



# Getting Hitched (Fitting In Book 5)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Jack, Gray, and Mason's wedding day is approaching fast, and the universe seems to be conspiring to suck the joy out of the event.

Gray's on an impossible case, everyone's nerves are on edge, and the August heat is even worse than expected.

Can the perfect gift, some time in bed, and, most importantly, the deep love they feel for each other help them survive until the day when they finally get hitched?

**Total Pages (Source):** 6

## Page 1

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“Bend over now!”

Jack and Mason flopped onto the bed, laughing.

“Dammit! You’re really asking for it.” Gray swatted each of their asses in turn.

“Don’t you want to take our pants off?” Jack teased.

Both men shook their asses at him.

Bastards. For the last hour, they’d been keeping him from getting what he wanted by going over plans for their commitment ceremony, plans they’d already been over a dozen times, plans he was getting more and more fed up with. “I want you both standing at the end of the bed now.”

They obeyed instantly, and Gray grabbed the waistband of Jack’s tiny red shorts and yanked. “These little things barely count as pants.”

Jack shimmied out of them and was left in nothing but a red jock with mesh straps identical to the side panels of his shorts.

Gray spanked him again. “That’s for having a fucking matching jock on.”

Both men giggled.

“What does that even mean?” Jack asked.

“I don’t know, but it fucking irritates me.”

“Everything irritates you today,” Mason said.

Gray jerked Mason’s shorts down. His jock was a white, serviceable one, like he’d actually been jogging or something. He slapped Mason’s ass just as hard as he had Jack’s.

“Hey! Mine doesn’t match.”

Gray’s only answer was to spank him again.

Mason squealed, which made Gray smile as he pushed Mason’s shorts farther down his legs. “Get rid of those.”

Mason obeyed.

“Have we been bad, sir?” Jack cooed.

Gray glared at Jack. “Don’t push me.”

Jack arched his back deeply, deliberately showing off. “Do you need to punish us?”

He did. Badly.

He laid a hand on each of their asses, squeezing and letting his fingers sink into their flesh. Mason closed his eyes and purred as Jack gave Gray a cheeky stare. He loved how predictable they were in bed. He needed predictability now, and he needed to take out his frustration on their asses.

He took a step back, wanting to be sure they were both okay with that. “I’m pissed

off about all this shit for the ceremony, and I've had a hell of a day at work. I need to hear you both cry out while I spank you, but if you?—"

"Please," Mason begged.

Jack gave him a tender smile. "Gray, we're here to give you what you need."

"But I?—"

Jack shook his head. "If we didn't think we'd enjoy it, we'd say so."

"Mmmhmm," Mason said.

"Mason, look at me."

He opened his eyes and gave a dreamy smile.

"Tell me what you want."

"I want you to spank me, and I want it to hurt."

Gray sucked in his breath. Sometimes he couldn't believe how lucky he was. These beautiful men loved him. They wanted the same things he wanted, and in a week and a half they were going to make a public commitment to him.

"Gray?" Jack looked worried.

"I'm fine. I'm just contemplating exactly what I want to do to you."

Jack wiggled his ass. "I thought you were already doing it."

He spanked Jack hard enough to make him yelp.

“Bend over the mattress and stretch your arms up. Keep your heads turned so you can watch each other.”

“Yes, sir,” they said, bending at the waist in almost perfect unison.

“Sir?”

“Yes, Mason?”

“Can we... Could we...”

“You’re allowed to ask for what you want, then I’ll do as I wish.”

“Oooh, you are in a mood tonight,” Jack said.

Gray gave his ass two hard smacks one right after the other.

The bastard just sighed.

“Can Jack and I hold hands?” Mason asked.

“You want to hold on to Jack while I spank you?”

Mason nodded. “Yes, sir, and I want you to go hard on me.”

“Are you sure about that? I’m in ‘a mood’ as Jack said.”

“I’m sure. I think I’m in ‘a mood’ too, just a different one.”

Mason had taken on the bulk of the planning for their ceremony and reception. Gray's and Jack's work schedules had been insane for the last few weeks, as if every criminal in town decided the dog days of August were the best time ever to commit a crime. Mason was probably desperate for some stress relief.

"I like that idea. Hold Jack's hand and keep the other one above your head. You can hold on to the comforter if you need to."

"Yes, sir."

They clasped their hands together. Mason smiled at Jack, and Jack blew him a kiss.

The way Jack was acting, he was the one who deserved the hardest blows, not Mason. But Gray had the impression Jack wasn't in a particularly submissive mood, and Gray was okay with that. He only intended to redden their asses a bit before fucking them. He'd warm Jack up and see where things went. Maybe he'd have Jack help him give Mason what he needed.

Without warning, Gray slapped Mason's ass. Mason gasped and pushed back, arching his back more deeply. He didn't need any warm-up, not in the mood he was in. Knowing how badly he wanted more, Gray ignored him and worked on Jack, until Jack's ass was nicely red and his breathing ragged. Then he shifted back to Mason, spanking him with one hand and then the other with no breather in between. He didn't stop until Mason was panting and sweat rolled down his face. Mason was gripping Jack's hand so hard, it had to hurt, but Jack didn't seem to register the pain; he kept his gaze on Mason as he worked his hips against the mattress, trying to get friction on his cock.

Crack!

Gray brought his hand down on Jack once more. "Stop that if you want to come

tonight. Nothing touches your dick until I'm ready for it."

"Yes...sir." Jack struggled to get the words out, but Gray suspected he was more wound up from watching Mason than from anything Gray had done to his ass.

Gray turned his attention back to Mason for a few moments, then alternated blows between them until they were clinging to each other and seeming to simultaneously squirm away and beg for more. Fuck, they were beautiful.

He switched his concentration to Mason again, testing him by cracking his hand harder and harder on the same spot. Mason's legs shook, but he stayed in position. His eyes were glazed, and Gray wondered if he even saw Jack watching him anymore. His thigh muscles were tight and tense, but his upper body was relaxed, sunk into the mattress. He was moving deeper into subspace.

Gray caught Jack's gaze and tilted his head toward Mason. "Do you want to help me work him over?"

Jack nodded frantically.

"Then get up."

Jack scrambled up and stood at attention.

Gray looked him up and down. "If you do a good job, I'll let you fuck him."

"Yes, please, sir," Jack begged.

Gray focused on Mason again. "I want to use the crop on you. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir."

He tilted his head toward the cabinet, telling Jack to get the crop.

Jack returned with the implement. Gray took it and immediately whacked Mason's ass, making him jump.

"Jack, bring a spreader bar."

"I can stay still, sir," Mason said.

Gray caressed his reddened flesh. "I'm sure you could if I asked you to, but I want to whip your thighs too, and this will keep you safer."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Good boy. Now spread your legs." Gray tapped Mason's ankle with his foot, and Mason moved, opening almost the perfect distance for Jack to strap the spreader bar around his ankles.

Gray laid a hand on Mason's ass, enjoying the heat rising off him. "You're going to take everything Jack and I want to give you, aren't you, boy?"

"Yes, sir. I want to please you, sir."

Gray smiled as love for Mason warmed him. "I know you do."

He moved to Mason's right side, and gestured to Jack to stand on the left.

"Let's see if we can make him scream," Gray said.

They went at Mason's ass and thighs simultaneously. Jack spanked him, and Gray whipped him with the crop. After a few moments, they switched sides to even out the



torment, but even that respite only lasted a few seconds.

When Gray finally signaled for Jack to stop, Mason's back was slick with sweat, his breathing harsh and shallow.

"Would you like more? Answer truthfully."

"Yes, sir."

Gray studied Mason. He didn't want to push him much further. Mason seemed so far under that he wouldn't be aware just how much it hurt until later. Gray didn't want him to regret asking for more, and he would never risk truly damaging him. "You'll get ten more strokes of the crop, and I expect you to count them."

"Yes, sir."

"Hold his hands," Gray said to Jack.

Jack climbed on the bed, took hold of Mason's wrists, and stretched his arms over his head.

Gray slapped the crop against the back of Mason's right thigh. The harshness of the blow must have shocked Mason. He rose up on tiptoe.

"Count," Gray demanded.

"O-one."

He hit Mason's other thigh.

"Two."

Gray rubbed his sore flesh. “Breathe.”

Mason did. In and out.

Slap.

“T-three.”

Slap.

“Four.”

Gray shifted attention to his ass, giving him two blows, one right after the other.

Mason writhed, but he didn’t say a word.

“Did you lose count?”

He shivered. “I’m sorry, sir.”

“Two extra for that. Jack, tell him the count.”

“That was five and six.” Jack’s voice shook. He was spellbound by Mason’s submission.

“Five. Six,” Mason said.

“Do you remember your safe word?” Gray asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good.” He cropped Mason’s thigh.

“S-seven.”

“That’s good, boy.”

Crack!

“Eight.”

Gray gave him the last four in a hard rush.

Mason fought to suck in air. Gray wasn’t sure if Mason could catch his breath to count.

“Nine-ten-eleven-twelve.”

Gray smiled at the slurred numbers and laid a hand on Mason’s back. “Very good, boy.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Get him some water,” Gray said to Jack as he bent to unstrap the spreader bar. He massaged Mason’s ankles after moving it away, then helped him climb onto the bed and lie on his side.

“Take slow sips,” Jack said when he returned.

Mason nodded as he took the cup of water. His gaze was fixed on Jack’s cock, which jutted out in front of him, dripping precum.

“You want him to fuck you, Mason? It’s going to hurt your poor ass.”

“Y-yes, sir. I do. Please, I want...”

“Tell me what you want.”

“I want to be on my back so my ass rubs on the bed while he fucks me.”

Goddamn, Mason was too fucking hot. “Get in position now.”

When Mason rolled over, he gasped.

Gray wondered if he should’ve denied Mason’s request, but more friction on his ass wouldn’t actually hurt him.

“I’m going to give you one chance to change your mind and get on hands and knees.”

Mason shook his head. “No, please, sir, I?—”

Gray nodded. “Then you’ll stay like that.” He turned to Jack. “He’s all yours.”

“Yes, sir.” Jack saluted him.

“That sass is going to get you in trouble.”

Jack just grinned as he reached for the lube and slicked his cock.

Gray was already contemplating how he would punish Jack later in the week. He had some wicked scenarios in mind.

“I want you open and ready,” Jack said as he settled between Mason’s legs.

Mason grabbed his knees and pulled his legs onto his chest. His eyes were wide, and he held his bottom lip in his teeth.

“Fuck, you look hot like that,” Jack said. “With your ass flaming red and your hole exposed and ready for me.”

Mason moaned.

“I bet it hurts like hell, the sheets rubbing your ass.”

Mason nodded.

“You like how it hurts, boy?” Gray asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, because once Jack’s buried inside you, I’m going to fill his ass, so things are going to get rough.”

“Oh, fuck.” Mason gasped out the words.

“I’ll drive into him, and the force will push you along the bed, dragging your ass over the mattress.”

Mason whimpered, and Gray gave him an evil chuckle.

“Get on with it,” Gray said, slapping Jack’s ass.

Jack pressed forward. Mason stiffened, gripping his legs so hard, Gray wondered if there would be marks on them.

“Breathe, Mason,” Jack said as he kept moving, pushing forward slowly.

Mason looked up at him, mouth hanging open, eyes glazed.

“Work his cock,” Gray ordered. “Help him relax.”

Jack wrapped a hand around Mason’s shaft and worked him with slow, deliberate strokes.

Mason closed his eyes and dropped his head back.

“That’s it,” Jack said. “You’re doing so good.”

Gray shucked his sweats and started jerking his own cock. He wasn’t going to wait much longer to be buried in Jack’s ass.

“Give him more,” he ordered.

Jack pulled back and then thrust, driving deeper. Mason writhed under him.

“More,” Gray said.

Jack drove in hard, seating himself fully.

Mason cried out.

“You can take it,” Gray told him.

“Yes! Yes, sir!”

“Fuck him, Jack. He doesn’t want any mercy tonight.”

“Yes, sir!” Jack took Mason fast and hard, and Mason clung to him, begging, panting, spouting nonsense.

Gray grabbed the lube. He was so horny, his hands were clumsy, and he couldn’t get his cock ready fast enough. Finally he took hold of Jack’s hips, forcing him to hold still as he drove all the way into him in one powerful stroke.

After only a few rough thrusts that shoved Jack and Mason along the bed as promised, Gray knew he wasn’t going to last long. He worked himself in and out, pushing Jack into Mason as if he was fucking them both.

“So good!”

“Yes!” Jack shouted.

“More, please. Need this. Need you,” Mason said.

“Come for me, Mason,” Gray demanded.

Mason cried out as Jack worked his cock and Gray changed his angle so he was hitting Jack’s prostate.

“Please,” Jack begged. “Can’t. Please.”

“Come,” Gray ordered.

Jack did, and Gray followed quickly. When they were all spent, Gray collapsed on top of his lovers.

“Wow!” Jack said.

Gray nodded even though Jack couldn't see him. "Mason, you okay?"

"Yes, sir, but I'd like to turn over. Please."

"Shit." Gray pulled out, and then Jack did too.

"Roll over on your stomach," he ordered Mason.

His ass was bright red, and the welts were raised more than they'd been.

Gray laid a hand on Mason's leg well below where he'd whipped him.

"I'm going to get some salve for you. Do you need anything else?"

"No, sir." The words sounded far away, dreamy. He still needed time to come back to himself.

"Stay with him."

"I will." Jack bent and kissed Mason's forehead.

"Love you," Mason mumbled.

Gray smiled as he walked to the cabinet to get the healing salve for Mason's ass and thighs. Even with good aftercare, Mason was going to be feeling that for a while. Good thing his work didn't require him to sit all day.

A while later, Mason lay on his side on the couch. Jack sat on the end with Mason's feet in his lap, and Gray sat in a recliner across from them.

"It's too bad we'll never plan another commitment ceremony after this," Mason said.



Gray sputtered, nearly choking on his whiskey. “What?”

“We can host big parties, though, maybe a Christmas one.”

“What the hell?” Gray almost pinched himself to see if he’d fallen asleep after sex.

Jack grinned. “If tonight is an example of what happens when you’re stressed out by planning, we need to do more of it.”

“Mmmhmm,” Mason agreed, his mouth full of the sandwich Gray insisted he eat.

Gray glared at them. “That’s cruel.”

Mason snickered, and Jack outright laughed. Then Jack said, “You’ve been so wonderfully impossible.”

“And you’ve been begging for an ass redder than his”—Gray gestured at Mason—“all night.”

“Maybe that’s because I like you like this.”

Gray huffed. “Tired. Pissed off. Regretting I ever brought up this ceremony idea?”

“Are you really?” Mason asked.

“Fuck, no.” He was, truthfully, really damn happy. “But I don’t need any of this party nonsense. I just want to make our relationship formal, not get all our friends liquored up and have to mingle with them.”

Jack rolled his eyes.

“Do you really not want our friends there?” Why did Mason always have to ask the pointed questions that forced Gray to relax his bluster?

“No, it’s just...” What could he say that didn’t make him sound terrible?

Jack frowned. “Gray, if you really?—”

“It’s fine. I didn’t want a big fuss, but you do, and some of our friends do, and I get it, okay? We’ve only invited people who’ve had our backs through my promotion, Jack getting shot, us all coming out. These people care about us, and we care about them. So if I have to put up with a party to please them, then I will.”

“Good, because all of them want to be part of this moment,” Jack said.

Mason nodded. “I know it’s been a lot of work, more than any of us realized it would be, but if we can make it through the next week and a half and get everything done, I think we’re all going to have fun.”

Jack grinned. “We will.”

“You two will, at least.” Gray was mostly joking. He might not enjoy it as much as them, but he would still have fun.

“Graaaay,” Jack scolded. “You know you’re going to enjoy our big day even if you won’t admit it.”

“He’s so not going to admit it,” Mason added.

Gray scowled. “I give you both what you need, and this is the thanks I get?”

“I’ll give you some thanks,” Jack said. He lifted Mason’s legs so he could slide to the

floor. Then he crawled slowly toward Gray.

Gray waved him away. “Sit back down. We’re all tired, and I don’t need that now.”

Jack’s mouth dropped open in a parody of shock, and Mason snorted.

“You know what I mean. Jesus! Are you two going to be like this until the ceremony?”

Jack shook his head dramatically. “No, sir.”

“Of course not. We would never do that,” Mason added.

“Right,” Gray said. “When we take our honeymoon later this fall, I’ll have you two at my mercy for a whole week. I will get my revenge. ”

Mason grinned. “I sure hope so.”

Gray turned to Jack. “You are a bad influence.”

Jack dismissed his comment with a wave. “I’m wonderful, and so are you two. I can’t wait to stand in front of all our friends and say how much I love you. It will be beautiful.”

Gray couldn’t help but smile. “Yeah, it will be.” Especially if he actually managed to say the vows he’d written without choking up.

## Page 2

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When Gray lifted his coffee cup to his lips, he realized it was empty.

“Fuck.”

“What’s wrong?” Eliza Sanchez, another junior detective from Major Crimes, frowned at him as she rubbed her eyes.

“Were you asleep?” Gray asked.

“No. Yes. Shit, I’m sorry.”

Gray shrugged. “One of us may as well sleep while the other watches, since this bust seems to have gone to shit.”

He popped the lid off his coffee cup as if that might make some appear. Nope. Still not a drop.

“Out of coffee?” Sanchez asked.

Gray nodded.

“Why don’t you go get some? If they haven’t shown by now, what’s the chance they will?”

Gray contemplated that. They’d gotten information that Williams, a man who dealt in drugs, arms, and easy cash, was meeting a supplier at a downtown warehouse. The exchange was supposed to happen at midnight, but it was two o’clock and there

hadn't been so much as a rat stirring anywhere near them. Either they'd been misinformed, or the parties involved had gotten word about the bust. The chance of anyone showing was getting lower by the minute. Soon it would be time for all good little crime lords to be in bed.

Still, he shouldn't leave his post, not when, despite the odds, there was a chance something would go down. They had someone watching the dealer's house, but all indications were that no one was at home, not his wife or kids or his cousin who lived with him. And no one at the hotel where he brought his high-end prostitutes had seen him. While there were plenty of explanations for his absence, something felt off. Gray hadn't come up with any decent theories yet. Probably Williams had just gotten wind of the surveillance and was lying low.

Or maybe the asshole had skipped town for a while. His disappearance might have nothing to do with the police. Maybe Williams had crossed one of his suppliers or fucked over someone else in his criminal empire.

But usually Gray or another detective in Major Crimes would've heard something about a move that big.

He glanced down the street toward the twenty-four-hour convenience store, then back at Sanchez. "You sure you're good on your own for a few minutes?"

She nodded. "Yes. Just bring me a cup too, the largest they have."

They'd parked tucked into the shadows in an alley across the street from the warehouse. In case anyone was lurking and hadn't seen them yet, Gray eased the car door shut, trying not to make a sound. Then he moved toward the street, tense and alert. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

That's when he saw them, men in black, exiting the far side of the warehouse,

carrying crates.

The officers watching that side of the building jumped out of their car. “Stop! Police!”

Gray radioed Sanchez. The four men dropped the crates, and their hands shot into the air. None of them seemed to be going for a weapon.

But Gray kept his gun out, trained on them. “Step away from the crates.”

They did as he said.

“Where’s Williams?”

“Who?” one of the men asked.

“I don’t know any Williams,” another said.

The others didn’t speak at all.

“What’s in the crates?” Sanchez asked.

“Food for the shelter.”

“What shelter?”

“Ark Ministries.”

“You’re telling me you’re sneaking around in the dark, loading up crates of food for a homeless shelter.”

The first man who'd spoken nodded. "That's right."

Gray looked at Sanchez. She shrugged.

"Let's see," Gray said.

"Do you have a warrant?" the second man asked, stepping forward in challenge.

The first man laid a hand on his arm. "Just let them look. We've got nothing to hide."

The man mumbled something uncomplimentary about cops under his breath, but he stepped back as Gray popped the crate open and lifted the lid. "See?" he said. "Nothing in there but cans of soup."

Gray picked up several cans and examined them. They were sealed as far as he could tell. No signs of tampering.

The men opened the other crates. All of them appeared to be filled with staples: canned vegetables, boxed dinners, powdered milk. Nothing looked amiss, but he was sure something was wrong. There was no reason they'd be loading up these supplies in the middle of the night.

"Everything looks to be in order, but I'd like you to wait here while I make a phone call," he said.

"Look, they're expecting us at the shelter. You don't have any reason to keep us here. There's no law against moving food, is there?"

"No, sir. There's not." He really couldn't hold them. The police suspected that the warehouse, owned by one of Williams' companies, was a front, but they had no concrete evidence he was using it for illegal purposes.

“Why were the supplies here?” Sanchez asked.

“The guy who owns the warehouse donated them.”

“But he couldn’t bring them to the shelter?”

“Look, nobody told us the details. They’re paying us to load them; that’s all.”

That was the first thing Gray had heard all night that sounded right. He looked up the number of the shelter and dialed it. He had to work through a phone tree until he got someone on the emergency line.

“This is Detective Sadler with the Durham Police Department.”

“How can I help you, sir?” the man asked.

“Are you expecting any deliveries tonight?”

“Yes, sir. We’ve got a shipment of food, a large donation that should have been here already. Is there a problem, sir?”

“No, it just struck us as unusual when we saw the truck being loaded, so we had a chat with the men who are loading the supplies.”

“We were supposed to collect them earlier, but we had a power failure this afternoon. We had to purchase some fans and coolers to keep the perishables, and we got behind schedule.”

“I see,” Gray said. “Thank you for your assistance.”

“You’re welcome, Detective. Have a good night.”



“You too.” Gray slid his phone back into its holster.

“Carry on, gentlemen.” He waved toward the waiting truck.

“Are we done here?” one of the officers asked.

“Apparently we are.”

“Shit,” Sanchez said. “I don’t like this.”

“Yeah, me either.”

They stood there for several seconds, watching the men load the rest of the crates into the truck.

Gray tried the number he had for his informant, but he got nothing. Sanchez checked in with the officers watching Williams’ house and favorite hotel. Still nothing there.

“Let’s go home,” Sanchez said.

As they turned into the alley, something came at Gray with a screech. He jumped back, going for his gun. His foot hit some muck. He slipped and down he went, landing on his ass in something that smelled like rotten fish and wet dog. He sat up quickly, looking everywhere for his assailant, but he didn’t see a damn thing.

Wait. What was that? A shadow streaked between two buildings across the street and disappeared.

That’s when he realized Sanchez was laughing, not just a chuckle, but a full-on, near-hysterics crack-up.

“What the fuck?”

“A cat,” she said. “A goddamned cat. Not even a big one, just a cute little orange guy.”

As soon as she said it, Gray realized he had two long scratches on his arm. But the shadow he’d seen hadn’t been a cat.

“Was someone with him?”

“Yeah, he brought his valet.”

Gray flipped Sanchez off. “I saw someone or something larger than a cat over there.” He pointed across the street.

“Maybe he was meeting up with a tiger gang.”

Gray scowled at her. “Seriously, did you see anyone lurking around?”

Sanchez shook her head. “Probably just someone who lives in the neighborhood. Might’ve even been out looking for the cat.”

Gray nodded. He was literally jumping at shadows. As he walked to the car, the full extent of his predicament hit him. He was soaking wet from the waist down and smelled like the juice at the bottom of a Dumpster.

“I can’t tell you how glad I am this is your car not mine,” Sanchez said as Gray settled behind the wheel.

“Thank God I’m taking tomorrow off.” He’d promised Jack and Mason he’d help them get ready for the wedding. Now, it would be a miracle if he could stay awake.

She laughed. “Yeah. By the time we get through at the station, no one’s going to want to see you for a while.”

Gray didn’t respond. He was too busy trying not to breathe.

Gray slammed the door behind him and grimaced. He’d hoped that as he dried he wouldn’t smell quite so strongly. If anything, it was getting worse.

“Ew, what’s that sme—” Jack rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw Gray. “Wow, what happened?”

Jack’s expression was an absurd combination of disgust and amusement.

“I want a shower, a whiskey, and enough pancakes to put me in a food coma for the rest of the day.”

“I’ll get the story out of you after you’re clean. Considering the circumstances, I won’t even question the need for alcohol at dawn

Mason walked into the kitchen then retreated a few steps. “Damn. You do look like you need a drink. I’m just glad you don’t want anything that involves us touching you. I could smell you all the way down the hall.”

Gray glared at Mason. “I haven’t slept in over twenty-four hours. I’m covered in God-knows-what from a downtown alley. I’ve been scratched by a cat, and the bust was a goatfuck. You do not want to piss me off right now.”

“No, sir, we don’t,” Jack said.

Mason was still standing in the doorway between the kitchen and the hall.

“Move. I need a shower.”

Mason looked like he was trying not to laugh, the bastard.

“Wait,” Jack said. He opened the cabinet under the sink, extracted a garbage bag, and held it out to Gray. “For the clothes. Maybe you should just take them off here.”

He was probably right. Gray didn’t want to risk getting this muck on anything else. He stripped off, shoved the clothes into the bag, and yanked it closed. “Burn them,” he ordered.

Jack grimaced. “That might smell even worse. I’ll take them to the Dumpster at the park.”

“Good idea,” Mason said.

“Whatever. As long as they disappear and I can’t smell them again,” Gray said as he moved past Mason and headed to the bathroom.

It took several minutes of standing under a scorching-hot shower before he started to feel human again. He scrubbed himself vigorously, except for his scratched arm. If he ever decided to leave the warm, soothing spray, he’d treat it with some antibacterial ointment.

Eventually, his stomach demanded he acquire food. So he shut off the shower, dried himself, and dressed in loose shorts and a t-shirt. It was too hot for anything else. The afternoon high the day before had been near one hundred. Even now it was in the upper eighties. The air conditioning couldn’t keep up.

He hoped to God it wouldn’t be this hot on Saturday when they had their ceremony. What the hell were they thinking holding it in August? They’d be wearing suits, for

God's sake. They'd originally intended to have it in June, but planning things that fast turned out to be unrealistic. Gray had pushed for fall, but Jack and Mason begged him to have it as soon as possible, and he couldn't say no to them.

Mason and Jack were seated at the kitchen table with cups of coffee. The bag of putrid clothes was gone, and the floor was clean. Everything smelled like lemons.

"Thank you for cleaning up."

"You're welcome," Jack said. "Look on the counter."

A bottle of whiskey sat next to the coffee pot, along with a mug and a plate with a cinnamon roll and two sausage patties.

"It's not pancakes, but we were supposed to go to brunch in a few hours."

"Oh, fuck." Gray had forgotten they were going out with Henry, a kid Jack had mentored while he was at a local youth shelter, and Andy, the shelter director. It had been far too long since Gray had seen them, though Jack had kept him up-to-date on how Henry was doing with classes and work, and he knew the shelter had received a grant to fund an expansion.

"You don't have to come," Jack said. "They'll understand."

"No." Gray joined them at the table with his doctored coffee and his plate. "I'll come."

Mason frowned at him. "You should sleep."

"I think at this point I'd be better off if I just stay up until tonight, or at least until early afternoon when I can take a nap at a reasonable time. Otherwise my sleep

patterns will just stay fucked.”

“What if you get called in tonight?” Jack asked.

“Don’t jinx me,” Gray said.

Mason and Jack talked, as he focused on his food, trying not to eat like a wild animal. He always woke up hungry, but when he didn’t sleep at all, he was twice as ravenous. He felt like he’d missed several meals during the night. The bear claw he’d gotten with his coffee last night was a distant memory. He took a sip of coffee and sighed.

“Good?” Mason asked.

He nodded.

Mason and Jack were both smiling at him, patronizing him more like.

“Did either of you stay up all night waiting for a drug sale only to find some men loading crates of food for a homeless shelter? No? Then don’t judge.”

Mason’s mouth dropped open.

“Oh my God!” Jack said. “Are you serious?”

Gray nodded. “Fucking right I am.”

They were both pressing their lips together, clearly trying not to laugh.

“Don’t do it.”

Gray’s annoyance seemed to be the tipping point. They both ended up facedown on

the table cracking up.

“How?” Mason asked when the laughter died down.

“How did we get things so fucking wrong?”

Mason nodded.

“If I get a hold of my misinformant, I intend to find that out.”

“I can only imagine how pissed off you were,” Jack said.

Gray growled. “I don’t want to talk about it anymore. Just let me eat.”

Jack stood and kissed the top of Gray’s head. More patronizing, not that Gray really minded it.

“I’ll leave you alone. I need to make a few last calls about things for the ceremony.”

“Thanks,” Gray said.

Mason stood too. “I’ll call Maria. She wanted me to check in with her about catering.”

Their friend Toby’s oldest sister, Maria, ran a catering business. She’d gotten very excited when Toby had told her about their ceremony. She insisted on catering it and even found them the perfect location, a farm just outside town, with a renovated—and air-conditioned—barn and a beautiful outdoor gathering space. She wasn’t charging them nearly enough, but they planned to tip her extravagantly.

Gray had a feeling she was hoping the ceremony would encourage Toby and his

lovers, Matt and Bryce, to do the same. Gray didn't think his friends were ready for that kind of commitment, but he was thrilled they were still together and seemed to have figured out a relationship dynamic that worked for them.

Jack and Mason headed into the living room, and Gray took another few sips of coffee. He had food and quiet and the best boyfriends. Maybe he could just close his eyes for a few seconds and enjoy how good all that felt.

No! He blinked and sat up. He couldn't eat with his eyes closed. Not easily, anyway. He took another bite of cinnamon roll, polished off one of the sausage patties, and drank a little more coffee. He reached for his fork, but it slipped from his hand. He could rest just a few more minutes. Then he'd be able to hold a fork better. He let his eyes drift closed. That's it. Just a few seconds to rest his eyes.

"Gray! Gray!"

"Wh-what?" He sat up. Where was he? Why was he... Shit! He'd put his head down on the table. At least he hadn't put his face in his plate or spilled his coffee, although that might've woken him up.

"Let us put you to bed," Mason said.

"No, I should?—"

"Go to bed," Jack said.

Gray frowned at him. "You've been very topky this week." He sounded petulant, but he was too tired to care.

"Maybe that's my way of dealing with all this pre-wedding stress."



“If it’s too much, then?—”

“It’s not too much. What are you complaining for, anyway? Are you feeling the need to assert your dominance over me?”

Gray sniffed. “Maybe. Not that I really mind you like this. But your topsey phases don’t usually last this long.”

Jack smiled. “Maybe it won’t last much longer. I’m feeling the need for a nice long punishment session.”

Jack’s words had Gray’s cock waking up, even though the rest of him was still half asleep.

“Something like we gave Mason last week?”

Mason got a dreamy look on his face and rubbed his ass.

“Still sore?” Gray asked.

“No, it’s faded, but damn, that was hot.”

“Yes, it was,” Gray agreed. “How long before brunch?”

“Not long enough,” Jack said. “And you need sleep.”

“Fine, but tell Henry and Andy I’m sorry.”

“We will,” Mason said.

Jack smiled. “I assume we can’t tell them the details.”

“No, you may not.”

Jack snickered. “Fine, even though they’d love the story. Come on.” He tugged on Gray’s arm. “Let’s get you to bed.”

Gray let them guide him to the bedroom like he was an invalid. They tucked him in under a cool, clean sheet. Mason even set a glass of water on the nightstand. As they left, Jack turned on the noise machine they used to block out daytime sounds when they worked nights.

By the time the bedroom door clicked shut, Gray was mostly asleep again, aware only of the sound of ocean waves coming from the machine.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:38 am*

When Gray woke, he blinked at the strong sun shining in the window. What time was it? He grabbed his phone from the nightstand. Two o'clock? It was light out. Fuck. Was it two in the afternoon?

Then he remembered staggering home, soaked in alley muck after a useless stakeout. Had he really fallen asleep at the table?

“Jack? Mason?” he called. No response. Shouldn't they be back from brunch by now? He listened carefully, but he didn't hear anyone moving around the house. Then he saw he had a text from Jack.

Running errands. Back in a few hours. The time stamp said one o'clock.

Gray stretched and forced himself to get out of bed. If he slept any more, he'd end up on a completely nocturnal schedule. He used the bathroom, then got his laptop and sat on the couch. Now, while he was alone, was the perfect time to order Jack and Mason a very nontraditional wedding present. At least it was something he knew they'd like.

He grinned as he pulled up the website. Jack wanted a good session of punishment, and the remote-controlled vibrators he'd seen would be a great addition.

He scrolled past ribbed plugs, holy-shit-bigger-than-his-arm plugs, and—ah yes, there they were. They came in a variety of sizes and colors, all of which had a wide base so they could stay safely up Jack's and Mason's asses as long as he wanted them to. He selected black ones about the same girth as his cock, added them to his cart, double-checked that they would arrive on time, and completed the order.

He was buzzing with excitement as he scrolled through other pages on the site, adding more toys to his wish list. The three of them were going to have a lot of fun with the vibrators, and to up the stakes, he was going to tell Jack and Mason that a surprise was on the way and they weren't allowed to come until he used it on them after the ceremony. Talk about torment.

He heard the sound of a key in the lock, and the door swung open. He quickly closed the laptop and set it on the coffee table.

"What are you up to?" Mason asked.

"Just messing around, waiting for you two to come home."

Jack shook his head. "No, you are up to something. You look way too happy."

"Can't I be happy for no particular reason?"

"Some people can, but not you, not to the point that you're grinning like the Cheshire cat."

"Fine. You're right. I just ordered something special for you."

Mason lit up. "It must be something wicked if you're smiling like that."

"It is, but you won't get it until after the wedding."

Mason sighed. "At least that's not too long to wait."

Gray couldn't wait to drop his bomb. "It wouldn't be, but..." He paused, wanting to draw the moment out.

Jack and Mason set down their bags and came into the living room.

“Yes?” Jack asked.

“Neither of you is allowed to come until I use it on you.”

“What?” Jack squawked.

Mason looked stricken. “But we... But that’s?—”

“Five days.”

“Graaaaay,” Jack protested.

He gave Jack his best arrogant-Dom look. “Are you questioning me?”

Jack looked like he would, but then he cast his gaze toward the floor. “No, sir.”

“And you?” Gray looked at Mason.

Mason followed Jack’s lead, relaxing into a submissive posture. “No, sir.”

“Good. I hope you jerked off last night.”

“Um... We did.”

Gray smiled. “I wasn’t here, and you hadn’t been told not to. It’s fine.”

Jack looked up, frowning. “How are we supposed to?—”

“I thought you weren’t questioning me.”

“I... Um... I’m not.”

“Will it really be that bad?” Gray knew his question was cruel. Of course it would be.

“Fuck, yes,” Mason said.

“Just think how good it will be when you get your surprise.”

Mason seemed to be considering that. “Can we guess what it is?”

“You can guess, but I won’t tell you if you’re right or not.”

Jack wrinkled his nose as he often did when thinking. “Is it going to be something we’ve never thought of, like the heart beads?”

Heat rushed to Gray’s face. Despite the fact that Jack and Mason loved the fucking things, they’d never stopped teasing Gray for buying heart-shaped anal beads for them.

“One hint,” Gray said, trying to ignore his embarrassment. “It’s not something we’ve talked about, but it’s also not as out of character for me as the beads.”

Mason’s face screwed up in concentration. “A violet wand?”

“Maybe. Maybe not.” He’d sure as hell file away how eager Mason looked at the possibility.

Mason huffed. “We really have to wait?”

“You do.”

“But—”

“And if you persist in complaining, I will punish you and still not let you come.”

“We’ll be good,” Mason assured him.

Gray chuckled. “Either way, I’ll be happy.”

Not wanting to push too hard, he pretended to ignore the look they gave each other.

“Now, what did you buy while you were out?”

Jack and Mason grew progressively more irritable as the week went on. Their bickering was so bad by Thursday evening that Gray considered giving in and ordering them to jerk off while he watched. But even though he could barely stand to be in the house with them, they didn’t deserve to be rewarded for being obnoxious. So instead, he put on headphones and tuned them out.

“Gray! Gray!”

How long had Mason been yelling at him? He hit Pause on his playlist. “What?”

“I’ve been calling you for ages, but you can’t hear with those fucking things on.”

Gray glared at him. He expected that kind of attitude from Jack, but not from Mason.

“That is the point of headphones.”

“No, the point is to be able to hear something privately.”

“Tonight they’re for blocking out you and Jack sniping at each other.”

Mason tossed a folder at him. “Read over that.”

Gray wasn't interested in talking about wedding preparations with Mason in that mood. He put the folder on the coffee table without opening it. "That's enough. I'm tempted to tie you both up and make you watch me bring myself off. I might even do it twice."

"Like you've been doing every night this week?" Jack asked, stepping into the room.

Gray stared Jack down until he dropped his gaze. "One more word out of you or Mason, and I will definitely make you watch twice. Most nights I've only done it once, but I'd be happy to make an exception."

"How come you—" Mason slapped Jack's arm, and he stopped abruptly.

"Ignore him, please," Mason begged.

"I'm sorry," Jack said.

Gray raised a brow.

"Really. I didn't mean to say anything."

"Any more complaints, any more sass from either one of you, and you'll regret it. This is all the mercy you'll get."

"Yes, sir," they both said.

The package would arrive tomorrow. Maybe he was crazy not to use it right away. Maybe they all needed some release of tension. If Jack and Mason were anywhere near as nervous about the ceremony as he was, they were tying themselves in knots. He might've made a mistake making them wait. He'd see how things went tomorrow.



“Will the surprise leave us sore?” Mason asked.

“Still trying to guess?”

He nodded.

“Not as sore as you were last week.”

Mason groaned. “Don’t make me think about that.”

“You don’t want to think about us beating your ass, the smack of Jack’s hand and the sting of the crop?”

“Please, don’t,” Mason begged.

Gray glanced down and smiled. Mason’s cock pressed against the front of his shorts.

“Your ass was so red, so hot to the touch.”

“It burned. It was so fucking good,” Mason said, his voice low and rough.

“Yes,” Jack agreed. His cock looked as hard as Mason’s. His breath was shallow, and he was pale.

“Jack, are you okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Jack?”

“I...”

“Sit down, for fuck’s sake. You can’t seriously be so horny you’re about to pass out, can you?”

“I don’t know. The only time I’ve gone this long without jerking off was after I got shot.”

“You’re the one who said you wanted to be punished,” Gray said.

“Wait, is that why you’re...? I didn’t mean this.”

Gray raised a brow. “Last time I checked, it’s the Dom who sets the punishment.”

Jack opened his mouth, most likely to complain or make a sassy comment, but he closed it again when Mason shook his head.

Gray stood. “I’m going to bed. If you’re both very good, I’ll consider a small reward tomorrow night.”

“Really?” Mason asked.

“Yes, really.”

“Then we’re going to be fucking perfect; right, Jack?”

“Abso-fucking-lutely.”

The next night, Gray saw the package on the porch when he arrived home. Mason was working until eight, but he’d expected Jack to beat him home. His phone beeped as he was unlocking the door. When he was inside, he saw it was a text from Jack: Running late. Processing a suspect.

K. See you soon.

Since he was alone, he took the package to the playroom and opened it. Even if he did grant Jack and Mason some relief that night, he was still planning to save the vibrators until after the wedding. But he wanted a chance to test them and consider what else he'd need on Saturday.

The vibrators looked exactly like they had on the website. Gray put the batteries in them and made sure both motors were working properly. He tested all the settings from a light buzz to the heaviest vibration. These were really going to keep Mason and Jack squirming. He placed them and their remotes toward the back of the cabinet, where he doubted either of his lovers would find them. Then he found the ropes he was going to use to truss them both up, as well as some clamps, a flogger, and a few other toys he might make use of. Not long after he'd gathered everything, Jack arrived.

"Did it come?" he asked as soon as Gray stepped into the kitchen.

"Yes, and I've put it away."

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

Gray smiled. "On your best behavior?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, sir."

Gray had been crazy to think they should go all week without sex. They didn't often take their games outside of the bedroom, but occasionally Jack enjoyed being given orders when they were home just with each other.

"How about a bargain?"

Jack's eyes lit up. There was no mistaking his anticipation. "What are the terms, sir?"

"Make dinner for the three of us. Something basic is fine; I'm not looking for an elaborate meal or one that's too filling. Set the table nicely. Call me when everything is ready, and I'll see how well you've done. If I'm satisfied, I'll let you and Mason come tonight."

Jack beamed at him. "I agree to your bargain, sir."

When Mason came in, Jack was setting the table.

"Did the package come?" Mason asked Gray.

"It did. And we've already started negotiations for what your good behavior could win you."

"Without me?"

"I've asked Jack for a little domestic service."

"Oh, how's he doing?"

"Let's find out."

They walked into the kitchen.

"Mmm, dinner smells good," Mason said.

"And everything looks good." Gray turned to Mason. "You should thank Jack. He's won you an orgasm tonight."

Mason's eyes went wide. "Really?"

"Unless you'd prefer to wait."

"No. No, sir. Thank you, Jack."

Jack brought a large bowl filled with spaghetti and meatballs to the table. "You're very welcome."

He'd just set the bowl down when Gray's phone rang. Jack and Mason seemed to be holding their breath as he pulled it from his pocket.

"Shit! It's Thornton."

They both groaned.

Damn, he did not want to have to leave his men tonight, but he couldn't ignore it. He tapped to answer. "Sadler."

"I know I promised to leave you alone tonight, but I need you at the warehouse on Broad."

Gray knew Lieutenant Thornton wouldn't call unless it was serious. "The one we were watching? What's going on?"

"Remember those supplies for the shelter?"

"How could I forget?" Gray asked.

"There was heroin and needles stashed inside them."

“What the fuck? None of them looked like they’d been tampered with.”

“I know. But the shelter director caught one of the patrons with enough heroin to get everyone there high as fuck. The man said he got it from the kitchen. And things blew up from there.”

“Fuck!”

“Yeah, my sentiments exactly. Get down here. We’ve got dogs going through the place to see what else might be hidden here.”

“Wait. So?—”

“I don’t have time to talk now. I’ll give you more details when I have them.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll be there in ten.” Gray still didn’t understand how these drugs got in the boxes and cans, or how Williams or whoever the fuck was running this show planned to retrieve them, or really any fucking thing about this operation, but he ended the call.

“You’re leaving?” Jack asked.

“Remember last week’s case from hell?”

Both of them nodded.

“Well, it just keeps on giving. Hopefully, I won’t be out until dawn this time.”

“Will we still...” Mason’s voice was tentative, like he was afraid asking would cause Gray to say no, but he wouldn’t do that to them.

“Clean this kitchen to my standards, and no matter what time I get home, I’ll get you both off.”

“Yes, sir,” Mason said.

“I’ll clean the kitchen so well, you won’t even recognize it,” Jack said.

Gray kissed Jack, then Mason, lingering with each of them until his lips tingled and they were all even hornier than they’d been before. When he forced himself to step away, he said, “I’ll see you both later.”

At least now he’d have something to look forward to. He just hoped he wouldn’t be attending to his lovers at dawn. He’d wanted to get a good night’s sleep before their wedding.

When Gray arrived at the warehouse, K-9 officers were working their way through the main floor as well as the loft. The latter was a tricky operation since they had to take one step at a time due to poor condition of the floorboards.

“Look at this,” one of them called.

“What is it?” Thornton asked.

“It looks like someone’s been sleeping up here. There are blankets, a pillow, a water bottle, and some clothes.”

“But no drugs?”

The man shook his head.

“Okay, keep looking.”

“If someone’s been staying here, they’ll likely have information on this operation,” Gray said.

“They’re not likely to be back.”

Thornton was probably right, but... “Maybe that’s who I saw the other night, after the cat jumped me.”

“Maybe.”

“So they haven’t found anything yet?”

Thornton shook his head. “No.”

“And no sign of Williams or anything to connect him?”

“Not yet, but we have one of the men who delivered the goods to the shelter.”

“What’s he saying?” Gray asked.

“That he had no idea what was inside the containers.”

Gray sighed. His instincts told him the man was telling the truth. “So we’ve got nothing.”

“We’ve got a case that needs solving yesterday.”

“Yes, we do have that. Have we questioned anyone else at the shelter?”

Thornton nodded. “The director, the night supervisor, and some of the other staff.”



“What about the people staying there?”

“Officers are working on it.”

“And Williams?”

“Apparently he tried out a new hotel, then went home to his wife at about four a.m.”

So much for Gray’s instinct on that. Apparently it was business as usual for Williams. He blew out a long breath and surveyed the area. A flash of movement caught his attention. A boy grabbed a cat as it was about to bound up a tree.

The boy looked up. When he realized Gray was watching him, he started to run.

“Wait. I just want to talk to you.” Gray took off after him. The boy was fast, but Gray managed to cut him off, blocking his exit from the fenced-in lot behind the warehouse.

“I just want to talk.”

“My mama said not to talk to cops.”

The boy looked about thirteen. Where was his mother? Was he the one who’d been living in the warehouse?

“What if talking could help people?”

“She said cops just make things worse.”

“Unfortunately, that does happen sometimes, but other times we help people. Do you know something about what’s been going on at the warehouse?”

“Why should I trust you?”

Gray wished he had a good answer for that, one the boy would believe. He kept his hands away from his weapon, his posture relaxed and as nonthreatening as a man his size could be. “Because I’m asking you to. I need your help.”

“The man that owns the warehouse will kill me if I talk,” the boy said.

Gray wanted to promise to protect the boy, but until he knew more, he couldn’t do that.

“What’s your name?” Gray asked.

The boy hesitated for several seconds, then said, “Jeremiah.”

“I’m Gray. Has the man who owns this place threatened you?”

“No, but I know what kind of man he is. He kills people.”

“I know it’s scary to talk?—”

“I ain’t scared.”

Gray held up his hand. “I didn’t mean to imply that. It’s hard to decide when to tell what you know, but we could help everyone in the neighborhood if we cleared him out of here.”

“Someone else will just take his place.”

That was probably true. Some days this job really sucked.

“We don’t know that for sure. Maybe a legitimate business will buy the warehouse.”

He snorted. “Yeah, right. I’m going tell you what I know, but only because he tried to shoot my cat, and because you didn’t order me to.”

Gray looked down at the cat. It was the same one that had leaped at him earlier in the week. He’d try not to hold it against the animal.

“If I showed you some sketches, would you be able to tell me if one of them is the owner?”

Jeremiah nodded.

“You’ll wait here while I get them?”

He nodded again.

Gray prayed he wasn’t making a mistake as he jogged to his car, grabbed the folder he needed, and hurried back. Jeremiah and the cat were still there, both giving him wary looks.

Jeremiah shook his head when he saw the first picture, but when Gray showed him Williams, he nodded. “That’s him.”

“That’s the man who owns the warehouse?”

“He told me he owns it, said he bought it from Big H.”

“Who’s Big H?”

“The guy that used to own it,” Jeremiah said, giving Gray a wow-you’re-dumb look.

Gray decided not to push that any further.

“So as far as you know, this man owns the warehouse?”

“That’s right, and he uses it to stash drugs that he delivers to some homeless shelter where dealers pick them up.”

“How do you know about that?”

“Because I listen.”

Gray studied him for a moment. “Where do you live?”

Jeremiah waved his hand. “Around. Over there.”

“You seem to know an awful lot about this warehouse.”

“Not much else to do around here but watch what goes on.”

Gray could think of numerous things other boys in the neighborhood did, all less healthy than watching your neighbors. “Do you think your mom knows anything else about this man?”

Jeremiah shook his head.

“She doesn’t watch people like you do?”

“Nah, she—” His voice cracked. “No! Okay? She doesn’t.”

“Tell me where you live, Jeremiah.”

“I don’t have to tell you nothing,” he insisted.

“Can I talk to your mother?”

“No.” Jeremiah turned away so Gray couldn’t see his face. “Nobody can talk to her now.”

Shit. “Did she leave town?”

“She’s dead, okay?”

“Are you living in this warehouse?”

Jeremiah didn’t say anything.

“Would you like somewhere better to live?”

“I don’t need your fucking charity. I?—”

He started to flee, but Gray grabbed him.

He beat at Gray with his fists. “I knew I shouldn’t trust you. I knew it, but... I thought... If Mama had just...”

Sobs wracked his body, and Gray wrapped him in his arms, holding him tight.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:38 am*

Gray was physically and emotionally exhausted by the time he pulled into his driveway. The porch light was on, but he didn't see any other lights in the house. Had Jack and Mason gone to sleep? He had every intention of waking them if they had. Tired as he was, he'd gotten hard on the drive home, thinking about watching them come after too many days of denial.

"Jack! Mason!" he called when he entered the house.

"We're back here," Jack yelled, his voice coming from the bedroom. He didn't sound sleepy at all.

"I'll be there in a minute."

Gray slung his jacket over a kitchen chair, then removed his holster, checked his weapon, and locked it away. He began unbuttoning his shirt as he walked to the bedroom. He wanted to undress as fast as possible.

Jack and Mason were naked already, sitting on the end of the bed. They had turned on the lights at the sides of the bed, so Gray could see clearly but without the glare of the overhead light.

He should thank them, compliment them on being ready for him, but he had no patience.

"Stand up. Right here." He pointed to the floor in front of him.

They obeyed instantly.

He finished stripping, tossing his clothes away, unconcerned where anything landed.

Then he grabbed a container of lube from the nightstand drawer and squirted some in his hand. After rubbing his hands together to slick them both, he took Jack's cock in one hand. Mason stepped closer so Gray could reach him too. He worked them both with quick, efficient strokes.

"Fuck, Gray." The words burst out of Jack. "Feels so good."

"You need this, don't you?"

Jack groaned. "Yes, so bad."

"Enjoy it."

Mason thrust into Gray's hand. "Need it too."

"Keep still," Gray scolded. "But otherwise don't hold back. I want you both to come when you're ready. Tonight is about getting off and then getting some sleep."

Mason grinned, and Jack laughed out right. Gray squeezed their shafts tighter, then teased them, circling their heads and toying with their slits.

"Gray, please!" Mason begged.

Gray chuckled, loving the desperate sound in his voice. He wanted them off balance, unable to hold back.

Jack gripped Gray's shoulder.

"Dizzy?" He nodded. "Then hold on."

Mason held on too as Gray gave them both tight, fast strokes.

“So good,” Mason muttered.

Jack whimpered. “Close. Need to come.”

“Do it.”

“Yes, Gray. Yes!” Jack rose on his toes as he thrust into Gray’s hand.

Gray loosened his grip on Jack’s cock. “I’m doing the work here. You stay still, or I might make you wait after all.”

“No, please,” Jack cried. “Please don’t.”

“Gray!” Mason shouted. “I... Oh, fuck!” He came, shooting over Gray’s hand.

Gray stopped working Jack as they both watched Mason. He clung to Gray as Gray kept working his now softening cock.

“Too much. Please,” he begged.

Gray stopped.

“Help me finish him.” He tilted his head toward Jack.

Jack’s mouth was hanging open as he drew in shallow breaths.

Mason wrapped his hand around Jack’s cock, and Gray put his hand on top of Mason’s. A few seconds later Jack cried out as his climax consumed him.



“Fuck, yes,” he said when he was finally spent. “I needed that.”

Gray chuckled. “I could tell. I don’t know if you’ve ever shot a load that big.”

Mason dropped to his knees in front of Gray. “May we suck you?”

Rather than answer in words, Gray took his cock in his hand and fed it to Mason.

Jack joined him, and they took turns sucking, licking, toying with Gray’s balls, fingering his ass. Their mouths felt so damn good. They were going to make him lose his mind.

“Can’t hold back. Can’t?—”

“Give it to us, Gray,” Jack said, and both men held their mouths open to take his seed. By the time he was done, they were all a mess.

“Shower,” he said, not capable of any more words.

He forced them to focus on actually washing each other. Once they were clean, they tumbled into bed, a pile of limbs and contentment.

“Thank you,” Jack said.

Mason caressed Gray’s back. “I know you wanted to wait, but...”

“We all needed this, but you’re not getting any more until after the reception.”

“It’s really tomorrow, isn’t it?” Mason said.

“Today actually.” Jack pointed at the clock. It was now well past midnight.

“Are you nervous?” Gray asked, looking at Mason.

“A little.” He rolled to his stomach. Jack and Gray both hooked a leg over him and cuddled close.

Gray rubbed Mason’s back. “I was too. I still am, but not as much. Tonight I realized how lucky I am to have someone, two someones”—he looked at Jack—“who care.”

Mason lifted his head to look at Gray. “What happened tonight?”

“There was a boy, Jeremiah, at the warehouse. He was able to identify the man we’ve been after, because he’s been living there and watching what was going on.”

“Living there on his own?” Mason asked.

Gray nodded. “His mother’s dead. He never knew his father. He’s got to be around thirteen, and he’s been on his own for over a year.”

“Did you call Andy?” Jack asked.

“I did. He was going to pick Jeremiah up at the station once he finished giving his statement.”

Mason turned over. “Did you leave because of us? It would’ve been fine if you’d stayed with him.”

“Huck was one of the officers called to the scene. He stayed with Jeremiah.”

“Good,” Jack said. “He’ll take care of him.”

Mason nodded.

As a rookie, Huck had been briefly partnered with Jack. He also volunteered at the youth shelter now, and he was easy to like. He'd help Jeremiah feel safe until Andy arrived.

"I told Huck and Andy to call me if there were any problems, and I'll check in with him tomorrow."

Mason sat up enough to kiss Gray, a gentle brush of lips across his cheek that made Gray's chest tighten.

"Sometimes I'm not sure I deserve someone as amazing as you."

"I..." Words caught in Gray's throat. He was the one who usually felt that way.

Jack nudged Mason with his foot. "What about me? I'm pretty terrific too."

Jack's grin said he was only teasing, and Gray was thankful for his attempt to lighten the moment.

Mason rolled over and pulled Jack into a far more intense kiss.

"You sure as fuck are," Mason said when he pulled back. "But usually you're more aware of it than Gray."

Jack narrowed his eyes. "Are you saying I'm arrogant?"

Gray laughed. "You have your moments."

"Only when I'm cooking."

"You deserve to be arrogant about your cooking," Mason said.

Gray nodded. “What are you making us for breakfast tomorrow?”

“Cereal, if you’re lucky.”

Gray slapped Jack’s ass. “I expect banana and pecan pancakes, three in a perfect stack with syrup on the side, served at precisely eight a.m.”

Jack glared at him. “Don’t push it with this domestic shit.”

“Would you do it if you’d get rewarded?”

Jack tilted his head as if he was considering it. “Fuck, yes.”

They all laughed.

“On another day, we’ll try it. Tomorrow, you’ll wait for your surprise.”

“I’m getting the feeling this surprise is going to be well worth it,” Mason said.

Gray gave them an evil grin. “Oh, it is.”

Jack groaned. “Is it tomorrow night yet?”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:38 am*

Gray wished he could stop his hands from shaking. He'd faced down armed criminals and TV cameras with far less jitters than he had right now. He, Jack, and Mason stood in front of Bryce, who was acting as their officiant. Since marriages with three partners weren't legal, and all the paperwork associated with their formal commitment—wills, power of attorney, etc.—had been handled at their lawyer's office, anyone could perform this service for them. Bryce had become one of Gray's closest friends, and, as far as Gray was concerned, he'd been the obvious choice. Bryce's partners, Toby and Matt, stood beside them, serving as their best men.

Their friends were seated behind them in rows of white folding chairs that nearly filled the renovated barn. He couldn't believe how many people had turned up. Huck and others from the DPD, including Lieutenant Thornton.

Why had Gray invited him?

Because he's a good guy who has never cared about you being gay, or being with two men, or anything but that you're a damn good cop.

Right. That was why.

The rest of the guests included firefighters, paramedics, Andy, Henry, Jenna—a girl Gray had rescued last winter—and others from the youth shelter, as well as Elizabeth, who owned the bar where Mason worked, and Jack's brother and parents, the only members of their families who fully accepted their relationship. When Andy had arrived, he'd told Gray that Jeremiah was doing well, but he needed to stay at the shelter for his own protection.

All the people gathered in that barn accepted Gray, Jack, and Mason for who they were and supported what they were doing, which was making themselves as close to married as they could get. Looking out over all of them, Gray couldn't help feeling overwhelmed. His eyes stung, and he squeezed them shut for a second. He would not cry. Not with so many people here.

"Are you ready to get started?" Bryce asked.

Gray, Jack, and Mason all nodded.

Mason was unusually pale, and his hand was sweaty as he clasped Gray's. Jack stood on Gray's other side. He looked more at ease than Mason, but he was bouncing on his feet, a sure sign he was nervous.

"Welcome, everyone," Bryce said.

Slowly, the buzz of conversation faded. Gray glanced back at the audience. They were startlingly attentive. He'd been more comfortable when they were all conversing.

"As you know," Bryce continued, "we are here today to celebrate the love of Jack, Gray, and Mason and be witnesses as they formally commit their lives to each other."

Wow, that sounded really serious. Gray's heart thumped against his ribs.

Bryce continued, giving a short speech about how commitment, marriage, and love come in many unique forms, but Gray didn't hear much of it. The whooshing in his ears was too loud. Why had they decided to get all mushy in public like this?

It was your idea.

It... Shit, it was. What was I thinking?

“Jack,” Bryce said, turning to face him.

Oh, God. This was it, the part where they would say their vows. Would Gray remember anything he’d intended to say?

“I believe you have some words you’d like to say.” Bryce was still addressing Jack. At least it wasn’t Gray’s turn yet.

Jack pulled a piece of paper from his pocket.

Wait. Jack was reading his? Gray thought they were supposed to memorize their words for each other. He hadn’t brought his cheat sheet.

Jack cleared his throat. When he looked from Gray to Mason, all thoughts fled Gray’s mind. The emotion in Jack’s eyes, his love for the two of them, it was too much; Gray’s chest was so tight he could barely breathe.

“I love you both,” Jack said. “Without you I wouldn’t have had the courage to get to where I am today. I wouldn’t have pushed myself to become an advocate for homeless youth or applied to be on a task force. You give me strength every day.” He glanced down at the paper, and a tear dropped, wetting one corner.

Shit! No way was Gray going to keep it together if Jack started crying.

“I want to spend every day of the rest of my life with the two of you.”

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a ring. They’d agreed to each give one of the rings, and Gray would receive his first.

“Gray, this ring is for you.” Jack reached for his hand, and Gray realized he was supposed to hold it out.

His hand shook so badly, Jack had trouble sliding the ring on. When he had it in place, Gray leaned down and gave Jack a kiss, a quick brush of lips, but he still felt the heat of Jack’s mouth all the way to his toes.

Jack took Mason’s hand too. “I vow to honor and love you both always.”

He let them go, and it was Mason’s turn. Gray had begged to go last.

Mason took a breath and let it out slowly. “I... I’m here...”

When his voice cracked, Gray reached out and took his hand, squeezing it. “You can do this,” he said, even though he wasn’t sure he’d be able to speak when his turn came.

“I love you, both of you.” He looked from Gray to Jack. “I never imagined caring so much for anyone, much less two people, but from the moment you came into my life, I knew I could count on you. You’ve helped me grow. You’ve given me courage. And you’ve loved me unconditionally. Thank you for that.”

His eyes shone with unshed tears, and Jack sniffled. Gray didn’t dare look over at him. He was barely holding back his own tears.

Mason reached into his pocket. “Jack, this ring is for you.”

Jack held out his hand, and Mason slipped the ring on. Then, as Jack had done, Mason squeezed both their hands and said, “I vow to honor and love you both always.”



It was Gray's turn. His mind went blank. What was he supposed to say? "Um... I..."

Mason and Jack each took his hands.

"I love you." The words came out in a rush.

Bryce grinned at him, and Gray glared back. "You can do this," Bryce mouthed.

"I know I have a reputation as the strong, silent one, the one who doesn't know how to say what he feels, and I don't. But I'm here, and I'm trying, because I love the two of you more than I ever thought possible. I can't imagine what it would be like not to have you in my life. I'm thankful for the ways you love and take care of me, and the fact that you are always there, even when I'm an ass."

That got some giggles from their audience as Mason and Jack both swiped at their eyes.

Gray pulled out Mason's ring, and Mason held out his hand so Gray could slip it on.

"I vow—" His voice broke, and he had to stop.

Deep breath. Good. Now just a few more words.

"To honor and love you both always."

He kissed Mason and then Jack before pulling them both into a tight hug. Someone in the audience clapped, and then a roar of applause and cheers echoed in the barn.

"Look," Bryce said. The three of them turned, and Gray saw that everyone was on their feet, cheering for them, for love. A year ago, Gray would never have imagined any of this happening. He might have turned into a fucking sap, but he was happy,

and he appreciated how lucky he was.

The reception was still going strong after nearly two hours; people were eating, drinking, and enjoying the grounds of the farm despite the heat. The weather had turned out better than expected; it was just above eighty. Though Gray might not admit it to Jack and Mason, he was glad so many of their friends had come. But at this point, he'd done all the talking he wanted to. Hell, as far as he was concerned, if he didn't speak to anyone other than Jack or Mason for the next few weeks, that would be fine with him.

He leaned against a stone wall that separated the lawn by the barn from the flower gardens. It was a good vantage point from which to survey the crowd.

Henry, Jenna, and someone he recognized as a friend of Henry's were sitting on the grass, talking and laughing. He couldn't help but smile at them. Seeing Jenna relaxed like that was enough to make the whole damn party worth it.

Jack was talking with Huck, and they were both grinning. They needed to have Huck over for dinner soon.

Gray scanned the people milling around on the garden paths, looking for Mason. There he was, talking to Lieutenant Marsh, Gray and Jack's former boss.

When Gray turned away, he realized Jack was headed toward him.

"You had enough of the party?"

"I'm just taking a break," Gray said, pulling Jack to him.

Jack grinned. "I could use one too."

“Really?”

Usually Jack was happy to chat with people for far longer than Gray.

Jack took his arm and pulled him to the far side of a massive oak tree. “Yes, really.”

“Oh, that kind of break.”

Jack reached for him, and Gray cupped the back of his head, holding him in place and kissing him until he had to come up for air.

“How much longer until we can get out of here?” Gray asked.

Jack looked around the tree and pointed. “Mason’s heading our way. We must’ve sent out some kind of silent call.”

Gray rolled his eyes.

“What are you two up to back here?” Mason asked when he reached them.

Jack winked at him. “I needed a break.”

“Riiiiight.”

Gray took them both by the hand. “I want to take you home and do unspeakable things to you.”

Jack shook his head. “I like it better when you speak them too.”

His teasing made Gray growl. “You’re already causing trouble, after I promised to love you always not two hours ago.”

“You love me because I’m trouble.”

Gray snorted.

“You know he’s right,” Mason said.

“I want you two naked and at my mercy, and I want it now.”

Mason shivered. “That does sound good.”

“Should we really leave this early?”

“Yes,” Gray said. “It is our wedding night after all.”

“Right.” Jack laughed. “Gray’s going to take our innocence.”

Gray flipped him off.

“Bryce, Toby, and Matt will see that everything is taken care of,” Mason said.

Jack seemed to consider that, then smiled. “All right. Let me tell my family goodbye. I think I might have to agree to breakfast with them tomorrow.”

Gray groaned.

“Would it really be that bad?”

“Anything that involves you not in my bed tomorrow morning is bad.”

“Nothing’s stopping us from getting back in bed after breakfast, and I’ll make it brunch, a late one.”

“Go.” Gray waved toward an area of tables where Jack’s brother sat. “Do what you must.”

“Should I meet you at the car?” Jack asked.

“Yes, but I should probably say goodbye to Thornton.”

“And I haven’t found Elizabeth yet,” Mason said.

Gray frowned. “We’re never going to get out of here.”

“It’s simple,” Jack explained. “Find your target. Speak to them. Find the car.”

Mason laughed. “I don’t think Gray believes we can make it that simple.”

“How about this?” Gray said. “First one to the car is the first one to come.”

Jack’s lips curled into an evil grin, and he nodded to Mason. “Let’s go.”

They took off, holding hands as they ran, their laughter echoing across the lawn.

Gray watched as people turned and smiled. Some gave him sympathetic looks; others, looks of envy. He had his hands full, that was for sure, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

He found Thornton quickly and held out his hand to shake. “I wanted to thank you for coming, sir.”

“I wouldn’t have missed it.”

“Your support has meant a lot to me, to all three of us.”

Thornton smiled. “You’re a damn fine cop, and anyone with a brain can see you love those two.”

Heat crept up Gray’s neck. He didn’t know what else to say, but Thornton saved him by speaking first.

“I probably shouldn’t bring up work here, but I have to tell you that with Jeremiah’s testimony and the evidence from the Ark Ministries shelter, we’re ready to charge Williams.”

“That’s great news.” Gray was thrilled to hear that Jeremiah had been able to give them something useful.

“Of course we don’t know if it’ll stick.”

Gray doubted it would. “At least we finally have something concrete on him.”

Thornton nodded.

“I’m about to take off,” Gray said. “I’ll see you in a few days.”

“Enjoy your weekend.” Thornton’s grin said he knew exactly why Gray was ready to go.

“I will.”

Gray glanced around. Mason and Jack were still involved in conversations. He was easily going to make it to the car first, just as he’d known he would.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:38 am*

Gray pulled into their driveway about an hour later. Mason and Jack jumped from the car before he'd even put it in Park. It was all he could do not to run to the door like they were.

When he stepped into the house, they were both in the kitchen. Jack was trying to make room in the freezer for the top tier of their cake.

Gray didn't have the patience for him to finish. "That can wait. Both of you strip and kneel on the mat in the playroom."

Mason's eyes widened, but Jack grinned as he set the cake on the counter.

"Now!"

"Yes, sir," they chorused.

The ceremony had touched him more deeply than he'd expected, and he'd not regretted the presence of their friends once. But now he needed this time with just the three of them. They all needed to remember what they meant to each other in this private way. The games they played were about fun and pleasure, but they were also about showing how much they cared, how deeply they trusted, and how they wanted to please each other.

Gray drank some water and changed into a pair of comfortable jeans and a T-shirt. He wanted Jack and Mason naked while he was dressed, but he was done with wearing a suit.

They were waiting, as ordered, when he entered the playroom. Without saying a word, he opened the cabinet and pulled out the matching plugs. He laid them on the table, then picked up one of the remotes, clicked it, and the matching plugs buzzed to life.

Both men stared, openmouthed.

“We’re going to have lots of fun with these.”

“Yes, sir,” they both answered.

He handed each of them a bottle of lube. “Get your asses ready to take these. Once they’re in, I’m going to tie you both up and then see how well you tolerate the various settings.

By the time Gray handed each of them a plug to insert and a cock ring to put on, Gray was so hard, he wondered if he should fuck them before they put the plugs in.

No. He’d been planning this for a week. He was just going to have to summon his best self-control.

He used one of the lengths of black rope and tied Mason’s hands behind his back, then secured his ankles with another rope. Finally, he wrapped a longer piece around his torso, binding his upper arms to his sides. Then he looped the rope through the one tying Mason’s wrists.

“Sit back on your heels.”

Mason did as instructed, and Gray secured the rope to the one around his ankles. The rope would press against the base of the plug as he moved, especially when Gray ordered him to bend forward. Perfect.



He stood and moved back, observing his work. “Open your knees.”

Mason did, and Gray noticed Jack watching, lips parted.

“Gorgeous.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Gray turned to Jack. “Now it’s your turn.”

He bound Jack the same way and then took his time looking each one of them over carefully, licking his lips, palming his cock, and making quite a display of how much he enjoyed the sight. Jack’s and Mason’s cocks were both jutting out from their bodies, the tips damp with precum.

Gray picked up the remotes, and they both tensed. He moved them behind his back so they wouldn’t be able to tell when he was about to turn the vibration on or whether one or both of them was about to get stimulated.

He waited until they relaxed, then clicked both vibrators on.

Both men gasped. Mason writhed, but Jack tried to hold himself still. Gray increased the strength of the vibration, and Jack started to rock his hips.

Gray hit the Off buttons, and they both exhaled sharply.

“From now on, you’re both to remain still. Any movement will earn you a punishment.”

They both looked uneasy.

“Do you remember your safe words?”

“Yes, sir,” they answered.

“Good. I want to see your obedience. Boys who obey get rewarded.”

“Yes, sir,” Jack said.

After a brief delay, Mason also responded, “Yes, sir.”

Gray turned on Mason’s plug to the lowest setting. His guess was that the tickling, barely there vibrations were harder to take than the deeper, thuddy ones.

Mason tensed. His thigh muscles strained. A whimper escaped him, and Gray shot him a cold look.

“Sorry, sir.”

“No movement and no sounds.”

Jack was already drawing in ragged breaths, just from watching Mason. Gray hit Jack’s switch, turning it up to high.

“Fuck!” Jack shouted.

“That’s two extra strokes for speaking.”

Jack pressed his lips together. His whole body quivered, but the movement appeared involuntary, so Gray let it go.

He glanced at Mason, who was fighting hard to stay still. Gray could see the agony on his face, and it was beautiful.

He turned both plugs off. It was time to make the game more interesting.

“Mason, you’re going to bend forward and suck Jack’s cock. You may move, but your focus must be on driving Jack mad. If I think you’ve gotten distracted, you will suffer for that. Am I clear?”

Mason nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“Jack, you will remain still while Mason sucks you.”

“Sir, I?—”

“Do you need to use your safe word?”

Jack shook his head. “No, sir.”

“Do you need a gag to help you stay quiet?”

“No, sir.”

“Then do not interrupt me. When I ask Mason to stop, you will return the favor. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Mason.” He gestured toward Jack.

Mason wiggled awkwardly until he was properly positioned. Then he bent, sucking in his breath when the rope connecting his wrists and ankles pressed on the plug. Gray turned on the vibrator to the lowest setting.

Mason squeezed his eyes shut and worked his hips.

“That’s two extra strokes for distraction.”

“S-sorry, sir.”

“Do as you were told.”

He licked the precum on Jack’s cock before taking him deep. Jack made a strangled sound when Gray turned on the harsh thudding vibrations. Gray glared at him before dropping his gaze back to Mason. God, he was hot like that, bent over Jack, struggling to make the position work, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked hard.

Gray pressed the heel of his hand to his cock. He wanted to pull it out and stroke himself. He wanted Mason’s mouth on him, but there would be time for that later. This was too good to miss.

Jack held himself rigid. Gray could see his tension in his tight jaw, the corded muscles at his neck, the lack of movement in his chest as he held his breath.

“Breathe, Jack.”

He exhaled, then gulped in air.

“Good boy. I’m proud of how well you’re doing.”

Jack smiled as he closed his eyes. He was fighting hard as Mason slid all the way to the root, then pulled back slowly. Goddamn, he was talented.

“That’s enough, Mason.”

He gave Jack a final swipe of his tongue and sat back. Gray turned off Mason’s plug and wickedly changed Jack’s to the lowest setting, just enough to make him want to squirm for more.

Jack’s eyes remained closed. His lips were parted as he drew in shallow breaths. He

made no move toward Mason. Gray had deliberately given him that instruction before Mason sucked him. He had a feeling Jack wouldn't remember. Jack had asked for a good, hard punishment, so Gray wanted to give him plenty of chances to gain extra torments.

"I told you to suck Mason's cock when he finished with you."

Jack's eyes flew open. "Yes, sir."

"You disobeyed me."

"I... Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

"Rather than add strokes to your tally, I'm going to deliver a punishment right now."

"Yes, sir." Jack watched him wide-eyed.

Mason's harsh breathing was the only sound in the room as Gray picked up two of the clamps he'd gathered just in case and approached Jack. Without a word, he pinched one of Jack's nipples, tugging and pulling.

Jack pressed his lips together and breathed sharply through his nose.

Gray set the clamp in place, and Jack cried out.

"Hurts, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"That's two more extra strokes later for making noise."

Jack shuddered, but he didn't make another sound.

Gray placed the other clamp. Jack writhed as if he were trying to escape them, but he didn't speak.

Gray tapped the clamps lightly, making them bounce, and Jack sucked in his breath. "Now behave, boy, or I have other punishments for you."

"Yes, sir."

"Suck Mason's cock. Same rules."

Jack struggled to get in the right position. Gray could tell Mason wanted to help him, but his bonds prevented it. Finally, Jack bent over Mason's cock. Gray saw the moment when he realized the rope was going to rub against the plug with every movement he made.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

Jack glanced up. Gray was certain he wanted to say "fuck you" rather than the clipped "yes, sir" he responded with.

Gray tortured them both with various levels of vibration as Jack sucked Mason's cock. Each of them earned more strokes for their tally before he ordered Jack to sit back.

Both men were sweaty and breathing raggedly. Gray opened a bottle of water and held it so they could take a few sips. Then he undid the longer ropes that circled their chests and connected their other bonds.

"Bend over, head to the floor, ass up. I'm going to paddle you now. I want to hear your reactions, every whimper, every cry, but I expect you to hold still to receive the blows. Do you understand?"

“Yes, sir,” they answered.

“When I’m satisfied you’ve had enough, I’ll give the extra strokes you earned with the crop. Keep your hands out of the way.”

Gray rubbed his cock as he took in the sight of them, wrists and ankles bound, asses in the air. They were so fucking beautiful.

“You’re both such good boys. If you take this well, you’ll both get fucked.” He caressed Jack’s ass and then Mason’s.

“We will, sir,” Mason said.

“I want your asses nice and red.”

“We want that too, sir,” Jack said.

Gray used the remotes to turn both vibrators on.

“Fuck!” Jack cried.

Mason’s hips twitched, and he bit his lip.

Gray brought the paddle down on his ass. “You’ve just earned two more strokes. I told you I wanted to hear everything, didn’t I?”

Mason nodded.

Gray paddled his ass again.

“I expect a more polite response.”

“Yes, sir.”

Gray gave him two more blows before switching his attention to Jack.

“Shit! That hurts,” Jack shouted.

“Goddamn right it hurts, and you love it.”

“Yes, sir. Please!” Jack begged.

Gray alternated between them, sometimes after just one blow each, sometimes spending more time on one before smacking the other. By the time he stopped, both their asses were bright red, and he’d reduced them to whimpering, squirming, and begging.

“Thank me,” he demanded.

“Thank you, sir,” Mason said.

Jack seemed too far gone to have heard him. He spanked him with an open hand.

“I told you to thank me.”

“Th-thank you.”

He spanked Jack again.

“Sir.”

“That’s an extra for you.”

Jack didn’t answer.



“Jack, are you all right?”

Jack opened his eyes. They looked glazed. He looked at Mason and smiled. “Burns,” he said.

“Your ass burns?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do you need to use your safe word?”

“No, sir.”

Satisfied Jack was all right, just enjoying subspace, Gray put the paddle down and picked up the crop.

“Mason, you earned eight strokes. I’m going to give you those now. Fast and hard. Do not move.”

Mason drew in a shaky breath. “Sir?”

“Yes?”

“Would you put me on the bench? I don’t think I can stay still like this. I’m sorry, sir.”

“You’ll get two extra for inconveniencing me,” Gray said as he untied Mason’s wrists and ankles. He moved slowly, giving Mason time to use his safe word if he thought that was too much.

When Mason was untied, Gray massaged his wrists and ankles, then helped him up. He moved to the bench on wobbly legs.

“Jack, sit up and watch this,” Gray ordered.

Jack nearly fell over when he tried, but he managed to obey.

Gray snapped the wrist and ankle cuffs shut, securing Mason.

“Ten blows. Hard and fast. Can you take them?”

“Yes, sir.”

Mason sounded confident.

Gray brought the crop down, and Mason cried out. Gray didn’t stop until he’d cropped each of Mason’s cheeks five times.

Tears were running down Mason’s face at the end.

Gray stroked his head. “You did so good. You’re so beautiful with your ass like that.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Gray kissed him and then stood.

“I’d like you to stay there while I finish with Jack. Are you comfortable enough?”

Mason nodded. Gray didn’t make him speak. He took hold of Mason’s plug and pulled it out, making Mason suck in his breath.

“Your ass feels empty, doesn’t it?”

Mason nodded frantically.

“Jack’s cock is going to fill it once I’ve thoroughly used him.”

“Please,” Mason begged.

“Be good and wait.”

“Yes, sir.”

Gray untied Jack. “Stand up. Bend forward and brace your hands on the wall.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You get twelve strokes. Can you take them?”

“Y... Yes, sir.”

“Be sure.”

“I can, sir.”

“Good.”

Jack positioned himself, and Gray snapped the crop. Once. Twice. Jack cried out. Then Gray reached under him and removed his nipple clamps. He howled as sensation returned to his abused flesh. “Hurts. Shit. Hurts so fucking much.”

Gray brought the crop down again and again until Jack was screaming, begging him to stop.

Gray laid one last stroke on his ass. “Twelve.”

Jack gasped for air. “Fuck. Oh, fuck.”

Gray tugged on his plug. "Push out."

Jack managed to obey. Gray tossed the plug onto the towel where he'd placed Mason's.

"I'm going to fuck you now. Can you stay on your feet?"

"I... No, sir."

Gray helped him get to his hands and knees on the mat.

"You can move, talk, yell, but don't come. I made it to the car first, so I'll be coming all over your ass. You're going to save your load for Mason."

"Y-yes, sir."

Gray took hold of Jack's hips and jerked him back as he drove into him.

"Fuck!" Jack shouted.

Gray didn't give him time to adjust. He fucked him hard and fast until he was right on the edge. Then he pulled out and shot his load over Jack's ass.

Mason whimpered at the sight. "So hot."

Gray reached under Jack and undid his cock ring.

"Do you have the strength to fuck Mason now?"

"Yes, sir. Please let me fuck him, sir."

Gray turned to Mason. "When he's done, I'm going to make you come, but you'll

hold back until I say.”

“Yes, sir.”

Gray stayed on the mat. He’d watch from there. After coming so hard, his legs were too shaky to contemplate standing.

Jack rubbed his hands over Mason’s ass. “You look so good like this.”

Mason worked his hips against the bench. “Please, fuck me, Jack.”

“Fuck him as hard as I did you,” Gray demanded.

“Yes, sir.”

Mason cried out as Jack thrust deep, seating himself fully on the first stroke.

Jack didn’t slow down. He kept ramming himself deep into Mason as Mason writhed, whimpered, and begged for more.

“Fuck!” Jack cried. “Sir, may I come now? Please!”

Gray smiled at him, needing to draw this out just a little more. “I’m not ready for that yet. I’m enjoying the show.”

Jack bit his lower lip and gripped Mason’s hips so hard, he was surely bruising them. Gray counted to thirty slowly, giving no indication how long Jack would have to wait.

“Come now, Jack,” he ordered suddenly.

Seconds later, Jack cried out and drove his hips against Mason’s ass in sharp jabs.

When he was spent, Jack pulled out and looked at Gray.

“Sit down and watch us.”

Jack sat right where he was.

Gray uncuffed Mason and helped him stand. “Can you stay on your feet?”

He wavered, but Gray was there to steady him. When he was convinced Mason wasn’t going to pass out, he sank to his knees.

“You have my permission to come,” he said and then took Mason’s cock down his throat. In seconds, Mason’s climax hit, and Gray swallowed it all.

He didn’t think Mason could stay on his feet much longer, so he eased Mason down to the mat.

“Both of you, lie face down. I’m going to tend to your asses.”

He got a bottle of water for each of them and the salve that helped speed healing.

After they’d both had some water, he gently spread salve on their asses.

“Mmm,” Jack said, lifting up into his touch.

“You’re really in the mood to hurt today,” Gray said.

“I am.”

Gray worked the salve in. “God, I love how heat radiates from your skin.”

“I love that too,” Mason said as Gray began attending to him.

“We’ll see how you love it when you have to sit down tomorrow.”

Mason winced as Gray rubbed the reddest part.

“You really went hard on me.”

“I thought you needed it.”

Mason rolled over enough to look at him.

“I did.”

“I did too,” said Jack.

“Knowing that you’re in control, that you will take care of me, I love that. I love what you do for us.”

Jack nodded. “Gray, we love you. We love this. We’re so thankful we have you.”

Tears shimmered in their eyes, and Gray blinked, trying to hold his in at least until he’d finished with aftercare.

He set the jar of salve aside and laid a hand on each of their backs. “You do understand how this really works, don’t you?”

Mason gave him a confused look. “What do you mean?”

“I’m not really in control. It’s you. Both of you. You’re my life now. You have the power to break me. I can’t imagine living without you.”

They both pulled Gray down and held him tight. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Unlike at the wedding, he didn’t try to stop them.

“I love you,” Jack said, placing kisses along his hair line.

“I love you too,” Mason said. “I need you just as much. I can’t believe how much it’s meant to me finding you two.”

A few moments later, Gray pulled away. “All right. Enough of this sap fest.”

Jack snickered. “You started it.”

“So what if I did? You two need to drink some water, and there’s cake in there.” He pointed toward the kitchen.

“I thought we were freezing that for our anniversary,” Jack said.

“Who wants to eat freezer burned cake that’s been lying there for a year?”

“But it’s traditional,” Mason argued.

“Do you want to be spanked again?”

Mason’s mouth quirked up. “Is that a trick question?”

Gray scowled at him.

“What will we tell Maria? I know she’s going to ask if we followed her freezing instructions.”

Gray snorted. “I don’t give a fuck what you tell her. The truth works for me.”

“That you tied us up, tortured us, fucked us until we couldn’t move, and then devoured the cake?”



Gray glared at Jack. “I was going to share with you. Now, I’m not so sure.”

Jack rolled his eyes, and Mason grinned at both of them.

“I’m hungry,” Gray said.

Jack shook his head. “You’re impossible.”

“Now you’re really asking to be spanked again.”

“Maybe I am.”

Gray pointed toward the kitchen. “Cake first.”

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