



Rex (Fallen Gargoyles MC #3)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Falling in love was not something I had planned

Rex

Watching my club brothers find their forever men has got me wanting something more than the odd hook up.

Love isn't on the cards for me though. How could it be when the example I had growing up was an abusive asshole.

I've always thought that I could never love someone the way that they deserve.

But then I meet him.

Sweet, funny, lonely Ian.

I don't care if I can't love, I'll learn.

Because he deserves the world.

And I am going to be the only one who gives it to him.

Ian is mine.

Ian

I am so freaking lonely.

All my family are gone, I don't have any friends, and working from home means I don't even have any work colleagues.

Being painfully shy does not invite friendships easily.

I miss hugs.

Having not been touched by another human being in so long I do something a little bit impulsive.

Getting a tattoo just so someone will touch me isn't the smartest thing

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 11:33 am

CHAPTER ONE

REX

All I wanted this morning was a fucking croissant.

But no.

Ten fucking years ago I went and became friends with Booker, so now I am standing outside the bakery, smelling all of Lacey's delicious creations instead of being inside eating them.

"Please Rex, I need your opinion," Booker whines at me.

I stare at him blankly.

"You're vers. You are literally the best person to ask about this." He shoves his phone in my face and I blink at the page filled with half a dozen dildos, each a unique shape.

"Is that a dildo shaped like a cactus?"

Booker grins. "Yup. This dude makes all kind of shapes. There's a cactus one, baseball, hockey stick...I think it's a whole sports collection."

"Great. Why do you need me? You know Nicky enough to know what - wait, is that a Christmas tree dildo?" I lean in to look closer at Booker's cell phone.

Yup, definitely a Christmas tree shaped dildo. complete with the star on top. That's...intriguing.

Booker snorts and starts scrolling on his phone. "See my problem? There's too much choice, plus, I don't bottom. You do. Would you like a christmas tea in your ass?"

A spluttering noise comes from behind me. I turn around to see an older gentleman looking scandalized at Booker.

"Sorry sir, I'm trying to figure out a Christmas present for my boyfriend." Booker says with his usual charming smile as if his explanation is going to help. "Okay, well, bye," he adds when the man just continues to stare.

"Let's just go," I murmur.

I really need my fucking hazelnut crossant.

"You can't tell your boyfriend what you're getting him for Christmas," the man finally says. "It take the romance and love out of the gift."

"He isn't my boyfriend," Booker says, pointing a thumb at me. "I needed advice."

The man doesn't seem to be homophobic, so I leave them to finish the rest of the conversation alone. I need pasteries.

I also need an orgasm and hot chocolate, but that's not for now. If I indulge in a hot chocolate, I'll end up wanting to nap in my chair instead of doing any tattoos today.

And the orgasm is a non starter.

Ever since Booker and Echo found their forever men, it's stirred up some feelings in

me.

Feelings of wanting my own man. I scoff to myself. I would be an awful boyfriend. I had the worst fucking example of what it's like to be a partner.

If my dad wasn't beating my mom around the house, he was doing shit like making her make him a special meal on mother's day because he made her a mother. Cunt. No surprise it didn't go the other way on father's day. He didn't deserve to be celebrated. Father, my ass. All that man showed me was fear.

Ugh, I hate thinking about my parents.

I know I wouldn't be like him. Hell will experience an ice age before I lay a hand on anyone in anything other than self defence. But not hitting your partner is lower than the bare minimum.

None of this fucking matters anyway.

I don't have any long-lost step brothers or classmates to fall in love with and it's unfucking-likely the love of my life is going to walk in to my tattoo shop declare his love for me on a random Monday.

"Hey Rex," a voice says, pulling me out of my thoughts. I look up and see Lacey, owner of the bakery and wannabe matchmaker. There's a guy she always tries to set us up with, yet none of us have ever met him.

"Hey Lacey. I'm here for my usual." I look over my shoulder out the window and see Booker gesturing wildly and the old man nodding along intently. "And Booker's too."

Lacey follows my gaze and snorts. "Sure thing."

I love this bakery. Lacey has rows and rows of bread on display behind a display shelf stuffed with pastries and cakes. Instead of plastic chairs and formica tables, there are mismatched armchairs and ash wood tables. It's cosy and happy.

Pretty soon Lacey is handing me out order and I'm on my way to the tattoo shop I own with Booker. He is still in deep conversation and has been joined by two other people. Sometimes I wish I could make friends as easily as he does.

I walk into the shop and lay the pastries and coffee on the small reception desk. This place is my pride and joy. There's nothing better than making a person feel more like themselves.

I look out at the window at Booker and his crowd of now seven people and smile to myself. Maybe I should take a leaf out of Booker's book and put myself out there with more people. It might get me a man.

Even if it will only be temporary.

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CHAPTER TWO

IAN

“Thank you for calling Boner Buzz. Have a bonerific day.” I hang up on my last call and officially log out of work for the day.

You would think that working as a customer service rep for a sex chat line was interesting, but somehow I have managed to make that boring. Perhaps if I had someone to tell the funny stories to, it might make it a funnier.

Having no one sucks.

Maybe I should buy a pet? A pet would stave off the crippling loneliness.

My eyes automatically slide over to the half dead Christmas cactus sitting on my kitchen windowsill.

Maybe not.

I can't cope. I don't want to spend yet another night in my apartment by myself. I need people in my life I just don't know how to get them.

I want the last person to have touched me to be someone who knows my name and not a cashier at the grocery store giving me my change.

Before a thought has fully formed, I am grabbing my jacket and keys and heading out

the door.

My apartment building is two blocks over from main street where the best bakery in all the whole state stands. I doubt they'll have any pastries left but maybe I can get a coffee and sit in the corner looking approachable. Plus, Kelsey the owner is always nice to me.

When I got the job as the customer service rep for Boner Buzz, they said I just needed to live within a five hour drive from Boise or Portland. I chose this town because it was less than that to get to both, and it was adorable, but with an edge. Like a kitten. Cute, with sharpe claws.

Maybe I should get a cat?

Though they are notorious assholes and I don't think I can take being rejected by an animal.

Moving to this town was the right decision. I can feel it in my bones. I will make some friends...eventully.

I didn't have anyone in Portland and city life wasn't for me. I aged out of foster care years ago and while my foster parents were nice and never treated be poorly, we weren't close. My birth parents surrendered me to the state whe I was a day old. I looked them up when I turned eighteen. Their rap sheets were were so long the rapid scrolling on my laptop was making me feel queezy.

So here I am, alone in the world, but determined to not stay that way.

Maybe I should hire a sex worker?

Before the thought fully forms into a mental pro/con list, I am distracted by pretty

bright lights. Tat's The Way blinks at me, making me snort. A smaller sign in the window announces that walk ins are welcomed and flash tattoos are only \$50.

I step closer and look beyond the signs into the actual store. There is a partitioned section where I'm guessing the tattooing happens, and a small but cozy reception area where a couple of guys all wearing matching leather jackets are talking and laughing.

This must be the tattoo shop run by The Fallen Gargoyles.

Being a gay man, I was a bit nervous about moving to a town with a motorcycle club, but when I googled them and saw all the queer charities they support, I immediately felt even more excited to move here.

Maybe I should get a flash tattoo?

I've never particularly wanted one, but I've watched Tattoo Heroes before. There is a lot of touching.

My body hums in excitement at the thought of skin on skin action.

And flash tattoos are small so really it'll be a good test. If I like it I can get something bigger that takes many many sessions. I could make friends with these people.

This is the best idea I have ever had.

Mind made up, I pull open the door and walk into the shop. As I do, the most perfect man in existence steps into the reception area and I immediately fall in love.

I am a perfectly respectable 5'8" and he has to have at least half a foot on me. He has the classic long on top hairstyle which looks amazing with his caramel brown hair. He has tattoos peaking out from his shirt and I'm nearly positive he has a nipple

piercing.

“Hey there, how can I help you?” I drag my eyes away from the adonis to the biker behind the desk. His smile is so big, it shows off a couple of cute dimples.

“I’d like to flash- no, I’d like you to flash. Damnit, no.” I take a deep breath and exhale. “I’m sorry. Please can I get a flash tattoo?”

The guy raises an eyebrow. “Have you been drinking?”

“Sadly, no,” I chuckle awkwardly. “I’m just a bit nervous.”

His eyes light up. “Are you a tattoo virgin?”

I just smile and nod, my gaze sliding back over to the adonis. I wonder if you’re allowed to request who tattoos you? The thought of his hands on me in any capacity makes my body light up brighter than the signs in the window.

“Excellent. I’m Booker and I’ll be happy to give you your tattoo once we go through some paperwork.”

“I’ll do him,” my dream man says in a gruff voice that sends my blood heading south.

Yes, please. Please do me.

I don’t say that out loud, but judging by the smirk Booker gives me, my face says it for me.

“I bet you will.” Booker wags his eyebrows at me. How am I meant to respond to an eyebrow waggle?

I salute him.

I salute him?

My face heats yet again, but thankfully no one says anything about my idiocracy.

“Okay then, I will leave you in Rex’s capable hands.”

Rex.

It suits him. He’s huge like a dinosaur and I’d be happy to let him gobble me up.

“Thank you,” I say and then follow Rex to his station. It’s a spotless space with fresh lemony scent.

“Here’s the binder. Pick a flash and we’ll get you started.” Rex holds a binder out to me and I take it.

He really is quite gruff. I have to say; I like it though. I wonder if he’s that rough in bed. Grabbing my hips with those big hands and pounding into me, taking what he wants.

I meet Rex’s gaze and his eyes darken like he can read my thoughts. Or I’m looking at him like a total horndog.

I look back down at the folder and smile when I realize that I won’t even have to open the folder. On the front is a cute yet fierce tattoo of a T-Rex. It’s a simple line tattoo with a few details.

I know that this is the tattoo for me.

“Can I have this one, please?”

Rex looks down at the book, and his eyebrows disappear into his hairline.

“That’s my brand.”

Huh. I didn’t know tattoo artists have logos but I guess it makes sense.

It doesn’t change my mind, though.

“I’d really like it.”

He cocks his head. “The brand belongs to me. As does anything I put it on. Permanently.”

Does he think I want him to tweak it? Maybe he’s worried I might want to change it one day. I know I’ve had the idea to have a tattoo for all of ninety minutes and this particular tattoo for ninety seconds, but I know who I am.

When I decide I want something, I don’t change my mind. That doesn’t mean I get what I want, unfortunately.

“That is completely understandable. I really want your brand, Rex. I feel an affinity with it.”

He looks at me intently for a moment, before a slow grin spreads across his face. It’s like all the air is sucked from the room as I stare at him.

Rex looking grumpy is sexy as sin.

Rex smiling is like the first sunny day after a long winter.

Beautiful.

“Okay, then.”

“Oh, can I pick the color?” He nods, so I continue. “I’d like green please. A mossy green if you have it.”

The exact color of his eyes. In for a penny and all that, I guess. I might as well commemorate the moment I had my first tattoo to the fullest. And hopefully the moment I made some friends. Booker seems nice and Rex is obviously perfect.

He nods again and we sort the paperwork and all the stuff I assume is boring to him, but is kind of fascinating to me. Getting a tattoo is a lot more involved than I thought it would be.

“Where do you want it?” It takes a second for me to realize he’s talking about the tattoo and not where do I want him to make me his. My mind really needs to stop sliding into the gutter.

“My wrist. I want everyone to see it,” I say, smiling up at him.

“Fuck.” It comes out so quietly, on a breath, I’m almost unsure if Rex actually swore.

“Roll your sleeve up.” He commands.

I go to but then I realize if I get hot halfway through I will be stuck. I start taking my sweater off and it isn’t until it’s around my head that I feel a breeze on my stomach.

Damnit.

My shirt lifted with my stupid sweater.

“Um, I’m really sorry. Could you maybe-”

I feel his fingers ghost along my side, making my breath hitch.

Rex is touching me.

I want to lean into it, but as quickly as it started, he stops and pulls my shirt down. I quickly whip my sweater off and Rex is still standing there in my space.

He smells like a mixture of motor oil, leather, and apples.

I want to bottle the scent and rub it all over me in the shower as I jerk off staring at the tattoo he is about to put on me.

“Sit down, wrist up.”

Wordlessly, I do as he asks.

He snaps on black disposable gloves, and I manage to hold in my gasps as he starts cleaning the area. It doesn’t feel as amazing as if he was touching me skin to skin, but it’s close.

Another human being is touching me.

For the first time in years I feel settled.

And then he starts the actual tattooing.

I’ve seen a lot online about people’s first tattoo experiences. Some say it feels like an inch, some like it’s a thousand needles stabbing you, some say it feels raw, but why has no one said how erotic it feels?

My nipples harden and my dick plumps as I watch the concentration on Rex's face as he marks me with his brand.

This is the hottest experience of my life and it's not even meant to be a sexual one.

My dick is definitely getting a beating later tonight.

Soon enough it's over and I am simultaneously happy and sad about that. Happy I'm not going to cream my pants, but sad that this means my time in Rex's presence is over.

"I want to keep a close eye on your aftercare," Rex says, as he cleans my wrist up. It looks all red and swollen right now, but I know it's going to look amazing when it's all healed. "Put your number in my phone."

He hands me his cell and I quickly enter my number and text myself so I have his.

Rex snorts. "You saved yourself as Branded Ian."

"So you'll remember what Ian I am," I say, smiling at him.

"I'm not going to forget you." He doesn't elaborate and I don't care. His words warm my heart.

He leads me out front where I go to pay, but he doesn't let me.

"You got my brand. You're not paying me for that."

"But-"

"No, Ian."

I swallow. Fuck, my name sounds good coming from his lips.

“I’ll text you about aftercare.”

I just nod and, with a quick goodbye, I make my way home in a daze.

Rex is absolutely everything I didn’t know I wanted in a man. I wish he wasn’t out of my league. Keeping my dirty thoughts to myself is going to be priority number one if I want to become his friend.

UNKOWN NUMBER

Text me your address. I will come by after work tomorrow. About 8pm

I squeal at the message from Rex. I quickly save him to my contacts before I text back.

IAN

That sounds great. Can I make you dinner as well, please?

DINO DADDY

Sounds good.

IAN

Great!!! Do you have any special requirements?

DINO DADDY

No.

IAN

Awesome. See you tomorrow!!!!

I might have gone a tad overboard on the exclamation points, but I don't even care. This is the first text message I've recieved from someone who isn't a delivery driver in eons and that is exciting.

Rex, you just got a new bestie.

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CHAPTER THREE

REX

brANDED IAN

I know you said you didn't have any food aversions, but I just want to check you like burgers? I make my own burger sauce, that is delicious, but I want to know your thoughts on pickles? Some people are pickle eaters and some are pickle givers. Are you a giver or receiver?

REX

I'm a top if that's what you're asking.

brANDED IAN

Holy moly

I mean, that's great. I kind of assumed that with you being all big and powerful. Hm, that's kind of rude of me. I shouldn't send that.

What? I said don't send.

You know what, Siri, you are being really unhelpful right now.

And Rex has seen all of these stupid messages he is going to think. I am unhinged.

WHY DID YOU ADD A PERIOD THERE!

I am going to go walk into a volcano now.

Why are you telling me the distance to Mount Hood?

Um, I had some technical issues there, so if you could ignore all of that I would be eternally grateful.

REX

I enjoyed every message.

See you tonight.

I throw my phone down on the bed and flopping myself down.

The minute I saw Ian, I knew I wanted him. He has a vulnerability about him that brings out every protective instinct in me.

Him having my brand on him makes me feel marginally better. No one around here is going to fuck with him when they see that. This is a small town but people come here just to visit our shop. We're constantly being invited to conventions because of Booker's and my talent.

No one will ever hurt Ian.

Especially me.

I need to figure out how to be the best fucking boyfriend in the world.

You've met him once. Maybe he's not into you.

My inner voice can fuck clean off.

I saw the way Ian looked at me, how his breath hitched when I touched his torso, the bulge in his pants. I bet he has a juicy cock that I can swallow down in one go.

I can't wait to taste his cum.

The alarm on my phone goes off pulling me out of my Ian centric thoughts and reminding me I need to get some breakfast before I run some errands.

"Hi." Fizz says, taking the seat opposite me at the breakfast table. He has a manic smile that means someone is in trouble. I don't like that it is aimed at me.

When I don't say anything his smile gets even wider. "Okay, just stare at me. If that's how you want to play this."

"Play what?"

"Oh, he speaks." He leans in closer to me. "Booker told me all about the cute little twink who you gave a flash tattoo yesterday."

I sideeye Booker who is whispering in Nicky's ear. Judging by the blush on Nicky's face, it's something dirty.

After Ian left last night, Booker badgered me for details on Ians tattoo and what we talked about. So I told him. I didn't think the shithead would start gossiping about the club. I'm not ashamed of Ian. I just want to develop an actual relationship with him before he meets everyone and they claim him before I get a chance too.

“Flash tattoo’s are part of the job. Why are you stressing out about that?” Kenny says, from his place at the table a few seats down. Great. Now all the attention is on us.

“I know that. The issue is what he tattooed.” He looks around the table to make sure he has everyones attention. Dramatic dickhead. “He branded the kid.”

A collective gasp sounds out.

I squirm in my seat slightly, but I haven’t got it in me to feel bad. Ian is walking around with my tattoo on him. What I would give to watch him jerk me off.

“He isn’t a kid, and I told him it was my brand before I picked up my gun.”

Fizz looks shocked. “Booker didn’t tell me that.”

“That’s because Nicky distracted me.” Booker says grimacing.

Nicky’s eyebrows knit together. “What did I do?”

“You walked in to the room.”

“I’m sorry Rex.” Fizz says and I’m pretty sure that is the first time I have ever heard him apologize.

“Rex,” Kenny says before I can say anything to Fizz. “You branded someone? You like him?”

“Seems that way,” I say.

An awkward silence fills the air. This is my family. They love me, I know they do. But there is a little voice in the back of my mind telling me that they can see through

me. They know that I can't love and I'm going to condemn this poor guy to a lifetime of me.

"I can't wait to meet him," Joey says, bouncing up and down on Echo's lap. "What is he like? Is he cute?"

"You've met him before," Booker says.

My jaw drops. "What?"

Booker stuffs his face with some bacon before talking again. "I remembered this morning that he looked familiar. He was in the bakery a few weeks back asking Lacey for his usual. Me, Nicky, Joey, and Toni were picking up breakfast for the whole club because it was Reed's birthday."

I relax that it wasn't me who met him before and didn't realize. There is no way I could forget Ian.

I don't like this.

That thought is on repeat as I make my way up the stairs to Ian's apartment. This is a relatively crime free town, but this apartment block doesn't feel safe. Why is the buzzer to get in broken and the door on its hinges?

I don't like it.

I pull out my phone and shoot off a quick text to Kenny. No way am I going to let Ian be put at risk.

I tuck my cell into my jeans pocket, and I look down at myself. Should I have dressed up? Is this a date?

No. I sigh.

He thinks I'm only here to help with his tattoo aftercare.

When is it best to tell the guy you are obsessed with that you engineered a situation to get close to him?

Maybe at our twentieth anniversary dinner.

Ian's apartment door swings open and he stands there looking just as beautiful as he did yesterday. The baggy jeans and graphic tee have been replaced with chinos and a button down shirt. He looks good enough to eat, but I think I prefer his nerdy grunge look.

"I thought I heard noise out there," He says, smile lighting up the whole dingy apartment block. "Come on in. Oh, those flowers are beautiful."

I look down at my left hand at the bouquet of flowers in a vase I bought from the florist. I shove it into his arms.

"They're sunflowers. The florist said they were pet friendly." Ian leans in and closes his eyes as he inhales their scent.

Beautiful.

"Thank you, so much Rex. I don't have any pets." He motions me to come inside. "I didn't have a vase either, so that's really handy."

"Don't see the point in giving someone flowers and then they have to find a vase, cut the stems, and all that shit. Seems to defeat the purpose of doing something nice if they then have to do a fuck load of work to enjoy the gift."

Ian's eyebrows knit together. "Huh. That totally makes sense. You are a smart man Rex."

I don't really know what to say to that, so I just shrug.

"I'll be back in a minute. I want to put these on my nightstand, so they are the first thing I see when I wake up." He heads through a door off of the living room area and I just stare after him.

The thought of Ian waking up (naked, because this is my brain) and immediately think of me, has my cock plumping up.

Fuck, I need to be inside Ian more than I need oxygen.

I let out a breath and run a hand down my face. I really need to get a fucking grip. Ian deserves the best boyfriend, which doesn't involve me acting like an animal in heat.

"All done," he says coming back into the room looking a little flushed. "Shall we eat first and then you can cream me up."

My brain short circuits.

He moves into the kitchen, totally oblivious to the dirty thoughts he has just unleashed in my mind.

Thoughts of him covered in my cum.

I'm going to make him look so pretty.

Not today though.

“I never did figure out if you liked pickles or not, so I made two kinds of burger sauce to be on the safe side,” Ian says. A dusting of pink covers his cheeks.

I’m guessing he remembers our text conversation.

“I want to try your pickle sauce.”

“Oh my,” he whispers, his cheeks on fire.

Fuck, I want to feel their warmth on my lips.

Once Ian has fixed us both a plate, we sit at his two person dining table and tuck in.

“So, what’s it like being in a motorcycle club?” He asks, those big eyes shining brightly.

“Loud. They are all a bunch of interfering fuckers.” I grudgingly add; “Love them though.”

Ian lets out a little wistful sigh. “They sound wonderful. Like what I imagine a big family to be like.”

“Your family is small?”

“Um, yeah.” He looks down at his plate. “I don’t have a family. My parents died when I was too young to remember them. My foster family were nice, but we weren’t a family. They moved to Florida pretty much as soon as I graduated high school. It’s just me.”

My heart clenches in sympathy.

“My dad hit us. My mom and me. We spent time in some shelters, it’s how I met Booker and the Fallen Gargoyles. My mom kept going back to him. She’s a victim, I know that, but I wanted her to choose me, not him. It wasn’t until I joined the club that I felt I had a family.” I look Ian dead in his eyes. “My point is that you will find your family. It doesn’t have to be blood.”

Ian gives me a small smile. “I’m not great at making friends. I work from home as a customer service rep for a sex chat line. Not as glamorous as people might think. And definitely lonely. But I am working on it.” He lifts up his wrist. “I did this.”

My eyebrows knit together. “You got a tattoo to make friends?”

“Something like that,” he says, cheeks reddening again. “Is your food okay?”

“Best burger I’ve had,” I say, letting him change the subject. There is more to that story though and I will find it out. “Don’t tell Kenny though. He prides himself on his burgers.”

“Who is Kenny?”

I then spend the next hour talking about all of the club members. Ian gushes about how adorable it is Nicky and Booker are stepbrothers in love, and gasps when I tell him how Echo stopped Joey getting kidnapped.

“Your family are amazing, Rex,” he smiles at me, lighting a fire somewhere deep inside my chest.

“Want to come to the clubhouse tomorrow and meet them?”

Ian bounces in his chair like it suddenly turned into a space hopper. I feel a flare of arousal imagining what he would look like doing that naked and on my cock.

“I would love too.”

“I’ll pick you up at 8.”

“I can get an uber.”

“No, I want to pick you up.”

“Okay, I can’t wait,” he says with a smile.

I don’t tell him the significance of him being on the back of my bike. I’m claiming him. Even though everyone will know when they see my tattoo on his wrist, I want to make it clear.

Ian is mine.

He just doesn’t know it yet.

CHAPTER FOUR

IAN

“I should get going,” Rex says, standing up from my dining table.

Drat, I should have moved us to the couch after we ate. I just got so caught up in Rex and listening to him talk about his family. He rolled his eyes a lot as if they were annoying but I could tell he loves them all.

And I get to meet them tomorrow.

I can’t wait. I am going to make- wait. Did he say he was leaving?

“Um, what about my tattoo?” I say, scrambling out of my chair with all of the finesse of a baby giraffe.

Rex turns around just as I trip over my own stupid foot and fall into his chest. He wraps his big beefy arms around me before I high five the carpet with my face.

This is what heaven must feel like.

I relax into his impromptu embrace and soak up this feeling for as long as I can. When minutes pass, I look up and meet Rex’s gaze.

“You look good in my arms.”

I can't help but smile like a goober. I know he doesn't mean that in a romantic way, but when I relive this interaction tonight, alone in my bed, it's what will make me cum all over my chest.

"Thank you," I say, blushing and reluctantly stepping out of his hold. I do that a lot around Rex. He is the best kind of friend and doesn't call me out on it.

He reaches into his pocket and sees to my tattoo. I try as hard as I can to breathe normally and not let him know how much his touch affects me.

It's funny how yesterday morning I would have begged to be touched by anyone and now I only ever want to be touched by Rex.

Today is going to be the best day ever. I think to myself as I walk to the bakery before work. I get to spend more time with Rex and he is going to introduce me to some of his club.

I really hope they like me.

If Rex's family don't like me there is no way he is going to want to be friends and I can't have that. I don't know why, It's pretty inexplicable, but I have to have Rex in my life.

This isn't desperation for any kind of human contact. It's a need for him. Rex. A carnal need, but I know that won't happen. I really need to bury those thoughts down deep.

Friendship is all that I will get from Rex so I need to stop thinking about how he would feel on top of me or what his cum tastes like.

With that resolved, I pay attention to my surroundings for the first time and realize

I've walked past the bakery. I retrace my steps and head on into the delicious warmth. Lacey always asks for my order but it never changes. Hazelnut croissant and a chocolate mint coffee.

My heart stops for a moment when I see two guys wearing Fallen Gargoyles leather jackets. Neither are Rex. These guys might be even smaller than me.

One of them looks up at his face brightens when he sees me. "Fizz, he's here." The guys jumps up and before I have a chance to blink I'm being hugged.

"Joey, for fucksake you can't just hug the man, he might not like that," Fizz says, also getting up. "Ask in future you fucker."

"Sorry, Ian," Joey says not looking sorry at all.

"It's okay, I like being touched." I say with a smile.

Fizz snorts. "I make sure to tell Rex."

I am more than okay with that. Being wrapped up in Rex's arms when he was trying to save me from high fiving the floor with my face was amazing. Imagine how great it would be purposefully.

"Rex said you're coming to the club tonight and we wanted to introduce ourselves because we thought you might like to know people other than Rex at the party and also we want to rub it in everyones faces that we knew you first." Joey says smiling kind of manically.

"Party? Rex didn't say it was a party."

Crap.

What if he forgot. He isn't going to want to baby me when he can be having fun with his friends and flirting with people. Uneasiness rolls through me. What if he hooks up with someone and I have to just watch. This is going to be a train wreck.

"Hey," Fizz says gently. "Where did you go?"

I rub the back of my neck. "Um, Rex didn't mention it was a party. I don't want to cramp his style."

Joey gets out his phone and presses a couple of buttons.

"Yeah?" Rex's deep voice comes through the loud speaker.

"Hey, did you remember that tonight is a party at the clubhouse?"

"Yeah."

"Cool, so you still want Ian there?"

"Of course I do. What's with all the fucking questions?"

Joey and Fizz smile smugly at me.

"Just checking. See you later." Joey says and hangs up on Rex. "There you go. Rex didn't forget. Now, what are you going to wear?"

Lacey brings me my usual order and I spend the next half an hour discussing clothing options with Fizz and Joey.

The whole time I keep thinking Rex wants me at the party. Warmth fills my body and stays there for the rest of the day.

I get off of Rex's very sexy motorcycle and take a deep breathe to center myself. Thankfully, my erection has calmed down. Who knew the rumbles of a bike were so erotic? Or maybe it was being pressed up against the man of my dreams. Who's to know?

"Are you okay?" Rex says in that sensual deep voice of his. Literally everything about this man screams sex. And the thing is, he doesn't even know it.

He stands there in a tight dark green henley, nipple piercing on display, and well worn black jeans with biker boots, the star of all of my fantasies. The star that also has an executive producer credit and gets a decent chunk of the royalties when it smashes all of the box office records.

"Ian? Do you not want to be here?" he says, his eyebrows wrinkled with worry. Damn it.

"No, I do want to be here," I say, stepping close to him. "I'm just a bit nervous. I don't do a lot of socializing. I hope they like me."

An emotion I can't place flitters over Rex's face as he looks down at where I laid my hand on his arm in reassurance before he meets my gaze. "They will like you. Joey and Fizz told everyone about meeting you and they're all happy and shit."

"Really?" I don't like the needy way that one word slips out.

"Not going to mess you about, Ian."

The way he says my name is so fucking sexy.

Rex places his hand on the small of my back and leads me into the clubhouse. It's a beautiful building. Joey said it used to be a hotel and I can totally see that in the

architecture.

The place is full of chatter and laughter set to the backing track of rock music. Maybe Neon Liars? I try to take everything in as Rex guides me to a booth near the back. For a split second I'm worried he wants to hide me away but then I see Joey manically waving to us. He's sitting with a group of people who all look excited to see us.

"I'm sorry for whatever nosy shit they say." Rex says again.

"Rex, I'm not that easily scared. They could be the worst people in the world and I would still need you in my life." I tell him honestly.

"How do you -" before he can finish that sentence I'm being pulled away by Joey.

There is a quiet rumble behind me.

"Did you just growl at me?" Joey says, incredulity lacing his voice. "Jesus fuck, I'm just introducing your man to the fam. You looked like you were two seconds away from whisking him away to your room."

I look behind me but Rex just looks neutral to me.

"I hope you don't mind?" Joey says to me. "I'm sure you would have showered, but I couldn't take the chance. I am only really a fan of me and Echo smelling like sex."

What. Is. Happening?

"How about we let Rex and Ian sit down? Why don't you go get them a drink, Joey?" An older guy says gently. He turns to me with an outstretched hand. "Hi, I'm Kenny"

Oh my god, I am meeting the president of the Fallen Gargoyles.

I shake his hand with all of the finesse of a wet dog. “It is so nice to meet you sir.”

Kenny gives me a huge smile.

“Oh we are keeping you son. I’m going to go tell Stella she’s got another dildo warmer to crochet.” And with that he disappears.

Is everyone here very high?

Maybe this is how close families interact? With a lot of sex talk and a dash of insanity.

Rex motions me to slide into the booth and I find myself in a Fizz and Rex sandwich.

“You’ve met Booker, the man straddling him is his stepbrother Nicky. Next to them is Jet, he’s a L and D nurse, and Echo, Joey’s beloved,” Fizz says filling me in.

Echo nods, I remember Joey saying his man was the strong and silent type like Rex. Jet gives me a shit eating grin before leaning forward, elbows resting on the table.

“So Ian, are you available?”

“Fuck off, Jet, you know he has Rex’s brand.” He crosses his arms and looks at Jet like he can’t decide if he wants to kiss him or kill him.

I have no idea what my tattoo has to do with my relationship status but I’m glad I don’t have to answer the question.

“ONE drink for Rex and Ian,” Joey declares placing a wine glass of beer in front of

us. Rex and I share a look. I guess we're meant to share? Rex just shrugs and passes it to me. I take a sip before passing it back. Instead of turning the glass around, Rex takes a sip from the exact spot that I did, closing his eyes as he did it.

Why is that so hot?

I try and temper down a whimper but it comes out as a squeak anyway.

"Wow, okay, you guys are reminding me way too hard that I am twenty seven with no prospects." Fizz says with a strained smile.

"Not no prospects," Jet mutters. Fizz ignores him.

"C'mon, I want to dance. Who is with me?" Rex and I stand up to let him out and he grabs my hand as we march to the dance floor. I guess I'm dancing then. Joey bounces after us and the three guys that aren't dry humping each other, watch us go.

"What is the deal with you and Jet?" I ask Fizz as we bop to a Neon Liars tune.

I am so glad I took their advice and wore my sexy comfy clothes. My favorite baggy jeans and a graphic tee that I accidentally shrunk a tiny bit and now it's like a slightly long crop top only showing an inch of skin.

"We aren't talking about that," Fizz says in a sing song voice. I look at Joey who just rolls his eyes.

"What do you think of Rex?" Joey asks

"He's the best. Literally the best person I've ever met," I say, before realising how rude that might seem. "Shoot, I think you are both great as well. I just mean-"

“Don’t worry, Ian, we’re not offended.” Fizz says, patting my arm in reassurance.

“Do you think Rex is boyfriend material?” Joey asks with an indecipherable look to Fizz.

“Of course he is. He’ll make an excellent boyfriend.”

“So you’d date him?”

“Rex deserves the best man possible. He needs someone handsome with a bright energy. The salt to his pepper. I’d love to be that person, but I don’t deserve Rex.”

I’m not sure what kind of person I deserve. Maybe that’s the wrong way to think. It’s not like I’m entitled to love.

I just hope whenever Rex meets his man, they still let me be in his life.

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CHAPTER FIVE

REX

Staring at Ian laughing as he dances with Fizz and Joey, I don't know how long I can carry on taking things slow.

I want to be out there with him, wrapping my arms around his waist as he grinds up on me, placing kisses all over him.

Maybe my default setting is caveman because all I want is to claim him in front of everyone. The whole fucking world needs to know Ian belongs to me.

"I need to ask Kenny for a jacket for Ian," I tell the table at large.

Echo smiles, Jet does some weird shimmy, and Nicky and Booker finally separate.

"Dad, ordered one yesterday," Nicky says smiling at me with puffy lips. "Everyone knows he's it for you, Rex."

I look down at the table to try and stave off the tears that threaten to spill. After all this time, it still hits me right in the heart when any one of these guys does something for me that you would a family member. I know they love me and I know we are family, but when they show that connection like supporting my choice of man, it really hits me.

"I think I am going to need to talk to Kenny." I say and get up before anyone can say

anything.

I make my way to the bar where Kenny and Stella are talking, making sure I keep Ian in my eyeline. He looks back at the table and frowns when he doesn't see me there. That warms my heart even fucking more. At the rate I'm going the fucking thing is going to be a ball of lava sitting in my chest. I watch as he spots me and his face relaxes into a smile that I return.

He deserves the fucking world.

I turn to Kenny.

"I need you to tell me how to be the best boyfriend for Ian." I blurt out.

Stella smiles at me. "I'm going to let you have your privacy and go dance with your man." She takes a step away but then pulls me in for a hug. "I've known you for over a decade, Rex. You have a huge heart and that man is going to be lucky for all the love you'll give him."

She walks off and I meet Kenny's gaze. "She's not wrong," he says with a smile. "You are going to be a great boyfriend."

"But my dad?"

Kenny's eyes soften. "You are nothing like him. Rex, you have a big heart and are a good man. Just because you share DNA with that man doesn't mean you will be like him."

"It doesn't?" I hate that my voice breaks. Not that Kenny will think less of me.

"Fuck no," he says banging his fist on the bar causing Toni, the barmaid, and her dad

to gie us inquistive looks. “Booker is a great example. You see how much that boy loves Nicky? How well he treats him? His bio dad was cutfrom the same cloth as yours. Hell, if I hadn’t seen them in the same room together, I’d swear they were the same man based on your experiences.”

“But Booker has you as-”

“And you don’t?” He cuts me off. “You’re scared and I understand that, but REx, you need to believe you are capable of a strong and healthy love. Trust me on that.”

Knowing something and beleiving it are two very different things. Kenny would never lie to be about something like this so why was it so hard to beleive him.

Because what if he’s just trying to cheer you up?

Kenny wouldn’t do that.

I’m not sure that I will make a great boyfriend, but Kenny is and I trust him more than I trust myself.

“I dee the resolve in your eyes, Rex, and it better be because you’ve decided to make it official with Ian?” Kenny sayslooking hopeful.

I grin. “Yeah, I am.”

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CHAPTER SIX

IAN

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“Let’s just not deserve each other together, Rex.”

Those eight words crash through me like a lightning bolt and rewire my brain.

“Our ugly parts fit each other,” I say, moving my head so I can kiss his palm. I feel him shudder at the contact and I can’t wait until I get to kiss my touch starved lover all over his body.

“I have a feeling that well make them pretty eventually,” he whispers, a breathe of a smile on his lips.

His full, plump lips.

Ians eyes heat and I feel it in my core.

“Just to claryfy, we are exclusive boyfriends now who will only ever be with each other?”

“Yes,” I growl out.

Ian wets his bottom lip slowly.

“Then fuck me raw. Claim me, Rex”

I briefly wonder if my brains will ever feel like they aren’t being scrambled by this man.

My man.

“Another time I will undress you and take my time, but I have had far too many fantasies about you to go slow tonight. Strip.”

I watch as he quickly rids himself of his clothes and for a moment all I can do is stare at all of his pale creamy skin.

“I want to give you so many tattoos,” I tell him as he throws a sock across the room.

“I was thinking about getting a really big one on my back to have an excuse to keep seeing you. I don’t have to do that now but I would like a something on my other wrist to match my Rex tattoo.”

An idea pops into my brain that I put away for later.

Right now I need to be naked.

“I’m negative by the way. I know you said you want me raw, but I can wrap up until I dig from my emails and find my last results.”

“No need, I trust you.”

The second I am naked I am on him, claiming his lips.

Ian tastes just as good as I knew he would. So fucking delicious with a hint of something sweet and fruity. He matches my intensity and soon our tongues are tangling as I frot him into the mattress.

“Rex, I won’t last long. It’s been years,” he gasps out.

“Never again. I won’t let you go a day without an orgasm.”

“Totally onboard with that,” he moans.

I root around under my pillow and find my lube. I quickly squirt some onto my fingers and slide my fingers into his crease. Kissing my way down his body I swallow his dick as I press two fingers into his tight hole.

“I played with my dildo earlier so I probably don’t need much prep.” he moans out.
“Had to take the edge off before I saw you.”

My lips stretch into a smile around his cock. I fucking love that I worked him up good without even doing anything.

After a minute, I withdraw my fingers, and line my dick up.

Ian stares up at me, a face full of love and horniness.

I plan on keeping him like that forever.

I slam my dick into him, bottoming out straight away.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, Rex, you’ve got me too close to the edge already.”

I can’t help but puff out my chest which makes Ian roll his eyes.

My hips take on a mind of their own, almost and I start shallowly thrusting into him. His moans get louder and louder which just makes me fuck my man harder. Pegging that special P spot every time. Every fucker in this place is going to know Ian is mine.

I make him moan.

My boyfriend.

“Rex, I’m not going to last,” he wails.

“Do it. Come. Come on my cock sweetheart.”

And he does.

Hands free

His hole clenches around my dick and I see fucking stars. I pump my cum into his tight, hot hole, filling him up good. Before I’m finished, I pull out and cover his chest in the last of my release.

As I come back to reality, I look down at his naked chest covered in my cum.

“I wish I could get a tattoo of this. Of you marking me.”

My dick gives a jolt and a bit more dribbles from my cock onto his dick.

I will give you all the tattoos you want.

Ian smiles up at me.

“I don’t deserve you.”

“I don’t deserve you more.”

The End