



Light Me Up

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Category: LGBT+

Description: A sweet and spicy short story by Rebecca Rathe

Hes his sons best friend, and he cant stand him.

So why does he want him so bad?

Multi-POV, 1st person

Forbidden Romance

Age Gap

Best Friends Father

Bi-Awakening

Opposites Attract

Grumpy/Sunshine

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CHAPTER 1

HENRY

It's only been two days, and I already regret letting him stay here. I'm not sure I'm going to last the summer without punching his face in.

I've met Ian enough times to be used to his cocky, sarcastic persona. He's been Michael's best friend since they met freshman year. He's always given me a weird vibe and gets on my nerves. I don't like how relaxed he always is. Case in point, the fact that he's apparently allergic to shirts.

"Dad, quit staring."

"What?"

"Just in case looks can actually kill, I'd rather you not laser off my best friend's head. And it's starting to come off a little creepy, if we're being honest."

Which we are. We always are. Michael and I have a special bond, since it's just been us for the last twenty-three years. His mother wasn't ready to be a parent and left before her stitches even healed. I begged her to stay, but in the end, it was her decision. I chose Michael. I'll always choose him. So much so that I'll let his dumbass nudist of a best friend camp out in our guest room all summer so they can collaborate on a marketing project.

Michael is looking to get an internship with a big PR firm in the city now that they've

graduated, and Ian is being nice enough to help him out. Ian got his degree in graphic design, so Michael asked him to help with the visual arts portion of his plan. They're using my business as a test subject to show off for his portfolio.

I'm not at all worried about putting my ad campaign in their hands. So far, the restaurant I grew up working in and scrimped and saved to buy from the owner fifteen years ago has succeeded on word of mouth and longevity alone. More than succeeded, really. It's thriving. And thanks to great business, we were able to move out of our rental and buy a house in a nice neighborhood. But I do have a dream to expand the restaurant, specifically the addition of a rooftop bar. We've got a great view of the lake from up there, and I know it would do well. So, if Michael and Ian pull off their goals as far as increasing revenue with their ad campaign, it'll be a major bonus. And if not, well, I doubt they'll chase away the regulars.

Michael acts like I'm doing him this big favor by letting him take over marketing for The Sunrise Bar and Grille, but really the biggest concession I'm making is letting his cocky asshole of a friend stay with us. All it took was Michael mentioning renting an apartment so they could work closely with one another, and I opened my big, fat mouth.

"Of course you're not renting an apartment. Don't be stupid. I didn't buy this big ass house for nothing. You're staying at home and that's final. Ian can take the guest room."

It took about three minutes for Ian to call me "Daddy," and another thirty seconds to consider retracting my offer. But I really was looking forward to having Michael home for the summer. I miss him being around. He's been working in the restaurant with me since he was old enough to wipe down menus and roll silverware, and I miss it. I jumped at the opportunity to have him back by my side, working in the office with me this time. I just didn't consider how very cramped it's going to be.

Ian takes up so much space. And I don't even mean physically, although he seems incapable of keeping his limbs or his stuff to himself. He leaves crap everywhere. A pair of shoes under the dining room table, a discarded shirt over the back of the couch, a sketchbook of admittedly impressive work laying open on the kitchen island. But more than anything, his personality sucks up all the air in the room. From his facial expressions, to his body language, to his downright annoying sarcastic sense of humor, it's impossible not to notice him. Even when he's outside, or on a different floor of the house, I can sense his presence like an omnipresent tingling awareness that makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

I don't like it.

"Dad," Michael says again, more pointedly.

"Sorry. There's just something not right with that guy."

"He can be a lot sometimes. But he's a good guy."

I tilt my head to look over at Michael. "Really? Just sometimes? Is he ever not... cheeky?" I say, scrambling for the right word without being a complete dick.

Michael bursts out laughing. "What are you British now? Who says cheeky?"

"I do, and your friend is the very definition. I don't like the cut of his jib."

He actually grabs his stomach from laughing so hard. I hold back a smirk. "Alright, old man. Have a beer and calm down before you give yourself a stroke."

My eyes roll, but I take the beer he passes me and clink the top of the bottle against his when he raises it.

"To a productive summer," I say, trying to hide my exasperation.

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CHAPTER 2

IAN

I cut my eyes over at Mike and his dad. Mike is laughing at something Henry just said, and Henry is trying and failing to hold back a smirk. Their easy comradery is easy to envy.

I don't have much of a relationship with my folks, never really did. They had too many damn kids to pay attention to me, aside from shoving me in front of the preacher when I told them I like boys. Not that the preacher could do much about it. At thirteen years old, I was just aware of myself enough to know that there wasn't anything wrong with me. I learned to keep my mouth shut about my sexuality, and focused instead on trying to make them proud in other ways—Perfect grades, captain of the swim team, full ride scholarship offers to just about any school I applied to. And when I chose to take one for a school all the way on the East Coast, no one batted an eye.

I still love them, of course, and I know they love me. But being the middle child out of seven brothers and sisters is a recipe for obscurity. It's always just been Michael and his dad, and their relationship makes sense considering his mom left when he was so young. I don't envy that. Still, I'd give a lot to sit down and share a beer with my dad, laugh like they do, or have him tell me he's proud of me.

Focusing back on my sketch pad, I shade in the spot where Henry's dimple appears when he smirks. Then I go back to staring at him for a beat too long, thinking about how lucky I am that Michael apparently favors his mother. Because if he looked

anything like his daddy, there's no way we could be friends. It'd get way too awkward.

Henry Benton is F-I-N-E— fine . With a capital F.

He's tall, only an inch or so shorter than my six-foot-three frame, but much broader across the chest and shoulders. Whereas I'm lean, he's muscular, but has a slightly softer middle that makes me want to melt into a puddle for some reason. I've seen him without his shirt exactly one time, when he'd just gotten home from his early morning run, and I just about drooled. He's got this delicious smattering of chest hair that matches the same dark brown of his happy trail, and I want to rub my face in it like a cat.

"You alright?"

My head snaps up, startled to see Mike standing so close to me. He's looking over my shoulder at my sketchbook, which is thankfully just an innocent drawing of him and his dad shooting the shit. If he notices that there's a lot more detail on his father's figure than his, he doesn't say so. I pull a joint out of my pocket and hold it up. He shakes his head. He rarely partakes, legal or not. He says it makes him think too much.

"Yo, Daddy B! You want?" I call out, offering to share, because it would be impolite not to.

"Dude," Mike groans.

"What?"

We both look over at his dad, who glares at me before walking inside, slamming the door shut behind him. I look at Mike as I light the end of my joint.

"You need to stop."

"Stop what?"

"I don't know... being yourself, I guess." He laughs because he knows better.

He knows how I spent my entire life squashing myself into a box to please others. I told him on day one of our friendship that I came all this way from Mormon Town, USA and I'm done being anyone other than myself. Sure, I still get great grades and keep up with my extracurriculars, but those I do for me. And while I've sold some art here and there to help pad my savings account and buy necessities, I needed to keep up my scholarships to get through college.

"Meh, he'll come around. I wear everyone down eventually," I say with a wink.

"Go easy on him. He's too straight-laced. Can't have you giving the old man a heart attack."

He claps me on the shoulder with a chuckle, and I watch him in my peripheral as he reclines back in a pool chair. Shorter by a few inches, Mike has his dad's stocky build, but the similarities end there. Where Mike's skin is fair, with freckles that pop after he's spent much time in the sun, his father's skin is more olive toned, with a facial structure that could have been chiseled from granite. Mike's hair is slightly wavy, sandy brown with a tint of red, and he has hazel eyes that look green or brown depending on the light. Henry's close-cropped hair is dark and curly, with grey-green eyes that pierce into your soul. Or maybe it just seems that way because he's usually glaring at me.

"How old is he, though? Because he doesn't even have grey hair. He should model for Just For Men."

"Dude," Mike groans again. It's a pretty regular occurrence. "Don't start with my dad. It's gross ." I've made more than my fair share of jokes about how hot his dad is over the years.

"Is it though, because I would?—"

"Nope. Not happening. Aside from the fact that my dad can't stand you, he's straight. But more importantly, he's my dad ."

I take one look at the horrified expression on his face and bust out laughing. He holds out for a beat or two before he joins me, laughing off my joke.

My very funny joke.

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CHAPTER 3

HENRY

I'm really glad that Michael has a friend. I'm even glad that he has a friend that is outgoing and boisterous. Lord knows Michael needs someone to soften his hard edges. The kid is too damn serious for his own good. But did it have to be this guy ?

I've seen more of his body than I see of my own on a regular basis, and it's starting to make me itch. Every time he walks by, I swear he loses another article of clothing, and honestly, it's hard not to stare. Anyone would, if only for the sheer ridiculousness of it.

Just this morning, the cocky little shit came traipsing through the house in the tiniest swimsuit I've ever seen. If you can even call it that. And when he caught me gaping at him, he had the fucking gall to wink at me.

"Where the fuck are your pants?" I asked him, my voice easily an octave higher than usual.

"It's a Speedo," he said nonchalantly. When I didn't respond, because I was still waiting for a better explanation for why he was nearly naked in my kitchen at seven o'clock in the morning, he let that signature cocky grin spread across his face. "For swimming. I was going to do some laps before we head to work today."

To work . At my restaurant. With me.

Fuck my life.

"Gotta keep my girlish figure with all the good food you've been feeding us," he said, running his hands over his impossible washboard abs.

I had to roll my eyes to the ceiling to avoid following his hand down his torso. Seriously, who the fuck even looks like that? He's tall and lanky, but also somehow completely shredded. Every inch of his body is muscle, down to the ridiculously carved V that leads right down to his barely concealed- nope. Not going there.

He needs to put it away. And not bring it out again.

I can't even enjoy my morning coffee. I'm a meticulous guy. I have a routine. Every morning, I get up and go for a run, then come back and have a shower before I sit down and enjoy a quiet cup of coffee, scrolling through the news on my phone. It's how I mentally prepare for the day. But not today. No , I had to suffer through the distraction of watching Ian's back muscles flex through the butterfly stroke. Even worse, he caught me watching and fucking winked at me again.

The summer hasn't even truly begun, and I'm already at my wit's end. Michael tried to talk me down, saying I'll get used to Ian's unrestrained personality, but I don't want to get used to him. He even gave me the whole sob story about how he's got such a big personality because he's been ignored and caged in most of his life.

"I could understand why someone would want to put him in a cage," was my response to that.

Aside from putting me off my routine, the rest of the day has gone smoothly so far. Our Sunday regulars were happy to see Michael, and Ian managed to entertain them rather than chase them away. It helps that he has to wear clothes to work. Although if I have to overhear one more waitress mention his ass in those jeans, I might be

looking at a staffing change.

It's towards the end of a long, but mostly pleasant, day. I'm sitting at the end of the bar, going through some ledgers, when Ian huddles down next to me. He's a little too close for comfort. I move away, but he leans further in, talking quietly against the shell of my ear in a way that sends gooseflesh down my spine.

"Look at that," he says, nudging his chin across the room.

I follow his line of sight to see Michael, leaning against the host stand, talking animatedly to a young woman. I can't make out her features from this angle. All I can see is her shoulder-length, mousy brown hair, light blue flowy blouse, and white shorts. She's cute, I can tell that much, and when she laughs at whatever Michael is saying to her, she throws back her head and laughs for real. He seems delighted to have entertained her so much, and there's a twinkle in his eye that I haven't seen since before.

"Who is that?" I ask, forgetting to be annoyed at Ian's proximity.

"Her name is Chloe. She went to school with us."

"Oh, really?" I'm the tiniest bit jealous that I don't know anything about her.

"Yeah, I've been trying to talk him into getting the balls to ask her out."

I ignore the jab at Michael. "She seems interested."

He looks at me knowingly. "She totally is. He's just too busy being a fucking pussy—" He says the last few words loudly enough that anyone close by could hear. That's when I notice that Michael has walked up to us. He punches Ian in the shoulder before giving him the biggest, toothiest grin I think I've ever seen on him.

"I did it," he tells Ian.

"Hell yeah, man!" Ian says excitedly, patting my boy on the back.

"Aren't you going to ask what she said?" Michael asks, looking back and forth between me and Ian.

I shake my head, picking up my glass of iced tea to cover my smile.

Ian holds a hand to Michael's shoulder. "Mikey. My man. We don't have to ask, because we know. And you know what else I know?"

"What's that?" he asks, laughing.

"I know... that I fucking told you so." He taps Michael in the stomach, and they start play boxing like a pair of idiot kids. I can't help the grin on my face.

"Hey, Erin? Let's have a round of drinks for the bar, yeah?"

I stand up and clap both boys on the shoulder before heading back to the office. "Don't celebrate too hard, yeah? We've got real work in the morning."

I head back to my office to finish up my paperwork, and I spend a little while staring at the frame photograph of me and Michael when he was eight years old. It was taken the day I bought the restaurant from the original owner. Michael is sitting on my shoulders, hands raised to show off the sign behind us. He's all grown up.

I'm surprised to see that both Michael and Ian have left by the time I come out of the office. I say goodnight to the closers for the evening, since they'll be here for another few hours.

It's a quick drive home, and all the lights are off when I arrive. It's only just now ten o'clock, so it's not very late at all by restaurant standards. But they both must have went to bed, because the house is quiet.

Or at least, I thought they'd both gone to bed.

The hallway bathroom door opens, and a cloud of steam follows Ian as he steps in to the hallway. I try to give him a friendly, casual nod and avert my eyes as I walk up the last two stairs, but I end up stopping dead in my tracks.

Ian removes the towel from around his waist and saunters down the hallway, butt naked, casually rubbing the towel over his hair. I'm frozen to the spot, my eyes glued to the long, corded muscles of his thighs and his round, muscular ass. There isn't an inch of him that isn't sheer physical perfection.

He stops just before he reaches his door and turns to face me. Blinking rapidly, I pull my eyes away from his long cock, jutting proudly from between his legs. He's almost hairless, and for some reason that short circuits my brain. I barely process the cocky grin on his face, or the way he bites his lip and runs his eyes up and down my body before walking into his bedroom and closing the door behind him.

I stand in the dark hallway, breathing in the sweet coconut scent of his body wash, for far too long before I realize what I'm doing and rush into my own room.

My back hits the door, and I let out a heavy breath. Pressure on my crotch has me looking down, and I realize that I'm cupping myself through my jeans, trying to ease the ache of the unwanted erection that is tormenting me. I push against it, hard, punishing it for daring to have a mind of its own.

Why him? Of all people?

I'm less upset about my newfound attraction to a man than I am the object of that attraction. That's something I can unpack later, maybe chalk it up to the fact that it's been a very, very long time since I so much as went on a date. And I have to admit that Ian is... well, he's pretty . He's got all that smooth skin and almost feminine features, high cheekbones, skin that looks airbrushed, and full, pouty lips. Something about that softness, combined with all those hard planes of lean muscle...

I let out a quiet groan as my cock throbs in my jeans. I shouldn't give it any attention, shouldn't encourage this unwanted reaction, but it hurts.

I force myself not to enjoy the stroke of my hand as I reposition my cock in the waistband of my jeans, just readjusting, so I'm not so uncomfortable. I'm still standing there with my hand in my pants when there's a soft knock at the door.

Swallowing down my fear and mortification, I crack open the door just enough to see who it is. It could be Michael, needing something or wanting to talk.

But of course it isn't Michael.

I instinctively take a step back before realizing my mistake and stiffening my posture. Ian's body leans into the doorway, one arm braced against the top of the doorframe, the other resting against the door as if to prevent me from slamming it in his face.

At least he's put on a pair of pajama pants.

He pushes the door open wide enough to rake his hooded eyes over me, smirking knowingly at the prominent bulge in my jeans.

Without a word, Ian steps into my room and closes the door behind him.

CHAPTER 4

IAN

“Wh—What are you doing?” Henry asks, trying and failing to keep the tremor out of his voice.

He swallows, and I watch the movement of his Adam’s apple. I wonder how much teasing it would take for him to let me suck on it.

“I think you have something for me,” I tell him, keeping my voice low and serious.

“You’re mistaken,” he says, moving to reach for the door behind me.

I use the movement to my advantage, stepping into him as he attempts to step around me. My hand comes out to rest on the very obvious erection that he’s been sporting since I walked past him in the hallway.

It took about three minutes of gloating to myself, because I fucking knew it , before I couldn't stand myself and had to come confront him.

I've had a big, pathetic crush on my best friend's dad since the first time I saw him, freshman year. He was helping move Mike into the dorm across the hall from mine. It was actually the reason why I first introduced myself to Mike, although I'm seriously glad I did, because he's the best guy I've ever met and I can't imagine life without him. He's my first real best friend. I feel a little guilty about lusting over his dad, laughing and making jokes to cover the very real hard on I have for this man. He's

just so... manly . Everything about him screams Big Dick Energy , hidden under a facade of dad jokes and responsibility. And wouldn't you know it— I was right .

Even just the hard ridge of him beneath a layer of jeans and the t-shirt he's untucked to cover himself with is impressive. I've seen a faint outline of it through his workout clothes, and here or there the suggestion of a hardened reaction to some of my antics. But this is the first time I've gotten true confirmation that he's into men at all.

I've noticed him watching me since we arrived, the way he stares too long at my body or watches me swim. He acts irritated by my presence, but I think he secretly likes me. At the very least, he likes my ass. And the proof is in the way he froze, eyes locked on my naked body as I sauntered past him, feigning more nonchalance than I really felt.

My heart was beating out of my chest when I made it into my room. That was ballsy, even for me.

Ballsier still was knocking on his door and pushing my way into his room. But my reward twitches in my hand, making all the nerves of the last few minutes worth it.

"Ian—"

"Did you like what you saw, Daddy?" I say in a husky, teasing voice.

That gets his jaw ticking. His face flushes with anger, and he steps in to crowd me back against the door. "Listen, kid. I don't know who you think you are, bu?—"

In for a penny, in for a pound. I close the few inches between us and crash my mouth against his, cutting off his words. He's frozen, body trembling with what I'm assuming is a mix of shock, arousal, and probably a fair amount of rage. He doesn't really kiss me back, but I lick against his lips. He growls, giving me an opening to

slip my tongue into his mouth. He tastes like spearmint gum and desperation.

Our teeth clash as he moves his mouth, almost kissing me back, but moves his face away from mine. I rub against his hard length through the thick fabric of his jeans, and moan at the way he bucks his hips into my touch. My fingers fumble with his fly, opening his pants just enough to reach inside and palm his thick cock.

"Holy fuck," I rasp. I don't want to say anything embarrassing or sound like a cliché, but I can't help it. He's huge.

He doesn't stop me from kissing my way down his neck, even when I stop to suck lightly on his throat the way I wanted to. Not hard enough to leave a hickey, although the idea of leaving marks on his skin gives me a delicious thrill. I keep moving down, running my hands up his shirt to touch his chest because I just can't help myself. I look up at him from my knees, watching him watch me release his cock. It bounces out, thick and veiny, and my mouth waters.

"You're dripping for me," I say, barely concealing the awe in my voice.

I flit my gaze back up to his, staring up at him beneath my lashes as I lean forward and lick a drop of pre-cum from his crown. His eyes flutter shut, but I wait for him to open them again before I do anything else. Once his grey-green eyes, dark with fear, anger, and lust, are locked on me, I stick out my tongue and run the flat of it from his balls to the very tip. He inhales sharply as I close my lips around him, sucking lightly and running my tongue over the bulging vein on the underside. I take my time exploring him, testing how much of him I can get in my mouth, basking in every moment that I have with his cock in my mouth until he runs out of patience.

"Quit toying with me, Ian," he growls. The angry, forceful way he says my name sends chills down my spine.

I pull off his cock, a string of spit and pre-cum trailing from my lips to his tip. "Then take what you want, Daddy," I challenge, opening my mouth to receive him.

"Don't call me that," he says as his hips jerk forward, and he thrusts himself into my mouth.

He doesn't seem to know what to do with his hands, so I help him out by releasing his death-grip on the bottom of his shirt and placing it on my head. His fingers rake through my hair, fisting it roughly. I groan around his cock, letting him know that's just how I like it, and surge forward to take him deeper in my throat. He takes the hint and holds me tighter, fucking into my mouth with long, hard strokes. My fingers dig into his thighs, egging him on, until he's fucking my face like I've fantasized about. My cock jerks and leaks in my pants, and I reach down to give it a few desperate strokes.

I look up at his lust-blown pupils through watery eyes, moaning as my cock leaks all over my hand.

"You really fucking like this, don't you? You like getting fucked in that big mouth of yours?" he asks gruffly. "Are you going to swallow my cum like the needy little slut you are?"

My eyes just about roll into the back of my head, and I fist myself, jerking my cock furiously, anticipating the oncoming climax. I gag no matter how much I relax my throat, and it seems to do it for him. He thickens in my mouth, and lets out a breathy grunt as he thrusts deep in to the back of my throat, holding me so far down that I struggle to swallow the thick spurts of cum. I cough when my own orgasm takes me by surprise, spraying cum around the stretched sides of my mouth and out of my nose. Henry pulls back as the last pulses of his orgasm wane, and I slurp every drop from him before he pulls himself out of my mouth. Sitting back on my heels and leaning my head back against the door, I cough and take deep breaths to welcome

oxygen back into my lungs.

Henry watches me with a lost, blank expression for several seconds before reaching back down to wipe the side of my mouth. He pushes the errant drop of cum back between my lips, and I gently suck his fingers. He blinks several times and stumbles back a few steps, tucking his softening cock back into his pants.

"That—this?—"

"Was hot as fuck?" I fill in for him, my voice rough and gravelly from the rough treatment.

"I—" He clears his throat, and the shutters come down over his eyes. "I think you should go."

Not wanting to push my luck too much, because I know he's probably freaking out now that the post orgasm clarity is hitting him, I nod silently and stand. I tuck my own cock back into my sleep pants, surreptitiously wiping my hands on my leg before reaching for the door.

Just before I slip out into the dark hallway, I can't help but glance back one more time, biting my bottom lip as I look over his disheveled state.

"You know where to find me, Daddy ."

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CHAPTER 5

HENRY

Despite the physical exhaustion that pulls at me, I can't sleep. I'm both more relaxed and more tense than I think I've ever been, due to the absolute force of the orgasm I had just over two hours ago.

It's fucking with my head. I'm agitated, tormented by the visual images of holding his head in place while I fucked his mouth like a plaything. And he liked it. I watched him stroke himself while he gagged on me, and the harder I made him take me, the more his cock dripped and jerked until he came all over himself the moment my cum hit the back of his throat.

I don't think anything has ever felt so damn good as Ian's mouth.

Jesus.

I'm so fucked.

I don't even like the little prick. And I let him...

Him. He's a man. Fuck, not much more than a boy when I remember that he's the same age as my own kid. Because he's my son's best friend.

Am I really this desperate? I mean, sure, it's been a while. But I've been perfectly happy on my own, focusing all my time on the restaurant and my few hobbies. I run

and cook, making up new specials for the restaurant, and I play poker with the guys every so often. I suppose I get lonely sometimes, because I miss my son, my partner, my buddy.

But relationships? I have no desire to date. I've been perfectly content with my own company, and my hand has suited me just fine every morning in the shower.

It has to be the stress of having someone like him—someone that takes up so much space with his big personality and cocky attitude—in my space when I'm so used to my own company. If I'm honest with myself, I'm a little jealous he gets to spend so much time with Michael. And he pisses me off so much.

I must have just needed to take it out on him, and he caught me in a rare moment of weakness. I haven't been sleeping well since he got here, and I very pointedly did not jerk off in the shower this morning after seeing him in his ridiculous Speedo. So it was just a fluke, brought on by stress, lack of sleep, and a need for physical release. That's all.

My eyes open, and I stare at the ceiling for a while. It's still dark out, which means it's probably still very early. When I turn my heavy head to look at the clock on the nightstand, I confirm that it's not quite five. An anguished sigh heaves from my chest, and I give up pretending that I'm likely to get any more sleep. I've dozed a little in between bouts of panic, where I wake up sweaty and erect, aching for something that I need to put far, far from my mind.

Resolved to run the restless energy off, because being exhausted is better than being worked up over Ian, I lurch out of bed and get dressed for a run. The moment my shoes hit the pavement, I start to relax. And by the time I pass my fifth mile, which is more than double my typical daily run, my lungs and legs are burning enough to give me some blessed peace of mind. I run until I can't think of anything but the pain, and the sun has risen past the point it normally does when I end my daily runs. I plan on

avoiding my usual routine so I don't have to run into Ian, opting to take a few walking laps around my neighborhood before heading straight upstairs for a shower. Despite not wanting to jerk off in the shower thinking about Ian's hot mouth, I think it's best not to leave myself on edge. It's inevitable that I'll have to see him today. The last thing I need is to start the day hard and wanting.

Despite soaping myself up and painting the tile with more force than usual, my dick doesn't seem to want to deflate to anything less than half-mast. I leave my button-up shirt untucked and wear one of my darker pairs of jeans to try to disguise it.

Straightening my spine, I head into the kitchen where Michael and Ian are loading their breakfast dishes into the dishwasher and pour my coffee into a travel mug.

"Morning Dad," Michael says with a strange expression. "Long night?"

"Nope, all good. Ready to go?"

"Yeah, we're ready. Are you?" he says, and motions to his shirt like I'm missing something obvious.

I startle, finally noticing what's right in front of me. Michael, and I'm sure Ian, whom I'm avoiding looking at, is wearing a crisp, black button up shirt with a gorgeous logo printed on the breast. It has The Sunrise Bar and Grille written in light blue, sloped font. Behind and over the text is a stunning gradient of colors that seem to grow off the blue of the letters, and a large orange sun. A perfect sunrise.

"What is this?" I exclaim. "Michael, did you make this? It's amazing!"

"Actually, Ian did. I gave him the idea, and he did the artwork. We had them printed on iron-on patches, so all the employees can put them on their existing shirts. If you like it, that is. I was thinking that, since you already have all the staff wear black

shirts, this would be an easy way to incorporate a logo. We can make adjustments or do something completely different if you'd like."

As much as I don't want to give Ian credit for anything, it's a beautiful logo. "I love it, son. Truly." I even cut my eyes up to Ian briefly. "Thank you both. I can't wait to show them off."

"Well, in that case, you should wear yours. Take your shirt off and I can iron your patch on real quick. It'll only take a second."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Strip, Mr. B," Ian says, his voice sounding hoarse.

I stare blankly at my son, pointedly avoiding thinking about the sound of Ian's voice.

"Take off your shirt so I can put your logo patch on. Who better to show it off than the boss, right?"

"Oh. Right. Of course." Not wanting Michael to think I'm not excited about the new logo, I start unbuttoning my shirt. I'm wearing a white undershirt underneath, but I still feel weirdly exposed. I hand my shirt to Michael, and they place it on the tabletop ironing board I hadn't noticed when I entered.

I overhear Michael talking to Ian while they attach the logo. "Dude, you sure you're feeling okay? You sound rough."

"Oh yeah, I'm fine. Just a sore throat."

"If you're not feeling well, maybe you should stay back," I suggest hopefully, before I can think better of it.

"It's nothing I can't handle. Just not used to using it as much as I have recently."

I cough. Michael, thankfully not picking up on any of the innuendo, laughs. "I've literally never witnessed you shut up," he says to Ian before patting me on the back. "You alright there, old man? I feel like I should drink some extra vitamin C if both of you might be coming down with something."

"That's a good idea," Ian says, bringing my shirt over and holding it out for me to slip my arms into. I want to tell him off, snatch my shirt back and inform him that I can dress myself, but I don't want Michael to catch on to any unusual tension. Ian slips the fabric over my shoulders, his fingers lightly brushing against the back of my neck, raising chill bumps. I raise my shoulders to suppress a shiver and move away. "You know what though, I heard vitamin D is just as important for the immune system."

The smug bastard has the gall to wink at me behind Michael's back.

By the end of the lunch rush, I'm so tired that I could almost believe I am actually coming down with something. On top of my exhaustion, I definitely overdid it on my run this morning. I spend most of the day sitting in the office, which only serves to make things worse. Not only am I fraught with tension over being in a relatively small space with Ian, but I don't spend enough time moving my muscles. By the time closing rolls around, I'm so stiff I can barely hide how sore I am.

"You know what you need?" Michael says.

"A younger body?" I reply, pretending I don't notice Ian looking me up and down appreciatively.

"Besides that," Michael laughs. "I think you need a beer and a soak in the hot tub."

"That actually sounds perfect."

When we get home, Michael gets a few beers out while I step out of my clothes, opting just to get in the hot tub with my boxer briefs so I can avoid walking up the stairs until I'm a little less sore. Ian, for once, goes upstairs and leaves us alone, so I get a few blessed minutes without the torment of his presence. It doesn't last long though, until Ian joins us, thankfully not in that stupid Speedo. Not that the tiny shorts he is wearing are much better.

"Here," Ian says, passing me a joint.

"Are you out of your mind?" I say, glaring at him.

"Dad. It's a good idea. It'll help you relax," Michael says. "You realize it's legal now, right?"

"It's medicinal," Ian says.

My eyes roll and I give my son a pointed look. "It's not that I have any issues with marijuana, aside from the fact that the smell lingers everywhere you go." I narrow my eyes at Ian as he lights the end of the joint. "But that shit makes you silly, and I'm not about that life."

"You're right," Ian says sarcastically, nodding sagely and turning his head to blow out a long stream of smoke. "Wouldn't want to enjoy yourself."

Michael snorts.

"The last time I got high, you happened," I say, pointing a finger at my son.

Everyone bursts out laughing at that. Ian chokes on a lungful of smoke.

"Well, I'm pretty sure you're safe from that happening tonight," Michael says,

laughing and plucking the joint from Ian's fingers to pass to me.

I stare at him, and he raises an eyebrow pointedly. With a resigned sigh, I take it and take a small puff. I try to pass it back, but they both stare daggers at me.

"Fine," I say exasperatedly, bringing the joint to my lips and taking a long drag. I handle the first one okay, but the second one has me coughing. Michael pats me on the back.

The effect is almost instantaneous. All the tension in my neck and shoulders melts away, the majority of my aches and pains dissolving as a pleasant heaviness draws my head back against the side of the hot tub. I think I might even doze off, listening to Ian and Mike talk about what some of their friends are moving onto now that they've graduated. I'm aware enough to overhear and somewhat engage when they talk about Chloe, and his plans for their first date tomorrow.

"You should take her out on the boat," I tell him, my eyes closed.

"How high are you?" Michael asks incredulously.

"Not high enough to make any bad decisions," I assure him. "You're old enough, and responsible. Just don't drink and drive, which you wouldn't do in a car anyway."

"Ooh, you could take her to that fancy place on the other side of the lake, you know the one, on the pier? Then after dinner, go for a romantic walk on the boardwalk. Don't they always have some kind of live music or something going on out there during tourist season?"

"Lakeside Bistro? I doubt I could get a reservation so quickly, even on a Tuesday. But it's not a bad idea for another time."

I grin at my son. "Son, this is when name dropping comes in handy."

Michael raises an eyebrow. "You know the owner well?"

"He's part of my regular poker group. I'll give him a call in the morning."

"That's awesome. Thank you." By the smile on his face, you'd think we'd solved some major dilemma.

"Glad to help, son. I didn't realize you were nervous about it."

Michael shrugs, blushing a little.

"He reeeeeeally likes her," Ian replies, offering the joint back to me. Or maybe it's a new joint. I don't know. I take it willingly this time.

"She must be something special."

Michael doesn't reply, just looks down at his feet dangling in the water, a goofy grin plastered on his face.

"Aww, look at him blush," Ian coos, and I can't help but chuckle along with him, because it's honestly pretty precious. I don't think I've ever seen my son so smitten over anything or anyone.

"Shut it," Michael says, kicking his foot to splash Ian. He's silent for a few moments before he stands. "I'm gonna go call her and tuck in for the night."

Ian and I snicker like idiots, and I hate to admit that I'm actually enjoying this. I'll blame it on the weed, despite being perfectly in control of my faculties. I am more relaxed than I've been in a long time, though. I'm honestly ready to go to bed, except I

don't want to get out of this water. There's a jet hitting me perfectly in the small of my back where I have so much tension built up. Too bad there isn't a jet near my right hamstring.

I take a pull off the joint as he climbs out of the hot tub. Michael thumps me on the shoulder as he walks past.

"Don't let Ian knock you up," he says jokingly, and I sputter.

Ian barks out a laugh. Before I can recover properly, I call out, "If anyone's getting pregnant, it's him," before I realize what I'm saying.

Michael walks away, laughing and shaking his head, already with his full attention on his phone. I'm staring at the bubbling water, convincing myself that I didn't just say that. Jesus fucking Christ. Maybe I'm higher than I thought.

There's a moment of silence, where I stare at the door as Michael shuts it behind himself. I stare until the porch light clicks off, and the only light is coming from the lights imbedded in the in-ground pool and jacuzzi.

The jets turn off and I look up to find Ian staring at me.

"Is that so?" he asks slowly, taking a drag from the end of the joint and flicking the roach away.

He glides over to me, and my entire body goes rigid as he leans over me, caging me in with one hand on either side of my head. He leans his face over me, his lips hovering just above mine, before I feel the brush of his exhale. My lips part, and I breathe in, sucking the smoke from his mouth, before his lips meet mine.

My lungs burn, but not as much as my lips do as I succumb to a scorching hot kiss.

Before I know it, I'm pulling Ian down on my lap, and he straddles me, rolling his body into mine. The cotton of my boxer briefs doesn't do anything to hold in my arousal. I can feel Ian's hardness against mine, but he's too confined in those tight shorts he's wearing. I pull at the waistband, wanting him free. I didn't get to feel him last night, and right this moment, my inhibitions are lowered enough that I decide I can pretend this isn't real later.

Ian pulls back enough to use one hand to pull his swim shorts off before climbing back into my lap. He returns his mouth to mine, and we're kissing feverishly, hands touching, roaming everywhere. I'm too nervous to touch his cock at first, watching with fascination as he sits back and strokes himself, rubbing his ass against my erection. My fingertips dig into his hips as I pull him against me, pushing my cock up against him as I tentatively wrap my hand around his cock and stroke him slowly. He's smaller than me, but still long with a slight curve. I get a feel for him, how to hold him, and the way he groans when I squeeze as I stroke over the head. I play with the foreskin and marvel at the little pants that fall from his puffy, kiss bruised lips.

Ian reaches down to angle my cock, rubbing his ass cheeks against it. He pulls at the waistband of my boxer briefs, and lift my ass to pull them down and free my cock. He pumps me, slow and rough, enough to make me groan and buck into him.

"Stand up," Ian says against my mouth. I'm too far gone to second guess anything that's happening here, so I do, letting Ian move me so that I'm leaning in the corner of the hot tub. He kisses my neck and lifts one of my legs, rolling his hips into me before setting my foot down on the adjacent seat. It gives him a better angle to take both of us in his hand, wrapping his long fingers around us both and stroking us together. My pants and moans match his, and I alternate between watching our cocks together beneath the water and kissing him, licking into his mouth to get more.

With one hand wrapped tightly around our cocks, Ian leans over and presses the button for the jacuzzi. A burst of pressure blasts me in the ass, right between my

cheeks, above my balls.

"Fuck," I gasp, as I feel myself start to pulse, and Ian's hand grips us tighter together.

My orgasm hits, and sets off his, and he strokes us both through them, the water growing cloudy with our combined release before the bubbles hide the evidence. Ian's forehead leans against mine, and we pant, until the jet assaulting my balls becomes a little too much to bear.

I pull away from him, overthinking my next move. I don't want to get out and do the walk of shame, butt naked, across the deck into the house. I'm overheated, though, so I pull myself up to sit on the edge.

There's silence as we both absorb what just happened. Clearly, this isn't just a knee jerk reaction to my overall anger towards him. And I don't think I can blame the weed, either, as much as I'd like to. If anything, it's given me an odd sort of clarity. There's something about Ian that gives my cock a mind of its own. He sets something off in me that I don't know that I've ever felt.

We both speak at the same time.

"I'm straight."

"I'm a top."

The only reaction I'm capable of is a slow blink. That we're so far off from what the other is thinking is kind of funny, though, and I find myself laughing. Once I start, I can't stop.

Now I feel high.

"You want to light up another or have you had enough? I'm not sure how much you need to talk yourself out of what's happening here," Ian says with a crooked grin that doesn't quite meet his eyes.

"I'm good," I say, still chuckling. "I'm just high enough to not be freaking out, but clearheaded enough to be in control of myself."

"You sure?" he asks with a raised eyebrow. "You're not going to wake up tomorrow and try to pretend I don't exist, or like you don't like it when I make you cum."

A shiver runs from the top of my spine to the bottom, making my cock twitch. I don't have a response to negate what he's saying, choosing my next words carefully.

"I'm sorry if I was a dick. You just really bother me."

He cocks his head. "What about me bothers you, Mr. B?"

"First of all, that you're young enough to call me Mr. B."

"Do you prefer Daddy?"

"Absolutely not."

He hums noncommittally. "So, you're bothered by the fact that some young, hot piece of ass is into you?"

I scoff. "And that brings me to the second thing, your ever-present humble nature."

He grins, flashing me perfect, bright white teeth. Imagining him in braces helps me calm my rising libido. Dating someone half my age has never appealed to me, man or woman.

"And there's the whole thing about you being straight."

"Yeah, there's that."

Ian meets my eyes with a pointed look. "I don't think you're as straight as you think you are, Henry." The sound of my name on his lips makes blood rush to my groin, and Ian turns his pointed gaze to the way I grow at his attention.

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CHAPTER 6

IAN

Henry's cock fills with blood, and my eyes are drawn to the sight of it. The magnificent thing that it is, it's even impressive flaccid, hanging off the side of the hot tub. But the moment it lurches to life, I want to jump on it. I want to touch and suck it until I have him crying my name.

He might think he's straight, but his cock clearly likes me.

I stand up and walk over to him, standing between his legs. I reach over and turn the jets off again, letting it grow still and quiet while I consider him. The longer I stare, the harder his cock gets, and I can't suppress a smirk.

"Don't be too flattered," he says in a deadpan voice.

Keeping my eyes on his, I duck my head and take him in my mouth, stroking and sucking him until he's hard as steel again. I keep my eyes on him as I rear back, one hand wrapped around his length, the other fondling his balls. My thumb rubs up and down the ridge of the vein on the underside of his cock. His lashes flutter closed, and I wait for his eyes on mine.

"Have you ever gotten hard for another man before?"

"No."

"But you are now."

"Yeah, I suppose I am," he says, sounded resigned. I chuckle at that, continuing to stroke him slowly.

Anytime he takes his eyes off me, I stop, resuming once he's giving me his undivided attention.

"What are you doing?" he asks, his voice low.

"Talking to you," I say, squeezing his tip and spreading a drop of pre-cum with my thumb.

"Mmmff."

My lips quirk at the sounds he makes, and he glares. My smile widens.

"Will you let me try something?"

"What?" he asks, looking alarmed.

"Nothing bad, calm down. If you don't like it I'll stop, I promise."

"What is it?" he repeats, a little more calmly but still clearly apprehensive.

"How much do you trust me?"

"Like out of ten?"

"Sure."

"Maybe a zero point five."

"Ouch," I say with a chuckle. "But I can work with that. Lay back."

"Do what now?"

I push in closer, stepping up on the seat I was kneeling on. "Lay back and bend your knees so I can give you the best blow job you've ever had in your life." I take his mouth in a quick, rough kiss. "Come on Daddy," I say teasingly against his mouth, pushing his chest back. "Just a little kiss, I promise."

He looks like a deer caught in headlights, his eyes wide and afraid. But his cock is clearly on board with the idea, twitching and leaking for me. He lets me push him down, and he lays his back flat against the deck. Despite how warm it is, his nipples are puckered, and I have to take a moment to show them some attention. I give them each a kiss, a lick, and a suck, biting down gently before continuing a path down his body.

I'm trying not to groan too much, in case it throws him off, but I feel like I've waited forever to get to explore his body this way. I relish every inch that I am able to run my lips and tongue over, but refrain from rubbing my face through his happy trail like a cat in heat.

When I'm back between his legs, I suck him long and deep, relaxing him and getting him primed to feel my mouth in other ways. I use my hands and fingers to knead the insides of his thighs, play with and massage his balls, and squeeze his ass cheeks. He gets a little shy when I start exploring his butt, but he lets me do just about anything with his cock in my throat. I bob on him, letting my saliva drip down his shaft. When he's comfortable enough to start bucking his hips, getting lost in the sensations, I kiss my way down the underside of his cock, sucking and leaving little hickeys along the ridge of that vein that I am quickly becoming obsessed with.

I use the excess spit and pre-cum as lube to continue stroking him while I gently tickle his balls with my tongue. My balls are ultra-sensitive, and I don't love rough treatment of them, so I'm cautious as I take each one and gently roll it in my mouth. Henry makes a soft "oof" type noise and I pull back, still stroking as I look up at him. He's looking straight up towards the sky with his eyes shut tight.

"Not good?"

"Sensitive. But not bad."

"Okay. I'll be gentle," I say, and resume licking over his entire sack with the flat of my tongue, blowing on the wet skin. I love the way he shivers. My tongue darts down lower, putting a little more pressure as I tease and lick his taint.

He breathes out a curse, and I smile into his skin. I reach for his hand and place it on his cock, stroking him with his own hand until he does it on his own. I notice him crack open an eye to peek at me, concerned about what I'm going to do with my hands. He tenses a little when I spread his ass cheeks apart, but the moment I go back to licking and sucking on his taint, he relaxes again, his legs opening wider for me.

"Fuuck," he says on a breath, his voice shaky. "That's—uh, that's good."

"Mmm," I moan against him, licking a little lower with each pass. He tastes like chlorine and sin, and I have never been as into this as I am right now.

The first time I run my tongue over his puckered hole, he bucks his hips and lets out a startled sound that I have to promise myself I won't tease him for. But he relaxes into it, panting as I swirl my tongue around his hole and flick it back and forth. He starts making unintelligible sounds, stroking himself faster, and I know he's getting close. I press more firmly against him, licking and slurping like his asshole is the best fucking ice cream I've ever eaten. Spreading his cheeks wider, I push my tongue into his hole

and he shouts as his cock erupts, spraying cum like a fountain. It lands all over his stomach and thighs and in my hair. He trembles as I tongue him until the last pulses have stopped. Before he can come down from his orgasm high, I crawl over him, licking up every drop of cum I can find while I jerk myself.

Henry pushes me off him, but surprises me when he sits up and whispers, "I want to watch."

Fuck me , what is it about a man that seems so large and in charge getting all shy and sensitive that fucking does it to me? I both want to coddle him and ruffle his feathers. Rough him up and soothe him. Dirty him up and wash him clean.

"Is that all you want to do, Daddy?"

"Stop calling me that," he says, but he stands up next to me. He keeps his eyes on how I stroke myself before pushing me to sit and kneeling on the bench of the jacuzzi between my legs. His hand wraps around my cock, replicating the way I was stroking myself. Up and down, rotating slightly at the tip.

His eyes are locked on the pearlescent drops of pre-cum, and his tongue darts out to wet his lips. My fingers gently comb his hair back off his forehead.

"You can taste if you want." His hand tightens around the base of my cock, and he looks like he might run away. "Go ahead, Henry. Give it a little kiss."

His eyes narrow, and I half expect him to push me away or even punch me. I know I'm pushing my luck. Some guys get that post nut clarity where they don't want to be touched after, especially when they're questioning or maybe have repressed feelings about their sexuality.

Henry's eyes harden, not in anger, but in determination. He cuts his eyes to my face

once before he leans forward and gently presses his lips to my crown. He rolls his lips, testing how I taste before tentatively licking the slit of my cock. It takes every ounce of self-control I have to stay perfectly still, but my heart is beating so fast from the sheer effort of not coming all over his face from just that one light touch, I have to suck in a breath and hold it. His mouth lowers, and he pulls the head of my cock into his mouth, continuing to flick his tongue over the slit with zero idea of how much it's driving me wild. He lowers a little more, taking slow, tentative sucks. He takes about half of me in before pulling back to breathe.

"I don't think I can—you know, like you can."

"That's okay. You're doing amazing. In fact, I have to warn you, if you don't want me to cum in your mouth, you might not want to do that tongue thing anymore."

Henry looks surprised, and once again I'm melting into a puddle at how endearing this unsure version of him is. With a little more confidence, he takes me in his mouth again, sucking up and down, while stroking the base of my cock that he can't quite handle yet. And while it might not be the most expert best blow job I've ever gotten, watching him come out of his shell and experiment easily makes it the most enjoyable blow job I've ever gotten. And when he pulls back to flick his tongue over the slit again, I gasp and clench my abs.

"Are you sure?" My voice is pained, holding back my oncoming orgasm.

He doesn't stop, only flicks his eyes up to mine briefly, and I'm a goner.

"Fuck. I'm coming—" I struggle to keep my eyes open so I can watch him slurp down my cum like he's drinking it from a straw. My mouth drops open as I watch his throat bob with each swallow. "Oh my god," I moan, probably too loudly.

I'm lost in a haze of disbelief that one of my real-life fantasies is playing out in real

life while Henry continues to suck me until I start to soften, seeming intrigued by watching my cockhead retreat back into the foreskin. I tilt my head, waiting for him to say or do something. Anything.

"I didn't think it would be so... sweet? I don't know if that's the right word. Kind of metallic, but also sweet."

I grin, but make sure to school my face so he doesn't think I'm poking fun at him. "I eat a lot of fruit. But everyone tastes different. You taste salty, and just this side of bitter. I like it," I tell him, in case he needs reassurance. "A lot," I admit, because it's the truth. I'd gulp mouthfuls of him if he'd let me suck him every day.

We sit in silence for a while, and I can tell he's really tired.

"Are you still sore?"

"A bit," he admits.

"You don't go in till late tomorrow, right?" He nods, not meeting my eye. "Well, I suggest you take one more hit and then get some rest."

He raises his eyebrow incredulously. "I'm not sure I need any more of that," he says, but chuckles. "The last thing I need is another all-night raging boner."

I perk up. "All night, huh?"

"Oh Jesus," he mumbles, rubbing his hands over his face. "What I meant to say is that shit apparently makes me horny as hell, and I don't think I'll be doing myself any favors to smoke more. I'll stick to ibuprofen, thanks."

He avoids looking at me while he fishes our shorts out of the hot tub and wrings his

out.

"What I heard is that you were up all night last night with a raging boner, which, unless I missed something, had nothing to do smoking weed."

"You heard wrong."

"Sure I did," I say, nodding my head enthusiastically. He glares, and I roll my lips in to keep from laughing.

Henry throws a towel at me, and we make our way through the house and up the stairs. We both pause at the top of the stairs, clearly hearing Mike's snores through his door. I let out a breath of relief, and Henry's shoulders relax. He walks to his room and closes the door behind him without another word.

I wash up and get ready for bed, overthinking about how Henry might be worried about what we did, out in the open where Mike could have witnessed. Henry's is the only bedroom that faces the backyard, and I like to think we would have noticed if Mike came back downstairs since he would have triggered the patio light. But still, it was risky. And I don't want Henry to pull back or stress over it all night. I liked the easy, humorous way we left things before reality hit. Hoping I can negate any negative feelings, I pull up Henry's phone number on my cell, and send him a text.

Ian: For the record, you weren't the only one suffering last night. And if it happens again, I'm just across the hall.

I push send and watch as the message marks itself delivered, and then read. Three little dots pop up, then disappear, then pop up again. A text never comes through, but I fall asleep with a smile on my face, nonetheless.

CHAPTER 7

HENRY

By the time I wake up, it's already well into the morning. I've usually gone for my run, had my coffee, and headed into work by now. But I never set my alarm last night, and I had another restless night. I definitely got more sleep than the night before, once I finally stopped the hamster wheel of torment that my brain was stuck on. But even my usually meticulous internal clock didn't wake me at sunrise from the dead sleep I was in.

The house is quiet, which means the boys have headed into work. I sit on the edge of my bed and rub my right thigh. It's still sore from overdoing it yesterday. Taking a light jog is probably the best way to get over the stiffness. It usually works, and if anything else, it'll help me wake up and get my head right before I have to tackle the day ahead.

I make sure to stretch, standing out on the back deck like I normally do. I find myself staring at the hot tub, replaying the better parts of the night before I lost my damn mind. It reminds me to call my friend Robert Langdon, the owner of Lakeside Bistro. He's more than happy to make sure Mike has the best table and a bottle of chilled wine waiting. I chat with him while I grab the pool chemicals to shock the hot tub, and I continue staring at the water for too long after I hang up.

I can't believe I did that. Any of it.

My short stint of exhibitionism I can safely blame on the weed. And maybe it did up

the horniness level, because I certainly can't remember the last time I came back to back like that. But if I'm being honest with myself, the rest of it was all me. I used the cover of being high to give in a little, and once I did, I fell straight into the deep end.

I replay every moment, cringing at the things I let him do to me. I'm embarrassed, but at the same time, I have to admit that it felt good. Really good. Too good.

My internal war with myself drowns out the music in my ears as I start my slow jog. I try telling myself that it's simply been too long since anyone but myself has touched my dick. A mouth is a mouth, it could have been anyone.

But I know I'm full of shit. Because it wasn't just anyone's mouth on my cock. It was Ian's mouth. My son's best friend. A man half my age. And Lord, that mouth...

I don't realize that I'm running at full speed, nearly sprinting, until my lungs are burning. I'm sure the smoke inhalation from last night isn't helping that, either. I'm so annoyed at myself, so intent on outrunning my own bullshit, that I keep going. I push myself harder and faster, punishing myself for every flash of memory from last night.

I let him put his tongue in my ass. And I liked it. A lot.

God, the mere thought of it makes me clench, and I stumble.

Sharp pain shoots up the back of my right thigh. I nearly fall, limping over to the side of the street. I have to roll over on my hands and knees to catch my breath before I can sit in the grass, hissing through the throbbing pain as I rub my hamstring.

I don't think it's anything serious, but I definitely pulled a muscle at the very least.

After taking a few minutes to compose myself, I stand up and take in my surroundings. I wasn't even paying attention to where I was running, although I have

a pretty specific routine that I usually take to take advantage of the hills in the neighborhood. I'm about three streets away from my house, on the opposite side of my subdivision that backs up to the golf course. With a steeling breath, I slowly hobble down the street. I can't even bother to be embarrassed when one of my elderly neighbors pulls up beside me in a golf cart.

"You alright there, Henry?"

"Oh hey, Mr. Peterson. I seem to have pulled a muscle. You wouldn't mind giving me a ride to my house on your way to the golf course, would you? If it's not too far out of your way?"

"Of course not. Climb in here, son."

We make awkward small talk as the golf cart drives agonizingly slowly through the streets of our neighborhood. I probably could have hobbled faster, but this certainly hurts a lot less.

"Thanks for the ride."

"Lucky we happened to be out at the same time. Don't I normally see you out much earlier?" He's usually sitting out on his front porch drinking his coffee when I run by, always with a wave and a friendly greeting. I don't think I've ever stopped to talk to him, but I know him from the Home Owners Association meetings, and he and his wife come into the restaurant on occasion.

"I'm a little off my routine today," I admit as he pulls into my driveway, getting me as close to the front door as possible. "I really appreciate you taking me home. I hope the detour across the neighborhood doesn't make you late for your tee time."

He waves me off. "A little advice for ya—it's okay to break your routine once in a

while. Live a little. You're not getting any younger."

"I seem to be getting reminded of that a lot lately. Thanks Mr. Peterson."

"See you around," he says, and backs haphazardly down the driveway, nearly taking out the mailbox on the way out.

I chuckle and wave, waiting until he's turned around and headed off before hobbling up the front steps to my door. By the time I get inside, all I can do is collapse on the couch and pant. I stare at the stairs up to my room with longing. I just want to take a hot shower and lay down with a heating pad until I can walk again. I consider the hot tub, but I just poured a bunch of chemicals in there to disinfect all the cum that got pumped into the water last night.

Pulling a throw pillow down on my face, I muffle a frustrated yell before taking my phone out of my arm band and calling the restaurant. Looks like I'll be taking a day off whether I like it or not.

"Mr. B? ...Henry?"

Footsteps thud up the stairs, but I don't bother to move from my position in the center of the bed. It's not until Ian barges into my room that I wish I'd considered putting a shirt on, but getting a pair of boxer shorts on was my only priority once I'd forced myself through a shower.

Ian's eyes rake over me, more with concern than interest, although I notice his gaze linger on my chest before trailing down to the leg I have propped up on a pillow, wrapped in a heating pad.

"What are you doing here?" I ask.

"Uh, good to see you too," Ian snarks. "Michael said you hurt yourself. We both thought it best that I come check on you."

"Why you?"

He looks at me like it's obvious. "I'm an athlete. I know a bit about sports injuries."

"Does swimming count as a sport these days?"

Ian lifts his shirt, showing off his washboard stomach. "What do you think?"

I roll my eyes at his ridiculous eyebrow waggle and consider smothering myself with a pillow. Because, as if this day couldn't get any worse, I'm now stuck in close quarters with the most beautiful man alive.

"Why are you so fucking pretty?" I grouse.

His grin spreads across his face, dark blue eyes flashing as he pushes his dark hair off his forehead. "You think I'm pretty, do you?"

I groan. I really didn't mean to say that out loud.

I might have taken a muscle relaxer.

"Pretty like a girl," I mumble. "With your soft hair and long eyelashes and puffy lips. You're even hairless like a girl."

"Did my dick taste like a girl?" he asks, amused rather than offended by my rambling.

I narrow my eyes at him and ignore his question, which seems to amuse him even more.

"Right, so painkillers are on board, I'm assuming?"

"A muscle relaxer," I say, gesturing to the pill bottle on the dresser. They're left over from pulling my back out while hanging Christmas lights this past year, not that I'm about to admit that to him right now. "I don't like taking them because they make me loopy."

Ian chuckles, "I see that. Well, is it okay if I take a look?" He gestures to my leg, and I gesture dismissively.

I suppose I should be thankful that he's here helping me, and maybe I would be if I didn't feel like this is highlighting just how much older I am than this young, beautiful, sexy thing. I glare at my own crotch, willing it to behave. It's the only part of me that seems to think it's in its twenties.

Ian sits on the edge of the bed and unwraps my thigh. He asks some questions, and feels around the muscles, remaining entirely professional the whole time. Meanwhile, I'm struggling to focus on anything outside of his hands on me.

I'm pathetic.

"Pretty sure it's just a pulled muscle, but you should definitely take it easy for a couple of days. I'll be right back." He runs downstairs and returns with several ice packs. "Icing a pulled muscle is better than heat for the first couple days because it reduces swelling."

I curse when he touches me with the frigid ice pack, especially after my skin was nice and warm from my heating pad. Instead of wrapping it around my leg, he holds it to the back of my thigh himself.

"We'll keep ice on it for fifteen to twenty minutes, depending on how long these ice

packs hold out. Then I'll throw them in the freezer for a while, and we'll repeat every few hours. In between, we'll wrap it up tight and elevate. You'll be right as rain in a few days."

"Thanks, doc," I say sarcastically, although I give him a nod to let him know I'm truly appreciative.

He gives me a saucy grin, holding the ice pack to the back of my thigh while running his fingers up the inside of my leg with his free hand. I fight not to clench my thighs in response to the light tickle of his touch.

"You know, if you want to play doctor..."

"You sure you two are going to be okay?" Michael asks me.

"I'm a big boy, Michael. I'd be fine on my own. It's your dumbass friend that insists on coddling me like an invalid," I say, gesturing to my mostly healed leg that is currently wrapped tightly in a compression sleeve.

He quirks a grin. "Yeah, well, we can't have you falling and breaking a hip next."

"Har har."

"Should I hide all the knives, scissors, and whatever other sharp objects we have in the house?"

"I could maim him with blunt objects just as well," I quip. "Seriously, it's all good. He's helped me a lot the last few days, and I really appreciate his expertise."

"I told you he'd grow on you."

If you only knew.

"Quit worrying about me. Go enjoy your weekend."

Michael makes a face. "It's not too early to be going out of town and meeting her parents, is it?"

"To be fair, her sister is getting married and you're just her date. The rest is all happenstance. But to answer your question, no, I don't think so. You're clearly enamored with her, and from what Ian tells me, you two have been dancing around each other for two years. Not that you ever deemed to tell your old man about it," I say in mock offence.

"Alright, I'm sorry. It was one of those things, ya know? I didn't want to admit to myself that I had feelings for her, because I didn't know she liked me that way and it would have sucked to get rejected."

"I get it."

"Says the man who hasn't even attempted to date anyone in the twenty-three years that I've been alive."

"I've gone on dates. They just didn't go anywhere."

"Why, though?"

"Because there was nothing about them that made me feel like I'd prefer their company to my own. They didn't light me up in any way."

"Maybe you should try to find someone that lights you up, then."

"Meh. I'm pretty comfortable in my old age."

"You're old, not dead. And jokes aside, you're not even that old."

"Mmm hmm. Thanks for the pep talk. Now get the fuck out of my house before you're late to pick up your girlfriend and make a shit impression on her parents. I raised you better."

"Alright, alright, I'm leaving!" He gives me a hug before pointing at me. "Don't kill Ian." Picking up his duffle and garment bag, he yells up the stairs. "I'm out! Don't let my dad kill you!"

"Have fun, man!" Ian says, bounding down the stairs. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," he says, thumping him on the back.

"Name one thing you wouldn't do," Michael calls over his shoulder.

"I'll text you when I think of something!"

Ian watches Michael get in his car and closes the front door once he's out of sight.

"Are you staying hydrated?" he asks me.

"Yes, doctor," I sass, holding up the sixty-four-ounce insulated cup he's been making me carry around.

"Good. Now, get your sexy ass upstairs."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. It's time for your sports massage."

"Ugh. No. I hate those."

"I promise you'll like this one," he says, winking.

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CHAPTER 8

IAN

I finally persuade my grouchy patient to lug his delicious ass upstairs by promising him a blow job. Really, he's about to get something much, much better than that. But, much like everything else we've been through, I have to work him up to it.

"What is all this?" Henry asks as we enter his room. I've stripped the bed and covered it with a mattress protector and several oversized bath towels. There's one pillow that has been similarly protected, so the massage oil doesn't ruin anything. I drew the blinds and lit some candles to create a relaxing atmosphere.

"If you're going to get a massage, you might as well do it right," I say, pulling my shirt over my head.

He watches me with obvious lust, which is a huge step forward from just days ago. I've finally gotten him to admit he wants me, to tell me what he wants from me. Granted, most of that openness comes in the form of dirty talk.

"I want you to get on your knees and swallow my cock."

"I want you eat me out until I'm dizzy."

"Baby, I'm starving for your sweet cum."

Yeah, that's right, he called me baby . Once. By accident.

Still counts.

But between all the blowjobs and soapy shower handys and orgasms, there have also been moments of sweetness. Like texting me the moment he notices Mike's light shut off so I can sneak into his room and watch old action movies after we suck each other off. Or slipping into the bathroom when I'm brushing my teeth just because he wants to kiss me. Hell, he almost got caught by Michael yesterday when he snuck into the bathroom while I was in the shower. He told me he "just wanted to get a good look." And then he ended up getting a lot more than a look when he had to quickly jump into the shower behind me, fully clothed, and duck behind the shower curtain because Michael decided to come in to fix his hair before a date. I had to tell Michael he'd caught me jerking off so he'd stop asking why I was acting so weird. Little did he know his dad had decided he'd like to sample my ass since he was eye level with it.

Not that he's ready to acknowledge us as a relationship of any sort. That would only happen in my dreams. But when he looks at me the way he is right now, I think I'd pretend to be anything he wanted just to stay exactly like this.

Closing the distance between us, I take his mouth in a kiss that I feel in my toes. Our tongue dance perfectly together, stoking a fire inside me. Henry lets me strip him, one piece of clothing at a time, and I touch, kiss, or caress every inch of his body along the way. Meanwhile, he unties the drawstring of my athletic pants with deft fingers, dipping in to palm my hard cock. I'm always hard for him, like a prepubescent teenager. But he's always hard for me, too. So it works out.

My pants drop to the ground, and I step out of them.

"It wasn't my intention to be naked for this," I tell him.

"Well then, you should consider wearing underwear."

"I wore a shirt for you. I think that's far enough."

He chuckles, and I push him toward the bed. "Lay down on your stomach, right over the towels."

He looks down at his massive erection. "How am I supposed to do that?"

"Don't worry, Daddy. I promise I'll take care of that for you."

His eyebrow twitches, but he doesn't bother telling me not to call him Daddy. We both know he likes it.

Henry climbs up on the bed, and I have to resist the urge to bite him on the ass. My eyes travel appreciatively over his body. I desperately want to mark him everywhere, most notably his soft lovehandles. I want to mark those by digging my fingers into them while I hold on for dear life and sink myself balls deep inside his ass. A shiver runs through my body. Damn.

Giving me one last grouchy look over his shoulder, Henry adjusts himself to lay sunny side down on the bed. I gently trail my fingers from his foot to his neck as I walk along the side of the bed closest to where he's lying. I have a bottle of massage oil resting in a bowl of warm water that I take out and dry off, holding it near his face for him to see and smell.

"CBD oil? Why am I not surprised?"

I laugh, figuring that's the reaction I'd get out of him.

"At least it doesn't smell like weed. Smells citrus?"

"Tangerine," I confirm. "Completely all natural."

I rattle off the few ingredients and dosage, but mostly just keeping his mind busy while I pour some of the oil on my hands and start to massage the back of his injured thigh. It's still pretty sore, although he tries to pretend it isn't and tough it out, so I start slow and gentle, gradually working up to a deeper massage.

I smile when he groans. "See? Once we get past the initial soreness, it feels good, right?" The massage, although truly meant to help his leg heal, quickly turns sensual. My fingers dig into the muscles of his thighs, running up and down, squeezing and kneading.

"Ian," Henry whines, face down on the pillow.

"Shhh, I've got you, I promise."

My hands move from his thigh, down his leg and foot. Then up the other leg until I'm massaging both thighs at once, kneading up to the bottom of his ass. Trying not to let my dick graze him, because I'm not trying to have him get frightened off, I climb up on the bed, massaging his ass cheeks and up to his lower back. I add more oil, pouring it directly on his skin, letting it trickle down his ass crack.

Gently running my fingers through the mess, I press against the outside of his hole with my lubed up fingers before moving back up to massage his back and shoulders. My dick lays against his back when I lean across him to gently suck his earlobe.

"Trust me," I whisper. He turns his head enough for me to see him nod.

I make my way back down his body, focusing once again on his delectable ass. I knead the flesh, spreading his cheeks apart and running my thumbs up and down his crack. After dripping a bit more oil on my fingers, I rub them all around his hole, pressing in the slightest bit, pushing the lubricant inside.

"Roll over now," I tell him, hovering over him and kissing him lightly once he does. Then I lay next to him on my side, slowly stroking his cock with my lubed-up hand. "The CBD will help your muscles relax so you can take my fingers," I tell him gently, and he actually takes it pretty well. With this much prep, it's probably pretty obvious what I'm about to attempt. "If it's too much, tell me to stop or slow down." He nods against my lips, and I can tell he's nervous, just like the first time I rimmed him by the hot tub. But he doesn't try to move away. Instead, he bends his knees so I can get access from the position we're in. "I'm going to make it so good for you, Daddy."

Directing him to keep stroking his cock, I trail my fingers down, circling his hole with slightly increasing pressure, until the tip of my pointer finger barely breaches. Slowly, I press in farther, to the first knuckle, massaging back and forth gently until he seems to relax into the pressure. When I remove my finger, he actually flexes his hips like he's chasing it.

"Why did you stop?" he asks breathlessly.

"Just getting more lube," I assure him, and I work some more of the oil into his asshole little by little, until I'm a full finger deep inside him. I muffle a groan against his ribs. "Your virgin ass is so tight." The words slip out before I can think better of them, and Henry clenches. His ass tightens around my finger, which just makes me groan more, and my cock jerks, leaving sticky, wet pre-cum all over his hip. I roll my hips into him, rubbing my length against him. He seems to relax when he sees how affected I am by him and relaxes again. I resume massaging my finger in and out of his ass before teasing a second finger.

"Breathe," I instruct him, watching his face as I push the second finger inside. He breathes out and then groans as the second digit pushes past the tight ring of muscle. "Bear down for me," I tell him. "Like you're trying to push me out." He does, and the muscles relax further, the motion sucking my fingers further into his ass. "That's it. Just like that. That's how you get the muscles to relax. Your instinct is to clench up,

but you have to bear down instead." I feel his ass ripple around me as he tries it again, and I push both fingers all the way in.

"So good," I praise him, and he leans down to kiss me while I fuck him gently with my fingers. "How does it feel?" I ask him.

"Different," he says, his voice low and thready.

"You ready for the next part?"

His eyes widen a little, and I chuckle. "No, not that. You're not ready to take my cock yet." I pull myself up to my knees, situating myself so I can see everything. "God, I love watching my fingers disappear inside your tight ass," I say huskily, looking away only to watch his face as I flex my fingers.

Henry hisses in a breath.

"Oh yeah, there it is."

The pads of my fingers brush over the soft, smooth mound of his prostate and he bucks. I massage him from the inside, going as wild as he is for the way he's moaning. He's not even touching his dick, he's just gripping the towel beneath him, writhing against my hand. His moans are low and guttural, and I have the primal urge to rut into him like a fucking animal. His climax comes fast, and he shouts as if surprised by it, but I also know how intense it can be. I reach for his cock, stroking his orgasm from him, still massaging his prostate. He keeps coming, his dick jerking and pulsing even after the fountain of cum has stopped aside from the milky white fluid that drips from the end.

"Ian," he cries. "Fuuuucckk!" He roars as a fresh wave of cum spurts from his cock in spectacular fashion.

"Holy fuck," I exclaim, reaching with my free hand to jerk my cock because I'm about to come whether I touch it or not. I barely get two strokes in before I'm coming all over his cock, balls, and ass.

Once I catch my breath, I gently pull my fingers from him and wipe them on the towel beneath us before collapsing next to him. He turns to face me, pulling me against his body and kissing me fiercely. Our bodies come together, spreading our combined release between us. Eventually we manage to come down, laying face to face, staring at each other in awe in between light kisses and awkward chuckles.

"I hate to break it to you, Daddy. But you're a born bottom."

He looks a little unsure of himself, like he's rethinking his entire identity and not just his sexual preferences. He almost looks embarrassed, and I'm quick to correct that nonsense. "That was?—"

"The fucking hottest thing I've ever seen in my life," I finish for him. "I didn't think that really happened. You're like a fucking unicorn sex god."

Henry barks out a laugh. "What?"

"Baby, you just came once from my fingers in your ass alone, and then fucking erupted a second time when I milked your prostate."

"And that's a good thing?"

"It was so hot, I fucking came. Did it feel like a good thing?"

"Well, I mean, yeah, it was pretty... Okay, it was the most intense orgasm I've ever had."

I bite my lip and move my mouth to the shell of his ear. "Just wait until you're coming with my cock buried in your ass," I whisper.

CHAPTER 9

HENRY

Alright... so apparently, I'm a bottom.

A damn needy one at that.

Since the moment Ian stretched me open and stroked my prostate, I've been on him like a cat in heat. It's everything I can do not to bend over and present myself at any given moment. We've barely left the bedroom for anything more than hydration and to accept food deliveries. It's become a challenge to see who can get each other off more times, although Ian has an unfair advantage, considering I apparently have the most sensitive prostate known to man. We spent a long time getting very comfortable with each other's most intimate parts, and he walked me through not only how to find his prostate, but my own.

Two weeks ago, I would have never even considered sitting in front of another man, spread eagle, fingering my own asshole. Or begging a man over twenty years my junior to fit yet another finger inside me, because I crave the stretch. But I'm a fiend.

I was already getting a little needy after he took care of me so well when I pulled my hamstring. I got used to his touch and attention, and just like that, I started craving it whenever he wasn't around. He's like a drug. I'm really not sure who I am anymore, or where this sudden need for physical touch came from, but I'm addicted to his fingers, his mouth, his skin on mine in any capacity.

What's even more is that somewhere along the way, I started craving him on another level than just physically. His smell calls to me, and I miss it when he's not around. If I don't find an excuse to get him in my bed for the night, I end up with my nose buried in whatever pillow he had his head on last. A couple of times I even wore one of his carelessly discarded shirts while he and Michael went to work and I was stuck at home. Imagine the smirk on that cocky bastard's face when he came home unexpectedly to see me stuffed into one of his too-tight tank tops.

The personality traits that used to rankle my nerves have somehow become endearing, and I have to force myself to pretend to be irritated with him. Especially when Michael is around. But the last day and a half, since Michael went out of town, we've been free to just be without the pressure of anyone finding out. It's been peaceful. Comfortable.

It's been a long time since I enjoyed the companionship of another person aside from my son. I've never been romantically inclined, or so much as tempted to spend so much time around another person. The mere idea of having to share my space, my free time, my bed with another human being felt like a chore. I've gone out on dates and had occasional casual sex partners, although few and far between, but really only because it was something I felt like I should be doing. Not to say that the sex wasn't good, I always got off and took the time and effort to make sure my date did too, but it never felt like this.

Is it because I was gay all along and didn't know it? Am I sexually repressed? It's not as if I have any qualms with homosexuality, but I've never had any indication that I was attracted to men. Until I met Ian.

I'm man enough to admit that I hated him because I wanted him, even if I didn't understand that at first.

Watching him now, as he saunters across my room wearing nothing but that signature

smirk, I have zero issue admitting that I'm fucking obsessed.

It's a problem, really. Because at the end of the summer, once he and Michael finish their project and my son nails that interview, Ian will be moving on to God knows what and where. I haven't asked him about his plans. Not because I don't care about him or his life, but because I'm not ready to burst this bubble. I don't want to think about moving on or what life will look like after they leave. I don't want to think about what a sad, old sap I've been living as or what an even sadder, older sap I'll be when they're both gone.

For now, I'll follow the scent of coconut and chlorine. And when he winks before disappearing into the bathroom, I've dropped my pants and taken off the compression sleeve around my thigh before he's even got the shower running.

Like magnets, our bodies plaster themselves together. My hands come up to grip the sides of his face, moving into the nape of his hair, pulling him in to kiss him harder, deeper. I no longer hide my need for him, moaning and panting as all the cells in my body light up with his touch. He walks backwards, pulling me into the large walk-in shower. We've spent so much time in here in the last thirty-six hours, it'll probably take years for me to not get an erection at just the sound of the shower cutting on. My ass clenches just looking at the shower attachment.

The steam fills my nose with Ian's coconut body wash that I made him bring in here.

"God, I love this," he says, lathering up my chest hair and raking his fingers down to my stomach. "And this," he says, massaging the soap into the trail of hair below my navel, following it down to the dark hair on my groin. Funny how much he likes my hair, even asking me to grow out the scruff on my face, when nearly every inch of him is waxed or shaved. Then again, I'm a hairy bastard that's completely enamored with every hairless inch of his body, so maybe it's an opposites attract thing. Or maybe Ian has a kink for older, burlier men and I'm just an old pervert lusting after

his young, supple body.

Whatever the case may be, I'm hard and dripping for him within moments, groaning at the sight of Ian dropping to his knees. He looks up at me with that devilish smirk, touching, washing, massaging me. All around the base of my cock, my balls, the insides of my thighs, my taint and ass crack, massaging his fingers over my greedy hole. Everywhere except my desperate cock, bobbing inches from his face.

"You're a fucking tease," I growl playfully.

He snickers, because we both know who is in charge here. Even when I'm fucking his face, hard and rough, using his mouth for my own pleasure, he owns me.

Ian reaches out a hand, and I automatically remove the shower attachment from the wall and hand it to him. He rinses me methodically before adjusting the head to the massage feature, and I nearly whimper. Prep is the most wicked kind of foreplay. The anticipation is building already, and he hasn't even started.

"I'm going to wash you, suck you, and stretch you until you're a quivering mess, begging for my cock to take your virgin ass."

I really do whimper then, because I've already resorted to begging. Hell, it took me less than an hour for me to recover from the prostate milking he put me through yesterday afternoon, and I was already raring to try taking his cock. Oh, how far we've come.

"I'm a big boy, I can take it," I begged. But he wouldn't give it to me, torturing me with his fingers and mouth instead.

"We have to work up to it," he said. "I like hearing you beg," he said.

And beg I did, while drowning in what feels like buckets of cum as we pleased each other over and over. I'm insatiable for him.

My intrusive thoughts keep me from being as open as I'm tempted to be. What if Ian doesn't want to fuck me? What if he thinks that I'll get even clingier once he breaks this last barrier between us?

Honestly, there's a good chance that will happen. I don't want this to end. Michael comes home tomorrow, and we'll have to go back to hiding. Then, before we know it, he'll be gone. And then what? I'll pine over him until the next time Michael brings him home with him? Or will he make things easier on me and keep his distance?

"Turn around, Daddy, let me see that sexy ass." I do what he says, because I'm a blithering, whimpering fool for him.

He plays with me, tortures me, with the pulsing water and his tongue, bringing me to the edge until I'm panting with my head resting against the tile. Finally, he takes my cock deep in his throat, inserting a single finger into my greedy ass. I buck into his mouth, growling with the effort of holding my climax back. My balls ache with the need for release.

"Let's see how many fingers you can take, and we'll see if you're ready."

Those words alone are almost enough to set me off. I hear the cap of the lube bottle before his fingers and mouth are on me again, and I'm sure the expression on my face is bordering on pain. The pitiful look in my eyes encourages him, and he presses two long fingers all the way inside me, brushing past my prostate and making me squirm. Two fingers feels good, the pressure making my balls throb. The third finger makes me hiss in a breath, but I bear down the way he taught me, and my muscles relax.

"Yes, Daddy, just like that." His voice is coated with unmistakable lust. I can hear it

in the strain of his words and the shudder of his breaths, even if I couldn't see the evidence right in front of me. His cock juts from between his legs, twitching like it's straining to get closer to me, leaking to be inside me.

Ian strokes and scissors his fingers, stretching me until I can't control the way I press my ass against them.

"Fuck yourself on my fingers, Henry. Fill my mouth with your cum and then I'll fill your ass with my cock."

Fuck. I do exactly as he asks, shuddering with every stroke of his thick fingers inside me, and fill his mouth with stream after stream of my release. I'm panting and near dizzy by the time I'm spent, leaning against the wall while Ian kisses his way up my hips. I reach for him, wanting to taste my cum on his tongue, but he doesn't let me. He turns off the shower and smacks my rear, telling me to get my sexy ass on the bed. I barely bother drying off, leaving my towel on the floor in an uncharacteristic display of impatience. Despite having just had the most delicious orgasm, I'm half hard just thinking about having Ian inside me. And there's a part of me that's worried he'll change his mind.

Ian hands me the lube.

"Get yourself good and wet for me, Daddy." He slowly strokes his dick from the doorway of the bathroom while he brushes his teeth. His gaze is zeroed in on my wet, gaping hole as I plunge my fingers in and out for him. "Fuck me," he says, wiping toothpaste off the side of his mouth and stalking towards me.

Despite being so ready, my heart thuds like it's trying to escape my rib cage. I feel it in every limb and pulse point, all the way to my balls. I'm relaxed and prepped for him, and even if it might hurt, I want this. I want him.

"Damn, Daddy. Look at you, all primed and ready for me." His eyes flick from my ass and already erect cock to my eyes. "You're so fucking sexy," he says, and keeps eye contact while he crawls over me.

His mouth lowers to mine, licking against the seam of what I'm sure is a goofy smile. I open for him, his minty fresh tongue lapping into my mouth, tangling with mine. The kiss is deep and gentle, unhurried and passionate.

His fingers find my ass again, pushing more lube inside me while I stroke his cock. I try to line him up, ready to just get it over with, but he's having none of it.

"This is why you're not in control right now. You'd hurt yourself and it would be weeks before I could fuck this sweet ass again." My eyes about roll back with lust and impatience, but he finally lines himself up, rubbing his cock against my hole before pushing forward.

Keeping his eyes locked on mine the whole time, he pushes into the tight ring of muscle. After being stretched and milked the way I was in the shower a few minutes ago, I have no problems taking the entire head of his cock, but he still pulls back. His body shakes with the control, but he gently moves in and out of me, only giving me a tiny bit at a time. The further in he pushes, the more pressure I feel.

"Breathe," he says, despite it sounding like he's holding his own breath.

There's so much pressure, I can't look him in the eye anymore. It's too intimate, too emotional. If I keep letting him stare into my eyes, he might see everything I'm hiding. All the emotion and fear and attachment I've found with him. I feel hot tears behind my eyes, and even though I don't want him to stop, I let him think it's pain that is causing it.

"It's okay," he pants. "We can pull back. And if you need to stop, we can try again

later."

"No!" I spit out. "Please. Don't stop."

"We're almost there," he whispers, kissing me sweetly. I can't bear it, wrapping a hand around the nape of his neck to pull him closer. I plunge my tongue into his mouth, deepening the kiss until he moans. His hips buck a little, and the upward motion brushes against my prostate. He rocks back and forth over that same spot.

"Feels good," I pant into his mouth. "More."

"More?"

"Yes. Fuck. Give it to me."

He's more than halfway in, so when he slowly pushes in to bottom out, it's not too much to take. It feels like a lot of pressure, mostly.

Sweat drips from his forehead as he leans it against mine. "I knew you would feel good, but fuuck," he groans. He rocks against me, letting my body adjust, before pulling back to thrust inside again.

With each thrust, he pulls back a little more, surging forward with a little more power.

"Oh. Shit."

He nods and chuckles, before pulling himself up to his knees, fingers digging into my hips as he rolls his into mine.

"Jerk yourself, Daddy. I want you to come with me."

Wrapping my hand around my cock, I stroke myself in time with his thrusts, harder and faster until I think I might scream.

"Fuck, Ian?—"

"Are you gonna cum?"

I nod frantically, my hips thrusting up to meet his. I groan like an animal as cum erupts from my cock, spurting out with each thrust. He starts to pull back, but I lock my ankles around his back and hold him to me.

"Cum inside me, Ian."

"Oh, fuck!" He cries out, and warmth floods me as his cock pulses.

He collapses on top of me, his softening cock slipping out of me, and we lay there panting for a while before Ian apologizes and tries to move off me.

"Don't you dare move," I tell him, locking my arms around him. I feel his smile against my chest.

"I knew you would be perfect," he says sleepily.

He made it perfect.

CHAPTER 10

IAN

I have a problem. A big, burly, muscular, secret teddy bear of a problem.

It was bad enough when I had a lusty crush on my best friend's dad, but then I went and caught feelings.

Real feelings.

The kind of feelings that have me wishing things were different. That our lives weren't so different. That he wasn't my best friend's father.

That he would keep me.

"You're staring," Henry grumbles, his face barely illuminated by the moonlight filtering through the blinds.

"Guilty."

He opens his eyes, and I marvel at his face from all angles. The scruff he's grown out over the last weekend accentuates the laugh lines around his eyes, and I love every single one of them. I love that there's evidence that he's not as surly as he likes to pretend. I run a finger over them, tracing his jaw and lightly scraping my fingernails through the stubble that is quickly becoming a short beard.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Your massive cock," I say, which gets a laugh out of him.

"Don't talk about it like that. You might wake it up."

I smirk and return my cheek to his chest, nestling my face in his chest hair. We've been sleeping in the same bed almost all week, since I've been sneaking in here at night after Michael goes to bed. Every night, it seems, our bodies grow closer, like magnets. Even on the first night, we woke up touching, his arm thrown around my waist. Then two nights ago, we fell asleep touching. Last night, I fit my back against his chest, just as an experiment. He accepted my cuddling without balking, making a surprisingly clingy big spoon. I woke up this morning with his arm and leg thrown over me, pinning me against his front. And tonight, after I finally got him to release me so we could clean ourselves up, he pulled me right back down on his chest.

And I don't ever want to leave.

As if sensing my serious thoughts, Henry strokes his hand up and down my arm and kisses the top of my head.

"I've been meaning to ask," he says, almost tentatively. "What were your plans for after the summer? When Michael's project is done, I mean."

I don't want to answer him, because I don't want to seem like the irresponsible errant child I know he's always thought I am. But then again, maybe hearing some disappointment from him might drag me back into reality.

"Honestly? I'm not sure yet. I don't really want to work for a big firm like Mike, but it's not realistic for me to bank on living off my art." I sigh and give him the whole truth. "Half the reason I came home with Mike was because I was feeling a bit

aimless. I'm not actually convinced he actually needs my help."

"Sounds like something he'd do," Henry says. "But I do think you're helping. He has a girlfriend because of you. You helped him open up, and I'm appreciative of that." He's silent for a moment, before he speaks so low I almost miss it. "I was afraid he'd end up like me."

I turn my body so I'm lying on my side next to him, while he lies on his back, looking up at the ceiling. "What's so wrong with ending up like you?"

Henry cringes. After a long while, I give up on waiting for him to answer me, but he sighs, filling his lungs with air and expelling a deep, slow breath.

"I'm almost fifty years old and I've spent every day, save this last week or so with you, alone. I didn't even know I was missing anything. I just buried myself in work, my routine, fatherhood." He looks at me, and I can just make out the way he narrows his eyes. "I blamed you for taking Michael away from me, for him not coming home every weekend, for invading the little time I had with him. It was unfair and immature of me."

"I didn't exactly make it easy for you to like me," I say with a chuckle.

"You're nothing but yourself, all the time, no matter what. I think that's commendable. Fuck anyone that doesn't like it."

I smirk, but I'm not sure he can see it. "Oh, I did," I say pointedly.

Henry growls in response, yanking me against him and rolling his big body over me. "You better watch your mouth, young man, or I'll wash it out with my cock."

"Ooh, yes Daddy."

Mike is coming home today. I feel guilty for wishing the weekend would last longer. Sneaking around with Henry has its moments of fun, but living in the bubble of perfection we've been in for the last three days has been amazing.

I woke up to my cock being sucked, before Henry made me go for a long, slow jog with him. We walked along the golf course for a while, laughing and talking about nothing of consequence. He's been asking me a lot more questions about my personal life, like what I want to be when I grow up. The words I want to say stay locked inside. More than once, I notice him looking sad and pensive.

When we got home, we took a shower together, lathering each other up and touching each other. I fucked him against the wall, slowly and tenderly, letting the water wash away the evidence of my emotional turmoil. I'm still a bit raw from it.

I think it's probably best to back off from each other for the rest of the day. When we have to fuck around in secret again, when we return to those quick and dirty hookups, it'll be easier to wrap my head around the reality of being short-term, secret fuck buddies.

But we dance around it all morning. His eyes burn into me, and I can feel his presence on a cellular level. It's like there are tiny magnets all over my skin that prickle when he's near, and pull me to his side. While we're picking up the house and putting everything back to normal, folding all the extra sheets we went through this weekend, the tension is palpable.

Every time I pass him in the hall, I can feel the heat of his body too close to mine. There are constant little touches, brushes of his hand over my arm or my waist. Without thinking about it, I reach up and brush his hair back or scratch the beard growing in. Then we realize what we're doing, and the fact that we have to go back to behaving like normal people, and pull back.

It happens again when Henry decides to make us lunch. We're putzing around the pool, fully clothed by some unspoken agreement, because if either of us so much as takes a sock off, we both know it'll be on.

"Do you want to get out of here, go get something to eat?" I ask, thinking that maybe spending some time in public might help cool us down.

"What do you want to have?"

You.

"I'm a simple man, Henry. I'll eat anything, but there are bonus points if anything involves bread and cheese."

A grin spreads across his face. "Let me take you to a place I know that has the absolute best grilled cheese sandwich you've ever eaten."

"That sounds perfect," I say, my stomach growling at the prospect.

Henry takes me by the hand and leads me into the kitchen, where he starts pulling out all kinds of ingredients.

"Uh...What's happening?"

"Has Michael never told you about my famous grilled cheese?" I shake my head, and he gasps. "For shame."

Leaning against the kitchen island, I watch Chef Perfect Man prepare the fanciest grilled cheese I've ever experienced. He swats me with a hand towel when I steal a piece of bacon, and so many slices of apple that he has to cut up another. I even make a joke about coconut oil being a great lube.

I'm getting a kick out of bothering him while he's being all domestic, but if the heart-eyes and laughter are any indicators, I don't think he really minds. As much as we've tried to back off today, in preparation for Mike being home this afternoon, we're still surrounded by a heady bubble of lust. It's like humidity, sticking to us like a second skin.

Instead of sitting down at the table, Henry takes the sandwiches off the pan and puts them directly on a cutting board. He halves one and lifts it up to my mouth to taste. The cheese stretches from my mouth when I take a bite, and Henry catches it in his own mouth, licking my bottom lip in the process. We both step back and stare at each other for a beat, because it's clear he didn't mean for it to happen. My chest heaves with need, and his eyes are burning into me, several shades darker than usual.

"Fuck it," I say, surging forward. Henry meets me halfway, cupping both sides of my face and crashing our mouths together. The kiss leaves my lips raw and bruised, and I gasp as he trails nips and kisses down my throat.

We move without thinking. Henry grips my thighs and lifts me effortlessly, my legs wrapping around his waist. I absentmindedly grab the coconut oil off the island as he carries me to the table and sits me down, keeping his mouth fused to mine until he's settled between my thighs and we're writhing and dry humping each other. My hands push under his shirt, raking my nails against his sides.

"I want you," he growls against my neck. "I need you."

Yanking at his belt, I pull him in closer and slip my hand in the back of his pants, teasing the crack of his ass. At the same time, he opens the fly of my jeans and palms my achingly hard cock. It twitches in his hold, already leaking pre-cum. Feeling frenzied, I unbuckle his pants with my free hand, pushing them down so they fall around his ankles. I press our cocks together, and we stroke them in tandem.

"Fuck, I love everything about you. I can't stand this," I say, my emotions and my arousal overriding my better judgement.

"God, me either. I don't want to let you go." He sounds anguished. "Ian, I need you inside me."

I push him back roughly, tearing my shirt over my head and dropping my jeans. He follows suit, bending over the table and presenting that perfect ass to me. I reach for the jar of coconut oil, scooping some out with my fingers and pushing it into his ass with two fingers. His back arches and he hisses, but he pushes back, fucking himself on my fingers. I add a third, trying to take the time to stretch and prime him properly, but he's not having it.

" Now , Ian," he barks.

With a large handful of rapidly melting coconut oil, I quickly lube up my cock and line up to his entrance. I'm too worked up to hesitate or go slow and gentle, but the way he pushes back wouldn't allow for it, anyway. I surge into him mercilessly, pulling back and pounding into him with quick, rough thrusts.

Grunting, I flatten his chest against the table and grip onto those delectable love-handles to use as God intended. "God Fucking Damnit, I want to live inside this ass. You feel so good."

"Nmmmmfffff. Oh God, Ian, right there. Harder, baby! Oh fuck, oh fuck?—"

We're grunting and panting like animals. The room fills with the sounds of me rutting into him like some kind of beast, filthy words falling from my mouth.

"That's right, Daddy. You take it so good?—"

And that's how Mike finds us.

With our pants down around our feet, his father bent over the kitchen table, and my cock buried in his ass.

CHAPTER 11

HENRY

The look on my son's face when he catches us will forever live rent free in my head.

Michael freezes, like he might have walked into the wrong house. But then realization quickly catches up to him and he looks horrified. Possibly a little green, which I can relate to. There's also a slight edge of exasperation that I don't understand, but I'll certainly never have the balls to ask about.

Because they've officially crawled into my stomach to live with the guilt and self-hatred that are warring within me.

I wonder how quickly I can get him into therapy. Not quick enough, probably.

With a flurry of curses, Ian and I scramble to pull up our pants and get as far apart from each other as possible. As if we could pretend that Michael didn't just see his best friend fucking his dad.

Michael's wide eyes move from me to Ian, never quite meeting our eyes, before taking in the discarded food in the kitchen, and the half-empty jar of coconut oil laying on its side on the floor.

"Michael—"

He holds a hand up to cut me off, still not looking at me, before backing out of the

room. Both Ian and I take a step forward, but Michael stops us.

"Don't." His hands run through his hair and he grabs his duffle bag from next to the door where he must have dropped in when he came in. "I just need a minute. Or maybe many minutes, I don't know yet. But just... Don't."

Relieved that he isn't running out the door, I watch him retreat up the stairs. My heart lurches, and both Ian and I flinch when his bedroom door slams.

We don't look at each other, or try to talk to each other. We don't get within touching distance, as if the space between us could fix what we've done.

On autopilot, I start cleaning up the kitchen. The sandwich and all the leftover ingredients get dumped right in the trash, and I scrub the pan so furiously I'm pretty sure I ruin the non-stick surface. When I turn back around, the table has been cleaned. The jar of coconut oil is sitting in the trashcan, and there's the distinctive smell of disinfectant cleaner lingering in the air.

I want to go upstairs and scrub myself clean, but I pull on my shirt and sit at the end of the couch instead. My eyes squeeze shut, trying to rid myself of every flash of memory of all the kisses and touches that have happened on this couch, on the stairs, in the laundry room. Nearly every room of this house is tainted by my shame, and I want to crumble with the weight of it.

I'm not ashamed because I fell in love with a man, or even that I had sex with him wherever I wanted to in my own damn house. I'm not ashamed of Ian himself, even.

I'm ashamed that I didn't have a stronger resolve, that I succumbed to weakness. That I turned out to be a pathetic, weak, pervy old guy that preyed on someone half my age. That I snuck around and lied to my son. I'm ashamed that I turned my attention on an inappropriate partner. I've probably ruined the special bond he had with the

closest friend he's ever had.

And I'm especially ashamed that I will probably pine for Ian Parrish for the rest of my life.

I don't notice that he's sitting on the other side of the room until his phone chimes. His facial expression is guarded as he types out a text, and then tucks the phone in his pocket. He glances over at me, and I'm struck by the pain and anguish in his blue eyes. A tear tracks over his cheek, and I have to look away. Because I'm weak.

Michael hovers halfway down the staircase, looking like he'd rather walk into a pit of vipers than be in the same room with us. With me.

My eyes sting, and my heart beats too hard. I feel like I can't catch my breath. I might be sick if I don't get away from the smell of the disinfectant and get some fresh air, but I also can't get the words out to say where I'm going or what I'm doing. I stumble as I stand and make a beeline for the closest door, not making eye contact with Michael as I pass the stairs.

Hand on the doorknob, I freeze when Ian blurts out, "I meant it." I'm assuming he's referring to whatever text exchange happened a minute ago. Maybe an apology.

Not meeting anyone's eyes, I look back over my shoulder. Michael sighs exasperatedly. My hand turns the knob, not wanting to stick around to hear all the reasons this is fucked up.

"Dude. I know you've had the hots for my dad since?—"

"No, Mike. I'm in love with him. I'm in love with Henry."

Wait.

"Really?" The disbelieving but hopeful word slips from me before I can suppress it. I'm afraid to open myself up to the possibility that he could mean it, or that maybe he's just being impulsive. But what if he felt what I've been feeling? What if this weekend changed his entire world the way it did mine? My entire brain chemistry changed. And as fucked up as it is, as impossible as it seems that this could go on—I'm not ready to let this go.

Because I love him. And I've never felt complete the way I have since he came barging into my life.

"Yes, really." He scoffs. "You know, for someone as experienced with life as you are, you'd think you'd have figured that out sooner."

"You think that's funny right now?"

He smirks, and I can't decide if I want to kiss him or throw him out of my house.

Before I can decide, Michael plants his ass on the stairs and groans loudly, rubbing his hands over his face and pulling at his hair. "This isn't happening," he says, the words muffled in his hands. He sounds exhausted. Exasperated. Amused?

With one hand held to his temple, he looks up at me. He holds my eyes for a moment, then turns his head to look at Ian, who's moved to the bottom of the staircase. He points at his best friend, holding his finger in the air in front of him accusingly. He looks like he has a lot to say, but he's holding it in, and rolls his lips inward before pulling his hand back. He raises both of his hands in front of him, almost in surrender.

"I literally don't know what to say."

I open my mouth to apologize, but Ian cuts me off.

"Don't do that. Don't say you're sorry." He's not grinning anymore. He looks hurt.

Ian turns his attention to Michael, boring into him with a gaze more serious than I knew he was capable of.

"For real?" Michael says.

"For real," Ian replies.

Michael turns to me. "Dad?"

My eyes burn, and I shrug helplessly. "He lights me up."

Because I can't help it, I am irrevocably in love with his idiotic, sarcastic, insanely hot best friend. I bite my lip and close my eyes to avoid letting any tears spill out.

When I open my eyes, I'm looking into the deep blue eyes of Ian. As much as I want to talk to Michael about his feelings on the matter, to apologize to him for sneaking around the way we have, this conversation is really between Ian and me. He deserves to hear it from me directly.

He beats me to it.

"You love me," Ian says firmly, like he's trying to tell me something I don't already know.

I roll my eyes. "Against my better judgement. Yeah."

His lips quirk, his signature devilish grin wobbly. His nose twitches, and I think he's trying to hold back tears, too.

I don't notice that either of us has moved until we're chest to chest. One hand balls in his rumpled t-shirt, and the fingers of my other hand thread into the hair at his nape, pulling his forehead against mine. He smells like coconut oil and a disaster waiting to happen. One of his hands digs into my waist, right on my so-called "love-handles" that he embarrassingly loves so much. The other cups my jaw, caressing the scruff with his thumb.

Our lips meet in the gentlest kiss I think we've ever shared. Our lips move together, slowly and confidently. At the slightest touch of his tongue against mine, a shiver that starts in my chest sends gooseflesh up the back of my neck. I pull him closer with a deep rumble, tilting my head to deepen the kiss, tasting salt from our combined tears.

Michael clears his throat, and we stop kissing abruptly, but I keep my hold on Ian. Michael stands. "Look, no offense, but I've seen quite enough." He turns to walk back up the stairs, shaking his head. The way his shoulders are moving, I think he's laughing.

My own shoulders relax a little, and I look up at Ian.

"Stay," I say, my voice raspy with emotion. "I don't know how to do this, how to make this work. But I'm not ready to let you go."

He nods, and all the tension in my body releases. Pulling him against me roughly, I kiss him with everything I've got.

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EPILOGUE- IAN

"Dude," Mike groans.

"What?"

"Seriously?"

I look over at my best friend and lift my shoulders to my ears, giving him an incredulous look. "I don't see what the problem is."

"I'm not going to propose to my girlfriend while 'balls deep with her bent over the edge of the rooftop bar'."

"Why not? It's romantic as fuck up here."

He rolls his eyes and ignores me. "I was thinking something more along the lines of recreating our first date. But I'm worried it'll be too obvious."

"Hate to break it to you, Mike, but everyone already sees it coming. It's been two years, and you're codependent as hell."

"We are not codependent."

"You've literally spent every moment together since that first summer. I'm surprised you don't pack her into your briefcase to take to work with you."

He returns my raised eyebrow. "I had to move in with her. That house wasn't safe anymore." His face contorts into a hilarious expression of disgust.

"You're welcome."

The deadpan glare he gives me would make an onlooker think he wants to murder me. But I know better. I point at him with my beer bottle. "If you hadn't spent so much time with her that first summer, you wouldn't have had the balls to ask her to move in with you when you moved to the city to start your internship. She wouldn't have charmed your new boss at the company holiday party, and he might not have given you the time of day to notice your work and give you a real, big boy job. Now look at you, living your best life with your own fancy ad campaign, holding a diamond ring in your pocket."

"That's a bit of a stretch, don't you think? Your mind works in terrifying ways."

"Yeah, well, that's why people pay me the big bucks."

He scoffs and shakes his head. "The new mural downtown is nice, by the way," he says, changing the subject.

"Oh, you saw?! Did you find my surprise?"

"I did," he says, and if I didn't know better, I'd say he's tearing up a little. "It was a nice touch, I bet he loved it."

"Bawled like a baby," I say, remembering Henry's surprisingly emotional reaction to seeing the recent commission I did for the town Arts Association. The mural covers an entire side of a building. It's just a painting of the town and all its landmarks, with a few nondescript pedestrians walking around the streets or children running around the playground at the school. It's not as creative as some of the work I have on display in the gallery downtown, or as erotically titillating as the work I show on my

website, but it's my largest and most visible commission by far. And in the bottom corner of the mural, right in front of the wildly popular Sunrise Bar and Grille, is the smiling figure of a man with dark hair and wide, muscular shoulders, with his young son sitting on his shoulders.

Michael laughs and takes a sip of his beer, eyes gazing out over the view from the rooftop bar. It's unusually quiet up here in the few moments before the door opens for the dinner rush and the live band that's setting up now.

"I like the idea of recreating the date," I say more seriously. "Even if she sees it coming, it'll be really special."

"Yeah?" Michael perks up, his eyes lighting up.

"Yeah, man. The rooftop idea was a joke. You can't use that?—"

"Thanks, man," he says with a chuckle. He's relaxed until I finish my sentence, and then beer comes shooting out of his nose.

"Because that's how I'm going to propose to your dad."