



Hot Neighbor Summer (Hot Summer #1)

Author: Casey Cox

Category: LGBT+

Description: Bailey

As if causing a scene on my front lawn with my lying, cheating scumbag of an ex wasn't bad enough, having to be rescued by my two giant, muscled, gorgeous neighbors makes it even more humiliating.

But I feel safe in their arms. Safer than I've ever felt. They seem like a happy couple and are probably just pitying the fool next door who gave his heart to the wrong person. Why would they need anyone else?

Duke

Racing over to help Bailey was a no-brainer. We'd always assist someone in need. But Bailey's not just anyone. He ignited something in Stellan and me the day we moved in next door.

Bailey was in a relationship then, and therefore strictly off-limits. But he's single now. Stellan is eager for us to pursue something with Bailey, but is Bailey even ready?

Stellan

There's something about Bailey that unlocks a part of me that desperately wants to care and protect someone. Duke is my best friend and soulmate, but as much as I love him, he doesn't need me in that way. And I know he has the same needs I have, the same desire to lavish love on someone that I do.

We realized years ago that a third person would make what we have truly perfect, the missing piece to our puzzle. Could Bailey be the one we've been waiting for all this time?

Total Pages (Source): 10

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

1

Bailey

I don't want to be that neighbor.

I hate being that neighbor .

But life handed me a lying, cheating scumbag of a boyfriend who refuses to take his shit from my house, so what choice have I got?

"There." I drop the final box of Conor's stuff on my front lawn and dust off my hands.

After he refused to answer my calls and texts and blocked me on social media after I ended things two weeks ago, I had to get crafty with how to reach him. So this morning, I created a fake account on his hookup app of choice—username: SluttyBtm4u—and lo and behold, I got an immediate response.

I messaged him an hour ago telling him I was leaving his stuff out on my front lawn. If he didn't come and collect it, it'd be picked up by the trash collectors. He blocked me right after that so I have no idea if he's coming or not. He shares a house with three dudes in the next town over, which is about a twenty-minute drive away.

I walk toward the street and glance both ways. All I see on both sides are pristine lake houses painted in crisp whites and nautical blues and perfectly manicured front lawns dotted with hydrangea bushes. Front porches are adorned with striped awnings, Adirondack chairs, and the occasional hammock swaying lazily in the early morning

summer breeze.

"Whatever," I mutter to myself, heading past his stuff and back inside.

Am I horrible that I wish for a sudden downpour to ruin his belongings? Then my mind drifts back to the night two weeks ago when I confronted him about cheating on me for the third fucking time, and I have my answer—No, I'm not.

I hope his crap does get ruined. I took him back twice before, but not this time. This time it's over for good. Especially after he tried to blame me for him sticking his dick into my former best friend.

I make my way up my porch steps when I hear the unmistakable tin-can rattle of Conor's Honda Civic's exhaust. Closing my eyes, I grip the handrail. "Please don't let this turn into an even bigger scene," I mutter to myself. This is a quiet street filled with mainly elderly residents who have moved to this picturesque place to enjoy their last years in peace.

Well, except for the two sexy new neighbors who moved in next door a month ago. They're older than me, sure, but they're definitely not elderly. Built like brick houses, Duke and Stellan look to be in their late thirties or early forties.

They came over to say hi the day they moved in. Conor flirted with them so shamelessly it scared them away, and I haven't seen them since. He ruined so many things. I can see that so clearly now.

Tires shriek against the asphalt. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Conor yells the second he jumps out of the car.

I spin around. He's storming toward me, fists clenched at his sides, nostrils flaring, his deep-blue eyes that used to be my favorite physical feature about him raging like

molten fire.

"I'm returning your things." I wave my arm toward the three boxes and his one-person canoe I laid out on the grass.

Nerves churn in my belly as he stomps closer. Conor pushed me once during an argument. He's also taller and bigger and currently way more angry than I am. I spot a baseball bat poking out of one of the boxes. Okay. That's my backup plan. If this situation spirals out of control, I'm clobbering him over the head.

"You can't kick me out."

"We weren't living together," I remind him. "So yes I can." He insisted on hanging out at my place because I live alone. Plus, he liked having direct access to the lake for his precious canoeing.

"For fuck's sake, Bailey. Don't be like this," he growls, his jaw ticking. "We've been over before."

I inch ever so slightly toward the box with the baseball bat in it. "Yeah, well. This time it's for good."

He stamps his foot like he's a toddler, and the next thing I know, he's lunging toward me. I scramble, desperately reaching for the bat but falling way short. His elbow strikes me square in the chest, and I fall to the ground.

I cover my face as he raises his fist into the air, bracing for the worst. Before he gets a chance to pummel me, two large figures appear out of nowhere, covering the sun and casting a dark shadow over us.

Conor flies off me with a startled squeal. One of my new neighbors, the dark-haired

one, Duke, is restraining him, while my other new neighbor, the sandy-haired one, Stellan, is crouching beside me, his ivy-green eyes filled with concern.

"Are you okay, Bailey?"

I don't know if it's the richness of his voice or just his and Duke's mere presence, showing up in the nick of time, but I reach for him.

He pulls me into his solid body. "It's okay," he murmurs, sweeping one hand through my hair, the other wrapping around me protectively. "You're safe now. We won't let anything happen to you."

His words wash over me, and I have to close my eyes to bite back the tears that threaten to spill. I've never been looked after. Not by my exes. Not by my dad who left when I was three or my mother who made it abundantly clear I had fucked up her life and was on my own as soon as I turned eighteen. The only person who has ever loved me was Mimi, and she's gone now. All I have left is her house and twenty-four years of beautiful memories I'll cherish for the rest of my life.

With Stellan soothing me, I glance over to Duke. Both of his hands are tightly fisted into Conor's shirt. I can't hear what he's saying, but the longer he talks, the more Conor's face goes pale. Duke jerks Conor's body until he spits out, "Okay, okay. Fine. Just get your hands off me."

Duke stares him down for a few more seconds then shoves him with such force Conor barely manages to stay on his feet. Straightening his shirt, Conor picks up a box and takes it to the trunk of his car. He does this twice more. When he looks like he's about to protest that his canoe won't fit, Duke lifts his finger and it silences him immediately. Duke mutters something to Conor that keeps him in place before jogging over to his and Stellan's, returning a few moments later with two pool noodles and some rope. It only takes him a couple of minutes to put together a DIY

soft rack system on the roof of Conor's car and attach the canoe onto it.

He claps Conor on the shoulder so hard he winces, says something into his ear, and watches with a serious glower as Conor walks back to the car, shoulders slumped, all his seething rage and bullshit bravado well and truly gone now.

The engine hums with a hollow, echoing clang, and then he takes off. Gone. Out of my life. Forever this time.

Duke strides over to Stellan and me. The two men exchange a look before Duke kneels down next to us, his warm, chocolatey brown eyes scanning me with such intensity it makes me tremble. "Did he hurt you?"

"No. I'm fine." I rub my hand over my chest where Conor elbowed me.

Seeing this, Duke gently places his hand over the top of my palm, sending a flare of warmth all the way up to my shoulder. "Are you sure?"

Apart from being slightly sore I really am okay. "I am. Thank you." I turn to Stellan. "Thank you both. If you hadn't shown up?—"

"Shhh. It's okay. We don't have to go there." Stellan keeps one hand on my shoulder as Duke does the same on the other side, adding, "He won't ever bother you again, Bailey. We promise you. You're safe."

And sitting on my front lawn between these two giant, muscled, gorgeous men who I've only met once in my life... I totally believe him.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

2

Duke

"We should go over and check in on Bailey today," I say, smearing coconut lotion all over Stellan's massive shoulders and muscled back as he lies front down on the sunbed. We may have retired from the NHL over a decade ago, but we both take pride in maintaining our athletic physiques.

"You're only saying that because you didn't get the same one-on-one time with him that I did," he replies, and even though I can't see his face, I can hear the smirk in his tone.

I lift up his speedo and squirt some oil down his ass crack.

"Oi!"

"Oops. Sorry," I say so insincerely he'll hear my smirk.

I smooth the sunscreen down his muscular legs in slow, even strokes, making sure every inch is covered. Even though we're both six four, Stellan is smooth and dark-blond—earning him the nickname of the Nordic Viking in our playing days even though he's originally from Pennsylvania—while I'm dark-haired, brown-eyed, and have a light smattering of fur across my chest and legs.

"Thanks," he says when I'm done, lifting up onto his elbows and turning to look at me. "And I appreciate you taking care of Bailey's scumbag ex the way you did

yesterday."

I lift a shoulder, sitting on the edge of the sunbed next to my bestie and soulmate. "I just got to him first. I have no doubt you would've done the same."

When I heard the ruckus happening next door, I called out for Stellan, and we bolted over to help Bailey.

Stellan shakes his head. "Don't know if I would've been able to restrain myself the way you did."

"All I cared about was making sure Bailey was okay."

He sits up so we're directly facing each other. "He said they've broken up."

I shake my head. "Don't start."

"Why not? You said we can't do anything while Bailey has a boyfriend. He doesn't have a boyfriend, so, hello, the coast is clear."

"The coast is not clear." I get up and walk over to sit by the pool.

A few seconds later, Stellan joins me, our legs dangling in the cool water. "You're the one who suggested we should check in on him," he says softly.

"I meant it in a friendly way." I shuffle to hide the pressure building in my board shorts at the thought of our sexy young neighbor. "A neighborly way."

Stellan chuckles and gives my bulge a hearty tug. "Neighborly my ass."

I shake my head and shove his hand away. Did meeting Bailey the day we moved in

ignite something in us? Yes, it did. But Bailey was in a relationship then, and therefore strictly off-limits. Just because he's single now, it doesn't mean he's ready to launch himself into a new relationship, not to mention one with two guys, because Stellan and I are a package deal.

"I don't want to be someone's rebound," I muse.

"Neither do I."

"He probably needs some time."

"We can give him all the time he needs."

"We don't even know if he'll be into..." I wave my hand between us. "This."

Stellan frowns, kicking the water until it starts to churn around our calves. I place my hand on his thigh, his skin soft as silk to the touch, such a contrast to his powerful muscles. The love I have for him is indescribable, and it's not that it's not enough, it's just that we both know on some deeper level that having someone else to share this love with would be the final piece that's missing in our puzzle.

I look into his emerald eyes. They're gleaming even more brightly than usual, reflecting the pool's light.

"We shouldn't do anything," I say.

"Ugh." He splashes some more. "You always say that."

It's true. He's the impulsive one, I'm more measured. It's why we were such great teammates when we played for the Thunderhawks—we balanced each other out.

He turns so he's facing me and presses his palm to my heart. "But I'm not alone in this. You do feel something for Bailey." His eyes search mine. "Don't you?"

Despite only meeting our neighbor once and being instantly put off by his way too handsy boyfriend, I can't deny that the second I laid eyes on Bailey, something inside me flickered to life. His hazel eyes, flecked with dark amber and green, his lean build, his boyish charm. A gentle whisper from the deepest recesses of my subconscious told me there was something special about the guy.

"I do feel it," I admit. "But whatever we do, we have to tread carefully."

His face lights up like I've just given him the green light to march over to Bailey's house and declare our intentions.

He sees my sour expression and laughs. "Okay, okay. We'll tread carefully."

"And slowly," I add.

"Fine. And slowly."

I shake my head. "Why don't I believe you?"

He laughs again then cups my face and presses his lips to mine. "Because I have a good feeling about this. About him." He stares at me with nothing but love in his eyes. "I think we may have finally found the one, baby."

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

3

Stellan

After lounging by the pool, doing a weights session in our home-gym carport, and having some lunch, Duke and I are getting ready to go check in on Bailey when there's a knock on the door.

"You expecting a delivery?" Duke asks, and I shake my head.

We bound down the stairs like the gorillas we are, and when he opens the front door, my heart pitter-patters in my chest.

"Bailey," I greet with a smile, standing beside Duke in the doorway. "How are you?"

"Better than I was yesterday." He releases a deep breath, his amber and olive eyes flicking between us. "I came over to apologize."

"For what?" Duke asks.

"For the huge scene on my front lawn yesterday."

"That wasn't your fault," I say, reaching out to rub his shoulder, and just like when I held him yesterday, the physical touch ignites something within me. Something deeper than just sexual attraction. Bailey unlocks the part of me that desperately wants to care for and protect someone.

As much as I love Duke, he doesn't need me in that way. And I know he has the same needs I do, the same desire to lavish love on someone, which isn't what I need from him, either. Plus, we're both tops, and hung as fuck, so it's a real shame to let all this man meat go to waste.

We realized years ago that a third person would make what we have truly perfect. Finding said other person has proven to be a challenge though.

Until now, that is.

Duke can play it safe all he wants, but I sense an opening here. And if there's one thing my cock craves right now, it's an opening.

"Come inside." Duke opens the door wider. "We were just on our way to see you."

"You were?" Bailey asks, stepping inside.

"We were," I confirm. "We wanted to make sure you were okay. That asswipe hasn't contacted you again, has he?"

"No. He's blocked me on every channel imaginable."

There's a firm edge to his voice, which I take as a good sign. But breakups are always tough, even when they're with jerkholes. I need to remember that. Bailey will need some time to heal and process his emotions.

Luckily for us, Duke and I have all the time in the world. We may only be in our early forties, but some savvy investment decisions after we hung up our skates mean we can live a semi-retired lifestyle. That's one of the main reasons we moved here.

We lead Bailey into the kitchen, and as Duke pours us some of his delicious

homemade peach iced tea, I take the opportunity to ask Bailey something that's been on my mind since we moved in. "How come you're never here during the week?"

Bailey slides onto a stool at the breakfast bar. "I work in Forest Lake, and I have a small apartment there. I inherited the house when my grandmother passed away last year."

He starts fidgeting. Duke stops pouring and looks at me. We can both feel the weight of Bailey's loss. I want to go over to him and bundle him up in my arms like I did yesterday on his front lawn, but instead, I honor what I said to Duke and tread carefully. "I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thank you."

Duke places the glasses and pitcher on a tray and suggests, "It's a gorgeous day. Let's go outside."

I open the door for Duke, who's carrying the drinks. When Bailey approaches and smiles at me, I swear he makes me lose my breath the same way Duke still manages to.

Being big and tall ourselves, we're both suckers for shorter, slender guys, and at about five seven, Bailey fits the bill perfectly. His medium-brown hair falls about messily in a way that makes me want to drag my fingers through it, and his boyish face is dusted with a faint hint of stubble. But it's his hazel eyes that draw me in. I've always been a sucker for eyes, and there's a world of mystery behind his that I'm itching to explore. I want to know everything about him.

I latch onto his shoulder as I slide the door closed, and we make our way to the table under the umbrella. He looks up at me, smiling again, and my core ignites. Man, I want to explore every inch of his delectable body.

We sit at the massive outdoor table facing the pool with Bailey in the middle. Duke's always been the better one at handling small talk, so he asks Bailey what he does for work—he's a project manager for a real estate investment company—whether he likes it here—his favorite thing is to escape the city and come up here on weekends, especially in summer, and hang out by the lake—and what music he listens to. He rattles off a bunch of artists I've never heard of, which highlights just how many years separate us. I don't know whether the age gap bothers Duke, but I couldn't give a shit about it. As long as Bailey doesn't mind I can't spell the names of half the artists he mentioned, then why would I give a damn what anyone else thinks?

"So what happened with your ex?" I ask when there's a break in the conversation.

Duke shoots daggers at me. "You'll have to forgive Stellan. He was raised in the woods by pack animals and lacks social skills."

Bailey grins. "It's okay. Um..." The grin fades, replaced by his brows forming a deep V. "Conor cheated on me." He lets out a sigh and stares up at the blue sky. "Three times."

Anger boils my blood. "That's so fucked up."

"We're sorry that happened to you," Duke says, and I give a sharp nod.

"It's fine. I mean, it's not. It really sucks. But this time we're really over. I'm not taking him back. Not after what he said."

Duke glares at me, and I can read his mind as clearly as if he were saying the words out loud. Don't ask. Don't ask. Don't ask .

But I can't help myself. I've been dying to find out more about Bailey for a whole freaking month, and now that I finally can, I'm not about to pass up the chance to do

just that.

"Do you mind if I ask what he said?" I get the words out as gently as I can.

"You don't have to answer that," Duke says, trying to keep his voice calm while frowning at me.

Bailey drops his head. "It's so embarrassing, you guys."

"All the more reason not to say anything," Duke assures him.

Bailey takes a sip of iced tea and hums. "This is really good, by the way."

"Thank you," Duke responds with a tight smile, still on edge that I've steered the conversation down this path.

I know he's only looking out for Bailey, and I don't want to make him uncomfortable, either. If he tells me to shut up and mind my own damn business, I'll apologize and do just that. But if Bailey wants to tell us, I'm not about to stop him. It's his call.

"One night, when we first started dating, we got drunk," Bailey begins. "Conor asked me what my ultimate sexual fantasy was." He takes a breath and stares out at the pool, his fingers absently stroking the rim of his glass. "I told him it was to have a threesome."

I almost choke on my tea. Duke lifts a finger and widens his eyes at me to stay quiet. I comply this time.

"He used that against me when I caught him cheating this most recent time."

"I don't get it," Duke says. "How is you sharing a fantasy permission for him to cheat

on you?"

"Exactly. Thank you." Bailey reaches over and squeezes Duke's forearm. "I was starting to think I was going crazy."

"You're not," I say, wanting to reach over and touch Bailey even as he releases Duke's arm. The need to feel him is so overwhelming that I curl one hand around my glass and sit on the other one to stop myself doing something that Duke will make me regret later.

"Anyway, I should get going." Bailey drains the rest of his iced tea and my mind does not imagine what he'd look like on his knees, swallowing our cocks with the same intensity.

"Back to work tomorrow, then?" Duke asks as we walk Bailey through the house to the front door.

"Afraid so, yeah."

"You don't like your job?" I ask, picking up on the flatness in his voice.

"It's fine, I guess. Just very corporate. I'd love to do something that makes a difference, you know?"

I glance over at Duke. "Yeah. We know," I say, since we have another reason why we moved here. One that allows us to give back and pass on some of the good fortune we've been blessed with.

"Life, hey?" Duke says with a smile, nudging Bailey.

"Exactly."

We reach the door, and as I open it, the three of us find ourselves in close quarters in the entryway, quiet for the first time since Bailey came over. A big part of me is tempted to draw Bailey into me and see how he responds. As if reading my thoughts, Duke fixes me with a silent warning.

Okay. Even I can admit that may be pushing it. Too much, too fast. I don't want to ruin things before they even have a chance to properly begin.

But now that we've broken the ice and we know Bailey is single— and that his ultimate sexual fantasy is a threesome—I'm determined to at least move things forward a little.

I lock my eyes on Bailey and ask, "Don't suppose you'd like to join us out on the lake when you come back next weekend?"

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

4

Bailey

I've never known just how seamlessly fantasy can blend with reality.

Until today.

I'm floating on a circular inflatable raft out on the lake. The sun is beating down on me, warming up my skin nicely. And every so often, my feet brush against the feet of one of the two giants I'm sharing the raft with.

I couldn't have come up with a better start to living out my threesome fantasy if I tried.

But this isn't that .

This is my two super hunky neighbors most likely taking pity on the foolish guy next door who was dumb enough to get his heart trampled on by a jerk not even worthy of it in the first place.

They're a couple. They probably already have fantastic sex. Why would they need anyone else?

"So, how long have you guys been together?" I ask, figuring the more I know about them, the more it'll help me tamp down my overactive imagination that has been driving me wild all week with fantasies of them exploring my body and fucking me

in every position possible...as well as a few that were impossible but we somehow managed to make work.

They exchange another look. "Strictly speaking, we're not together-together," Duke answers slowly.

My eyes travel from Duke with his dark hair and dark eyes to Stellan with his dark-blond locks and eyes so green they almost look fake. They're each different, but both strikingly handsome in their own ways. Don't think I'd ever be able to choose one over the other if it ever came down to that.

"You're not?"

"No. We're best friends and soulmates, but, well..."

"We're a little unconventional," Stellan finishes for him.

Heat crawls up my body, and I tuck my feet under me. "Unconventional? How?"

Duke is pinning Stellan with the intense stare he gave him last weekend when we were talking by their pool.

"We love each other deeply," Stellan continues, ignoring Duke's intense reaction. "But ultimately, we're looking for a third person to share our lives with."

I slide my hand behind my back discreetly and pinch my skin above my hip. Nope. I am not dreaming. This is real, and the two sex gods I'm soaking up the sun with really did just say they're actively looking for a third person to make their relationship complete.

Mind. Officially. Blown.

"I see," I eke out.

"If you could please keep that to yourself," Duke says, frowning at Stellan before turning to me, his expression softening. "One of the reasons we chose to live here is because it's a small community known for people minding their own business."

"That is true," I agree. "Cumcircle is known for that."

Stellan snickers. "I still can't believe this place is called Cumcircle."

"Be glad for it," I tell him. "Look at our neighboring towns. They're inundated with tourists. Everyone leaves us alone because of the very family-unfriendly name, and yay for us because we get all of this to ourselves."

They nod in unison, taking in our gorgeous setting. The lake glistens under the blazing sun, the warm summer air hums with cicadas, and off in the distance, the call of a loon reverberates over the water. This place really is a hidden gem.

While they enjoy that view, I enjoy the much better one of the two of them. They're both shirtless and both impressively stacked with muscles. Huge arms, huge quads, and yeah, I may have snuck in a peek to confirm—huge bulges straining the fabric of their swim shorts.

Duke has a nice smattering of hair across his chest and slightly more padding around his belly while Stellan is smooth and slightly more defined. I've been daydreaming about them all week at work and giving Blaze and Ram, a.k.a. my two dildos, a solid workout in the evenings.

Both of them turn me on so much. They did from the very first moment we met. But I was with Conor then so I immediately shut my attraction down. Unlike some people, I believe in monogamy. But that didn't stop Conor from looking them up online and

discovering they're former NHL hockey players. They played for the same team, and apparently, there were plenty of rumors about them being together, which they never confirmed. Now I understand why.

"We haven't made you uncomfortable, have we?" Duke asks, his gaze lingering like he's been watching me for a while.

"Oh, no. Not at all." My heart starts racing, and it feels like it suddenly got fifty degrees warmer out here. "I think it's...cool."

Cool?

Ugh. I couldn't sound lamer if I tried.

There's a sparkle in Stellan's eye. "Awesome. Glad you're cool with it," he teases playfully.

He sits up and moves forward toward the center of the raft. I stretch my legs out, and he lowers his hand, skimming his fingertips along the top of my shin. Duke notices and flicks Stellan's arm as if to stop him.

But I don't want him to stop touching me, so I lean forward and grab Duke's wrist. His gaze snaps to mine. I stare into his dark-oak eyes, then slowly shift my focus to Stellan.

I think I'm starting to pick up on their dynamic. Stellan's the impulsive one, Duke's more controlled. At least, I assume he's more controlled.

Unless he's not into me?

Deciding to test that theory out, I place Duke's hand on my other leg, curious to see

what he does. For a while, nothing. He simply continues staring at me, but after a few moments, his rough, calloused palm moves up my calf.

I look at Stellan and quirk a brow, like I'm issuing him a silent challenge. His tongue peeks out the corner of his mouth as he joins Duke, softly rubbing up and down my legs.

Wow. This is really happening. I'm not imagining it. I currently have two gorgeous men stroking my legs. My body ignites, erupting in heat. This is something I've always wanted but been too afraid to pursue, too worried about other people's judgments, what they'll think of someone who deep down craves the touch and intimacy and connection of more than just one person.

I steady my breathing and try to sift through my racing thoughts. I know exactly where I'd like this to go, but am I brave enough to do it? I mean, they've already seen me through one of the most humiliating episodes of my life, I can't really embarrass myself any more.

I take a fortifying breath and remind myself they're looking for a third person. Then I bite down on my lower lip and spread my legs a little wider. A subtle invitation.

They exchange yet another look. As they do, I glance around, double-checking we're alone in this part of the lake. There are a few other boats and people about, but they're off way, way in the distance, way too far away to see what might be about to happen on this raft.

Stellan grazes my knee and toys with the hem of my board shorts. I smile, liking that he's the bolder one, the one who takes risks and goes for it. I'm already painfully hard in my boardies and so ready to be touched by these two.

But first...

I grab hold of their hands and, with a secure grip, hoist myself until I'm sitting in the middle of the raft with them in front of me. They shuffle in closer, too.

There's a way my threesome fantasy always begins, something I visualize in my mind's eye to kick things off.

"Kiss each other," I instruct, swiping my index finger along Stellan's lips and bringing it to Duke's. With no hesitation, Stellan grabs the back of Duke's neck and yanks him in for a hot, open-mouth kiss. Pre-cum oozes out of my cock and drips along my inner thigh. "That's so fucking hot."

They stop kissing and turn to look at me. "What's your next command?" Stellan asks with a sultry grin.

"Oh. I think that's pretty obvious." Copying Stellan's move, I curl one hand around his neck, the other around Duke's, and whisper, "Kiss me ."

That sultry grin grows into a full-blown devilish smile as both men advance. For a split second, I'm worried about the practical logistics of a three-way kiss, but Stellan and Duke come in nice and close, wrapping their arms around my upper back. I lean forward and slightly up just as they do the same, and I get my first taste of them.

Stellan's lips are slightly salty, and Duke's are plump and sweet. I close my eyes as a wave of arousal spills out of me in my shorts. Three tongues meet, tips of noses brush, chins touch, and an indescribable bliss washes over me.

A hand, I can't tell whose, slides down my back, over my hip, to my groin.

"Let us take care of you," Stellan says, and all I can do is hum my agreement.

"You're safe with us," Duke says, cupping my balls in his hefty palm.

"I know." I stare between the two men, their eyes filled with lust, my body ready to surrender to them. "I trust you. Both ."

They work together to unzip my shorts, and I lift up a little so they can slide them down my legs. My whole body is thrumming with anticipation. I can't believe I'm on the verge of living out my ultimate sexual fantasy.

And the best part?

I get to do it with two guys who I know will take proper care of me.

5

Duke

Bailey's cock springs out into the sunshine as we slide his board shorts off him. It's nicely long, and he's completely smooth, just like Stellan. His crown is wet, and seeing the evidence of his arousal makes me even harder than I already am.

I lower myself down and Stellan does the same, winking at me, wearing that shit-eating grin of his, silently urging me on. Let's do this .

I've been worried about rushing into things, and in the back of my mind, I'm conscious things are moving fast. But it's Bailey who's setting the pace, not us. And if this is what he wants, then who are we to deprive him?

Stellan reaches out, grabs Bailey's cock, and lowers his mouth over it. That leaves me to travel further south to Bailey's smooth balls, plopping one into my mouth and gently tugging down on it.

"Oh my god," Bailey moans, his hands charging into our hair. "That feels so good. Keep going. Please ."

His voice cracks, and my chest explodes with warmth. Part of me already knows this isn't just going to be a one-time thing. Stellan may be the overenergized golden retriever of the two of us, but just because I'm containing my emotions doesn't mean I don't want Bailey just as much as he does.

I do.

And it's precisely because I do that I want to make sure we get this right. Bailey's been hurt and cheated on. We have to earn his trust and prove to him that we're men who will never, ever do anything like that to him, that we'll never hurt him.

I tap Stellan's arm, and he releases Bailey's cock with a loud plop, giving me a turn. I pump it up and down in my mouth. Just like the rest of him, it's the perfect size, and the salty remnants of his pre-cum mixed with Stellan's saliva make me want to free my own cock before it self-combusts.

But no. This is about Bailey.

I stop sucking and gently guide Bailey onto his back. His legs swing into the air. Stellan takes one leg as I grab hold of the other, and we both take a moment to appreciate the exquisite beauty of Bailey's smooth pink hole, gleaming in the sunshine.

We dive down together, and I nudge Stellan out of the way, knowing he'll start licking away like mad before I get to do the thing I like to start with. I press my nose against Bailey's taint and take in a long, hard whiff as I glide up and down, committing the hot scent of this part of his body to memory.

"You done?" Stellan teases with a soft smile.

"Only getting started," I murmur back, and with that, we descend on Bailey's ass, tongues flicking, fingers probing, reveling in the perfection of this moment. This already feels like more than sex. This is finding the piece of the Bailey-sized puzzle that's been missing all these years.

Stellan brings his fingers to Bailey's hole and stretches them wide, producing the

sweetest little gape in our boy. He sticks his tongue into the opening, swirling it around as Bailey writhes in pleasure.

I reach up, take Bailey's dick in my hand, and begin stroking.

"Oh, god," he wails. "I'm so fucking close."

"Come for us." My words come out harsh and commanding.

Stellan stretches Bailey even wider as I cover Bailey's cock with my mouth mere seconds before it spasms and starts erupting.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god."

I slow my movements, my mouth suctioned over his dick to not let a precious drop spill out. Stellan eases back, too, and releases Bailey's beautiful hole from his grip, the pink pucker closing up.

Bailey sits up, eyes glazed. "That was... I have no words. Actually, there is one thing you could do to make this even more perfect."

"Name it," Stellan says, since I can't speak because I have Bailey's load in my mouth.

Bailey's eyes light up with that same mischievous glint he had right before he first instructed us to kiss.

"Kiss again," he whispers.

So we kiss again, and as I open my mouth, Bailey's cum spills out. Stellan hungrily licks it up as it drips down my chin, then swallows it down.

"Oh, goddd, " Bailey moans. "This is the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life."

And with that, his head sways from side to side, he rocks back and passes out.

* * *

I thought Stellan could sleep through everything, but Bailey, man, he is something else. He woke up a few seconds after passing out on the raft and has been drifting in and out of sleep ever since.

"Should we take him back to ours?" Stellan asks as we approach our houses.

I'm carrying Bailey in my arms, the warm press of his body against mine feeling so right, so damn perfect, I wish I never had to let him go.

"Let's go to his place," I suggest. "I'd hate for him to wake up and not know where he is."

"Good point."

Stellan opens the gate for me and then the back door which is thankfully unlocked. As we step inside Bailey's house for the first time—we didn't make it past the front door on our first visit courtesy of his creepy ex who made us want to not venture in—we're greeted by the scent of aged wood and lake air. The walls are paneled in rich, honey-colored pine, and a jumble of family photos and knick-knacks cover every available surface, from the weathered side table to the fireplace mantle. Not what I pictured his personal style to be like at all.

The floorboards groan under my feet as I take Bailey upstairs. Stellan opens the door at the end of the hallway, correctly guessing it's Bailey's bedroom. Inside, its charcoal gray walls contrast with a dark wooden bed frame and crisp white bedding. A single

abstract painting hangs above the headboard, and a glass desk with a leather office chair sits near the window, offering a view of the lake. Now this is more what I pictured his style to be like.

Stellan pulls back the top sheet, and I carefully lay Bailey down. As I do, he stirs, blinking up at me a few times, a small smile forming on his lips. "Hey."

"Hey."

"Where am I?"

"We brought you back home."

"You came so hard you passed out," Stellan reminds him, standing beside me, his voice low and deep.

Bailey's eyelids grow heavy again, and he absently pats the mattress. "Can you stay with me? Please?"

"Of course, baby," Stellan replies.

We climb into Bailey's bed, lying down on either side of him. Bailey curls up into Stellan, and I big spoon him, wrapping my arms around his warm, lithe body.

He falls back asleep in no time, and after a few minutes, I hear Stellan's breathing even out. I lift my head and smile when I see he's drifted off, too. I suspect they'll both be out for a while.

Propping myself on my elbow, I take in both men. Stellan, who I've known for close to twenty years and love with all my heart. And Bailey, someone we've only just met but has quickly found his way into our hearts just the same.

Could he be the one we've been waiting for all this time?

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

6

Stellan

"This has been the longest week ever," I groan over breakfast the Friday after our day on the lake with Bailey.

Duke grins. "I assume you're referring to Bailey and not the stormwater management permits we're still waiting on."

"Of course I'm talking about Bailey. I couldn't give a shit about the permits."

That's not entirely true. Of course I want to get started on our project to build affordable housing. It's just that since last weekend, I've been unable to focus on anything other than the man who is stealing our hearts. Being with him on the lake and then falling asleep in his bed has only cemented my feelings. I'm hooked on the guy, and I am convinced he's the one for us.

"It sucks that he works so far away," I add, sailing my spoon absently through my bowl of cereal. "I miss him. Is that weird?"

Duke puts down his toast and comes over to sit next to me. "It's not weird. I miss him, too."

"This is all happening so fast."

He breathes out through his nose. "It really is."

"Is that okay? I know we agreed to going slow. Treading carefully."

"We did, but I can't help the way I feel, and it's clear as day how you feel. Now all that's left is?—"

"To find out how Bailey feels," I finish for him.

"Exactly. He should be back tonight, and hopefully he'll want to spend the weekend with us again."

"You realize the second I see him pull up, I'm running over to his place?"

Duke chuckles. "Can I remind you you are a grown, forty-three-year-old man?"

"Fine. I'll walk. Briskly."

"I'll take it." He smiles his sexy smile at me. "Now hurry up. We need to get a move on. We're meeting with the civil engineer, and we're running late."

The meeting with the engineer goes well... I think. To be honest, all this talk of plans for grading, stormwater management, and foundation stability goes over my head. Duke's, too. We're doing our best, and our intentions are good, but I think we severely underestimated all the planning involved in undertaking a massive project like this. And we haven't even broken ground yet. We're former athletes. We're not equipped to deal with project management and spreadsheets for chrissakes.

After the meeting, the day still dragged on forever. Grabbing some lunch in the diner, working out when we got home, even blowing a load in the shower did nothing to diminish all this pent-up energy I have.

The desire to see Bailey again has coiled its way into my mind and body so

thoroughly that there's no way to shake it. I'm a live wire. I've been on edge ever since I watched him drive away through our front window Monday morning and have been desperately counting down the days until he returns for the weekend.

Where do we stand? Is he okay with what we did? Does he regret it, or does he want to do it again? Is he open to a relationship, or does he just want to keep things casual?

The only other time I've felt this frazzled, been this off-kilter, was when I skated onto the rink and circled around a certain dark-haired defenseman almost two decades ago. I had zero chill then, so I'll be damned if I start now.

"You're feeling this, too, right?" I ask Duke when I'm staring out the front window, waiting for Bailey to arrive. "I mean, it's not just me getting ahead of myself?"

"Yes on both counts," he replies with a sly grin from the couch, sipping on a scotch with his bare feet crossed at the ankles and resting on the coffee table. "Yes, I feel it, too, and yes, you are getting ahead of yourself. But that's just how you are. I wouldn't expect anything less. I've just mastered the vital art of practicing restraint."

"Pffft. Restraint is overrated."

"Restraint is a way to ensure we don't move too fast before all three of us are ready. Bailey's just coming out of a relationship. We still don't know him that well, and the opposite is true, too. He doesn't know us, either."

"Yeah, well, I plan on changing that this weekend." Before I can fill Duke in on what I have in mind, I spot Bailey's car and tear out of the house.

* * *

"This was a great idea," Bailey says, smiling over his shoulder. "I've had the week

from hell at work, and I love hiking."

"Glad you're having a good time," I reply, flicking his shorts playfully.

When I raced out to greet Bailey yesterday, the first thing I noticed was the dark circles under his eyes and his slumped posture. I figured some sunshine and fresh air might be just the thing he needs to regain some energy.

The three of us walk in silence. Duke's out front, leading us to a spot he and I uncovered on our first hike after we bought our house here. It's a pretty clearing with an awesome view of the lake.

I unfurl the blanket on the grass when we get there as Duke begins unpacking the picnic basket. Five minutes later, we're sipping on some of Duke's freshly made this morning berry hibiscus iced tea, munching on turkey and cheese sandwiches, and enjoying the beautiful day.

And the even more beautiful company.

"Tell us about your workweek from hell," I say.

"Or not. If you'd rather not talk about it," Duke offers, his mouth half full.

"Or not," I agree. "No pressure."

"It's just...people, you know?" Bailey says with a sigh. "Everyone's out for themselves. All they care about is looking good to advance their own careers. No one cares about the customer. No one cares about the actual outcome we're trying to achieve."

"That sounds frustrating," Duke says, and Bailey nods heartily.

"It is. I've even started looking for a job closer to here."

I lean forward. "Really?"

"Yeah. Unfortunately, the demand for project managers in Cumcircle isn't very high. Too bad because I would gladly end the lease on my tiny apartment and move here permanently."

An idea clicks into place, and when I look past Bailey to Duke, I see the cogs in his head spinning, too. He gives me a subtle nod, as if to say, We'll talk about this later.

"Were you close to your grandmother?" I ask, changing the subject.

Bailey mentioned last week that he inherited the house from her when she passed, and I'd like to know more.

He stops eating his sandwich and stares out into the lake, his face stoic before a wistful smile emerges. "I used to come here every summer to visit her. My dad left when I was three, and my mom basically hates me. No, wait. That's not right. She did and does hate me. Blamed me for my father walking out and for ruining her life. Mimi was my saving grace. She'd take me out canoeing and hiking, and in the evenings, we'd play canasta on the back porch." He swings his eyes to Duke then to me. "You guys ever played?"

"Can't say that I have," Duke replies.

"Neither have I."

"We should do it sometime."

"We'd love that," I reply, looking at Duke whose massive smile matches my own. So

much for his usual restraint. I can tell he's just as happy as I am that Bailey wants to spend more time with us.

"Enough about me." Bailey takes the last bite of his sandwich and wipes his hands on his shorts. "I want to know more about you guys. What's your story?"

Duke takes him back right to the very beginning, starting with how we met playing for the Thunderhawks. Turns out Bailey knew we were former hockey players since his ex stalked us online. My jaw clenches instantly when he mentions that asshole.

Moving on, I pick up the story, telling him about some good financial advice Duke and I received during our playing days. "We basically squirreled away everything we could from our salaries, as well as any money we made from endorsements and licensing deals, into real estate."

"And as you know," Duke says, taking a sip of tea. "Real estate has gone through the roof."

"Tell me about it," Bailey says. "If I hadn't inherited Mimi's house, I don't know how I'd have gotten into the housing market. The prices just keep going up and up. Even the property taxes on this place are killer."

"It really sucks," I say. "And we hate that while we've benefited, so many people struggle."

"So we came up with an idea a couple of years ago," Duke takes over. "We want to create some low-cost housing options."

"That's how we stumbled upon Cumcircle."

"We found a reasonably priced massive block of land about fifteen minutes out of

town. While checking it out, we stopped for lunch one day, went for a walk by the lake, and fell in love with the place."

"Not only is it beautiful here," I say, "but we were also attracted to the fact that people seem to mind their own damn business. We want to settle down somewhere where people let us live in peace."

We may not be playing anymore, and we were never in the same league as big players like, say, Sidney Crosby or Patrick Kane, but we do get recognized quite often. We'll always take the time to chat and take selfies with fans, but we wanted to find a place where we could blend in and just be regular citizens living their private, somewhat unconventional lives.

"The land sale went through," Duke continues.

"And then we saw the listing for the house next to yours."

"We came to look at it and bought it on the spot."

"Everything slotted into place perfectly," I say, reaching over to take Bailey's hand in mine. "And then we got the best bonus of all."

Bailey's hazel eyes stare at me with wonder. "Wh-what's that?"

I smile as I lean in. "We met you."

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

7

Bailey

We make it back to my house and into my bedroom in what has to be a world-record-setting time.

I'm sure someone folded up the blanket, and I have a vague recollection of helping Duke pack the food and his delicious iced tea back into the picnic basket, but we scurried back from that hike so fast I wouldn't be surprised if I chafe between my legs tomorrow morning.

Although, hopefully, that's not the only sensation I'll have down there tomorrow.

The three of us are kneeling on my bed, clothes have come off, and I'm taking turns passionately kissing each of my men.

Yes, my men .

Too soon?

If you asked an outside observer, I'm sure they'd likely say yes. But no one knows what's in my heart except for me. And even though I've been led down the wrong path when it comes to love before, this time I know it's different because it feels different.

I pull back from Stellan and find Duke's mouth again, loving the change from

Stellan's intense, frenetic kisses to Duke's longer, deeper, more sensual style. Stellan nibbles along my collarbone as I kiss Duke.

I'm gripping two of the biggest cocks I have ever seen in my hands, salivating at the thought of letting these two sexy, powerful men have their way with me. Stellan is smooth just like I am, with one prominent vein running along the side of his massive cock, while Duke has a neatly trimmed patch of dark pubic hair. His dick is just as long as Stellan's but so girthy I can barely curl my fingers all the way around it.

I am in for something awesome with these two, I know I am. I've always been ashamed of my sexual desires. And despite doing everything I could to enjoy sex—focusing on my partner, trying new positions—deep down I was never left truly satisfied.

A part of me always craved more. And felt bad about it. Like there was something wrong with me. Like, if most people are okay with being with one person, why did I need more? Was I deficient in some way...or just a slut?

With Duke and Stellan, I know I can be my greedy, cock-hungry self and they won't judge me for it. And perhaps finally, for the first time in my life, I'll truly be satisfied. I mean, if they could make me black out from a blowjob and eating my ass, what's going to happen when they're both inside me? My hole twitches just thinking about all the delicious possibilities they have in store.

"I know you shouldn't say stuff in the throes of passion"—I pull back slightly, my eyes flicking between the two men as I talk—"but I just want to say this real quick. I really like you both, and I really hope that this is the beginning of something real, something more than just what we're about to do."

Stellan sweeps the backs of his fingers against my cheek. "We feel the same way, baby. Don't we, Duke?"

Duke nods, his eyes darkening. "We do. You already mean a lot to us. We just want to make sure we're moving at a pace that's right for you."

"Thank you. I appreciate that." I kiss each man on his cheek, giving their cocks a squeeze at the same time. "Now, enough talking. I want to see my men in action."

* * *

Duke

"My men."

I hear those words from Bailey's mouth, and my composure breaks, like a hockey stick shattering on the ice.

Lord knows I've been doing everything I can to restrain Stellan. Not that it's had much impact. He raced over to Bailey so quickly when he pulled up yesterday, he got there before the guy had the chance to get out of his car.

I want Bailey as much as he does, but I need to know Bailey wants this, too. And that he's ready. And with the fire in his eyes and the hungry tugs he's been treating our cocks to—and now with what he just said—I know he wants us as much as we want him. And in the same way, too. As something more than just fuckbuddies. As something real.

"You've never done this before, have you?" I double-check because even though he told us a threesome was his ultimate fantasy, he never confirmed whether or not he's taken part in one. He shakes his head. I sweep my hand down his soft torso. "All right, then. I want you to know you're in safe hands. Whatever you want, you just tell us, baby, and we'll do it. And if you ever get overwhelmed?—"

"Or pass out," Stellan supplies with a grin, and Bailey chuckles.

"You let us know."

"Thank you." Bailey bites his lip pensively and hesitates for a moment before saying, "I've always felt bad that sex didn't satisfy me. Not all the way, at least. Not like how I think you'll both be able to." His hazel eyes dart from me to Stellan and back to me again, his voice barely above a whisper as he shares his deepest, darkest thoughts. "My body is yours to use however you want it. I can take whatever you give me, just please, give it to me ."

His words go straight to my cock...and to my heart. Stellan and I have always wanted to find someone we can be completely ourselves with, someone we can let our urges to be dominant yet caring come out, and by god, I think we've struck gold with Bailey.

"We got you, baby," Stellan says, drawing Bailey in for a kiss, and while they make out, I crawl around behind Bailey, lower onto my back, and pull myself under him, bringing his ass right onto my face. I let his weight settle over me, savoring his sweaty, musky aroma. Don't know why scent turns me on so much, but after a sweaty workout, I love nothing more than getting a whiff of Stellan's pits. Everyone's got their freaky shit, and I guess this is mine.

After inhaling Bailey until his aroma is burned into my senses, I start lapping at his hole. After a few minutes, he shifts. I pop my head out to see him going down on Stellan.

This.

This right here is heaven on earth. It's what we've waited all these years for.

I eat Bailey's ass, working one, then two, and finally three fingers in, using nothing but sweat and saliva.

"Need supplies," I murmur, hating to break the moment, but we're going to need lube.

Bailey stops gorging on Stellan's cock. "Top drawer," he whispers hoarsely.

Stellan shuffles over, opens the drawer, and throws the bottle on the bed. "Listen, Bailey. We haven't had sex with anyone else in years so we're all good on that side of things."

Bailey looks between Stellan and me, his face flushed, eyes bright. "I'm on PrEP," he informs us. "Got tested last week when I was in town. I'm all good, too. I don't need condoms. If you guys are cool with going bare?"

"Yeah." I grin. "We're good with bare. Come here, baby." I crook my finger, and Bailey spins around to kiss me, igniting a fire deep in my core.

While we make out, Stellan pops open the lube and works a finger into Bailey's hole. "Nice," he mutters, smiling proudly. "You got our boy nice and loose."

"Oh, god." Bailey trembles in my arms.

I cradle his face in my hands. "You like that? Being called loose?"

"Fuck yeah."

I hook my fingers under his chin, forcing him to stare at me as I ask, "You want to be our little slut?"

"Oh, god, yessss. Please. I need it."

Just when I think he can't get any hotter, it turns out he's sluttier than I'd hoped he would be.

"In that case, suck my cock, baby," I instruct, and Bailey immediately lowers himself, grabbing it around the base. I lightly smack his hand away. "Nuh-uh. That's cheating. Use your mouth only."

His eyes light up. "Fuck yeah."

He opens his mouth, looking like he's about to inhale my shaft, when I reach my hand out in front of his face to block him. "Slowly. Inch by inch."

"Got it."

He takes me in his mouth and pushes down. I pull him off me. "Slower. I want you to feel every single one of my inches stretch out the inside of your mouth. You hear me?"

He nods. "I am so turned on right now."

I smile. "I am, too, baby. Now make me proud."

With my encouragement, he goes again, this time taking my cock as slowly as I requested, so slowly it borders on agonizing. Stellan and I have waited years for this moment, and I'm determined to savor every last second of it.

When Bailey reaches his limit and starts to gag, I slide my index fingers past his lips and hook his mouth open wide. "Fuck, you look hot. So open."

With me holding him like that, he's able to gobble down even more of my cock until the tip of his nose meets the peaks of my pubic hair.

"Speaking of open," Stellans rasps. He's been working on Bailey's ass. "I've got four fingers inside him."

"That's a nice stretch. Isn't it, Bailey?"

With his mouth stretched to maximum capacity around my dick, Bailey makes the only sound he's capable of. A strangled moan fills the room, tugging at my balls and threatening to make me come way too soon.

I glance over at Stellan and ask, "What do you say we give our beautiful baby a fuck he'll never forget?"

A carnal smile descends on his lips. "I was just thinking the same thing."

Stellan

"Take your time, baby," I whisper. "Go at a pace that feels right for you."

Duke and I are lying on our backs, legs crossed over each other as I keep our dicks in place with my hands. Bailey is on his knees in the middle, about to sink down onto us. Once we're inside him, we'll be able to reach his back and chest and hold him in place while we fuck him. But this beginning part is important. Most guys struggle taking just one of our monster cocks. Bailey insisted on taking us both at the same time.

I want him to be in control, easing himself onto us as slowly as Duke was making him take his cock. Fuck, that was hot. I love seeing that dominant side of Duke, and what was even better was that Bailey obeyed, slipping into sub mode like he was made for it.

Because he is.

He's meant to be who he is, and he's meant to be with us.

He lowers down until the heads of our cocks line up against his stretched-out hole. I've opened him up as much as I can, but still, he grimaces as he pushes down lower.

"Relax, baby. There's no need to rush," Duke says to him.

Bailey maneuvers some more. The heat and tightness engulfing my cock sends sparks of heat up and down my spine, and as soon as he's within reach, Duke and I take hold of his back and chest to stabilize him.

All I care about is Bailey and making sure he's comfortable and okay. I don't pay any attention to the tight press of our cocks in his channel as he continues dropping lower, lower, lower .

"Oh my godddd!" he hollers when he finally bottoms out.

I've never seen Duke's eyes so wide as he stares at Bailey in disbelief. "You did it," he whispers. "You've taken us both."

I'm in shock, too. Like, seriously, how is he taking both of our cocks? Duke's alone is practically as thick as my forearm. That thing low-key terrifies me.

Bailey turns from left to right with a massive smile on his face, like he's proud of his achievement. Which he rightfully deserves to be. "I've done my part. Now you guys do yours."

Safe in the knowledge that Bailey is okay, I finally allow myself to focus on the vise-like grip on my cock and the friction of Duke's girthy cock rubbing against mine as we begin to rock our hips.

It takes us a few moments to align our timing, but when we do, the harmony is like an oasis of pleasure. Bailey adds a little bounce to it, bobbing on our cocks as we lift further and further into his tight channel. Well, what was his tight channel. But judging by his greedy moans, it doesn't seem like our baby minds us ruining him.

I intensify my thrusting. Duke notices and does the same. Then Bailey picks up on it and lifts himself higher before coming down with more force on our combined cocks. The pace increases, the sounds of skin slapping on skin fill the room, and the pressure in my balls reaches boiling point.

"I want you guys to come inside me," Bailey pants, looking like the dirtiest little angel. "I want to feel it."

"Okay," Duke grunts, pistoning his hips harder. "I'm almost there. Stellan?"

"Yep. Almost there, too." Working together, it only takes a few more seconds before I cry out, "Fuck. I'm coming."

"Me, too," Duke grinds out. "Oh, shiiit!" His face contorts as he releases a guttural yell. My cock explodes, and my whole body quakes as the most intense orgasm of my life rolls through me, intensified by the sensation of warm liquid filling the impossibly cramped space I'm sharing with Duke.

"Oh, god, that's so good," Bailey cries, still bouncing up and down on us. "I can feel it. I can feel your loads inside of me." The triumph in his voice spurs me on, and I wring out the last of my release.

When Duke lets out his final grunt, and we're both drained to the last drop, Bailey slowly lifts himself off us and spins around on his hands and knees on the bed. "Can I do something really wild?" he asks, and we both nod.

He could ask us anything right now and we'd agree to it.

"Of course, baby," I reply, wiping the sweat off my forehead.

He shuffles over toward Duke and sticks his ass over his furry chest. He then closes his eyes and steadies his breathing. I'm so fixated on his face I miss what's happening lower, only catching the final spurts of our joint load squirting from his ass onto Duke's chest and stomach.

Bailey then spins around, lowers, and smears his face through the load, wearing the biggest smile I've ever seen in my life. Duke looks at me, his eyes shining with a mix of awe and exhilaration I've never seen before. He opens his mouth as if to say something but can't get any words out.

I slide my fingers into Bailey's hair and gently lift him off Duke. He looks crazed and delirious, and I know we've unlocked something truly magical with him. "You're so fucking beautiful right now," I say, staring in wonder at his cum-covered face.

He closes his eyes, and when I peer down his body, he's furiously jerking himself off. With a groan, his hips buck, and he comes, releasing his load onto the mattress.

And with that, our filthy baby is finally spent, and we collapse into a sweaty, cummy pile together.

Bailey

"I've always felt like there was something wrong with me," I explain, lying on the bed between Stellan and Duke, all three of us completely naked and spent. I'm so happy I feel like I'm floating on air.

"Why?" Duke asks, stroking me with a warm, damp cloth. He's already cleaned me

up, but it's so soothing I asked if he could keep doing it.

"Because no matter how hard I tried, sex just didn't fulfill me. I wanted it to. I wished it would. But something was always lacking."

Stellan nibbles at my ear. "Was something lacking tonight?"

"Fuck, no. You guys were incredible, and I?—"

"You were something else," Stellan says with a growly edge to his voice. "How you were able to take us both, the incredible way your body was able to accommodate us, how wild and sexy you looked pushing out then scooping up our loads, that'll stay with me forever."

"Was it...okay?" I ask, tensing, suddenly a little self-conscious. I have no idea where that last part came from. I just got so caught up in the moment. I wasn't even thinking. Normally I don't even like to swallow, but I was overcome by this crazy need to savor their cum.

"Oh, baby." Duke presses a gentle kiss to my forehead. "It was more than okay. You can be however you like with us. We'll never judge you for anything."

"Thank you. That means so much." I exhale, relieved. "I feel like... I feel like I've finally found the men I was meant to be with."

"You have, baby," Stellan says, shifting to his side, wrapping an arm around Duke and pressing both their bodies into mine. I feel so safe, so cocooned, so...loved. "The three of us are meant to be together. I feel it."

I curl into Duke's warm body, nuzzling my face into his furry chest, which reverberates when he says, "I feel it, too."

My eyelids grow heavy, and I have the words right there on the tip of my tongue. But before I can get them out, sleep takes me away.

But they know. My men know.

I feel it, too.

8

Duke

"He's here!" Stellan cries from the front window.

You'd think he was a kid who'd spotted Santa coming down the chimney, but no, he's just excited that it's Friday and Bailey is back for the weekend.

"Try to have some chi?—"

He's out the door before I can finish.

But how can I be mad? Stellan's just being Stellan in the same way that Bailey was just being Bailey when we made love for the first time. That was three weeks ago, and we've made love every weekend since. But that first time will always be extra special because we had the privilege of seeing Bailey being truly free for the first time in his life.

"Here he is," Stellan declares, his smile stretching ear to ear as Bailey leaps across the living room and into my arms.

I pull him in for an open-mouth kiss, loving how his cologne mixes with the scent of Stellan, who was kissing him only seconds ago as they put on their weekly make-out show for our neighbors.

"How was the drive?" I ask.

"Not too bad. But work. Ugh." His shoulders sag. "Ever since my boss changed our weekly team meeting to Friday, it's become my least favorite day of the week."

"The man should be killed for ruining Friday," Stellan says, frowning.

Thankfully, he and I have been discussing an idea that will hopefully be a win-win-win and will make our baby not hate work anymore.

But first, we have more important matters to attend to.

As if reading my mind, Stellan strides over to join us, and Bailey drops his hands to the bulges already pushing against our shorts. "I hope you've been saving your loads for me," our sexy cumslut murmurs.

"Haven't blown all week, as requested, sir." Stellan grins, giving a mock salute.

Bailey's hazel eyes travel over to me.

"Same here. I like saving it all up for you."

He slides his hand up my chest, lifts onto his toes, and whispers into my ear loud enough that Stellan can hear, "Is it because I look so good covered in it?"

"It sure is, baby. Now let's get you upstairs so we can give you what you want."

* * *

Two hours later, and half a dozen loads lighter, we're sitting on the back porch, munching down on the pizza Stellan ordered. I don't know if it's because I just came twice—once all over Bailey's sexy face, once deep inside him with Stellan—but all I hear is gibberish, even though it's Bailey's third attempt to get me to understand this

crazy game.

"Wait, so I'm collecting cards to make melds, and I can lay them down once I have a minimum score?" Stellan asks, and I know my brain is seriously zonked when even he is picking this up better than I am.

"Correct," Bailey answers. "You can use wild cards, but don't use them too much or you'll lose points."

Stellan nods. "Makes sense."

"Does it, though?" I groan. "I'm confused as fuck. Sorry, guys. I might sit this one out and just enjoy the view."

Stellan snickers. "Why do I have a feeling you're not talking about the lake."

"Because I'm not." I drop my cards onto the table. "I've got two extremely sexy men sitting in front of me. Who the hell cares about some dumb lake?"

They both chuckle, and there really is nothing better in the world than making the men I love happy.

Yes, love .

I know it's still early in our relationship, but despite our rushed start, we've fallen into a nice weekly routine, spending our weekends together hiking, out on the lake, or fucking each other's brains out.

He complements us perfectly, but more than that, he brings out an entirely new dynamic. And now Stellan and I are finding ourselves shifting into the new reality taking shape as the three of us form it together. The unexpected thing is it's made my

already big love for Stellan grow even more.

But there is one problem, though—Bailey not being here five days out of seven. Luckily, Stellan and I have been working on an idea to remedy that.

An idea we intend on proposing to Bailey tonight.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

9

Stellan

"Congratulations," Bailey says with a smile after I slam my cards down with a dramatic flourish. "You've won again."

I lean back in my chair with an innocent shrug. "Guess I'm just that good."

Bailey rolls his eyes. "You're still trailing me in the overall game count, mister."

I chuckle and pinch his side. He lets out a squeal, and I pull him onto my lap. We start making out like horny teenagers.

"What happened to the card game?" Duke asks, returning with some more of his delicious peach and mint iced tea.

"You can't leave us alone," I tease even though he totally can.

The three of us have spoken about it and agreed to only and always play together. Flirting and kissing is allowed with just two of us, but never anything more. It's a line we're all comfortable with.

Duke pours the iced tea, and as he does, I make eye contact with him. He nods, letting me know it's time to raise our idea with Bailey.

I take a sip and turn to the guy who's stolen our hearts. "So, Duke and I have been

doing some thinking."

"Is it about outlandish sex positions you'd like to put me in?" he quips.

"Always," I deadpan. "But no, this is actually serious."

"Oh, okay." Bailey sits up taller, giving me his undivided attention.

"We hate that you're unhappy in your job," Duke says.

"And we hate that your job takes you away from us," I say because that's equally as true. "So, we'd like to run an idea by you."

"As you know, we're going to be building some low-cost housing," Duke explains, and Bailey nods. "And we're a little?—"

"Fucked," I supply.

Duke grins. "I was going to say in over our heads , but yeah, fucked works, too. We didn't appreciate how involved this was going to be."

"We naively thought we'd get a few permits, hire some contractors, and boom, done."

"Well, I wasn't that naive, but we did severely underestimate how much work was involved and how complicated it would be," Duke says. "We've come to the conclusion that we need a project manager. Someone who knows real estate and has drive and ambition and is a go-getter."

"Bonus points if he can take a pounding from two ten-inch cocks at the same time."

Bailey's lips part as he takes in what we're getting at. He stabs his chest with his

thumb. "You guys want me to run your project?"

"We do," Duke and I reply in unison.

"This is a business decision," Duke says. "It's not because we're together, it's because we know you'd be great at it, and we need help."

I nudge Bailey. "It's a little because we're together. But Duke is right. First and foremost, you're the right person for the job. Any additional benefits, such as you living here permanently and earning way more money than the peanuts you're currently getting, are secondary."

"Oh my god." Bailey covers his mouth, his eyes turning watery. I turn to Duke, unsure whether that was a good oh my god or a bad one. "This is amazing. Yes, I'd love to. Thank you."

Bailey kisses me on the cheek before scurrying over to Duke, lowering himself onto his lap, and kissing him. I get so turned on at the sight that I have to join in, and before we know it, the cards have been wiped off the table, Bailey is buck naked, and Duke and I are feasting on his scrumptious cock and ass.

"This takes me back to the first time out on the lake," Duke murmurs after lavishing Bailey's hole so hard with his tongue that the skin around his mouth has turned pink.

"And it definitely won't be the last," I add, my heart overflowing with joy and love as I go to town on our boy's cock.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:24 am

Four months later...

Bailey

The long, hot days of summer have given way to sweater weather, crimson leaves, and pumpkin everything. I turn left onto my street and smile at the thought of the enthusiastic greeting waiting for me when I step into what was my grandmother's house and is now our house .

Duke and Stellan officially moved in last week. It makes sense. We spend all our time together, so there's no need to have two places. Since Mimi's house means so much to me, they're going to put theirs on the market, and we're going to live together in the house that holds so many good memories for me and is now filled with the promise of a lifetime of more to come.

I pull into the driveway and shut off the engine. Before I manage to step out of the car, Stellan is there, like always, his face beaming, holding out a hand to take my briefcase.

"Hey, baby. Welcome home. I missed you."

Our fingers brush as I hand him the suitcase. "The three of us met with contractors and then had lunch together," I remind him.

"Exactly. That was a whole four hours ago."

Working for Stellan and Duke is the best thing ever. I'm finally in a job that allows

me to utilize my skills while being challenged and learning a lot. Plus, I'm doing something good. Forty affordable homes are going to make a real difference in people's lives, and I'm so appreciative that I get to play a role in making that happen.

We kiss and then walk inside. Duke is in the kitchen and stops plating up when he sees me, a smile overtaking his face. He's not as excitable as Stellan, but I know the love he has for me runs just as deep and strong. Both men love me with all their hearts, just like I love them with all of mine.

"Hey, baby," he says, wiping his hands on his apron and striding over to us.

"Hey, Duke. Something smells good."

"That'd be you," he replies with a sly grin.

Can't say I've ever met anyone who enjoys sniffing me out, but when Duke does it, it's so unbelievably sexy.

He stands until the three of us are facing each other.

Okay, so this next bit might be kind of cheesy, but it's something we do every day, and I don't care how it looks. It's my favorite thing ever.

"I love you," Duke begins, looking at Stellan, kicking off the ritual.

"I love you," Stellan returns to Duke, before sliding his palm across my cheek. "And I love you."

My chest fills with warmth. "I love you, Stellan. I love you, Duke. And I love both of you so much."

Duke slides his hand over my other cheek. "And I love you, baby."

We switch up the order every day with a different person starting things off, but I can't get enough of this little moment we create in our day where we share our deepest, truest feelings with each other.

I love these two men with every fiber of my being, and I know that we belong together. For now, and for always.

I take a quick shower and get changed, not into my usual crewneck sweatshirt and comfy joggers since it's Friday night and we're going out. Over dinner, we discuss remodeling plans. As much as I love this house, now that I live here full-time, and now that it's our house, it's time to update a few things and put our stamp on the place.

Stellan has ordered a custom-sized ultra king bed, which arrives next week. He'd also like a hot tub on the back patio, while Duke and I talk about more sensible, non-sex-related renovation ideas like updating the kitchen, refreshing the creaky flooring, and modernizing the bathrooms...with extra-large showers. Stellan's input, naturally.

After dinner, I watch as the guys get dressed for our first evening out as a throuple. Normally, watching them get ready would turn me on so much I'd have no choice but to fall to my knees and worship my two men.

But not tonight.

Tonight, I'm nervous.

"Hey," Duke says, coming over to sit beside me on the bed wearing only socks and briefs. "How are you feeling?"

Stellan shrugs on a black shirt and sits down on my other side.

I love how they've both picked up on my nerves without me having to say a word.

"I'm a little anxious."

"That's perfectly normal," Stellan says, stroking my leg. "But I think an LGBT night at the local bar is the safest space for us to make our public debut."

"Are you guys worried at all?" I ask, knowing how much they value their privacy.

"I agree with Stellan. I've spoken to a few people in town, and I get the impression that it's a low-key night without any judgment. In fact..."

"What?" I ask.

He grins. "Let's just say, we might not be the only throuple there tonight."

"Really?" I perk right up. "That'd be great."

As safe and loving and amazing as it feels when it's just the three of us, part of me is scared about what will happen when we break out of our cocoon and have to deal with reality. Will people gawk at us? Whisper behind our backs? Judge us? Judge me ?

If there is another throuple there, it'd be great to connect with them. Maybe we could even become friends, and I'd have someone to talk to. Someone who truly gets it.

The guys finish getting ready, and then we jump into Duke's Range Rover for the short drive into town.

The great thing about Cumcircle is that it has everything you need, like a good public school, community hospital, and a main street with a great diner, general store, and a cozy library, without flocks of tourists year-round like the neighboring towns attract. It's also a place where people are open-minded and don't stick their noses into other people's business. I'm really hoping that's the case tonight. I'd like to meet some

people who are nice and friendly and who don't judge our relationship because it might not be right for them.

We approach the bar, and before we step in, I take Stellan and Duke by the hand.

"Are you sure, baby?" Duke whispers, glancing down at our joined hands. "We don't have to make a grand entrance."

"It's not a grand entrance," I correct him. "It's a real entrance. I may be a little apprehensive about what sort of reaction we'll get, but I'm not prepared to hide who we are. I love you both, and I want the whole world to know it."

Stellan grips my hand. "We love you so much, too."

I force a smile and suck in a deep breath, bracing for whatever happens next. "Let's go inside. If it's cool, we can stay and hang out. If it's shit, we'll go back home, and you two can fuck me senseless for hours."

"Or we can just do option B right now," Stellan suggests, causing Duke to frown.

"No. We are going in, and everything will be fine," he states firmly.

As it turns out, Duke was one hundred percent right. We went in, and it was a totally low-key vibe. The place was busy but not packed, with a nice mix of people of all different flavors. Yes, we got some attention as we made our way to the bar, but to be fair, Stellan and Duke turn heads everywhere they go, whether it's hockey fans asking for a selfie or horny moms enjoying the eye candy. They've grown used to it, and I'm growing used to it. I'm completely secure in our relationship and trust them both completely. Just because I'm greedy and need two men to satisfy me doesn't mean I'm open to sharing them with anyone else, and they both know it.

"I like this music," Duke says, bobbing his head, which I'm guessing is about the

extent of his dancing.

"That's because it's old and he can recognize it," Stellan teases, shimmying his hips in a way that suggests that's only the beginning of his dancing moves.

"Shut up," Duke retorts with no heat.

"Um, excuse me."

Our heads swivel to the guy who's just approached us. He's my age with a mop of messy bright-red curls, friendly eyes, and is a little on the thicker side. Behind him stand two guys who give my two guys a run for their money in the height department.

"Holy shit," one of the tall guys says as he locks eyes with Duke and Stellan. "It is them."

"No way," Stellan responds, nudging Duke with his elbow. "Look. It's Draper Fassmacher and Jax Anderson."

"Who?" I ask.

"They're two of the hottest NHL players," Duke tells me.

"They play for the Thunderhawks, the same team we played on."

The red-haired guy beams. "And they're also my boyfriends." He sticks his hand out. "Hi. I'm Cloyce."

"Hi, Cloyce." We shake hands. "It's nice to meet you. I'm Bailey. And these are my boyfriends"—side note: Holy shit! Announcing them as my boyfriends out loud to another living person is the best thing ever—"Stellan and Duke. Would you guys like to join us?"

After shaking hands, the hockey guys make sure Cloyce and I are good for drinks before diving into a hearty conversation. Snippets like, "You guys are fucking legends," and, "Your stats this season are incredible," and "That game-winning goal in the playoffs was unforgettable!" flow around Cloyce and me.

"Can I say something totally uncool?" he asks.

I grin, getting a good vibe from him already. "Go for it."

"I've been watching you guys all night. Not in a creepy way, and not in an I want to sleep with you way since we're monogamous and I'm a very possessive bottom, but in a Look, there's another throuple, and I hope they like me so I can have a friend who actually gets me way."

"Cloyce." I hook my arm around his shoulder and grin widely. "I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship."

"I'm so glad. I was a little scared about coming out tonight."

"Oh. Why's that? Are you guys a recent thing?"

"No. We met last summer, but we've had a few bad experiences. People have been cruel online, so I was on edge."

"That sucks. I'm so sorry." My heart aches for him. "Well, you're safe here. This is a judgment-free zone. Now tell me, how did you guys meet?"

"Well," he says, the tension on his face giving way to a smile. "You won't believe it—it was the wildest thing ever..."

* * *