb gives me a toothless smile. "I'm showing little Jorge how to knit himself a lovely sweater. He says you boys are strapped for cash, so, I says to him, I says—don't go wasting your dwindling nest egg on clothes. Just make them yourself."

I stare at Freakshow and mouth, "Jorge?" but he just blushes and shrugs, looking away.

"I also told him," she continues, "that I'm looking for a maintenance man. Could use a housekeeper too. He's been telling me all about when he worked at a hotel a few years back."

"You worked at a hotel?"

Scotty nods at me with pride. "For a year. It was fun. I met so many fascinating people. One man even called the front desk asking for towels, and when he opened his door to get them, he was naked."

That admission doesn't have its desired effect. I'm sure Scotty wanted it to be a fun,

quirky little story, but it just makes me want to find the man and cut off his cock for flashing my boy. No one shows Freakshow their penis. No one except me.

“Brody?” he whispers, taking my hand. When I look down at him, he’s got a hopeful look in his eyes. “Do you think we could stay here for a few days? It could be fun to relax. Barb said we can use the room as long as we help out around here a little. She wants to get the other cabins in order. I just—I want to . . .” He closes his eyes and huffs, looking too nervous to get the words out.

Staying here isn’t ideal, but it’s not the worst course of action either. There’s no reason for them to look for us in Winawana. We can’t go much further north before hitting the border. I mean, I have a guy who can sneak us across, but what’s in Canada that we can’t find here? What’s the use in using up more of our limited funds when we can work for room and board? Hell, if push comes to shove, I can slit Barb’s throat and just take the place over. By the looks of it, we’re in the middle of nowhere. Winawana has a population of four hundred, if the sign I saw on the way in is to be believed. Maybe this could be a home for us. For a while, at least.

I lean down and kiss his forehead. “Yeah, babe. We can stay for a while.”

We didn’t have sex last night. After carrying him back to the cabin, my boy looked like he could pass out at any moment. So, we slept, naked as the day we were born. When I woke up, Scotty was still on top of me. I’ve been holding him like this for the last hour, gently stroking his ass, hoping it brings a little comfort. As much as I know he loved being spanked, I think it’s going to be awhile before we try again. Watching him writhe around just to get comfortable these last few days has felt like a gut punch every time he shifted. I did that. I’m the reason.

He stirs, his face nuzzling closer to my heart. I run my fingers through his hair and lightly scratch his scalp.

“Morning, Freakshow,” I whisper, hoping my breath isn’t toxic. I haven’t been able to move an inch, much less make it to the small bathroom to brush my teeth.

His lips graze my nipple as he offers me a kiss. “Morning, Daddy.” His head pokes up, and he looks over his shoulder, down at my hand resting on his ass. “You said you were going to fuck me last night, yet here I am with a non-aching asshole.” His voice is basically a whine at this point, and, God, I love to hear him whine. He taps the tip of my nose. “Rude.”

I laugh until I snort, and then I’m on top of him, holding him against the mattress. He rolls his hips forward, fucking up against the air as I arch my back away from him.

“Nope. We’ve got a busy day ahead of us, Freakshow. Can’t spend all day fucking your”—I reach below and run my finger down his crack—“tight little hole.”

“Please,” he whimpers, his cock making contact with my thigh. “Brody, please?”

I scoot back against the wall and fold my arms over my chest. “Not happening.”

He glares at me, and then he reaches down, taking matters into his own hands. Well, into his own hand. He wraps his fingers around his little cock and gives it a stroke.

“Did I tell you to touch yourself?”

“I don’t recall asking for your permission.” He gets up to his knees until he’s right in front of me. “If you won’t make me come, I’ll do it myself.”

“And if I say I’ll punish you, if you do?”

He shrugs. “Then I’ll come on your face. Try it. See for yourself.”

I try to harden my expression, but I lose all will when he strokes his taint with his free hand. Dammit. It should be me down there. It should be my tongue working the smooth, creamy patch of skin below his balls. My fingers working his hole open as he brings himself pleasure.

He strokes his cock with abandon, staring me right in the eyes as he does. “Lie down,” he rasps.

“Why?”

His hand works faster, and I watch as his beautiful face trembles with pleasure. “Told you—gonna come on your face, Daddy. Lay back and open your mouth.”

“Shameless,” I growl at him. “Filthy fucking whore.” Scooting down, I grab a pillow from behind him and use it to prop up my head. I’ll let him come on my face, but I’ll be damned if I open my mouth for him. As much as I want to drink his cum like a Slurpee, I refuse to allow him to win.

“I think—” he says, panting. “If you don’t fuck me tonight—Oh, Jesus, baby—I’m going to have to fuck you.”

My eyes almost bulge out of my head. Absolutely not. In no way, shape, form, or fashion, is his cock going anywhere near my hole. I grab his wrist, stopping his movement.

“If you even look at my hole, I’ll tie your ass up, lay you behind the car, and smash your fucking skull open when I drive over it.”

The words must feel like an explosion inside him, because he cries out, his body shaking. “More. Daddy, more.”

God, I've missed this. Our game. The fear. The look of lust in his eyes as I threaten his life. "You see that television?" I wait for his nod before continuing, knowing this will send him over. "All of those sharp, broken shards of glass around the edges. It would be easy, you know?" I reach up and drag my fingernail roughly across his throat. "I'll shove your head in there and saw your neck back and forth against the glass until your throat looks like ground beef."

"Jesus, Brody. Fuck. More."

I take his nipple between my fingers and tug. "Is that what you want? You want me to kill you real good, baby?"

He bites his bottom lip and nods. "The Wrath. Want it. Need it, Daddy."

The fact he's calling my cock The Wrath without shame or judgment in his eyes makes my heart feel like it's floating. Fee has shamed me into submission about it more times than I can count. Scotty never makes me feel that way, like I'm constantly walking on eggshells, just waiting to fuck up.

"Don't worry," I whisper into his ear. "The Wrath is yours. Go on, baby. Come for me."

"Oh God," he screams. When the first spurt of cum lands on my mouth and drizzles inside, his taste is glorious against my tongue. As much as I want to lean in and swallow the head, nursing every drop until he's dust-dry, I resist, knowing that's not what he needs right now.

"Fucking whore. That's what you are. Look at you, stroking your little cock. You think I want to see that shit?"

"More," he whispers, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth and chewing.

“Fucking pathetic. If you want to act like a little slut, how about I march you out of this cabin and let the whole fucking town see you shoot your load?”

“Brody!” His cum keeps shooting out like an unending ocean wave, each spurt larger than the last. I don’t know how the fuck he can shoot so much. I mean, yeah, I haven’t touched him in three days, and I know he hasn’t jerked off without me, but still. It’s like a fucking monsoon.

“There you are,” I say, rubbing his stomach as the storm eases to a drizzle. “There’s my good boy. You did so good, Scotty.” He falls on me, melding us together with his load. I don’t even care if we’re both covered in cum. The only thing that matters is my boy is shaking like a leaf, and he needs me to hold him through it. “I have you.”

“Don’t let me go,” he whispers.

Never.

When we finally make it out of the cabin, Barb is leaning against the wall of the office, smoking two cigarettes at once. I’m not sure why she needs so much nicotine, but I don’t question her. She might be pushing eighty, and she may move slower than molasses, but the look she gives me is enough to put the fear of God into an atheist.

“Was wondering what was keeping you,” she says as we approach. “Well, I was wondering until I came out for a smoke and heard the noise you boys were making.” Clicking her tongue obscenely against her cheek, she winks at us. “I’ll tell you something for nothing—I ain’t made sounds like those since I was a teenager. It sure is nice to get a bit of life back into this place.” Scotty blushes and looks away, but I just give her a cocky grin.

“Where did you want us today?” Scotty asks, still unable to look her in the eyes.

Barb reaches into the pocket of her hideous forest-green apron and pulls out a keyring, handing it to me. “I’d like for you to work on clearing out the art studio. There’s a bunch of old paint buckets in there. We’ve got a dumpster around back; you can just throw them in there.”

“Won’t the people who left them here come looking for them?”

She gives me a strange look I can’t quite read before shaking her head and looking away. “No, darlin’, I don’t imagine they will. It’s been a few years since they left town. Transients, you see. They never stay in one place too long.”

“You housed a roaming band of painters?” I question, raising an eyebrow.

“I’ve housed a lot worse. At least they didn’t wake me up screaming about good boys and hollerin’ about where they’re going to shoot their . . . you know.”

Scotty stares up at her scandalized. “Miss Barb, I call upon the Pascuran treaty of silence. You can’t tell the guild members what you heard.”

I have to groan, because fuck! I love it when he talks all nerdy. Makes me want to drag him back to the cabin, bend him over the bedpost, and plow his hole with my tongue.

“Brody?” he whispers, his voice harsh.

“Huh?”

“You’re dry-humping me in front of Miss Barb. Stop it.”

When I look down, I realize I’ve pulled him in front of me. He’s right. My half-hard cock has been rutting against his crack. I would push him away, but then Barb would

get a front-row seat to the S.S. Brody. Sadly, it's a ship she has no business boarding.

"I wouldn't dream of it," Barb says, tossing both of her cigarettes onto the ground and stomping them out with her orthopedic pump. "You're with me today, sunshine. I'm going to show you the ledger system. Once we're done, I figured I can stomp your butt in Pascurus and win back my Starlight dragon, Jorge."

Scotty blushes. "It's Scotty, actually. And, as for beating me in Pascurus . . . you can certainly try."

For the next three hours, I work on the "art studio." Barb wasn't joking; there are paint cans stacked all the way to the ceiling. I've been in a cleaning trance for a while now, so when Barb enters the cabin, I jolt in surprise.

Why the fuck am I letting my guard down? I've never been as off my game as I have been these last few weeks. The little psychopath with adorable eyes and the perkier ass I've ever seen in my life has somehow torn down every means of defense I have. It's like I'm drunk on him, and even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to put the drink down. I'll guzzle every drop he gives me, not giving a fuck about the eventual love hangover this will cause.

Barb takes a seat on one of the newly vacant chairs and stares at me eerily. I cock an eyebrow at her, because, fuck, she's creepy. "Is everything all right? You need me to wrangle Scotty for you?" The joking tone falls flat, and she crosses her arms over her chest.

She wastes no time with pretense. "How long have you two been on the run?"

It feels like my blood's gone cold. Like ice is drifting through my veins. "I don't know what you're talking?—"

She shakes her head forcefully. “Nope. Let me just stop you right there. I don’t have many rules here, hon, but aside from ‘cash only,’ lying is the biggest no-no on the list. I won’t stand for it.” She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone, swiftly tapping her screen. When she holds it up for me to see, I can feel the familiar call of fight-or-flight. I don’t want to hurt this woman, but if it comes down to Scotty’s safety or her life, I’ll put a bullet through her skull before she has the chance to blink.

On her screen, there’s a still shot of Freakshow. He’s holding the wrench over his head, his hand fisting his bulge. The picture Senator Levinson flashed to the whole world. “Now, answer me. How long have you boys been running?”

I give her a threatening glare. “Long enough to leave a trail of bodies. Some people ask too many questions. Some people seem to have a tendency to get themselves killed.”

“Lucky for me,” she says, shoving her phone in her pocket and leaning forward. “I’m not one of those people. How long?”

I exhale shakily. My gun is wedged beneath the waistband of my jeans. It would be so easy to reach for it. To aim the gun and pull the trigger. To take the life she seems to be hellbent on forfeiting.

“Almost a week,” I finally answer.

“All the way from Texas,” she says with a chuckle. “You boys sure made good time. And, where exactly are you two planning on going?” I won’t give her this. If—by the grace of a God I don’t believe in—she makes it out of this cabin with her life, she can use it against us. She could contact the senator. Have him hot on our trail in no time.

“South,” I lie. “California.”

“Sounds like you boys are heading in a big circle. If I’m being honest, I’m not sure that’s the best course of action.” She stares at me, but my eyes are focused on her hands, checking for any sudden movements. I really don’t want to deal with a dead body today.

“And what would you suggest?”

“My eyes are up here, dear,” she says. I look up at her, surprised to see her smiling widely at me. “I think it’s best if you both stay here for a while. Ain’t got many visitors, so not much of a chance of you boys being noticed. I can give you free room and board as long as you keep helping me out with the property. To own the truth, it’s been nice having someone else to talk to.”

I gape at her. “Why would you do that? The people I work for?—”

“Don’t scare me in the slightest, sugar. Trust me, when you spend forty years married to Abner Smoot, there ain’t too much left in this world to scare you. Besides, it’s nice to see little Scotty’s face light up when I let him win Pascurus. The boy’s a little ball of sunshine, but he ain’t much of a card player. It’s why he’s been at the bottom of the league for a year. Can’t wield a wand of harmony to save his life.”

I dig my nails into my thighs, because, yeah, their card game is unnecessarily idiotic, but she’s disparaging my boy. I’ve slit throats for less. “He’s a good boy,” I practically growl at her.

Barb rears her head back and howls out her laughter. “God, you boys are precious. There ain’t nothing much sweeter than young love. My point is, I like the kid. It’s been lonely here these last few years. I think I’d like the company.”

“And if I say no? You’ll . . . what? Call Levinson and tell him we were here?”

She rolls her eyes like it's the stupidest thing she's ever heard. "I just said I like the boy. Why on Earth would I tattle on him to his bigoted father? Of course not." Her face grows serious as she leans forward and lowers her voice to a whisper. "You two ain't the only ones who know about running from your problems. Let's just say I came to Winawana for a reason too. I ain't too keen on the idea of drawing attention to this place. Now, what do you say? Do you think you might want to stay a while?"

On one hand, staying in one place seems like a flawed plan. The longer we remain here, the easier it could be for them to find us. Then again, we're in the middle of bum-fuck, nowhere, population: non-existent.

Swallowing, I nod. "We could do that."

"Good," she says as her smile returns. "Now, since you're staying, I want you to lay it out for me. Why are you running, exactly?"

And so I tell her. I spare a lot of details, and I don't go in depth about Fee and Kincaid, but I tell her about the agency. About Scotty's dad and the hit he placed on his son's life. Finally, I tell her about the man I've fallen in love with. About the lengths I'm willing to go to in order to keep him safe. If there's a threatening tone in my voice, she must take notice of it, because once I'm done, she scoots forward in her chair and takes my hand.

"We'll need a good cover story for you both, in case someone comes in wanting a room. I figure we can just say you're my son, and you've gotten yourself a lovely little slice of arm candy living with you."

"That sounds like the stupidest idea I've ever heard."

She winks at me. "Not as stupid as high-tailing it out of Dodge on a wing and a prayer. It'll work so long as we stick to it. I figure it's best if you both just start

calling me Mom now, so it comes natural.”

“I’m not calling you Mom.”

“Don’t make me pull you over my knee, young man,” she scolds, and the worst part is, she seems like she’s serious. Great. I’m stuck in a hellhole with a psychopathic boyfriend and an elderly woman insisting I call her Mom.

As a gay man might say: fabulous. Just fucking fabulous.

“I promise you, son—you’re safe here. Ain’t no one gonna tear you apart. You’re welcome to stay as long as you’d like.” She straightens the wrinkles in her skirt with her hands and gets up from the seat, her knees cracking as she stands. She pats my head like I’m a lapdog, the grin never leaving her face.

I can’t lie—it feels good. Something about her screams maternal, and I haven’t had a maternal figure in decades. So, I allow myself this. And when she leans down and presses a kiss to my forehead, I allow that too.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

Brody has lost his fucking mind. That's the only explanation for this current turn of events. He hasn't fucked me since the first time back at my apartment. Oh, sure, he keeps claiming he wants to, but in the month we've spent at the Winawana Wagon House, precisely zero penises have entered my anus. Unacceptable. Unforgivable.

Any time I broach the subject, he just bats those brown beauties at me, whirls me over on my stomach, jerks my pants down, and shoves his tongue up my ass. As thrilling as his rimming skills may be, it happens at the most inopportune times. Take this morning, for example. We were out by the highway, hanging the lovely new banner I painted for Barb-slash-Mom. (Side-note: I'm still not entirely sure why we're calling her Mom, but I'd be lying if I said it didn't feel good.) Anyway, we were out by the road, hanging up my lovely little banner, when, out of nowhere, he slammed me on the ground, ripped my shorts down, parted my cheeks, and tongue-fucked me until I was writhing around in the dirt like a depraved madman. At least seven vehicles passed by, none stopping—thank God—but one of them blared their horn, and when I looked up, the man in the pickup was giving us a rousing thumbs up.

He's sitting up in bed when I enter the room. It's been a long, uneventful day, but Brody doesn't seem very tired.

I've made my decision. He can either oblige, or he can sleep in the fucking car. I no longer give a fuck. As I undress, his eyes never leave me. He reaches for his cock, squeezing the bulge through his boxers.

“Now, there's a sight worth seeing.” Without breaking eye contact, he pulls his cock from its confines and begins slowly stroking it for my viewing pleasure. That's not

what I want right now. No, what I want is for him to bend me over and fuck me raw. Since he won't give me my pleasure, I'm forced to take it from him. I reach into my waistband and remove the gun I stole from him while he was showering. His eyes go wide, just like they did the first night in the bar, when I forced him to watch me come.

"Turn over."

He stops stroking himself and arches an eyebrow. "What?"

I aim the gun at his head. "I said, turn the fuck over, Brody."

Heat sizzles in his cheeks, and, even though he looks fearful over what may or may not be happening right now, he obliges. I'm greeted with the sight of his perfect ass, ripe like a peach ready to be devoured. After quickly walking over, I set the gun on the floor beside the bed so it's still within my reach, but completely out of his. I'm not risking him getting the upper hand again. Not happening.

"Remember the safeword," I say as I lean forward and part his cheeks. He just whimpers, shivering as the cool air hits his hole.

Fuck.

Yes.

It's the first time I've been able to stare openly at it without him hiding away. I want to bottle this memory and save it, so I can return to it anytime the need arises. I trace a finger up his crack, circling his hole with the tip. He has a little more hair than me, but that's okay. It's like an overgrown field I want to nibble through, like a lawnmower.

“Fuck,” he breathes, his body shaking like a leaf beneath me. I drag my finger across his entrance a few more times, enjoying the way he shudders when I press in slightly at the rim. I know he says his hole is off limits, but I want to show him how good it can feel when your lover devours you. The way he devours me. How naughty it feels to have your most hidden of spaces worshiped. Leaning in, I give him a tentative lick, and the moan that escapes him is like a hit of Viagra directly to my cock. He tastes perfect. Warm. A bit sweaty. Just the slightest hint of musk. Without giving him a chance to pull away, I dive in, running my tongue up, slowly dragging it from the base of his balls to the top of his crack. I lick again, this time focusing on the left cheek, ignoring his hole entirely. My tongue traces the inner crease of his cheeks, and I pause a few times to nibble his skin.

Fuck. I could eat Brody’s ass all day.

As I lap at the cheek on the right, I gently stroke his hole like I’m petting a dog. Like it’s the most precious patch of skin in the world.

“Oh my God,” he whimpers. “Freakshow, what are you doing?”

Without answering him, I pool saliva in my mouth and coat my finger with it. I don’t give him a chance to object, not that he would. With the way he’s moaning, he’d probably let me fuck him, if I asked.

Wait.

Would he?

Will he?

The thought alone leaves me feeling dizzy. Brody is bigger and stronger than me in every way. The mental picture I’m painting of him riding my cock has me leaking

like a garden hose. I think I want to fuck him. I think I want to press my prick against his hole and push.

As I work my finger in, I leave a path of kisses up his back. He's bucking back against me, and I know any residual doubt he may have had about me toying with his hole is gone, because he's practically fucking himself on my finger.

When I make it to his nape, I lean forward, breathing into his ear. "Do you like that, Daddy?"

"Fuck, Scotty," he pants.

"I said, do you like that?" I wait for a response, but he doesn't speak, he just keeps thrusting back and forth, riding my finger. "Do you think you can take another finger?"

His body shudders, and even though he's shaking his head, he says, "Please?"

It's all the encouragement I need. His hole is wet with my saliva, and I go slowly when I slide the second finger in. I have to ignore the guttural groan he makes as I splay my fingers, scissoring him open. Nibbling the crook of his neck, I grind my cock against his ass, leaving a trail of slick pre-cum against his skin.

"Jesus, Scotty."

"Such a good boy," I coo, enjoying this power play. The shift in our dynamic is doing things to me. Dreadful things. Delightful things. Dick-tingling things. "So fucking good for me, baby boy." The words take him by surprise, and he cries out as arches his back, swallowing my fingers to the knuckle. "Look at you. You love this, don't you? Taking my fingers up that tight ass. Good boy."

“No,” he says, nodding forcefully. “I’m not—not your boy. Not your good boy. You’re the good boy.”

“Not right now, I’m not.” I spread my fingers inside him until he screams in pleasure. “And the best part is, I think you like it.”

“I don’t,” he whispers.

“I think you do. And do you know what else? I think you want more.”

“More,” he echoes, his hips working faster. “N-not gay. Can’t . . . Scotty. Not gay.”

“See,” I counter as I sink another finger inside, “I think you are. I think you have been this whole time.” Then I leave a trail of kisses up his back, pausing when I reach his ear. “Daddy’s little faggot.”

“Oh, God!” His voice is louder than I’ve ever heard it. It tears through the room, ripping up every trace of resistance he might have left in him. The disappointed whine he lets out when I pull my fingers out of him almost cracks my heart. I’ve never heard him this vulnerable. Shattered. Absolutely wrecked. “No! Scotty, don’t—keep going. Don’t stop.”

I reach for the lube on our nightstand and pop the top open. “Roll over, Brody. I want to look at you while I finger your hole.”

He moves like a twister, turning over at lightning speed. His eyes are half-lidded and there are tears streaking down his cheeks. I rise to my knees, wanting him to watch me as I do this. He has no idea what’s in store for him, and I fucking love it.

I pour a hearty dollop of lube into my palm and wrap my hand around my cock. He looks so confused. Like, for the life of him, he doesn’t understand what I’m doing.

Good. It'll make what happens next easier.

His eyes widen and a smile creeps across his face. "I'm gonna fuck you, Scotty?"

"Sure," I say. "Let's go with that." He's got it half right, at least.

"Scotty. Fuck." He fists his cock, points it in my direction, and wags the motherfucker at me, flicking a wayward wad of pre-cum in my direction. The goofy, love-drunk grin he's wearing makes my heart flutter in my chest. "Come on. Sit on it."

I arch an eyebrow at him and point at the gun on the floor. "I don't think you're in any position to be making demands." I lick my lips, watching as confusion clouds his eyes. "Legs up. Pull your knees to your chest."

"Huh? Why would I?—"

I take a leg in each hand and push them to his chest. He doesn't grab them, but he leaves them there, exposing his hole to me. Angling my cock at his entrance, I rub the tip against the rim. His eyes blow wide at the contact and he tries to pull away, but I'm not letting him go without a fight. I lean forward and wrap my hands around his throat, squeezing softly.

"Tonight, I'm your Daddy, Brody. I'm your Daddy, and you're going to be my good boy. Understood?"

He shakes his head. "I don't—I can't—Scotty, I don't know if . . ."

"Yeah, I know," I say, giving him a delicate kiss on the cheek. "I know you're scared. I promise, if you don't like it, we can stop. But I think I need to be inside you. I want you to be my first, Daddy. My only." I kiss a tear away from his face, licking my lips

to collect the saltwater left in its wake. My voice is barely even a whisper, but he's hanging on every word. "So, now I'm going to slide my cock inside you. If you don't like it, just say the safeword." I press our lips together and pour every ounce of love I have for him into the kiss. I need him to know how much this means to me. How much he means to me. "I love you."

"I love you, too," he says, reaching up and cupping my cheek. There's still a heavy amount of fear in his eyes, and I swear to God, if he allows this, I'll do everything in my power to take that fear away. To make him see he can trust me.

I lean in, my cockhead pressed against his rim like it's knocking on a door, waiting to be granted entrance. "Say it if you need to. It's okay. I won't be mad."

He closes his eyes, like he's too ashamed to even look at me. His tongue swipes across his lips, and the quick nod he gives me is all the invitation I need.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

Holy shit. Holy fucking shit. Jesus on the cross. Mary at the tomb. Joseph getting cuckolded by God on their honeymoon. Scotty is about to fuck me. His cock is about to be inside me. I can't believe any of this is real. Two months ago, I'd never entertained the thought of jacking another guy off; now Scotty is going to pound my hole, using me for his pleasure.

He pulls my legs up and rests them on his shoulders. I brace, waiting for pain that doesn't come. Instead, I look up and find him kissing my calf. Just the lightest of grazes, really. Barely enough to even register. His eyes are on mine, like he needs me to tell him. Like he needs me to take the lead, even if it's just for a moment. I hold my hand out for him, wanting him to take it and never let it go. When our palms touch, a tear drips down his cheek.

"Fuck me," I say, surprising myself with the words. "I want you to make me yours, Freakshow."

His fear fades, and it's like he's just walked out of a fog, seeing clearly for the first time in his life. He pushes forward, and as it enters, his little cock feels like a mammoth. The pain is undeniable. Unavoidable. Still, I don't say the safeword. I can't. He needs this, and if giving him this part of me will make him happy, then I give it freely. I give it gladly.

I'm fucking proud to take his cock.

"Fuck me," I say again, shifting my position so I can help guide him inside. Every centimeter of his invasion feels like a mile, but I hold on to the look of awe in his eyes. The sense of completion washing over his face. He's staring at me like I'm

beautiful. Like I'm the most precious soul in the world.

I don't deserve him.

Scotty is the purest person I've ever met, and the fact he's chosen me to love feels impossible. Illogical. His choice of mates is one that makes no sense whatsoever, but it's his choice to make, and all I can do is give myself to him and pray I can be worthy of his love.

He's inching it in slowly, and I can tell he's holding back to make sure I'm comfortable. I don't want him to go slow. I want him to fucking claim me. To use me and worry about my needs later. This is his moment, and I'm just happy to be along for the ride.

He bites his bottom lip, but he's still moving slowly. Taking his time, despite the urge inside him demanding he plow into me at full speed. He needs guidance, and there's only one word powerful enough to give it to him.

"Freakshow, look at me." I study him, waiting until our eyes meet to say it. "Fuck me, Daddy."

It's like an explosion of starlight spreading through his eyes. Bursts of bright pinks and glimmering golds. His eyes are like an endless supernova, never dimming, never fading. Or maybe I'm just riding a wicked adrenaline high from the feeling of Freakshow's cock entering my hole. He slams his cock inside of me until his pubes tickle my skin. Once he's fully sheathed, he stares down at his hidden cock, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

"You're inside me," I gasp. "Oh, my God. You're fucking me, baby."

"I'm fucking you," he repeats, his hips still like he's too afraid to move. Strangely

enough, he holds his hand up. I'm not sure what the fuck he's doing, but the scowl he's giving me makes me feel all fluttery inside. "High-five me."

"What?"

"I just lost my topping virginity. High-five me."

I laugh until I snort, and then I wince, because the action just pushes him even deeper into my ass. If my baby needs a high-five, he can have as many as he wants. I reach forward and slap his hand. "Look at you, losing your V-card. I'm proud of you, babe. How does it feel? Are you okay?" I reach down and stroke my cock. A pearl of pre-cum escapes on the upstroke, so I wipe the liquid onto my thumb and hold it out for him. It's his. Every drop inside me belongs to him.

"Fuck," he rasps, staring at my wet fingertip.

"Daddy," I whisper. I can see why he likes this. Having someone fuck my ass isn't something I ever expected to be a possibility, much less something I would enjoy, but that's just what I'm doing. Enjoying it. I'm fucking living for it. "Need it. Need your cock." His lips wrap around my thumb and his tongue swirls against the tip. Fuck. I want more. I need more of him. "Daddy, please?"

His head falls back and he lets out a groan, loud enough to shake the world off its axis. Watching as his body trembles in pleasure, I reach for my cock and stroke it quickly. I'm gripping it tighter than I ever have. There's a good chance it'll be chafed in the morning, but right now, I don't give a fuck. Let the motherfucker blister for all I care. Right now, all that matters is matching the tightness he must be feeling inside of me. His voice is high and feminine as he moans for me. I match his moan with one of my own, wanting to encourage him. Wanting to guide him to his relief.

"Daddy," I whine, needing him to take control. "Daddy, please."

His eyes shoot open and he stares down at me, looking more sure of himself than he ever has. I don't even know what I'm begging him for, but he does. Scotty leans forward, holding on to the bed for support as he fucks me faster. I loop my legs around his waist and meet each of his thrusts with a cry.

"I want you to come inside of me. Need it. Fucking need you."

"Yeah?" he grunts, clenching his jaw. "You want me to mark you? Want me to own your hole?"

"Please!" I reach for him, grabbing the back of his neck and pulling him down, slamming our lips together. As our tongues dance against each other, the sounds we make are animalistic. There's no logic here, only primal desire. He's slamming into my hole at a pace I know will leave me aching in the morning. Good. I want it to. I want to feel wrecked. Want him to beat and bruise every inch of me, outside and in.

"That's a good fucking boy, Brody. My good boy. So fucking pretty." He kisses my chin. My cheek. My forehead. His lips explore my skin like he's trying to stake his flag in every pore. "Gonna fuck you like this for the rest of our lives. You know that?"

"Please—"

"Is that what you want? To be my little bottom bitch? Are you Daddy's dirty little faggot?"

Jesus fucking Christ.

Yes.

Always.

“Please,” I repeat. God, I need to come. I need to blow this load on his chest and pull him against me. Let it glue us together for the rest of our lives. His hips move faster, and his breathing becomes erratic as his eyes squeeze shut. There are little wrinkles in the corners and his cheeks are going red from exertion.

“I love you,” I tell Scotty, needing him to hear it again. He has to know it. I can say the words a million times, and it still won’t convey the magnitude of my feelings. There aren’t enough words to explain how gone on him I already am. “Do you love me? Scotty, do you?”

He thrusts his hip forward and locks in place as he cries out, “Yes!”

I feel his cock pulsing inside me as rush after rush of warmth fills me up. That’s him. That’s my Scotty, pouring himself into me. I never want this moment to end. I don’t want a single second without him inside me.

His face is flushed, his mouth hanging open. As his orgasm tapers, the gravelly tone of his voice morphs into more of those feminine whimpers I love so much. I’m still stroking my cock furiously, and when his eyes open, he looks at me with enough love in his eyes to take my breath away. How can anyone love me like this? What have I ever done to earn it?

“Daddy,” he whispers, and that’s all it takes. The dam explodes and my cum coats our chests. Wave after wave paints us both until I’m a wailing, sobbing mess of a man. As my load continues to spray his chest, he reaches up and spreads it across his skin like he’s trying to absorb my essence. Once he’s lotioned up with my load, he wipes the cum off my chest with his finger and sucks it into his mouth, moaning as the flavor coats his tongue. Then he falls on top of me, cuddling up against my chest, his head over my cum-stained heart.

“Can we stay like this?” he breathes into my chest. “Can we just stay right here for

the rest of our lives?”

“Yes.” I grip the back of his neck and pull him as close as I can get him. It’s not enough. It’s never enough with Scotty. He purrs like a kitten under my touch, and I can feel him falling back into his submissive state. But I’m not ready for that yet. I know he needs me to protect him, but right now, I feel so fucking fragile I almost can’t breathe. I don’t want him to look at me in disgust, and if I say that word again, I know he will. He’s not Daddy. I am. It’s what he expects from me. But if this experience has taught me anything, sometimes I need to be coddled, too.

As if he can read my mind, he grips me hard around the waist and lowers his voice. “You were so fucking good for me. So perfect.”

“I was?” Why can’t I believe him? I was right here when it happened, but I still can’t believe the words. He deserves so much more than me. Scotty deserves a man who won’t drag him down into a dark spiral of chaos. He deserves to live in the light.

Too fucking bad. Now I’ve had him, and I’ll be damned if I let him go. Fuck the light; I’ll be all the light he needs. He’s mine. End of fucking discussion.

“So good,” he says. “Thank you for letting me have this.” He lifts his face, and there’s a smile so bright—so fucking beautiful—it rips the air out of my lungs. “It was nice to be able to fuck you. I know it isn’t what you’re into, but it really . . . it meant everything.”

Hold the fuck on.

Does he think this was a onetime thing? Because fuck that. I think I’m going to need this every day for the rest of my life. I lean over and reach blindly across the floor, not taking my eyes off him. He’s staring at me, looking more confused than I’ve ever seen him.

“Brody?”

I glare at him, forcing a look of anger that isn't true in the slightest. Finally, I feel it. Pulling my arm back up, I press the gun against the side of his head and sneer. He feigns horror and clutches his cum-covered chest like a sassy little thing.

Fuck, I love him.

“You better listen to me, and you better listen well. You're going to fuck me as often as I want it. If you so much as shake your head when I ask you to rail me, I'll blow a hole in your heart. You understand me, boy?”

I swear to God, he looks like a human-form of the heart-eyed emoji. His lips part into a smile, and then, he says it.

“Promises, promises, Daddy.”

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

I want to shield him from this. There's nothing I want more than to take Scotty into my arms—into our little cabin—and hide him away from what's about to happen.

I got the notification while he was playing his damn card game with Barb. I don't know how, but my wife found me.

After weeks of worrying about what I'd find when I checked my old email account, I decided it was time to man up. The email she sent wasn't much of an email at all. It's simply a screenshot of our GPS location, and another picture. A picture I know I have to show Scotty. Yeah, I could just pack our shit, grab my boy, drag his ass out of Winawana, Washington, and never look back, but Fee isn't alone in the second picture.

“Shit.”

I run for the office, not giving a damn how many of Barb's pink flamingos I knock over on the way. The bell above the lobby door chimes, and once I'm inside, they stare up at me from their card table.

“We have a problem,” I say to Scotty. Something in my expression must give away how grave the situation is. I think, for a moment, of pulling him out of Barb's office and discussing this in private, but now that Fee knows where we are, it puts Barb's life in jeopardy too. So, I take a seat beside Scotty, and I set my phone on the table, showing him the picture my wife sent.

“Oh my God,” he whispers, stroking the cheek of the man in the photo. “No.” He looks up at me with more fear than I've ever seen on his face. It doesn't belong there.

I want to rip the fear right out of him, but I can't. "Tatum?"

Scotty looks up at me with an expression I rarely see. Anger. Rage. He's staring at me like he resents me for this. Like it's my fault. And, maybe it is.

"Fix this." He reaches for my hand, his nails digging roughly into my skin. "You fix this, Brody."

"I don't know how I can, Freakshow," I admit. "If they have him, then they plan on using him for leverage."

"I swear to God. If they touch him . . ." He stands up and walks behind the front desk, bending over to grab something from behind the counter. When he stands up . . . Fuck. My cock goes hard in an instant.

"Where the fuck did you get an assault rifle?"

Barb chuckles softly. "I told you—you boys ain't the only ones with a past."

I pack that away, but we'll definitely be circling back to it later. For now, I focus on my boy. "Do you even know how to use?—"

Before I can finish my sentence, Scotty aims the gun at the ceiling, unleashing a stream of bullets as he glares at me. I just blink at him until he releases the trigger.

He beams brightly. "I was raised by a Republican. I know my way around an assault rifle."

"You're patching every hole you just made," I say, earning myself a scowl. "Seriously, was that really necessary?"

He shrugs. “It was hot, though, right?”

I sigh, because as much as I want to bend him over my knee and finger-fuck him into submission, I know we’ve got a fight heading our way, and it’s one we’ll need to prepare for.

Their car pulls up two days later, just after noon. Having heard the tires against gravel, the three of us are already lined up outside like some busted-up biker gang, each of us wielding a firearm. Scotty’s got the assault rifle. I’ve got my Glock. For reasons I don’t quite understand, Barb is carrying a paintball gun in one hand, and her 9mm in the other.

Their car comes to a stop, and I make eye contact with my wife. She doesn’t look very happy, but she also doesn’t look like a woman scorned. One of her eyebrows lifts in accusation, but I refuse to let my emotions show. While inside, it’s panic and dread and an overwhelming level of protectiveness for my boy.

Fee is the first to move. As she approaches, she pulls off her wedding ring and tosses it at me, her eyes narrowing. “You son of a bitch.”

I swallow, my throat feeling raw. “Fee, it isn’t?—”

She shakes her head sharply. “Don’t. Don’t even think about it. You’re not talking your way out of this.”

Behind her, Kincaid walks around the back of their car, popping the trunk and picking up something wrapped in a hot-pink blanket. The top of a head is exposed, bleach-blond hair peeking out. My blood runs cold, because . . . She wouldn’t. She couldn’t. Scotty must be thinking the same thing, because he lunges forward, but I’m faster, holding an arm across his chest to keep him back.

“Drop him,” Fee says to Kincaid. Instead, he bends down, delicately setting Tatum on the ground. He takes off his coat and places it under the boy’s head as a pillow of sorts. Once it’s done, he stands up straight and glares at me like he wants to put a bullet between my eyes. I’m sure he does. Doing so would result in Freakshow’s death, though. I cock my gun and aim it right at him.

Beside me, Scotty whimpers. It’s a pained sound that cuts and cracks at my heartstrings. His friend is dead, and he’s probably thinking he’s next. He lets out a thunderous roar and aims his gun at my wife.

“Is all of this really necessary?” Fee says, sounding . . . bored?

“You killed my best friend. What do you think?” Scotty shouts at her.

“The best friend you left behind without so much as a warning? That friend?” Kincaid says. Jesus. Why does he sound so irate on Tatum’s behalf? He’s practically growling. For fuck’s sake, he doesn’t even know the kid.

“And you stole my husband,” Fee counters, glaring at me as she holsters her gun. She points at me, clicking her tongue against her cheek. “As for you?—”

“Don’t talk to him,” Scotty says, ducking under the human barricade I’ve constructed with my arm. He stands in front of me like a daddy lion, protecting his cub. It’s adorable, but I’m not sure how effective it is at scaring her off. “He’s mine. You can’t have him back.”

Fee stares at me with a humorous smirk. “He sure is a feisty little thing.” She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her phone, scrolling down the screen. “Call off your chihuahua before I muzzle him permanently.” I don’t know what the fuck she’s looking for on her phone, but I know I don’t want this escalating any more than it has to.

I lean down and whisper into his ear, “Let me handle this.”

He shakes his head, and I can feel his shoulders trembling against my chest. “She can’t have you. You’re mine.”

“I am,” I agree, kissing his neck. “I promise, it’s me and you, but there’s not going to be a me and you much longer if you don’t let me take care of this. I need you to trust me.”

Sighing, he relents, letting the assault rifle fall to his side. He stares down at his friend and sniffles. It’s a sound that breaks my heart, but we don’t have time to mourn right now. There are more pressing matters at hand. Apparently, Kincaid hasn’t gotten the memo, because he’s staring down at Tatum like if he takes his eyes away, even for a second, the man’s body might sink into the dirt.

“So far,” Fee says, still scrolling, “three attempts have been made on our lives. In Arizona, they tried to run us off a cliff. In California, a woman attempted to drive us into the sea after commandeering our vehicle at a gas station. Tell them about the third time. Tell them what the little son of a bitch did.”

“I won’t,” he says, kneeling beside Tatum. “Don’t worry, Pretty Baby. You’re safe now.”

Pretty Baby?

Fee sighs. “Well, after I walked in on Kincaid practically throwing himself at the man in our hotel room, the little twink made a run for it. He was screaming like a banshee in the parking lot. I simply tried to keep him quiet, and?—”

“You tried to break his fucking neck,” Kincaid barks at her.

She nods. “And then he tried to stab me with a plastic spork. We’re even.” Turning her attention back to Tatum, she eyes him up and down. “I changed my mind in the end, didn’t I? His sassy antics are certainly entertaining.”

Kincaid strokes Tatum’s face like he’s the most precious thing in the world, and I’m at a loss, because what the fucking fuck is happening right now? “I’ve got you. Abi’s here.”

What the fuck? I’ve known Kincaid since we were kids. I don’t even get to call him Abi. A strange, unwelcome pang of jealousy hits me. I don’t want Kincaid romantically. Maybe I could have once, but Scotty’s my fucking world. Still, on a purely bromosexual level, it stings, because what the fuck did this kid do to earn the privilege?

And, because we’re apparently in a Disney film, Kincaid’s words are the kiss of life. Tatum’s hand twitches, and he slowly moves, his eyes blinking up at Kincaid. For his part, Kincaid looks overjoyed. He leans down to place a kiss on his cheek. “There you are.”

A loud pop echoes across the parking lot when Tatum rears back his hand and slaps Kincaid as hard as he can. “You keep your fucking lips off me. How many times do I have to tell you?”

Scotty lunges forward, and when he reaches them, he shoves Kincaid’s chest until he falls back on his ass. Scotty wraps Tatum up in his arms, clinging to him.

“Oh no, you don’t,” Tatum shouts, trying to pull away. “You just left me to be kidnapped by these psychopaths. What the fuck, Scotty?” He continues wriggling around, trying to unburden himself of Scotty’s relentless hug. I’m tempted to aim my gun at him and tell him to let Scotty fucking hug him, but Tatum finally stops resisting. His arms wrap around Freakshow, and I push down the urge demanding I

remove his arms with a woodcutter's axe for touching something that doesn't fucking belong to him.

"Tatum," Scotty says, practically purring. "I'm so glad you're not dead."

Tatum's grip tightens. "I'm still mad at you. Your relief over my resurrection doesn't change anything."

"I know. But I really am glad you're not dead."

"I've been practicing my version of Real Housewives takedown monologues the entire trip. You were going to cry."

"I'm sure I would. I cry over everything," Scotty agrees before finally pulling away. He doesn't let go of Tatum's hand. "What about your boyfriends? The Bens and Austin are going to be devastated that you're gone."

"The Bens?" I say, arching an eyebrow. To my surprise, it isn't Tatum or Scotty that respond. It's Kincaid.

"Austin, Bennet, Benjamin, and Benito." Kincaid looks away and clears his throat. "They're no longer in the picture."

Scotty's eyes bulge as he darts them between Tatum and Kincaid. "He killed your boyfriends?"

Tatum shakes his head. "Things with the Bens have been strained for a while. Austin's still too hung up on his . . . issues to be emotionally available."

"Yeah, but you said you guys were working things out."

“I was trying. They didn’t seem to care enough to meet me halfway.” Tatum flicks his thumb behind him at Kincaid, and sighs. “Then this motherfucker comes barging out of a closet door, shoves a needle in my neck, and kidnaps me.”

Kincaid chuckles softly. “Kidnap? You begged to come with us, Pretty Baby.”

“Did not.” Tatum’s cheeks burn crimson under the Washington sun. There’s another objection on his tongue, but he just swallows it down, shaking his head as he slowly—methodically—backtracks until his shoulders touch Kincaid’s chest. Kincaid’s hand rests on Tatum’s hip, and he tightens a protective grip around him. For his part, Tatum is looking everywhere except at Kincaid, like if he doesn’t acknowledge it, the physical contact isn’t actually real.

“You did. I have it on film, remember? I have quite a few things on film.” Kincaid says, his voice taking on a tone I’ve only heard him make in the bedroom. It takes me a moment to notice he’s practically rutting against Tatum’s ass, and Tatum isn’t doing anything to stop it. If anything, he seems to be matching Kincaid’s movements. “You begged for it, didn’t you, love?”

“I’ve begged you for a lot of stuff. I’ve begged you to die a thousand times. Don’t see you following up on that request.” He glares over his shoulder at him. “Rude.”

“Kincaid, please refrain from ejaculating in front of our new friends.” When Fee says it, their hips stop rolling, and they look like two kids who’ve just gotten caught with their hands in the cookie jar. “Now, if everyone’s done riding the fucking rainbow, can we please get on with this? We’ve got a trove of trained assassins on our tails, and you’re all too busy thinking with your cocks to worry about saving your lives. Ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.”

“I don’t know what the fuck your problem is, Fiona,” Kincaid says. “But this shitty mood you’ve been in the last few days needs to stop.”

“As I’ve stated, we were almost killed. Thrice. My husband was stolen from me by a deranged twink . . .” Her eyes meet mine and she arches her brow. “No great loss there, honestly. It’s a wonder you even made it this far north without being killed. For God’s sake, you didn’t even remember the tracker in your wedding ring.”

“Neither did you,” Tatum interjects. “You idiotically interrogated me for hours before you remembered the stupid tracker. Worst assassin ever.”

She jerks her head in Tatum’s direction, cocking an eyebrow. “And now we’ve got this one attached to our hip. He’s been throwing himself at Kincaid the entire trip.”

“I’ve done nothing of the sort!” When Fee shoots him a dirty look, he blanches, turning his anger in Kincaid’s direction. “And if I have, it’s because of whatever the hell you two keep injecting me with. Honest to God. One second, it’s just another normal afternoon. The next, I’ve been jabbed in the neck with a needle, and there’s an unnecessarily statuesque man lording over me and calling me a good boy as I masturbate. And do you know what? I could cope with that. I’m a go-go dancer and a praise slut—I don’t particularly hate being seen—but I asked you for one thing, Abi. One thing, and you couldn’t even do that.”

Kincaid eyes him curiously. “I’ve done everything you’ve asked of me.”

“You put me in the fucking trunk again. You know I’m scared of the dark.”

“I was with you. I’m always with you when you’re back there,” Kincaid says, but Tatum just shakes his head.

“Not this time, you weren’t. You left me. I was all alone.”

Kincaid kisses Tatum’s scalp, and to my surprise, the twink doesn’t swat him away with his hand. “I’m sorry, Pretty Baby. You were sleeping, and I couldn’t bear to

wake you. The back seat was folded down. I would have heard if you woke up. You would've seen me."

Tatum kicks a pebble, sending it skipping across the parking lot. "Don't leave me in the dark again. I hate it almost as much as I hate you."

"You love me."

Tatum rolls his eyes. "Hate you. Want you dead. Hope you die, hope you cry, hope you get glass stuck in your eye."

Fee is clearly at the end of her rope. She aims her gun at the ground and fires a shot into the gravel. We all go silent around her as she holsters her gun. "Now, if everyone could get their shit together, maybe we could move past the ridiculous banter portion of our afternoon and focus on the task at hand. It's like we're stuck in one of my gay romance novels, and this is the unnecessary part where the self-indulgent author builds up a new couple for the series in the final few chapters."

"This isn't a romance novel," Kincaid says, arching an eyebrow.

"And I am not a love interest. I'm a leading fucking lady," Tatum growls.

Fee rolls her eyes. "Whatever. We need to talk about courses of action. Brody, go to the car and grab Daisy." She turns to Barb, flicking her finger up and down at her. "Since you seem to be the only other person who hasn't lost their mind, maybe you can help them get their shit together so we can go over the plan."

Barb smiles politely at her. "You sure are a pretty little thing, aren't you, sugar?"

Fee just sighs, flinging her hands in the air in frustration. "Jesus on the cross." Spinning on her heel, she marches forward, toward the office. The bell chimes as she

enters, snapping the three men in front of me out of their stupor.

Once inside, I notice Fee staring down at Barb and Scotty's card table. She makes eyes at Scotty, and for a second, it almost seems like a kind one. "You play Pascurus?" Scotty's mouth hangs open. "Deal me in next round." She sits at the table and sets her phone on the table. When I take the seat next to her, I notice she has one of the agency contracts pulled up.

"What's that for?" I say.

Around us, the rest of the group takes their seats, and I look at my boy and smile. He's still fussing over Tatum, who is growling at Kincaid as he pats his lap, inviting him onto it. Scotty looks up at me, and when our eyes meet, he blows me a kiss.

"Enough of the goo-goo eyes. This is Levinson's contract." She taps her phone screen, pulling my attention back to her. I watch as she pinches her thumb and forefinger, zooming in on the document. "I was worried he might have signed up with the agency before the death clause went into effect. It's our lucky day. If we can kill him before they kill us, we're home free." Her gaze lingers on Freakshow, and a strong, protective urge rushes through me. I pull him close to me, because it's the only place he's completely safe. "Tell me, sunshine, how do you feel about the prospect of being an orphan?"

After discussing the situation at length with Fee, we've come up with a plan. While she hasn't really spoken much to me, she's already started the slow process of seducing Scotty's dad via Facebook Messenger.

Honestly, as icy as the reception had been, it's nice to know she doesn't want me dead. I mean, she refuses to even look at me, but still. Small victories.

Barb's set them up in the artists' cabin, and after asking me to show them to their new

home, I head around the front desk and grab the key. When I return, Kincaid is inserting a syringe into Tatum's neck as Scotty looks on in horror. Surprisingly, Tatum doesn't seem very distraught, or even surprised.

"Get off him!" Scotty shouts, but Tatum just rolls his eyes.

"There's no use. He does this all the time. Honestly, I kind of like it. It's a nice high, and I'd rather be sedated than listen to his—" His mouth opens wide, and he lets out a yawn. His eyelids must be getting heavy, because he blinks them slowly as the drug takes over. Going off of experience, he's probably used a mild tranquilizer. To my surprise, Tatum's permanent scowl stretches out into a smile, and he holds his arms up, clapping the tips of his fingers to his palms like a child, offering himself up to Kincaid. "Abi," he whispers, his voice full of affection.

Kincaid licks his lips. "There's my sweet boy."

"What is happening right now?" Scotty asks with a concerned edge to his voice.

Kincaid leans closer, letting Tatum wrap his arms over his shoulders and his legs around his waist. "He's adorable when he's drugged." As Kincaid stands, Tatum burrows his face into the crook of his neck, purring like a love-starved kitten. "Don't worry. I've got you." Behind him, Fee is staring at them with a smile. The entire situation is bizarre, and totally off-brand.

"Can someone please tell me what the hell is going on?" Scotty begs.

Fee stands up, grabbing her gun and sliding it into the back of her jeans. "They've got a thing going. It started the day we kidnapped him. He'd been acting like a brat for half an hour, and as soon as Kincaid drugged him . . ." She points at the pair of them. "This happened." She studies them, watching as Kincaid rains down affection like a summer storm. "They're kind of cute together. Of course the second the drugs wear

off, he turns back into the world's biggest prick, but Kincaid just drugs him again, and it's right as rain."

"That's not okay," Scotty insists. "He's under the influence. He can't consent."

"Don't listen to him, Daddy," Tatum says, his lips smacking as he assaults Kincaid's neck with slobbery kisses. "Love you. Love everything about you."

"It's not like we're sleeping together," Kincaid tells us. "He just likes me to watch while he plays with himself."

"Abi," Tatum moans, rolling his hips. "Missed you."

I'm a little surprised he keeps using Kincaid's first name. I've known the man since I was ten, and he's never let me say it because it brings back too many memories from his childhood. He doesn't talk about it a lot, but from what I've gathered in the twenty years we've known each other, his dad was an abusive son of a bitch. Kincaid's mom had sensed he liked boys a little more than he should, so, when his father was at work, she smuggled him out of Russia and never looked back. Unfortunately, his father found them, and . . . well, he doesn't like to talk about that day very much. When my family took him in, Mom made the mistake of calling him Abi. He mentally shut down for three days. Since then, no one has been allowed to say it. Now, when it falls from Tatum's lips, Kincaid smiles at him like he's just hung the moon in his honor.

Kincaid runs his fingers through Tatum's hair, scratching lightly at his scalp. "Missed you too, Pretty Baby."

Tatum pulls away, his eyes barely open. "I'm sorry for slapping you earlier." Leaning closer, he gives Kincaid a quick peck on the lips. "Sleepy, Daddy. Night-night time." He holds his hand out toward Fee, motioning for her to join. "Sleepy time, Fiona.

Come on.”

The corner of Fee’s lip quirks in amusement. “Far be it from me to keep His Highness from his beauty sleep.”

“That’s me,” Tatum says, playfully nipping Kincaid’s chin. “Sleeping Beauty.”

As I walk them to their cabin, I watch Tatum practically melt into Kincaid’s arms. Walking at their side, Fee’s got her hand on Tatum’s shoulder, showing him more affection than she showed me in our last months together. I catch her peeking over at him on the journey, giving him the same look she often gives Daisy when she does something adorable. My wife seems enamored by the guy.

In the cabin, Fee takes inventory of their new temporary home. She’s used to living in the lap of luxury, so I’m not sure how well this is going to go over. I’ve spent almost a month trying to get the cabins looking nice again. I know my decorating skills probably aren’t up to her standards, but I can’t deny there are butterflies in my stomach. I feel like an artist putting their work out for public consumption, hoping the critique isn’t too harsh.

The walls, once basic brown, are now a pretty shade of sea foam green. There were old, wooden planks in the maintenance shed I painted white before using them as trim. The old bed Barb had in the room was just a mattress and box springs resting on the floor when I started working on the room, but I used more of those planks to construct a bed frame. For the headboard, I took a painting of sailboats left by the former tenants, and secured it to a strip of boards I’d nailed together. Since the room had no windows, I nailed four boards into a window-shape and secured it to the wall, then had Scotty paint a pretty sunrise inside them.

“This is cute,” she says with a smile. “Rustic. Kind of reminds me of a little lakeside cottage.”

The pride I feel is indescribable. “Really?”

She looks over her shoulder at me with a raised eyebrow. “Why do you look like you’re about to cry?”

“Huh?”

She turns to face me and takes a step closer. “Your eyes are watery and your jaw is trembling. What’s wrong?”

Though her voice is firm, there’s a level of care in it that reminds me of how we once were before Scotty entered our lives, unintentionally driving a wedge between us. I don’t want to rekindle anything with her, but I guess I’m holding out hope that we can fall into some sort of friendship eventually.

“You really like it?” I say, motioning around the room.

She nods. “I just said I do, didn’t I? Are you suffering from memory loss now? Have you suffered a head injury that’s rendered you stupid?”

I snort. “No, it’s just . . . I did this. The room, I mean.”

“What do you mean, you ‘did’ this?”

“I decorated it. Painted the walls. Picked out the bedding. It was just a shed when I started.”

Her eyes go wide, and she looks around the room again, like she’s trying to burn the image into her memory. With a clipped nod, she flashes a sincere smile. “You did well, Brody. I’m impressed.”

“Less talky,” Tatum slurs as Kincaid lays him in the center of their bed. “More sleepy.” His eyes never leave Kincaid as he undresses, drinking him in like a glass of wine. “So pretty.” As heat pools in Kincaid’s cheeks, he slides in beside Tatum, cuddling close. Fee is next on Tatum’s hit list, and he lifts his arm, snapping his fingers. “Tater Tot sandwich. Come on, Fee-fee.”

I arch an eyebrow at her. “Tater Tot sandwich?”

She rolls her eyes as she unfastens her jeans and slides out of them, placing her gun on the chest of drawers. Shrugging, she says, “He likes to cuddle.” Bumping her shoulder against mine, she points at the door. “Now, out you go. Apparently, my presence is required elsewhere.”

Pausing at the door, I look over at them, smiling at the sight before me. Tatum’s got his chest against Kincaid’s, and his arms are around his waist. On the other side of the bed, Fee combs her fingers through Tatum’s hair, singing him a lullaby. It’s a bizarre situation all around, but who am I to judge?

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The hotel room is far nicer than where we've been staying these last four months. Scotty looks fucking delicious sprawled out across the king-size bed. As much as I want to devour him whole, we need the room in pristine condition for what's about to happen.

The senator will arrive in less than thirty minutes, so we really need to set this thing in motion. As Fee changes into her negligee in the bathroom, Kincaid's got Tatum on his lap, tickling his sides. Considering the twink is stone-cold sober, he glares at his captor the entire time, his body stiff and unwelcoming.

"I really wish you'd stop fucking treating me like a baby. Honest to God, I don't know why you think I enjoy this, Abi, but I don't."

Kincaid leans closer and nips Tatum's chin with his teeth. "That's not what you said last night."

"Yes," Tatum says with a huff, "well, you drugged me into a dissociative state, so I don't doubt that. You know I can't control my actions when my blood is flooded with those horse tranquilizers you force into me."

"It's literally just Benadryl and a few herbs to help you relax." Kincaid licks his lips. "That's not the only thing I wanna force into you, my love."

The loud crack that fills the room when Tatum slaps Kincaid is deafening. "Don't fucking gaslight me by saying you're simply pumping me full of diphenhydramine. I have terrible seasonal allergies. I know what fucking Benadryl feels like. And keep your cock away from me. I'm not fucking you. Ever. End of discussion."

Kincaid gives him a quick peck on the lips. “We’ll see.”

Before Tatum can unleash more sass on my best friend, the bathroom door opens, and Fee pops her head through the gap. “I need your help.” She’s staring at Tatum, who’s struggling to free himself from Kincaid’s grip. Another slap to the face is all it takes for Kincaid to let him off, but once Tatum is standing again, Kincaid slaps his ass, making him squeak.

“I’ve asked you not to do that!” Tatum shouts with a scowl. He makes his way to the bathroom, glaring at Fee. “You need to keep your boyfriend under control. He’s a goddamn animal.”

She waggles her eyebrows. “Don’t I know it.”

Tatum pauses in the center of the room, looking over his shoulder at Kincaid. He clears his throat, and I don’t miss the way a blush spreads furiously across his face. “Abi?”

“Yes, Pretty Baby?”

A smile quirks in the corner of Tatum’s mouth. “Just . . . try not to enjoy fucking him.”

Kincaid doesn’t even try to hold back his smile. “Are you jealous?”

”Fuck off,” Tatum says.

Kincaid’s smirk fades, and a look of worry washes over him. ”If you don’t want me to do this, I won’t. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Tatum quickly shakes his head. ”It’s fine. I’ll do whatever it takes for Scotty.” He

looks away, forcing a look of stoicism that doesn't seem very genuine. "Besides, I don't care who you fuck. You mean nothing to me."

Kincaid approaches slowly, like he's worried Tatum might startle and run off. When he reaches the twink, Kincaid cups his cheek. "I promise I won't enjoy it. You're my world, Tatum."

"Shut up."

"I love you," Kincaid says again, smirking. "Once this is over, I won't sleep with anyone else. We'll make things exclusive."

"We most certainly will not." Tatum turns to me and glares. "Cover your eyes."

"Excuse me?" I ask.

"Cover your eyes, you psycho stalker."

I open my mouth to object, but Kincaid gives me a stern glare. Sighing, I shield my eyes, but I leave a small slit between my fingers to peek through. Once he's sure I can't see, Tatum leans forward and rests his head on Kincaid's chest.

"Say it again," he whispers.

Kincaid feathers his fingers through Tatum's hair, and he's practically beaming. I've never seen him this happy. "I love you, Pretty Baby." He turns his gaze to Fee. "You have your bag of toys with you, correct?"

She cocks an eyebrow. "Yeah. Why?"

He gives Tatum a decisive nod. "Get the strap-on. I'm not sleeping with anyone

else.” He leans closer. “Never again, Tatum. I promise.”

Tatum’s bratty expression turns to one of bewilderment, and then of appreciation. He takes a step toward Kincaid and stares up, offering him a quick kiss on the chin, looking like a love-drunk teenager. ”Hope you die,” he whispers, his voice filled with affection. ”Hope it hurts.” He clears his throat and pulls away from the embrace. Turning, he heads across the room. When he makes it to the bathroom door, he pauses, eyeing Fee up and down. “You look like a dime-store floozy. Seriously, who wears maroon lipstick in this day and age? God. You’d be helpless without me. Get in there and wipe that shit off your face. We should have enough time to redo it before he gets here.” Without looking back, Tatum snaps his fingers repeatedly. “Brody? I require coffee. Chop-chop.”

Fee beams at him, reaching forward and pinching his cheek. “There’s my cheeky boy. Let’s do this.”

Tatum heads inside, cussing and fussing at Fee for the unrequested endearment. Honestly, I think their whole setup is a bit strange, even by our standards. Tatum’s basically a brat ninety percent of the time, but Fee and Kincaid fawn all over him like he’s the bee’s knees. When Kincaid isn’t slapping his ass or risking kisses on the man’s cheeks, he’s following Fee around like her little lapdog. Tatum might pretend like he hates the pair of them, but it’s clear as day he low-key worships the ground Fee walks on. I even overheard him telling Scotty she was “iconic” once. He wasn’t drugged, either, which made the entire exchange all the more confusing.

Kincaid excuses himself and follows them into the bathroom, leaving me alone with Freakshow. He sits up on the bed and follows me to the suite’s sofa, plopping down on my lap.

“You don’t need to be here for this,” I say, kissing his forehead. “It’s not going to be pretty.”

He shakes his head. "I do. I need to see it. For Momma." My boy is trying to put on a brave face, but it just pisses me off, because I don't like seeing him so scared right now. Fear doesn't belong anywhere near him anymore. He's mine, and I protect what's mine. "Does it make me a bad person to say I want it to hurt?"

I cup his cheek. "Nothing could ever make you a bad person, Freakshow. You're a good boy."

He nods. "Yeah, I know. I just . . . I've still got all of this anger at him." He touches his hand to his heart. "It's like someone set me on fire from the inside. I hate him, Brody. I hate what he did to me, and that my mom is dead because of him." He looks up at me with watery eyes. "Please make it hurt. Do it for me. I'll do whatever you want. Just make it hurt."

I nod, because anything Scotty wants, he gets. If he wanted me to saw off his father's head as he watched, I'd do it in a heartbeat. "It'll be agonizing. I swear."

He leans closer, pressing his forehead against mine. "We don't have to leave Washington when he's dead, do we? We can still stay at the motel with Barb and Tatum?"

I nod. "We're not going anywhere until you want to. We can stay there forever if that's what you want." I open my mouth around his, sliding my tongue inside, needing to remind him he's mine. I think I hear an "I love you," but his words are a little muffled with my tongue shoved down his throat.

Pulling away, I smile at my boy, squeezing his hand. "I'm going to marry you one day, Scotty," I say, my voice so low only he and God can hear. "And when I propose, I'll slit your fucking throat if you say no."

Tears flood his eyes, and he snuffles, his voice cracking when he says, "Promises,

promises, Daddy.”

Senator Levinson arrives right on time. I’ve got Scotty on my lap in the closet. Tatum’s been sent downstairs to keep an eye out, making sure none of the bigot’s cronies come looking. I hear Fee open the door and invite him in. The senator wastes no time, and the next thing I know, the sound of wet mouths slapping together fills the room.

I’m not sure how long it goes on before he’s moaning and groaning, but I’ve spared Scotty the sound of hearing his father’s depraved moans by holding my hands over his ears and softly kissing his neck.

Then it happens.

“What—what is . . . what’s that?”

“Hush now, my prince. Your princess has a surprise for you.”

He makes a gargled groan, and I’m assuming she’s now sitting on his face. I let go of my boy’s ears and smile down at him, my phone screen lighting each of us up for the other to see.

“Love you,” I mouth.

“Love you too,” he mouths back.

I tap his ears. “Keep them covered.”

“Oh, God,” the senator moans.

I slip out of the closet, angling my phone at the bed. Sure enough, Kincaid’s wearing

a strap-on, dragging the toy cock pressed against Scotty's father's asshole, and he's teasing the man by dragging it across his entrance.

"Tell me that's not a cock," the senator says, his words muffled against Fee. "Please, tell me you haven't got a queer back there trying to breed me."

Fee's got her panties off, rolling her hips as she fucks herself on his tongue. I have to give Levindouche credit; he's not an unattractive man. Having produced Scotty, I don't suppose he could be. Still, I hadn't planned on getting a semi just by seeing his naked form. The tight abs, his long, thick cock. Honestly, if it wasn't for Scotty, I'd probably give it a little tug; but now, with Scotty in my life, I never want to stray. He's all I'll ever need. And, yeah, things might be a little weird from time to time—I mean, we still have to play our little murder game when I get uncomfortable with the sting of internalized homophobia—but I'm getting there. I'm doing my best to be what he needs, because that's what he deserves. He tells me time and time again that labels don't matter, but it matters to me. I'm not comfortable calling myself bisexual or gay, because neither of those describe my headspace. Right now, Scotty is the only soul I see. Fuck it. I'm Scotty-sexual. Everyone else can go fuck themselves.

I film Levinson, doing my best to keep Fee and Kincaid's faces out of the frame. The senator still has his blindfold on, and the longer Kincaid teases his hole, the more depraved Levinson gets. He's practically pushing back against Kincaid's strap-on, trying to get it inside.

"Is that what you like, my prince? Does someone want a nice, thick cock up their ass?"

"I'm not a faggot," he whimpers. That fucking word does something to me. It isn't his to say. It's one thing when Scotty uses it with me. I mean, he's the one who has to risk being called it on a daily basis. This motherfucker has no right to say it. No right to even think it. I'm trying to keep my composure, but Fee loses hers. She rears back

her hand and slaps him across the face with her full strength.

“Don’t say that word.” She glares down at him, and I can tell it’s taking everything in her not to strangle the life out of him. She draws in a deep breath, quickly adding, “My prince,” in an attempt to smooth things over. “Now. Tell me you want it. Tell me you want Daddy’s cock.”

Kincaid rolls his hips forward an inch or two, and judging by the soft gasp escaping him, the toy must have breached Levinson’s rim.

“Please,” the senator whimpers. “Please, fuck me.”

Fee smiles at me and gives me a nod. “Tell Daddy what you want him to do to you.”

“Want him to take me,” he says, his voice so low I can barely hear it. “Want him to fuck me. To breed me. Baptize me in cum.”

“Someone’s a naughty boy,” she taunts, tapping his forehead. “His name is Daddy, by the way. Why don’t you ask him directly.”

Levinson bites his bottom lip and nods. “D-Daddy?” he stutters.

I worry for a second that if Kincaid speaks, it might snap the senator out of the moment. When Fee seduced Scotty’s father online, she’d made no mention of other men being involved. She just sent him kitty shot after kitty shot until he begged her to meet him at a hotel in Seattle. She hadn’t mentioned any roleplay involving men. His willingness to submit comes as such a surprise to me. He’s the nation’s biggest opponent of gay rights.

I guess the bisexual doth protest too much.

“Senator,” Kincaid says, his voice low and throaty.

Moment of truth. There’s still the chance that he might have thought Kincaid was a woman in a strap-on or something—he’s half right, at least—but now, having Kincaid’s voice ring out through the room, there’s no room left for plausible deniability.

“Oh, God,” Levinson moans. Then it happens. He wraps his legs around Kincaid’s back, using them to impale himself on the toy. It takes Kincaid a while to get it completely inside, and once it is, the senator’s face is coated in sweat, and his cock is hard as steel.

“Do you like that?” Fee asks, cupping his cheek. “Do you like getting your ass fucked?”

Levinson makes a sound like he’s choking and his entire body goes stiff. “Stop!”

Kincaid and Fee stop, Fee looking over her shoulder until their eyes meet. Kincaid starts to pull out. The footage we have should be enough. I mean, I was hoping for something a little more depraved, but having video of this fucker being penetrated by a man should suffice.

“All right,” Kincaid says, slowly pulling out. Surprisingly, Levinson squeezes his legs tighter around Kincaid’s back, and he shakes his head.

“No,” he whispers. “Her.” His bottom lip is trembling, and it looks like he’s trying to lean up to claim Kincaid with a kiss. “Want him. Need it. Need him to fuck me. Don’t want her. Just you, Daddy.”

Jesus. He sounds just like Scotty. The clinginess. The neediness in his tone. Fee arches an eyebrow at me and sighs, mouthing, “Again?” She grabs a plush bathrobe

from the hook on the wall and uses it to cover herself. Once she's at my side, she leans over and whispers into my ear, "How many fucking men am I going to lose to the other team? It's absolutely ridiculous at this point. Now, be a dear and make this quick. I'm going to get dressed and head down to the lobby." She looks up at the clock and frowns. "Cheeky boy is probably getting lonely down there. Do you think he's okay?"

I sigh. "This cheeky boy thing is fucking weird, Fee. Even for you."

She glares at me. "I'm not the one who has to have a gun held to their head to ejaculate. A little less judgment, please."

"Just don't try to fuck him. He's gay. I'm not okay with you peddling conversion on the poor twink."

She rolls her eyes and grabs her shirt off the sofa. "Obviously I'm not trying to sleep with him. He's just my cheeky boy. He's like a life-size Ken doll. Don't make our friendship sound so tawdry."

I snicker as I bump my shoulder against hers.

When she's dressed and out the door, I focus my attention on the sight ahead of me. The senator is taking Kincaid's strap-on like a champ, and as Kincaid gets nearer to the edge of his orgasm, the man beneath him is giving us everything we need. Things like "Fuck me, Daddy," and "I'm your bad, bad boy," fall like rain from his mouth.

Kincaid feigns an orgasm, and rather than pull out, he wraps his hand around the senator's shaft and strokes furiously. "You like that, Senator Levinson?"

"Yes," he moans.

“Say it. Tell me what you’re feeling.”

“I feel . . . free. I feel right.”

“Tell me you’re my gay bottom whore.”

“You know I am, Daddy. I’m your gay bottom whore.”

“Good boy,” he says, leaning down to peck Levinson’s cheek. I can tell the senator is close to his release. He’s writhing around like a possessed man. He probably thinks he’s about to come. I almost feel bad for the poor bastard.

Almost.

Without warning, Kincaid yanks the blindfold off him, and the senator stares up at him and smiles. “Do I meet your expectations?”

“Yes,” he breathes. “Love you. Love you so much.”

Okay. So that’s where Scotty gets it from. Good to know.

“Don’t tell me,” Kincaid says, pointing at me. “Tell him.” He lets go of Levinson’s cock and smirks.

The second the senator spots me, his mouth hangs open. I don’t know how this is going to play out. So far, he’s kind of been like a mirror image of his son when it comes to his level of depravity. I wonder if he’s going to lean into the madness as well.

“What do you want me to say, Daddy?” he rasps, thrusting his hips up, trying to find friction. Ignoring me, he turns back to Kincaid and leans forward. “Just tell me what

to say and I'll say it."

"Tell them you're gay, boy. Say it, and I'm all yours. Tell them your ideology is wrong."

There are tears in Levinson's eyes, and when he turns toward us, they pour down his cheeks. "I'm gay. Well, I think I'm bisexual, but still."

"And?" Kincaid says, teasing the head of Levinson's cock with his thumb.

"And this has all just been a cover. I don't believe any of the stuff I spout. I just didn't want anyone to find out. But I'm bi. I'm bi for my king's cock. Don't want a woman. Don't want any women. Just want Daddy. Forever. It's okay to be bi. It's not wrong. No one should be put to death."

"Not even your son?"

Levinson's eyes widen, and for a moment, I think Kincaid may have gone too far. Thankfully, he shakes his head. "My son isn't bisexual. He's a full-on faggot. He deserves far worse than death."

It takes everything I have to maintain my composure.

"Why did you place the hit on him?" Kincaid says.

"How did you know about?—"

His words are silenced with a quick slap to the face. "You don't ask me questions. You speak when I tell you to." A glob of pre-cum oozes down Levinson's shaft. "Why did you order the hit?"

“Because he’s an embarrassment. He’s a freak. A sodomite. I put the hit on him because I want him dead.”

Well, now he’s gone too far. Kincaid must think so too, because he pulls away, removes the strap-on, and tosses it over his shoulder. He looks over at me and nods. “He’s all yours, buddy.” When Kincaid is at my side, he leans in and brings his voice to a whisper. “It’s okay if your little Freakshow changes his mind. The footage we have should be enough leverage to end all this.” He gives me a knowing nod. “We’ll be fine either way, B-man.”

“Where . . . Daddy, where are you going?” he calls out to Kincaid, but he’s already halfway across the room.

“I’m going to get dressed, and I’m going to join the man I love.” He gives me a wink. “Have fun, bro.”

When I hear the bathroom door close behind them, I smile down at my prize. Taking a seat beside him, I place my hand on his knee.

“Who the fuck are you?” the senator asks, his voice shaking.

“I’m your future son-in-law,” I respond, grabbing the gun out of my pocket. “And I think it’s time we get to know each other.”

“What?”

“Freakshow?” I call out over my shoulder.

“What the hell is a freakshow?” Levinson says, his eyes still wide, his cock half-hard. Not wanting Scotty to have to witness the sight of his father in this state, I pull the covers over Levinson’s chest. Behind me, the closet door opens, and Levinson makes

a sound like he's going to be sick.

"Hi, Dad," Scotty says. I don't know what I've been expecting Scotty's reaction to be when he finally came face-to-face with his father, but I didn't think he'd sound so broken. His voice is cracked, and when I look up at him, his eyes are red, like he's been crying. I touch his cheek.

"Are you okay, baby?"

He gives me a quick nod before kneeling in front of the bed, only a few feet from his father. They stare at each other, neither speaking, for what feels like minutes. It's like the entire atmosphere has solidified, and the tension is so thick, even a chainsaw couldn't cut through it.

"Scott," Levinson says. "What are you—why are you here?"

Scotty's got his eyes on the gun in my hand. "I've hated you for so long, Dad. For what you did to me. For what happened to Momma because of you. And now you're out there preaching family values when your family didn't have any value to you. You paid someone to kill me, but I guess the joke's on you." He looks up at me, his eyes teary, but his expression determined. "I wanna do it, Brody."

I shake my head, because I'm not letting him bloody his hands for this son of a bitch. He's already taken so much of Scotty's innocence—I won't let him take even more. "No, baby. No, I promise, you don't."

"Scott," the senator interjects. "Scott, you can't let him do this. I'm your father!"

"You are," Scotty agrees, nodding. "But he's my Daddy."

Leaning in, I gently kiss his lips, pistol-whipping Levinson when he tries to sit up. As

he writhes around the bed in agony, I offer my boy what his father never has. Unconditional love.

When the kiss is over, and the only sound in the room is Levinson's whimpered cries, I nod at my boy. "You don't have to watch this, you know. It's okay if you can't."

He doesn't respond. Scotty just turns to stare at his father and nods, giving me the green light. I make my way onto the bed, hobbling toward the senator on my knees. Once I'm on top of him, I wrap my hands around his throat, and I squeeze.

Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:27 am

Brody's late. I've been waiting for him for over an hour. Sure, I've got a never-ending round of Challenge of Pascurus to play with Fee and Barb, but that's not nearly as fun as what I have in store for Brody. He's going to be even more surprised than when I stole some of Kincaid's sedatives, used them on Brody, and had The Wrath tattooed on his penis, much to his amusement.

"I call upon the Son of Starlight," Barb calls out like a maniac. "Champion of light, here to illuminate the darkest of darkness."

"Motherfuck," Fee says, slamming her cards on the table. "You're lucky I haven't put a bullet in your head yet. How did you even get that card?" She points at me. "The little home-wrecker sleeps with it under his pillow. I know. I've snuck in to steal it before."

"And you got exactly what you deserved because of it," I say, glaring at her.

Fee lifts her hand to flip me off, scowling when she remembers she no longer has the tips of her index or middle fingers anymore. "What kind of monster sleeps with a blade sharp enough to slice through bone under their pillow?"

"I don't judge you for your kinks, don't judge me for mine," I retort with a scowl. "You think I didn't see you yesterday? Spread eagle, flicking your bean?"

"What I do with my clitoris is none of your business."

"You were in the middle of the road," I shout in exasperation. "You made it the whole town's business!"

She just rolls her eyes and stares down at her missing fingertips. “I was across the street in front of that lovely little farmer’s living room window. He was just as into it as I was. So fucking what if I like a little sun on my skin while I masturbate? I’m not the one going around stealing husbands. But you know what? Maybe I should. Maybe I’ll just steal him back.”

I lean in and snarl at her. “Do you want to lose your other eight fingers?”

A gun cocks in the background, and a flurry of bullets rain through the ceiling. When we turn to seek the source, Barb is holding her assault rifle toward the ceiling.

“Now, I’ve had quite enough of that. We don’t behave like this here.”

“We absolutely behave like this here. And I’m not fixing the damn roof,” Fee says. “Between you and the terrorist twink in front of me, we’ve had to patch it four times this week alone. Honest to God, you’re both out of control.”

Barb opens her mouth to speak, but closes it at the sound of Brody’s car drawing closer. The moment I hear his tires driving over the gravel, my heart feels like it’s going to burst through my chest.

Brody’s home.

Brody’s home, and I’m about to take a massive leap of faith. All I can do is hope he’ll catch me once I’m on the other side. I give Fee a nervous glance, but a rare smile splits her face, and she nods.

“Go on then. I’ve already given you my blessing.”

“But you’re sure it isn’t going to make you?—”

“Scott,” she cuts me off, her voice flat. “If you don’t go out there and get him, I’m

putting anthrax in your coffee.”

I rush out the door, happy to see the sight of Daddy exiting the car. He walks around and pops the trunk before leaning against the side of the car and fiddling with his phone. As soon as the trunk flies open, there’s a loud slapping sound.

“I swear to fucking God, if you don’t stop shoving me in here every time you leave, I’m going to call the police, Abi. This is literally kidnapping,” Tatum shouts before hopping out of the trunk. “You know I’m claustrophobic.”

“You’d just run off,” Kincaid says, hoisting himself out of the trunk. I’m not sure how comfortable it could be in there. Kincaid is stacked like a brick house, so it has to be super-close quarters.

“Can you blame me? I have friends and family back home. You can’t just keep me here like a prisoner. It isn’t right.”

Kincaid cocks his head to the side, seeming confused. “You don’t need a family. You have me. I’m your family now.”

“You’re my kidnapper,” Tatum counters before looking to me for support. I lift my hands in surrender, because I’m not getting in the middle of one of their lover’s quarrels again. Not after last time. Tatum’s eyes drift back to Kincaid, watching as he pulls out a small, black pouch. “No. You’re not drugging me again. There’s no need to keep me sedated, you psychopath.”

“But you like it. You’ve said so. Last night you told me there’s nothing you enjoy more than waking up in my arms when the drugs are wearing off.”

Tatum clears his throat. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He cocks his head to the side, exposing his neck. “Fine, you absolute maniac. Let’s do this. Stick me.”

Kincaid eases behind Tatum and rolls his hips. “If you want me to stick you, you’ll have to ask me nicely, and you’ll have to ask me when you’re sober.” He kisses Tatum’s exposed neck. “Ask and it’s yours, sweetheart. My dick belongs to you, remember? That’s what you said earlier, isn’t it?”

Tatum’s eyes bulge, and he looks over at me, shaking his head emphatically. “I have no idea what he’s talking about. I don’t want—ouch! Fuck!” He turns and glares at Kincaid as he pulls the syringe out of his arm. “Was that really necessary?” His legs go wobbly beneath him, and he begins to stumble, but Kincaid catches him before he falls, scooping him up in his arms and carrying him off like a little lapdog. “Put me fucking down, dammit.”

“God, you’re cute,” Kincaid says, slapping Tatum’s ass.

I take in a deep breath and try to square my shoulders. I don’t know if Daddy is going to be mad at me for this or not. He hasn’t seen the suit since we left Texas, so I’m hoping the sight of me all dolled up might ease a bit of his anger.

“Brody?” I whisper.

He peeks up from his phone, and there’s a small spatter of blood on his cheek. It must have been a messy assignment. He’ll probably need to take his leftover anger out on my balls tonight. Ever since they started their own hitman-for-hire agency, he’s been busting them more and more often. I can’t lie, I don’t hate it. Tatum, on the other hand . . . well, he pretends to hate everything, but he’s not fooling me. I see the same unhinged smile in the corner of his mouth every time Kincaid picks him up and carts him away in the middle of a conversation. The way he refuses to let him out of his sight. Hell, last week, I had to go into their cabin to grab a lead pipe to threaten Brody with and, as usual, Tatum was tied to each of the bedposts with Kincaid laying naked on top of him. The smile on my best friend’s face was undeniable. He was kissing Kincaid’s scalp and everything. It was adorbs.

“Freakshow?” he says, looking awestruck. “Why are you dressed like that?” He takes a step forward, but I shake my head and hold up my hand, warning him back. He cocks an eyebrow at me, but I refuse to let him derail what’s taken me weeks to plan. Behind me, the door to Barb’s office opens and both she and Fee join us. Kincaid and Tatum should probably be here too, but last I saw them, Kincaid was carrying him into their shared cabin. He was probably going to handcuff Tatum to the bed again, just to keep him from running. If I didn’t have my own stalker psychopath of a Murder Daddy to cling to, I’d probably be super jealous right now. Doesn’t matter. I’ve got a plan, and I’m not going to waste another minute thinking about stupid Tatum and his stupid one-sided romance. That’s a story best left for another day.

Taking a step forward, I reach into my pocket and pull out a small black box. I know we’ve technically only been dating a little under six months, but I don’t care. The heart wants what it wants.

“Brody Frost,” I start, kneeling down in front of him, wincing in pain as the gravel pokes through my pants. I whimper, and then I whine, because, FUCK, that hurts. I try to hold back my snuffle. Really, I do, but I’m just a delicate, twinkish little thing with an aversion to knee pain.

Brody, red with rage, jerks me up by the elbow. “Be fucking careful,” he growls at me before turning his anger on the offending rocks, kicking the spot where I was just kneeling. “Don’t fucking touch him!”

“Is he threatening the life of a rock?” Barb asks no one in particular.

“I gave up trying to make sense of his madness a while ago. It’s easier if you just roll with it,” Fee answers.

“Can you two please shut the fuck up? I’m trying to do this, and neither of you is helping.” Standing on my toes, I kiss the tip of Brody’s nose. “Brody Frost. I know this is probably going to sound sudden, and you can be mad at me if you want, but I

don't care."

His eyes dip down to the box in my hand, and I think it's finally clicked for him, because his eyes go wide and his mouth hangs open. For a second, I'm worried he'll say no, but I've got a plan for that too, just in case.

"And, listen, Daddy. I know we promised we were going to try to take things slow, but fuck that. I don't wanna go slow."

"Freakshow, I swear to God, if there's a ring in that box?—"

"You'll shoot me in the head. Yes, I know. Now, stop interrupting me, you big bully." Reaching down, I unzip his pants and slide my hand inside, holding his bare penis in my palm, because I kind of just need to feel it to center me. I'm thankful he's chosen to go commando, but, also, I'm kind of not, because my hand isn't all that big, and I'm pretty sure Barb and Fee can see his?—

"Good heavens," Barb says. "It's like a dang tree trunk, ain't it?"

"Who the hell are you telling?" Fee responds, knocking her shoulder against Barb's. "Been there. Rode that."

"I have to say, I don't think I'd mind giving it a test drive."

Breathing in deeply in an effort to push down the urge to threaten Barb's life, I focus my sights on Brody, squeezing his package until he winces.

"Fucking-fuck, Freakshow. What the hell?"

"No," I say, narrowing my eyes and squeezing even harder. "You're gonna marry me, Brody Frost. I'm going to ask for your hand in marriage, you're going to say yes, and then we're going to go into our cabin, and you're going to sit on my cock. Say it."

“Jesus,” he grits out, wincing. “Freakshow, not in front of—they don’t know I’m . . .”

“If you mean us,” Barb interrupts, “Sweety, you ain’t got a thing to hide. Everyone here knows you’re the bottom in the relationship. It’s nothing to be ashamed of. Honestly, it came as a bit of a surprise, but I like it. I think it’s kind of quirky.”

“Say it,” I hiss. “Tell me you’re mine or I’ll squeeze until they burst.”

“I’m yours,” he squeals, sounding like a cartoon character. “Jesus, Scotty, I’ll marry you. I’m yours. Just let go.”

I smile at him, because it feels good to get my way. When I let go of his balls, I bring my hand to my face and lick my palm, just wanting to taste the sweat that’s accumulated on him all day. It’s a bit musky, just the way I like it. Holding my hand over my nose, I inhale deeply, breathing in his Daddy dick.

“You didn’t have to squeeze so fucking hard.”

“You were going to say no if I didn’t.”

He just sighs. “Obviously I wouldn’t, you fucking freak.”

I shake my head, because I know that’s not true. I also know it doesn’t matter. “It’s too soon. You would turn me down unless I threatened your life.” I look up at him and waggle my eyebrows. “Too late. You said yes. Everyone heard.”

Before I can react, he’s got his arms around my back, and he’s lifting me up. I squeak a little when he shoves me against the car, resting me on top of the hood. “Is that what you think? That I’d turn you down?”

I shrug. “I mean, probably. You’re notoriously problematic when it comes to matters of the heart.”

He reaches up, touching my chest with the tip of his finger, drawing circles in the fabric of my suit. “This heart? Baby, this is the most precious heart in the world. You don’t ever have to worry about it again. I plan on taking care of it for the rest of my life.”

“You do?”

He nods and reaches for his pocket. Releasing the grip he has on me, he holds up a finger, asking me for a moment. At first, I’m scared he’s going to run. He doesn’t though. He just walks to the car’s back door and opens it. When he pulls out a box, I cock an eyebrow at him, because the thing is huge.

“You brought me treats and trinkets?”

He glares at me. “That’s the gayest fucking thing I’ve ever heard.” A smile cracks his face. “And I love you for it.” He peeks inside the small slit at the top of the box before nervously darting his eyes between its contents and me. “I have two gifts for you.”

“Brody,” I whine, because what did I ever do to deserve all this? “You didn’t have to get me anything.”

He shakes his head, patting the side of the box. “I made a promise to you, baby. The night I came to your house after the bar and tried to choke you to death.”

“The night he what now?” Barb says, but no one pays her any mind.

“What’s in this box won’t bring her back, freak, but it might bring you peace.”

My heart slams in my chest, because I think I know what’s in there. “You did it?”

He smiles sheepishly, like he’s worried I’m going to be mad at him. I’m not. I could

never. He opens the box's flaps and stares down at its contents. "I'm going to warn you—this isn't a pretty sight. Decapitations never are."

"Brody," I say, trying to hide my sob and failing miserably.

"I swear to God, Freakshow. It was agony. They said he begged for his life for half an hour." A growl crawls up his throat as his hand forms a fist. Without warning, Brody rears his arm back and smashes it inside the box. There's a cracking sound, and I worry Daddy's just broken his fingers, but he pulls back his arm and punches into it again.

"Daddy, you don't have to?—"

"Fucking son of a bitch," he shouts, and I tremble because I'm worried he's yelling at me. He's not though. Why do I keep doubting him? Brody would never hurt me. He loves me just as much as I love him. He's just as fucking insane as I am, and I don't think that's ever going to change. I watch as he punches what I can only assume is the head of the man who killed Momma. "You don't get to hurt him." He punches the man's head again. "You don't get to look at him." Another punch. "And don't you fucking ever touch him!"

I'm not sure how a decapitated head is expected to touch me, but I love Daddy for defending my honor. He punches the head a few more times, and when he pulls his hand away, it's covered in blood. He jerks his head in my direction, his eyes narrowed into slits, chest rising and falling heavily as he palms his half-hard cock through his pants. "Wanna put this motherfucker's head into the wood chipper, out back?"

I nod as tears fall down my cheek. "Thank you." It almost feels like she's with us right now. In the distance, where the sky meets the sea, Momma's smiling down at me. "I love you so much, Brody."

He snuffles and looks away, wiping his cheek against his shirtsleeve before pulling it over his head and using it to wrap his bleeding hand, leaving me with a luscious sight of brown chest hair and muscles as strong as steel. He lifts his leg and brings his foot crashing down on the box. There's a crunch, and a pop. Good. I hope it's his eye popping out of its socket. Maybe I'll ask Daddy to stick it inside a mason jar with formaldehyde and let me keep it as a souvenir.

"He doesn't get to hurt you anymore. He doesn't get to hurt anyone." Marching forward, he slams his lips on top of mine with enough force to make me see stars. His tongue touches every inch of my mouth, and my cock hardens. When he breaks the kiss, he stares at me with an intensity that almost makes me nervous.

"What's wrong?"

"I just can't believe you thought I'd turn you down. You're my goddamn world, Scotty." He reaches his unbandaged hand into his pocket and pulls his hand out a small box of his own. When he opens the box, there are two small white pills inside. I'm a little surprised, because I kind of thought there might be a ring in there, but that's okay. I don't need a ring, there are two inside my box already.

"What are those?" I ask, pointing at the pills.

He smirks at me. "Arsenic. And I swear to fucking God, Freakshow, if you even think of leaving me at the altar, I'll shove one in your mouth and one in mine. You fucking hear me? I'm not playing with you. You're gonna fucking marry me, or I'm gonna fucking kill you and everyone you love."

"Yes!" I say, lunging forward and smashing my lips against his. "Yes, Brody. Marry me. Fuck me. Kill me, I don't give a shit, Daddy. Just . . . yes. Yes to all of it."

He chuckles softly, bringing his mouth to my ears, speaking words that are only meant to me. "You know I'd never actually kill you, right, babe?"

I nod. “It’s just our little game of Murder Daddy. You won’t stop playing it once we’re married, will you? Because it’s probably my favorite thing ever.” Pulling away, I force a mean expression. “You will continue to threaten my life, or I’ll shove my entire fist up your ass when we go inside. Understood?”

He grinds his growing bulge against my thigh and growls. “Gonna kill you so fucking hard, baby.”

I bite my bottom lip and try to hold back my smile. “Promises, promises, Daddy.”

The End