



Heartstrings & Hijinks

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Category: Romance

Description: Gregory “Don’t Call Me Greg” Alton has built his empire with precision, control, and a wardrobe full of tailored suits. As VP and co-owner of a thriving financial services firm, he has a reputation to maintain and zero room for distractions—especially not ones with bright eyes, quick wit, and a penchant for lace.

Enter Evan: his business partner’s younger brother and the company’s rising star. Charming, sharp, and completely off-limits.

But when Gregory rushes to Evan’s side after a bar incident involving a roofied drink, all bets are off. One alcohol-soaked confession later—including a not-so-innocent reveal about Evan’s choice of underwear—and Gregory is left with more than just concern for his colleague. He’s got a heart tangled in unexpected feelings and a mind full of lace-trimmed fantasies. Suddenly the hurdles they face don’t seem that large.

Now Gregory has to decide: keep things professional... or give in to the hijinks tugging at his heartstrings.

Heartstring and Hijinks is the first of three short, cute, and fun office romances from Jena Wade. The each feature a happily ever after as some light kink.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Evan

“I’m sorry, Evan. Mark has me working late on this stupid fucking report. It’s a bunch of bullshit.”

I continued playing with the label on the one bottle of beer that I had in front of me. I was seated in our usual booth, but I’d only been here a few minutes. The server knew me well enough to grab my favorite beer without asking what I needed. “It’s fine, man. Rain check for tomorrow?”

“I don’t know. If I’m working all night, I don’t know that I’m gonna be able to hang tomorrow. Getting too old for this shit.”

I chuckled at that. We were barely in our mid-twenties, both of us having graduated and immediately gotten a job at FinSol Solutions, which had been started by my brother and his best friend.

Was it sort of nepotism that I was hired into my brother’s firm?

Yes. But in my defense, I had also gotten offers at other places, and I could get a job anywhere I wanted.

I just liked supporting my brother Greg’s company.

Not to mention the other Gregory. Gregory “Don’t call me Greg” Alton was the other founder of the company, my brother’s best friend, and a damn fine specimen of a man. Until he spoke. Or frowned at you in a way that had most young associates

crawling under their desks.

“Anything exciting happening at the bar?” my friend asked.

I looked around the place. It was a typical scene, nothing too exciting. We had long since given up our club days. The rowdiest we ever got was on karaoke night at our favorite gay bar, but that was only on the third Friday of the month, and this was just the second Friday.

“Hey! You can’t miss next Friday. That’s karaoke night,” I said. “You promised we’d sing again.”

Sawyer groaned. “You’re going to drag me on stage again?”

“You say this every month as if you don’t love it. I even got a few other people to come out. We’re all pitching in for endless beer and bottomless fries.”

Sawyer groaned even louder. Then I heard his boss in the background.

“Shit. I’ve gotta go. I’ll see you at work tomorrow, probably. Or Sunday. If Mark ever lets me out of here.”

He said that as if he didn’t love the job he did. I knew the late nights were done by choice, not force. Plus, our company was fantastic about flexing time. Working late this weekend meant Sawyer would take half of Monday off.

“Yeah,” I said. “I’ll be heading out pretty quickly, probably as soon as I finish this drink.”

“Find a hookup, man. Get laid for me. God know I’m not these days.”

I laughed at that. Sure. I could talk a big game, but I was a monogamous type, and hookups just really didn't do it for me.

Also, I had an endless crush on the Vice President of Operations, Gregory "Don't call me Greg" Alton.

Not that I would ever admit that to him.

He was the grumpiest son of a bitch around.

The last time I interacted with him it was because he sent me a strongly worded email letting me know that bringing in donuts so often had the potential for bringing down productivity, and I should take a little more care in how often I brought them in.

And if I was gonna continue to bring them in so often, make sure that everyone was contributing their fair share.

Yeah. Gregory "Don't call me Greg" Alton was a buzzkill. But underneath that tough demeanor was... I didn't know what. There had to be something, though, or maybe I was just delusional. I saw it in his eyes sometimes, though. He was more than his grumpy appearance.

After I hung up the phone, I put it face down on the table, deciding to lean back and just watch the crowd for a while. It had been a pretty good week at work, but I was ready for the weekend so that I could unwind. Not that I was overly stressed. I never did let stress get to me.

Just as I was finishing my beer, a man at the bar caught my eye, not because he was attractive, but because he was being sketchy as hell, looking around to make sure no one was watching him. Then he dropped something into the drink next to his and swirled the straw around.

Oh, fuck. No. He did not.

A lady came into view. She sat down at the stool. Just as she was about to lift the drink up, I was moving before I could stop myself. I grabbed the drink from her hands.

“Hey there. Let me have a taste of that,” I said. And I chugged it all back, downing it in one gulp.

“What the hell, man?” The would-be roofier glared at me.

Ha! Foiled his whole plan!

The lady’s jaw nearly hit the floor. “Umm, can we help you?”

The reality of my actions slammed into me. Oh, that was stupid. That was so stupid. I looked at the now empty cup in my hand and my stomach churned. Not only was there some unknown substance in there, but there was cheap rum, and that shit was nasty.

The guy looked at me like I was insane, and the lady just sort of laughed like she was maybe on a prank show.

“Listen. He put something in there, and I had to stop you from drinking it.” I flagged down the bartender. He came over immediately like he had a sixth sense for trouble. “You need to call the police. He just put something in this drink.” I pointed at the man in question.

“I saw it too,” another lady came over, holding up her cell phone like she was going live for millions of followers. Fuck, I hoped not. “I was gonna stop her from drinking it also, but then he drank it.”

The bartender raised a brow. “You drank the drugged drink?”

“Yes.” Now that I was realizing my actions, that was incredibly stupid. Nothing I could do about it now.

The bartender looked at the man. “Don’t go anywhere. I’m calling the police.”

“I’m already on the phone with them,” the lady said. Plenty of others were watching the scene unfold. If the man tried to escape, someone would stop him.

I sat down and put my head in my hands. How fast did this stuff work? The lady I saved from being drugged sat next to me and put her hand on my forearm.

The criminal let out a string of curses and started shouting. I drowned out his words.

“We’re gonna need to call someone so you can go to the hospital or go home and sleep it off. I heard him say that it was just a mild thing, so you might not need a hospital, but you can’t drive.”

I groaned and leaned my head into my arms over top of the sticky bar. “Oh, that was so, so dumb.”

She laughed. “It was, but it’s kinda funny. And, well, you saved me from—” She shuddered. “An awful situation.”

“Well, I am glad for that,” I said. I tried to look at her, but the room spun like one of those carnival rides I enjoyed as a kid but didn’t have the stomach for now that I was older. The lights flickered and dots filled my vision.

“Oh, goodness. Stay still. I’ll get your phone from your table.”

I nodded. When she came back, I tried to use it, but everything was getting a little fuzzy. My fingers wouldn't work, and I ended up getting myself locked out for a while.

“Call Hot Gregory. He can pick me up.” Or did I need her to call Not Hot Greg? How was my brother saved in my phone? Was he saved as brother? That would be weird. He had to be under his name, but I needed to have him saved differently than Hot Gregory “Don't call me Greg” Alton.

“Got it,” she said.

She talked for a little while to me or to someone on the phone.

I couldn't tell who it was. The room was spinning so much that I was having trouble making sense of it all.

At some point, a man in a police uniform talked to me or something, and he gave me a card.

I put it in my wallet or my pocket. Or maybe I ate it. No. I probably didn't eat it...

Then Hot Gregory was there, saving the day.

Hadn't I said not to call Hot Gregory?

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Gregory

I opened the report that I had to review and focused.

Despite the late hour, I figured I'd get this task started and probably finished before calling it a day.

I ought to be heading home, being that it was Friday night, and I was the only one in the office—save for a few of the late-night crew that were working on deadlines, like my coworker Mark and his assistant Sawyer.

Alas, I wanted to get this done, because if I didn't finish it here, I'd probably work on it tomorrow, and I promised myself I'd at least have one weekend of not working.

Mark and Sawyer were in the office across from mine, both diligently working away on whatever project they had.

Most everybody had trickled out by now, though.

They gave me awkward smiles and waves as they left, like perhaps they shouldn't be leaving before the boss for the weekend.

In reality, everyone should leave the office before me. I should be the last to go home.

I really shouldn't be working this late into the night. But what else did I have? My home was empty and cold. The white walls and black furniture had seemed so

modern and fun when I picked them out after buying my apartment years ago. Now, they were just boring—like the rest of my life.

All I had was this business, and it showed.

If someone had told me twenty years ago, when I was fresh out of college, that I would be the grumpy CIO of a multimillion-dollar corporation with no life outside of it, I would have scoffed.

I was never gonna be the grumpy one in the office.

The CIO thing made sense, but I wasn't going to be the stereotypical jackass boss.

My business was going to have a great culture.

Lots of fun. Everybody left by five. Perfect work-life balance.

My reality was very different than my young, newly graduated fantasies.

HR assured me that our satisfaction rates were up with all employees.

People loved to work here. So apparently, they had a work-life balance—or at least they didn't hate their jobs.

I didn't hate mine either, I just didn't have anything outside of it.

I was about halfway through the report. My office was growing darker, now that the sun had gone down, and I hadn't yet turned on the overhead light. That was when my phone rang.

Not many people called me, least of all on a Friday night.

Text message was my preferred method of communication.

I was old enough that I even preferred email.

I glanced at the phone, surprised to see Evan's name on the caller ID.

I hadn't even realized his name and number were saved in my phone, though it did make sense.

He was my best friend's younger brother, and one of our best financial analysts.

My adrenaline spiked. The only reason Evan would be calling me was if something was wrong with Greg.

Greg was on a ski trip to some such place.

He was due back in two days. Had something happened?

Greg was my closest friend as well as my business partner.

It would make sense for Evan to call me if something happened.

I stared at the phone a little too long, then scrambled to pick it up and answer it before it could go to voicemail.

"Hello?" I said, my voice coming out rough.

How long had it been since I'd spoken out loud to anyone? Probably too long. I had been cooped up in the office for several hours. Had I even eaten lunch today?

"Is this Greg?" A woman's voice came across the other line.

I didn't quite know how to answer that. Technically, my name was Greg. I preferred Gregory. But if this was Evan's phone, perhaps they were looking for his brother?

"This is Gregory Alton," I said. "Why do you have Evan's phone?"

"Oh, well, that's complicated." She let out an awkward laugh. "Umm." Background noise filtered through the phone, loud music and lots of talking.

"Is Evan all right?"

"Sort of. He needs someone to pick him up."

I knew through the grapevine that on Friday nights, Evan and his crew would go out to the bar for drinks after work. I had no idea how late they stayed out or how much they had to drink. It was none of my business.

It seemed awfully early to be so drunk that he couldn't drive, and it didn't seem like Evan's style. And why would he call me?

"Ma'am, can you start at the beginning? Tell me plainly what has happened. Does Evan need a sober driver?"

"Sort of? Well, here's the thing, Evan was a hero, really. His bravery is unmatched. He drank a drink that was spiked with a drug meant for me because my date is a scumbag, and, well, now Evan's feeling the effects of the drug."

Of all the things I'd expected her to say, that was not one of them. "What the fuck?!" I exclaimed. "I'll be right there. Tell me where you are exactly." Evan had been drugged?

"Oh, we're at the Heist. It's on—"

“I know where that is,” I said. I knew it well. I knew way too much about Evan and what he did. I knew that he frequented that bar and a little piano bar over on the south side. He and his friends spent their weekends enjoying karaoke, a pastime that I didn’t understand.

“I can be there in ten minutes. Does he need medical assistance? Should the police be called?”

“Oh, the police have already been here and arrested the scumbag, and Evan was cleared by an EMT to sleep it off.”

“Right. Okay.” Thank goodness. My breath whooshed from my lungs in relief, and the vice grip of emotions that had my stomach in knots loosened.

Evan always held an... interesting place in my heart.

He was the fun-loving type of guy who everyone said hi to in the office.

He organized potlucks, always made sure that everyone’s birthday was acknowledged, and he brought in donuts.

A lot. So much so, that I worried he was going to put himself into financial trouble because he was buying gourmet donuts by the dozen and yet no one else pitched in.

Sending the email telling him to stop buying donuts hadn’t been the best plan. Pretty sure that didn’t paint me in the best light.

I grabbed my coat and left my laptop. I didn’t have time to wait for it to shut down, then I left. I called the front desk while the elevator took me down to the lower level and had them bring my car around. Thankfully, they worked quickly.

Evan sacrificing himself to help someone else, someone he didn't even know, totally tracked. He was selfless like that. Couldn't say that I condoned drinking an unknown substance, though. That part had been dangerous.

For years I have fought the attraction I had toward Evan.

I had even tried—not very hard—to encourage Greg not to hire him.

Evan's skills were too good to pass up, though, and I vowed not to cross that line.

Not only was he my best friend's brother, but he was also an employee at my company.

That made him doubly off limits. I could be in the same office with him and not act on my attraction. It wouldn't be that hard.

But it would be lonely as hell.

Maybe that was why I turned into a cynical grump.

Within minutes, I was pulling into the parking lot of the Heist bar. This definitely wasn't on my bingo card for Friday night, but it beat reading reports.

Now, what exactly kind of trouble did my Evan get into this evening?

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Evan

Things were getting more confusing by the minute.

At one point, there was a policeman. I know because he was cute, but he had a wedding ring.

He might have shined a flashlight in my eyes.

Then, I swore there was an EMT. He got there quickly simply because the ambulance was nearby when the call came in, or so I thought someone said...

It was getting hard to keep track. He also shined a flashlight in my eyes and took my pulse.

“I don’t wanna ride in an ambulance,” I had said. They assured me that sleeping it off would be fine. Or maybe that was wishful thinking? I really could use a nap right then. I really wanted to close my eyes and settle into my dreams.

Was someone coming to get me? Or perhaps I needed to go home. I should just go home.

I moved to stand, but then a hand landed on my shoulder, pushing me back down.

“You’re waiting for your ride, Evan.” The lady—Celia? Cicily? Cynthia?—patted my cheek affectionally. “Just stay put, okay? Last time you tried to walk around, you tripped over your own feet.”

“Oh, that’s right.” It was all coming back to me now. She had my phone. “And you called Hot Gregory or not Gregory?”

The lady chuckled. “Yes, Gregory’s coming to pick you up.”

“Don’t call him Greg,” I said. “He doesn’t like when you call him Greg.”

“I won’t call him Greg.”

I knew the moment he walked into the room—just as I always did—Gregory Alton had a commanding presence, even in my drug-addled brain.

My gaze drifted over to him, then slid past him as the room spun, but I circled back around quick enough, and his muscular build came into view.

Whoever tailored his suits needed a raise.

They sure knew how to frame his shoulders and lean hips perfectly.

Was I spinning on the barstool or was the room spinning?

Was this going to have any lasting effects?

“Please don’t go out with that guy again,” I said to Cynthia. I was sure her name was something with a C. “He’s not a good person. Promise me you won’t go out with him again.”

Cece or Cynthia held my arm, and that was when the room slowed. So it was the barstool spinning. “I promise I won’t go out with him again. I wasn’t even going out with him. He just offered to buy me a drink. I didn’t realize he was going to order one while I was in the restroom.”

“I’m sorry that happened to you,” I said.

“Evan?”

I twisted my head to stare at Gregory. I didn’t get to look at him very often anymore, since he was my boss.

Well, he was a boss at the office where I worked.

Technically he wasn’t my direct boss. Either way, I didn’t get to stare at him often enough.

He was on a totally different floor, and I never saw him.

“I thought I said not to call Hot Gregory?”

Cece looked at me, a question in her eyes. Or maybe it was the room spinning again.

“You said call Gregory.”

“Greg, my brother. This is not Greg. This is Hot Gregory. You can’t call him Greg. I shouldn’t call him Hot Gregory.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, looking back at Gregory. “He just said Gregory and I found the first one listed.”

“It’s fine. I’m happy to help. Evan?” Gregory put a hand to my cheek. It was warm, and I leaned into it, nuzzling against his palm. Holy strong hands. Did he moisturize? They were soft, but firm. And how did he smell so good? “How are you? Are you all right?”

“Your hands are rougher than I thought they would be, but they’re still soft. How do you do that? They’re warm too.”

I grabbed his hand and held it against my face, then let it trail down my torso. Gregory snatched it away as if it burned him.

I swayed, and he caught me. This time his big hands were on my shoulders.

“Let’s get you home.”

“I don’t think anyone’s at my home,” I said. “Sawyer had to work late. Why didn’t I call Sawyer?” Calling my actual roommate would have made a ton more sense than calling Hot Gregory.

“You will be going to my home.” Gregory wrapped his arm around me. He turned to Cynthia. Cece. Whatever her name was. How many people were around me? “You assure me that he is well? Nothing happened to him? He was cleared by the EMT?”

“Oh, yeah. He just drank the drink down so that I wouldn’t have it. The creep has been arrested. I’m sure the police will want to get a hold of Evan once he’s slept this off, but they’ve said it usually takes about twenty hours for him to feel back to normal.”

“Did they recommend a hospital?”

“No. Not for such a mild dose. As long as he drinks water and gets some sleep, he’ll bounce back quickly.”

“I can make that happen. Evan.” Gregory turned to me. He pulled me into his arms.

Oh, goodness. I could live here forever. He was warm and cozy. How was it that he

was touching me so much? I leaned my face against his broad chest. “How often do you work out?”

“Excuse me?” Gregory said.

“You must work out a lot. You’re very firm everywhere, not at all cushy and soft like I thought you might be. Either one would be totally fine—firm muscles, cushy belly. I don’t have a preference, as long as it’s you, Hot Gregory.”

Gregory blinked at me. Oh, I was saying too much. This was why I didn’t drink a lot.

Wait. I didn’t drink tonight. Just one beer and it took me nearly an hour to finish it. Had I finished it?

“What happened to me again? Drugs? Am I going to be fired?”

“Absolutely not,” Gregory said. “You are going to be placed in my car, though. And I think perhaps the quickest way to do that would be to pick you up.”

“Oh, okay. I’m fine with that.” Being swept into my super-secret crush’s arms didn’t sound bad at all.

In theory, I loved the idea of Gregory picking me up. But then the room seemed to overturn itself when Gregory lifted me into his arms and cradled me against his chest.

“Oh, goodness.”

“Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.” My voice came out all high-pitched and squeaking, but that had to be because of the drugs. I didn’t actually talk like that.

We walked out of the bar. He had his car parked directly in front of it, as if he owned the place.

“Do you own the bar?” I asked.

“No, why would I own the bar?”

“You own a lot of things. Greg says that you have been investing in retail properties for as long as he’s known you.”

“Well, that is accurate, but no, I do not own this bar.”

“You should buy the bar, and then we could have karaoke Friday every day.”

“I’ll consider it.”

Gregory set me down gently in the passenger seat of his sports car.

“This is more cozy than I expected.”

“Well, you might be the first person who’s ever ridden in this car.”

“Second person,” I said. “You’ve ridden in this car.”

Gregory chuckled. “I suppose you are right. I have ridden in this car.”

“I like that.”

“The car?” he asked as he turned it on and began pulling out.

“No. Your laugh. It’s nice. And your smile—when you’re happy, it makes your eyes

crinkle. I bet not many people get to see that. That's probably why your face is so smooth. You have no laugh lines, just frown lines. Do many people get to see you smile?"

"No. They do not."

"I got to see it. The first time I met you, I got to see you laugh. Now I'm making you laugh today."

"You are." Gregory grinned, and I swooned. Or it was just the movement of the car. Either way it made my head spin.

I leaned back into the plush leather. It was so soft, so warm.

"Does this have heated seats? Promise me you won't fire me."

"I would never," Gregory said. "Sounds like you did a brave thing."

I snorted. "Stupid thing."

"Sometimes bravery can be stupid."

How brave and stupid would I be to throw all caution to the wind and try to drag Hot Gregory into bed? Very. No amount of drugs in the world would release my inhibitions enough to try that.

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Gregory

Evan fell asleep within a few minutes of being on the road. His soft snores filled the small space. I had to smile and shake my head at the whole situation. He gulped down a roofied drink in order to prevent someone from being hurt. Slightly shortsighted, but his heart was in the right place.

Thank goodness nothing more dangerous had been in that drink.

I made a mental note to call my lawyer first thing in the morning to make sure the man responsible was in a sufficient amount of trouble.

There wasn't anything that Evan could do legally.

He had essentially stolen a drink, but the lady in question could make sure her rights were protected.

The man deserved to be in jail for what he'd done.

I pulled my car into the gated community in which I lived and parked in my garage. Evan jolted awake once the engine shut off. I expected a moment of panic, not knowing where he was or why he felt the way he did. But instead, he looked over at me with a lazy smile on his face.

"My fantasies about you have never been this real," he said.

"Is this one of the dreams where you carry me across the threshold? Those dreams are

my favorites.” His arm snaked across the center console and he began toying with my collar.

His fingers brushed over my collarbone as he put his hand inside my shirt.

My skin heated where he touched, and my dick twitched in my pants.

Goodness. If he wanted me to carry him in, I would absolutely try. I would see if all those hours at the gym paid off.

But first, we needed out of this car. I gripped his wrist gently and put his hand back on his side of the car.

He pouted, and his gaze followed me as I exited and came around to the passenger side, helped Evan to his feet, and then swept him into my arms. He was smaller than me, and he fit nicely, tucked against me.

He buried his nose in my neck and licked at my skin.

I groaned. “Evan, darling. Behave yourself.” Goodness, the last thing I needed was to be tempted by a man who could not consent to anything that was happening.

Anything Evan said or did was under the influence of drugs, and just because he seemed to show an interest in me, that didn’t mean he actually had one.

“You never resist me in my fantasies, Hot Gregory. Stop doing that. I’m in charge here.”

I chuckled. “If you say so.”

Once we were inside, I carried him directly to the spare bedroom.

My primary suite and spare room were on the first level.

I'd never quite understood the need for an overly large house.

Sure, I could afford it, but what the hell would I do with all the space?

I had all that I needed with my space here.

After some consideration, I decided to take him into the main bedroom.

Nine times out of ten I slept in my office or on the plush couch in the living room, conked out in front of the television.

Because I spent so little time in my actual bedroom, the room was immaculate and the bed made.

The white walls and basic furniture might as well have been in a hotel room for all the personality they displayed.

I lay him on top of the comforter. He snuggled into the pillow.

“Oh, it smells like you. This fantasy is so real.”

His hand went to the bulge in his jeans. He pushed at his hard cock with this palm of his hand, and it caused the waistband of his pants to slip, revealing a lacy blue surprise.

I couldn't tear my gaze away from the small bit of undergarment that was on display. I reached my hand out, ready to push his jeans aside, when I snapped out of it.

No. Absolutely not.

Evan was under the influence. I could not cross that boundary. I ran a hand through my hair and shook myself. Fuck. That had been close.

“Evan, Evan, listen. This isn’t a fantasy. This is reality, but I need you to behave.”

He unbuttoned the waistband of his pants and pushed his zipper down as his hand went inside. No doubt he was wrapping his hand around his cock. His skin was pressing against that blue lace I was trying hard not to look at.

“Oh, fuck.” I was going to hell. This was hell. My own fantasies about Evan never included having him incapacitated, but they certainly included having him in my bed touching himself like he was now.

The lacy lingerie now on full display had never even entered the equation. It would now.

I grabbed a blanket and promptly laid it over him.

“I’m going to get you some water and then you’re going to sleep. I’m gonna sit in that chair and watch to make sure you’re okay. All right?”

“Come to bed with me, Gregory. I promise I won’t tell other Greg.” His hips bucked.

I pinched my eyes closed.

“We don’t even have to let HR know,” Evan purred. His voice took on a melody that played me like a flute.

Oh, fuck me. This was worse than hell.

I went to the kitchen and tried to get myself under control.

I absolutely would not touch Evan, not in this state.

Nor could I watch him touch himself. I shouldn't even listen to his words, as seductive as they are.

But I most certainly couldn't touch him.

I would never do that. The trouble was going to be keeping my eyes off of him while also watching over him. It was a mess.

As I filled a glass of water for him and brought an extra water bottle, I picked up my phone and dialed Greg.

He answered on the fifth ring. "What in the hell are you calling me so late for? This better not be a work thing." Despite the words, he didn't actually sound angry.

"Well, I kinda wish it was a work thing," I said. "It's about your brother."

"Is everything okay? What's going on?"

"Yes. Yes. He's fine. Just a little mix-up at a bar. He had someone call me. I think he meant for them to call you, but I was in town anyway."

"So where is he now? Evan's not one to drink too much. Is everything okay?"

"Yes. He wasn't drinking." I explained as best as I could about what Evan had done while Greg listened.

"Does he need medical attention?" he asked.

"No. He's fine. He's sleeping it off." At least I hoped he was asleep at this point. For

my own sanity, I needed him to be.

“Well, thank you, man. I owe you one.”

“Nonsense.” He wouldn’t feel that way if he knew the kinds of things I was thinking about his brother. Especially since the image of Evan dipping his hand into his lace panties would become one of my favorite memories.

“Have him call me in the morning if he’s up to it, please.”

“I will,” I said, and I hung up the phone.

Thank goodness Evan was asleep when I walked back into the room. I set the water bottle and his phone on the nightstand, then promptly went to my closet and removed my clothes. I usually slept naked, but I managed to find a pair of sweats and a t-shirt.

Evan lay still on the bed. The extra blanket I’d thrown over him didn’t cover his feet.

He still had his shoes on. If I removed them now, he might wake up and say more things that I would never be able to forget.

I opted to leave them on. It might not be the most comfortable way to sleep, but the less I put my hands on him in this state, the better.

I grabbed a blanket and put it over my lap and sat on the chair. I rested my feet on the ottoman and closed my eyes. Sleep wasn’t going to come easily in this position, but at least I would be here in case he needed me in the middle of the night.

If only I could scrub the vision of those lacy panties out of my mind.

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Evan

Who the hell was jackhammering at this ungodly hour?

I put a hand to my head, hoping to block out the noise, only to realize the call was coming from inside the house.

It wasn't a jackhammer. My brain was just pulsating loudly, pressing against my skull like...

something that hammered against things. Like a jackhammer.

I couldn't even form a coherent thought to compare the horrid pounding with.

The pain pulsed and throbbed like a heartbeat, reminding me of those silly cartoons where the character was hit with a mallet and a giant, red, goose egg grew on their head. I touched my forehead, feeling for any such bump. There was nothing.

I tried to sit up and find my phone, only the surroundings were foreign.

The walls were white, not the canary yellow of my room.

The bed was large and soft. I was surrounded by pillows and a plush duvet.

My bed only had two pillows, and both were flat.

I hadn't gotten around to replacing them.

Where in the hell was I? And what in the hell happened to me last night?

It had been Friday, but it wasn't karaoke Friday, which meant I didn't drink a ton. Yet I felt like I had thrown back a bottle of tequila like it was spring break of senior year.

For fuck's sake, where was I? What had I done?

Surely I was too old to be making poor choices. I hadn't even made poor choices when I was young and dumb. I was far too practical for that.

My phone rested on the stand next to the bed. It had a sticky note on it: You're at my house. – Gregory Alton.

I was where now?

Of course Gregory "Don't call me Greg" Alton put his full name on the note.

How the fuck did I manage to land in his bed? And why couldn't I remember it?

That was some cruel twist of fate. I was in the bed of the hottest man alive, and I couldn't remember how I got there.

The smell of bacon wafted through the air, accompanied by the faint noises of someone cooking. I was at Gregory's house, and he was making bacon. Was it for me?

I was fully dressed in the clothes I had gone out in—including shoes—so whatever I had done last night had not included me getting naked.

Though my zipper was undone. I went into the bathroom, found some mouthwash,

swished it around, did my business, and then went in search of answers.

If my brain had been working at all, I would have taken a moment to take in my surroundings and investigate what sort of house decor Gregory liked.

For as many years as I'd known the man, I'd never been to his home.

As far as I knew Greg hadn't been here much either.

Gregory's house was his sanctuary. No one else allowed.

I expected to find Gregory in his kitchen in a full suit, like I saw him every day at work. But instead, he wore a pair of track pants hung low on his hips and a thin, threadbare T-shirt, like he had owned it for years and had yet to toss it away. It had his college logo on it.

I swallowed thickly. "Gregory," I said. My voice was hoarse.

My throat dry. The light that streamed in from the large windows in the living room bounced off the white walls and caused the pounding in my head to increase double time.

I squinted to block the light, holding my hand up as if I could will it away.

"Oh, good, you're awake." He grinned, and I nearly died.

I must have died. This was heaven. I was in heaven.

"I'm sure you have a lot of questions. But first, are you hungry at all?"

How do you feel? Is the room too bright?

I can close the blinds.” He reached for a tablet on the kitchen counter and clicked a few buttons.

The blinds descended over the windows and the room darkened.

Confused AF. That was what I was. And also stupidly turned on by watching Gregory expertly move around his kitchen like he was at home there.

Which he should be. This was literally his home.

Apparently, the throbbing of my head didn’t stop my dick from perking up much like it did anytime I was near Gregory.

“Evan?”

I snapped out of my thoughts.

“I feel like someone is sitting on my head, or maybe the Hulk is using it as a hammer.” Was Hulk the one who had the hammer? No, that was Thor.

“Yeah, I read that you might feel that way and that you’re going to need some nutrition.

I have protein shakes. They’re not the tastiest in the world, but they’ve got electrolytes in them.

Plus, the protein. And I thought, if you’re feeling up to it and want real food, I have eggs and bacon.

This is what I have for breakfast each day. I didn’t have much else.”

“What happened?” I asked. “How did I get here?” Why was I here? Oh gawd, what sort of shenanigans had I gotten up to that Gregory Alton was involved? I was so fired.

“Right. So, you were at the Heist Bar, and you saw a guy slip something into a lady’s drink.”

“He did what? The fuck?”

“Exactly. And in order to prevent her from drinking the drink and being drugged, you grabbed it and tossed it back.”

Oh shit. That definitely sounded like a thing I would do. This was what happened when Sawyer wasn’t there. Not that he would have stopped me. He probably would have tackled the guy. But at least I wouldn’t have had to reach out to Gregory Alton to save my ass.

“Short-sighted but ultimately met the goal.”

Gregory laughed. “That is exactly what I said.”

“Did I... call you?” Oh fuck. What had I said or done while under the influence? This was why I didn’t drink. I blamed Sawyer. This wouldn’t have happened if he hadn’t abandoned me to spend time with Mark.

“Sort of. You told the lady to call Greg, not ‘Hot Gregory.’ She found me in your phone as ‘Hot Gregory.’”

I winced. “They were supposed to call my brother.”

“Yes, but he’s out of town anyway. So here I am.”

I pinched my eyes closed. Now that the room was dark, the headache subsided, but embarrassment took its place.

“I am so sorry, Gregory. That was not an appropriate way to save someone in my phone, least of all my boss. I am sincerely sorry for everything I said last night. I assure you whatever I said, I didn’t mean it. ”

He raised a brow. His lips curled into a smile, making him look all the more dashing with his unshaven face. “Oh, you had plenty to say.”

I covered my face with my hands. “Fuck. Gregory... I don’t know what to say.” I was ready to crawl back into bed and hide under the blankets. Although I was pretty sure the room I had been in was Gregory’s.

He went back to dishing up the food he was cooking, then slid the plate over to me.

“I’ll put you out of your misery. I’m happy last night happened.

I don’t like that you could have had a more severe reaction to drinking an unknown substance, but I am glad I was there.

” He leaned on the counter, his gaze boring into me.

“I’ve been waiting for the chance to express my interest. You just beat me to it. ”

Interest? In what? In me? He couldn’t mean that he was interested in me. That was preposterous.

“I’m sorry. My brain short-circuited for a moment. What was that?”

“I think you and I have the same desires. Perhaps the same fantasies. About each

other.”

He handed me a cup of coffee, and I took a sip. Then I took another. The meaning of his words didn’t change no matter how many times I played them over.

“Evan? Are you going to say anything?”

“Hm? Sorry, I just... I can’t possibly have heard you right.”

Gregory reached out and clasped his hand behind my neck and pulled me toward him. His lips descended on mine and he kissed me.

Just as quickly as the kiss started, he backed away. “Was that clear enough for you?”

I nodded. I could hardly believe it, but I nodded.

“Let’s finish breakfast, and if you’d like I can take you home, okay?”

I nodded. What else could I do?

I still wasn’t certain that I was awake and in reality. If this was a dream, I was staying in it. There might be more kisses.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Gregory

I'd never had anyone stay the night in my home before.

Yesterday I would have said I didn't enjoy having people in my space, which was why no one ever rode in my car or came to my house, but having Evan around all morning was nice.

Comfortable. Despite the awkwardness of the night before and the admission that we both had feelings for the other, we enjoyed our breakfast and coffee.

I loaned him a pair of sweatpants and a T-shirt so he could shower.

Unfortunately, I didn't keep extra toothbrushes around.

Maybe next time he was over, I'd have one.

And there absolutely would be a next time.

I didn't believe for one minute that his talk last night had been drug-induced.

It was too real, too honest. Clearly he and I harbored similar feelings for one another.

Sure, it had allowed him to let down his inhibitions, but his attraction to me was real, as was mine to him.

I wasn't going to let him deny it, and the two of us would be having a deeper

conversation.

One that included an insight into those lacy panties.

“This car is sweet. I can’t believe I don’t remember riding in it.” He caressed his hand over the dashboard. Touching it only with his fingertips like he was afraid he’d harm it.

“Well, this is only the second time I’ve had a passenger,” I said.

After eating and drinking water, his headache had subsided. There was no reason for him to remain at my home except that I wanted him there. It would be best if I gave him space to think, though. Once he’d finished breakfast and showered, I offered to take him home.

“Wait, aside from last night?”

“No, in addition to last night. Nobody rides in my car with me.”

He grinned. “Possessive much?”

“You have no idea,” I said, slipping my sunglasses on.

“My address is—”

“I know where you live, Evan.”

“Right. Of course you do.” He chuckled. “You own the building, right?”

“I do, in fact, own the building, but that’s not why I know where you live. I’ve made it a point to know a lot about you over the years.”

“Because you’re friends with my brother and I work for you?” he asked. He knew the answer already, though. Perhaps he needed more assurance that I meant what I said about my interest in him. If we weren’t in a moving car, I’d take the opportunity to show him again physically how I felt.

I met his questioning gaze with a steady stare. I knew how to put heat behind my gaze, and I was doing it now.

“Oh.” He swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing.

“You had a lot to say last night. Do you recall any of it?” I asked. “Let’s start with what I’m saved as in your phone?”

“Oh, goodness.” Evan groaned and buried his head in his hands, leaning so far forward he was practically under the glove compartment.

“Evan, there’s no need to be embarrassed.”

“There absolutely is! You could fire me for the things that came out of my mouth. You could fire me for having you saved as ‘Hot Gregory.’”

“So you remember what you said?”

“I can imagine the things I might say if given the opportunity, and I had no filter.”

I smiled. “Yes, you did mention fantasies.”

“Oh God.” This time, he slammed his head back against the headrest. His face was redder than a ripe tomato. “Listen, I won’t make anything awkward at work. Of course, I’m attracted to you. Any gay man would be. It doesn’t have to be awkward, and please don’t fire me.”

“You absolutely are not fired. You didn’t do anything wrong. Did you forget the part where I told you I feel the same way? And I kissed you. What I’m hoping for is the opportunity for us to get to know one another better.”

“What?” He turned to face me. The cramped space of my car may not have been the best place for this conversation. The hitch in his breath and the way he licked his lips while he looked at me was going to be my undoing. “How will that work?”

I didn’t realize just how quick a drive it was to his apartment. We were pulling into the lot faster than I would have liked. I needed more time if I was going to be making my pitch. But I also needed air if I was going to have this conversation without jumping him.

“I’ll cut to the chase, Evan. I’ve always been attracted to you, too. Before, you were my best friend’s little brother, and obviously, I couldn’t act on that. Plus, we were both younger then.”

“And now I work for you.”

“That is accurate. However, you do not directly report to me. If you say that you’re not interested and would prefer to keep things professional only, I’ll respect that. Or, if you feel the need to go to HR with a complaint against me, I’ll respect that as well.”

“No, nothing like that. It’s just... I’m having a hard time catching up with this conversation. Until last night, I didn’t know that my interest in you was reciprocated. Never in my wildest fantasies did I think this could ever happen for real.”

“That’s fair. I tend to keep my feelings to myself. Now that I know you’re attracted to me as well, I’d like to take you on a date and see where that goes.”

Evan's eyes bulged. "For real?"

"Yes, for real."

"A date, like dinner and a movie?"

My mouth turned down in a frown. "I think I can do better than dinner and a movie as far as date activities, but yes, for the sake of this conversation, that is what I am asking."

"Oh, I—"

"If you need time to think—" We both spoke at the same time.

"Yes. No, I don't need time to think. Yes, I want to go on a date."

Relief flooded me, but I kept my expression neutral. "Great. Next Friday, six o'clock?"

Evan bit his lip. "That's karaoke night."

"Yes, but that doesn't start until nine, unless the bar's website was incorrect. If our date starts at six, we should be able to get to karaoke in time to meet your friends."

Evan's brow raised, and he tipped his head toward me. "You're going to go to karaoke?"

"Of course. Unless you'd prefer to go on your own, which I respect. Then perhaps a Saturday date?"

"No, Friday is perfect. Six o'clock." He hesitated. "Are we sure I'm not dead or in

some sort of drug-induced coma?”

I chuckled. “You are not dead, Evan.” I leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“Please get some rest today and make sure you eat plenty of good foods and stay hydrated. I made arrangements to have a dinner delivered to you. I can text you what I ordered, and if it isn’t to your liking, then we can cancel it and order something else. If you need to take Monday off—”

“I should be fine.”

“Great. Then I’ll see you later.”

With great reluctance, I let him exit the car, and I kept my eye on him until he was safe inside the building. Later I would check on him, but it was important that I didn’t come on too strong, too fast. After all, a lot had happened in the past twelve hours.

Things were looking up.

I could be patient. I’d spend the next week preparing for our date and also adding a new detail to my fantasies about Evan—lace panties.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Evan

The week came and went entirely too quickly.

Besides having to talk to the police and put in my official statement regarding the whole incident from last Friday, I was pretty well free and clear of that whole mess.

I still just shook my head at myself for having downed a drink with an unknown substance in it and then had the insane idea of calling “Hot Gregory.”

I had since changed his contact information in my phone to “Gregory” with his job title, and I changed my brother Greg to say “Brother.”

Would I someday change Gregory to Boyfriend? That remained to be seen.

Thankfully, with how busy work was at the moment, I could focus solely on work rather than stressing completely about this whole date situation.

I had brushed up on the HR policy for inter-office relationships, though, just in case.

I trusted Gregory when he said it wouldn’t be an issue.

He owned the company, after all. Still, I didn’t want people to think I was looking for some sort of special treatment.

In a nutshell, everything was fine as long as I didn’t directly report to Gregory—and I didn’t.

I really didn't want to have to find a new job if this all went south.

Not that I didn't trust Gregory to be professional, but that didn't mean I could stand being around him every day with an unrequited crush.

Especially if we got far enough that I got to see a different side of him, more of what I had seen in him this weekend.

How would I ever recover if I truly got to know him and we didn't work out?

Working near him wasn't easy right now. I was already halfway in love with the grumpy jerk.

"What is up with Gregory today?" Sawyer asked when he burst into my office—or rather, the office I was working from. I didn't have an office to call my own. Our office building was more open-concept. Anyone could reserve whatever room or workspace they wanted to be in, there were no assigned seats.

I stilled, looking around to see who might overhear us. "Why? What have you heard?"

His eyebrows shot up. "Okay, that's a bit of a weird reaction."

"Is he in a pissy mood? Is he cranky? Is this like the time the dry cleaners lost his favorite suit, and we all had to suffer his wrath for three days?"

That was an unfair statement about what had actually happened.

They hadn't just lost his favorite suit; it was the suit he was supposed to wear for a wedding that weekend to match all the other groomsmen, including the monogrammed tie the groom had gifted Gregory.

He had a right to be upset about that. As far as I had seen, he hadn't been rude to anyone else—just quiet, reserved, and more clipped than usual.

I hadn't noticed anything unusual about him this week. Then again, I had been avoiding being near him since I couldn't trust myself not to gawk at him like a teenager.

Though each day I put on a special pair of panties because they made me feel confident and sexy. And I liked to fantasize about Gregory seeing me at the office and just knowing that I was wearing something special for him.

"Opposite," Sawyer said. "He seemed kind of in a good mood. He said 'please' and 'thank you' several times in the meeting I was in, and he encouraged everyone to take off early today and enjoy the weekend."

Oh, that did bode well for our date. I grinned. Was he looking forward to it, the same as I was?

Sawyer's eyes narrowed. "What do you know? You've been awfully quiet about this whole situation. Usually, you spill a lot of details, and this time you're quiet."

"Close the door," I said. "At least make it look like we're working if we're going to gossip."

"Oh shit, you've got gossip!" Sawyer closed the door quickly, then sat down in the seat, leaning toward me as if I was about to spill state secrets rather than boring details about my date with Gregory.

"Gregory and I are going on a date tonight," I said. I didn't love talking about Gregory without knowing exactly where we stood. This was new and crazy. Dating a VP at the company I worked for was probably frowned upon. Plus, he was my

brother's best friend.

None of those reasons stopped me from leaping into this with both feet.

“What? How... but... what?”

I filled him in as best as I could about what happened last weekend. Sawyer already knew that I had roofied myself, but I hadn't gone into details about staying at Gregory's apartment or throwing myself at him.

“He asked you on a date? That's... crazy. He must like you. But, wait. You said you're meeting us for karaoke later. Are you going to bail on me again? Cause I wouldn't blame you if you did. I want details later. All of them.”

“We are planning to go to karaoke, if all goes well.”

“If all goes well, the two of you will be in bed, not doing karaoke, or at least not publicly. Are you a screamer? I bet he could make you sing.”

I shook my head, not because I wasn't a screamer—I was quite vocal in bed, or so I had been told—but because his line of questioning was ridiculous.

“You're really going on a date with Gregory? Your brother's best friend? The VP of Operations?”

I nodded.

“This is amazing. I want to hear everything.”

“That's it. That's all I have to tell you. I might have kind of confessed my little crush on him last weekend, and it sounds like he feels the same way.”

“I’d say so if the guy is going to take you on a date. And what are we all supposed to do if a VP shows up at karaoke tonight? That’s going to be awkward AF.”

“Be normal. It wouldn’t be the first time we’ve had one of the higher-ups there. My brother comes all the time.”

“That’s different.”

“Your boss has come to them.” Mark was the VP of Risk Management.

“Yeah, but he stopped as soon as I started seeing Jeremiah because the two of them fight like weirdos.”

“Yeah, what is up with that?”

Sawyer shot me a glare. “This is not about me. This is about you and your date.”

I shrugged one shoulder, attempting to be nonchalant about the whole thing. “That’s just what it is: a date.”

“Do you know where he’s taking you?”

“No idea.” That didn’t stop the guessing game I’d played all day wondering where Gregory would take a person on a date. He didn’t seem like a dinner and a movie type, and from what I’d gathered over the years, he wasn’t overly snooty either, so we wouldn’t be doing anything fancy.

“Okay, where do you want him to take you?”

The words “to bed” were at the tip of my tongue, but this was a workplace.

Sawyer grinned and waggled his eyebrows. “Oh, I see. All right, you’re officially allowed to leave early. I know you didn’t take a lunch today, nor did you take one yesterday. So close up that laptop—we’re going home to get you ready.”

“I already have an outfit picked out.” Which felt ridiculous. This was just a date. I didn’t need to have a special outfit for it.

“And you didn’t consult me? I am insulted. Let’s go.”

I knew better than to argue with Sawyer, and honestly, it felt better having someone who at least knew what was going on. I had barely mentioned it to my brother this week. He didn’t want details.

“What did your brother think when you told him?” Sawyer asked once we were back at our apartment. He was going through my closet as if I hadn’t already picked out my best outfit for the evening.

“He’s fine with it. Said he doesn’t want details, but he wishes us the best. I got the vibe that he didn’t want to jinx it by throwing too much support at it. He’s definitely not opposed.”

“Well, yeah. I’m sure everyone thinks that Gregory needs to get laid regularly in order to not be a dick.”

“Hey,” I said. “If this becomes a thing and Gregory and I are really dating, we can’t say not-nice things about him.”

“We don’t say not-nice things. We say truthful things. They are facts. They’re not nice or mean.”

I rolled my eyes. “All right, fine. I agree.”

“Your outfit you picked out is perfect. Get it on. Let’s get your hair and makeup done.”

“There’s nothing to do with my hair, and I don’t think I’m doing makeup.”

“Please. A little bronzer won’t hurt you—maybe a slight touch of mascara to really make those eyes pop. Come on.”

He smacked my butt, and I had no choice but to follow him. As much as I hated to admit it, I wanted to look my very best for this date. And if I had bought a new pair of lacy panties just for the occasion, that was for me to know and Gregory to find out...

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Gregory

When I arrived at Evan's apartment building, he was waiting inside the lobby.

I had only just pulled up to the drive when he walked out the door wearing navy slacks with a crisp white dress shirt that looked like it was made of silk rather than basic cotton and a navy jacket.

The suit was tailored to fit his body like it had been made just for him.

My mouth went dry just taking in the look of him. He always was a handsome individual.

Had he put on a special pair of panties to match the suit? Or perhaps a bold red lace to complement the blue of his suit?

I put the car in park, got out, and opened the passenger door for him.

He smiled brightly. There was a hint of shimmer over his eyes, and his lashes were longer and fuller than normal. "Hi," he said.

"Good evening."

He got in, and I went around to the driver's seat, immediately putting the car back into drive and pulling out of the lot.

"So, do I get a clue as to what we're doing?" he asked.

“Not quite yet. It’s about a twenty-minute drive to get there, and I memorized the directions so you wouldn’t get any hints from the GPS.”

His lips turned down into a pout at that. “Did Greg not warn you? I’m not a huge fan of surprises.”

I chuckled. “I tried not to extract too much information out of him, for fear that I might annoy him with my questions about you.”

“So, you put together this date all on your own? No helpful hints needed?”

“Indeed. I think I know enough about you that I feel pretty confident in putting together a date you’ll enjoy.”

“Including karaoke at the end?”

“Yes, though I can’t promise we’ll be on time. It depends on how quickly you get through our first activity.”

“Oh, there are multiple activities?” he said. His voice had turned flirty, and I caught his smile out of the corner of my eye. Score one for me, we were already having a good time.

“Indeed.”

“You’ve... put a lot of effort into this.”

I snuck a glance in his direction before focusing back on the road.

“Of course. This isn’t just a casual ‘get to know you’ date.

I already know you, Evan. This is so much more than that.

” Perhaps I was coming on too strong, but I thought we’d already established this last weekend. I needed us to be on the same page.

Based on the delightful pink flush to his cheeks and the smile that tugged at his lips, he was.

He settled back into the seat, bit his lip, and didn’t fidget. He almost sat too still, giving me the idea that he might be slightly nervous.

“Not that I really want to bring this up,” I said, “but I suppose it would set me at ease if we talk about it.”

“What’s that?” he asked.

“You’re here because you want to be, right? Because you’re genuinely interested? Not because I’m a VP at the company you work for?”

He shot me an incredulous look. “That’s a bit of an ego-based question, don’t you think? You’re not that important. You’re one of, what, seven VPs?”

“Twelve.”

“Even less rare then.”

I laughed. “Except I’m one of the founding members.”

“You’re not scary, Gregory. It’s just that we’ve never socialized, just the two of us. Usually, Greg is there as a buffer, or we encounter each other at work and make small talk.”

“Indeed,” he said. “Let’s make medium-sized talk, then.”

“Medium-sized talk?”

“Yes. We’ll skip over the weather—that’s boring. We don’t need to talk about work; we both know what’s going on there. But we don’t want to get into the hard conversations just yet. That can wait for dinner. Tell me what books you’re reading.”

“How do you know I like to read?”

“When you were visiting my apartment—”

“You mean crashing there because I was incapacitated enough that I couldn’t make it home?”

“Yes, that time. You looked over my bookshelf with actual interest. You even grabbed a few books and read the blurbs on the back. Plus, you frequently have a Kindle on your desk, which makes me think that perhaps you read on your breaks or whenever you need to unwind.” And just like that I gave away how much I notice about Evan and the fact that I go by his desk quite often.

“Your assumptions are correct. I do enjoy reading. I’m currently rereading most of Stephen King’s books from his early years.”

“Early years? So, like *Cujo* , *Carrie* , and *The Shining* ?”

Evan nodded. “I like to read the books, then watch the movies—make note of the differences.” There went the pink flush to his cheeks again. Fuck, we weren’t going to make it long through this date if he kept looking so delectable.

“That’s always fun.”

“Do you read much horror?”

I shook my head. “Horror is not my favorite. I don’t enjoy paranormals. I can appreciate the talent it takes, but I actually enjoy biographies the most. I’m in the middle of a Civil War diary, actually. It’s the second time I’ve read it.”

“I kind of assumed you liked that kind of thing based on your bookshelf.”

“Yes. I’m afraid my television is also full of documentaries—cliché for a man my age, but it passes the time. Last night, I stayed up too late watching a documentary on World War I.”

“Interesting. Did you learn anything new?”

“Not so much.”

We discussed books for a while longer, Evan giving me details about the things he liked most about Stephen King, while I jumped in with a few history-related topics that I enjoyed.

Then we were pulling into the lot for the Federal Reserve Bank Money Museum. His jaw dropped when he saw the sign, and he looked at me with wide eyes.

“I’ve always wanted to come here. I just never got around to it.”

“Good. I had hoped you hadn’t had the chance to visit.”

“How did you know I wanted to come here?”

I put the car in park, got out, and opened the door for him. “You mentioned it when your brother and I took you to lunch your first week at the firm. You had only been in

the city for a few months, and he asked you what sort of sights you wanted to see. This was one of them.”

“That was two years ago, Gregory.”

“Yes, well, I went out on a limb and hoped you hadn’t been here yet.”

“But you remembered I said it. Have you been here?”

I shook my head. “I enjoy museums, but I find that they are most enjoyable when I’m with other people. Otherwise, I’m just a weirdo walking around reading.”

“Thank you,” he said. “This... this is going to be fun.”

I grinned and laced my fingers into his. “Good. I agree.”

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Evan

Was it possible to fall in love in one night?

I mean, I always had a thing for Gregory. Always.

Not only was he fucking gorgeous, but he was competent and successful.

He was bigger than me, without being too bulky, and while I didn't necessarily want to be bossed around in the bedroom, I wouldn't mind if he gave out a few commands.

When he looked at me with heat in his gaze, it lit my body on fire.

He was the type of man I always envisioned sharing my lacy underwear with. Those were purchases that were just for me. I didn't flash them around to just any date. But this was Gregory, and I couldn't wait to see his reaction.

The entire date had been an eye-opening experience. First the museum, then dinner at a diner that he loved. Not a fancy place where he could show off how rich he was, but a nice normal place where the food was cheap and terrible for you, but it tasted amazing.

Then we got to karaoke. He didn't get on stage and sing, but he swayed along with the crowd and smiled and laughed with all of us. He drank whatever beer was on tap and ate the peanuts from the bowl in the center of the table. He was just like the rest of us.

“If you don’t take that man home and let him fuck you into the mattress, I’m not going to be your friend anymore,” Sawyer whisper-shouted into my ear while Gregory and I were getting ready to leave.

Based on the smirk on Gregory’s face, it was more of a shout than a whisper.

“Noted,” I said.

We got into the car, and I could finally hear myself think after being in the loud bar for the past few hours.

Gregory started the car but didn’t put it into gear. He turned to look at me. “I told myself I wasn’t going to be too forward for our first date. I wanted to give you time to get to know me outside of work and get used to the idea that you and I could be more than just acquaintances.”

“And now? Has something changed?” I had a feeling it had. I had also told myself I wasn’t going to go home with him, but if he gave me the opening, I was going to take it.

“I don’t want this night to end,” he said.

“Then don’t let it,” I said.

Gregory smiled and nodded, then put the car into gear. He headed toward his home.

As soon as the door clicked closed, I couldn’t contain myself. I launched myself at Gregory and planted my lips on his. He moaned against my mouth and his hands went to my hips to steady me.

Gregory’s mouth left mine, and he trailed hot kisses down my neck, latching on to

my skin and sucking hard enough that I may have bruises the next day. I didn't care. I wanted his marks on me.

“Tell me you're wearing some of those sexy panties you had on last weekend.”

I stilled. “How did you know about those?” I asked.

Gregory kept kissing me, his hands roving over my body like I was a prized treasure. “I saw them last weekend when you tried to take off your pants for me. I hoped they were part of a collection. I didn't mean to look, but I couldn't stop you.”

I relaxed. “They are part of a collection. A small one. And yes, I am wearing some right now.”

Gregory growled. His hand went to the waistband of my pants. His eyes met mine, searching for permission. “May I?” he asked.

The gruffness in his voice had my cock hardening. His eyes asked permission, but they weren't pleading.

I nodded.

Gregory unbuckled my belt and unzipped my pants.

He pushed them down, exposing the lacy, violet panties I'd picked out for this evening.

My cock strained against the lace, and Gregory nuzzled his face against it.

I groaned. The warmth of his skin, pressing against the hardness of my cock and the softness of the fabric, was a delicious combination of sensations.

His tongue darted out like he might take me into his mouth, fabric and all. Then he stopped suddenly.

“Let me take you to my bedroom. You deserve more than a quick blow job by the front door.”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to one, though,” I said.

Gregory raised a brow. “We shall keep that in mind for the future, but for now, let me take you to a proper bed so I can do improper things to you.”

I liked the sound of that.

I held Gregory’s hand as he led me to his room. Once we were there, I stripped off my shirt and kicked off my pants. Gregory eyed where I had just left them deserted on the carpet. Mr. Neat and Tidy perhaps didn’t like things thrown about.

I picked them up and folded them nicely, placing them on the chair where Gregory had slept a week ago.

“Good boy,” he said.

I groaned and my knees shook.

“Interesting,” he said. “Does your interest in kinky things extend beyond sexy lingerie and dirty talk?”

I bit my lip. This was not a topic I expected to come up. The idea of dirty talk or something more in the kink realm had always just been an idea in my head, something to try with a partner I trusted. I’d never had one of those. Until now.

“Maybe,” I said. “With the right person.”

Gregory nodded knowingly. His eyes darkened with desire. Then he began to strip. I kept my eyes on him as he removed his shirt, laying it carefully over the back of the chair. Next came his pants. Then his briefs. His thick cock sprang free, and my mouth watered.

“What would you like, Evan?” he asked.

Everything. I let out a whimper because there were so many ideas running through my mind, I couldn’t pick just one.

“Be a good boy and focus. Tell me what you want.”

“I want to suck you, then I want you to fuck me.”

Gregory gestured for me to come to him, and I did. He kept his eyes on me as I lowered to my knees. I nestled my face against his velvety length, then used the tip of my tongue to tease his head. His hand went to my hair, threading his fingers into my locks.

“That’s a good boy, take my cock.”

I closed my mouth over his length, drawing him into my mouth as far as I could tolerate. I found myself wanting to please him, wanting to draw out his release and drink down his seed. I’d always enjoyed blowjobs, giving and receiving, but this was next-level. This was Gregory.

After a few moments of me working his length, using every trick in my repertoire, Gregory gripped this back of my head, lightly tugging on my hair.

“That’s enough. I want to come inside you, if you’ll let me.”

I met his gaze and nodded. “Yes. I want that.”

He jerked his head toward the bed, and I scrambled up on to it.

He gazed down at me once I was sprawled out, only wearing my lacy panties. With anyone else I would cover up under the scrutiny. But this was Gregory. I wanted him to look. I wanted him to want me.

Gregory grabbed supplies from the nightstand and dropped them onto the bed. Then he kneeled between my legs. “I hate to take these pretty things off you.”

I sucked in a breath. The heat of his gaze on me, the desire in his voice—all for me—had my dick hard and leaking.

“We’ll get you a pair that you can wear while I fuck you. How does that sound?”

I couldn’t make words, so I just nodded.

He smirked. “That’s a good boy.”

He slipped his fingers under the waistband of the violet lace and tugged them off. Once he had them in his hands, he lifted them to his face and sniffed.

I whimpered. “Please.”

I wasn’t even sure what I was asking for. His cock inside me to start, but also please keep me. Please don’t let this be a one-time thing.

Gregory set the underwear aside and grabbed the lube. Once he had a sufficient

amount on his fingers, he pressed them against my hole. I wanted to watch, but the sensation was too much. My cock too hard. If I got any more turned on, I was going to blow.

I lay my head back on the bed and let him work me open. His long fingers invaded my body, stretching the tight ring of muscle. Every so often he'd graze over my gland.

Then he was pulling his fingers out and settling the tip of his cock to my hole. He kept his gaze on me as he pushed forward. He fit like a key into a lock, opening my body up to pleasures I'd never known before.

"Arghh, more, Gregory! More!" I thrashed against the bed, my hips bucking, trying to pull him in deeper. Gregory's hands went to my hips, and he kept to an agonizingly slow pace.

"Such a good boy taking my cock. Your hole looks so pretty stretched around me. Maybe we should get a mirror back here so you can see it too."

"Yes!" I'd agree to anything at this moment if it meant he fucked me harder.

Then he did.

He slammed into me, stretching my hole to its limits.

His rhythm became more frenzied and powerful, gone were the slow torturous movements. I'd broken the carefully crafted control of Gregory. His grunts grew louder with each thrust deep into my body.

"Fuck, you take me so good, baby. Your body is mine. Made only for me."

“Fuck yes!”

“I’m going to come, Evan. Paint that pretty hole of yours with my cum.”

Words escaped me as my release drew nearer. Between his words and his cock inside me, I lost control a long time ago.

With one last thrust, he stiffened and warm cum filled my channel. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed between us, and my release followed soon after.

Gregory collapsed onto my chest, keeping the bulk of his weight off me with shaky arms. His heart pounded against mine.

“Fuck, Evan. You are incredible. The only thing missing was some lace. Maybe some clamps on these perky nipples of yours.”

My spent cock twitched at that. “Next time,” I said.

Gregory smiled, his whole face lighting up. “I like the sound of that.”

Gregory

There had never been a time in my life when I was this happy. I was sure of it. Perhaps when I was a child and things were simpler, or when I was in high school and didn't think too hard about things. But in my adult life, this was definitely the best time.

My business was doing well. I felt comfortable where I was.

Sure, there was always new corporate nonsense to deal with, decisions to make, and yada yada, but in my personal life?

Absolute perfection. The only annoyance came on the days when Evan insisted that he had overstayed his welcome at my home and went to his apartment.

Sometimes he went for a few hours, but other times he would stay a whole night there. Those nights were agonizing.

At first, I thought perhaps he needed space, and maybe that was true.

Then I thought perhaps I was doing something to make him feel unwelcome in my home.

So, I started including him in decisions about the house.

I needed a new roof—let's get some quotes.

What did he think about replacing the faucet in the sink with a different model?

What color hanging baskets should we put on the porch? That sort of thing.

He enjoyed all of it but still kept me at arm's length. It was early in our relationship, and I was a patient man. I was playing the long game here.

A knock sounded at my office door, and I just shouted, "Come in," not bothering to look who it was. It was rare that I kept my office door closed, but I had been on a phone call earlier.

I grinned when I saw it was Evan. He had his laptop held tight against his chest.

"Hey, sorry. I don't mean to bother you at work."

No interruption by Evan would ever bother me. "It's fine. It's lunchtime anyways, isn't it?"

"Thirty minutes past, actually."

Generally, Evan and I didn't speak much during work hours.

I preferred to stay with my team or in whatever meetings I needed to attend, and I knew he preferred to keep his head down working with his team.

We worked in very different departments, so we didn't cross paths much.

In the past, that worked to my advantage so I didn't see him and risk making an inappropriate move.

Now, however, I would much rather see him more often.

“Would you like to go to lunch?” I asked.

“Oh, no. I already ate at my desk. Actually, I only have a few minutes.”

I got up and came to his side. He snuck a glance out the window, and I stilled.
“Worried about someone seeing us?”

He sighed. “I know I shouldn’t be. Everyone has been nothing but supportive. I just don’t want people to think I’m sleeping with the boss to try to get ahead.”

I ached to pull him into my arms. Let the gossips say whatever they wanted. Evan and I knew the truth.

“So this weekend...” he began.

“Yeah?”

He shuffled his feet, nerves rolling off him in waves, which was not like him.

I thought for a moment that he was ending things, and my stomach lurched.

But I knew Evan well enough now to know he would never do that in the middle of a workday, and I would have seen signs.

At least, I hoped I would have seen signs.

We had been together for several weeks now.

We’d had many more dates since that first one, and I went to the last two karaoke Fridays.

“Is something wrong? What’s happening this weekend?”

He sighed. “My parents. They’re having their barbecue that they like to do—one of the mandatory ones where all the kids have to come.”

“Ah, yes, of course.” I nodded. I had been invited to those in the past. It had been over a year since I’d been there, though I had seen Evan’s parents since then. “Are they aware that we’re together?”

“Yeah, I told them. But I told my mom not to ask questions, so we haven’t really talked about it.” He wrung his hands together.

I grinned. I let myself touch him, running my hands down his arms. “Tell me what you need from me, Evan.”

“Will you go with me? As my date.”

“Of course.” I desperately wanted to pull him into my arms and kiss him senseless. “I would love nothing more than to meet your parents.”

He rolled his eyes. “You’ve already met them.”

“Yeah, as your brother’s friend—not as your potential life partner.”

“My what now?”

Shit. I’d gone too fast, too soon. No matter. I was all in. I’d shown my cards.

“Evan, surely at this point, you know I’m in this one hundred percent.”

He snuck another glance at the window, as if worried others were going to overhear. I

reached around him and shut the door and clicked the button on the wall that blacked out the windows. Let the people talk. Evan was more important. I crowded his space. His scent was intoxicating.

“I’m moving too fast. I know that. And sure, I’d love to have this conversation someplace where we can be totally alone, but I also don’t want you obsessing over it for the rest of the day, because I know you will.”

His eyes were drawn to my mouth, and he let out a little squeak, one I recognized as arousal. I loved learning all his noises and what they meant.

“Evan, this is a serious conversation.”

He rolled his eyes. “Then I need space. I can’t think with you so close to me.”

“See, those are the words I like to hear,” I said. “I can’t think with you so close to me either. That’s what happens when you’re in love with someone.”

I expected surprise, shock, maybe denial. But instead, he melted against me, leaning his head on my chest.

“It’s too soon for that.” I wasn’t sure if he was trying to convince me or himself.

“Is it, though? It’s how I feel.”

“I feel the same.”

I jumped back in surprise. “You do?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Wasn’t that obvious?”

“No, not to me. I worried that you were just trying this out as a casual thing. I hoped that it was more, but I didn’t know.”

He grinned. “I bet you hated not knowing.”

“More than anything.”

“I love you, Gregory ‘Don’t call me Greg’ Alton.

You were literally my knight in shining armor.

You remembered a random, tiny detail about something I wanted to do and took me there for our first date.

You go to karaoke with me, even though I know you don’t like it.

” He placed his hands on my chest, his fingers crawling up the lapels of my suit jacket.

“I don’t hate it. It’s just not my idea of the best time.” It was growing on me, simply because on karaoke Fridays Evan smiled a lot. I’d endure anything if it meant seeing Evan smile. I still wasn’t getting on stage, though.

“Exactly. But you do it every three weeks—for me. I’ll bet if I asked you to let us do karaoke at our wedding, you would.”

I shrugged. “If that’s what you want.”

Evan laughed. “It’s not. And also, you didn’t even bat an eye at the fact that I just alluded to us getting married.”

“It’s the natural progression of things,” I said. “Though I’d like you to move in with me first.”

“It’s so soon.”

“By whose timeline? Is that why do you go home so often?”

“So often? I haven’t been home in five days! I’m not wearing any underwear today because I’m out of clean ones at your place.”

I glanced down, as if I was going to be able to see any indication that he wasn’t wearing underwear.

So there was nothing separating his cock from me except for a pair of suit pants? Fuck, that shouldn’t be so hot. It was one thing to picture the lacy material he and I loved so much, but to know that nothing was there? I wasn’t going to be able to do any work the rest of the day.

“Fuck, Evan. You can’t tell me things like that. Move in with me. Marry me in a couple of years. Let’s start talking about kids.”

His eyes grew wide, then he smiled and patted my chest. “Let’s start with the barbecue this weekend. And also, I’ll box up some things and move them to your place. I only have a few months left on my lease, and I just won’t renew it when the time comes.”

I was about to offer to break the lease for him. Being that I owned the building, all I would need to do was make a few calls and there would be no penalties. But in this moment, he probably didn’t need to be reminded of that.

“Perfect.” I reached for the waistband of his pants and tugged him closer to me. “And

I might have a little something that can help with your other problem.”

Evan tried to push away from me, but I held him tighter. “Gregory, we cannot mess around in your office. As much as I want to get down on my knees and suck your dick, and trust me, I’ve fantasized about getting fucked over your desk a lot, but we cannot.”

I chuckled. “Hold that thought, we’ll revisit those fantasies sometime.

Maybe over a weekend. I have some of my own.

I was actually trying to tell you I have a gift for you.

” I reluctantly let him go and reached under my desk to grab the black bag with bright blue tissue paper sticking out the top.

“This was for later, but sounds like you might need them now. And I like the thought of you putting them on right now. Then I can think all day about what you’ll look like in them. ”

Evan grabbed the bag from me, his cheeks turning the most beautiful shade of pink. It looked a bit like his ass did when I pounded into him and placed a few careful slaps on his cheeks.

Evan peeked into the bag. He gasped. “Gregory. How did you know I wanted these.”

“I might have stumbled upon your wish list. I wasn’t looking for it, I promise. But I used your laptop the other day and saw that website was saved, and I couldn’t help myself.”

“You saw the whole wish list?” He raised a brow.

I nodded. “I sent it directly to my email. So now I’ve got a copy of it.”

“You spoil me.”

“Damn right I do. And I’m going to keep spoiling you. Forever.” It was as close to a promise of forever that I could give him for now.

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 6:40 am

Evan

Six months later

I stepped out of the shower and nearly jumped out of my skin because Gregory was standing there as if waiting to catch me naked. He probably was hoping to sneak a peek. Considering we often showered together, it was weird to be in the shower alone.

“We don’t have time,” I said.

He smiled. “Are you sure about that? I just wanted to let you know that I talked to your brother.”

I wrinkled my nose. “Don’t talk about my brother while I’m standing here naked.”

I grabbed the towel and wrapped it around my waist, then started my routine of drying myself off and getting my hair ready.

“He’s bringing a date. A photographer he met recently.”

“Recently? And he’s bringing her to meet the parents already. Must be pretty serious then.”

We had yet another cookout planned at my parents’ house.

Apparently, my parents wanted to have regular dinners with the whole family, which

now included Gregory after six months of us being together.

Turned out we had nothing to worry about as far as my parents accepting our relationship.

In fact, I thought they liked him more than they liked me and my brother.

“She’s bringing her camera, hoping to snap some candid photos and maybe some family pictures.”

“Weird, but okay.”

Gregory shrugged.

I walked into our bedroom to find that one of Gregory’s favorite pairs of my panties was on the bed. I raised a brow.

“Picking out my outfit for me?” I asked.

“Just that,” he said. “You can wear whatever you want over top of them.”

I rolled my eyes. “You just want to be able to perv on the pictures later, knowing what I’m wearing underneath.”

“Exactly,” he said with a wink.

“I should be ready to go in a few minutes.” Knowing that there would be pictures being taken, I supposed I would put a little more effort into my outfit.

Clearly, Gregory had when he got dressed.

He wore a nice pair of slacks and a polo—one of my favorites—that brought out his

eyes.

That meant I needed to look equally nice.

I checked the time on my phone and paused. It was ten minutes earlier than what I thought it was. We had time...

“What? Why are you looking at me like that?” Gregory asked.

I grasped his hand and tugged him toward the bed. I pushed at his shoulder when I had him positioned where I wanted. He fell back onto the bed, and I dropped to my knees.

Gregory groaned. “You better clean up all of my cum, I’m not changing my pants.”

That I could do. I undid the buckle of his belt and lowered his zipper. Gregory’s fingers threaded through my still-wet hair and droplets fell onto my shoulders, making me shiver.

“Are you cold, sweetheart? Put these on.” Gregory dropped the pair of violet lace panties on the floor next to me. While I pulled them on, he pushed his pants to his knees and pulled out his cock. He gave it a few strokes while I watched. My mouth watered.

“Don’t take all day,” he said. “I want to see how fast that mouth of yours can get me off while also keeping me clean.”

I winked. “Challenge accepted.”

I smiled like the cat that ate the canary all the way to my parents’ house.

“You keep looking so smug, your mom is going to ask what you’re smiling about.”

“Is that a problem? Do you not want me to tell her that I got you off using only mouth in less than a minute?”

Gregory frowned. “Less than three minutes, maybe. Besides, how am I supposed to resist you when you’re wearing lace?”

“You aren’t. That’s my secret weapon.” I gave him a quick kiss on the cheek before I exited the car.

My brother and his new girlfriend were the first people we saw. I tried to remove the smug look from my face. I thought I succeeded. Greg’s date had her camera around her neck. She snapped a photo of us walking up the front path. Clearly, she must love her job.

“It’s nice to meet you,” I said. “I’m Evan.”

“Great to meet you too,” she said.

Dinner was normal, even if she did snap a few random pictures here and there. Given that she was my brother’s date and he was serious enough to bring her home, I sat next to her after we finished the meal and before my mom brought out dessert.

“So, how long have you and Greg been dating?”

She looked around as if searching for an out. “Just a little while.”

I expected her to elaborate, perhaps put some effort into making a connection with me. Nothing.

“Excuse me a minute,” she said. She got up and walked to the edge of the patio.

Weird, but okay. Hopefully this relationship wouldn’t last long if she didn’t even like

having a conversation with me.

I looked around for my parents. “Mom, where’s the—”

I trailed off when I caught sight of Gregory. He was next to my chair but not standing. He was down on one knee. My parents and brother stood off to the side.

“Evan, it’s been a fantastic six months. You’ve brought joy to my life that had been lost to me. With you at my side, I’ve become a better man.”

“I’ll second that,” Greg shouted.

“Hush!” my mom scolded.

Gregory grinned, his eyes sparkling as he looked at me. My own eyes filled with tears that blurred my vision. I blinked them away; I refused to miss this moment.

“I don’t want to spend another day without you by my side. I want to make this official in every way. Will you do me the honor of being my husband?”

“Yes. Yes. A thousand times yes!” I hugged Gregory in my arms while my family clapped and Greg’s date snapped photos around us.

Gregory held me tight and kissed my cheek. “I love you, Evan.”

“I love you.”

My brother clapped Gregory on the back, and my mom gave me a hug. Meanwhile, the click of the camera went off several times.”

“You’re not my brother’s date,” I said.

She laughed. “No, but it was a good cover. But I realized we didn’t have a very good story.”

I laughed. “Thank you for being here and capturing these moments.”

“It’s been awesome,” she said. “I’m happy to help. Let’s get a couple of family pictures, and then a few of you two as well.”

Gregory pulled me into his arms again and kissed me soundly. I let myself get lost in his embrace, thanking my lucky stars that my impromptu actions that night at the bar lead me to this man.