



My Boyfriend Got Bit: A Steamy MM Paranormal Menage Romance Novella (And Vampire Makes Three Book 1)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: My name's Eli, and I'm dating a vampire. Actually, two of them.

When my boyfriend and I decided to spice up our relationship by adding in a third, I didn't expect to be dating the undead. Or am I just overthinking things?

Life is good: I'm a successful paranormal romance novelist, I have an amazing boyfriend named Rigg—and we also have the hots for his best friend and colleague, the mysterious yet charming Alek. But where's the handbook on opening up your relationship to a vampire?

Don't get me wrong—my line of work has me more skeptical than most, but there's something about this muscular, fair-skinned stud that I can't figure out. To top it off, Rigg is acting different. I'm talking 'ice cold hands and suddenly sensitive to the sun' different. But he's never made love to me so voraciously in my life. And here I thought I had stamina.

You can imagine my surprise—and excitement—when Rigg invites me away to Alek's cabin for the weekend. What's this little secret my boyfriend is keeping from me? Why do I feel so much sexual tension between us all? All I know is that I'm hoping blood still rushes to all the right places when you're a vampire.

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Once upon a time, things between my boyfriend and I were all roses and Cherry fucking Coke. Good morning kisses, special surprises or romantic gestures, even nightly rough breedings—especially the shower sex. Oh, god, and let me tell you, I’ve never had a guy make me bust so much that... Sorry, I’m getting sidetracked.

We met in college. I was a whimsical English major (to the dismay of my parents) on the verge of becoming a self-published steamy romance writer; he studied business and mortuary science. He was tall, charming, and athletic. Caring and sensitive. And now, he was a mortician. A little spooky, right? But my live-in lover was nothing of the sort. Well, at least so I thought.

When people bring up—what would you even call it—struggles in a relationship, my mind instantly jumps to one of two things. Is he cheating? And if he isn’t, is there something wrong with me? It’s not that I had an inkling of doubt when it came to my boyfriend’s commitment to me. I didn’t think he was running around with someone else. Did his feelings for me change? Well, in a way, but the reasoning behind that sure as hell wasn’t what I expected.

And if you would’ve told me I would get my reward tenfold for waiting patiently for the big reveal like a good boyfriend—mercilessly pinned beneath a whole lot of man (I guess men, technically) as I contracted uncontrollably in pure ecstasy—then, well, I suppose I wouldn’t have tried to channel my inner Nancy Drew to investigate. Oh, well. Either way, what a hot ending—and as for the romance? Well, uh, let’s just say that our love for one another is most definitely eternal.

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Source Creation Date: July 17, 2025, 6:39 am

Mondays always bring with them that reluctance to get out of bed. Yes, even when you work from home. I could hardly fight the desire to sleep just a little longer, but my mind quickly raced back to the events of last night. My boyfriend had come home late and in a bad mood—and instead of our normal evening routine of sharing out our day's events between kisses, dinner, and cuddling (usually with some hot, sweaty stuff thrown in there somewhere), he had gone straight to bed.

Okay, so I guess funeral homes are a major mood killer to begin with, right? I thought to myself as I attempted to map the root of my boyfriend's sour mood. Maybe after he gets settled in and adjusts, we'll be able to find more time together.

There wasn't a person more rewarding of slack—and lots of it—than the incredibly giving (and incredibly sleepy) man in bed next to me.

As I watched the beautiful outline of his naked body lay peacefully next to mine, I decided I should probably get up and begin my day. I figured that the least I could do for him was let him sleep in a little by taking my shower first. Maybe I'll even make him a quick, healthy breakfast snack. I pulled the covers off of my body and rolled myself out of bed.

The pressure of warm water against my skin was exactly the wake-me-up I needed. I sluggishly attended to my shower routine as my mind wandered. I'm not happy to admit that I was now at that point in the thought process where I was identifying possible suspects in the mystery of my man's moody behavior. I mean, I guess there's, you know, his super-hot best friend...

Before I knew it, my hand was on the shower faucet handle and I was as clean as I

was going to get. Making a mental note to myself to stop overthinking—a move that sounds completely counterproductive—I switched off the water.

Fucking yiiiiikes.

The mornings where you forget your towel across the chilly bathroom and then have to dart from the confines of your hot shower to pat down as quickly as possible are the worst. As my upper lip quivered uncontrollably, I jumped across our condo bathroom's cold tiling as though it were lava to reach the just out-of-the-dryer towel I had carelessly left too far from reach.

Despite its foggy surface, I stopped short of toweling myself down to catch a glimpse of my morning mug in the mirror. Fortunately, my fitness-focused boyfriend helped drill into me the importance of the gym, and today I looked less like a skin and bones 23-year-old and more like I actually understood how to manage and maintain some muscle definition. Okay, slight muscle definition. Of course, as I adjusted my biceps and puffed out my chest in front of the mirror, my boyfriend popped in and caught me pretending I actually understood what he and his bro talk friends called 'gains.'

My face immediately turned red as I realized I was busted.

Looking up to his heaving, furry chest and smiling, scruffy face, I saw no judgment in his eyes. Instead, to my relief, he chuckled.

"Good morning, babe," I said as I bashfully snatched up my towel and tried to look busy.

"Oh, don't mind me, Eli," Rigg said through sleepy eyes and a yawn as he innocently approached me. "I can't get jealous if it's just you checking yourself out. You look great."

Unfortunately, ever since Rigg had received his funeral director licensure and taken over the family mortuary with his old college roommate, Alek, these early morning chats and the occasional late dinner were about all we had time together these days. I savored the attention and grinned as he leaned in for a sleepy morning kiss.

“That’s more like it,” I joked in anticipation of his soft lips. Maybe even some tongue, but maybe not because of, you know, morning breath.

I waited for the kiss, but it never came. I opened my eyes as Rigg seemed to wince. “Ah, shit, babe,” he groaned. “Do you mind closing the blinds behind you?”

I couldn’t hide my puzzled face as I watched him shield his face from the sunlight creeping in through a set of windows parallel to the bathroom vanity. I pulled the shades closed as I watched Rigg’s towering athletic frame disappear into a new ball of steam coming from the shower, a look of longing on my face.

“Sorry, babe. You know the drill,” Rigg called from the shower. “Lots of dead people waiting on me.”

I didn’t take offense. I knew how passionate he was about his line of work and that he loved me. Plus, the fact that my career as a romance novel ghostwriter was really taking off was enough for me to shrug off some of Rigg’s unusual behaviors and prolonged absences. Most days, I was busy brainstorming, outlining, and typing away for hours on end.

Our three-year relationship prior to his latest role was testament to the trials and tribulations we could face together, no doubt. So what’s the problem if my boyfriend has to put in twelve-hour days to get in the swing of running his own business?

I hummed a merry tune as I dug out a few of Rigg’s favorites from the fridge and packed his lunch bag for him. One toasted whole wheat bagel topped with cream

cheese later, I gathered everything together in my arms and moved across the apartment. But my mind kept racing.

Well, I thought to myself as I took a seat at the desk Rigg had helped me assemble for my very own home office, for one thing, I'm absurdly jealous of—and also turned on by—the fact he's with his equally as sexy coworker that whole time.

“Oh, come on, we're just friends,” Rigg had lamented playfully after I had teased them about their close relationship. The timing couldn't be worse, of course, because the conversation had sprung up as we were enjoying a night out at a local bar with the exact sexy coworker in question. “Besides, he's totally not my type. Actually, now that I think about it, he's more like your type. Are you trying to tell me he's the one you want me to invite to join us in bed?”

At the time, I was too busy internally beating myself up for even approaching the topic. I could barely even make eye contact with either of them by that point.

“Your type, huh?” Alek had asked bashfully, clearly not oblivious to our conversation. At that moment, I didn't know what to say—even though I wanted them both to take me home then and there and rip me apart—and so I dropped it.

Okay, so yeah, a hot threesome with him would be awesome, but now am I worried that Rigg just skipped right to messing around with Alek in the office, which is a lot less like a couple's fantasy and a little more like cheating? I later told Rigg no—that I wasn't longing after his broody model of a business partner. At least I don't think so, anyway.

Unlike Rigg's somewhat scruffy, yet clean-cut linebacker look, Alek had a different aesthetic—and a much more distinct presence when he entered a room. While Rigg—someone you might describe as the ‘boy next door’ kind of guy—had dirty brown hair and dark Irish features, Alek was far fairer, donning long blonde hair that

touched his shoulders when it wasn't tied back in a ponytail.

His hair is straight out of a shampoo commercial, I mused. Christ, it was like he could have written a book of his own titled *The Art of the Man Bun*.

Alek's demeanor had always been respectful, yet he was often silent around me. Something about his whole look, however, made it always appear like he was constantly giving everyone bedroom eyes. And I swear all the man owned was business suits and Burberry scarves. I hadn't even seen him in his work scrubs, a staple in my boyfriend's day-to-day life. Stoic and hot for sure, but what gives?

I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Have an amazing day, handsome," Rigg's soft voice surprised me. As his arms wrapped around my chest, I leaned back and finally his lips met with mine. I felt a chill down my spine as he pressed his tongue between my lips. "I couldn't leave without giving you what you're owed, could I?"

"Thanks, babe," I managed between kisses. "Don't get me too excited before you leave."

"Oh, sorry. Can't help it. I love you, though," he said as he gently pinched my cheek. "And I love you even more after smelling that."

I realized Rigg had caught me before I could reveal my morning surprise to him as he nodded his head toward my desk. "Oh, I made you a little something to save you some time this morning, babe," I said as I handed his lunch bag over to him.

"You're amazing," Rigg gushed as he pressed a final kiss into my forehead before turning to leave. "I'll let you know if I'm going to be late tonight, but I'm hoping that's not the case. Love you, Eli."

“Love you, babe!” I said as I turned to watch him duck out of the room.

I could block out any images of Rigg bending Alek over a morgue table and having his way with him by burying myself in my work for the morning. In fact, maybe it was Alek who was bending Rigg over. But is that better—or worse? Fortunately, I could silence my overly chatty internal monologue before I got around to trying to answer that question.

It wasn’t until an unexpected doorbell interrupted my writing spree hours later that I decided to relax for lunch. I sighed with relief as my fingers came to a full stop.

“Coming!” I shouted, assuming the midday caller was likely my boyfriend stopping by during lunchtime unannounced and now stuck outside after forgetting his keys at work—what I would argue was at least a monthly occurrence, but usually done when he was trying to be sweet and spend extra time with me. Maybe it’s Rigg’s turn to surprise me?

Of course, who better to be waiting for me in the apartment hallway than my boyfriend’s hunky business partner-in-crime? Yes, the very one I couldn’t get off my mind this morning—for better or for worse.

I realized it was too late for me to hide the fact I was wearing only briefs and one of my boyfriend’s old t-shirts—which on my build nearly looked like a muumuu—when I saw Alek’s piercing eyes. After pulling the door wide open, I quickly pulled it back and ducked behind it. At least Rigg’s shirt makes me look like I’m wearing a dress, I reassured myself as I realized that my underwear wasn’t even visible. A dress? Wait, that sounds worse. Ahhh!

At first, Alek looked a little uncomfortable. Smiling sweetly to acknowledge me, sure, but almost as though he wasn’t all too sure how to formulate the question he was about to ask.

“Eli, uh, Rigg hasn’t stopped by here, has he?” I watched Alek nervously play with the umbrella he curiously tossed between his oversized palms. He shifted his weight and adjusted his jacket, which sat tight against his sizable forearms and biceps. It almost seemed like his whole body was—is this weird to say—pulsating?

“Good afternoon, Alek. F-fancy seeing you here,” I stumbled, knowing full well I could never be annoyed at the gentleman Alek always was to me. The fact that he looked like a Scandinavian supermodel made it easier to not hate him, too. “Rigg’s actually not here at the moment, although maybe you beat him here if you’re over for a lunch date. Would you like to come in, Alek?”

Thinking of how weird it was that Alek had showed up at our condo almost distracted me from realizing how obviously uncomfortable he was. Alek was pulling at his collared shirt at this point, a few beads of sweat forming on his forehead. “I’m sorry,” he gasped. “Did you just invite me in?”

I thought nothing of it. “Yeah. Come on in and hang out. I’m sure he’s, uh, just checking the mail or something and he should be in.”

Alek seemed to look at the doorframe as though also seeking its permission to enter, as well. In fact, it looked like he almost wasn’t sure he truly could enter. Realizing I was watching his unusual behavior, Alek’s frown of concern flipped into an innocent smile as he finally stepped inside. The shiny beads of sweat forming on his forehead gave away his ‘cool guy’ demeanor, however.

I was already running to the bedroom to put on proper pants when I heard him calling for me. “Eli, I have to say that it’s always great to see your smiling face, but I’m guessing Rigg isn’t coming here.”

“Oh?” I popped back into the living room in an attempt to look like I hadn’t just rushed to answer the door looking like a total slob. “Well, sometimes he just works

through lunch, as I'm sure you know and do, too."

Again, Alek looked like he was carefully searching his mind for the right words. It was almost precious how much care he seemed to put into his communication with me. Admittedly, we hadn't interacted enough regularly for me to see him as anything other than one of Rigg's (hot) friends. Well, I guess hot friend turned coworker, in this instance.

I stepped into the kitchen to grab a stack of plates and utensils to prepare for a surprise midday lunch with an even more surprising guest. Maybe this will make him less nervous. Is that what he is?

"I-I seem to have misunderstood Rigg's directions on where to meet to, uh, feed," was all Alek managed before swallowing hard.

"Feed?" I asked absentmindedly as I busied myself with finding an appropriate side dish to accompany the lunch I was envisioning in my head.

"Oh, uh, eat!" Alek quickly responded. The tone in his voice suddenly changed. "If you'll please excuse me, little guy, I'll have to take a raincheck on the three of us, uh..."

I made eye contact with Alek as he searched for the rest of his sentence, and I found myself entranced. This sounds entirely crazy, but it almost felt like I was looking directly into his soul. It was like his emotions were laying bare in front of me, flailing around in his pupils like a kaleidoscope of color. The sensation reminded me of something my boyfriend had once told me.

"Yeah, there's always been something about him, you know? It's like this certain look he gives you—it's mesmerizing. It's like some kind of fiery desire he can just emote," I recalled Rigg telling me. And the last bit of that past conversation didn't

relate to the moment at hand, but it replayed in my head, regardless. (I also remembered Rigg breezing over the subject with this conclusion: “But beyond that, I lived with the guy as a freshman and I can tell you he’s hung like a horse.” Oh, my!)

Imagine if Alek knew what my boyfriend and I had playfully joked about doing with him, I thought to myself. For a second, the look on Alek’s face made it almost seem like he suddenly did. He still hadn’t finished his sentence, either.

The change in Alek’s expression caught me off guard. I nearly lost my footing as I regained a sense of time. By now, he was opening the door and stepping into the hallway.

“Alek?” I softly called after him.

He turned to acknowledge me with a half-smile. “Please, uh, just have Rigg call me if he stops by,” was all he muttered before he disappeared down the hallway, umbrella and all. Shrugging it off, I closed the door and returned to the kitchen.

As I collected my thoughts, I couldn’t help but peek outside the window just over our kitchen sink. The sky was clear and blue; the sun shining bright. “Wonder what the umbrella was for,” I mused to myself.

As if I wasn’t trying to take my mind off the fact that Rigg spent almost half of his waking time with such a gorgeous specimen as Alek, his strange visit was enough to keep my mind racing for the rest of the day.

“Really? That’s so—wait, like today?” Rigg asked in disbelief as he took a seat at the kitchen table some six hours later.

“I’ve been bugging you about updating your calendar,” I chuckled from behind him, pretending to play off the encounter as totally normal while I cleared the table. “You

must have spaced out?”

“Or maybe he did,” shrugged my boyfriend as he stood up to intercept me. He leaned over and pressed his lips against my forehead, kissing me again on the cheek before pulling me in for a few more. “Not sure. We’ve been putting in some crazy hours at work. That’s really all I know at this point.”

I nodded and smiled. I was waiting for Rigg to add to the conversation, but when he didn’t, I chimed in. “Hopefully that’s a good thing?”

“Of course,” my boyfriend responded. “Alek has always been like that—constantly on the go, always seeming to work like three jobs at once while balancing his school work—and it’s almost, I don’t know, kind of addicting for him. At least that’s how it appears, anyway.”

I nodded. The fiery feeling I got when I couldn’t put down a project I was working on made me feel the same way. “Well, and it’s not like there’s a shortage of work, either, huh, babe? People die every day.”

“There certainly isn’t,” contributed Rigg as he helped me load the dishwasher, nodding his head in agreement. “But I have to say, it really helps when your coworker will spot you at the gym in between embalmings,” he added with a grin.

“Oh, I’m sure you two have been getting nice and sweaty together,” I teased. Or suspected.

“Hey, now, beautiful,” Rigg quickly interjected. “My man isn’t getting jealous now, is he?”

Shaking my head, I leaned over and pressed my lips against his. “Not at all.”

“I’m sure thinking about Alek and I shirtless, glistening in sweat, and grunting really gets you going, huh?” he teased.

“Hey, now! That’s entrapment,” I snapped back as I reached for a leftover bun we had out on the table. As I claimed my roll, Rigg joined me once again at the table with the butter in hand. “However...” my mind wandered as my eyes searched the table for a knife.

“Well,” Rigg quickly quipped back as he balanced the utensil I was seeking between his fingers, “I wouldn’t be lying if I said I wish you could join us.”

I saw where Rigg was going with this, but I was never the one to miss out on an opportunity to break my man’s back. “I’m guessing I couldn’t even spot what he lifts,” I retorted as he handed me the knife and I cut my bread. “Your weight, on the other hand, I can handle.”

“Well, I was getting to the hot and heavy details in a minute,” Rigg chimed in as he pulled his chair out. “But since we’re bringing the whole ‘questioning my manhood’ into it, I suppose I’ll just have to teach you a lesson.”

Before I could react, Rigg had swung his right arm under my legs. He hoisted me up, cradling me as he tickled me. I couldn’t help but to both break out into laughter and immediately become hard as he manhandled me.

My post-dinner snack and silverware abandoned at my table placemat, I wrapped my arms around Rigg’s neck to gain some leverage and leaned into his goofy grin for a playful peck on the lips. Instead, Rigg shoved his tongue inside my mouth and fastened his grip on me. I maneuvered to wrap my legs around his waist. The feeling of his rock-hard manhood throbbing against me through his pants sent another shiver up my spine.

“You know that what I hate most about these long days is missing out on my time with you,” Rigg whispered in my ear. “I’m also hoping to give you some very, very special rewards for your patience.”

Before I could react, Rigg had my much smaller frame pinned against the nearest wall. I felt his rough, manly hands quickly force their way up my shirt just seconds before he flicked and pinched at my nipples. “Is that right?” is all I could muster as my eyes rolled back in my head.

“As a matter of fact,” Rigg said between gentle kisses on my collarbone, “Alek and I had something fun planned for you early this afternoon, but unfortunately I got caught up with?—”

I opened my eyes as Rigg’s sultry sentence trailed off. The passionate, if not somewhat cocky look in my boyfriend’s eyes had been replaced by one of uncertainty. Maybe even fear.

“Are you all right, Eli?” I asked as Rigg looked down at my right arm.

Unbeknownst to me the entire time, a tiny trail of crimson had dripped from my hand down to my wrist. The blood was in stark contrast to my fair skin. “Oh,” I exclaimed as I let go of Rigg’s shoulders and examined my palms. “It looks like I got my finger with the knife.”

My ‘man of morbid’—a horror and sci-fi enthusiast who had not only studied how to handle dead bodies but now worked with them regularly—seemed almost grossed out by my blood. He carefully loosened his grip on me and allowed me to my feet.

“I-it’s all right, babe,” I leaned in and pressed a kiss on his cheek. “I’m fine. You can continue with the whole, you know, very special reward thing,” I added with a chuckle.

Suddenly, Rigg seemed nauseous. I could see the same pattern of sweat form on his forehead and neck as Alek had experienced earlier. Although my suggestion was simply playful and humorous, my boyfriend seemed somewhat concerned. But about what?

Rigg gently, but firmly guided me to the sink to rinse my finger under cold water to stop the bleeding. He avoided eye contact as he darted out of the room, reminding me to wash my cut with soap and warm water once the blood stopped. As I inspected the tiny cut, Rigg appeared next to me with a band-aid in hand. "Here, babe," he said in a cold, quiet tone.

So, what? My funeral director of a boyfriend is hemophobic all of a sudden?

I appreciated his concern, but immediately noticed Rigg distancing himself. "Did that gross you out?" I asked.

After seeming to hesitate, he leaned in and gave me a quick, impersonal kiss on the forehead. "Sorry, babe. I just got scared for you for a second."

I smiled. "It's okay, Rigg. It's cute, I suppose."

"You'll have to excuse me," he responded quickly as he disappeared into the bathroom. The sound of him heaving and even vomiting concerned me. I quickly spiraled into caretaker boyfriend mode.

As we went about our evening together, I couldn't help but find myself drawn back to Alek's surprise appearance today. Coincidentally, it seemed like Rigg could tell.

Snuggling underneath our comforter and various layers of sheets, I traced my fingers across the length of my boyfriend's furry chest as we lay together in silence. "You feel a little cold," I remarked.

“Do I?” he asked. “M-maybe I’m getting sick.”

“Could be,” I replied as I placed my other hand on his forehead. “Maybe that’s why you gagged so hard when I went all gory on you.”

Rigg smiled at my joke, but I couldn’t help but notice his eyes were trained on my bandaged digit. “Y-yeah,” he replied. “You know, maybe I’ve been going a little too crazy at work. One of those rewards I was telling you about was to surprise you by taking a mini-vacation this weekend. Uh, Alek actually invited us to his cabin up in the mountains, and I thought you might enjoy that.”

“If not for us, then at least for you to get some good rest and relaxation,” I added, not necessarily considering the implication of Alek’s invitation.

My boyfriend nodded. “In the meantime, I’m going to get some shuteye, babe.” Rigg pressed a kiss on my forehead before readjusting himself to lie the other way. “Love you, little guy.”

“Love you, big guy,” I said with a smile as we exchanged one of a dozen cute little nicknames we had for each other.

Although my boyfriend drifted off to sleep quickly, I couldn’t help but stay awake and reminisce about the day’s events. From Alek’s surprise visit to his mention of ‘feeding,’ to my boyfriend’s weird reaction to my blood, it certainly seemed like being in a morgue is making both of them a little off-kilter.

The furthest thing from my mind was the suggestion that this all had to do with one of my to-be-announced rewards.

The next morning, a gentle peck on the cheek by Rigg woke me. Already showered and dressed for work, he leaned forward and whispered his morning ‘I love yous’ into

my ear. Despite my grogginess and usual state of morning confusion, I just so happened to open my eyes at the right time to see two peculiar red dots peeking out from his collared work shirt.

Weird, I thought, as I completely missed them the night before. Whatever, I relented to myself as I stole another kiss from him before he disappeared.

It wasn't until I finally realized what time it was that I was so surprised. For the first time in a long time, my boyfriend had disappeared for work before the sun had even come out. "Sucks for him," I grumbled as I rolled back over and waited for my alarm. (And in retrospect, literally.)

As I went about my morning routine, it surprised me to see my phone buzzing with text messages from my boyfriend.

Rigg

So, what are your thoughts on potentially heading out of town on Friday for Alek's cabin?

Eli

Let's do it! What did you have planned for us to do out in the middle of nowhere?

My mind instantly wandered back to Rigg's comments last night as I awaited his response. Compounded with the innocent conversation we had been having for several months now about spicing things up in the bedroom—even in our relationship—I couldn't help but wonder what my boyfriend had been discussing with his mysterious coworker, and what he had in store for said vacation.

About twenty minutes later, my phone chimed again.

RIGG

Well, it might be a little cold to do too much unless it's midday, but there's some great mountain hiking, a nice little town just on the other side of the forest, and what Alek says is a rather dusty sex dungeon set-up in the basement.

“Wait, what?” I said out loud as I reread the message.

RIGG

Ha ha, just kidding, babe!

I found myself surprised I was blushing. The typing bubble popped up in our chat before I could even process what was going on.

RIGG

Well, unless you're interested ??

Instead of responding right away, I continued about my morning tasks—starting some laundry, making a cup of coffee, and sitting down at my desk—before I decided to entertain my boyfriend's leading texts.

ELI

I mean, I don't know Alek all that well, but I'm happy to dust off his play things. Alek and I can test them out while you're catching up on your rest ??

I was half serious in my response, so I waited with bated breath until my phone lit up again.

RIGG

Ha ha. I'm sure he would like that way too much. But perfect. We'll leave tomorrow after work.

Both my mind and my heart raced at the possibilities, but I still had some reservations.

For one, in all the time I had known Rigg, I could never delineate between sarcastic Rigg and playful Rigg, especially in text messages. As such, some of his remarks warranted a brow raise. Second, this meant Alek was going to be joining us, right? I couldn't help but to reminisce about our somewhat bizarre encounter yesterday.

Oh, and what was up with my boyfriend's bite marks? Maybe that was just me coming out of a dream?

"More importantly," I thought aloud as I typed away on my laptop, "is there going to be Wi-Fi?"

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Unsure if it was just me being a fastidious worker or simply suppressing my emotions of anxiety, excitement, confusion, and concern about my boyfriend and our upcoming weekend, I found myself more ahead of schedule than planned when it came to work that day.

What's a guy to do when he's got nothing to do? I thought to myself. Nap, of course.

Stripped to my briefs and snuggled inside of my favorite comforter, I found solace in the silence of our apartment as my mind wandered. After all, it's a hard thing to shut down—particularly when your body is craving a release it hasn't had in some time.

I generally considered myself a practical person; not one for far-fetched fantasies or delusions of grandeur. At least not regularly, I thought to myself. But my mind kept jumping back to my text message conversation with Rigg. That, coupled with my chance encounter with his almost unearthly handsome coworker, Alek—the potential object of at least our physical affection this weekend—was a recipe for uncomfortably tight underwear.

The result of such a pre-nap brainstorm was a wet dream that almost seemed too surreal, believe it or not. I know, right?

The somewhat familiar vision of an expanding tunnel—one in which I am racing to get away from the light at the other end—reassured me that indeed I might not be in a full state of consciousness.

“So, you're saying he knows?” echoed the deep, yet calming voice of someone who most certainly had to be an acquaintance of mine.

“Nah, man,” responded a voice that sounded much more familiar to me. “Eli doesn’t seem to realize it just yet.”

“Rigg,” came the voice that I only realized belonged to Alek as he suddenly materialized in my dream. His demeanor was more serious than I had initially realized. “I can’t stress this enough. Most people don’t react well to just having something like this sprung on them. I can speak from at least some experience.”

Do you ever have those dreams where the locations, the people in them, and the movement of time just don’t make sense? I felt like I was bouncing through reality before I could truly figure out where I was.

At first, it appeared as though Rigg and Alek were at work. I seemed to be nestled somewhere behind a pair of stainless steel countertops, but like most dreams of mine, I took on the role of an ever-changing camera angle. The two men—striking as ever, I might add—appeared to be dressed for work, but by the time I had realized this, they both simultaneously began unbuttoning their shirts.

My response? Turn into an instantly horny fanboy, of course. I could feel the excitement coursing through my body.

“You’re right. But I—well, it’s for the best,” mumbled Rigg as he reached for his bottom button, pulling his shirt off to reveal his muscular torso. “And as soon as I can share my secret, I’m guessing my urges for—well, you know—will lessen.”

“That’s not precisely how it works,” responded Alek, as he appeared hesitant to pull off his own button-up completely. “In fact, the only way to overcome what you’re feeling right now is…”

You know how sometimes in dreams you switch from audience member to main cast? Even the star of the show? Yeah.

Instead of finishing his thought, Alek turned and looked in my direction. An uncharacteristically wicked, but also unbelievably sexy grin flickered across his face—this, of course, as he makes eye contact with no one but me.

The silence was suddenly deafening. Somehow, though, I could tell the scenario had changed. We didn't seem to be at the morgue any longer, but that didn't confuse me as much as what was playing out right in front of me.

“Eli, get on your knees then, why don't you?” demanded Rigg with a warm smile. “Now.”

Rigg—the charming Midwestern boy next door, bleeding-heart romantic, love of my life he was—wasn't often gruff or direct with me. But when he was, I couldn't help but pre-cum.

Although it appeared I was already on my knees—in fact, now eye level to each of their belts as both of them surrounded me—I shrugged off the weird dream continuity error and looked up with a pair of obedient eyes.

Rigg leaned forward to my level, pressing a soft kiss on my forehead before whispering into my ear. “Soon, everything will make sense.”

In contrast to his affectionate actions a moment before, I found myself both surprised and frankly unbelievably excited when I felt Rigg's hand pushing the back of my head into the crotch of Alek's pants.

“You like that, huh?” Rigg asked without expecting a response. His fingers slipped through my hair as he continued to force me against Alek. “I bet you do.”

By now, I had accepted the fact that I was now in sexy dreamland. I opened my mouth and used my lips to outline what appeared to be a growing bulge tucked in

Alek's pants. My attention now turned to Alek, who peered down at me with a flame of excitement in his eyes. Before long, his hands were fiddling to undo his belt, unbutton his slacks, and unzip his fly.

To my surprise, no underwear. Is that just a dream world thing or...? I asked myself.

Alek let his pants sag down to his thighs as his nearly full-staff manhood popped out like a surprise guest. I tried to look to Rigg for his next set of commands, but fully understood them when again the pressure of his hands pushed my face into the base of his coworker's cock.

In all of my experiences, sex dreams seemed to be one of two things: a completely exhilarating, seemingly realistic simulation—or simply a lot of explicit content with no real physical or emotional feelings and reactions. However, despite the surreal scenario, the texture of Alek's skin against my lips, the pulsing of his erection against my tongue, and the feeling of complete submission as his full length entered my mouth was enough to make me question if I actually was dreaming. When I used a free hand to pinch myself, nothing happened. But I realized I was somehow already completely naked.

That's definitely some dream shit, I thought to myself.

No matter, though. I would not question the scenario.

"Fuck yeah," I heard Rigg grunt from behind as his hands—cupped on each side of my head—began moving me back and forth onto Alek's growing dick.

Alek, meanwhile, let out a long sigh as he tilted his head back. I assumed he was just a figment of my imagination enjoying the scenario, of course, but that didn't stop me from happily obliging when, instead of my boyfriend calling the shots, Alek began to.

Grabbing a tuft of my hair from the top of my head, Alek adjusted his footing and began slowly but adamantly retracting his hips before thrusting nearly his full length back into my mouth. The sensation tickled my throat, but the exhilaration of the moment seemed to allow me to take even more of him inside of me.

“That’s it. All the way,” Alek sternly demanded of me as I felt the tug of his fist.

I looked up at him, my wide eyes watery as his erection slipped out of my mouth and bounced like a play thing against my lips. “Y-yes,” I obliged as my lips outlined his full length, pausing only momentarily before I engulfed the thick mushroom head at the top and allowed him to skull fuck me.

“That’s a good little guy,” Alek responded as my upper lip pressed into his smooth abdomen. Hey, that’s what Rigg calls me! But I guess that’s how he addressed me yesterday when he stopped by to visit, so...

“That’s right,” I heard Rigg whisper from behind. “Please your master.”

Master? I thought to myself. Sounds kinkier than usual, but then again, this is either a wild sex dream or a really intense reality.

I couldn’t process my next thought before Rigg had ripped me off of Alek and began flicking his own thick, erect cock against my face. Alek joined suit, leaving me there on my knees, mouth wide as they each pummeled my face and tongue. The show of dominance was exhilarating.

I barely had time for breath before Rigg inserted himself inside my mouth and began the immediate task of searching for my gag reflex.

“Good boy,” Alek whispered as he traced the outline of Rigg’s cock through my cheek.

With his hand at the base of his member, Rigg inserted himself fully into my mouth before pressing it against the interior of my left cheek. The resulting sound was a loud popping noise as his cock slid out of my lips and bounced freely in the air. He repeated the demeaning, self-servicing act several times before Alek adjusted my jaw and did the same.

“Maybe you are cut out to have two masters after all,” Alek snickered in response to making me gag a second, third, and fourth time.

Like a ravenous animal, I grabbed for both of their cocks and took turns sucking and licking. I paid special attention to the heads of their penises, tightening my lips around their glans as I bobbed up and down. The nearly naked muscle men having their way with me both snickered in response.

“That’s right, baby,” Rigg coaxed softly as I stuck my tongue out. “Show us that tongue.”

Almost on command, the two slapped their throbbing mushroom heads against my tongue. They took turns spitting on their cocks and in my mouth as they made their scene, each maintaining a wicked smile as they dominated me.

I was in complete—and I mean complete—ecstasy. I could feel my own hard-on pulsating as Rigg joked with Alek before spitting again into my mouth. Alek’s eyes rolled into the back of his head as I leaned forward and deep-throated him. Rigg responded by pinching Alek’s nipples.

“Don’t stop,” Alek commanded. And I didn’t.

With my right hand at the base of his cock, I bobbed my head back and forth. My tongue danced along his shaft. I could feel Alek’s hips twitch, a familiar and uncontrollable spasm taking hold.

“You want that load?” Rigg asked me, but it was a rhetorical question.

I tried to give a response, but with my mouth full, it was a mere muffle.

“Fuuuuuuck,” screamed Alek as he began thrusting his hips forward. I held myself completely still as I felt Rigg’s hands wrap around my jaw and Alek’s balls slap against my chin.

“Swallow his load, baby,” Rigg commanded as he bent down to my eye level to watch my flustered face.

In that moment, Alek unloading inside of me was all I ever wanted. In the frenzied panic, I made eye contact with Rigg. He had a look on his face I could only describe as intense fascination. I guess something about watching another guy dominate what’s yours?

As Alek let out one last heave, I felt hot spurts coat the back of my mouth. The pure ecstasy of the moment sent my body into the same ecstatic, animalistic vibrations. In that moment, I could tune out Rigg’s dirty talk, the spasming of the muscular body before me, and even my own orgasm. In that moment, I felt completely devoted to the pleasure of a man I barely knew. The man filling me with his seed made an O-face I had never seen before—his pupils turning a flush blood red.

“Holy shit!” I screamed as I finally pulled back and could catch my breath, my entire body drenched in sweat. “Jesus Christ.”

Suddenly, it seemed like everything around me went completely dark. I was alone.

And just like that, I was back in my apartment, back in my bed, back in my briefs. The only difference from before was that my underwear was now soaked from what was the most lucid sex dream of my life.

Strange how real that seemed, though.

For the rest of the day, I couldn't help but to wonder why my sex dream had looked—and felt—more graphic than any other I had ever experienced. Researching Alek's severe case of red eye had yielded me a never-ending search results queue of vampire mythos. Better than the WebMD results, I guess. Even more bothersome was the fact that I couldn't figure out whether to tell my boyfriend about it.

That evening, I didn't see Rigg until I returned from the cycling class I usually attended on Thursdays with friends. He, too, had stopped at the gym—only instead, his workout buddy had been Alek.

“Hey, babe,” he greeted me as I entered the apartment. “How was your day?”

The thought of my extreme wet dream popped into my head, but that still was not something I was entirely ready to admit. “Uh, good. Pretty productive. Yourself?”

“Very good,” Rigg responded with a smirk. “You get your sweat on?”

If only he knew, I thought to myself.

I returned the smile as he quickly grabbed the gym bag off of my shoulders and placed it aside. “Well, handsome,” I replied as I sank into his arms and found his lips intertwined with mine. “I sure did. And from the looks of it, I'm not the only one.”

Still donning a cut-off t-shirt and a sweatband, Rigg chuckled as he scooped me up and wrapped my legs around his waist. “You're not wrong. Alek challenged me to quite the workout tonight.”

“Oh, I'm sure he did,” I teased.

Rigg could tell he fell right into that one, but he continued on. “From what I can gather,” he whispered as he kissed the nape of my neck, “it seems like you’re the one he’s interested in making all hot and sweaty.”

I couldn’t help but laugh as Rigg’s scruff tickled my skin, but I playfully beat my fists against his chest in response to his suggestion. “Really? Well, you know all my friends in college always said I should’ve gone for the cuter roommate instead.”

“Hmph,” Rigg dropped my weight, but leaned in for a kiss, anyway. “So, what you’re saying then is that all of my dirty locker room talk is exactly what’s on the menu for this weekend?”

I kissed back, but found myself unable to immediately answer his question. Instead, my eyes once again fixated on my boyfriend’s neck. However, what I was looking for was gone. Not an imperfection in sight, I quietly noted. Weird.

“I’ll take your creepy moment of transfixing on my neck as a... yes?” The sound of Rigg’s voice brought me back to reality. He looked confused; possibly even concerned.

“Uh, what?” I asked absentmindedly. Rigg and I had talked at length about inviting a third into the bedroom before—if only to spice things up or live out a couple of fantasies. I must have been so hesitant to say anything about what my subconscious was apparently yearning for that at first I didn’t even make the connection. “Oh, wait. Y-you mean, out of all the guest stars on the Rigg and Eli Sex Show, you’re suggesting... Alek?”

Rigg rolled his shoulders into a shrug before pulling my hands into his. “Babe, I am all yours, always and forever. I just thought you weren’t opposed to changing things up in the bedroom.”

“Oh,” I paused pensively. My mind was racing right now—good thoughts, bad thoughts, somewhere-in-between thoughts—but the look in my boyfriend’s eyes as he stared into mine helped to center me. “I mean, I definitely am not opposed.”

One thing that was on my mind for sure, though, was?—

“I’m guessing you think I’ve been distant lately,” Rigg was quick to chime in. “You know, with work and everything.”

And there he goes, reading it again, of course. Yes, but I certainly?—

“You don’t want something like inviting another guy in the bedroom to serve as a bandage for our relationship,” continued Rigg. “I get that. And that’s not what I want either. I’m just hoping to have some relaxing time with you to make up for all the days, minutes, and hours I’ve missed out on these past few months. And while, yes, our potential third wheel for the weekend was part of the equation, if you so choose, I have a few other things that I wanted to share with you, too. Things I think you’ll enjoy, things that will hopefully help you make sense of everything that’s been going on with me, with work, and with everything.”

Correct, deep, and possibly cryptic, I thought to myself. My mind instantly jumped to what had appeared to be old bite marks on Rigg’s neck. The ones that were now gone. Something about that? Or what about Alek? And what’s he think of all of this?

“If you’re wondering if I went behind your back to plan things with Alek, the answer would be—well, yes.” Rigg cleared his throat. “But all of that pertains solely to me asking him if we could stay at his little weekend getaway, I promise.”

Phew, I thought to myself as I let out a sigh of relief.

“Now, I do know for a fact that he’s free this weekend and wouldn’t be opposed to

joining us for—well, whatever we decide to get into,” Rigg could sense my calm as he pressed his lips against my neck. “But I haven’t formally invited him along. That’s up to my baby—and my baby alone—to decide. In the meantime, I’d love to have our own private show tonight, just you and me.”

Good, because all of this touching and talking about a hot threesome is making me unbelievably horny... again.

Since we had both gotten a workout in for the day, Rigg and I took a relaxing hot shower together before getting ready for bed.

The hot water pressing against my chest and stomach, coupled with the feeling of my boyfriend’s hard body leaning into my shoulders and back, was both relaxing and intoxicating. I kept my eyes closed as I leaned into his figure.

Sigh, dreamy, I thought to myself as I felt his powerful body against mine.

“You know, I’ve been thinking about what I’ve been wanting to do to you all day,” Rigg whispered quietly in my ear as the combination of his lips and facial scruff on my neck sent shivers through my body.

“Oh?” I responded with a giggle, my eyes closed as water trickled down my face. “Is that so?”

“It is.” Rigg nibbled on my ear and responded with an affirmative grunt. “Been thinking of what I want Alek to do to you, too.”

By now, I was uncontrollably hard—and completely unable to hide it. Rigg’s hands massaged my shoulders before making their way down my arms. I could feel the pressure of his torso on my back just as vividly as I could feel his big, strong hands brush against, taunt, and pinch my nipples.

I responded with an audible moan. “Oh, really now?”

“Mm-hmm,” replied Rigg as he seemed to take on a sarcastic, playful tone. Almost like the bad boy version of him I witnessed in my dream. “I just can’t imagine what my little twink of a boyfriend will do at the mercy of two very dominant, very sexually frustrated men.”

I opened my mouth to respond when something else caught my attention. Against the small of my back and running down to my bottom, something throbbed against my skin. Before I could even react, Rigg’s overpowering arms wrapped around me, enveloping my chest, shoulders, and neck. Although on a normal day I may have already been spent, there was something almost supernaturally sexy—uncharacteristically dominant, masculine, and almost chilling about the way Rigg handled my body.

The good kind of chilling, I thought as my boyfriend’s large cock teased me from behind. I fucking love it.

“W-what do you guys want me to do?” I tried to ask in my best innocent, clueless boyfriend voice.

I hadn’t even finished my sentence before Rigg had spun me around and pressed me into the tiled shower wall that surrounded us. Now, the water stream drenched his hair and back, engulfing us both as my low moans of pleasure echoed through the steamy bathroom. His heaving, furry pecs—nearly pressed against my face, given our height difference—had never turned me on so much. I tried to place my hands on his shoulders, but he grabbed both of my wrists and pushed them up against the wall.

That’s when he gave me my answer.

“I want you to call me master,” Rigg answered assertively.

Master? Rigg's demand was one that I had thought previously only existed in my deepest and kinkiest of fantasies. And coincidentally, of course, my most recent dream. In that moment, a wave of crimson hot bashfulness seemed to envelop me as I tried to avoid making eye contact. It was like Rigg had somehow found my internal sex fantasy browser history and was using it to his advantage. My mind raced back to the unbelievable wet dream I had experienced that afternoon. It felt otherworldly, I thought, but also sexy. Very, very sexy.

"Y-yes, master," I tripped over my words as I looked up at Rigg. By now, there was a fire in his eyes that seemed foreign; one I couldn't believe was there. But I wasn't complaining. My entire body throbbed and pulsated. So did his, and I felt it.

Without words, I quickly realized what I was being told to do next. Rigg stepped backwards, his eyes remaining locked on mine, while his right hand gripped the shaft of his erection. He flicked it rapidly and my eyes grew wide as the head of his cock bounced against his abs.

The next thing I knew, the pressure of the water tickled my collarbone as Rigg's hands found their place on either side of my head. Kneeling down before my boyfriend, I traced his penis with my tongue before using the suction of my lips to pull the tip into my mouth. The almost unrecognizably sexually charged man before me wasted no time—his fingers finding handlebars in the wet clumps of hair on my head as he arched his back and pushed himself into my mouth.

"Eyes on me," he demanded coldly as I accepted the fervent face fuck.

Despite the welling of tears in my eyes as I fought with my gag reflex, I looked up at the vascular, furry torso overpowering me and the pair of ravenous eyes watching my every emotion.

"Good boy," Rigg grunted as I allowed the full length of him inside me. I coughed

and choked as his pubes brushed against my upper lip and he let out a low groan. “Just like that, baby.”

Fuck, I thought to myself as goosebumps seemed to form over the entirety of my body. This is so hot.

Like he was reading my mind, Rigg swung his hips back until only the head of his manhood was resting between my lips and then promptly thrust back into my face. My eyes remained trained on his the entire time. I savored the stimulus of his throbbing erection and the look of enjoyment on his face as he watched me take him. I felt so innocent and defiled, so sexy and naughty all at once.

Rigg continued the same thrusting movement, burying my face in the groomed fur that covered his lower torso with each thrust. I felt spit dribbling from my lips as he continued to abuse my mouth, thrusting harder and faster despite the sound of me struggling to allow him into the back of my throat.

I was allotted time to recover as Rigg leaned back and again gripped the base of his dick, as though holding it out for me to see. I looked up and instinctively stuck my tongue out as he began slapping the full girth of it against my face. He let out a low moan as the flicking sound of his cock bouncing against my warm tongue filled the bathroom. I could literally feel myself pre-cumming despite keeping my hands at my sides.

“That’s right, baby,” Rigg groaned. “Worship it.”

I let out a soft moan of approval before enveloping his mushroom head once more between my lips and proceeding to bob my head back and forth on his hypersensitive glans. He responded approvingly by once again picking up the pace and began full-on skull-fucking me.

“All the way,” he quietly commanded. I felt his muscular arms grabbing mine, forcing my wrists against the shower wall as he again pinned me against it. At this angle, each thrust was accompanied by the slap of Rigg’s ball sack against my chin. I wasn’t sure we had ever messed around like this before. But being his bitch—letting him dominate me—was so addicting, I thought to myself.

I must’ve not come up for air for at least a good two minutes. The entirety of my focus centered solely upon Rigg’s pleasure as he heaved, moaned, and thrust. I could see that he was definitely getting quite the physical workout, but he kept me pinned like I was a rag doll, despite all odds. “Are you going to swallow for your master, Eli?” he asked without letting up.

Whoa. My response was muffled by—you guessed it—a mouthful of cock, but I whimpered affirmatively.

“Yeah?” Rigg responded as he locked eyes with me again and picked up the pace.

“Mm-hmm,” I managed as I felt him bypass my gag reflex and fuck my throat. The tickling sensation of his member pressing further inside me was drowned out by the heat of the moment.

“Eyes up here,” is all he said to me, so I obliged.

Rigg adjusted himself to hold both my wrists above me with his left hand while simultaneously using his right hand to cradle my jaw as he fucked it, but that didn’t stop me from feeling like I was about to bust.

“Ready for that load?” Rigg searched for the answer in my eyes as he continued to pump into me. “Unh!”

I prepared myself for the ‘big leagues’ as I felt his thighs tremble. The force with

which Rigg was pushing into me seemed to double as his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

“Don’t fucking waste it,” he commanded. I felt him spraying into the back of my throat, filling my mouth as I worked to swallow as much of his load as I could. At the same time, I felt my body jolt uncontrollably as I was sent into orgasm and began cumming hands-free.

Holy fuck, I thought as I came up for air for the first time in what seemed like hours.

When I noticed his eyes on me, I instantly thought to myself that Rigg looked like a wild animal hunting for a meal. He moved his head down to kiss me, but stopped short of it and quickly grabbed for his towel instead. “You’re lucky I don’t really lose control on you,” he said with some kind of sexy, cryptic inference as he hopped out of the shower. “Just wait for this weekend.”

Wait, that was only round one? I don’t know if I can handle much more than that. But I’m still excited thinking about it.

I collapsed to the floor of the shower in pure bliss, my body still sensitive and trembling.

Rigg acted a little weird for the rest of the night, but seemed in good spirits by the next morning. I’m almost afraid he’s going to adopt the dom daddy persona full time, I joked to myself as I went about my morning shower before packing. But would I really be complaining? Afraid might be the wrong word.

“With your permission, Alek says he’s going to meet us there, which should work out perfectly,” came Rigg’s voice from the bedroom.

“Sounds good, babe,” I hollered down the hallway. Fumbling through the drawers of

our bathroom vanity, I hunted for toiletries we might need for the weekend. “I’m just packing some last-minute odds and ends before we take off.”

I heard Rigg open and close the front door—likely to continue packing the car—so I picked up my pace. “Uh, deodorant? Already have it. Hair gel? No. Hair brush? Yes. Oh, lube?” I paused. My mind went back to the surprisingly graphic and realistic three-way sex dream that had been haunting my memory ever since it happened. “A definite need,” I finished my thought aloud as I quickly tossed my favorite lubricant into my duffle bag.

I still felt bashful after my boyfriend literally made me his skull-fucking slave, but couldn’t help but bask in the freeing feeling it brought me to be his submissive slut. Not that I can prove Rigg is a mind-reader, but whatever new little intuition he seems to have, I’m definitely a fan of it, I thought to myself. I can only imagine what’s in store for this trip to an isolated cabin somewhere all alone in the wilderness.

“Oh, wilderness,” I said aloud to myself—almost as though I just now made that connection—as I rummaged through one last drawer. “Although not as important, definitely still a need,” I beamed as I pulled sunscreen and bug spray out of the last vanity drawer and added them to my bag.

“How’s everything going in here, handsome?” came a familiar voice.

I turned to see Rigg leaning in the doorway with a suspicious grin on his face, a baseball cap I had never seen him wear on his head. “Hey, babe, nice hat,” I replied as I leaned in and pecked his cheek. “It’s going good. Just grabbing some last-minute things, like, uh, SPF, bug repellent, lubricant. Just, you know, the bare essentials.”

“Bare indeed,” snickered Rigg as he moved in closer to me, his hands now wrapping around my waist. Studying his facial features, I gave him another kiss before flicking his hat up and off his head. “And what makes you think you get the luxury of lube?”

My eyes widened; the look on my face was too much for Rigg to keep a straight face for long.

“Just kidding, baby,” Rigg finally chuckled. He returned the kiss as he dropped his grip on me and grabbed up my bag. “But definitely pack the sunscreen. Is there anything else that we need to get in the car besides this?”

I looked around the room pensively. Well, nothing in here, but maybe I should pack a couple of extra jock straps, I thought to myself.

Rigg used this opportunity to cop a feel, gripping my buttocks with both hands. “Oh, and this, of course.”

“Ha, of course,” I laughed as I reacted to his hands cupping me from behind. “I think that’s it, you dog.”

We locked eyes as Rigg pulled me into his chest and wrapped his arms around my shoulders. He pressed his lips against mine before letting out a playful bark. “Woof woof, Eli!”

“Woof, indeed,” I smiled in response to his joke. “I think we’re good to go.”

“As long as you know it’s you who’s going to be wearing a leash this weekend,” Rigg quipped as he shrugged his shoulders. I playfully pushed my balled up hands into his chest, mimicking a punching movement as a rebuttal before he made his way to the door.

Now a leash? That’s something I’m cool with, but I’ll be keeping that opinion private... for now, anyway.

As Rigg loaded the final few bags into his car and I took my place in the passenger

seat, I couldn't help but wonder what was in store for the rest of the weekend. If it was anything like last night, I might need another vacation just to recover. Again, something I'm cool with, I thought to myself as Rigg turned over the ignition and we started our drive.

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“Did you find the key all right?” Alek’s voice echoed through Rigg’s cell phone. We stood now on the front porch of a quaint cabin in the dark woods, an array of bags around us. My boyfriend held up a lone silver key that he had found underneath the home’s doormat.

“That we did,” replied Rigg as he put the call on speakerphone. “Now, don’t go telling me you’re calling to say you’re going to be even later.”

I heard Alek chuckle before pausing. “Actually, that might be the case,” he finally replied. “Unfortunately, we had a few surprise guest appearances at work. Send my apologies to Eli, but I’m afraid I will not make it until late tonight or early tomorrow morning.”

Rigg seemed somewhat annoyed by Alek’s response and bit his lip in what appeared to be frustration. This clearly wasn’t what my boyfriend had planned for, I thought to myself. I tried to ease his mind by rubbing my hands across his tense shoulders and kneading at his tense muscles.

“Hey, look, it happens, man,” replied Rigg. “We’ll make up for lost time when you get here. In the meantime, I’ll show Eli around and make sure he’s—I mean, that we’re, uh, nice and comfortable.”

“Great, Rigg,” said Alek. “And take the big bed. It’s the perfect size for you two, and there might be a couple of extra surprises included in your, ahem, turndown service.”

Rigg watched as I raised an eyebrow in response to Alek’s comment. “All right, Alek, that’s what we like to hear. I’ll catch you soon, bud. Just text me when you’re

on your way.”

“Sounds good,” replied Alek. “Make yourselves at home, and don’t get too worked up without me.”

Rigg winked at me as he ended the call.

“Oh, please,” I scoffed jokingly.

“What?” Rigg laughed, unlocking the front door and scooping up our bags. “Let’s go check out the master bedroom, shall we?”

“Whatever you say, Prince Charming,” I quipped back at him as I stepped inside.

“Talk about a beautiful getaway,” I said with surprise after properly surveying the cabin, and particularly its upstairs dwellings, which included a luxurious main bedroom.

Complete with a canopy draped with royal red trim and an assortment of matching decorative pillows, the California King bed reserved for us had a special handwritten note placed atop the comforter. Dropping our bags to the floor, Rigg leapt onto the bed as though he were an excited kid at his first sleepover.

“To Rigg and Eli,” my boyfriend read as his free hand motioned for me to hop in his lap. I obliged without hesitation as he continued to read. “I hope you find my escape from the complexities of city living to your delight. The entire room, the accompanying bathroom with hot tub, and the special treats on the far right side table are compliments of your host. I look forward to joining you both soon. All my best, Alek.”

“Joining you both soon, huh?” I whispered in Rigg’s ear with a grin, nudging him in the stomach as I did. However, I was hesitant to admit that Alek’s handwritten note

produced an excited tickle in my nether region.

Rigg responded by quickly flipping me over and pushing me against the decorative comforter, his body weight pinning me down as he climbed on top. The distant pine scent of his cologne was intoxicating. “Don’t get too carried away, you rowdy one,” he said with a smile and a kiss.

“C-c-carried away?” I asked innocently, feigning a nervous stutter. “I mean, it’s not like I dove for our secret side table of surprises or anything. But as soon as you get off of me, I’d be curious to know what’s inside.”

“Hmm,” Rigg pondered with the smallest amount of sarcasm in his tone. “Since I’ve got you all to myself right now, that might have to wait.”

I’m okay with that, I thought to myself. But...

Instead of climbing off of me, Rigg instead pressed his lips against my neck. A trail of warm kisses made its way to my collarbone while simultaneously sending shivers down my spine. I felt Rigg’s lips, his tongue, and even his teeth as they gently teased and pulled at my skin. Then—almost as though on command or perhaps in fear of taking things too far—he shot straight up. “But you know me, I always have to spoil the anticipation,” Rigg laughed as he planted one last kiss on my lips and rolled off of me.

It took me a moment to collect myself before I hoisted myself into a sitting position. By then, Rigg had already pulled open the drawer and produced two items.

“Handcuffs?” I laughed out loud.

“Hey,” Rigg smirked a devilish grin. “Don’t knock ‘em ‘til I try ‘em.”

“I think the phrase is—well, never mind. I suppose that works,” I said with a laugh as

I realized his clever quip.

“Well, the thought of you trying to overpower me and say no is the real reason for laughter here, babe,” he responded with a kiss on my forehead.

“So, that’s it?” I asked, holding up the handcuffs. “The big secret is that your sultry coworker Alek is a Spencer’s Rewards shopper?”

“I at least expected him to get the pink fuzzy ones,” Rigg laughed. “But actually, it looks like there’s a key in here, too.”

My boyfriend held up what looked like an ancient skeleton key with no discernable use.

“Well, it looks like that’s not the key for these,” I said as I placed the pair of handcuffs on the side table.

“You know, I know there’s some kind of basement or cellar around here, so maybe it’s to that? Either way, I’m guessing I have a slim chance of getting my boyfriend to go down to some cobweb-filled country dungeon, though.”

“Your guess would be accurate,” I nodded, visuals of an old basement in the woods running through my mind. “But my guess is that’s probably where he keeps his sex dungeon.”

“Well,” Haven said as he pulled out his phone, “I think we’ve got Wi-Fi, so that’s at least one thing for me to distract you with until Alek arrives.”

“Oh, really?” I asked excitedly. “Thank god.”

After we got settled in, Rigg suggested he prepare a few hors d’oeuvres while we await Alek’s arrival. I was in the kitchen with him when he updated me on the status

of our mysterious host.

“I would assume he’ll be here by nine or so,” he told me as he wrapped an apron around his now shirtless frame. “Why don’t I play chef while my babe relaxes with some wine in the hot tub? I’ll just prep a few things and then come up to join you.”

“My boyfriend, the mind-reader,” I smiled as he pressed his cool lips against my forehead and sent me along my way.

“Oh,” Rigg exclaimed as he sneaked a hand down the back of my pants and squeezed. “And a friendly suggestion from the chef: don’t wear your swim trunks. As a matter of fact, wear nothing you don’t want ripped to shreds when I get up there.”

Rigg’s masculine dominance caused me to stand at immediate attention. I was at a loss for words, but, at the same time, so turned on. The crotch of my pants was suddenly tight and uncomfortable.

“Whatever you say, handsome,” I said with a smile as I crossed the living room and made my way back upstairs. But really, what was I going to wear? I thought to myself.

“Everything should be ready,” I heard Rigg say from the stairwell. I could only imagine he was chatting with Alek.

The luxe cabin’s largest bathroom was indeed an extraordinary one: apart from a standard double vanity, shower, and bathtub, the room branched off even further to include a sizable hot tub with a beautiful view of the moon through a complex design of glass skylights. In fact, there even appeared to be a retractable cover for it. “Huh,” I thought aloud. “Quite bougie for the backwoods.”

Given that my limited experience soaking in hot tubs was generally in a public setting, I felt a little weird leaving my trunks on the floor. After a glass of wine,

however, I got completely naked.

Can't disobey master, can I? I joked to myself. "But also, if he damages a thread on my cute swim shorts, I'll murder him," I whispered aloud.

As the warm jet streams pushed against my back and sides, I let out a long sigh and relaxed my head against one of four built-in headrests. With the tickle of the jets rippling up and down my legs, my mind wandered back to the days leading up to our weekend adventure here. Let's be honest with what that means: I couldn't shake my realer-than-real sex dream of sucking off my boyfriend's coworker to absolute completion. The same coworker who my boyfriend was already plotting to tag team me with, no doubt. And there was something paranormal about it, right? Or... what?

It was certainly something that excited me. At the same time, though, I felt like a character in one of the steamy paranormal romance novels that kept me gainfully employed. Was I about to join some kind of harem? Would that be so bad? And what exactly was up with Rigg? And Alek? Did I dare to say the v-word? Maybe that's why there's a retractable cover over this bathroom skylight.

"I know you've already had a little wine—and that I'm supposed to be finishing up some food—but I may have skipped right to crafting a fun little martini for my little guy," whispered a familiar voice from behind me.

I barely had time to open my eyes—and there he was, staring down at me with his signature silly smile. Even with the sexy chef apron on, his presence instantly put my mind at ease. Like always. I felt a cold glass slip into my hand as he presented me with his crafted concoction.

"Looks strong," I managed after receiving a rainfall of Rigg's gentle kisses.

"Tastes stronger," he said with a wink as he moved around the hot tub and climbed up the three steps at its entrance. "What are you thinking about food? Now, later?"

“Well, they say you shouldn’t eat before you swim,” I teased, taking a sip of my new drink. “I mean, not that I’m swimming. But I still feel full from dinner, so why don’t you join me?”

Rigg undid his apron, rolling it up and tossing it on a nearby counter. His sculpted lumberjack body looked amazing in the form-fitting board shorts he was wearing underneath.

“Wait a second,” I interjected as he tested the water with his left foot. “I thought bathing suits were banned.”

“For you they are,” Rigg said as he adjusted his waistband. “Mine will come off when you’ve earned it.”

“Huh, is that so?” I said dryly as I nursed my drink. “I’ve been tricked.”

Rigg’s grin turned devilish. “How is it?” he asked as he reached for his own beverage, a dark drink placed in one of the tub’s cup holders.

“Well, you weren’t lying,” I said as I gasped for air. “It’s definitely not weak.”

“Do I need to file a complaint with the bartender?” he asked as he wrapped his arm around me and got comfortable.

“About the drink? No. But could you have him let security know that there’s some buff creep who keeps putting his hands all over me in the hot tub?”

Rigg laughed out loud as he squeezed my shoulders. “Just wait until there’s two buff creeps in here manhandling you.”

I felt an involuntary shiver up my spine as the words rolled off Rigg’s tongue. I didn’t respond at first. “Emphasis on the word creeps, am I right?” I finally teased.

“How did I get so lucky?” Rigg playfully tossed his hands up in the air. “A beautiful catch who can both put up with my nonsense and put in me my place?”

“Hmm,” I pondered as I placed my drink down and wrapped my arms around Rigg’s neck. He relaxed his torso as I pulled myself into his chest. “Sounds—I don’t know—almost supernatural.”

“You got me,” Rigg said as he pressed a kiss into my forehead. “Just like in your novels.”

Instead of replying, I enjoyed the moment as I pulled myself into his lap and thoughtfully examined my boyfriend’s handsome and rugged features. His smile eventually faded.

“Elijah, can I share with you surprise number one?”

I nodded before reaching for my cup. “Do I need another sip of this first?”

“Maybe,” he said as his hands wrapped around my hips for support. “It’s nothing bad.”

“Go on,” I said as I finished another swig, the alcohol relaxing me.

“I feel like a kid coming out to his parents,” he said with a sigh. I could sense as his mannerisms instantly changed. “I’m—well, there was an accident. Two of them, actually. It started at work.”

“Is this about the time they actually asked you to do that poor grandma’s makeup for her wake?” I asked, half-serious. “Because there were multiple accidents when it was all said and done for Cloris.”

“N-not exactly, baby,” Rigg laughed nervously. “A few weeks ago, I accidentally cut

my hand. It—it was pretty bad. Like stitches bad.”

Sliding my hands down his chest, I followed his arms and pulled his wrists up out of the water to inspect his palms, and then the tops of his hands. “But no stitches?”

“Alek was amazing. He jumped into action and—well, he gave me what he calls his magic ‘no scar’ healing remedy.”

“Is he one of those manuka honey fanatics? I was just going to say this girl I used to hang out with would put that stuff all over her body and?—”

“No, babe,” Rigg cut me off before gently pulling me in close. “Not quite, anyway. It’s what happened next that is what I really want to tell you about.”

I could tell he was dead serious. I bit my lip as Rigg walked me through the rest of the day.

“You see, Alek is planning on working through his break, so I let him know I’m clocking out and grabbing a snack from the plaza across the street. Funny thing is, I’m halfway there and realize I forgot to let him know about an upcoming supply delivery I know we had in like twenty minutes. So, I’m walking around midtown while I’m on the phone with him—and this truck comes out of nowhere, right?”

I wondered where the story was going, but let Rigg continue.

“So, some asshole literally drives up onto the sidewalk, not even paying attention, and?—”

By now, my palms had found themselves wrapped in Rigg’s much bigger hands. He squeezed mine as he pensively paused. My heart was racing.

“Kills him,” came a soft, familiar voice from behind both of us. As I turned to face

our new guest, I saw a somber-looking Alek. He wore a wrinkly, partially unbuttoned dress shirt—something reminiscent of my wet dream.

“Alek!” I exclaimed with surprise. “You’re, uh, here,” the excitement in my voice quickly lowered as his first words sank in.

Alek’s sullen expression slowly changed to an inviting and warm smile as he stepped closer and greeted me. “Hello, Eli.”

“Alek,” Rigg said as he gave the ‘bro acknowledgement’ nod I so often teased him about.

“Wait a second,” I began as I finally processed what was just said. “You d-died?”

“Well, uh...” Rigg began again, his voice shaky. I could tell he suddenly felt uncomfortable.

“My sincere apologies for interrupting such an important moment, Rigg,” Alek interjected. “I never meant to?—”

“You’re fine, Alek,” Rigg replied calmly, his gaze shifting between the two of us. “It was just the first time I was telling Eli about?—”

“How you died?” I interrupted, a bewildered look on my face.

“Uh, well, kind of,” I felt Rigg do that shifting in his seat twitch he often does when he’s uncomfortable.

Alek cleared his throat.

“Okay, well, yes,” Rigg backtracked. “You see, that little healing elixir I was talking about was?—”

“Don’t tell me you’re like a vampire or something,” I said with an eye roll and another drink of my martini. “I mean, I was going through a laundry list of possible scenarios, and I just kept thinking: how cliché would that be?”

Rigg swallowed hard, an audible gulp coming from his lips. “Uh, well...” As I looked into his eyes, I could see that he was nervous to tell me the truth.

“All blame falls on me, little guy,” Alek began again in his soft, purposeful drawl. This time, he was suddenly much closer, leaning over the edge of the hot tub and mere inches from both of us. His look was inviting and kind—his high cheekbones and handsome, yet pronounced chin complemented by the flicker of the candles that lit the bathroom—but he was also very serious. “I gave your boyfriend my blood because—you see—it has some special properties. I did this only to help him. I truly hope you understand that.”

“And the truck?”

“I was outside not a minute later. The driver was distraught. Rigg was—well, he did not survive the accident, Eli. Instead, I became his sire—and he became?—”

A ha!

“I called it!” I replied. “Alek is a vampire!”

“Yes, Eli,” said Alek with a pained smile. “But?—”

“So am I,” Rigg interrupted, pulling my attention back to him. He rubbed his hands up my chest and massaged my shoulders as I let the reality sink in. “Are you okay, babe?”

Instead of sneaking around behind my back about something malevolent, my boyfriend was trying to shield me from the fact that not only had he died—but he also

had joined the world of the undead. And sure, it's not like I have the best tan in town, but I could tell something was up with Alek from the moment I met him.

"Perhaps it's best if I leave you two alone to talk," Alek said softly.

"No!" I shouted. "I mean, yes, I'm okay. But please stay, Alek. We're technically your guests."

"That's part of why I thought he could be here," Rigg added. "I wasn't sure if you would really buy that I'm a?—"

"Vampire," I interjected. "Is that what you guys actually call it?"

Both Rigg and Alek nodded.

"I already told Alek that based on your body of work—coincidentally in the gay paranormal romance space on Kindle—that you kind of had the rules down pat," Rigg said with a shy shrug.

"No sun, no aging, and no need for sleep or food," I rattled off the attributes fresh in my mind.

Alek politely cleared his throat again, but remained standing in silence.

"Uh, well, the food thing is—well, um..." Rigg mumbled.

"Oh," I began, "I mean, obviously you guys suck blood or something, right?"

"We don't kill humans, if that's what you're asking," Alek said as he kicked off his shoes.

I sipped my drink as I processed it all. I was surprised—overwhelmed, maybe—but I

wasn't scared. "Babe, I think you're going to have to ask the bartender to make me another one of these. I love you and that's never going to change, but I think I'm gonna need a minute."

It seemed like an eternity, but in reality only about ten minutes of time had passed.

Rigg had pulled me up and positioned me on the edge of the hot tub—a towel in my lap to keep me from blushing—as he fetched us all another cocktail, which turned out to be a surprisingly good accompaniment to a crash course in vampire lore.

The charming sparkle in Alek's eyes never seemed to dim, even as he patiently explained his history. He pulled off his button-up and carefully placed it on the nearest countertop while he walked me through his early life. As it turned out, he was much, much older than both Rigg and myself, but his body had never aged past his mid-twenties. As tiny droplets of water sprayed up from the hot tub and onto his thick, muscular torso, I could see that for myself. Despite his undead status, Alek's fair skin had a natural glow to it that complemented his blonde locks nicely.

Unlike my boyfriend, Alek donned a pair of much shorter swim trunks that fit snugly around his strong, defined thighs. He shot me a quick wink before he descended into the warm water and joined me in the hot tub.

"Wow," was the first thing that came to my lips after a long silence.

"Wow is right," replied Alek, his head cocked and his eyes trained on my body as he realized I was completely naked under the towel.

Rigg waded back into the hot tub and over to me. Pressing a kiss into my cheek, his hands wrapped around the towel, keeping me covered from Alek. "I don't think I could ever repay Alek for allowing me a second chance—to live the life I was meant to—with you."

“I’m unbelievably thankful, Alek. You have no idea.” I said with a nod, the weight of the situation now balancing out for me. “And this place—your place—it’s beautiful.”

Alek undid the bun he had worn for the workday and let his long hair fall down to his shoulders. As he pulled it back and away from his face, I watched with what must have been stars in my eyes. What a gorgeous fucking man—ahem, vampire.

“It’s nothing, you two. Really. I would do the same for anyone if I could,” Alek said with a cute coyness. “Sometimes things just work out.”

Rigg tugged at my towel to pull it away, which caused my face to turn red. Realizing I was a bit shy with our guest, my boyfriend nodded his head and kept me covered.

“The reason I wanted to tell you all of this is because technically he’s now my—what is it again?” Rigg looked to Alek.

“Your sire,” Alek said as he leaned back against the opposite side of the hot tub.

“That’s it. Sire. It’s this really out-of-this-world bond that I’m still getting used to, but I wanted to reassure you it doesn’t change a thing between us, Elijah. It’s you who is my reason for living—well, unliving—or, uh, whatever you wanna call it.”

I looked from Rigg’s puppy dog eyes to Alek’s sly smirk. “So your heart beats only for me, huh?” I teased.

“Why, I ought to…” Rigg quickly wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into the hot tub, a move that once again meant I was fully naked. “Had I known this was gonna give you another thing to tease me about, I would’ve come home and eaten you right then and there.”

I giggled as Rigg incessantly tickled me, causing my arms and legs to flail as the towel sank to the bottom of the water.

“Our bond allows me to see inside Rigg as it allows Rigg to see inside me, Eli,” added Alek. “He loves you very, very much.”

“Yeah? Well, there go any future plans of a tropical destination wedding,” I retorted as Rigg took a seat in the tub next to Alek, all the while keeping me locked in his grip. He cradled me like a mother would with her young child in a floatie, his arms pushing me against his chest so that I stayed afloat.

“Hey now, don’t get too wild,” Rigg said as he ran his hand through my hair to mess it up.

“So what’s this all mean for me, the measly human?” I asked.

“Well, I suppose it means that you have yourself an immortal protector,” Rigg said as he kissed my neck.

“Maybe even two,” Alek added as he turned to face me.

I guess I can’t say no to that, I thought to myself. I wonder if this means my dream was not just a dream.

“So, I know you guys walked me through Vampire 101, but here’s one thing I never understood. I mean, technically, you’re dead, so your blood shouldn’t really be flowing, right? Because, well, I speak from experience in saying that something is definitely still flowing for this undead animal over here,” I said, looking to Alek as I pinched Rigg’s nipples.

In response, my boyfriend lifted the arm under my legs and pushed me back so that my hair nearly touched the water. “With a boyfriend with these kinds of genetics, it’s no surprise,” Rigg jeered as he nudged Alek. Given the way Rigg had me positioned, it took me a minute to realize he was giving Alek a front row view of my ass.

“Hey now!” my face turned bright red as Rigg continued to rock me back and forth.

I could see Alek examining every inch of me, but he didn’t let it show in his tone. “That’s a good point, Eli. It appears that while our hearts don’t beat, the body replicates many of the same functions it maintained while living. I, um, also speak from experience.”

In that moment, my mind raced back to a scene earlier that week: me cutting my hand and Rigg’s unusual reaction. “So you guys drink blood, but control yourselves around humans, then?”

“Because of our connection with the hospital, Rigg and I have been able to feed—uh, eat bags of unused blood.”

“So you two aren’t like craving a bite out of me or anything?” I asked, genuinely curious to know.

“Nah,” replied Rigg. “Alek brought a cooler full of our food straight from work.”

“A newer vampire, such as Rigg, must learn restraint,” Alek explained calmly. “I’d like to think I’ve done an excellent job of teaching him that.”

Rigg nodded. “Babe, I promise I will never eat you—as long as you never forget to empty the dishwasher.”

“That means you have to remember to load it,” I quipped.

We all shared a laugh as Rigg pulled me onto his right knee, the one closest to Alek, and spun me around to face them both.

“Joking aside, being in the presence of a human such as yourself, young Eli, can indeed elicit a craving I might only describe as supernatural in nature,” continued

Alek. “Though... it’s not one for blood.”

Here I was, completely naked in a hot tub with two gorgeous, built men who just so happened to be vampires. I imagined myself as a character in one of my paranormal romance books. I felt vulnerable, but not scared—enticed, but not compelled by anything supernatural. At that moment, it was almost like I felt their craving. Of course, I was also just the slightest bit tipsy, a state of mind that made me blurt out whatever was on my mind.

“So that’s why Rigg keeps demanding that I call him master all the time, huh?” I said as I placed a playful finger on my chin to mimic me suddenly realizing.

“Do you want him to be?” Alek asked, his tone completely serious. “I mean, your master, that is?”

“Since you’re his sire, does that make you his master?” I asked back.

Alek seemed surprised. “Well, I—why do you ask?” If vampires could blush, I wondered if Alek might in that moment.

As Alek played coy, I resisted the urge to move closer—to run my hands through Alek’s hair, to grab his arms and wrap them around me, to cry out, “Take me, master!” Well, okay, maybe that’s a bit of an exaggeration. But I’d probably call him that, too.

“Just curious,” was all I could muster as I fumbled and adjusted myself.

Rigg dropped my weight slightly, causing me to arch forward before catching myself on Alek’s chest. “Is it a master you’re seeking?” the handsome, towering vampire asked as I looked up at him.

Now it was me who was taken aback by Alek’s question. I watched him closely as he

looked from Rigg back to me.

Alek pushed in closer to me as I tried to move my hands off of him.

“Uh...” I found myself speechless as Alek’s large, icy hands appeared from the water and caressed my forearms.

“It looks like it’s not a vampire whose blood is flowing now,” Rigg whispered.

“Indeed,” Alek replied as he looked down into the water to examine my sudden erection.

I felt Rigg’s hands exploring my body, too—gently sliding their way up my stomach and squeezing my nipples. “At least not just a vampire,” Rigg added. I could confirm that—his full eight inches were indeed pressing into my back through his shorts.

Wow! Is this straight out of a fantasy? Is Alek going to bite me? Fuck me? Is Rigg going to?

Suddenly, word vomit. “D-did anyone ever tell you that you look like Henry Cavill in that one fantasy video game show on Netflix?” I mumbled as I looked Alek directly in the eyes.

“Henry who?” he asked as he now put his hands on mine.

We were so close now that I expected to feel his breath on my skin. The problem was, he didn’t need to breathe—so instead I just continued to stare into the two piercing globes that made up his handsome, chiseled face.

Time seemed to fade away when suddenly Rigg broke the silence. “Oh, come on already,” he said with a laugh. “Are you gonna kiss my boyfriend or what?”

Alek cracked a smile, his muscular pecs vibrating under my hands as my boyfriend's impatience caused him to chuckle. Awkward, I thought to myself as I blushed. But before another thought could even form in my mind, the long-haired vampire before me pushed his lips into mine.

Still wrapped in Rigg's arms, I at first wasn't sure how to react. But I knew he was giving me the okay to kiss back. And I did.

Alek took the opportunity to gently place both of his hands around the back of my head as he teased me with a flick of his tongue added to the mix. Wow, I thought to myself. I'm making out with my boyfriend's friend and coworker—who also is a vampire!

Alek pulled me off of Rigg's lap and into the center of the hot tub as he wrapped his arms around my back. I could feel my boyfriend pressing his swim trunks into my bare ass as he followed closely behind, kissing the sensitive spots on my neck and shoulder as he rubbed his hips against my body.

Suddenly, Alek pulled away from me and looked me in the eyes.

"This isn't the part where you guys eat me, right?" I asked as I realized I was entangled in a steamy heap of hunky vampire muscle.

Rigg's laugh tickled my neck. "There is something we want to eat, but trust me—it's not your blood."

"Well, not unless you want us to," Alek said with a wink as he pulled me onto his chest, this time taking full advantage of my mouth by sticking his tongue inside me. It was a stark contrast to the quiet, polite, and gentlemanly behavior I always associated with him, but who was I to complain? He was beautiful, sweet, and absolutely voracious.

Leave it to the little slut in me to completely surrender myself to him. I ran my hands up and down his smooth, hard chest as he pulled my head close to his. It felt exciting to explore a strange new body, to finally admire Alek's body close up instead of from afar. We made out for what seemed like an eternity. At first embarrassed about it, I could feel my entire body pressing against his—my growing hard-on sliding against his abs as he kissed me. Alek, however, seemed to enjoy it.

“Someone tells me you like the dominant type,” Alek said as he finally let me come up for air, a commodity he didn't need.

“Huh? Gee,” I sarcastically replied. “I wonder who could have possibly given you that idea.”

It was at that point that Rigg gently spun me around in the water so that I was facing him. I could tell he was extremely turned on just by the fire in his eyes. It was very obvious that I was, too. “Looks like you got my boy excited,” Rigg told Alek as he ran his hand up my body, stopping briefly to tug at and tease my erection.

I let out a quiet gasp as I felt Alek's mouth on the back of my neck. He sucked and kissed as he showered me with affection. “You've got a beautiful boyfriend, Rigg.”

Rigg only responded by playfully kneading my ass cheeks with his hands, spreading them apart as Alek continued to move further down my backside. “Eli, are you going to let your master share you?” he asked as he shot me a stern, sexy look.

I quickly nodded. “Yes.” Hell yes!

“What was that?” Alek whispered from behind as he nibbled my earlobe. The feeling produced goosebumps across my body.

“Y-yes, master,” I corrected myself.

“Good little twink,” Rigg said as he leaned in and kissed me. “Now, time to show our friend how you service your master.”

Rigg quickly pulled himself up on the nearest ledge of the hot tub, leaning forward and pulling me up between his legs as they dangled in the water. Before I could react, he pushed my face into his wet board shorts. My lips quickly found the outline of his already throbbing manhood.

“He likes that, huh?” Alek asked from behind as I felt his hands cup my cheeks.

“Get your master’s cock out,” Rigg ordered.

I wrapped my hands around his waistband and tugged his shorts down. He adjusted, allowing me to discard the pair into the water as his cock stood at full attention. My curious eyes looked back at Alek, who watched intently for my next move.

“Go on, beautiful,” Alek said with a nod. “Please your master.”

I immediately cuffed my boyfriend’s balls in my right hand as I used the left to jerk him off. I ran my tongue up the base of his now fully engorged member before wrapping my warm lips around the head.

“That’s it,” Alek said from behind.

Alek watching me please my boyfriend? How fucking hot, I thought to myself.

To my surprise, I gagged as Alek’s hands pressed down on the back of my head. “Don’t be shy,” he coaxed me from behind as he made me take nearly the full length of Rigg’s cock.

“Feels fucking good,” Rigg moaned as he leaned back and enjoyed the blowjob.

“Don’t tell me Eli can’t take it all,” I heard Alek ask my boyfriend as my saliva dripped from my mouth onto my chin. “Otherwise, he might be in trouble when it comes to me.”

“Oh, he can,” Rigg said with a cold laugh. As he found leverage against the support grooves of the hot tub to place his feet, my eyes went wide with surprise as he thrust into my mouth. With Alek’s hands still pushing me down, I audibly gagged as Rigg fucked my face. “And he will.”

I grabbed hold of my boyfriend’s powerful thighs for leverage. I could feel my throat opening up as he used my mouth like I was some kind of dirty whore whom he had no emotional attachment to. This is so fucking hot, I thought to myself as Alek continued to hold my head in place for Rigg to ravage me.

“Guh, guh, guh,” I involuntarily grunted as I found my face buried in my boyfriend’s pubes. The sound of skin on skin overpowered the gentle hum of the hot tub as his balls slapped against my face.

“Give me that fucking mouth, Eli,” Rigg growled.

While Rigg and I had many wild sexual ventures, I had never felt so used by him before. I was loving every minute of it.

Before I could catch my breath, Rigg pulled me off of his manhood and cupped my chin in his palm. My eyes wide and my pose submissive, I looked up at him for my next command.

“It’s Alek’s turn,” Rigg said with a smug grin as he leaned forward. “Open your mouth.”

I did as I was told, letting out a soft moan as my boyfriend spit on to my lips and into my mouth. The sheer animalistic action instantly brought me back to my vivid sex

dreams involving the two men lusting after me.

I could have sworn Alek's Euro style swim shorts fit his body perfectly just minutes before, but when I turned to face him, I realized they were woefully built for someone as endowed and excited as the gorgeous vampire before me. Not only was the outline of his hard-on completely visible through his ventilated trunks—they couldn't even contain it. At the angle they had placed me—which put me at about eye level with Alek's navel—I could see at least an inch of his cock exploding out over his elastic waistband.

"Whoa," was all I could mumble as Rigg himself promptly pulled Alek's shorts down. Without words, Alek kicked the pair off of his legs. He cupped the length of his member in his right hand and slapped its thick head against my chin.

"You heard what your master said, didn't you?" Alek asked playfully.

You don't have to remind me twice, I thought to myself as I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue. I was rewarded as Alek adjusted his grip and asserted his dominance over me by frantically slapping his nine inches against my tongue and lips.

"Fuck," I gasped as I kept my eyes trained on his.

"Get on it," I felt Rigg's hands pushing me.

My hands against his torso for leverage, I quickly leaned forward and engulfed the tip of Alek's penis. His concentration remained on my eyes as he swayed his hips in a motion complementary to the bobbing of my head. I prioritized his most sensitive of glands before allowing him to slowly press the full length of his cock into my throat.

"Look at that," Alek said with a groan as I involuntarily swallowed the tip of his cock. "Damn."

“Fuck yeah,” Rigg cheered me on as his hands kept me pinned against the vampire.
“Swallow that dick.”

“Damn,” I gasped as the two finally let me breathe. “That’s huge.”

“Seems you’ve had some practice,” replied Alek as he guided himself back into my mouth. “Let me control you, Eli.”

I could feel my own hard-on stand straight to attention as Alek dominated me. Chills went down my spine as he carefully wrapped one hand under my chin and placed the other on the top of my head. At this point, I was numb to any discomfort and solely concentrated on pleasing. The visual of his muscular hips picking up pace as he filled my mouth and tickled my gag reflex was enough to make me ecstatic.

“Good boy,” Rigg voiced his approval as he slapped his own cock against my face, his pre-cum mixing with the spit that came with getting your face fucked relentlessly.

“Fuck yeah,” I replied before Alek let Rigg have his way with my mouth again.

“You like those cocks?” Alek asked.

“Y-yes, master,” I whimpered between Rigg’s thrusts.

While Rigg made my eyes water, I continued to tug his coworker’s cock in hopes of once again being able to gag on it. The two continued to pass me off to one another for what seemed like hours in my mind, but in retrospect I could’ve remained on my knees in that hot tub pleasing them for much longer.

“You’ve got a very naughty human,” Alek laughed as he nudged Rigg.

“What can I say?” joked Rigg as he pinched Alek’s closest nipple.

“Coming from the otherworldly jocks slapping their dicks all over my face, huh?” I shot back. “Got it.”

“Too much talking.” Rigg forced my head back down on Alek’s cock. He quickly lifted me up and placed my legs on one of the hot tub’s elevated seat platforms, adjusting me so that Alek held up the front of my body in his brawny arms while his ball sack slapped against my chin. The sensation of Rigg’s tongue and mouth kissing, licking, and exploring me from behind caught me by surprise. I felt his tongue tickle the sensitive skin between my butt cheeks before teasing my hole.

My moans were muffled by Alek, who watched with vigor as sweat accumulated on my forehead. Although I was in complete ecstasy, it was as though Alek derived sheer pleasure from simply overpowering me. The stony expression on his face as he fed me his cock is something I’ll never forget.

“Back on it,” he demanded as he slipped out, his manhood bouncing against my chin before he promptly pressed it between my lips and resumed his spirited thrusting. “Give yourself to me,” he said with a low growl as he began testing my gag reflex again. My cheeks flushed red as he buried his cock inside of me. “That’s it, boy.”

As I was focused on nothing but bringing Alek pleasure, the pressure of Rigg’s own cock pressing against my hole almost didn’t register.

“You want both of your masters inside of you at once?” Rigg asked, despite knowing I had no capacity to answer. My only response to him entering me was a series of muffled cries.

“Damn, that’s hot,” Alek exclaimed as I felt Rigg’s hips slapping against my ass. The brief pain of Rigg slamming his full length into me subsided as my body again rippled with pleasure.

“Suck that fucking dick,” Rigg howled as his hands pushed against my head and

allowed Alek to thrust in even deeper. “Don’t stop.”

“Mm-hmm, unnhhhhh,” I whimpered, my mouth full as I felt both of them slamming into me.

Alek flicked and pinched at my nipples, his speed remaining steady. As my body shook from the force of Rigg fucking me, Alek’s cock slipped from my lips.

“Oh god, fuck!” I cried out as Rigg’s hands wrapped around my shoulders for better leverage.

“Tell your master you like it,” Alek demanded.

“Oh, god,” I managed between breaths. “Fuck me, master!”

As Rigg’s growls intensified, I was surprised to find Alek pressing his cool lips into mine. I cried out as Rigg pulled his entire length out before burying it deep inside of me again, but Alek kept me balanced in his arms as he showered me with affectionate pecks. I felt his tongue press past my lips once again and sucked it as far back as I could. I really have surrendered myself entirely to him, I thought to myself.

“You like that?” Alek asked as Rigg continued his thrusting.

“Y-yes, master,” I whimpered.

“He’s an excitable one,” Alek noted, alerting Rigg to my hard-on that bounced with every thrust.

I let out a low moan as Rigg reached around and jerked me off. The rapid movement of his hand synced with every thrust. “Master?” I asked quietly as I looked up into Alek’s eyes. “Please, fuck my mouth.”

Alek seemed happy to oblige, grabbing my arms to keep me lifted above the water as he pushed the head of his penis in between my lips.

“Suck that cock,” Alek coldly commanded.

I energetically bounced my mouth up and down on his cock. He watched with enjoyment as I explored his manhood.

“Damn,” Alek moaned as I deep-throated him again and again. “Your human really wants it.”

“Yeah?” Rigg asked.

Alek placed his hands on the back of my head again and fucked my mouth with the same gusto that Rigg managed as he thrust into me from behind. “You think he does?”

“Mm-hmm,” I managed through muffled moans.

“Watching you use him has got me on edge,” Rigg said as he slapped my ass. “You want your master to breed you, baby?”

I tried to reply, but all the vampires could hear was the sound of my throat rejecting Alek’s cock and gagging as he power-fucked my mouth.

“Your boy is gonna get my load if he keeps it up,” Alek sighed as his muscular body continued to thrust.

“Show him who his new master is,” I heard Rigg reply.

“That’s it, Eli,” Alek heaved. “Keep that mouth open for me.”

“Fuck yeah, Alek. Slam that fucking mouth,” growled Rigg. “Fill him up.”

Fuck, this is hot. Rigg is about to let Alek bust one in my mouth. It was hard to describe, but until that moment—and while I don’t know what the correct term would be here—I had never felt that level of ‘fucked.’ My entire body was but a pleasure vessel for not just Rigg, but also Alek. The two had some kind of macho bromance where they enjoyed showing off who could use me harder, which was about to send me off into an orgasm of my own.

“Ah, fuck!” I felt Alek’s body tense up as the rhythm of his thrusting changed. “I’m about to cum in your mouth, Eli.”

“Make him swallow it,” Rigg said. Picking up the pace, he stopped jerking me off and concentrated solely on holding my hips in place as he continued to slam into me.

“Oh god,” Alek sighed. I found his eyes once again trained on mine and I found myself lost in his trance. His eyes were filled with lust, but also with passion and care. It was unbelievably sweet, and unbelievably hot. “E-E-Eli!”

“Mmmmm,” I mumbled as his rhythmic thrusts turned into reckless pounding.

Alek growled as the color of his eyes seemed to change. His entire face contracted in pure bliss with his impending orgasm, the warmth and softness of my mouth and tongue careening him over the edge. I could see his fangs expand as he let out two last words: “I’m cumming!”

His high-pitched cry sent both me and Rigg overboard.

“I am, too! Fuck!” I felt Rigg’s arm wrap around my neck as his body shivered in orgasm.

As Rigg’s spastic thrusts shook me, I felt the power of my own orgasm rock through

my body. I could feel the spray of my cum against my tummy as Alek buried himself in my throat. I could've cried out in pleasure had Alek not started unloading in my mouth.

"Ahhh!" Alek howled as he kept his eyes on me. I kept mine locked on him as I swallowed spurt after spurt. Though his body went limp and his knees seemed ready to buckle, I did not steal from him the pleasure of experiencing the warmth of my mouth around his sensitive head and spasming shaft.

I wasn't sure if it was a vampire thing or just a horny thing, but I'm not sure I've ever had anyone cum so much in me. I finally choked, his manhood flopping out and spraying me with his final ejaculate before I once again deep-throated him.

"Damn, babe, that's hot," Rigg said as he collapsed on top of me. I wasn't sure whether to feel ashamed or excited, but Rigg licked my cheek and pressed a kiss into my lips. It tasted like Alek.

As we let our bodies recover, Alek slumped down and wrapped his arms around mine. "When you said he had a mouth on him, I thought you meant he talked a lot," he said with a smile.

"Well," Rigg began with a laugh, "I will not say he doesn't, but as you can see, the positives outweigh the negatives."

"Hey now!" I playfully smacked Rigg. He responded by pinning me so that I was sandwiched between the two sweaty, muscular men. I used this opportunity to place my head on Alek's chest, which instantly earned me a forehead kiss from both of them.

"You'll have to tell us when that superhuman stamina wears you down," Alek quipped as he ran his hand through my hair.

“Well, I’m not saying that I don’t like this, but the hot tub is suddenly ten times hotter than it was thirty minutes ago,” I panted.

I probably look like a drowned, pruny rat at this point, I thought to myself.

I realized that my dates for the night couldn’t care less about the temperature as Rigg showered me in a trail of kisses leading from my upper back to just underneath my jaw. At the same time, I couldn’t help but blush as Alek kindly and carefully examined my face with his fingers, softly swiping his thumb down my cheeks until he cupped my chin in his unusually cool palm. “Lovely,” he whispered softly.

Chills ran down my spine.

“And we still have our little skeleton key that leads to a surprise in the basement,” said Rigg with a smile. “But maybe we should give the mortal a break, huh?”

“Of course,” Alek nodded. “I think he’s earned it.”

Have I EVER!

Rigg tossed a change of clothes on top of our bed as I patted down my face with a towel.

My facial expression caught my boyfriend’s attention. “Wow,” I said quietly as I acknowledged our wild encounter. I could tell Rigg knew what I meant by the smug grin on his face.

“Wow is right, babe,” Rigg said as he pressed his lips into my forehead.

Caught in the momentary bliss, I closed my eyes and let Rigg wrap his arms around me. I reopened them moments later to the welcome site of a toweled-down Alek in the doorway. Unfortunately for us, the same towel was wrapped securely around his

defined hips.

“Ah, sorry to interrupt,” he said with a bashful smile. “I figured you two might want to rinse off, so I wanted to cue you in on the triple showerhead set-up in your bathroom.”

“What do you say, cutie?” Rigg asked as he playfully messed up my hair.

“Sure,” I said with a smile, my eyes moving from Rigg to Alek. “Two conditions, though.”

“Oh?” Rigg raised an eyebrow.

“One, no eating me—and two, Alek comes, too.”

I watched Rigg and Alek smile, make eye contact, and shrug in agreement.

“No promises on the first thing, though,” Rigg said as he playfully slapped my ass.

Huh, I thought to myself as Alek shot me a wink. I guess my boyfriend getting bit by a vampire wasn't so bad after all.

THE END... FOR NOW

The adventures of Eli, Rigg, and Alek continue in *Their Vampire Master: And Vampire Makes Three Book #2*.