



# Spring Fling (Season of Change #4)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** What can go wrong with a camera, a trip for spring break, and my best friends little brother?

Joe

The day we were introduced, I knew there was something about you that drew me in. I'd been content never to make a commitment before, but the more I got to know you, I knew that would change. Your brother wants me to stay the hell away, but it's not something I can do. It's like telling an addict he can't have his favorite drug.

When I plan a trip to sneak you away for some fun over Spring Break only to discover you know my secret, all bets are off.

I'm just not sure I'm equipped to handle you.

Aiden

I've never understood hookup culture. The idea of a one-and-done thing has never appealed to me. At nineteen, I've never had a relationship of any kind—romantic or otherwise. When I stumbled across a video one night, I wasn't prepared for the things it made me feel.

Out of all of my brother's friends, you're the only one who took me under his wing and made me feel like I belong. So, when you take me on a trip, I know I need to put my plan into action.

My brother might kill us, but I need a taste of Joseph Bishop.

Spring Fling is the fourth and final book in the Season of Change series. When cameras and secrets collide, only trouble lies in wait. This book can be read as a standalone but is best enjoyed in order.

**Total Pages (Source):** 42

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

My back slammed against the wood of my bedroom door as it closed behind me. The phone tightly clutched to my chest was like a time bomb ready to go off at any second. Realistically, I was being overdramatic. What I was thinking about doing wasn't that strange, but what nineteen-year-old guy didn't regularly think about sex?

I swore I was broken, and after talking to Chase for the last few months, he tried to assure me I wasn't. That being demisexual or even ace was a real thing, and it didn't make me less of a whole person.

Asexual didn't fit. Nope. Not at all. Because I wanted sex. Good God, did I want it. I only seemed to want it with the one person I couldn't have. That was the biggest problem.

Which brought me to my current situation with my phone.

I'd kissed Joseph Bishop. The feel of the metal of his lip ring pressed into my mouth made my body come alive in ways I'd never experienced before. And then my brother promptly tried to kill him. It hadn't mattered that I'd started it because Joe had been a willing participant. Maybe taking advantage of a friend like that was screwed up—my brother's friend. Hell, he was mine, too. We'd been getting a lot closer since the summer...

Right. My phone.

Was it only Joe or was I attracted to all guys in general? Chase, my brother's

boyfriend, said before I tried to pursue anything further that I should get my head on straight. Figure things out. That was kind of a dick move to go in blindly and use someone to experiment with my sexuality... although how the hell else was I supposed to figure it out?

Porn.

That's how. Or at least that was the assignment.

My face heated as I pulled my phone away from my chest and stared at the blank screen. Maybe I was broken? I'd never even been tempted to go there. How did someone even look up porn without downloading a ton of viruses and such? That was a thing, wasn't it? Those websites were loaded with malware.

Instead of continuing to obsess over it, I plopped onto my mattress and illuminated my screen. I couldn't swallow and, holy fuck, why was I freaked out about pulling up naked pictures on the internet? It was totally normal. People did it all the time. There was a reason there were literally millions of them out there.

My hands shook as I pulled up the browser and figured the safest place to look was on one of those subscription sites you always hear people talking about. They had to be safe if others used them, right? Maybe I was being naive.

When the screen loaded, it had a white background with a key across the top and a search bar. Shit. What the hell did a person search for on a site like this? Did you just type in porn? Gay porn? Hope for the best?

Turned out that the page hadn't finished loading. Soon "newest uploads" filled the feed and there were stills of men and women in all sorts of states of undress. The room became stuffy, and I pulled at my shirt, angling my phone down to look and make sure that I locked my door. Couldn't have Mom walking in on this. She'd seen

enough thanks to Nathan and Chase going at it.

My thumb scrolled through the page, trying to find anything that would catch my interest. There was a shot of two girls in barely there bikinis... nothing. It didn't even make me blink. Then I came across another shot of two guys with this tiny brunette chick between them. Nope, still wasn't doing it for me. Two skinny guys in little Speedos bending over and posing? Still another no.

I scrolled for what felt like forever. Nothing seemed to spark my interest. These were all nameless, faceless individuals that meant absolutely nothing to me. I'd never understood hook-up culture to begin with. How so many people could just sleep with someone and move on like it meant absolutely nothing.

But then there it was. The thing that made me freeze and my fingers hover. There was no fucking way.

Staring back at me, giving the most sultry of smirks, while pulling his shirt up, were bright blue eyes behind a fringe of black. I'd know that lip piercing anywhere. What the hell was Joe doing with pictures on this site?

It was stupid. It was failing the assignment. But I clicked on it. His page opened and there were picture after picture of him wearing little to nothing. Links to videos I would have to pay for if I wanted to see them and... oh... oh shit.

My eyes slammed closed as I fell back onto my mattress. Fuck. I couldn't be getting hard for my brother's friend. Do not pass Go. Do not collect two hundred dollars.

That was when I did the stupidest thing I could have ever done. My finger slipped because, of course, I wasn't looking. The video started and the sound of wet skin filled my ears.

Oh. No.

Against my better judgment, I held up my phone. There was Joe in a soaked t-shirt as his hands trailed his chest. Dark, damp bangs fell into his eyes. His lips were parted as one hand dipped into his pants before the video cut off, prompting me to pay to see the rest of it.

My entire body vibrated—a live wire of need and desire. Holy shit. Why was I considering finding the damn prepaid credit card I had stuffed in my wallet and paying for it? The prepaid credit card the man in question had convinced me I needed, because it was stupid to ask my parents to buy me everything at this age. Or for them to monitor all my purchases. That was asking for so much trouble. But I needed it. Needed to see it. Joseph Bishop was the one thing I couldn't have, and maybe that was why I wanted it so damn badly.

I was off my bed and digging the card out before I could stop myself, half the number already typed in. My hands shook as my eyes slammed closed again. I was really doing this. I was about to pay for a video of my brother's friend.

You only live once, right?

As soon as the transaction cleared, the video resumed. The front of Joe's pants slid lower as his hand pushed it down. Dark, trimmed pubes came into view and I fell back against my pillows, my fingers reaching for my dick to relieve the pressure. Fuck, this was wrong.

A low groan fell from the speaker of my phone, and I quickly looked around my room, lowering the volume and praying no one could hear what I was watching. The damn video had been thirty dollars, so hopefully it was worth it. Hell, just seeing so much of Joe like this was already making it worth it. Even if it made me feel like a damn creeper. Don't put this shit online if you don't want someone to pay to see it.

He left his pants low on his hips, the base of his cock within view as he lifted his wet shirt up and over his head, disheveling his dark hair. His bright blue eyes flashed as he bit his bottom lip. That damn lip ring called to me and I ached to feel it press into me again. The video wasn't helping.

Big hands roamed his chest as Joe's eyes closed. A pink tongue swiped across his bottom lip as he toyed with his nipples. He had pierced them. Of course, he'd had them pierced. Joe would have fucking pierced nipples. How had I never noticed that before?

He tweaked the little barbells through his flesh and my hand on my dick squeezed harder. A whimper escaped me as my palm rubbed up and down. This shouldn't be so damn hot. I should feel so damn dirty watching this, but wasn't that the problem? Society had taught us that porn and sex work were filthy, but damn... Joseph Bishop was fucking beautiful.

When he finally pushed those pants down, my mouth ran dry. There. On my screen. Was a very naked, very aroused Joe. I couldn't watch anymore. My phone landed on the mattress as I shoved my hand into my pants, fingers wrapping around the impossibly hard length of my cock. Dear fucking God, I'd never been this hard. I could cry with the relief of skin-on-skin contact. My fist worked quickly, jacking in uneven strokes as I chased my release. If my heart beat any harder, it was bound to explode.

"Oh, God," I cried as cum rolled down my fingers and soaked the front of my underwear.

Another groan.

Shit.

The video. It was playing.

I picked it up just in time to see Joe reach his own orgasm, his sticky release shooting over his abs.

Oh no.

Oh fucking no.

What the hell was I going to do?

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

“Joe!”

I jumped, slamming down the lid to my laptop. It wasn't like Teresa to open the door to the basement, but I wasn't normally in the habit of leaving it unlocked when I was working. Thoughts of editing the latest video I'd recorded distracted me. The money had been rolling in recently and I had a steady stream of new subscribers. At the rate I was going, I'd be able to move out of my sister's basement in no time. The problem was explaining how I was able to do it.

“What?”

The second her footsteps echoed down the stairs, I was out of my seat, grabbing the camera and tripod, and shoving it into the closet. There wasn't an easy way to explain why it was just hanging out. If she knew what I was doing down here with her six-year-old daughter hanging out upstairs, she'd be pissed.

She paused at the bottom of the steps, eyebrow raised as I leaned against the door to the closet .

“McKenzie wants to go to the park, but I need to get to the store to buy groceries before it gets too late. You wouldn't happen to have time to take her, would you?”

My niece was my favorite person. If people didn't know my family, there were times when she was mistaken for being my kid, but the joke was on them. As much as I loved the munchkin, I had no desire to be a parent.



“I got you. Is the bug ready to go? I just need to put a few things away and then I can take her.”

Teresa looked around the room, as if trying to figure out what I was talking about. “She’s been sitting on the couch with her shoes and jacket on for the last ten minutes, begging me. I’d say she was ready.”

That tracked. The kid loved being outside. Unlike most kids glued to screens, McKenzie thrived amongst the trees. Fortunately, my sister’s house wasn’t too far from a cute little park. It was a hard find in Seattle.

“Cool, tell her that her favorite uncle will be there in a minute.”

Teresa laughed, turning to go back up the stairs. “You’re her only uncle.”

I gave her a salute she couldn’t see. “Noted, still doesn’t mean I’m not her favorite.”

Once my sister was gone, I pulled the tripod and camera back out. It had taken me a while to build up my equipment, and I was still working on getting a rotating set. Damaging what I already had wasn’t in the cards at the moment.

I carefully removed the light from the top of the camera and wound up the cords, putting things in their proper cases before folding the tripod more carefully and putting it away properly. I took one more look around the room to make sure there wasn’t any more incriminating evidence laying out.

I’d already stashed the lube with the obnoxiously large dildo I’d used during the video. My viewers liked it when I used toys. There was an increasing demand for me to collaborate with someone and not only do solo work, but something about that didn’t sit right, which was weird, since I loved sex. It didn’t matter who it was with. I’d had all sorts of partners over the years, but especially with my sister’s rules while

living under her roof, it just wasn't happening.

I grabbed my wallet and phone, stuffing both into my pockets before throwing a hoodie over my head and climbing up the stairs. The weather was still sort of gross this time of year, but it was slowly getting better. An overcast sky hinted at rain, but it seemed likely to hold off long enough for McKenzie to have fun and burn energy.

"McBug," I called. She came running around the corner, a big smile plastered on her face as her brown pigtails bobbed. Teresa hadn't been kidding. The girl was more than ready to go.

"Uncle Joe, can we go to the ice cream shop? I want a chocolate cone with sprinkles and marshmallows..."

I laughed as she rambled on. "Slow down. I think it's still a little too cold for ice cream. Your mom mentioned the park. We can definitely do that."

She squealed, hugging me tightly before scurrying for the front door. Before I even had my shoes on properly, she was halfway down the sidewalk, and I had to jog in order to keep up with her. The kid knew what she wanted.

Because the weather was still not ideal, there were only one or two other kids playing, but McKenzie didn't seem to care. She latched onto anyone and everyone. My sister was on the shy side, so she got her outgoing personality elsewhere.

I hadn't known Teresa's ex very well. It had been a surprise when she told the family that she was pregnant. The asshole hadn't hung around and wasn't helping at all. He was missing out on an amazing human. The kid had so much spark and personality.

The park bench was cool under my ass, and I kept getting distracted, thinking about the video I'd recorded. Was it good enough? Had my angles been okay? It was stupid

to worry about it because I was making money regardless, but there was one person I knew of who could teach me a thing or two about angles.

It was a bad idea. Aiden and I hadn't spent much time together since New Year's Eve, when he'd kissed me, and his brother had punched me in the face. The kiss had been a surprise. It hit midnight, and he'd grabbed my shirt, lips pressing to mine. Without thinking, I'd thrown my arms over his shoulders and kissed him back. I liked the kid. He was fun to hang out with and something about him was different. I was more relaxed around him than my usual friends and I liked how he was so invested in his photography stuff that he didn't question me when I asked him random questions.

It wasn't suspicious. At least I'd hoped it wasn't. They knew me for my sexual antics, so the fact I was hiding this was strange. Sexuality should not be shameful. I'd approached my whole adult life with that mentality. Maybe because this was something special for me. Or the stigma that was attached to selling your body for money. Something about the whole thing screamed to keep it to myself and not draw any attention to it.

My phone was in my hand before I could think better of it. The message stared at me on the screen, and I debated on sending it for a whole two seconds before sending it through.

Me: Want to hang out with me and the bug at the park?

It took several minutes before the dots appeared. They blinked on and off a few times before a surprisingly short response showed up.

Aiden: What park?

I chuckled lightly, rolling my eyes and looking up to check on my niece. She was climbing up the ladder to a slide, cheeks flushed, a giant smile spread across her face.

Me: The one down the street from my sister's house. Bring your camera.

There wasn't a response, but that was typical. Fucking teenagers and not being great at communication and all of that. I still snapped a few pictures of McKenzie zooming down the slide with my phone while waiting for the better equipment to arrive. I'd offered to pay Aiden at one point for some of the better shots he'd taken and gifted to Teresa, but he'd refused. He'd said it was good practice, and he could use some of it for his classes at school.

The kid was at least smart, getting an arts degree of some kind. Not that any of us had any luck with those dumbass degrees we'd worked so fucking hard for. The biggest fucking lie of our lives. Grow up, finish school, get a college degree. That was the recipe for being a successful adult.

Nope. It was a recipe for debt and living in your sister's basement.

McKenzie ran around the playground, playing tag with another little girl now. They giggled as they chased each other and maybe the kid would go to bed at a reasonable time tonight. She was always so full of energy, and it wasn't unheard of for her to stay up until midnight sometimes. I'd often send Teresa to bed so she could focus the next day and keep her daughter entertained until she ultimately passed out .

Not like I had a lot going for me and I did my best work at night. There was less of a chance of getting distracted or having someone interrupting.

It wasn't even fifteen minutes later when someone plopped onto the bench next to me.

"How'd you end up on babysitting duty today?"

I laughed at Aiden's question. "I don't look at it as babysitting. Teresa needed to go

to the store. The least I can do is keep this one out of her hair for a little while.”

He was silent for a moment before he stood, lifting his camera and walking around the play area. Aiden was interesting to watch when he was in his element. His hair was lighter than his brother's, more of a light brown than the deep chocolate Nathan had. Deep brown eyes squinted as he looked for the perfect opportunity before snapping several quick shots.

It didn't take long before McKenzie noticed him. She jumped from the jungle gym and ran to him, wrapping her arms around him. “Aiden. What are you doing here?”

He laughed as he patted her head. “Your uncle asked me to come.”

She beamed up at him before she was off and playing again. Out of all my friends, Aiden was around the most and the only one she knew by name outside of Andrew. She only knew Andrew when he'd crashed with me for a week in the fall after he and Brandon had a fight when they thought they were fooling everyone about not dating. Spoiler alert: we were all more than aware those two had something going on.

It was fucking offensive they thought they could hide it.

After taking a few more pictures, Aiden sat next to me again. He fidgeted with a few buttons on his camera, but said nothing and refused to look at me. It was odd for him. The guy wasn't always the most talkative, but things had been so fucking strained since December. I hated every last second of it and if I had known how much his kissing me would have changed things, I wouldn't have let it happen.

But I'd wanted it.

Aiden Grant was almost five years younger than me, but it hadn't mattered. The second he started spending time with us, we'd clicked. I'd treated him like I treated

all my friends. Except he was different. And his brother had caught on quickly.

Nathan wanted me nowhere near his brother. Which was bullshit. Aiden was nineteen now, and more than capable of making his own choices—an adult.

“Did you want to come back to the house with us? I’m sure Teresa wouldn’t mind—”

“I think I need to get home and edit these.”

What the hell was that? Aiden was up and walking away before I could stop him. Sure, he’d come to spend a little time with us, but that hardly counted. We’d barely even talked.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

I clicked through the images on my screen. McKenzie Bishop was easy to take photos of and I'd had an assignment on movement so these would work beautifully. My stomach still felt jumbled up in knots, twisting tighter and tighter, the more I thought about being anywhere close to Joe.

The second I'd gotten the message from him, guilt had flooded me. I knew what he looked like naked, what he looked like when he was aroused and pleasuring himself. I knew the sounds he made when he came.

My eyes slammed closed as I tried to erase the images dancing through my mind. That wasn't my focus. That I hadn't even been able to look at him when I'd gotten to the park made it all the more clear that watching the video had been a huge mistake. An invasion of privacy. Though, was it private if it was online?

I shook my head, focusing again on adjusting the lighting in the shot of McKenzie chasing another little girl around the playground. Her pigtails trailed behind her, and she had so much life in her eyes. Kids had it so easy. Not a care in the world. She didn't have to worry about life outside of playdates, elementary school, and if she'd eat her chicken nuggets for dinner.

I sent the image to my photo printer. It came off clear on matte paper. The real reason Teresa tolerated me spending so much time around her house and her brother was because I gave her so many pictures like this of her daughter. It was a small perk, I guessed.

The paper was heavy in my hands that shook as I realized in order to hand it to the little girl's mother, I'd have to see Joe. I really needed to get over it. There was no way I could avoid him for the rest of my life because I'd found his porn page. Nope.

"What do you have there?"

I jumped, almost dropping the photograph as I turned to look at my mom. She leaned in the doorway of my bedroom, and I debated one more time just how practical it had been to choose to live at home. Nathan had stayed in a dorm through most of his college experience, but I'd learned a few things from watching him. The first being that dorm living was another expense I didn't need. The second was being away from home increased the temptation to party. While I still had a tendency to, it wasn't at the frequency my brother and his friends had.

"I went to the park today. Met up with Joe."

Mom nodded before sliding into the room. She looked over my shoulder at the picture.

"And who is this? Does he have a kid I wasn't aware of? "

Mom knew all of Nathan's friends better than that. "Not his. McKenzie is his niece."

She sighed, taking the photo from my hands and studying it.

"You have such a gift for this, Aiden. I have no idea where it came from. All the family photos I took of you boys as kids are a mess and your father doesn't have an artistic bone in his body."

I laughed, taking the photo back and placing it inside of a folder for safekeeping. Joe had mentioned going back to the house, and I'd chickened out of it, but maybe now



that I was delivering something to his sister, it wouldn't be so bad. There would be a buffer there to keep me from doing something stupid.

"I don't know. There's just something about seeing the world through a lens. You capture life in such a unique way..." I trailed off, knowing that I sounded like a sap.

Mom grabbed my arm and gave it a squeeze. "Regardless, I'm glad we bought you that first camera and that you're doing something with it."

Something squeezed in my chest. Pride? Maybe. Mom didn't talk like this with Nathan, and that was probably a little screwed up. Then again, out of the two of us, I'd caused her a lot less trouble.

The evening had cooled down significantly, and I pulled my jacket around myself more tightly as I walked down the sidewalk. One perk of living in a place like Seattle was that most places were easy to get to by walking or taking the bus. I'd been in no hurry to learn how to drive. The drivers on the road scared the living shit out of me, anyway. I was content to live the life of a passenger. Regardless, Mom still made me get my license for emergencies.

When the Bishop house came into view, my heart jumped into my throat, suffocating me and slowing my progress. Maybe Joe had gone back out and he wouldn't even be there. I could hand the photo to Teresa and leave, not having to worry about seeing him at all.

But luck was not on my side. No. Joe was sitting on the front stoop, phone in hand as he scrolled absently. He hadn't noticed my approach and part of me wanted to keep walking and continue to be a coward.

Still, luck wanted to poke fun at me. The second I stood in front of the house, Joe looked up and gave me a toothy grin.

“Hey, what the fuck are you doing here?”

A sheepish smile spread across my face as I held up the folder. “I wasn’t kidding when I said I wanted to edit those photos. This is the best one, and I think your sister is going to love it.”

My breath caught as Joe stood and strode toward me. His long legs ate up the pavement. I wasn’t short; my brother and I both come in at just over six feet, but it never ceased to amaze me how quickly Joe moved. He was about the same height as me.

“Well, let’s see it.” He pulled the folder from my fingers and, like an idiot, I just sort of stood there staring at him. The folder opened, and he gasped.

“Fucking shit, dude. How are you so damn good at this? Teresa is going to go nuts.” He snapped the folder closed and pressed it into my chest. I quickly grabbed it before damaging the photo inside or dropping it.

We walked up the steps to the front door, and he led me inside. The blast of warm air was welcome, and we kicked off our shoes as we made our way deeper into the house.

“Hey, Joe. Can you bring me the rags from the laundry... oh, hi, Aiden,” Teresa’s voice cut off, and she gave me a smile as she looked at her brother. He shrugged, opening the fridge and pulling out two bottles of beer. He popped off the caps and handed me one. It wasn’t strange, but Teresa rolled her eyes. “Well, even if you have a friend here, I need the rags from the laundry room. Can you get them for me, please?”

Joe took a swig of his beer before disappearing down the hall and leaving me in the kitchen with his sister. The cold bottle in my hand did nothing to calm my nerves. To

think I thought it would be better to just talk to Teresa. What was stopping me from saying, ‘ I’ve watched your brother jerk off on the internet ?’

The awkward silence stretched on until Joe came back, setting a stack of neatly folded navy-blue rags on the counter. “Aiden met me at the park today. He brought you a present.”

Now I had both of them watching me again. I wanted to squirm, crawl into a hole, and hide, but I still handed her the folder .

The second the smile spread across Teresa’s face, half my anxiety eased.

“Really? I feel so spoiled. Photographers are so damn expensive, and I felt like I was missing out on getting so many nice shots of my baby growing up. Thank you.”

Her eyes watered as her fingers trailed across the image of her daughter’s smiling face.

“I should be thanking you. Half of these I get to use for school projects, so we both win in the end.”

Teresa left the room to find a frame for the photo, leaving me alone with her brother. A swarm of insects took up flight beneath the surface of my skin, but I let him lead me to the door that took us down to the basement. My throat closed off because I knew what happened down there now. The mystery was gone. It wasn’t just the place where Joe went to sleep.

“Joe...”

“I’ve got to show you this light I bought. I thought maybe it would help...”

“Help with what?” The question came out on a squeak, and we halted halfway down the stairs. The sudden lack of movement had me crashing into Joe’s back and almost sending us tumbling to the bottom.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

That was a major slip-up.

I'd been doing this for months and outside of the time that Brandon and Andrew had seen me coming out of the camera store, no one had any idea what I'd been up to. I'd planned to keep it that way. Aiden had been teaching me a few things about camera angles and whatnot under the guise that I wanted to take pictures of my niece myself so I didn't have to bother him all the time. The kid was fucking cool to hang out with, anyway.

I rushed to grab Aiden before we fell down the stairs. My arms around his waist caused a squeak to escape his throat and his eyes widened at how close we suddenly were. His heart beat rapidly against my chest and I could smell whatever he used for deodorant before he quickly shoved me away and continued down the stairs. What the hell had that been all about?

"Fuck, I don't know dude. Maybe I could turn this into like a little photo studio or some shit?" I said to cover up my fumbling .

Aiden turned to face me after seeing the new ring light standing next to my bed. It wasn't suitable for professional photos, but maybe he would buy it, anyway?

"I don't think so. Most photo studios would have a single bulb, maybe one of those umbrellas to help spread the light. This is more for videos and such."

I nodded at his explanation as he continued to look it over. Was my neck fucking

sweating? Shit. I needed to learn how to keep my cool better.

I forced a laugh, which did nothing to hide my discomfort. “Fuck? Really? I guess I shouldn’t buy things without asking first, then?” I scratched my neck as I stood next to Aiden. He looked at the light again and then over at my bed. His face pinkened before he moved across the room to sit in the chair in front of my desk.

“I mean, it doesn’t mean it won’t work. It’s just not traditional. The industry is changing all the time.”

Aiden wouldn’t meet my eyes. Something was up and it was bothering the shit out of me. He had never been uncomfortable around me before. Something had to have happened. Hopefully, Nathan hadn’t finally gotten in the way or in his head too much.

I’d been doing my best to keep things as neutral and normal as possible since that New Year’s kiss, but moments like this made it damn near impossible.

“Would you lighten up, dude?” I laughed, causing Aiden to look up at me. That blush spread further across his face and damn, he was so fucking cute. It’d be a huge fucking lie if I said I hadn’t ever thought of my friend’s little brother in a more-than-platonic way. Aiden was hot. His light brown hair was longer in front and flopped into his eyes. Eyes that were the same chocolate brown as the rest of his family.

Yeah, Aiden Grant had an innocent charm about him that I wanted to corrupt. But he was also a good friend. You don’t fuck around with your friends. There were just some lines that you don’t cross, and that was one of them.

“Sorry,” he laughed, shaking out his arms. “I’m not trying to be awkward. Things have just been... Is it okay to talk about it?”

I studied him for a moment. If we were ever going to get back to the way we were, maybe talking about it would be for the best. “It might help. I’m not even sure why you did it.” I sat on the edge of my bed, giving Aiden as much space as possible.

His fingers pushed his hair back from his face as he took a deep breath. “I—I don’t know. Everyone around us was together. We were so out of place. Looking back, it was really stupid, and I feel bad that Nathan punched you for it.”

I nodded, remembering the bruise that’d been on my face for a week after that fated kiss. Nathan had told me several times to stay the hell away from his brother because of my reputation for sleeping around, but he hadn’t needed to actually hit me. Especially when he didn’t have the entire story about what had been going on that night. Between the weird dynamic change between Shawn and Daniel, to him and Chase, as well as Brandon and Andrew being all lovey-dovey... something was bound to snap at some point.

Aiden had been so pissed about the way everything had gone down. He’d begged me to drive him home the next morning before everyone else had woken up. We’d been there to celebrate his birthday at Shawn’s parents’ cabin, but everything had gone sideways and none of it had ended up being about him. It was all a little fucked in the end, and I ended up taking him for a nice breakfast before dropping him off at home.

“Don’t feel bad about that.” I really didn’t want him to feel responsible.

Nathan had made it clear to stay the fuck away from Aiden. I’d been good about keeping our relationship friendly and I shouldn’t have reciprocated that damn kiss, but we’d been getting so close, and I hadn’t been with anyone, which was fucking weird.

I loved sex.

Sex felt good. There was nothing wrong with something that made you feel that way. It gave me power, and I loved pleasing my partners as well. There was something rewarding about making someone else reach ecstasy. But now wasn't the time to be thinking about that.

"You sure? He wouldn't have done it had I not tried to start anything. I don't—I don't..."

I held up my hand, stopping Aiden before he could say something he would regret. We were friends. That was what we needed to remain.

"Please stop stressing over it. The kiss was good. Nice. We definitely shouldn't repeat it."

Aiden blushed. "No, you're probably right."

And just like that, some of the tension that had been building around us for the last couple of months melted away. Aiden looked around my room again, biting his bottom lip as he took it all in. He wasn't down here very often, like most of my friends weren't. I didn't like inviting people in because it was getting harder and harder to disguise what I was doing in my room.

He stood from the chair and inspected the ring light again before looking at my bed. He looked between the two a few times before his gaze landed on me. There wasn't any judgment there, but it was as if he was asking me something, begging me to tell him what it was really for. I knew Aiden wouldn't judge. Out of everyone, he was super chill. It didn't change the fact that the camming stuff still felt a little taboo. Like people wouldn't understand why I'd throw away so much to expose myself on camera.

Instead of dwelling on things, I stood and steered Aiden back upstairs.



“So, what else is going on?”

He shrugged as we made it to the top step. I looked down the hallway, and the house was quiet. Teresa and McKenzie had probably gone out somewhere, so I led Aiden to the kitchen, pulling some cookies from the cupboard.

“Not a lot. School is sort of boring. I’m struggling a little in some of my prerequisite classes. I don’t understand why I need to take some of them. If I planned to do photography, why the hell do I need to take English?”

I snorted as I set the package of cookies on the table and fetched two glasses from the cupboard and the milk from the fridge.

“Question of the fucking century, isn’t it? I swear that some of it is that they just want more money out of you. Keep that damn paycheck rolling.”

He laughed as he helped himself to the snack I’d pulled out. “I think you’re on to something there. When Nathan graduated and kept trying to talk me out of going, I thought he was full of it. Now it’s all starting to make sense. I’m just glad that spring break is coming up.”

“Spring break?”

“Yeah. Not that I plan to do anything good. Probably just hanging with Mom and Dad.”

I shook my head as a plan started to formulate. Sure, this kid was all sweet and innocent, but fuck if he was going to miss out on a real college experience.

“There’s no way you’re just sitting around home. ”

When Aiden shook his head, a small smile spread across his lips. Those brown eyes twinkled because he knew I was up to mischief when I said shit like that.

“So, what do you propose I do?”

I tapped my chin as I looked at the ceiling and thought about it. Aiden deserved the party. The real spring break experience. The only problem was figuring out where to take him, where he could really enjoy it without his age being too much of a factor.

Would I get asked how the hell I was going to treat him to this trip? Most fucking definitely. I was living in my sister's basement, for fuck's sake. I'd think of a story. Aiden would buy it, but it was getting Mr. and Mrs. Grant on board and having Nathan not try to kill me in the process.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

“There’s no way. You can’t be cool with this.”

“Nathan, would you calm down?”

I watched in horror as my brother continued to argue with Mom. This was supposed to be fun and go figure that Nathan had to ruin it. I wasn’t him. Just because he’d made a lot of stupid mistakes in college, it didn’t mean that I was doomed to repeat them.

“He’s taking him out of the fucking country.”

Mom placed her hands on her hips, glaring at him. “Watch your mouth. I’m more than aware of where they are going. Joseph sat me down and walked me through the entire itinerary. I get that you worry about your brother, but he’s not a child anymore. Your friend has this all figured out and is being responsible.”

Nathan threw up his arms. “Responsible. Joe. Those two words don’t belong together.”

“Would you stop it? You’re supposed to be his friend and you’ve done nothing but talk down about him lately.”

Nathan blanched. His shoulders drooped as he looked between me and Mom before holding his hands up in surrender. “No. You’re right. I’m just worried about you, Aiden. I’ve been there and done that. Don’t do what I did. You’ve got a good head on

your shoulders, and I don't want you to throw it all away for a chance to party it up with one of my friends."

I gave him a tight smile before approaching him and giving him a cautious hug. "I appreciate you. Please know that, but it's time to let me grow up and learn to make mistakes on my own."

Nathan ran a hand down his face before looking off into the corner where his boyfriend Chase had been silently watching the entire ordeal. "Don't you have anything to say about it?"

Chase only shrugged. "Not really. He has a point, Nate. He's got to figure this one out."

That was it. That was all that needed to be said for my brother to throw in the towel. He slunk off to the living room and crossed his arms over his chest as he sank into the couch.

"Are you all right?" Mom asked, looking over at me as I stood there watching him.

"I'm fine. Just... going to go pack some things, I guess."

I didn't wait for her to say anything else and made my way to my room. I had no freaking clue what I needed to pack for Mexico. When Joe had said he was taking me to Cancun, I thought he'd been joking at first. Then he showed me the tickets, and I didn't know what to say .

One week at an all-inclusive resort with white-sand beaches and sunshine. Mom had gotten us all passports at one point. We'd never used them, but now I was thankful I had it on standby. I could go and not have to worry about it. I'd finally have a stamp and be able to say I'd gone somewhere exciting.

A soft knock on my door made me jump. When I turned around, I wasn't all that surprised to see Chase sliding into the room. Ever since I'd confided in him last summer that I felt something for my brother's friend, he'd been checking in on me periodically. And now, with the prospect of leaving the country with Joe? It was a good time to make sure I wasn't just thinking with my dick. Not that I ever did that. Though this was an entirely different situation. Most things were with the dark-haired man who haunted my dreams.

"Mexico?"

I shrugged at his question as I pulled a shirt from my dresser and placed it on my bed. I had packed most of my summer clothes away, so I would have to retrieve them from my closet.

"It was a shock. I mentioned last week that I was grateful spring break was coming up and suddenly I had a vacation planned."

Chase stared at me for a moment, arms crossed over his chest, before he moved to help me pull a box of clothes out into the middle of the room.

"But this has nothing to do with New Year's Eve, right? "

Joe brought up the trip only after we finally talked about that night. It was a little suspicious, but he'd made it clear we were—and would remain—only friends. A large part of that bummed me out. At nineteen, I felt like I was missing out on so much. Most of my friends had tossed that v-card in the trash a long-ass time ago, and here I was, still clutching onto it like some lovesick fool. Even if that wasn't the case. I just wasn't ready.

"We talked about it. It's not that big of a deal, I guess. We both agreed that it shouldn't happen again."

I didn't realize Chase had even moved across the room again until he was grabbing my arm and drawing my attention to him.

"Don't say shit like that. It means something that you're so drawn to him, and you need to talk to him about it."

I shrugged it—and him—off as I opened the box and started sifting through my storage to find what I needed to take on my trip. My shorts were at the bottom of the box, and I pulled out a couple pairs before finding a few tank tops and a couple of t-shirts that were lighter.

"I don't know, Chase. He made it very clear that we needed to remain friends. Maybe if Nathan hadn't punched him, things would have been different."

Chase scoffed. "I'm still pissed he did that. It's not his place. You're a grown-ass adult and no matter what his feelings are about his friend and his past behavior, it doesn't mean he'll act like that with you. "

I nodded as I returned to the closet and pulled out my suitcase. "Again, I'm not going to force something he doesn't want. Maybe it'll fizzle out after a while. In the meantime, Joe is one of the nicest friends I've ever had and I'm not about to fuck that up by telling him I'd rather him be railing me than just hanging out."

That's what did it. The room filled with laughter as Chase helped me load my clothes into my suitcase. "Maybe this trip will change some things. Take a chance, Aiden. You'll have an entire week to get him to open up."

I nodded before Chase pulled me into a tight hug. It was strange how he'd become more of a brother to me in the last few months than my actual brother. When he left, I looked at the bag of packed clothes on my bed. We still had a few days until we were leaving, but suddenly my head started swimming with all sorts of possibilities. Maybe

I could finally approach Joe about what I'd found online. There was a chance he could teach me a few things without the fear of Nathan attacking him.

My thoughts scattered as I shook my head and went back to packing my bag. If anything, I was good at being prepared well ahead of time. I had a bag that I packed my travel toiletries in, and as a last-minute decision, I grabbed the small plug I'd bought after watching a video of Joe playing with one recently and tossed it in. I'd yet to use it, but if things went smoothly the next week, maybe it would finally get broken in .

After zipping my suitcase closed, I took a deep breath and looked around my room. Shit, things would really change, wouldn't they? Or maybe that was my imagination. None of my friends seemed all that different after having sex for the first time. Maybe it was all hyped up in my head as being this big, life-shattering and altering moment. And that was if sex even happened.

Joseph Bishop and sex. The two went hand in hand, but not when it came to me.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

My hands twitched at my sides as I waited for the car to pull up. Like a fucking idiot, I hadn't thought that picking Aiden up would be a better idea than his parents dropping him off at the airport.

As usual, SeaTac bustled with busy travelers coming and going. Cars swarmed the departures lane, which made the dash to unload Aiden and get him inside frantic. I also had Teresa drop me off since parking at the airport was such a pain in the ass. McKenzie had been all upset. Big, fat crocodile tears had rolled down her cheeks and my damn heart wanted to split in half, leaving her behind for a week. Even if I'd never wanted to have kids, my niece was everything to me.

The car horn blaring snapped me from my thoughts. I frowned when Nathan glared at me from behind the steering wheel. He'd made it very clear he was pissed I'd offered to take Aiden on this trip and no one else. It might have looked a little less suspicious if I'd invited all the guys to come with us, but even with as much money as I'd been making, I wasn't making that much .

I reached for the passenger door, helping Mrs. Grant out so she could give her youngest child a hug after he'd pulled his bag from the trunk. She turned to me next and pulled me into a loose embrace as well.

"Don't mess this up, Joseph. I told Nathan that he had nothing to worry about and I'm counting on you not to prove me wrong."

Well, shit. How fucking weird was it that Mrs. Grant had more faith in me than my



own friend?

“No problem, Mrs. G. Aiden is safe with me. There’ll be no worries about your boy being hauled off by drug cartels or any of that business.”

The side eye she gave me said that maybe her faith in me didn’t stretch quite that far.

The car horn blared once again, and the passenger window rolled down. Nathan’s glare could have melted the polar ice caps. “I’m serious, Joe. Just because you guys are going to be alone for a week...”

I held my hands up in surrender. “Yeah, yeah. No touching the goods. Got it.”

Mrs. Grant’s face tinted pink as she looked between all of us and then got back into the car. We were already getting a nasty look from one of the security guards for taking too long with the drop-off goodbye.

Once Nathan’s red Toyota was out of sight, I slung an arm over Aiden’s shoulder and dragged him through the double doors into the busy check-in area of the airport. People were every-fucking-where, shoving huge bags around or chasing small kids that didn’t want to cooperate. All I needed to worry about was my one suitcase, and the dude at my side.

“Now, Aiden, have you ever flown first class before?”

His eyes widened comically. “I—I’ve never even been on a plane.”

Shit, I’d forgotten that, while the Grant family wasn’t hurting, they still didn’t get out much. My parents had taken me and Teresa on a few trips when we were kids, but we’d never traveled in anything other than economy. The big, cushy, and roomy seats of first class had always called to me. Now that I was spoiling Aiden with this trip, it

was the prime opportunity to splurge on the luxury.

“That’s fair. I’ll walk you through everything. First, you need to get your passport out and then we need to go check your bag.”

Aiden nodded, pulling the small blue booklet from his backpack and grasping it tightly in his hand. I frowned at where he’d been keeping it. If I were going to keep my promise to his mother about keeping him safe in a foreign country, even if we were in a tourist trap, he had to know that wasn’t safe.

“From this point forward, find another spot for your passport. Somewhere you can easily reach it so that no one can sneak it out of your things without you noticing,” I explained.

Aiden nodded vigorously as we approached the counter to check in for the flight. A woman stood there in a pressed stewardess uniform. With her dark chestnut hair pinned back in a tight bun, she gave us the warmest smile as we handed her our paperwork. “Hola! Thank you for choosing AeroMéxico. What’s your final destination today?”

I tried and failed miserably to hide the amused grin on my face while Aiden watched in fascination as I spoke to the woman in very broken Spanish. I’d taken the required two years we needed in order to get into college in Washington state, but I hadn’t wasted my time learning any more. If I ran into someone on the street, I tried to be a little less of an asshole and speak to them how they understood me the easiest. It was times like that when I’d been grateful I hadn’t slept through most of those classes.

When I nudged Aiden’s arm and motioned for him to set his bag on the conveyor, he laughed, a bright smile spreading across his face. Once our boarding passes were in hand, I waved goodbye to the woman behind the counter, wrapped my arm around Aiden once more, and led him off to security.

“You speak Spanish?”

I laughed. “Fuck, no. I’m terrible at it. She was just being nice. If there’s anything I’ve learned when going to other countries, if you make any type of effort with their language, they’ll instantly love you.”

“So you’ve done a lot of traveling?”

My steps slowed as I looked over at Aiden. He seemed so shy as he asked the question. “A little. Nothing extreme. I don’t fucking know, man. Mom and Dad wanted us to experience other cultures or some shit like that. When I was in elementary school, we went on a trip to Europe and I made their lives such a living hell the entire time. They learned their lesson. We didn’t do another family trip until I was in high school, when we went on vacation to the Bahamas.”

His laughter did something funny to my gut. Maybe it was because my arm was still around him or the knowledge we were really about to spend the week alone, but I liked this side of Aiden. I enjoyed getting to know him on a more personal level, other than being Nathan’s little brother.

“Got it. Younger Joe was just as much of a pain in the ass as older Joe.”

A high-pitched squeal filled the air as my fingers dug into Aiden’s side as I tickled him. The people who stood in the security line stared at us like we’d lost our minds. And maybe we had. Couldn’t blame us for trying to have a little fun.

I normally wasn’t the touchy-feely guy, but the second we were through security, my arm found its way around Aiden again. It felt natural, but also like it was the best way of keeping him safe. He hadn’t seemed to mind and relaxed into the touch as we walked through the concourse to our gate.

Aiden was like a child on Christmas when we reached the gate. He ran right up to the large panes of glass and pressed his nose to it, oohing and awing at the airplane. “I’ve never seen one this close before. It’s so freaking big.”

I snorted a laugh. “Big, huh?”

Aiden slapped me on the chest before collapsing into one of the seats, waiting to be called for our turn to board. “I should have known you’d make a joke like that.”

“You fell right into that one. Fuck, kid. You’re in for a rough week if you can’t take one immature joke.”

He rolled his eyes. “I can handle them fine. I’m just a little nervous, I think.”

And damn, my arm slid right back around him, pulling him into my side. He nestled in like we were some real couple going on vacation together. “It’s normal to be nervous, Aid...” And like the fucking idiot I was, I kissed the side of his head.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

S ix freaking hours in a tin can flying through the air was not my definition of a good time. At least Joe had done his best to distract me by showing me random videos on his phone, and we had the added benefit of first class. The poor suckers in the back looked like sardines, while I had plenty of room. At one point, the flight attendant had tried to offer me a drink, only to ask for my ID. She gave me a sympathetic smile and said that at least I could drink once we landed.

Stepping off the plane was like stepping into another world. Things had still been cold and rainy back in Seattle. The weather didn't normally improve until later in June, so the blast of slightly humid and warm air was welcome.

“You ready for this?”

I jumped as Joe's hand landed on my shoulder, leading me to customs. Being in another country was such a trip. Would they ask me a million questions about my visit and how long I planned to be there? I had no idea what to expect.

“I'm as ready as I'll ever be.” I swallowed around the nervous lump in my throat as we moved with the crowd through the airport. My passport felt like it was burning a hole in my pocket; I was stoked to get it stamped for the first time.

The line in customs moved quickly and when we approached the counter, I held out my passport. I was a little disappointed when the man took it, stamped it, and handed it back to me. That was it. There was no fanfare or hard questions. Why I thought there was more to it, I'll never know.

Once we gathered our bags, we headed outside, and my whole body vibrated with excitement as Joe led me to a waiting vehicle.

“I hope you don’t mind. The hotel has this shuttle service, but I thought you’d appreciate a more scenic drive?”

I laughed at Joe’s hesitancy. “It’s not a problem. This is fucking awesome.” I was already itching to pull my camera out and take pictures, even if it was just the airport. Everything was so bright and colorful. You could see the ocean from the concourse and the bright blue waves were already calling to me.

Once we were situated in the car, I finally pulled my camera from its case as the driver pulled out into traffic. He started talking in rapid Spanish, but I didn’t mind that I couldn’t really understand him. It was all part of the experience.

My camera shutter clicked repeatedly as we passed resorts, shops, and bright green palm trees. People in all sorts of beach-going attire lined the streets, and I couldn’t wait to join them and explore everything. Spring break was in full swing and most of the people looked to be about my age as it was .

“So, this was a good idea?”

My smile burned my cheeks as I turned to Joe. “This was the best idea.” I turned back to the window, snapping a few more shots, and then turned in my seat to catch a few shots of Joe without him paying attention. He chuckled when he figured out what I was doing and shoved his hand in front of my lens.

“Stop that. You don’t want pictures of me. You want the sights. I didn’t bring you to take pictures of the ugly mug you see all the time.”

Butterflies exploded in my gut because here I was, alone, in a foreign country with

the only person who held my interest. “But what if I don’t think it’s that ugly at all?”

My face heated at the admission and those laser-sharp blue eyes turned to me and stared so intensely. The piercing in Joe’s lip fed in and out of the hole a few times before Joe shook his head and looked back out his window. “Just watch the scenery, kid.”

It was a dismissal, and it stung. This may be my only chance to get somewhere with Joseph Bishop and I wouldn’t let the opportunity pass me by.

“Jesus, Joe. Was this necessary?”

He laughed as I pushed into the room. It opened to a large space with a massive bed in the middle of the room. Palms were in large pots around the room and a sliding panel opened out to our own patio to the water. The waves lapping against the side of the bungalow were so soft, I’d sleep like a damn baby.

“Don’t sweat it. I said I wanted you to get the full experience, and I meant it.”

We stood in the middle of the room, the large palm leaf ceiling fan circulated the air around us and I wanted to address the elephant in the room: the way Joe had afforded all this. It was strange that a guy who wasn’t working a regular job and was living out of his sister’s basement could just drop money on something like this. I was a friend, sure, but this was... a lot.

“Joe?”

He tensed at my question but ignored me. He pulled his suitcase over to the closet and took his things out, hanging a few items before pulling out a pair of swim trunks.

“I’m thinking I want to see how warm the water is. What do you say?”

There was that damn tightening in my throat again, but if I was going to address the cost, I needed to rip the Band-Aid off.

“You mean I’ll get to see those piercings up close and personal?”

The only reason I’d known about them was because of the video. In the couple of years I’d known the guy, he’d never had his shirt off around me .

Those icy blue eyes were back on me. Fire raced down my neck and back. Joe studied me for a full minute before he pulled his shirt over his head and my eyes widened in shock. Was he changing in front of me? It wasn’t weird for two dudes to change in front of each other and Joe obviously didn’t seem to have a problem being close to me, if the one bed was any indication.

And damn, that chest. He stood there holding his shirt at his side as the silence stretched on between us. The only sound I could hear was the thudding of my own damn heart.

“Nathan tell you about them?” he finally asked, hand reaching up and rolling one barbell between his fingers.

Sweet God. I was going to pass out.

“N—no. I um... I know why you could pull this off.”

Joe tilted his head to the side, that dark black hair falling to cover his piercing gaze. “What exactly do you mean?”

I laughed awkwardly. It bubbled out of me, on the verge of sounding unhinged. “Don’t think I’m an idiot. No one just flies somebody first class to a fancy resort like this when they don’t have a job.” My palms began to sweat as I plowed on. I was all



in. There was no taking it back; hopefully, it wouldn't ruin our week together. "I found—I found the videos."

The shirt dropped to the floor, and Joe threaded his fingers through his dark locks. "The videos?"

I let out a growl of frustration, yanking my phone from my pocket and marching over to him. Before I could back down, I had the stupid website up and there was no way to hide that I'd subscribed to his page. Maybe I wanted him to see. I shoved the phone in his face and Joe scrambled to catch it before it dropped to the floor.

He looked between me and the screen a few times before sighing. He clicked off the screen and handed it back to me.

"You haven't—you haven't told anyone, have you?"

Holy. Shit.

Joseph Bishop felt embarrassed about something.

"Not a soul. It's not my business to tell, but Joe, everyone is going to wonder where the money is coming from, eventually. Especially when you want to do shit like this." My arms waved wildly at the room.

That studying gaze was back. "So you saw the videos. Shit, Aiden. That didn't freak you out? I brought you on a trip."

I wanted to pull my hair out because it was like the guy was too dumb to figure it out.

"I don't know if you noticed, but I don't often say no when it involves you. For fuck's sake, I kissed you."

“Are you saying you have a thing for me, kid?”

If you held a piece of paper to my face, it would ignite. “Dammit. You’re going to make me say it.”

There was suddenly a devilish smirk on Joe’s face as he moved closer to me. I backed away a little. “Oh, you have no idea what you’re asking for, sweetheart. This is a terrible idea. We already discussed that.”

I held up my hands in surrender. “We’re here. For a whole week. What happens in Mexico stays in Mexico?”

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

Fuck.

My mind reeled as I continued to process that Aiden had seen the videos. Not only that, but he had obviously subscribed. How often did he watch me? The idea shouldn't be so fucking hot. My dick definitely shouldn't be getting hard thinking about him watching me playing with it.

And his suggestion?

Mother fucking shit. That—that needed to be discouraged. As much as I liked Aiden and it would be a lie to say that I didn't find him attractive, I had promised Nathan that I would remain hands off.

But damn. I'd be stupid to pass up the opportunity. Aiden was exactly my type. He was tall and fit, with that innocent charm just begging to be corrupted. If what he'd hinted at during the New Year's party was true, the kid didn't have a lot of experience, if any. I could be the perfect person for him to learn from.

“What happens in Mexico? Isn't that what happens in Vegas? ”

Aiden sighed, his hands tugging at his light brown hair as he turned away from me. “You know what? You're right. That was stupid. Forget I said anything.”

He went to walk away, but I didn't want him to think I was outright rejecting him, even if I should. My hand wrapped around his wrist, an electric shock pulsing

through me at the contact, and turned him to face me. “Would you hold up for a second? Do you even know what you’re suggesting?”

Chocolate-brown eyes blinked at where our skin connected before they looked up at me. We were the same height, but at that moment, I felt like he was shrinking beneath my stare.

Aiden shook from my grasp, letting out a heavy sigh. “Yeah. I’m suggesting that we see what this is while we’re here.”

“You want to fuck around? With me?”

The way his face turned blotchy red once more, maybe Aiden was a lot more innocent than I thought.

“When you put it that way...”

I swallowed, backing away from him for a moment to gather my thoughts. This hadn’t been my intention when bringing him on this trip. But maybe my intentions hadn’t been exactly pure when my eyes turned to the bed. Why the hell had I booked a single room? Was it that Aiden had said he’d never shared a bed with someone before? Did I want to be the one to give him that? To give him so many of his firsts?

Oh, I was a fucking dead man.

“Gimme a minute.” I took a steadying breath and grabbed my bag. I pulled some slides out of them before disappearing into the bathroom and changing into my swimming trunks. When we’d started this conversation, I hadn’t thought it would be weird to change in front of Aiden, but now it seemed like an awkward concept. Fuck, he’d seen me naked. He’d seen me come. It was pointless to hide from him now, but he was proposing we hook up while we were here.

It was shitty to keep hiding in the bathroom. The poor guy was probably freaking out while waiting for me. My tongue fidgeted with my piercing as I finally made my way back into the room. At least Aiden had taken the time to change as well, but he didn't look comfortable. He sat on the edge of the bed, fingers playing with the edge of his shorts. He looked so unsure when he faced me as I entered the room. His eyes were wide and his mouth pulled into a tight smile.

“Where are we going to swim?” he asked. Disappointment settled from his subject change, but maybe it was for the best. We needed to break the awkwardness that had started with our conversation. I couldn't fuck up our friendship over this shit.

“Sort of the perk of this room. We can hop in from here.” I waved to the open doors.

He nodded as he stood from the bed and walked out onto the small wooden patio. He sat on the edge, dangling his feet into the water .

“I'm—I'm sorry if I made things awkward.”

I laughed. “None of that bullshit. It's fine.” I joined him, sitting next to him on the warm slats. The water was comfortable, way better than the icy shit back home. It didn't matter what time of the year it was, Washington beaches had one temperature. Frigid.

We stared out over the calm waves for a few moments. The longer we sat there, the more awkward it grew, and I hated it. This couldn't last. Instead of continuing to stew over the fucked-up situation, I laced my fingers through Aiden's, causing him to lurch in surprise. He didn't have much of a chance to react as I pushed off the boards and into the water, dragging him along with me.

Aiden broke the water's surface, spluttering and pushing his wet hair from his face. “Jesus fucking Christ. What the hell was that?”

“Stop fucking thinking so much and have some fun.” I laughed, pushing water in his direction, splashing him in the face.

That earned me a growl before I had my own salty tidal wave over my head.

We spent a good few minutes throwing water back and forth before we were both laughing and out of breath. I liked the smile that had returned to Aiden’s face and, fuck... he was god damn gorgeous like this. He was free and unworried and I wanted to keep him that way. At that moment, I knew I was screwed. I’d cave to every last whim he had on this trip.

“What the hell is taking you so long?”

Aiden had been in the bathroom for forty-five minutes. The shower had turned off a while ago, so there wasn’t a logical reason that he was still in there.

“Uhh...”

That wasn’t reassuring in the slightest. “Are you okay? Need help with something?”

“No. God, no. Um. I think—I think I got it.”

Why did he sound different? Almost panicked. I reached for the door handle, giving it a jiggle. He’d locked it, of course. I couldn’t have gotten in there to help him, even if I wanted to.

“Aiden? Swe—” I cut myself off quickly. I’d fucked up by calling him the pet name earlier, but that didn’t mean it was still okay to use it.

He was flushed but dressed and ready as the door swung open.

“Sorry. I was trying to figure something out. It took me a minute, but I got it. I think. Are you ready to go?”

Shit, he was in a hurry. Fidgeting as he shifted awkwardly as he walked toward the door. Almost like he...

“Aiden? What the hell did you do in there?”

He spun, face still splotchy. “Nothing to worry about. Let’s just go. ”

When he started to move again, it took everything in me to not crack up laughing. “Fuck, Aid, stop. We’re not going anywhere while you look like you got a dick up your ass.”

His eyes widened as he turned back to me.

“Uhh...”

“Aiden?”

That blush deepened again as he swallowed thickly.

“Can we, please?” He pleaded with his eyes, but there was no fucking way I was letting him out the door. Not like that.

I moved closer and, on instinct, wrapped my arm around his waist and pulled him close. The move made a small groan slip past his lips and I couldn’t hold back the laughter anymore.

“Holy shit, sweetheart. What the fuck did you do?”

Aiden cringed and pulled out of my grasp, another small groan leaving him.

“It was just a really dumb idea. I saw something online. People really go out in public with these things? How do you not feel it?”

My eyes widened, and I doubled over, hands grabbing at my stomach, as I couldn’t contain my laughter. “Aiden. Please tell me you didn’t put a plug in.”

He said nothing as I continued to laugh. Holy fuck. The kid was ballsy. “Do you even know what the hell you’re doing with that thing? ”

He huffed in irritation. Yeah, it was probably fucked that I was laughing at him, but I’d never seen someone try to do something like this before.

“Obviously not. I couldn’t figure out how to get it in at first and had to sit there and fucking google it. Do you have any idea how damn awkward it was to shove my fingers up my own ass?”

That was it. That was all it took to make me stop laughing as arousal swept through my system. The image of Aiden in the bathroom stuffing himself was enough to make me instantly hard. And damn. He had a plug in him right now. Stretching him. Holding him open.

I coughed, straightening myself and approaching him. “Aiden. You can hurt yourself if you’re not careful.”

He crossed his arms over his chest. “Well, you made it clear helping me out was a bad idea.”

My hands framed his face as my lips slammed down against his. Aiden’s hands clutched at my arms as his mouth opened to allow my tongue to sweep inside. He was



trembling as I explored every nook and cranny, savoring the minty taste of him.

When I pulled back, Aiden's eyes were glassy. We panted as we stared at each other.

“Don't be a fucking fool, sweetheart. I'd rather it be me than for you to get hurt.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

Getting out of the room was a mess. Joe had tried to convince me to go back into the bathroom and take the plug out, but there was a strange sense of pride attached to it now. I wanted it there. Trying to not pop a boner as we were escorted through the restaurant was near impossible while the silicone toy rubbed up against a bundle of nerves that had me seeing sparks.

Sitting didn't seem to help matters, other than it kept things in one place—as long as I didn't move around too much. At least Joe thought this whole thing was super funny. I'd been taken by surprise when he'd kissed me in the room.

After the waiter took our orders and walked away, Joe kicked my foot under the table. The action caused the rounded end of the plug to shift again, and I had to grip the side of the table to keep from embarrassing myself in front of everyone.

“Where the hell did you get the idea for this?” he asked.

“Fuck, I don't know. It seemed like a fun idea. People do stuff like this, don't they?”

Joe cocked an eyebrow and sat back in his chair, crossing his arms over his chest. “I do shit like that, but only on a dare. ”

He studied me as I tried not to shift around too much. Maybe it would have been a good idea to take it out before the meal.

“Okay, yeah. I've heard of some of the crazy things you've done.”

He chuckled. “That’s how I thought you knew about the piercings. That was a dare from your brother. Didn’t think I’d do it. Joke’s on him. Besides, I wanted to do it before he suggested it.”

I laughed, but it morphed into a groan. My eyes slammed closed because if the toy kept moving around, I was bound to make a mess in my pants. Right there. In the middle of the damn restaurant. Maybe it’d bring me some relief if not more humiliation.

“Do they—do they make you more sensitive or anything?” Why the hell was I asking? Questions like that wouldn’t help my current predicament.

That devious grin that spread across Joe’s face showed I was correct.

“Oh, I’ve always been sensitive, but now—now, I could probably come from nipple stimulation alone.”

I had to take another deep breath, closing my eyes to try to not picture him playing with those steel barbells until he orgasmed. My dick pulsed in my shorts and I was so fucked. This was probably one of the stupidest things I’d ever done. And Joe knew it. His mischievous grin only grew, knowing how much I was struggling.

“Maybe—maybe I should make a video of that one? What do you think, sweetheart?”

A shudder raced down my spine. The toy shifted again, and I was done. Holding back my moan was near impossible, but I bit down on my bottom lip to stifle the noise to the best of my ability. Warmth spread through the front of my underwear and my face incinerated.

“Sweetheart?”

“Please, just stop.” I held up my hand. If he kept calling me that, I would be right back to square one in a hurry. He’d never addressed me like that before today and I didn’t have a problem with it, but damn. It did something weird for me.

Plates of food landed on the table and I stared wide-eyed at it. I was going to have to sit through this entire meal with a mess in my pants and a damn butt plug in my ass.

I couldn’t get back to the room fast enough. Joe caught my arm, halting my dash to the bathroom, and pulled me close. Up close, I could smell the spices from his meal still clinging to his breath. It made my knees weak and my dick gave another involuntary twitch. Despite having come, I’d been half-hard for the rest of dinner and the embarrassment hadn’t helped.

“You in a rush?”

My face heated, debating on how I wanted to answer him. “Uh, I mean, I’d like to not be sticky.”

Joe hummed, but didn’t release me. He backed me into the bathroom and when his fingers hooked into the front of my shorts, my brain went haywire. Holy fuck, was he about to undress me ?

“Joe?”

My question was enough to snap him out of whatever spell he’d been under. Joe shook his head, released me, and backed away.

“Sorry. Get cleaned up. I’ll be waiting for you in the room.”

Electricity thrummed through my body. If he had wanted to take my clothes off, I wasn’t entirely sure I would have stopped him. But something had. Maybe he could

tell I was inexperienced. Then again, I'd practically given all that away with that stupid game of Never Have I Ever at New Year's. I might as well have 'ignorant virgin' stamped on my forehead.

It took me a moment to gather myself, catch my breath, and take my shorts and underwear off. The cotton of my briefs stuck to me, and I cringed as I pulled the material down. What a mess. The idea had been hot in my head. I'd seen all those videos online of couples who wore some sort of vibrating toy while out in public together. That's when it hit me. Joe and I weren't any type of couple, so the idea was dead from inception.

But the way he'd watched me all night?

God. Damn.

When I reached behind me and tugged at the plug, stars danced across my vision again. A gasp fell from my lips as I let go of the toy. I looked up and caught my reflection in the mirror. I looked like an idiot just standing there with my shirt on and nothing on the bottom. My cock stood hard, jutting from my body, ready for a little more attention. Attention it hadn't really gotten while my prostate had been pummeled all night.

I bit my lip and looked at the closed bathroom door. It was a little fucked up, but I slammed my eyes closed and wrapped my fist around my length. Joe wouldn't mind if I got myself off one more time, would he?

Fuuuuuck .

The groan that tumbled out of my mouth at the contact surely gave me away, but I couldn't stop. One hand flexed the toy in my ass while the other shuttled up and down my dick. The dual sensations were enough to have my eyes rolling into the

back of my head.

Who the hell was this person?

I jerked off from time to time, but it was never like this. It had all shifted since I'd watched that first video of Joe. Now he was the front-and-center star of every last fantasy.

In my head, I could see him kneeling behind me, grasping the flared base of the plug, and dragging it in and out of my passage. He'd have his own cock out and he'd be stroking in time with me as we both raced toward our orgasms.

Everything felt hot. Humid. Out of control.

My chest tightened as stars and fireworks once again exploded across my vision.

Cum painted the side of the bathroom vanity as I struggled to pull in breaths .

The door handle jiggled, and I panicked. I raced to the shower and turned it on, wincing as the toy shifted again. Over-sensitized didn't even begin to cover how I was feeling, and the damn thing needed to come out in a hurry.

"Are you okay in there?"

An odd reminder of Joe's question from earlier in the evening filtered through my post-orgasm haze.

I could answer him honestly. Would that change the outcome? Would Joseph Bishop join me in the bathroom and blow my mind in all the wicked ways I'd been imagining?

“Fine.” My voice cracked at the response, and I winced as I took the cowardly way out.

No, Joe. I could really use some help taking this thing out of my ass.

I’d never say it. Once the spray from the shower hit me, I was able to tune everything else out. The plug slid easily from my hole, a shudder racing through my body. It left me feeling so damn empty. Like something was missing. I mean, something was missing. Nothing was filling my ass anymore. To think I would have liked that feeling. It wasn’t something I’d ever considered before.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

Waking up to Aiden sprawled next to me on the bed was... different. I liked him there. Seeing him so vulnerable and unaware gave me the opportunity to take him in.

My mind was all fucked after last night. What had possessed him to bring a toy, much less wear it to dinner? He'd mentioned messing around, but fuck, this was taking things to another level. I'd almost given in the second we'd gotten back to the room. Seeing him come while at the table had me all hot and bothered. Then hearing him jerking off in the bathroom?

Shit .

It took everything in me not to knock down the fucking door and give him everything he was begging me for. Playing hot and cold with him was fucked up. Aiden clearly trusted me, though I didn't know why. He hadn't known me all that long. Though I seemed to make more of an effort with him than most.

Maybe that was why he'd latched on the way he had.

As Aiden rolled onto his side, he pulled the blanket lower, revealing his smooth back to me. It tapered down into the waistband of his sleep shorts and my fingers itched to feel how soft his skin was. I didn't have to worry about the temptation for long.

"Morning." His voice was thick with sleep as he rolled to face me.

"How did you know I was awake?"



Aiden grinned as he propped himself up on one arm, leaning in much too close. God, how did he smell so fucking good first thing in the morning? Like ocean breeze and sleep. He was delicious, and I wanted to bury my nose in his neck and inhale him.

One slender shoulder lifted in a shrug. “I could feel you watching me. That’s a little creepy, isn’t it? Watching someone while they sleep?”

I laughed, shoving him back into the mattress. “I wasn’t watching you.”

“Are you sure? It looks that way.”

My laughter grew as I pushed him back against the pillows with more force, swinging my leg across his hips. It was a mistake because it put our groins in much too close of proximity and, fuck, Aiden was sporting morning wood. Of course he would be. I was as well. His dick twitched under my ass as I held his hands above his head and his eyes widened in shock as I leaned over him.

“Trust me, Aid, I wouldn’t just be watching you.”

Aiden held his breath, eyes shifting across my face as if debating what to do. His hands flexed, testing my hold on him. It was a little fucked to toy with him like this. While it wasn’t my intention to mess with him this morning, one more flex of his cock, and my hips rolled on their own accord.

Chocolate-brown eyes slammed closed as Aiden bit his lip to prevent the groan that tried to break free. No. There’d be none of that. If he wanted to play these fucked up games, I wanted to hear every last sound he was willing to give me.

“Sweetheart?”

“Hu—huh?” Aiden gasped, his eyes opening wide as my movements stilled.

“If you want this...” I released his wrists with one of my hands, trailing it up my chest, tugging at one piercing on my chest. “I need to lay out some ground rules for you here.”

“Oh, fuck.” His eyes tried to slam closed again, but a quick thrust of my pelvis had them shooting wide once more.

“First, I like to hear you. Make all those gorgeous sounds. Do you hear me, sweetheart?”

“God. Yes.” A fine sheen of sweat gathered on his brow as he fought against my hold, still pinned above his head.

“Second, as freaky as I like to get sometimes, if I ever think something isn’t right, we stop.”

Aiden nodded his agreement, but I stopped moving again. “Rule number one.”

“I’d, oh Jesus, I’d never ask you to do something you were uncomfortable with. Just, please, please, don’t fucking stop.”

The way he begged had shivers racing down my spine, straight to my balls. God, he was so fucking perfect and responsive. It was a stupid idea to even be entertaining this, but I’d already fucked it all up by kissing him last night.

The second I released his hands, they flew to my hair, pulling me down and sealing my mouth against his. It was enough to make the loop through my bottom lip sting. He nipped and sucked at me as his hips rutted again and again, seeking any type of friction he could get. Who knew that Aiden Grant would be so damn needy in bed?

Whimpers and grunts filled the air as our bodies rolled together in a filthy little dance.

I hadn't humped someone like this since high school and, for as innocent and juvenile as it all seemed, it was also so freaking sexy. There was a lost art to this. It was underappreciated.

"Fuck, sweetheart. Look at you. So damn needy for me. It feels good, right? What do you need? What will get you there?"

Aiden cried out as his back arched off the bed, his cock throbbing against my ass. It was all so damn hot and his head tossed from side to side. I'd never seen someone come apart so quickly and from so little effort.

I pushed down the front of my shorts, my dick springing free. Pre-cum oozed from the tip as I wrapped my hand around it and pumped. Aiden's eyes stayed glued to my cock as I stroked, biting into my bottom lip because I was so fucking close thanks to watching him come again. Watching the brother of one of my closest friends come for me should have been wrong, it should have had me running for the damn hills, but fuck, the way Aiden's eyes devoured me as I brought pleasure to myself kept me going.

"You like this?"

Aiden nodded as my thumb gathered the liquid seeping from my tip. I trailed it down my length, using it as lube, and continued lazily jacking myself. "Words, sweetheart."

"God. Yes. Fuck yes. I want to touch."

A shudder wracked my body at the request.

"Nothing is stopping you. Feel me, babe."

A shaking hand lifted, wrapping around mine. It was warm but moist with sweat as

Aiden licked his lips. His brown orbs bounced between where his hand met my skin and my face, as if looking for reassurance that he was doing things correctly. And damn, his hand on me was perfection. A dirty fantasy come to life.

I tossed my head back as I let him take over. His grip was clumsy at best, but knowing who was jerking my cock was enough to keep me on the precipice. It didn't matter that I could tell how inexperienced he was. This was divine.

"Joe..." He sounded so unsure, small even, as his hand slowed its pace.

"Don't stop, sweetheart. You're doing so fucking good. Grip a little tighter, move faster."

It was all the encouragement he needed. His fist became a vise as he sped up his pace. Keeping my eyes open was impossible, and my hips rocked in tandem with his movements. I was fucking Aiden's hand as expletives continued to fall from my lips.

All too quickly, my balls pulled up tight, my eyes snapped open and landed on swirling brown depths as my cock erupted, painting white across Aiden's smooth, tanned chest. Fuck, was it a beautiful sight. I wanted it to live in my memories forever because this should have stayed a fantasy. It shouldn't be real, but the blushing beauty beneath me was all too real.

"I'm being careful, I promise."

My back straightened at the words. Who the fuck was Aiden talking to and what did he mean about being safe? Was Nathan giving him a hard time again? My heart beat just a bit faster at the idea that he could be telling his brother about what we'd been up to this morning. Then again, it had been Aiden's idea that we'd keep what happened here... here.

Aiden sighed loudly as he paced the path in front of the bungalow. “Yes, I’ve only been buying bottled water from the vending machine. I’m not stupid, Mom. ”

I instantly relaxed. Of course, his mom would call to check on him. It was a well-known fact that you didn’t drink tap water in Mexico. Not if you didn’t want to get sick, anyway.

He walked a little further away, so I didn’t catch any more of his conversation, but when he pulled the phone away from his ear and shoved the device back in his pocket, I turned to act like I hadn’t been trying to listen in. I stuffed my hands into my pockets and leaned in to look more closely at a blooming dahlia. Its fluffy petals were a bright pink, and I’d never seen one quite this size before. Not that I knew much about flowers.

“Hey, Joe?” Aiden sounded unsure again, like he was approaching me with caution. I didn’t want him to be unsure around me at all. He needed to be more confident if we were going to keep things up.

I stood and made my way over to him, wrapping an arm around his waist. He gasped as I circled around his back and rested my chin on his shoulder. “What is it, sweetheart?”

He chuckled at the pet name before relaxing into me. “What’s the plan for the day? Mom was trying to figure out if she could help in any way.”

I kissed his cheek, the skin warming beneath my lips, before I released him. “It’s an all-inclusive resort. There’s not really anything she can help with.”

Aiden laughed, scratching at the back of his neck. “No. I know that. I tried to explain that. She doesn’t seem to understand? ”

I rolled my eyes before grabbing his hand and threading my fingers with his.

“Don’t sweat it, Aiden. It’s sweet that she wants to help, but I’ve got you.”

He bit his lip, eyes pinging to our joined hands. He looked up at me and nodded.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

The shutter on my camera fluttered and clicked as the bird took off from the tree. The different species that were everywhere were fascinating, and I didn't want to miss the opportunity to snap a few great shots of them. I'd seen everything from a toucan hanging around to a chachalaca. The chachalaca had to be chased off by the resort staff after a few guests complained about the noise, but it didn't bother me. What was the fun of exploring new and exotic places if you didn't want to experience the wildlife that came along with it?

"Did you get it?"

I jumped at the question before turning to face Joe. My face heated, thinking back to how I'd woken up this morning. God, that had been hot as hell. I hadn't expected it at all and now I had no fucking clue how to act around him. It was so dumb because he wasn't acting like anything was different outside of holding my hand. That was all new. Every time our skin touched, little electric bolts shot through my system, making me want to drag him off to a private corner and keep exploring his body.

"Yeah, I got a few shots before it took off. "

Joe's grin lit me up. Warmth spread through my limbs as he wrapped an arm over my shoulders and pulled me to his side. He'd always been more tactile, but the touchiness all meant so much more now.

"That's good. I can't wait to see them. Now, what were you thinking for tonight? Maybe after dinner, there's supposed to be a DJ set up down by the beach. We can go

party?” He wagged his brows suggestively as he spoke. I liked how he wanted to get out and do things with me. That was the whole point of being here, but I was more concerned about being locked behind a closed door. And that was dangerous.

“Drinks and dancing?” I asked, shrugging out of his hold, and walking backward to talk to him while we walked.

“Fuck, yeah.” That smile did something stupid to my stomach. Little butterflies went tumbling about.

I really could stare at Joe all day. The way the sun shone on his jet-black hair caused shadows to dance in those electric-blue eyes. He was mesmerizing. I didn’t just like him for his looks.

“Can we do some seafood for dinner? We did the whole taco... what you expect Mexican food thing yesterday...”

When I trailed off, Joe laughed. “Yeah, sweetheart. We can have whatever you want. This is your rodeo, remember?”

Was it?

When we got back to the room to change for the evening, I suddenly found myself nervous. Part of me wanted to tempt things again, see if I could make it out in public with that damn plug again, but the night before had been pure torture. Would Joe laugh at me if I brought it up?

I cleared my throat and spun around to find Joe holding the toy in his hand. Heat spread down my face, neck, and shoulders as he studied it.

“I know you weren’t thinking about trying to find this little bundle of fun again, were



you?”

“Uh, maybe?”

Joe shook his head, tossing the plug into the air and then catching it. The way he moved toward me could only be described as a prowling. My throat was dry, and I swallowed in an attempt to wet it. No such luck. Did the AC suddenly die?

“Oh, sweetheart. That’s fucking precious. But I think we had a little too much fun with that last night, don’t you think?”

I couldn’t form words. They continued to elude me as the toy twirled between Joe’s long fingers. God, those fingers. I slammed my eyes closed and took a deep, shuddering breath. It was ridiculous how quickly he could fuck me up.

My tongue swiped across my lips as I opened my eyes, only to be surprised at how close Joe had gotten in those few seconds they’d been closed. If he wanted to get out of the room at all, he needed to back the fuck up or I was bound to jump him. There’d be no dinner, no drinks, and absolutely no dancing.

“Too much—too much... fun? ”

He laughed as my brows slammed down in confusion.

“Relax, Aiden. We’ll leave this in the room tonight.” He backed away, setting the plug on top of his suitcase. “But maybe I can show you how to use it properly another time?”

God fucking, dammit. Now I was half hard and needed to focus on getting ready. Joe seemed unfazed as he moved about the room, grabbing a fresh shirt. He stripped off the tank he’d worn during the day, and, like a creeper, I just stood there and watched

him. He had to know. There was no way in hell I was going to look away. Don't mind me, just standing here with a tent in my shorts while you change.

"Aiden?"

I shook my head, trying to clear my thoughts. It was useless when a literal sex god was sharing a room with me.

"Let me just grab my shit and I'll take a quick shower."

My fingers fumbled as I grabbed my toiletry bag from my suitcase. God, the way I was shaking was so damn embarrassing. At this rate, Joe had to know I was a clueless virgin, and I'd been talking a big game. Then again, I hadn't exactly been subtle back at New Year's with that stupid game of Never Have I Ever .

Would Joe lose his shit if he knew he was my first kiss?

When the door clicked closed behind me, I did my best to take a calming breath. My clothes fell to the floor in a useless pile, and I made my way over to the shower to adjust the taps. Taking a shower was a stupid idea because my dick wanted attention. I stared at it in disbelief. Never in my life had it ever been this aroused, this often. Joe had some sort of magic juju or something that got me all sorts of twisted up.

Go figure he was the one person my brother didn't want me to mess with.

But what Nathan didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

The water was warm as it sluiced down my body. Ignoring my cock was near impossible, but giving in and jerking off seemed almost juvenile. I could have some goddamn self-control. It was getting ridiculous how I'd given in to every last sexual urge since stepping off of that airplane.

I hurried to wash my hair and body, ignoring the throbbing need between my legs. It took effort. Effort I didn't want to give. I managed it, but only barely.

Rubbing myself down to dry with a towel was a new level of torture. My nipples were suddenly over-sensitized. It was either give myself some relief, or I was going to be in hell all night.

How long had I been in the bathroom? Would Joe know what I was doing? Would I care?

My eyes slammed closed as my fingers closed around my length. A guttural groan worked its way out of me, and I did my best to silence it by biting my lips closed. Too fucking late.

Why the fuck did this feel so damn good?

My eyes remained closed as my hand shuttled up and down my dick. Sparks danced across my vision as pleasure sparked and sang through my veins. This was becoming so stupid. I'd never jerked off so many times in my entire life. It was like a magic switch had flipped the second I'd discovered that video of Joe's.

And then the door handle jiggled.

"Aiden? You okay in there?"

Oh. Oh, fuck.

I took a deep breath and did my best to slow down my strokes, but it was no use. I was chasing a release that was on the brink. It was right there, mine for the taking, and having the object of my desire on the other side of the door wasn't about to stop me.

“Fine...” It came out on a squeak as my hand picked up the pace once more. My eyes rolled back because, shit, it shouldn’t be this damn hot just talking to him through the door while I jerked off. The idea swirled in my brain. He could hear me. There would be no way to hide what I was doing.

The handle jiggled again, causing my toes to curl. Was he trying to get to me? Did I want him in here? Fuck. I really did. I’d let him wrap his hands around me, feel his warm skin against me as he jerked me and brought me to orgasm. And the thought was almost too tempting. I almost stopped to stumble to the door and let him in.

I wanted Joe’s hands.

I wanted Joseph Bishop .

“Fuck,” I whined as the telltale tingle raced up my spine. Hot, sticky cum shot from my tip, coating my fingers as I shuddered through my release.

“Open the goddamn fucking door, Aiden,” he demanded, a hard thud against the wood leading me to believe he was shoving his shoulder into it.

After taking a few breaths to collect myself, I picked back up my towel and secured it around my waist. It was stupid to answer the door. I knew that. It didn’t stop me from doing it.

Joe stood like a wild beast, hands poised against the frame as if he was ready to pounce.

“Took you long enough, sweetheart.”

My breath caught as he lunged forward, hand grasping my chin and pushing me back into the vanity. His lips landed on mine in a demanding kiss that was all teeth and

tongue. So much emotion slammed into me all at once. This was my brother's friend. My friend. The one person who made me feel like I mattered when so many people didn't. This was all wild and reckless, and I was on board for every second of the ride.

When we broke apart, all I could do at that moment was focus on that piercing blue stare.

"What was that about?" I finally panted out.

"Never..." he started, his eyebrows slamming down in concentration. "Never think that you need to do that without me going forward. I'm here for you. If you need me, I've got you. Is that understood?"

My throat was too dry to answer, and all I could do was nod.

Joe

Loud music thumped through the speakers as we entered the club. The scene was something I was used to thanks to college. I thrived in this atmosphere. Being surrounded by people was my catnip.

Aiden? He looked so unsure, not that it helped that I'd thrown him one big curveball before we left to come here for the evening. Fuck. Hearing him on the other side of the door? All I'd wanted to do was rip it from its hinges and get at him. I'd never been this desperate for another person before, and maybe that was my sign I needed to slow the fuck down. But Aiden didn't seem to want it slow. He'd plowed headfirst since we'd landed, and I was more than happy to accommodate.

I turned to face him; Aiden was hot as sin tonight. I'd vetoed what he'd originally grabbed to wear. He instead sported a pair of tight as fuck skinny jeans that showed the tone of his legs perfectly. They did a mighty fine job showcasing his ass as well. The tank he wore was also skin-tight, and one of mine. Everything he'd brought was too 'good boy' and I needed to naughty him up a bit.

"You want to grab a drink?" I asked, placing my hand on the small of his back. His face flushed at the contact, but he nodded as I led him to the bar. It was nice to take him places and not have to worry about his age like we did back home.

A bartender leaned across the counter, eyes shifting between the two of us and how close we were before he grinned. "Hola, gentlemen. What can I get for you this evening?"

He was cute, and if I hadn't been here with Aiden, I might have tried to flirt, but as it was, I only had eyes for the person I was with. "Can we get two shots of Patron, please?" I asked, holding up two fingers.

The bartender nodded, pulling out two glasses and setting them on the bar top. Aiden sat in one chair, a bright smile lighting up his face that he was getting to experience this and not have to worry about not being twenty-one.

The clear liquid was flush with the top of the glasses and Aiden carefully lifted it before turning to me. We clinked them together, a tiny amount splashing over our fingers before we tossed them back.

Aiden grimaced as the alcohol burned. We'd given him plenty in the past, but he wasn't quite the heavy drinker the rest of our group of friends were. We slammed the glasses onto the counter and he looked around the room, cheeks a little more rosy than when we came in .

"So what do you want to do?" he asked, gesturing to the crowd of writhing bodies.

Having Aiden pressed up against me, grinding, giving friction, sounded more than a little appealing. After his little adventure in the bathroom earlier, maybe that would torture him. Not that it wouldn't be torture for me as well. It took everything in me not to bust down that door and have my way with him. But he had to be ready. He had to approach me and ask for what he wanted.

If this all blew up, I couldn't have Nathan accusing me of pressuring his brother into anything.

"That all depends on you, sweetheart."

The pink of his cheeks deepened. I noticed it every time I used the name. It wasn't

like me to call anyone by a nickname like that. Something about Aiden brought it out of me. He'd always been different. Special.

He turned back to the bar, drumming his fingers against the wood. "Can we have a few more drinks? I'd like to try a few different things now that I have the chance."

I grinned and nodded.

"Fuck, yeah. We can do that."

I ordered us each a tequila sunrise and Aiden watched as the bartender poured the fresh orange juice over the tequila before finishing it with a splash of grenadine. The glasses were garnished with slices of orange and a colorful straw before being slid back across the bar to us. I held up my drink and once again we toasted each other before taking a sip.

"Oh, God. That's good," Aiden hummed as he sucked down another gulp of his beverage.

It was nice to see him so carefree and out in the open. No longer confined to the privacy of someone's apartment. I sipped at my drink while Aiden quickly continued to nurse his straw. He'd be feeling it sooner rather than later if he didn't slow the fuck down, but I wasn't about to stop him from having a good time. This trip was about him. About Aiden finding himself and learning how to really have fun without someone constantly looking over his shoulder.

I was only halfway done with my drink when Aiden slammed his empty glass on the counter. "What's next?"

That blush from earlier was spreading, probably thanks to the addition of alcohol. Fuck, I was already toying with fire. Might as well see everything burn.



I motioned to the bartender. He leaned in close as I ordered a drink for Aiden. The bartender gave a conspiratorial nod and smile before turning to make the drink.

Aiden watched with interest and then sat up when he saw a shot glass of brown liquid topped with whipped cream placed before him. “What the hell is this?”

I laughed as he studied the drink.

“It’s called a blowjob. ”

His eyes widened as they turned in my direction. “A what now?”

“A blowjob. It’s usually Kahlua and Baileys, topped with whipped cream.” Aiden nodded, reaching for the glass before I stopped him. “That’s the other part. You’re supposed to drink it without using your hands.”

Those wide chocolate eyes were back on me as that blush spread even further. Did it go all the way down his chest? I wanted to strip him bare and see it. Fuck, this was backfiring.

Aiden placed his hands behind his back, a strange look of determination settling over his features as he leaned over the shot glass. His mouth opened wide and as he lowered closer to the drink, my dick gave a kick in my pants. Fuck, I’d give anything to see him go at me like that, but instead, I was watching him have a drink. Maybe that was something to discuss with him later. Maybe he’d be into it?

When his lips wrapped around the glass, they flexed for a moment, like he was struggling to figure out how to drink it. Then they sealed around the rim and he tossed his head back. The liquid rushed into his mouth, and I stared, transfixed, as his throat worked to swallow it all down.

Jesus. Fucking. Christ.

If my dick wasn't hard before, it was now. I had to adjust it, shoving it to the side so that it was more comfortable in my jeans. I wasn't trying to hide it, but it was hot as hell the way Aiden watched me do it once the glass was back on the counter. He surely had to be feeling the buzz by now, and the way he stumbled when he stood from his stool was more than confirmation.

I grabbed his arm, and he gave me a goofy smile. "That's how you do it, right? No hands?"

Fuck, he had more than done it right. But I needed to get him away from the bar, or this evening was going to be over before it even began. Instead of ordering another drink or even finishing my own, I gave in to temptation and led him out to the dance floor.

I didn't recognize the song that was playing; it was probably some local hit, but the beat was heavy and people swayed to it. My arm wrapped around Aiden's waist as we fell into the rhythm. His eyes were closed as he leaned against me. For someone who'd been against coming to the dance floor earlier, he sure wasn't resisting me now. Then again, liquid courage and all that.

The feel of his body against mine did nothing to calm the arousal that was racing through my body after watching him take that shot. He had to feel my cock pressing against him. If he did, he didn't care. Then again, after our early morning hump fest in the bed, he probably really didn't care. He'd made his intentions more than clear.

Fuck. Could I really do this? I liked Aiden, and I didn't want to fuck things up. He broke down my reservations with each swivel of his hips against me. The way he ground on me had me craving him. I wanted to rip his clothes off right here on the dance floor, forget all the other people around .

“Joe?”

His voice took me off guard. “What is it, sweetheart?”

He chuckled, spinning in my grasp. I pressed his ass against my groin, and damn, if that wasn't a new kind of torture. Funny how I thought this would be hard for him, and it was worse for me. My hands settled on his hips as he continued grinding, and my eyes slammed closed as the song changed to something slower. A little more sensual. His arms wound back and around my neck and fuuuuuuuuck . This was perfect. I wanted to melt into him.

I gave in to the temptation. My lips landed on Aiden's neck, feeling the rumble of his groan as I sucked at the skin there. He was salty with a mixture of sweetness that was so unique to him. God, I could sit here and feast on him forever. My hands wandered his body, sliding up his chest. Fuck, he felt good. He fit perfectly in my hands. It was wrong and perfect and my dick throbbed against him to the beat of the music as we continued to dance. If you could even call it that.

We probably looked more like two freaks grinding against each other without a care in the world. I wanted our clothes gone. This was so damn messy. What was supposed to be a fun night had shifted, and it had all started with his shower.

Why was I so tempted by him? Aiden was my vice. He was the exact thing I shouldn't have and yet I craved again and again despite never having him. Maybe it was the idea that he was off limits ?

Would that all change the second I had him? Fuck, I hoped not. He was perfect, and I didn't want to ruin the trust that he'd built with me.

“Joe?”

God, there it was again. More of a whine this time, but it still flowed through the air like honey.

“You want to get out of here?”

“Please?”

Oh. Fuck.

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

The room was dark when we made it back, and my heart slammed against my ribcage. Was this smart? Probably not. But fuck, I wanted to get away from prying eyes. I wanted Joe to myself. The feel of him against me was too much. All too much.

When the door closed behind us, my mind scattered as fingers threaded through my hair and warm lips landed against mine. Shit, this was so damn hot. Why was everything Joe did so fucking hot? I burned for him.

The way his fingers felt against my stomach as they slipped beneath the hem of my shirt had sparks erupting across my flesh and I needed more. Craved more. God. He was everything I ever dreamed of. If this was what sex was like with someone, I could see why people craved it. For the first time in my life, I understood, and it was almost enough to slow me down to enjoy it.

But what if this was the first and only time?

I wanted to actually experience it, not give Joe time to back out of things. I pushed my hands through his hair as we continued to suck and bite at each other's mouths, swallowing groan after groan as we made our way across the room. A stupid idea niggled at the back of my mind, and I knew that Joe probably wouldn't be on board, but it was his job, after all.

"Camera?" I panted, breaking apart from him for only a second. The alcohol swirling through my veins making me that much braver.

He kissed me roughly, the metal of his lip ring biting into my mouth, before pulling away to look at me in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Get the camera. You’ll want to record this.”

He growled, pushing me back onto the bed before he staggered over to his luggage and pulled a folded tripod out. With shaking hands, he opened it up and then found his camera. That fluttery feeling was back. I was really telling Joe to film my first time. I wanted his subscribers to see it and for him to make money on it. If that wasn’t fucked up, I didn’t know what was.

Once the camera was in position, he stood there for a moment, his chest heaving as he watched me sprawled across the bed. I needed to get him to join me. To keep me from second-guessing this. I needed him.

My fingers trembled as they unhooked my jeans before lowering the fly. I shoved the material off my hips and it was almost impossible to leave my underwear in place with how fucking tight they were, but I somehow managed it. Not that it did much with the way my dick punched against the fabric. It was borderline obscene .

“Fuck. Aid...” He cut himself off, realizing that he was recording. Joe wordlessly made his way back to the bed and when one knee pressed into the mattress, my heart felt like it was about to explode from my chest. This was really fucking happening.

The second he landed on top of me, all my nerves seemed to vanish. This was Joe. My friend. My brother’s friend. The person I trusted. He’d take care of me. I knew that and, God, it just made all of it that much better. My arms wrapped around him as he blanketed me.

For a few moments, we didn’t do more than lie there and make out, but it quickly became more heated and his hands started exploring.

Little shocks of lightning sparked across my skin wherever Joe touched. It was so stupid that we'd barely done anything, and already I felt on the verge of coming undone.

When Joe shifted his leg up, his foot catching in the waist of my pants that were trapped around my knees and starting to push down, I pressed against his chest.

"Wait," I said, hating that I was making him stop anything. The feeling was obviously mutual when a look of frustration flashed in his eyes. "The camera. We want people to see this, right?"

God. Why did I even care? Other than the idea was that he was supposed to be able to use this content. The lighting was shitty, but it was a spur-of-the-moment decision .

"Fuck," he mumbled under his breath as he shifted us to the side a little more, pushing my pants the rest of the way down. That he hadn't needed to use his hands to undress me was hot as hell. I wanted to feel so much more of his skin against mine, and he was still fully clothed.

Joe slid down my body and my breath caught when I felt warm air puff against my lower belly. His tongue swiped across the strip of skin between my underwear and tank top. My balls tightened when I realized what was happening. The man was about to come face to face with my dick and if I didn't warn him, he'd get a facial in the process. The mental image did nothing to tamp down the arousal surging through me.

The second his fingers hooked into my underwear, I needed to take a breath. This was embarrassing. He'd know. There was no way he wouldn't. No one else had ever touched me, and it all felt too damn amazing.

I didn't have to say a word. My entire body locked up and my teeth clamped down on my lower lip when Joe looked up at me with wide, concerned eyes. Those crystal

blue orbs were so dark, pupils blown wide with lust, but he hadn't totally lost himself, so he knew something was off.

“Aiden?”

The sudden use of my name snapped me back to reality.

“Y—yeah?” I managed to squeak .

His hands were off me, and I whined at the loss. No. Fuck no. I needed him back. What the hell was happening?

Joe was off the bed, next to the camera, fidgeting with the buttons.

“What are you doing?” God, why did I sound so small?

“Turning this off. Fuck. God damn. Aiden? Is there something you're neglecting to tell me?”

That was it. That was the moment that I needed to come clean. At nineteen, I was the weirdo virgin who hadn't craved sex until meeting him. Not until he'd treated me like I mattered.

“Am I not telling you something?” Maybe if I played stupid, he'd forget the whole thing, climb back on the bed, and finish what he'd started. At least I didn't need to worry about accidentally blowing my load all over his face anymore.

Joe stopped messing with the camera and looked back at me. He was still hard. I could see the outline of his dick through his jeans. “How many times have you done something like this?”



Okay. He wouldn't drop it. That was fine. I sat up, curling my knees to my chest. "You remember New Year's Eve?"

Joe's eyebrows raised. "A black eye makes it hard to forget that night."

I winced at the memory. "Well, the game... You remember how many things... Never Have I Ever is a terrible game."

It was like the lightbulb went off. "You've—you've never? Jesus, Aiden. And you wanted me to record that? "

Him being mad at me about it wasn't what I had been expecting. Shame slammed into me, making me curl into myself more. This was supposed to be fun and spontaneous. A chance to explore and I'd just fucked over the opportunity by not disclosing just how inexperienced I was.

"I wasn't sure you..." My eyes slammed closed as I tried to swallow around the words. "I wasn't sure you wanted to be with someone like me."

The bed dipped next to me and I tensed when warm fingers connected with the side of my face. "Sweetheart?"

My heart fluttered at the name, and I looked up, meeting the understanding gaze looking over my face.

"I don't think less of you. You have to know that. If you had told me, I would have been a little more tender, made things a little more special for you."

Well, damn. Warmth spread down my face. That wasn't a rejection. Instead of questioning it, my arms slid around his shoulders until I could rest my forehead against his. "Jesus, Joe. I don't need candlelight dinners and flowers to make it

special. I just want it to be you.”

He chuckled before he pressed a quick peck to my lips. And that was all it took. My mouth chased his as he went to pull away, arms tightening around his neck to keep him near. We sank back into the mattress as we continued to kiss, hands once again exploring.

Joe

That little alarm in the back of my head telling me to pump the brakes and stop was blaring louder and louder. As much as I liked Aiden and as much fun as this was, I'd promised Nathan I'd be hands off. I'd already blown that promise out the window, but knowing I was about to be Aiden's first? Fuck. At least I'd stopped the camera.

He deserved better than this. Deserved better than me, but the words kept circling. I just want it to be you.

I don't know what I'd done to deserve it, but for some reason, Aiden trusted me. No one fucking trusted me with shit like this. I was good for a quick fuck and a fun time. Everyone knew I ran from commitment, but the idea Aiden wasn't afraid of the fallout? God damn.

Aiden whined when I sat back, lifting my shirt over my head before pulling at the bottom hem of his. Fuck. I'd been about to give the guy his first blow job, and we hadn't even seen each other naked. That seemed like a damn shame. It was something easily fixed .

"Can I?" he asked, trembling hands sliding up my stomach and chest.

"You want to touch these, sweetheart?" I covered his hands with my own, sliding them over my pecs until his palms covered the barbells through my nipples. Bolts of pleasure rippled from the contact. I'd always loved it when anyone played with my nipples, and it'd only gotten better once I'd had them pierced.

His brow pinched in concentration when I released his hands, and his fingers slid across the metal. He rolled them between his fingertips, forcing a moan to tumble from my lips. He tweaked the flesh, and my cock jolted. My jeans were like a painful prison at this point and needed to come off.

It was torturous making him let me go so I could take them off, but the hot burn of his gaze trailed my frame as I stripped bare for him. He'd seen me naked. He'd seen me provide pleasure to myself before. Involving him in the game was new thing entirely.

I stood motionless as Aiden shoved his briefs down his legs, keeping eye contact the entire time. Fuck. Where had all this bravery come from with him? Not that I was complaining. His confidence was a huge turn-on.

“Joe?” His voice shook, and I broke eye contact as his hand wrapped around his cock. My mouth watered at the sight. Goddamn, he was gorgeous. He wasn't too large and his hand covered almost the full length, but the pink shiny head oozed pre-cum as his hand slowly slid along the length .

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“I need you to touch me now.”

Fuck .

Okay.

But I needed supplies, or this was likely to get out of hand and we wouldn't be able to stop. Aiden whimpered when I turned and headed back to my suitcase, thankful that I always had lube on me. I pulled the bottle out and reached for the strip of condoms. When I got back to the bed, I set everything down next to the stunning creature who was ready for me to rock his entire fucking world.

I crawled back to him, my heart pounding a mile a minute the closer I got. I was a beast on the prowl, ready to devour my prey. Maybe it was weird to think of Aiden that way, but fuck, he looked like a meal. I was starving for him.

The second my hand made contact with Aiden's overheated skin, all bets were off. We tumbled into each other like we were famished, starved for a century, and being given our first taste of food.

Hot, sticky, and sweaty skin slid together as we explored. There was nothing on Aiden that I wanted to leave untouched. I wanted him to feel desired, to feel treasured. And fuck, the way he mewled and cried out at each little touch. He was so damn responsive, and I was dying to get inside of him, if he was truly okay with that.

My mouth trailed kisses down his sternum, shifting to let my lip ring drag along one of his peaked nipples. He hissed and arched his back into the sensation. If he liked the feel of it there, how would he feel about my lips wrapped around his cock?

I slid lower until I dipped my tongue into his navel. Another toss of his head, and another curse before I continued lower, nuzzling my nose into his happy trail before taking a deep breath of him as I settled into the trimmed hair at the base of his dick.

His cock twitched against my chin as I continued to nose into him. Aiden was a whining, writhing mess, and a gorgeous one at that.

I grasped the root of his cock, and his hips surged off the bed. The second my lips wrapped around his tip, he shouted. My eyes closed as warm, salty spurts exploded against my tongue.

"Oh, shit. Fuck. No. Sorry. Oh, my god. I'm..."

I pulled off and looked up at Aiden, wiping at my mouth. "Hey now, it's all good." I

slid up his body, pulling his hands away from his face. Aiden's eyes were wide in terror at having come so quickly, but it was to be expected. It would be fucked up to think less of him because of it.

"I didn't mean to."

I laughed, pulling his hand down to wrap around my cock. "Oh, sweetheart. There's nothing to be ashamed of. That was sexy as hell. You feel what you're doing to me? I'm dying for you right now."

His jaw dropped open in a wide 'O' but then snapped closed as his grip around me tightened. A hiss passed my lips as he stroked a few times. God, it felt fucking good to have him touching me like this.

Our mouths slammed together and my tongue slid along his, letting him taste himself on me. He moaned when he realized what I was doing. We broke apart and Aiden reached for the bottle of lube, snapping open the cap and pouring some over my length. The added slick was cold at first, but felt so much better as he continued to jack me.

"That's it, sweetheart. Do what feels good." I hummed as his hand worked faster.

"I—I want to feel you," he stammered.

"Oh, but you are."

Aiden huffed a laugh. "That's not what I meant. I want... your fingers."

Fuck me.

I scrambled for the lube. The gel spilled over my fingers as I shifted into a more

comfortable position. Focusing on not going too fast while Aiden continued to stroke was difficult, but I'd be damned if I hurt him.

Aiden held his breath as my cool finger brushed over his taint, trailing back to his pucker. "Breathe, I need you to breathe."

He looked up at me and the air rushed from his lungs as he nodded his head and took a few deep breaths. Once I was sure that he was relaxed enough, I circled his rim a few times, slowly dipping the tip of my finger in a few times without completely breaching him. Little shudders raced through his body with every entry. Then, finally, my finger slid inside to the first knuckle. A sharp gasp fell from Aiden's lips, but he didn't reject it. I slowly pushed in further, working the finger in and out in a mimic of fucking.

Aiden's hand moved in time with mine as I worked a second finger in alongside the first. He tensed up at the initial intrusion but relaxed as I continued to work him open slowly. On the next push in, I angled my fingers in search of that bundle of nerves. He yelped when I hit it, his cock back to full hardness and leaking against his stomach.

"Oh, sweetheart. That's the magic spot. Wait until you feel a cock drilling into it. It's the best fucking feeling in the world."

His eyes rolled back as his hips lifted from the mattress again. His hand on me stilled. "God. Fuck. Joe. I want it. Show me what it feels like."

My heart stopped. I hadn't meant to take it that far, but I'd brought the condoms over for a reason. I knew this could lead to that, but now that it was right in front of me? Holy shit.

"You sure?"

“God. Please.”

He was begging, his hips moving against my hand, fucking himself on my fingers, still working inside of him. He needed to be stretched better if this was his first time. Aiden needed to be prepared .

He groaned in frustration when I used my free hand to pin him in place. I needed to make sure that I didn't hurt him. Fuck, I'd never forgive myself.

A third finger pushed at his tight, waiting hole, and another whine fell from his lips.

“Oh, fuck. Please. Joe. Just do it. I want it now.”

I shushed him gently. “I know you want it, sweetheart, but trust me—you need this. You'll thank me later.”

My fingers flexed, stretching and prodding. I let go of his waist and reached for the strip of condoms, only to have my hand knocked away.

“Do we need them?”



Aiden

Joe stared at me, and my heart slammed into my ribs over and over. It was a dumb question. Of course, we needed them. He'd brought them over to the bed for a reason. I don't know what it was about him that made me want to feel all of him.

"Aiden..."

"Forget it. It was stupid. I just figured... Well, I've never been with anyone. I've seen enough of your content to know you film solo, but that doesn't mean that you don't hook up with people outside of that." Fuck, I was spiraling quickly. "I mean, I trust you. It's not like we haven't communicated about shi... stuff, right? You'd tell me if it was something I needed to worry about. Safety first? That's what they teach in school, anyway."

Trainwreck, meet Aiden Grant.

A warm hand covered my mouth to stop my rambling.

"Aiden, it's—it's fine. It just surprised me, is all. I'm tested regularly and my last panel came back clear. I've just never had anyone... ask me for that."

The foil packets dropped back to the bed, and I swallowed roughly around the lump that formed in my throat. God. He was going to do it for me. Joe was going to let me experience the whole thing. The package deal.

When Joe's fingers slid out of me, the feeling of emptiness was swift and unwelcome.

Fuck, I'd gone my whole life without experiencing this and I was hooked on the first try. I wanted to be filled. Full. Stuffed to the brim.

The whimper that escaped me was inhuman. There was no way it came out of me, but watching Joe reach for the bottle of lube again and slick up his cock? Oh, fuck. Yeah. I was ready for that. That was what I really wanted. The fingers felt nice. Good. Amazing even, but he'd made being fucked down sound so damn good.

I held my breath when he notched the head of his cock against my stretched hole. Joe didn't move, shaking his head. I remembered what he'd said earlier, that it would only make things worse if I didn't breathe and relax. You try to relax the first time you have someone else shove a dick up your ass.

"Babe?"

My eyes snapped to him. "Joe?" I took a deep breath and then sank into the soft comforter.

I wasn't used to anyone calling me anything other than my name, but Joe could keep calling me whatever the fuck he wanted. The names set me at ease as he slowly sank inside, stretching me with his girth, and I did my best not to tense up, to fight against the intrusion, because holy hell, he was a lot fucking bigger than his fingers had been.

"Push down. It feels fucking weird, but trust me, sweetheart, it will help."

I followed Joe's instructions, and surprisingly, it helped. It felt fucking amazing the way he was filling and stretching me open. It stung. To say there was no pain would be a flat-out lie.

All I could do was focus on the feel of him. That we were connected in such a way and damn, I wanted to stay like that. Was that weird? Probably. But, fuck. It felt good

as much as it hurt and when Joe finally stilled, his hips flush with my ass, my eyes snapped open, not realizing I'd closed them.

"You okay?"

God. The way he was worried about me. It was so damn sweet, and it made the experience that much more intense. Joe was so worried about making this special, but he hadn't realized that by caring so much, he was doing more than a great job at it.

Somehow, saying that I was fine didn't seem like enough, like he'd try to pry more out of me. "Are you kidding?"

It still wasn't the right answer, but words wouldn't form correctly. My brain was too overwhelmed with new sensations. Instead of trying to think of a better answer for him, my legs tightened around his waist, pulling him as close as possible. That was when I felt it. That feeling Joe had told me about. When his cock bumped my prostate, my eyes rolled and my back arched from the bed.

"Oh, sweet mother of fucking Christ. Do it again."

Joe chuckled, his hips rocking shallowly at first before picking up the pace. My hands clawed at the comforter, trying to grasp at anything. Maybe it was my sanity because it all felt so fucking good. I could go insane like this. Insane with lust and need.

"You like that, huh? Oh, sweetheart. The things I could teach you..." Joe shifted his angle, and it rubbed me a new way and I was right there again, right on the verge of falling over the precipice of release because fuck, this all felt so amazing and new. Maybe I'd last longer next time. If there was a next time. God, I hoped there would be.

"Joe—" I whined, my hand snaking between us to wrap around my dick. It was so

fucking hard, leaking, and wet. My eyes rolled back as I jerked in time with his thrusts and, as predicted, it didn't take long at all before cum rolled down my fingers and over my chest. My toes curled as Joe cursed above me, his movements becoming choppy.

And then there it was. The twitch followed by a warm rush and oh, oh my God. To feel Joe come inside of me was unreal, and it was quickly followed by the weird thought of, well, at least I can't get pregnant .

"Oh, fuck. Aid. Jesus." He slid from inside of me and his release followed suit, but when Joe's fingers pushed it back in, I winced. "Look at that. It's so fucking hot."

As much as I wanted to move away, my skin feeling much too oversensitive, he wasn't wrong that it was hot. The idea he was keeping his cum inside of me.

And then another weird thought hit. But what if I could ? It wasn't anything I would speak out loud. I was pushing things too far with my brother's friend as it was, but God. Why did that sound so appealing?

Joe collapsed next to me, his blue eyes tracking down my body as we lay there and gathered ourselves. Our breathing evened out, and I rolled onto my side, doing my best to hide the wince of pain when my ass twinged.

"What's going on in that pretty head of yours, sweetheart? Talk to me."

I bit my lip, hand reaching out to rest on Joe's warm side. "Can we do it again?"

His laugh was low and sultry, and he leaned in and placed a kiss against my lips. "Slow down. As fun as it is, you need to rest."

And when I rolled onto my back, the sting in my ass was a reminder of just why that

was. “But resting isn’t fun. Sex is fun. Why haven’t I done that before?” My face heated at the question. Joe’s face appeared in my vision as he leaned over me.

“That’s a good question, actually? Why now? ”

My entire body fluttered with nerves. Why was it so damn hard to talk to him about this? I’d talked about it with Chase like it hadn’t been that big of a deal. And if there’s anyone I should be able to talk to about this, it’s the person I’d trusted it with.

“I don’t—I don’t know. I guess... I never felt like it was important? If that’s even the right word. Everyone around me was rushing off to have sex, and I never understood it.”

The look of concentration on Joe’s face did nothing to set me at ease.

“It’s stupid, right? Like what kind of normal nineteen-year-old doesn’t want to fuck around all the time?” Everything tingled. The way Joe studied me felt like he was picking me apart. He had to know that about me, though.

“Aiden? You know that’s not weird, right? Just because you don’t have a desire to jump into bed with every person you meet doesn’t mean you’re broken. If anything, I’m hypersexual. There’s nothing wrong with that either.”

A sense of calm instantly settled over me at his explanation. He wasn’t judging me. Maybe I needed that reassurance more than I realized.

Joe

Aiden seemed a little more twitchy at breakfast. He kept shifting in his chair and looking around the room. Hell, his ass was probably bothering him from the pounding it took, but I'd done my best to be gentle with him. It didn't mean that it wouldn't take a while to get used to. The first time I'd ever had a dick up my ass, I walked funny for a week. The guy hadn't been as careful, and I was a lot younger and a lot more stupid.

I'd jumped into exploring my sexuality in my early teens, ready to get a taste of everything there was to offer. It didn't matter if the person was a guy, girl, gay, bi, trans. I wanted it all. One thing that stayed consistent was that I favored those who came across as being more innocent. And Aiden checked all those boxes until we got here. Not that it was a turnoff now. It was hot as hell how he went after exactly what he wanted.

"Sweetheart?"

Aiden's head jerked up from where he was over-analyzing a piece of mango on his plate. The food had all been amazing since we'd been here, but he seemed more uncertain of things today.

"Sorry, were you trying to get my attention?"

A grin stretched across my face as I leaned back in my seat, forgetting about the rest of my food. "Nah, just wondering what's going through your head this morning."

Aiden set his fork down, finally done prodding at the piece of fruit. “I don’t know. Last night... doesn’t feel real. Which sounds dumb to say because my ass tells a very different story. And then I started wondering if people can tell. Like, do I look different now? Is there a big sign on my head that says: ‘ Aiden Grant: No longer a virgin? ’”

It sounded ridiculous, but I understood where the kid was coming from. He’d spent his whole fucking life not experiencing any of that.

“Aww, does my little one want to test out his new whore wings, see if he can fly?” The joke fell flat. The idea of Aiden testing things out with anyone besides me sat like a lead weight in my stomach. No, no. He was all mine and with the way he blushed at my question, maybe he was feeling the same way.

“I don’t...” he sighed heavily, finally spearing the slice of mango and biting into it. It took him a few moments to chew and then swallow it, and I waited for him to finish because I wanted to know what he was going to say. “That’s something I still don’t understand, I think. You’re fun. I trust you. I’ve never felt the desire to explore any of that with anyone else before. ”

I leaned forward, resting my elbows on the table and steepling my fingers in front of me. “Aiden? Have you heard the term ‘demisexual?’”

He nodded, picking at another random piece of fruit on his plate. “Yes. I asked Chase about some things. That’s weird too, right? Who asks their brother’s boyfriend questions like that?”

I reached across the table, pulling the fork from Aiden’s hand and wrapping my fingers around his. “It’s not weird. Sometimes we don’t know who to talk to about things. He probably felt like the safest option at the time. I’m glad he pointed you in the right direction.”

That blush spread across Aiden's face more as he pulled his hand from my grasp. He shifted in his seat so that he was looking across the room and away from me. "Yeah, well, he's also the one who told me to look up porn on the internet to see if I could figure out what I was into and that's how I found your videos."

Well. Fuck. Guess I owed a thank you to Chase. Then again, doing that would expose what I'd been doing to everyone.

It was weird that I was hiding it. I knew that. The person who was so open about his sexuality was afraid to say that he let people pay to watch him get off on the internet. Maybe it was because there was still so much stigma attached to sex work. It was all bullshit. If this trip was any indication, I made damn good money.

"You don't have to be embarrassed about that. "

He nodded. "But I knew about it for weeks. We hung out, and it was this awkward secret hanging over my head. How the hell do you tell someone that?"

I snorted a laugh. "I mean, you figured it out."

Aiden finally smiled. "I guess I did, didn't I?"

Things felt less tense after that. We finished our breakfast before heading out to the beach for a bit. It wasn't overly hot, but plenty of sunbathers were lining the shore. I stripped off my t-shirt with little thought, throwing it onto the two beach towels we'd placed side by side on the sand. When I looked up, Aiden was staring at me, that blush painting his cheeks again.

Oh, it was going to be fun messing with his head now. You'd think it wouldn't affect him as much now that we'd done the nasty, but fuck, he was too sweet. And maybe that's what still drew me to him.



Aiden took off his own shirt before sitting on the towels and wrapping his arms around his knees. He looked out over the water before turning to look at me. “Did you bring sunscreen with you? I forgot to grab it on the way out of the room this morning.”

I reached into the small bag we’d brought with us and pulled out a tube, flipping it into the air for show. “And risk skin cancer? Fuck no, my dude. I got you.” I sat behind him and popped open the cap, pouring a small amount into my hands before rubbing it into his back and shoulders.

“God, that feels good. ”

I chuckled. “Yeah, that so, sweetheart?”

He shifted in the sand. “Uh, yeah. And if you keep it up, the whole beach is about to know just how good it feels.”

Well, fuck. My dick twitched, knowing that I was making him hard just by rubbing lotion into his skin. For a guy who hadn’t ever had a sexual drive, I’d sure woken him the fuck up. Not that I was complaining. Aiden was fun. I was a safe person for him to explore things with, and I didn’t want to betray that.

Once I was done applying the sunscreen to Aiden, I handed the bottle over his shoulder. “Why don’t you calm down a bit and get me now?”

He laughed. “You think putting my hands on you is going to help the situation at all?”

He had a point, but I still needed someone to do it. “Probably not.”

I stood from my spot behind Aiden and moved around to plop in front of him. He

sighed heavily as the bottle snapped open and the cool lotion came in contact with my skin. Goosebumps pebbled as he rubbed it in. And maybe he was right. There was a little too much tension between us to be doing any of this in public.

“So, what’s the plan for the rest of the day? The beach is nice, but I’m not the type to just lay here and sunbathe. ”

I snorted at Aiden’s question and turned to face him after he finished spreading the sunscreen on my shoulders. “You mean you don’t want to get rid of your pasty Seattle complexion?”

He rolled his eyes before he shoved at me, which was a mistake because I tackled him back into the sand, planting a kiss against his lips.

When Aiden’s fingers threaded into my hair, I knew I needed to slow this all down. Resisting him was impossible. It was like asking a starving man not to eat.

We pulled apart, and Aiden’s eyes were wide, pupils blown with lust. I couldn’t make out the brown of his irises and as much as I wanted to keep going, to take him apart right there on the beach, I wasn’t about to be thrown in jail in fucking Mexico.

“Sweetheart?” Fuck, my voice was shaky. I’d had no one reduce me to being so damn needy before.

Aiden cleared his throat, pushing at my chest and rolling from beneath me. He tucked his knees into his chest and stared out at the waves. “That—that didn’t help. I’ve never had a fucking boner like this in public before. Jesus, Joe.”

I smiled, my face sore with the stretch. Where Aiden was embarrassed, I had no shame. I was with one of the sexiest guys alive, and I didn’t care if people knew he turned me the fuck on. When I flopped back onto the towels, Aiden stared wide-eyed

at the tent in my shorts.

“You’re not going to cover that up? ”

I snorted a laugh. “Fuck, no. Why?”

Aiden looked around the beach. No one seemed to pay any attention to us. He slowly unfolded his legs and lay next to me, but on his side, not daring to be as bold as I was.

Aiden

I 'd never been this dressed down in public, this often, in my entire life. It seemed like no matter where we went, swim trunks were acceptable attire. The yacht wasn't any different.

Joe swung off the overhead canopy, handing me a chilly beer bottle as he plopped onto the bench seat next to me. "What are you thinking about, sweetheart?"

My face heated. "Uh..." I looked around. There hadn't been many people who had joined us for the excursion, but there were still plenty of others on the boat. "This seemed like a cool idea, but now all I keep thinking about is rape dolphins."

Joe spat out his sip of beer as he cracked up laughing. "Rape what now?"

"Rape dolphins. You know. Haven't you heard the stories of dolphins that take advantage of innocent tourists who are swimming? They get horny and just swim up and..."

Joe's eyes were wide as I trailed off. Okay, so maybe it was a stupid fear, but there was a reason those stories circulated, right?

"Aid, come on. Do you really think they'd still do trips like this if we were at risk? "

I shrugged, taking a drink of my beverage and focusing out on the water again. It was so fucking gorgeous out here and I wished I'd brought my camera along, but I'd been paranoid that someone would try to run off with it while we were in the water. Not

that there were a lot of places for them to go. On a yacht. In the middle of the ocean.

My fingers picked at the label on the beer bottle as the boat bobbed with the gentle waves of the ocean. I'd also been a little terrified of getting seasick, but Joe had insisted that we take some Dramamine before we got on board. My stomach was fine, but my head was a mess. I kept thinking about how fun this whole trip had been, but then wondering what would happen the second we went back home. Would the bubble pop?

I brought the bottle to my lips again, taking a long swallow and letting the flavor wash over my tongue. The beer was more sweet than bitter—the lime wedge shoved into the bottle probably helped with that—but I turned my attention to the man next to me.

Joe fidgeted with his lip ring, his tongue peeking out every so often to mess with it, shift it around, and fuck with it. A shiver raced through me at the memory of that metal against my skin. Ever since I'd started fantasizing about Joe, I'd wanted to know what it felt like, and now I was intimately familiar with it. I wanted to get even more used to it. We couldn't do any of that while we were out in public, but what was the point of going on a trip like this if all we did was to experience the resort's bedroom?

The boat came to a stop, and a man lowered an anchor off the back of the yacht. Someone made an announcement in Spanish before switching to English, explaining that they were setting up for us to get in the water. They were setting some bait to attract some dolphins to the area, but this was typically a good spot.

A crowd of other tourists gathered against one of the railings, but I stayed in my spot next to Joe, sipping at our beers.

“Are we really doing this? Swimming with the dolphins?”

Joe grinned, chugging back the rest of his drink and setting the bottle on the boat's deck. "Yeah, sweetheart. We are. I think it's good to experience some different things, don't you?"

I grinned as I finished my beer and set my bottle next to his. When I stood, I raised my arms above my head in a stretch. My body could sense Joe's eyes trailing down every exposed inch of me. I loved it. Craved it. It was fucking addicting.

There was a guide next to the other group, pointing something out in the water, and I leaned over the railing to see what he was pointing out. There was something in the distance. It looked like random bumps on top of the water, and he explained how it was a pod of dolphins that was curious about what we were doing. My inner alarm bells went off again, remembering the rape dolphins, but Joe had a point that they probably wouldn't be allowed to keep doing things like this if it were dangerous .

Arms came around me, and I melted into the warm chest behind me. I loved how absolutely carefree Joe was and that he gave absolutely zero fucks what the people around him thought. I'd give anything to live my life like that, and maybe if I stayed around him long enough, some of that would rub off on me. One could only hope. And I hoped that other parts of him would rub off on me as well.

"Look at them." Joe's voice rumbled in my ear as he pointed out over the water as the creatures swam closer to the yacht.

I tingled all over. God. I wanted to curl into him and forget again. To not have to worry about the people around us and enjoy just being him and me, but this was fun. I had to keep reminding myself.

A new sense of excitement washed over me as I bounced up and down on the balls of my feet. "You know, as much as I joked about it earlier, this is so damn cool. Like real fucking dolphins. In the ocean. And we're just going to hop in and swim around

with them like it's no big deal.”

Joe's eyes sparkled as I faced him. Fuck, it was so damn amazing to see him so happy like this. That I was the one bringing him that joy. I ducked under his arms and made my way over to the guide, who was setting things up at the back of the boat so that we didn't lose the group. If I were really doing this, I wanted to play as active a role as possible. Helping with the crew seemed to be the easiest way to do that, but the man brushed me off and told me they had everything handled. I was vibrating.

“Aiden, chill out, sweetheart.” Joe laughed as he wrapped his arms around my waist again, pulling me back against him. The feel of his skin against mine set me at ease, instantly calming my hyperness.

It was enough to keep me calm until it was time to get in the water. Keeping me back from knocking everyone out of my way was nearly impossible. I wanted my turn. It didn't matter that we would all get plenty of chances.

The second my feet hit the water, I was at ease. It was so different from swimming in the ocean back home and I'd already experienced that on our first day in Cancun. It was so warm compared to how frigid it always was in Washington, no matter what time of year it was. Swimming in the ocean at Ocean Shores didn't compare to the Caribbean sea. People jumped into the surrounding water, eager to experience this for themselves.

My eyes snagged on Joe, who remained on the boat, leaning on the railing and watching me. I waved to him. “Aren't you coming?”

“I just want to watch you. Enjoy yourself, babe.”

My breath caught as I swam with the rest of the group as we approached the dolphins.

The creatures were absolutely stunning up close and once more I felt that tug in my chest, wishing I'd brought my camera. When I briefly turned back to the boat, I spotted Joe; he had it lifted to his face as he snapped shot after shot. It was as if he'd read my mind and knew I'd feel like I missed out if I didn't capture this moment.

With shaking and nervous hands, I reached out and touched the snout of one dolphin. It nudged me in encouragement, and I laughed. The skin was like wet rubber, but I rubbed the snout up over the head before the dolphin dipped beneath the water and swam off. They sure were friendly with people, but if the company brought people out there often, maybe they were used to it.

After a while, I swam back to the yacht, pulling myself up onto the back of it and laughing when Joe brought the camera over and kept snapping pictures.

“Would you stop it?”

“Why?”

“No one wants to see me.”

Joe frowned as the camera dropped to his chest. He raised it back to his face, taking another shot before sitting next to me and dangling his feet in the water. “What makes you think that?”

My shoulder lifted in a shrug. “I don't know. I'm the one who takes the pictures, not the one in front of the camera. Until I suggested you record things the other night, I hadn't ever had the desire to be the center of attention.”

Joe nudged me, making me look over to meet his smug stare. “You want to be? The center of attention, that is?”



My face heated at the question. “I don’t know about that. What you do is brave. I don’t know what came over me when I suggested that, but it seemed like a hot idea at the time. I think, if I were ever to do anything close to that... I’d trust it to be with you. You wouldn’t embarrass me.”

Joe

Four days in Mexico and I felt like time was slipping by faster than I could handle it. My time with Aiden would be over before I knew it and, fuck, I wanted it to last. What the hell was that? I'd never even been able to sleep with another person in the bed with me and here I was sleeping like a damn baby night after night with him tucked into my side.

Aiden stirred, rubbing his face into my chest as his sleepy brown eyes looked up at me through hooded lashes. Jesus fucking Christ, he was going to be the death of me. I wanted to push him back, shove his legs open, and sink inside of him again. We fooled around a little when we got back from the boat last night, giving each other sloppy hand jobs before passing out and going to sleep. We hadn't fucked again, but damn did I want to.

"Morning, beautiful," I mumbled before kissing the top of his head. Aiden curled around me, and I knew I needed to do something more to solidify whatever the fuck was happening here. There was no way we went back home and pretended that none of this had happened. I needed to keep him close. He was mine. All mine .

Those deep brown orbs blinked at me a few times before a bright smile spread across Aiden's face and he lifted enough to slide up and place a kiss against my lips. And like every other time we'd come together like this, it didn't stay innocent. Hands tangled in hair as things escalated until someone rolled on top of the other. In this situation, it was Aiden on top of me and, damn; I loved the feel of his body above mine.

We didn't stop until we'd both come and were content to start the day. I'd never been the person who was happy to just grind against someone, but it was so damn sexy with him. It was quickly becoming my favorite thing.

When Aiden started getting dressed for the day, I snuck off to the bathroom, his small metal plug in hand. Two could play this game, and I was a lot better at it than he was. He thought he could handle a dinner wearing it, but I wanted to see how long it would take him to notice that I was wearing it.

Stretching my ass open while Aiden was on the other side of the door was torture. I wanted him to be the one to do it. Maybe once I'd worked up his confidence, he'd love it. As it was, my goal was to get the plug inside, not to get off again without him.

Once it was in place, I pulled my boxers up my legs and over my engorged cock. I frowned at it. The poor thing would just have to deal with things until later in the day. I had to hand it to Aiden for picking out a top-notch toy. It rubbed all the right places, and it was no wonder that he'd come in his pants that first night at dinner .

Aiden was sitting on the bed when I exited the bathroom. "I didn't have any big plans for today. Did you want to do anything special?"

His whole fucking face lit up as he held up his camera. "Maybe head to the beach again. I have ideas for some photos I'd like to take of you. Maybe you can upload them to your page if all works out okay?" He sounded so damn unsure as he asked.

Fuck. Yeah. I could do that. And even with a plug shoved up my ass, it was doable. Especially if he wanted me to use them.

"Fuck, yeah. We can do that. I think there was a neat place over on the beach that I saw yesterday that was private enough if you wanted to help me take something extra sexy."

He nodded, a grin spreading across his face. “You read my mind.”

I ended up changing into a smaller and more revealing pair of shorts. No one seemed to care when we walked out on the beach and maybe it helped that Aiden had a camera. People probably thought I was a model or something. In essence, I sort of was, but not in any kind of professional sense. At least Aiden hadn’t judged me for my choices and was supporting me.

We found a spot in a secluded outcropping of trees. From where we were, you couldn’t see the resort or other people on the beach. Aiden had me pose in all kinds of poses, smearing sand all over my skin, and damn, the photos would be fucking fire to upload to my page. If anything, the guy had a damn good eye .

Aiden looked around again, chewing at that plump bottom lip. “Do you think—do you think you can pull your shorts down in the front? Not all the way, just enough to show your pubes? Maybe the base of your dick a bit?”

A thrill raced through me at his suggestion. I was so used to having to do all of this on my own, but to have someone directing me? Holy fuck. Yeah, I liked that. I pushed the material down with one hand and used the other to play with one of my nipple piercings. I didn’t miss how Aiden’s breath caught as he snapped photo after photo. His pants strained in the front, attempting to contain the erection he wasn’t trying to hide.

What would he do if he knew I had his toy?

Without thinking about it, I turned, facing my ass to the camera and pulling the material of my shorts over the globes of my ass. He needed to figure it out sooner rather than later. My dick was dying, practically crying for him to know that I was wearing the damn plug.

I spread my cheeks, letting him see the flared base that sat against the pucker of my entrance. It was impossible to miss the curse that slipped past his lips or the sound of the camera hitting the sand. I'd be more worried had it not been such a soft landing.

“Joe? When the fuck did you do this?”

I chuckled, spreading open wider for him. “Mmm, as I was getting ready this morning. You didn't even notice that I grabbed it. ”

When I looked over my shoulder, Aiden had paused, looking around the beach again to make sure that no one could see us. “Shit. Joe. I—I don't. Fuck. I want to. Can I?”

I knew what he was asking. To be fair, I was totally on board. If he wanted to fuck me, right here out in the open with whatever minimal lube was used to insert the plug, yeah, I was game. I liked the burn. Maybe that made me a kinky motherfucker, but I didn't care.

Warmth spread over my back as Aiden sank down behind me. I kept waiting for his hands on me, but was startled when the click of his camera started up once more. He must have picked it up again.

“What do I do? We don't have any supplies out here, but damn, Joe. This is so damn sexy.”

My breath hitched as Aiden pressed against the base of the plug, pressing it into me more firmly as the camera continued to snap picture after picture. I wanted to see them, wishing I'd had someone to work with before now. If I'd been making good money doing it all on my own, imagine what I could have been doing had someone been guiding me.

“There's already some lube thanks to me inserting the toy, but if you're really

worried about it, you can always spit on it, get it extra wet.” Fuck, my voice was strained. I was desperate for him to touch me properly, pull the plug out, and replace it with his cock.

I needed Aiden Grant to fuck me stupid .

A hiss escaped me as Aiden pulled the toy free. The feeling of emptiness was always completely unwelcome. It wasn't as if I had to wait for long before something warm dribbled over my crack and I looked over my shoulder to see a long strand of drool trailing from his lips. Holy fuck.

My dick lurched, trapped in the confines of my tiny ass shorts, while Aiden pushed his saliva inside with his thumb. The sound of the camera going off again kept me grounded in the situation. He was still taking pictures.

“Fuck me, sweetheart. You like seeing that? Like me spread wide open for you, waiting for you to shove inside? Claim me, baby.”

I didn't recognize the feral sound from my friend's little brother, but before I could register what was happening, he pressed the slick, warm head of his dick against my hole. The stretch burned. It had been way too fucking long since I'd let anyone fuck me. Not that I didn't enjoy it, it was just that most people I ended up being with wanted a different dynamic. They wanted to be owned and controlled. Aiden hadn't gotten to experience any of it, and I was giving him the opportunity to figure out what he liked more.

My elbows sank into the sand as I pushed back against him, allowing his cock to sink deeper inside. Another click or two of the camera took me by surprise before it dropped into the sand next to us. Warm hands grasped my hips and Aiden had to steady himself, slowing his progress as if sensing that he was pushing too quickly. I didn't mind a hard and fast fuck. I almost preferred it. It was sweet that he wanted to

be gentle with me like I'd been with him.

“Jesus, Joe. This is... fuck. This is unreal. It's like you're strangling my dick.”

I had to fight the urge to laugh because I knew exactly what he was talking about. Anal was always more intense. I'd tried it all. A pussy loosened up after a while and was slick and warm where an ass stayed tight. It gave a bit, but not to the same extreme.

The moment Aiden's pelvis met my ass, he collapsed against my back, arms wrapping around me as his labored breathing puffed in my ear.

“You all right there, sweetheart?”

He huffed. “Just—just trying to make this last.”

I hummed in appreciation, but flexed my hips all the same, reveling in the hiss that it made Aiden produce.

“There's plenty of time for lasting later, baby. Have fun. This is about you. Enjoy it.”

A loud groan rumbled from his chest as he slid back up, hands holding my hips again as he pounded into me again and again. Stars danced in my vision as he hit my prostate on every other thrust. If you had told me a month ago that this would happen, that I'd be fucking with Aiden on a public beach in Mexico, I would have laughed. The idea was so damn absurd, yet there we were.

I wanted to reach my hand into my shorts, yank my cock, and give myself some relief, but with how Aiden was hitting my spot repeatedly, I could get there without the added effort. My hands were free to roam my chest, and I tweaked one of my nipples, the piercing sending a fiery jolt of pleasure straight to my balls. I hadn't been

joking when I told Aiden that I could come from nipple play alone.

Aiden stilled, a loud moan falling from his lips as warmth spread through my ass. Knowing that he was pumping me full of his cum was more than enough to push me right over the edge with him. My cock jolted as I soaked the front of my shorts. My eyes slammed closed as I rode out the intensity of the orgasm.

Everything around us was silent except for the sound of the waves crashing on the shore. It helped to make sure that no one stumbled across what we'd just done. It was so damn risky to be out in the open like that, but it had also been hot as fuck. I rarely cared and had been busted in some pretty stupid places before, but that was back home and not in another country.

Aiden pulled back, and I whined when his release slid out of me.

Click. Click.

Well, damn. Maybe Aiden was just as kinky as I was.



Aiden

Tomorrow.

I fidgeted as I sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the phone in my hand. Shawn had texted to confirm what time our flight got in and I didn't want it to end. Going back to Seattle meant reality. It meant that I had to figure out how to navigate an awakened desire that I hadn't fully discussed with Joe yet.

Shawn: Delinquent? You two staying out of trouble?

I snorted at the message. Ever since Shawn had found out how much younger I was than the rest of the group, he'd adopted the nickname for me. If only he knew just how much trouble we'd been causing. Things I wouldn't ever have considered otherwise had we not been living in our own safe little bubble.

"Everything all right?"

I jumped, tossing my phone onto the bed and staring up at Joe. He stood in the doorway to the bathroom in nothing but a pair of boxer briefs, running a towel over his black hair.

"It's fine. Just confirming our pickup for tomorrow."

He nodded, tossing the towel behind him and making his way over to plop next to me on the bed. "Not your brother, right?"

I chuckled. “Fuck, no. It was bad enough with him taking us to the airport. Do you think I’ll be able to keep my cool after this week?”

Joe was quiet for a moment, his blue eyes searching mine with so much intensity.

“Are you going to be okay after all of this?”

I shrugged at his question, something gnawing and settling uncomfortably in my chest. This was my opening, my chance to tell him I wanted to keep this up, that I didn’t want to lose what we had just because we weren’t on vacation anymore. There were consequences to that, and maybe it was best to tackle it before we had other people involved.

My hand sought his, fingers intertwining and weaving with his. “I won’t be if this is it.”

Joe’s hand tightened around mine. “I—I think I get that. My biggest fear is that we get back and Nathan realizes what happened right away and murders me.”

It was enough to break some of the tension, a small laugh bubbling out of my chest. “If he wanted to try, he’d have to get past me. I’m a fucking adult now. Nate has to realize I’m capable of making my own choices and that I chose you.”

Those piercing blue eyes were wide as they snapped in my direction .

“You chose me, huh, sweetheart?”

“I think I made that obvious.”

Joe leaned in close, placing the gentlest and sweetest kiss against my lips. I melted into the sensation, in no hurry to heat things up. This was sealing something

important. We were making the conscious decision that we were something real beyond this trip. That we belonged to each other.

A weight lifted from my chest when Joe climbed off the bed to pack some of our bags. It had been easier to talk to him about what I wanted than I thought it would be. How easy would it be to tell him about some of the other things I'd been craving, especially after that first time he'd fucked me? Was it weird to want him to keep filling me up like that? To have thoughts about him knocking me up even when I knew it was impossible for him to do that?

This would all be so much less awkward if I had someone to talk to about it who wasn't him, but he'd more than proven that he wasn't judgmental. Joe liked some different things. He had an exhibitionist streak. He liked to show off for others and I found it sexy as fuck.

How hard would it be to ask Chase about it? Probably super weird. There had to be a point where it went too far when asking my brother's boyfriend about my sex life.

"You're thinking awfully hard over there..."

Joe startled me from my spiraling thoughts.

"Yeah, just trying to think of everything I need to do when I get back. I want to edit these photos and get them sent over to you, and then salvage what I can for class. Definitely not using the dirty ones."

He chuckled, tackling me back to the mattress. "Mmm, but those were so much fun to take. I wouldn't mind being your model over and over again."

The feel of the metal of his lip ring against my neck sent tingles down my spine, straight to my cock. Perpetually horny. That's what Joseph Bishop made me. It was a

miracle I'd gotten to experience any of Cancun at all, but we'd made an honest effort to keep our hands off each other long enough to get out the door. With one last night, I wanted to just soak up the time with him, but when my stomach growled, I knew we needed to eat.

"Dinner?" he asked, kissing my neck one more time before climbing back off me and grabbing a tank top and tossing it over his head. It was a shame he had to cover up at all.

"Yeah, maybe we can try that seafood place again. That was really good. We have amazing seafood back home, but there's something about trying it in different places."

Joe nodded in agreement, pulling on a pair of shorts, and I lamented further at the loss of more exposed skin.

Leaving the room felt like a chore, but I was thankful to have something in my stomach. It would be weird to go back to reality where I couldn't freely order a drink with my meal. While things had been easy in the room, the tension was back at the table. Our conversation was strained.

"Do you think you'll ever tell the guys about the page?" I asked, shoving some rice around my plate.

Joe shrugged. "I don't know. It's weird. Like, they know I've always been carefree about shit like that, but there's something about keeping it quiet. Like it's something just for me."

"Does it bother you I know?"

A noncommittal shrug. "Not really. Especially since you're helping me with it now."

Fuck, I mean, you've been indirectly helping me with it the entire time."

My face heated at the admission, remembering all the random questions about camera angles and opinions on different pieces of equipment.

That meant I couldn't talk to Chase about a lot of what happened this week. Not that I planned to tell him everything, anyway. I trusted him. He'd been so good about being my safe space and someone I could talk to about things. Chase was the person who had first suggested that I might be demisexual, and the more I've been sitting with that over the last week, it seemed to fit.

Joe was so different from everyone else. I was closer to him than most, and I trusted him. Once we'd established that I felt things I wasn't able to feel with anyone else. It didn't seem to matter that he was a guy. At least I knew my family was supportive, since they had no issues with Nathan and Chase .

"You're back to thinking, sweetheart."

I shook my head. "I know. There's a lot to process, and I'm sort of freaking out a little about how to handle things back home."

Joe reached across the table, palm up. I placed my hand in his and let him give it a squeeze. We smiled at each other and just sat for a few minutes, letting the quiet and calm settle over us.

"You have me. Even if we have to be a bit more careful with it. We can do whatever you're comfortable with. There's no rush for anything, especially with telling your brother."

And that was maybe all the reassurance I needed.

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Joe

“ Ladies and gentlemen, we’re about an hour from landing in Seattle. Please make sure you have all your belongings gathered. Our staff will be making one more trip through the cabin to pick up any remaining trash...”

The announcement droned on and on. Aiden lay passed out next to me, his head resting on my shoulder. He was so fucking peaceful and it killed me that we wouldn’t have any more little moments like this. We’d gotten so damn close over the last week and Aiden had opened up about a ton with me. He’d told me about his insecurities with his sexuality and how he didn’t feel like he belonged a lot of the time. About how I’d made him feel safe. It was a level of trust I hadn’t felt like I’d really earned, but I was willing to do everything in my power to keep it.

When we began our final descent into SeaTac and the flight attendant came around to instruct everyone to return their seats to an upright position, Aiden’s eyes popped open and he gave me a small, sleepy, and unsure smile.

“Are we really home?”

I kissed his temple, squeezing his hand that was clasped tightly in my own.

“Yeah, sweetheart. Are you ready?”

He snorted. “No. We can ask them to turn around, right? Take us back?”

It made me smile.

“It’ll all be okay. We’ll still spend time together. It’s not like we didn’t hang out before all of this.”

He hummed in acknowledgment, his hand tightening around mine even more. I’d never been the person for intimate displays of affection like this, but this was different. Special. Everything I’d been missing from every other relationship in my life.

Once the cabin lights clicked on and everyone disembarked from the plane, there was no rush. We stayed in our seats, letting everyone else get off the plane. Aiden’s phone buzzed a few times in his pocket after I neglected to turn mine back on.

Real life waited for us beyond this airport, and neither of us was ready.

Once we finally stood from our seats, I pulled a hoodie from my backpack and handed it over to Aiden. He brought it to his face and took a deep breath of it before pulling it over his head. Seeing him wrapped in my sweater made something right settle in my chest. Like he was willingly proclaiming that I’d claimed him in some sort of way. Even if it had to remain a secret for now .

Our hands remained linked for as long as possible. Neither of us wanted to let go, but the closer we got to leaving customs, it was a necessary evil we knew was coming. The second his fingers released mine, an emptiness washed over me. There was a profound sense of loss I’d never experienced before. What the hell was that? Something tight coiled in my chest and all I wanted to do was reach back for him and keep Aiden at my side. To not let him out of my sight. Would Teresa flip her shit if I brought him home with me? Moved him into the basement and refused to let him leave?

I was acting like a crazy person.

“Delinquent!”

I bristled at the nickname. No one needed to be calling Aiden anything special other than me. It was dumb to insist that he couldn't have other friends, and Shawn was more than a little obsessed with Daniel. Their level of attachment was beyond freaky. They'd gone from absolutely hating each other to being inseparable. It'd all happened so damn fast this last winter, but so had things with me and Aiden this last week.

Maybe it just worked that way when you found the right person.

Was Aiden my person?

My heart thudded in my chest as Aiden kept walking toward our friends and I remained glued to my spot. What a fucking time to have an epiphany about something like that.

“Sir?”

I shook my head as the TSO called out to me. I was standing right next to the line where it would be too late to turn back. Other passengers watched me as I continued to stand there. It all looked suspicious as fuck. Why couldn't I bring my legs to move? It wasn't like it mattered at this point. Aiden was already standing with Shawn and Daniel, and I looked like a fool who didn't want things to end.

For whatever reason, I kept waiting for things to feel different the second I stepped across that red tape, but nothing changed. I was the same old Joe. The same person who'd boarded that plane a week ago. Except that wasn't completely true. For the first time in my life, I wanted a commitment. I was okay with the idea of being tied to someone and that someone stood off to the side, shuffling his luggage, waiting for me to get my act together.



“Shit, look at you two. I take it the weather was nice? I’d kill for a tan that looked that nice at this time of year. Hell, at any time of year. It’s a miracle if we get enough sun for that around here.”

I tuned Shawn out as my suitcase rumbled behind me, the wheels clicking and popping against the tiled floor. Fuck, he was talking about the weather and all I could think about was how damn good Aiden’s skin had felt against mine.

Bad Joe. Stop it.

The ride all the way back to Teresa’s was pure torture. I crammed myself into the back of Shawn’s car with Aiden, and all I wanted to do was touch him. Would it be obvious? We’d been affectionate before. Fuck, it was weird now. Why the hell had we made it weird?

“Joe?”

I almost missed Aiden’s whisper.

“Yeah?”

“Are you okay?”

Hell, I probably looked like a twitchy idiot. I’d been so worried about if Aiden could handle this and it hadn’t crossed my mind that I would be the one who was fucked up about everything.

Once the car pulled up outside of my sister’s house, it hadn’t occurred to me I hadn’t answered him yet. My door was open, and I was halfway onto the sidewalk before his hand grasped my arm. Uncertainty sat heavily behind his eyes, and I wanted nothing more than to crawl back into the car, press my lips to his, and let him know that this

was fine. Everything was fine. But nothing was, in fact, fine.

“Joe?”

I gave him the best smile I could, even though I wasn't feeling it. The trunk popped open, and I pulled my luggage out, heading to the front door of the house where my niece came running out onto the porch to greet me.

“Uncle Joe! You're home. Don't ever leave me again. Did you bring me a present? You promised me something.”

I chuckled at McKenzie's enthusiasm, but something gross unfurled in my stomach at the sound of Shawn driving away. It had been shitty that I hadn't even said goodbye to Aiden. Hopefully, he'd understand that my head wasn't on completely straight. I'd call him later and try to explain.

“Don't you worry your pretty little head, McBug. I got something really nice for you. First, I need to get my stuff inside so that I can unpack it for you, okay?”

She squealed in excitement, peeling around the front door and into the house. Teresa stood there, a small smile on her face. “How was it? Everything go okay?”

It was as if my sister knew that not everything was right, but not the depth of what all was going on. Without questioning it, she wrapped her arms around me and pulled me into a tight hug. “Oh, baby brother. I hope you know what you're doing.”

Aiden

“ A iden, get your ass in here!”

I groaned and rolled out of bed. Why the hell was Nathan at Mom and Dad’s house? All I wanted to do was rest. I still couldn’t wrap my head around how fucking weird it was when we’d dropped off Joe. He hadn’t even said goodbye.

We’d talked about things and I thought we’d settled on continuing to pursue things when we got back home, but maybe this was how we did that. Neither of us wanted Nathan to know about it yet because he’d been pretty adamant about Joe keeping his hands off of me.

“There he is. Glad to see you’re alive.”

“Don’t be so dramatic, Nathan.”

It was good to see Chase. It made me feel a bit better about the way my brother stood with his arms crossed over his chest, like he was ready to tear me apart for all the stupid decisions I’d made this last week.

“Still alive. You know, you’d think you’d trust your friends a little more. ”

Nathan threw his hands in the air. “I do trust my friends. But this is you we’re talking about. You’re my little brother, and Joe has a reputation. As much as I love the guy, I don’t want you to be a part of that.”

I sighed as my shoulders slouched in defeat. “You’re right, but don’t worry. He’s a better guy than you give him credit for. We had fun, but he made sure I was responsible about it.”

Nathan’s eyebrow rose. “The words responsible and Joe don’t belong in the same sentence.”

I only shrugged. “Maybe that was the case while you all were still in college. People change.”

Before my brother could say anything else, his boyfriend stopped him by placing a hand on his chest and pushing him back down onto one of the stools at the kitchen counter.

“Did you at least get to do anything cool?” Chase asked. The poor guy had never left the Washington coast until he moved to Seattle to be with my brother, so he lived vicariously through everyone else.

A grin spread across my face as I thought about some things I’d gotten to do over the last week. “We went parasailing one day. Then there was the day we went on a historic tour. That was really neat, but the best part was the rape dolphins.”

I’d chosen the perfect moment to share that detail, as my brother had been sipping at a bottle of water and he spit it out all over the counter. “The rape what now? ”

I clutched at my stomach as I laughed. It was maybe a little twisted to explain it that way, but I’d been dying to since the excursion. After I edited the pictures for Joe—where no one else could see them—I’d share the ones he took of me during that adventure. “Dolphins, Nate. Just dolphins. We got to go swimming with dolphins.”

“That wasn’t a funny joke.”

Chase chuckled. “It was a little funny.”

Nathan glared at him and instead of hanging around for more of their interrogation, I made my way back to my room. My phone sat face down on my nightstand and I couldn’t bring myself to pick it up and check it. There was a very real fear Joe hadn’t reached out yet, and I’d really made a fool of myself by thinking we’d had something special.

As if the universe sensed my hesitation, my phone vibrated, startling me enough to have me jolting across the room to check it.

Joe: I miss you, sweetheart.

My heart melted as I pressed the device to my chest. I wasn’t a damn sucker after all. My fingers flew across the screen as I typed out a response.

Me: Miss is an understatement. Pretty sure my bed feels a mile long. How the fuck am I supposed to sleep like this?

I attached a frowny face emoji before sending it.

There wasn’t an immediate response, but I was relieved to know that he’d sent me something. To know he’d been thinking about me. Tension uncoiled from my neck and shoulders as I sat on the edge of my bed, flipping the phone back and forth in my hand. When it became clear another message wasn’t coming, I set it back down and started unpacking my things.

Everything I pulled from my bag had some sort of wild memory from the last week tied to it. It was weird that the thought kept flashing through my head that I didn’t want to wash anything for fear that it would remove the sentimentality. It was so stupid.

Without another thought, I threw the dirty clothes in the laundry hamper and continued digging through my bag, pulling out the random souvenirs I bought for my family. When my hand hit my camera case, I froze. I wanted nothing more than to pull it out and load everything onto my computer. To relive every moment again. Especially that one on the beach. My dick gave a twitch at the memory, and I groaned as I closed my eyes. However, while my brother was still poking around, it was not the time to entertain the idea of pulling up any of the photos from the trip. It was a recipe for disaster.

A knock on my door snapped me from my thoughts, and I grinned when Chase slipped into my room. The door clicked closed behind him, and when I heard my mother lecturing Nathan in the other room, I knew I had a few minutes to talk to Chase by myself.

“Anything you want to report?” he asked.

My smile grew as I set the camera on my bed.

“It depends on how much you want to hear.”

Chase’s eyes widened in shock. “Shit, man. Really? He didn’t like freak out or anything, did he?”

I laughed at the question. “No. We both sort of agreed that it was a bad idea at first because of Nate, but...” I shrugged, looking at my closed bedroom door. “We were by ourselves for a whole week and what Nathan doesn’t know won’t hurt him.”

Chase shifted on his feet, gnawing on his bottom lip. “Aiden, I’m happy for you that you were brave enough to take that leap, but you know I can’t keep that secret from your brother if he asks me about it, right?”

All the blood drained from my face. It was a little fucked that I wanted to ask him to keep things from his boyfriend, but it was my personal life. It had nothing to do with Nathan outside of Joe being one of his best friends.

“Chase?”

He held up his hand to stop me. “Don’t worry. It’s not for me to tell, but it’s going to kill me. I know something and can’t say a word. He’ll be pissed when he finds out I knew.”

When I sank back onto my mattress, Chase was at my side, a warm and reassuring hand on my shoulder. “It’s not like I have many people to talk to about this. You’re the only one who has made any sense of what I was feeling. When I explained things to Joe, which was scary as fuck, he knew what I was talking about. He made me feel safe. Just like you make me feel safe, my brother should be that for me as well, but he’s made it clear he disapproves of the person I’ve chosen.”

Chase pulled me into a loose side hug. “It’ll be okay. Just give him some time and build him up to the idea of it slowly. It’s not like he really has a say at the end of the day.”

I nodded and prayed that Chase was correct.

Joe

It took two days before I worked up enough guts to message Aiden again. It was a shitty thing to do to the guy, but I didn't want to come across as overly clingy or risk his brother thinking something else was going on.

When the door opened at the top of the stairs, I jumped. Teresa was getting worse and worse at respecting my space, but it was her house, and I was probably pushing the limits on how long I was welcome to stay there. Even with as well as I was doing with my page, Seattle was expensive, and I didn't want to settle. I needed a place that would be good for my set-up and recording. Saving up had been rough and splurging on the trip had only set me back more.

"Joe, there's someone here for you. Can you maybe give me a heads up when your friends are coming by, please?"

I sighed. That was a fair request. One of her rules when I moved in was that I wouldn't have uninvited guests. I'd been trampling all over that one over the last few months.

My socked feet hit the floor, and I slowly made my way up the stairs, checking my phone on the way. No one had messaged me, but that didn't mean someone wasn't there. I froze at the top step to see Aiden sitting at my sister's kitchen table while McKenzie talked his ear off.

"And then Uncle Joe gave me this pretty shell. It was all pink inside and when you put it to your ear, you can hear the ocean. Do you like the ocean, Aiden?"



I laughed as I came up behind her, placing my hands on her shoulders. For a six-year-old, she had a ton of energy, but Aiden was aware of the conch shell I'd bought for her in Mexico. He'd even helped me pick it out.

"McBug, why don't you let me talk to Aiden for a bit?"

She pouted. "Okay. But he's so nice and I like the pictures he gives to mommy." She slid from the chair and sulked off down the hallway.

I waited a few extra moments to make sure she was out of earshot before leaning in close to Aiden.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

His eyes widened in shock. Not that I could blame him.

"I haven't heard from you in two days. It was weird. I thought we talked about keeping—"

I grabbed his arm, cutting him off and pulling him to the stairway to the basement. He followed close behind and I didn't stop until we were safely in my room .

"It's fucked up. And I'm sorry. Leading you on like that was a mistake. I don't know how to handle things like this, sweetheart. You need to know that."

He nodded quickly, wrapping his arms around himself as if he was searching for security. I never intended to make him question things. My head was a damn mess about shit.

"So, this isn't going anywhere?" His question was small, barely whispered, as his eyes welled up with tears.

Fuck me. That wasn't what I'd meant to do at all. I threaded my fingers into my hair and tugged at it in frustration. "That's not what I said. Fuck, Aid. I'm a little freaked out because I like you. A lot. And I don't want to mess anything up and I'm doing it anyway because I don't know how to be in a relationship with anyone."

That seemed to help him relax. His arms dropped to his sides, and he moved closer to me before he pulled me into a hug. God, it felt fucking good to hold him again. All I wanted to do was bury my nose in his neck, take deep lungfuls of him, and live in his presence.

"Okay. Obviously, I'm freaked out a little as well. I don't want to come across as overly clingy. It's why it took me two days to drag my ass over here."

My hands landed on the sides of his face, lifting it so I could stare into his chocolate-brown eyes. "Jesus, sweetheart. You have a right to be clingy. If I were in your place, I wouldn't have even let me out of the car the day we got back." I sealed the statement with a soft kiss against his lips.

Aiden whimpered into it, arms around me tightening before he pulled back. "I'm just glad we're okay. I was editing pictures, and it was... hell. All I wanted to do was pick up my phone and call you and get your input."

"Do you have them?"

He held up a small flash drive. Oh, shit. I knew what pictures were on that drive. My cock thickened just thinking about it.

"I brought them. Maybe we could go through them together?" His face heated at the question.

A wide grin split my face as I grabbed his free hand and pulled him over to my

computer. “Fuck yeah, we can do that.”

I sat in the chair and Aiden started looking for something to sit on, but I wasn't having that. He squeaked when I yanked him into my lap but settled quickly when I wrapped my arms around him to start up my computer.

“I have some different programs on here, probably nothing overly fancy like you have.”

Aiden shrugged. “I can do some pretty cool things with a basic program, so pull up whatever.”

Watching him work was amazing. He leaned forward, elbows resting on the desk, as he opened the photos in my editing program. I had to shift to make myself a little more comfortable as my cock grew harder as the filthy images loaded across my screen .

“Some of these turned out pretty hot. I'd never really considered erotic photography, but damn. You just do something to the camera. It's no wonder you started doing this...” He trailed off as he pulled up a picture of me smearing sand across my chest. My hooded eyes and the way my lips puffed out gave me an alluring look, as if I were a siren calling sailors to their deaths.

Aiden worked quickly, clicking through image after image, correcting small imperfections, and adjusting lighting until they looked like I'd really hired a pro to take the shots. In a way, I had. And then the images shifted. They went from being just me to when Aiden had joined in on the action, and while you couldn't see his face, it was still parts of his body in the shots.

He stilled when my hand landed on top of his on the mouse. The image on the screen was of me holding my ass open for him while he pushed his thumb against my

entrance. My dick throbbed under him, and I wanted to know just how affected he was by seeing all this again. He'd said it was hell when he'd tried to do this at home, but that didn't mean anything. It could have just meant that he was interrupted a lot.

“Aid?”

He didn't move at first, but then his hips shifted, causing a moan to fall from my lips.

“It's so fucking weird to see it. To know that I was the one who did that to you. I've never—I've never been like that before. And we did that in public. Anyone could have walked by and seen us...”

“Does that bother you?”

His shoulders lifted in a shrug. “It feels like it should, but I also understand the thrill you get out of showing off like you do.”

I pulled Aiden's hand off the mouse, nudged him to stand, turned him to face me, and pulled him back into my lap. There was no missing the way his cock tented the front of his pants.

“That's just it, sweetheart. I show off. That wasn't part of the agreement that you had to as well. These pictures? The ones that have parts of you in them? I can keep them to myself if you want me to.”

He sighed, draping his arms over my shoulders and resting his forehead against mine. “I wouldn't dream of it. I said that I understood the thrill. What if I want to be a part of the thrill?”

Fuck.

Fuck me sideways.

“Is that all you want?”

He bit his lip like he wanted to say more, but was holding himself back.

“I mean...”

When he didn't continue, I leaned forward to kiss him. “You know you can tell me anything, right? I'd never judge you?”

He huffed a laugh. “You might judge me for this.”

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

Today was the day. My insides fluttered with nerves to know that Joe was uploading the photos I'd taken, and the world would not only see him that way, but my art. Because it was art. I'd taken those naughty photos, and I was even in some of them.

What would his fans think? He had a decent following, but leading up to this, all his photos and videos had been him by himself. Would it impact things for him if he suddenly had a partner?

When Joe had asked me the other day if there was anything else I'd wanted out of him, I'd chickened out. It felt forced and awkward to say it outright. If it came up in the heat of the moment, maybe I wouldn't be so scared. How did you go about telling someone that you liked the idea of them getting you pregnant, even if it wasn't possible?

My phone pinged with a notification.

yourdarknight24 has uploaded a new file.

My heart pounded wildly. That was it. People were free to see. To judge. Make comments about if they liked what they saw.

I gave it a good ten minutes before I opened the app and pulled up Joe's page. The cover for the album was the shot of him on his knees, pushing down the front of his shorts so that his dark pubic hair and the base of his dick were on display.

My palms sweated as I clicked on the album. It was strange because it wasn't my first time seeing them, but this was other people seeing photos I took. They weren't innocent family photos. They were photos of the guy I'd slept with, the man I'd fucked on that beach. Some of those pictures were even included.

HungHero42: Hot. Why haven't you done anything like this before? Destination photos? Yes, please.

SuckItToMe12: Fuck me. This is some of your best stuff yet.

I settled as I continued to scroll and see the positive feedback. It was hard to complain when a hot body like Joe's was on display. Not that it's all that was good about him. Would all these people think any differently of him if they knew just how sweet and caring he was outside of all this?

A little further down the page, and my heart stopped. That was where the pictures started, the ones where I was involved. I was nothing more than hands and a dick. There was no way anyone could identify me, but it made me nervous all the same.

More comments. So much more room for judgment, but no one was saying anything negative. It was all mostly praise for doing something different and including a partner. How many of them wanted to see who was with him? Some expressed jealousy and wishes that they were in my place .

I nearly dropped my phone when it rang in my hand. Joe's name lit up my screen and I quickly answered it, holding it to my ear.

"He—hey."

"You're looking at them again, aren't you?"

I huffed out a laugh. “I wanted to know what people were saying.”

Joe was quiet for a long moment. “Does it bother you? That other people get to see me that way?”

My mind buzzed around the question. It would be logical. When you start a relationship with someone, there’s this expectation that they’ll be exclusive to only you. Joe had been doing this, and it was how he made his money. Maybe I was doing something wrong if he was questioning if I was okay with it. I thought I’d made it clear.

“I’m in those pictures, too. So if it doesn’t bother you that people can see parts of me, I don’t have room to talk.”

Another long stretch of silence filled the line before Joe spoke again.

“So, what does this mean for us? Is this a thing we do together, or...?”

Yeah, that was something we needed to discuss. Because if I wanted a relationship with Joe, that would be part of it.

“I wouldn’t mind doing it together. ”

Joe’s chuckle gave me goosebumps. “Is that so, sweetheart? You want to get naked on camera with me and put on a show? That’s quite the leap in the last week.”

It was, but the proof was already right there online. On his page. In full color. I swallowed thickly because this was my opportunity to be brave.

“Maybe—maybe we can experiment with some different things.” I’d been pacing around my room the entire fucking time, and now that it was out there, I needed to sit.



“We can definitely visit that.”

I took a shuddery breath, nodding before realizing that Joe couldn't see me. “I'd... like that.”

We finished our call and disconnected.

There was a commotion out in the living room, so I got up to see what was going on. Mom had pulled out a box and was going through whatever was in it. Dad stood over her shoulder, watching every last move.

“Casey, come on now. Would you relax?”

“How can I relax?”

My eyes widened. What had my mom so worked up and what was she searching for so frantically?

“It has to be around here. I swear. You don't just misplace something like that. ”

I cleared my throat and both of my parents stood bolt upright. Mom attempted to shove the box behind her back and only succeeded in spilling the contents all over the floor.

“Everything okay?”

“Things are fine. Your mother just thinks she's losing it.”

Mom glared at Dad. “Don't say that. I swear. I should have given it to him months ago and you're not helping right now.”

“Given who, what?” They had my interest.

Mom slapped a hand over her forehead. “Your grandpa had this really old camera... It’s film. I know you mostly work with digital stuff. I’d meant to give it to you for your birthday. I think I’ve just been a scrambled mess since this summer.”

I nodded. Outside of Nathan’s rekindling things with Chase, our Uncle Drew had suffered a heart attack. He was Mom’s brother, and it freaked her out that she’d almost lost him. Again. The man had a history of bad health and all this other crazy family drama came out in the process.

“That’s cool. I’d like to see it.”

Mom nodded, looking at the dumped box on the floor. “And I’d like to show you. If I can only remember where I put it.”

I laughed as I left them to handle things. Mom always misplaced things. It wasn’t anything new.

Walking out of the building, I stuffed my laptop into my bag. In true Washington fashion, it was drizzling out. I already missed the sunny beach in Mexico and days like this only made me miss it more. My professor had been impressed with some of the shots I’d taken on the trip. I’d panicked for a few minutes, hoping I’d remembered to transfer all of Joe’s dirty pictures to another drive.

I stumbled over my feet when my eyes landed on the man leaning against a tree up ahead. It was as if my thoughts had summoned him.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, coming to a stop at his side.

“Can’t I walk with you?”

I grinned. “I was just surprised to see you, is all.”

Joe wrapped an arm around my shoulder, pulling me to his side. His scent of musk and something uniquely his washed over me as I melted into his warmth. “Get used to it, sweetheart.”

My stomach did a little flip. This had to be why people liked being in relationships. It was nice to be spoiled by someone and have someone who wanted to spend time with you. And not just as a friend.

“I showed my professor the pictures I took on the trip today.”

Joe stopped moving, and I realized what I’d said. I rushed to fix things. “Not those photos. But I am worried about it. I kept wondering the whole time if I’d forgotten to take them off my computer. That’s the last thing he needs to see. Unless he’s into that. I don’t want to know if he is—”

My rambling only stopped when Joe placed his hand over my mouth. “It’s all right, sweetheart. I wouldn’t think you’d show him those. Might make things a little more interesting, though. Sounds like something I would do.”

We both laughed and continued to walk. The rain was still falling in a fine mist, but it wasn’t enough to bother either of us. When you were raised experiencing weather like that all the time, you barely noticed it.

Joe

I was on cloud fucking nine. For the last few days, I'd been meeting Aiden after his classes and walking with him. It was worth it to see the way his beautiful face lit the fuck up whenever he saw me standing there waiting for him.

Nathan was still giving me dirty looks whenever he saw us hanging out, and it was really starting to bother me. There was being a protective older brother, and then there was being a dick to your friends. He was treading into dick territory more often than not.

My head swam with a few ideas for some content to film as I walked up the front steps to Teresa's house when my phone went off in my pocket. Still feeling ten feet tall, I pulled it out and answered it without even checking to see who was calling. It was a mistake because there was something that could kill my mood, and it was on the other end of the phone.

"Joseph."

My spine straightened at the use of my full first name.

"Dad?" I opened the front door and entered the house. Teresa and McKenzie were sitting in the living room and my sister's eyes widened when she heard who I was on the phone with .

"Any word yet on a perspective job?"

I blew out a breath, pinching the skin on the bridge of my nose. “Hi, Dad. Things are great. Thanks so much for asking.”

Maybe it wasn't appropriate to be such a sarcastic asshole to my parents, but what was I supposed to do when this was the norm? It wasn't like my parents actually cared. I'd done everything right until graduation. My parents had even turned a blind eye to all my other theatrics because I'd not fathered any children, my grades never suffered, and I was in school. But the second I failed to get a job? Yeah, I was out on my ass. According to them, I deserved to still be struggling. It pissed them off that Teresa let me live with her.

“You know why I'm calling. We gave you a time limit, son. You can't mooch off your sister forever.”

It would be so easy to just hang up the phone and not let him talk down to me, but there was still that silly small child inside of me that wanted to earn their approval. God, they'd have a fucking field day if they ever found out what I was doing for money.

Teresa grabbed the remote off the arm of the couch, turned up the TV volume, and ushered me to the kitchen, away from McKenzie. She was used to me dealing with Mom and Dad, and it never ended well.

“Jesus, you act like it's all so damn easy.”

Dad sighed. “It is that easy. You went to school, got good grades, put it to fucking use, kid. ”

My entire body tightened. What was it with the older generations not understanding that it wasn't that easy? I wasn't the only one who'd had troubles. None of my friends had it easy getting jobs after school. Brandon was the only person who got lucky

because he was planning to take over his parents' bookstore, anyway.

I paced around the kitchen, my sister watching me the whole time. "I applied to places. You know I did. No one wanted to hire me. Not only that, but I'm not even sure this is what I want to do. Maybe it all feels like I wasted the last four years."

"You need to figure it out, Joseph. Your mother and I aren't going to keep waiting. I did the footwork and found you that internship, and you're being too damn stubborn to take it."

I growled. "Because it would take me away from everyone. Not just you and Mom. It would take me away from Teresa and McKenzie. Don't forget about my friends. I don't want to have to start all over and not know anyone in a foreign country."

Despite Teresa's efforts to distract her daughter, McKenzie had wandered into the kitchen. Teresa grabbed her and sat with her in a chair while I continued to fume over the phone.

"And that's exactly why you don't have a job. You could, but you don't want to. That's your biggest problem, Joseph. You lack commitment."

I growled in frustration .

"Really? I don't need to listen to this right now." And I did what I should have done at the beginning of the conversation. I pulled the phone away from my ear and ended the call.

The second the call disconnected, all the tension in the room melted. McKenzie still clung to my sister.

"Joe?"

I'd never heard my sister sound so defeated. Teresa was the badass who never let anyone get her down.

“Shit, I'm sorry. I don't—”

She held up her hand before standing and sliding her daughter from her lap. They both came to my side and wrapped their arms around me. We stood there like the little broken family we were, hugging it out in the kitchen, trying to calm the storm that was created by people who shouldn't have ever created it.

My heart just wasn't in it. I clicked through page after page, trying to come up with an idea, but after the bombshell from earlier in the day, trying to think of sexy poses was nearly impossible. I was running out of content and I couldn't afford to let my profile slip. Now, more than ever, I needed to depend on those funds .

The phone sitting next to me on my desk mocked me. It would be so easy to pick it up, fire off a text to Aiden or any of my other friends. Surrounding myself with my friends always seemed to make me feel better whenever I had a confrontation with my parents. But that also meant admitting to what the hell they'd said today.

When I finally caved in and picked up the device, there was a notification waiting. I smiled when I saw it was a text from Aiden. It was as if he'd sensed that I would need to hear from him to put me in a better mood.

I opened it up to a gif of a dog with big bushy eyebrows, waggling them at me suggestively. A laugh burst out of me before I fired off a response.

Me: What are you implying?

It took a few minutes, but a message came through, a picture this time of Aiden in nothing but a pair of briefs, hand cupped over his junk.

Aiden: It's been a while.

I snorted. He was being brave, and that needed to be rewarded. I liked this side of Aiden. He was always so worried, but when he took charge... that was sexy as fuck.

My mind was still all fucked up from earlier. The text should have excited me, and I should have been ready to play along with my what? Boyfriend? Instead, I wanted to get off my damn computer and take a nap. That wasn't like me at all. Maybe I needed the distraction of Aiden after all.

Me: You could... always come over and fix that.

Aiden: You expect me to get dressed like this?

Another photo, the tip of his flushed dick peeking out from the band of his underwear. A groan rumbled out of me as my cock twitched to life. As fun as this was to do over the phone, I'd rather have my hands on him.

Me: Be here in twenty, and I'll make it worth your time.

Aiden was thirty minutes away. I knew that. But fuck, would it be fun to see him try to get there in time.



Aiden

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I'd never thrown clothes back on so fast in my whole damn life. There I was, thinking I'd do some sexy phone sex thing, and I'd gotten something better dangled in front of me. The bigger question was how I was going to make it to Joe's house in time. I'd never gotten there that fast. I'd have to run for part of it and then I'd be sweaty and gross.

Jesus.

I grabbed my jacket and shoes, shoving my phone into my pocket as I bolted out the front door.

My lungs burned as I ran as fast as I could, not stopping until I was a little over halfway there. I wasn't big on working out, only doing physical exercise, like running, when I was forced to in school. To say that I was out of shape was an understatement.

When I reached the front door of Teresa's house, I mostly stopped sweating, but I was still out of breath. Checking my watch, at least it had only taken me fifteen minutes to get there. A new record. Apparently, I could be motivated by sex. And Joe. Joe was a pretty good reward.

I looked like a damn mess. My hair was all over the place and I was probably all flushed from running. It didn't stop me from marching up to the front door and

knocking. When Teresa answered, she seemed surprised to see me, but then I remembered what she'd said the last time I'd been there. About how Joe needed to give her more of a heads up about visitors.

"I... take it he didn't tell you I was coming by?"

Teresa rolled her eyes. "He didn't." She huffed loudly, but then sighed. "It's all good. I think he needs your company today, anyway."

What the hell did that mean?

That was when I noticed it: Teresa's eyes were red and puffy and the usual happiness that filled the house was noticeably missing. Something was wrong.

She stood to the side and let me in. A cartoon played quietly on the TV and McKenzie was in front of it, hugging a little stuffed rabbit. Even she was more subdued than normal. Whenever I came over, she would run and start talking my ear off. But not today.

I walked to the basement door, filled with trepidation. I'd never been so unsure of anything in my life. Sweat rolled down my back once more, but not from running this time.

The door creaked open, and I called down the stairs. "Joe? "

There was a shuffling, and then he appeared at the bottom step. "There you are. You got here just in time."

Seeing him set me at ease, the knots in my stomach uncoiling as I descended the stairs. That cock-sure smile was planted on his face like nothing was wrong. Maybe something was happening to Teresa and McKenzie that didn't impact Joe, but the

closer I got to him, the more I realized that wasn't the case. The way his shoulders were held so stiffly told me that whatever was going upstairs carried over to him as well.

“What's... Is everything okay?”

Joe's smile didn't quite meet his eyes as his arm wrapped around my shoulders and led me further into the room. “Why wouldn't everything be okay?”

That he wasn't saying my name, or even calling me sweetheart, had all those feelings of worry flooding back. I pulled at my jacket before sliding out of Joe's hold.

“Don't—don't do that with me. Your sister was clearly upset when I got here and now you're hiding something from me. What's wrong?”

Joe's shoulders drooped. I'd never seen him look so unsure about anything. “I'm just glad that you're here. Is that enough?”

It had to be bad; I got that much, but I wished he would give me more. “I can help, but unless I know what happened, I can't do that. ”

Joe ran his long fingers through his thick, black hair and looked up at the ceiling. “It's been a shitty day. Part of it doesn't even feel real. I can't even begin to think about how to explain it.”

“Try me.”

He laughed. “I should give you a little more credit, huh, sweetheart?”

That was all it took. Him calling me sweetheart once, and I melted for him all over again.

“Yes, give me all the fucking credit. I’m damn amazing. Here for you. One hundred percent. You need a shoulder? You got it. There’s a trusty one right here.” I awkwardly patted my shoulder and Joe laughed softly before coming over and wrapping me in a hug.

“My parents called today.”

I didn’t know a lot about Joe’s situation with his parents, but I knew enough that his relationship with them had been strained since he graduated from college last summer. That was why he was living in his sister’s basement.

“What did they say?”

He tensed up. “Gave me some bullshit ultimatum. I’m not going to do it. I’ve lived under their thumb for far too long and I like the freedom that I have here. Maybe that’s selfish.”

“It’s not selfish.” My hands traveled up and down his back, rubbing soothing circles to calm him. It was sort of nice to be there for him like that .

What was selfish was how I was a little bummed that this was the direction this visit had turned. I’d come over hoping for one thing, but it wasn’t all bad. Joe wasn’t used to asking for help or letting people know when he needed them. He’d reached out to me in the best way he could in his time of need. I meant more to him than just a quick roll around in the bed and it made me feel even better about my realization that he was my person.

We made our way to the bed, curling around each other, and that was it. There was no hurry to take off clothes or do anything else. It was comforting to just lay there and hold each other until we fell asleep.

The incessant buzzing of my phone woke me up. Everything was so damn quiet, and I had no idea what time it was. When I could finally pull my phone from my pocket, I cringed at the time. It was after nine at night and I'd run out of my parents' house so fast without saying anything.

"Hello?" I tried to be as quiet as possible, slipping from the bed to answer the call from my mom.

"Where are you? I was this close to filing a missing person's report. I swear to God, Aiden. Between you and your brother, you two are determined to give me gray hair before I'm ready for it. "

Looking over at the bed, Joe was still sound asleep. The last thing I wanted to do was wake him up if the day had really been as bad as he'd made it seem.

"I'm hanging out with Joe. I don't know if I'm coming home tonight."

Mom huffed loudly. "You couldn't tell me that before you left? Come on. You were my one hope that I had at least one child who wasn't going to be wild. Nope. Forget it. Please don't do anything stupid."

I fought back a laugh, checking on the bed one more time. Joe's eyes were open now, but he hadn't moved from his position. Once I hung up the phone, I pulled my shirt over my head and made my way back over to him. The second my thighs hit the edge of the mattress, he sat up, a filthy promise dancing behind his eyes.

"Is that so, sweetheart? What do you have planned?" The way his voice was thick and husky with sleep sent a shiver down my spine.

My shoulders lifted in a shrug. It was now or never. "Dunno. Maybe you can try to put a baby in me."

It was out in the open.

Joe

Maybe you can try to put a baby in me.

After the conversation with my parents, it should have freaked me out. Part of the reason we were in this mess was because Teresa had McKenzie. But this was Aiden. Sure, he said the words, and it was physically impossible, but it got me more excited than it should have.

“A baby?”

Aiden bit his lip, the plump pink flesh rolling between his teeth. “Is that weird?”

“Fuck no, babe. It’s sexy as hell.”

Pink splotches covered his face, but he had nothing to be embarrassed about. Was this what he’d been reluctant to tell me?

My fingers hooked into the waist of his jeans, pulling him closer. The snap came undone easily, the fly opening without a problem. Aiden’s cock already strained against the material of his briefs and maybe it had been cruel to lure him over here earlier when he’d been horny and not tell him I needed him for other reasons .

“Look at you. Does the idea of me stuffing you full, filling you with my cum until it’s seeping out of you get you that excited?”

“Oh, fuck,” he whined as his eyes slammed closed.

“Yeah, you like that.” A low hum rumbled from my throat as I worked Aiden’s jeans over his hips. He lifted each foot to help remove the material and when he stood in front of me in nothing but his underwear, I was more grateful than ever that I’d responded to his text. As horrible as things had been earlier in the day, this was just the distraction I needed.

My fingers wrapped around his forearm, pulling him to the bed. Aiden was like pliable clay. I could move him to my every whim, and he wouldn’t fight me on it. I wanted him splayed before me, panting and waiting. His chest rose and fell with labored breaths as I kissed down his sternum to his belly button. The soft cotton of his briefs slid down his legs as my fingers tugged them off.

“Joe, fuck, please,” Aiden babbled, his hips lifting from the mattress as I slid back up his body. We hadn’t done this since we’d left Mexico. As much as I enjoyed sex, I could handle going long stretches without it. Aiden was new to the experience, and I remembered being in his position, wanting to experience every feeling.

I kissed his left thigh and then the right, causing him to whine, whimper, and writhe some more. It had to be torture knowing I was so close to what he wanted and not giving it to him. When my hand wrapped around his shaft and angled it closer to his stomach, he cursed. My nose nuzzled into the crease between the base of his dick and his sack, taking a whiff of him. Aiden was sweat and sweetness. He made my mouth water as my lips sealed around one of his balls, pulling it deep into my mouth as I sucked at it.

“Shit. Oh, God. Why does that feel good? Fuck. Joe.”

I released the one before switching to the other, Aiden’s fingers tangling in my hair as I continued to slurp at him.

I was making a huge fucking mess. Spit and drool covered his entire sack as I



continued to give his balls attention. It wasn't something I was normally into, but listening to the absolutely filthy sounds that Aiden made was enough to have me hooked.

As I moved lower, Aiden spread his legs further, granting me access. I lifted his balls to expose his hole and then pushed his hips from the bed so his ass was suspended in the air. He let out a squeak at the sudden movement, but it was so fucking adorable that I kept right on going.

“Look at this pretty little hole. It's just begging for me.” I punctuated my words by pressing my thumb into the puckered flesh. Aiden bucked against my arm holding him up.

“Did it miss me, sweetheart? Did you miss me?” Without giving Aiden a chance to answer, my tongue swept against his entrance. He froze for a moment before sinking into the sensation.

I gripped his ass with both hands, spreading his cheeks as far as I could before I descended on him, licking, sucking, and biting at his hole. Little words of nonsense filled the air and figuring out what got him to make different sounds was quickly becoming a new favorite thing. Aiden was so damn responsive, and I was there for every single second.

My tongue slithered inside of him, finding all the little nooks and crannies. Aiden tasted as sweet as he sounded, and I needed to get inside of him before I exploded.

The second I pulled away, Aiden flopped against the bed. “Fuck. Why? Why did you stop?”

I chuckled, crawling across the bed on my knees, and pulling my shirt off as I went. “Relax. I'm just getting the lube.”

Another whine fell from his puffy, perfect lips. I had to stop and kiss him before I leaned over to open the bedside drawer to pull out my bottle of lube. The moment I realized just how special this was... that I never got to bring people here, warmth spread through my chest. Aiden was special in more than one way. I never fucked anyone in my bed.

Of course, Teresa would murder me if she knew what I was doing. Though it was the worst possible time to think of my sister. She knew about Aiden. Had picked up on it the moment I'd gotten back from Mexico. We never talked about it outright, but my sister was always perceptive to that sort of shit. Her brother had never been emotionally attached to anyone before, and I was wrecked the moment I walked through the front door.

“Joe?”

I shook my head, chasing away my thoughts and returning my focus to the man who was naked in my bed. The one who deserved all the fucking attention in the world. God, he was a fucking dream come true. If it made me the biggest sap in the world, I was okay with that.

“No worries, sweetheart.” I dropped the lube on the bed before standing and shedding my pants and boxers. Aiden rolled to face me, his bottom lip pinched between his teeth again while his eyes trailed my body. I loved the way he watched me. If I never got to film again and only got to perform for Aiden for the rest of my life, it would be worth it. I lived for the way his eyes lit fire across my skin.

Aiden scrambled across the mattress, hands landing on my waist and pulling me down on top of him. He was so damn impatient it was bordering on cute.

“I believe I asked for you to put a baby in me.”

I laughed at his demand, pushing him into the comforter and spreading his legs with my knees. The bottle of lube was in my hands before I could process what was happening, Aiden having picked it up and shoving it into them.

The cap opened, and I poured the cool liquid over my fingers before slathering it over my cock. I hissed at the contact, but it wasn't enough to quell the inferno racing through my bloodstream. My fingers sought the crease of Aiden's ass, and one digit slid easily into his tight warmth .

“Mmm, babe. I know I fucking missed this. You feel so damn good. I can't wait to sink inside you. Can't wait to pump you so full that you end up with your dream. You want to make a baby? Let's make a fucking baby.”

The words swirled in my head. I wasn't used to talking like that. Kids freaked me the fuck out, but maybe because I knew it couldn't actually happen? But the idea of trying sounded like so much fun. And the way Aiden lit the fuck up? Oh, it had been totally worth it. He flushed from head to toe, his eyes pinched closed tightly as his lips worked to form little pleas.

Aiden

God, it was so damn good. There was still that little voice in the back of my head that was scared of telling Joe what I'd been craving, but the way he'd just leaned into it and gone for gold? Fuck, yes. I was there for every second of it.

His fingers stretched me open, and I didn't want to wait. When I'd texted him earlier, I'd been serious about it having been a while. I'd been craving the feeling of him inside of me. It was so strange to have gone my whole life never craving any of it, to being completely hooked.

"Joe," I whined, my hips thrusting as if they had a mind of their own, forcing his fingers to sink deeper inside.

"Fuck, sweetheart. You're killing me."

I wanted to laugh, a small chuckle still fighting its way free. "I'm killing you? What about me?"

The low rumble of Joe's hum set me at ease as he worked a third finger past the tight ring of muscle of my hole. I loved the feeling of being stuffed so full, but it would be better when it was his cock instead of his hand.

My mind raced, filling with all sorts of dirty ideas. How far could I take things? Joe didn't have a problem with the idea of getting me pregnant, even if it was impossible, but maybe that's what made it so fucking hot. What were his opinions on that, anyway? Not that it was something I needed to be thinking about when he was sliding

his slick digits from my ass and lining his dick up to impale me.

That first initial push had me tensing up so damn tight. As much as I wanted it, I'd forgotten the burn and the stretch. My hands scrambled to grasp at the comforter below me and Joe stilled.

"Sweetheart? Are you okay?"

A smile spread across my face. "I'm good. More than good. I'll get used to it."

That seemed to be enough of an answer as Joe gently started pressing forward again. His movements were slow and measured, a clear attempt to not hurt me. My hands slowly loosened in the blanket and drifted to Joe's sides.

When hips met ass, I took a deep and steadying breath. This was fucking amazing. I could live with Joe's cock buried inside of me. Maybe it was a weird thought, but I didn't only want his load. I wanted him. All of him.

We'd gotten so very close, so very fast, but I couldn't stop it. This felt like fate. Like we were two runners in a race, trying to win the gold medal. We sped toward each other until we collided and remained intertwined .

With the first thrust of Joe's hips, my eyes rolled back into my head. His cock rubbed my prostate at just the perfect angle and fuck, did it feel fucking amazing. "Yes," I hissed, pushing back into him again and again.

The more we built up momentum, the more excited I got. Joe was going to come inside of me, dump his load, and pretend like he was trying to knock me up. My toes curled as we continued to rock against each other. My fingers wrapped around my erection, stroking in time with Joe's thrusts until we were both sloppy and moving as if we were possessed. The room filled with the sounds of our skin slapping together

and the moans that fell from our lips.

I was the first to come, my jizz painting my chest as it shot from my cock. With how Joe kept pummeling my prostate, shot after shot kept firing from me, leaving streaks of cum clear up to my chin.

“Oh, fuck, sweetheart. Look at you. So fucking pretty, all covered in your mess.”

There was no rhythm for how Joe continued to fuck into me. His hips moved at an uneven pace as sweat rolled down his handsome face, his teeth catching onto the piercing in his bottom lip. I wanted to latch onto that little metal loop as well. To feel it bite into my skin.

And then that flood of warmth hit, spreading through my ass as Joe let out a deep and guttural groan. His hands landed on the pillow on either side of my head as his body slowed to a stop. Every once in a while, his hips would shift, pushing his load deeper into me until his cock grew too soft and slid out of me.

The sensation of his cum seeping out of my hole triggered something in my chest. My heart squeezed as panic set in. I wanted it to stay. As if reading my mind, Joe’s fingers found his mess and pushed it back inside before reaching back for his bedside table and opening the drawer.

He produced a silicone plug and pushed it into my ass, effectively trapping his release inside. Calm washed over me in an instant.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart. You want to keep me inside, you can keep me inside.”

I hummed in appreciation as Joe sunk into the mattress next to me. Having a plug in my ass again didn’t feel as weird as it probably should have. There was a strange rightness to it. Joe knew exactly what I needed and when I nuzzled deeper into his

side, his arms wrapping around me to make me feel even more safe, I knew... I couldn't lose him. It would break me.

The smell of something sweet wafted down from upstairs. My eyes opened and Joe sat on the edge of the bed, holding a t-shirt, but not moving to put it on. As if sensing that I'd woken up, he turned to face me, a small smile painting his face .

"Morning, sweetheart."

"Hi." Warmth spread through my chest as he leaned in close to place a quick but chaste kiss against my lips. I'd missed those little moments since we'd gotten back from Mexico.

Joe said nothing as he sat back up, pulling the shirt over his head and then making his way over to his dresser to grab a pair of boxer briefs. I hated seeing him so covered up, but when I shifted in bed, the plug jolted my senses. I'd almost forgotten that he'd put it there the night before. Was it weird to want to keep it there? Was it okay?

"Joe?" I sounded so damn unsure, which was so fucking stupid. I'd asked the guy to put a baby in me and I couldn't ask him about proper etiquette with wearing a plug long term.

"Yes, sweetheart?" He turned to face me and as much as my face was on fire, I spread my legs so that he could see where the flared base rested against my hole.

His face turned pink, but he made his way back to the bed before sitting next to me. "Are you feeling okay?" he asked, genuine concern painting his features?

"It's... different. Is it okay that it's still in there?"

Joe shook his head. "We should really take it out. I probably shouldn't have left it in

you all night. As hot as an idea it is, it's not practical, and I could have hurt you."

My heart melted because, as much as my brother seemed to worry about Joe and his reputation, this was so sweet. He cared and had done nothing but take care of me since the beginning. "Nothing hurts, if that's what you're wondering. I'm actually a little sad that we need to take it out."

Joe chuckled. "What the fuck am I going to do with you?"

He grasped the base of the plug and pulled it from my body oh so very gently. The feeling of emptiness was sudden and unwelcome. My ass clenched as if searching for what was suddenly missing. Joe's eyes remained glued to where the muscles flexed as I tried to get used to being so empty.

"Does everything look okay?"

Those piercing blue eyes snapped up to meet mine. "Yeah. Thankfully. We need to be more careful in the future, okay?"

The future? Yeah... I liked the sound of that.

"Joe? Aiden?"

We both froze, having missed the sound of the door opening, or anyone knocking.

"Shit, sorry. I'm not really supposed to have anyone stay over."

Joe's eyes were wide as he stood from the bed, grabbing my underwear and tossing it at me. I pulled them up my legs but chuckled. "She obviously knows I'm here, and she doesn't sound mad."



He deflated, looking at the stairs and then back at me. “It’s so fucking weird. She’s had this strict-ass rule for so long and if she’s not mad...”

“If it helps, when I got here yesterday, she said something about you needing me.”

Joe closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them again, something had shifted. He seemed more at peace with something, and a smile spread across his face. “Why don’t you get dressed? It smells like Teresa made waffles for breakfast.”

Joe

No overnight guests. Not unless they're serious. It will only confuse McKenzie.

Teresa had been very clear, but if she'd said something to Aiden about me needing him... fuck. My sister always had my back and one day I'd repay her for putting up with me for so long.

Aiden's staying over quickly became a regular occurrence. His parents didn't seem to mind that he spent so much time with me, and Nathan didn't seem to know anything about it. Not that it was any of his business. We had a happy little bubble of fucking and cuddling. It was nice to have someone there to help me with filming my content as well. I did okay on my own, but there was something about using someone who actually knew what the fuck they were doing that made it better.

My followers kept growing, and I was making more money than ever. Maybe it was weird that my boyfriend didn't seem to mind me showing off for so many strangers on the internet, but it was also cool that he didn't want to hold me back from what he knew I enjoyed doing .

Dad hadn't called again since that one afternoon. It was only a matter of time before I heard from him again. They'd given me a year after graduation to figure my shit out and that time was fast approaching. Every time I looked at Aiden, I wondered if I should tell him, but I was so hellbent on defying my parents that I didn't think it would become an issue. They'd drag me off to England to work at that shady-ass company kicking and screaming.

“You’re thinking really hard...”

I snapped my attention back to Aiden, who was adjusting the camera on the tripod. For someone who was supposed to be in the moment and getting himself ready to film, I was thinking about things that would ruin the experience.

“Yeah, sorry.” I did my best to shake it off and focus on what I should have been doing.

Aiden had begged me off and on to shoot the video I’d teased him with back in Mexico. He wanted to see if I could really make myself come from nipple play alone. It wasn’t exactly something I’d tried before, but I was convinced that I could do it.

I sat in the middle of my bed in nothing but my boxer briefs. Aiden’s eyes kept snagging on me as he set up different things around the room so that the lighting was just right. It was more thought than I ever put into any of it, but that’s why having him there made the difference.

Aiden settled behind the camera, holding his hand up and counting down from five with his fingers, hitting the button to record on top, and giving me a thumbs up. My heart beat a mile a minute as I sat there and hesitated. I never fucking hesitated. But then I sprang to life. My hands roamed my chest as I tuned out and fell into a fantasy. I always did. What I pictured each time was always something different, but lately they all had one shining star. He currently stood behind the camera.

As my hands continued to roam, so did my thoughts. My thumb snagged on one of my nipple piercings, sending a jolt through my body and straight to my balls. My dick jumped to life, plumping up inside the soft material of my underwear.

When I looked up through hooded eyelids, Aiden’s eyes were glued to my cock. He worried his bottom lip between his teeth, and I knew I needed to give him the best

show he'd ever seen.

I pushed the waistband of my underwear down my hips, exposing my growing erection to the cool air of my bedroom. It did nothing to calm the growing fire of having Aiden's eyes on me as my hand wrapped around my length and stroked a few times. The goal was to come from nipple stimulation alone, but a few pumps wouldn't hurt.

My hands wandered back up my chest, fingers pinching at the metal through my nipples and tugging on them roughly. My toes curled as spark after spark of pleasure pulsed through me. I'd always loved having my chest played with and when Nathan had dared me two years ago to get the piercings, I'd jumped at the opportunity. It was probably the stupidest dare he could have ever given me because I'd always wanted them. Fucker ended up having to pay for them and now his brother was getting to enjoy them.

My hands kept working, massaging and rolling. Tugging and pinching. All kinds of little lightning bolts shot across my skin as my cock grew heavier and thicker between my legs. This had started as a joke. An idea to tease Aiden and get him riled up, and now in practice, fuck, it was so damn erotic. My eyes rolled to the ceiling as I concentrated on the sensations coursing through my body as my digits continued their task.

Holy fuck. I actually could come like this.

My attention focused back on the camera. Behind it, Aiden had his pants undone with his hand shoved inside and, at that moment, I would have killed to have him on the bed with me. I wanted his body next to mine and to touch him as we sought our mutual pleasure.

A shudder wracked through his body, and he did his best to stifle his moan. But that

was it. That was all I needed, and I fell over the edge. Watching Aiden come undone while watching me was enough. Was it the same as coming through nipple play alone? Maybe not. But I didn't need to tell him that watching him get off is what did me in.

The room was so damn quiet except for the sounds of our harsh breathing. After a moment, Aiden reached up to turn off the camera.

“Jesus, fucking Christ, Joe. What the hell did I just watch? ”

I chuckled as I scooted to the edge of the bed and closer to Aiden. He was frozen in place, and I was in no rush to clean up my messy self. “You liked that? Maybe next time you can join me?”

Aiden's face flushed, but he nodded. It had been one thing for him to be in the pictures. His face hadn't been included, but it would be hard to hide him while filming. Lots of guys got away with never showing their face and we could figure it out if that was what Aiden wanted to do, but the way he'd gone all in back in Mexico... I didn't think it would be a problem.

After Aiden had gone home, I shoved my sheets into the washing machine. One of these days, Teresa would question just how often I washed them, but today was not that day.

I went upstairs to grab a bottle of water from the fridge.

My feet were lead as I made my way back down to the basement, but I wanted to get ahead on editing today's footage. The camera still stood on the tripod next to my bed, so I removed it to take out the memory card.

My eyes grew heavy as I booted up my computer, and I was tempted to give up and

edit things in the morning. However, I needed the content, and it would be better for me if I could get a little ahead. My neck cracked as I rolled my head in an attempt to wake myself up some more and focus.

When I loaded the memory card, two different saved files surprised me. I hadn't remembered the last time I'd recorded anything. It was before the trip to Mexico, but I had edited all of that and uploaded it to the site. What the fuck was on my camera?

I clicked on the first file, and all prior pretenses of sleep vanished. I was wide the fuck awake. On my screen was Aiden in the middle of the hotel bed as I moved toward him. My eyes only grew wider as I sank on top of him on the bed and started undressing him and then shifted so that the camera had a better angle. But I knew how this ended. I'd stopped it. We didn't film this because I'd realized he hadn't ever done anything before, and I wasn't the jerk who put that up for public consumption.

Except... When I got up from the bed, the camera jiggled, like I'd attempted to stop it, but the recording never stopped.

In wide-eyed horror, I watched as our conversation continued.

“Well, the game... You remember how many things... Never Have I Ever is a terrible game.”

“You’ve—you’ve never? Jesus, Aiden. And you wanted me to record that?”

My fingers threaded through my hair as the scene continued to unfold. The moment I'd crawled back onto the bed and proceeded to give Aiden exactly what he'd wanted. Was it a little fucked up that I was getting hard watching this all unfold when I'd never meant to record it to begin with? Maybe.

The angles were all wrong, but I'd lived the moment. I knew what had gone down.

To see the moment when Aiden was embarrassed when he'd come too soon. But the whole damn thing was there, down to the moment I'd sank inside of him for the first time. I couldn't bring myself to turn it off.

Shortly after we'd both come, the camera cut out, presumably the battery had died. It would explain why we'd had to charge it before we recorded today.

What the hell was I supposed to do with this?

Aiden

Sitting on the couch as everyone talked around me was so damn uncomfortable. All I wanted to do was sneak off with Joe, but we were all supposed to be hanging out. It'd be a dead giveaway that things had shifted, but we'd always been a little closer...

“What's eating you?”

I jumped when Brandon sat next to me.

“Nothing. I'm just not feeling it today, I guess.”

He nodded, but then a wide grin broke across his face when his boyfriend Andrew came and plopped down next to him.

“You two causing trouble over here?” he asked, wrapping his arm around Brandon's shoulders.

“Nah, just checking in on Aiden. He seemed so quiet today. He's been opening up so much at these parties and we're suddenly back to square one.”

Shit. Was I being obvious? Back when Nathan used to drag me along, I'd always felt out of place. Joe had taken me under his wing and made it his mission to drag me out of my shell and, man, if only they all knew just how out of my shell I'd become.

“I'm fine, I promise?”



Brandon raised an eyebrow as he stared me down. The two best friends turned boyfriends had always been nice. They'd been pro me pursuing Joe since the beginning. I think all my brother's friends had been... minus my brother.

And that spoke volumes.

I knew Joe wasn't a bad guy. He'd proven time and time again just how sweet and caring he could be. The problem came with making Nathan realize I was in good hands and that he could trust his friends.

"You know you can always talk to us, right?" Andrew asked, leaning a little closer. "How are things with..." He looked at Joe, who was standing in the corner nursing a beer.

Heat rushed to my cheeks, probably giving more away than intended. "Fine. They're fine. Things are fine."

Brandon laughed. "That's a lot of fine ."

God, I was fucking it all up. I'd only talked to Chase about anything happening and the more people who knew, the more likely it would get back to my brother. These two had been more than understanding. All of them had been. It probably wouldn't hurt to have a few more people in my corner.

With a heavy sigh, I leaned in closer. "Will you promise not to say anything?"

Brandon and Andrew's eyes both widened, but they nodded and leaned in closer to me as well .

"There's... something there. Has been something going on. We kind of..." God, why was it still so fucking awkward to talk about it? Maybe it was because I still had a

huge secret to keep alongside it. I could talk about fooling around with one of my brother's friends. I couldn't divulge his secret.

"Oh shit. Really?" Andrew looked over to the corner again where Joe was now watching the three of us closely. "I take it Nathan doesn't know."

I nodded quickly. "And it needs to stay that way. That's why I asked if you could keep a secret."

Brandon sat between us, grinning. "Well, I think this is great. Way to go, Aiden. Take what you want. Not going to lie; I was worried about how things would go after that kiss on New Year's, but I'm glad you took a chance."

The next time I looked up at Joe, those intense blue eyes were trained on me so intently. Heat crept up my neck and I wanted to sneak away to him again. "I'm glad I took a chance as well. Now if you'll excuse me."

Brandon laughed as I stood from my seat and made my way across the room. Joe watched closely as I made my way over to him, and he didn't fight me when I took his beer bottle from his hand and tipped it back to take a swig.

"What are you guys talking about? "

I smiled and refused to give Joe his drink back, keeping the bottle to myself. He eyeballed it for a moment, but settled back against the wall with his arms over his chest.

"Nothing. They wanted to know what was going on with us."

Joe snorted a small laugh. "Yeah? What'd you tell them?"

I shrugged, taking another sip of the beer. “The truth. I don’t think they’re the ones we have to worry about. They’ve been sort of rooting for it since the beginning.”

Joe’s eyebrows pinched. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, everyone is observant. I think everyone noticed we kept watching each other.”

When Joe’s arms dropped to his sides, a strange sense of uncertainty washed over me as he pushed off the wall and walked to the kitchen. He pulled another beer from the fridge. Before he came back, he grabbed a second one and popped the caps off of both before bringing them over.

“If they’re noticing...”

I held up my hand to stop his train of thought and then downed the rest of the first bottle of beer. “I think Nathan has a clue. He’s not stupid. I kissed you on New Year’s in front of everyone. It’s not a secret. The problem is that he thinks it stopped there.”

I set the empty bottle on the floor next to my feet and took the new one from Joe. We stood there in silence for a few moments, sipping at our drinks and observing what all was happening around the room .

Maybe it was bullshit for my brother to give me so much hell, when half the time he and Chase couldn’t keep their hands to themselves, even in public. Nathan sat in a recliner chair with his boyfriend in his lap, legs wrapped around his waist as they made out like no one else was present. Ever since they’d gotten back together, it was like they were making up for lost time. Then again, four years was a long-ass time to be apart from each other.

Daniel and Shawn were in the kitchen making different drinks and lining them up on the counter. It was still strange to see the shift between them. Gone were the days of them arguing over every last thing. Some of that had to have been for show. Like they'd argued just to see how much they could get under each other's skin.

Even Brandon and Andrew seemed to have forgotten anyone else was there. Was this what things would be like going forward? Would it be so strange if Joe and I coupled off? Everyone else had. It was only a matter of time.

"Do you ever wish you didn't have to hide it from him?"

The question echoed around in my head. Did I? Always. Everyone was allowed to love out loud, and I had to keep what I felt for Joe private like a dirty little secret. But that was the question. Was I in love with Joe? I had strong feelings for him. Very strong feelings for him. So much so that the idea of being without him now left me feeling strangled and panicked .

"That's a stupid question." Since no one seemed to be paying attention anyway, I tempted fate. Our hands hung between our bodies, and like two magnets, they pulled together. It felt so damn right to have my hand in his. Like Joe would keep me safe and always protect me. He wouldn't leave me.

" You're being quiet."

I lifted my head off the back window. Chase was driving while my brother slept in the passenger seat. They'd insisted on taking me home when it was the last thing I'd wanted.

"It's fine. Just thinking about some things."

I caught the smile that Chase threw my way in the rearview mirror.

“I’m sure he’ll stay asleep if you want me to take you somewhere else instead,” Chase whispered, a playful smirk spreading across his face.

I chuckled at the suggestion and sank further into my seat. “I appreciate it, but I think it’s best if I go home tonight.”

Chase nodded and kept driving while my head swirled with so many thoughts. There I was, nineteen years old, and still being treated like a damn kid a lot of the time. I was far from it. The last several weeks, hell, the last month or so, I’d been more of an adult than I’d ever been. I’d taken my first vacation alone, lost my virginity, was still doing great in school, and somehow maintaining a secret relationship.

Was that bad?

Maybe it made me irresponsible. Because who hid things like relationships?

Brandon and Andrew had. Even if they’d done a really shitty job at it. Everyone saw what was going on between them from a mile away.

When the car pulled up outside my parents’ house, I climbed out and watched as it drove away. Something funny lodged in my chest because literally everyone, except Joe and me, had gone home with someone tonight. I wanted that. I wanted it so fucking bad. To not crawl into bed alone at night and to feel someone wrapped around me. I’d been spoiled so much lately, but the nights when Joe and I were forced to be apart? Those nights were hell.

Okay, so maybe that was a little more than liking him a lot.

Joe

McKenzie colored at the kitchen table as I poured a cup of coffee.

“What do you have there, bug?”

Her little curly pigtails bobbed as she looked up at me and grinned. “Mommy gave me a Bluey coloring book. It’s my favorite. You should watch it with me sometime, Uncle Joe.”

I wasn’t big on watching kids’ shows, but some of the stuff my niece watched wasn’t so bad. Part of that was thanks to my sister. Teresa didn’t care much for brainless television and made it a point to only allow her daughter to watch things she could learn something from.

“Sure, McBug. I think I can swing that sometime soon.”

It was amazing how easy it was to please her. She went right back to her coloring, humming a song to herself while I took my coffee into the living room. Teresa had already left for work, and I’d need to help get McKenzie to the bus stop in a little while. It was a fair tradeoff to stay with them. Especially if I technically wasn’t working .

At eight-thirty, I grabbed my jacket and called for McKenzie. She came running into the living room and grabbed her backpack and jacket before racing out the front door. Ever since she’d started first grade, she’d been a little more independent.

“Don’t walk too close, Uncle Joe.” Like she was some sort of teenager who was too cool to be seen with her favorite person. Because that’s who I was. It made me feel amazing just how much that little girl worshiped me, even if I didn’t do anything to deserve it.

A crowd of parents stood at the bus stop, waiting. McKenzie ran to her friends, who were also standing there. One thing was for sure, the girl was never shy. The group of girls talked and giggled while I stood to the side, and another mother came over and talked to me.

“So you’ve been coming out here for a while now.”

How did you gently turn somebody down when they were clearly trying to flirt? I’d seen this woman out here numerous times and she flirted with several dads who used to come out here with their kids. Now those dads no longer came, and I assumed she had something to do with it.

I chuckled, my feet shuffling awkwardly on the sidewalk as I watched the kids run around each other. “Yeah, I help my sister with my niece.”

The woman’s eyebrows rose. “So you’re not spoken for? ”

The smile stretched my face, because I didn’t have to lie to her about that. “I didn’t say that. Just said that McBug isn’t mine. I’m very happily in a relationship, thank you.”

The woman looked around for a moment. “Well? Where is she?”

I rolled my eyes and laughed again because that was such a typical response. “He. He’s not here right now because he’s taking classes at the U-Dub.”

Her smile fell a little, but even telling her I was seeing a man didn't deter her. In the past, I might have entertained this lady. Pre-Aiden Joesph was all about the crazy and wild hookups. This woman screamed 'a good time,' but even thinking about entertaining the thought felt like it was cheating on Aiden. He was too special and important. I'd worked hard to earn his respect and keep it.

"Well..."

Before she could continue, I moved away, running over to McKenzie and lifting her under her arms above my head while she squealed. I didn't want to lead the woman on. I was committed to someone for the first time in my life, and I wasn't about to do something stupid.

"Uncle Joe, what are you doing?" McKenzie laughed as I set her back on the ground. She turned to punch me playfully in the stomach.

"I'm making sure you're paying attention, is all. Don't want any weirdos coming up and snatching you or anything. "

She giggled, punching me again. "You're the only weirdo."

And just like that, she went back to playing with her friends until the bus arrived.

"Joe!"

I ran up the stairs when Teresa called my name. She'd worked the early shift at the hospital, which was why I'd taken McKenzie to the bus stop.

"What's up?" I asked as I entered the kitchen.

Teresa smiled as she set the stack of mail on the table. "Is it too much to ask to spend



some time with my brother? You spend all your free time shut in that basement. And lately it's been more and more with Aiden involved. Want to tell me what's really going on there? You've never actually said anything, but I have my suspicions."

I let out a breath as I scratched at the back of my neck. Teresa was pretty chill, but she knew I didn't tie myself down. With the way things had gone down on the phone the other day, it was more risky than ever to start something with anyone.

"It's complicated."

Teresa rolled her eyes. "What's complicated about it? I've never seen you light up like that around anyone. He's good for you. "

I nodded in response. "He is, but he's supposed to be off limits."

That had my sister's attention. "What do you mean by off limits?"

"He's Nathan's little brother. He made me promise not to mess with him."

Teresa looked around the room. "The last I checked, Aiden was an adult. Since when did his brother get to make choices like that for him?"

This was why I loved my sister so much. She was a voice of reason when I doubted everything.

"You're not mad that he's been here?"

She huffed a laugh. "Joe, I said you couldn't bring your hookups here. You've never brought him here for that. He first came around as a friend. Then he started spoiling me with gorgeous photos of my daughter. When you came back from your trip? I knew things had changed. I'm not going to get in the way of my brother falling in

love.”

Love? Fuck. Yeah, I’d been falling all right. I’d never entertained spending this much time with anyone and Aiden filled all my thoughts and plans for the future. I was filled with so much fear of how to handle telling him about the ultimatum my parents had given me. Leaving him behind wasn’t an option.

Teresa raised an eyebrow as she looked me over. “You okay there, baby bro?”

I laughed off her question. “Yeah, go figure that you make me question so much shit.”

“That’s what sisters are for, aren’t they?”

Maybe it was odd that we’ve had the entire fucking conversation standing in the middle of her damn kitchen, but it was typical for us.

In many ways, I was lucky that I was close to Teresa. There were so many families where siblings did nothing but argue. We’d done plenty of that growing up, but at the end of the day, we had each other’s backs. I’d fucking kill for my sister. I’d do anything to protect her daughter.

We didn’t dwell too much on the realization that I actually had feelings for someone; instead, we started pulling food out to make something for dinner. It wasn’t often that we all sat down together, but it was nice to do it from time to time. Most of our family meals were simple and comprised things McKenzie would eat. She was a great kid, but could be a picky eater. There was nothing wrong with boxed mac and cheese and chicken nuggets. What was more important was that we were all together.

When the kiddo got home from school, she came running into the house, kicking off her shoes and tossing her backpack and jacket on the floor.

“Mommy! Uncle Joe!” she squealed as she jumped at me, making me catch her and lift her above my head .

Teresa laughed, going to pick up the mess her daughter had left on her way to the kitchen. When we all sat down to eat, it was loud and chaotic. McKenzie filled the room with wild tales of her adventures at school.

“And then Rachel found a worm under the slide and tried to chase Edward with it. She got put in time out for the rest of recess.” Her fork flung macaroni noodles as she told her story. It was moments like these when I was glad I was with them. I would do everything in my power to not have to leave them.

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

The camera was heavy in my hands as I walked down the trail. Trees were just budding with new leaves, and birds chirped as the sun broke through the scattering of gray clouds. This was what I lived for: capturing simple, quiet moments in life.

I'd come out here with the idea of taking some pictures and clearing my head, but the more I walked and the quieter it got, the more my thoughts became scattered. All I could focus on was how deep I'd gotten with Joe. How did I tell him? The last thing I wanted was to come across as overly clingy.

My phone vibrated in my pocket and I pulled it out, a smile stretching my face when I saw Joe's name on my screen.

Joe: I want to see you.

Maybe coming across as clingy was the last thing I needed to worry about. It meant something that he wanted to see me as well.

Me: I'm at Discovery Park.

Joe: What are you doing out there ?

I snapped a picture from my camera, the irony not escaping me as I sent it to Joe.

It took a few minutes for a response to come through, but when it did, my smile only grew, and it was stupid how easily the guy could make me happy.

Joe: Are you open to some company?

Me: I'll never tell you no.

The park wasn't close, and it would take him a while to get there, so I headed back toward the visitor center to wait. It would be easier for him to find me that way.

It took a good thirty minutes for Joe to get there, but the second I saw him step out of the car wearing those snug black jeans and a dark gray thermal shirt, I wanted to climb all over him. Damned if we were in public.

"Hey, sweetheart." A smile spread across his face as he made his way over to me and I tossed all caution to the wind, throwing my arms around his neck and pulling him in for a quick kiss. The feel of his lip piercing biting into my skin, grounding me and letting me know he was really there.

He chuckled as I pulled back. "You miss me or something?" he asked.

"I always miss you." I shrugged, grabbing his hand and leading him toward one of the trails. While I had enjoyed my initial walk when I'd gotten to the park, it was much better now that I had company.

"What brought you out here to take pictures today?" Joe asked as we kept walking. I hadn't even bothered to lift my camera to snap a single shot.

"I don't know. Was doing a lot of thinking and this is normally a good distraction."

Joe's brow creased in concentration. "What were you thinking about?"

I turned to him, looping my arm around his neck. There weren't many people out, as it was still on the cooler side. "You mostly. Us. Where this was all going."

Joe nodded, but he didn't seem to relax any.

"Would you calm down? It's nothing bad. I'm mostly trying to think about how we need to tell Nathan eventually and how we're going to do that."

His shoulders finally slumped, giving way to the realization that I wasn't out here thinking about ending things. Not that the alternative was any better. My brother was fucking scary, and last New Year's Eve was proof of that.

"He's not going to castrate me or anything, right? I sort of like my balls. They've been attached to me a long time and they help me make some decent money."

We both laughed, trying to break the tension of the moment. It was something we'd eventually need to tackle. The truth was, I had no idea how Nathan would handle it. I'd like to think that my brother would keep a level head and realize I was capable of making grown-up decisions. He'd always been my protector, but this was the one place I didn't need him to hover.

I grabbed Joe's hand once more, and we kept walking. The sun peeked out from behind the clouds a little more, lifting the chill from the air. For midday in early April, it wasn't all that bad.

No more words were exchanged for a while. We were content to walk and bask in each other's company. I even managed to lift my camera a few times and take some pictures. The scenery at the park was always stunning, and I felt lucky that Seattle was so close to the beach. It was a far cry from the tropical paradise Joe and I had enjoyed back in Cancun, but I didn't always need that. Maybe that was what made what Joe and I had special. We could have fun, but the simplicity was still exciting.

Joe didn't realize at first when I lifted my camera toward him, capturing a few candid profile shots. He turned as the shutter snapped, cocking an eyebrow at me, but not

complaining. He grinned as he focused on the path ahead of us as I kept taking shot after shot. That was nice as well. We could have both. The wild and fun vacation with sexy beach pictures, and this.

We circled back to the parking lot and when we got to the cars, I wished we had come together instead of meeting up. Letting Joe go and driving away by myself didn't seem all that appealing.

“You want to meet me someplace for an early dinner?”

I chuckled at Joe's question. “Are you asking me on a date?”

Joe laughed, rubbing at the back of his neck. “Shit. Maybe? We've done this all fucking backward, haven't we?”

Most relationships probably didn't start like ours did. However, I liked how we started off as friends and developed into so much more. Okay, maybe most people started as friends, but Joe was Nathan's friend first. I'd been the awkward kid who had been dragged along and became infatuated with him.

“Not completely. There's still time to win me over.”

We were being sappy and ridiculous but settled on a restaurant a little closer to home. It was stupid how much I hated the short time I had to be away from him. Traffic wasn't bad, so we got to the place in fifteen minutes. I didn't hesitate to run to him and hold his hand as we walked inside. I'd never pictured myself being the person who wanted to be all touchy and show lots of affection in public, but Joe brought it out of me.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen. How many are joining you today?”

Joe looked around as the hostess asked the question. “It’s just the two of us, thanks. Can we get a table with a view, please?”

The woman nodded and led us toward the back of the restaurant, where a large bank of windows pointed straight out to Lake Washington. The lighting was dim, but the sun reflecting off the lake did more than enough to illuminate the room. We sat across from each other at the small table while the hostess placed a menu between the two of us.

“Your server today will be Katrina. She should be by in just a moment.”

With that, she was gone, leaving us alone for a moment to look at our meal choices. The place was a little more pricey than I’d expected, but ever since the trip, Joe had been trying to impress me. I was afraid he felt like I needed these things.

My foot nudged his under the table. When those gleaming blue eyes met mine over the top of the menu, I smiled at him. “You know, I’d be cool with McDonald’s Drive Thru, right?”

Joe laughed, placing his menu on the table and crossing his arms over it to lean in closer to me. “I’m well aware you’d be fine with that. I think you deserve to be treated better. You will be treated like royalty.”



Joe

Aiden fidgeted with the edge of his shirt as he looked around my room. With as much time as he'd spent in it over the last few weeks, it was strange to see him so nervous. Maybe taking him on a date had shifted things, but I'd meant every word about treating him special. He was much more to me than someone fun to fuck around with. He'd wormed his way where no one else had. I couldn't imagine life without him in it.

Which meant I needed to come up with a game plan on how to handle things with my parents. Leaving wasn't an option and the longer I went without telling Aiden about things felt like I was lying to him. How much was it lying if he didn't know anything about it to begin with? None of my friends did. How did you tell people that your parents made some bullshit deal to ship you off if you didn't figure out your future on your own?

There were loads of people who didn't have things figured out immediately after school. I did. To an extent. Maybe making erotic videos on the internet wasn't sustainable long term, but for now, it worked for me until I could figure something else out .

"You're sure this is okay?" Aiden looked to the stairs as if making sure that my sister wouldn't bother us.

I laughed off his question, scratching at the back of my neck as I went to my closet to pull out my supplies.

“You act like we haven’t recorded shit here before. I record all my stuff here.”

Aiden nodded, blowing out a shaky breath.

“I know that, but isn’t this a little different?”

I paused as I set the ring light on top of the tripod. It clicked on and cast the room in a bright fluorescent glow. “Different in what way?”

Aiden’s shoulders rolled in a shrug as he sat on the edge of my bed, fingers back to fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. It was so odd to see him so uncomfortable. The guy had fucked me on a public beach and hadn’t been this nervous.

“Like, it was one thing when I was filming you, or if you’re filming by yourself...” He took another deep breath, his eyes closing as he sorted his thoughts. “I guess I’m worried about getting caught.”

Maybe it was stupid to smirk, but he was clearly looking for me to reassure him. “Aiden, sweetheart. The last time I checked, we were both adults here. My sister knows that you’ve been coming around a lot, even staying over. She has rules about that and doesn’t care that you break them.”

He nodded at my explanation. “That’s fair. Okay.” And that seemed to be all he needed. He stood and grabbed another tripod from the closet, setting it up at the foot of the bed and placing the camera on it.

That was another thing I needed to tell him. This wasn’t our first time recording together, and I still had the flash drive from our first time down in Mexico. All the little secrets building up were so fucking bad. This wasn’t treating him like royalty, the way I swore to him at dinner.

“So... how do we start this?” he asked.

I waved to the bed. “We just start. I edit everything so it’ll end up looking natural no matter what we end up doing.”

He nodded as he climbed onto the bed, sliding to the middle and sitting on his knees.

God, he looked like an innocent angel just sitting there waiting for me to devour him. His short brown hair was slightly messy from the walk at the park earlier and his brown eyes were wide as he waited for me.

Once I’d adjusted the camera to where I liked it, I hit record and crawled onto the bed in front of him. Aiden shifted, so that he was sitting up higher on his knees and we instantly fell into each other, lips sliding against lips in a soul-searing kiss.

Aiden’s hands found their way into my hair, and it was like the camera ceased to exist. In this moment, it was just the two of us. The little sounds he made sent little chills down my spine as I pressed closer to him. If you would have told me last year that I would have been in this deep with someone, I would have laughed in your damn face. But Aiden Grant was fucking it for me.

I could still taste the sweet, sugary ice cream we’d had for dessert on Aiden’s tongue as it plunged between my lips. All I wanted to do was suck on the muscle and savor his flavor. My hands wouldn’t hold still, slipping along his back and under his shirt, pushing it up to expose his skin. He was so fucking warm. Full of life. Physical proof I was still living.

We broke apart only long enough to remove our shirts. The material got caught around my neck and we laughed as we fought to free my head. In the back of my head, I debated if it was something I’d have to edit out, but those small moments made it that much more special. It made us real.

Aiden's fingers gravitated to my nipples the second we went back to it. A deep moan tumbled out of me at the contact. He was so fascinated with the piercings that I had no problems with letting him have his fun. It wasn't like I didn't enjoy it as well.

"Fuck, you feel so damn good," he whined, his fingers plucking at the barbells a little more forcefully, sending lightning zinging through me.

Hands continued to explore, slipping and sliding, finding all sorts of erogenous zones. Aiden's muscles quaked and quivered under my touch, and I wanted to make him squirm the same way he was taking me apart. The second my fingers found the snap of his jeans, he moaned against my lips, nodding vigorously, and giving me permission to finish undressing him.

To make things a little more fun, I placed my hands on Aiden's chest and shoved him back into the mattress. His eyes were wide as he stared up at me, but I wasted no time in continuing my mission of taking off his pants. I yanked them down his legs, taking his briefs with them.

His cock was hard and leaking all over the fucking place, straining against his stomach as he continued to stare in awe.

"Fucking hell, sweetheart. You're really ready for me, aren't you? Practically begging for me to fill you up again."

He nodded, words failing him as his cheeks reddened. "Just like last time?"

Memories of the last time slammed into me full force.

"You want me to knock you up?" I placed one hand on his stomach, right above his weeping length. "Put a baby right here?"

Aiden bit his lip, eyes flicking to the camera for a moment. “Yes. Fuck yes.” That damn blush spread clear down to his shoulders.

Would my subscribers like that sort of talk? I didn’t really fucking care. Aiden loved it. That’s what was important.

I quickly worked to remove my own pants. Normally I tried to be a little more of a tease, but Aiden had been right that this was a little different. This wasn’t just me on my own. There was excitement in sharing what was happening between me and Aiden. I wanted the world to see that he was fucking mine. That this man was a kinky little fucker, and I was there for every single second of it.

The lube had been stashed under one pillow while we’d been setting up and my hand dove to grab it. All I could focus on was getting inside of Aiden and feeling his tight warmth surround me. My hands shook with the adrenaline of the whole thing as I popped open the cap and almost dropped the bottle in my haste.

“You okay?” he asked, his eyebrows pinched in concern.

I laughed. “More than fine, sweetheart. Fucking excited.”

As if to punctuate my statement, I picked back up the bottle, dumping a good amount of the slick over my cock and giving it a few quick pumps.

Aiden’s thighs fell apart in invitation, and I angled his body a little better so the camera could see what I was doing. A lot of couples edited out the prep part, but there was something so sexy about it to me. It showed that you cared about your partner.

His back lifted from the comforter as one cool, gelled finger breached his hole. We’d done it enough times at that point that I no longer needed to ask if he was okay. It was

always a surprise, and I liked how responsive his body was to my touch.

My finger fucked in and out of his hole slowly, allowing him to adjust to the intrusion. This took less and less time, but I never wanted to cause Aiden pain. But when he wiggled against me, I knew he was impatient for more .

I continued to add fingers until I stretched and worked him open with three of them, making a show out of it for the camera. My fingers held his hole wide, letting it see it gaped open before I pulled back and let his entrance wink closed.

“Please. Fuck. Please, please, please.” Aiden was a begging mess. His head thrashed against the blankets as I continued to play with his hole. It was mesmerizing how it opened and shrank.

“Yes, sweetheart. I’m coming for you. Don’t you worry your pretty little head. I’m going to fill you so fucking full, I’ll be leaking out of you for a week.”

A sob filled the air as I shifted Aiden again. If there was one thing I hated about filming, it was making sure the angles were right. There were probably lots of couples who stretched this out and took lots of shots, but I didn’t have the patience for that. Once I started, it was hard for me to stop. It was also probably why I’d never recorded with someone else until now.

Since I’d already lubed myself up at the beginning, I angled the head at Aiden’s entrance and shoved inside. His back bowed once more and for the first time since this encounter, I wondered if I had hurt him.

When more senseless babbles fell from his lips and his hips rocked against mine, my worries dissipated. I thrust hard, my pelvis slapping against his ass cheeks, filling the room with the sounds of our skin smacking together .

It was rough and wild. Nothing like we'd done in the past, which had always felt sweet and simple. Maybe it was the addition of the camera that brought this out for me. I had a reputation to uphold.

Aiden continued to thrash and whimper for me, spurring me on to completion. I lifted his hips, dragging him further into my lap, forgetting about the damn angles and the camera. I needed to feel him. To ride him. To get him to the precipice.

“That’s it baby, fucking feel that? I’m going to dump my load in that ass of yours. You want a baby. I’ll fucking give you a damn baby.”

A strangled cry was the only warning I got as Aiden’s cock jolted against his abdomen, cum spilling down his chest as his dick pulsed out his release. I’d never seen someone come like that and I wanted to make Aiden do it again and again. He was so fucking hot like that.

The feel of his muscles clamping around me pushed me right over the edge. “Fuck. That’s it, sweetheart. Take it. You want my cum so damn bad.”

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

Aiden

I 'd completely short-circuited. My bones were nothing but goo as I lay there on the bed. Was it normal to not be able to move after an orgasm like that?

Neither of us moved. The room filled with the sounds of our labored breathing and my eyes trailed the sweat-slick planes of Joe's body as it continued to hover above me.

The moment only ended when he shifted to pull out of me. The loss of his cock in my ass forced my body to shake and quiver, adjusting to the feeling of emptiness. Watching Joe stand and walk over to the camera, I could clearly tell that he wasn't completely unaffected himself. His legs were unsteady, and he had to stand and hold on to the camera for a few moments after turning it off.

"Are you all right?" I asked, forcing myself onto my elbows.

The second that cocky and playful smirk graced Joe's handsome face, my concern melted away.

"Oh hell yeah, sweetheart." He collapsed back on the bed next to me, sliding until he could place a kiss on my nose.

We were sweaty and sticky, but neither of us made a move to get back up. We curled around each other, Joe resting his head on my chest. As my fingers sifted through his hair, I took a deep breath to savor the moment.



I paused, frozen at the front door, to see Nathan sitting on the couch in the living room. Chase wasn't anywhere to be seen. Although practically inseparable, this house was also my brother's childhood home. It wasn't like he was unwelcome there.

"What's up, Nate?"

He turned to face me, a dark brown eyebrow raising in question as I didn't proceed further into the entrance. I itched to pull the strings on my hoodie a little tighter, just in case there was any proof on display of what Joe and I had gotten up to.

"Can't I ever just come by and visit with my brother?"

I shrugged, trying to relax. He didn't have a reason to be suspicious of anything, but the more I acted cagey, he'd think I was hiding something. My brother had always been pretty good at reading me.

"You can... it's just that you haven't done that in a—"

"I know. It's sort of fucked up, right? I'm a shitty brother, okay? We used to be a lot closer and now we barely hang out. It feels like any time I'm around, you avoid me at all costs. You'd rather spend time with my boyfriend instead of me. "

I chuckled. "I mean, have you met Chase?"

A dreamy smile spread across my brother's face, and yeah, he had it bad for the other guy. It was so strange that they'd ever split up.

I could test the waters, see how cool Nathan would be with the idea of Joe. Sure, he'd hauled off and hit him at Shawn's family cabin, but that was months ago. We'd never talked about it and Chase had been pushing for me to talk to my brother about my sexuality since this last summer, anyway.

Nobody else seemed to be home. Mom and Dad were out doing god knows what, so I sat next to Nathan, my fingers instantly fidgeting with the strings on my hoodie.

“Maybe it’s a good thing that you’re here. I’ve been meaning to talk to you about something.”

Nathan turned, tucking his leg underneath him and cocking his head to the side. “You know you can always tell me anything. I thought we’d always had that. It’s like we lost that over this last year.”

My head bobbed in a nod. “Can you blame me? You graduated from school and moved back home, only to be shipped off to work for Uncle Drew. Then you were back with Chase and living with him. There were so many changes happening and so quickly, we never got the chance to talk about anything.”

A quiet fell between us as Nathan looked over at the television set. It wasn’t on, but you could see our distorted reflections staring back at us .

“I’m worried about you.”

The words hung heavy in the air, like a lead mallet waiting to fall and cause destruction.

“What do you mean?”

Nathan ran a hand through his hair, sinking back into the couch cushions. “Mom mentioned that you’ve been spending a lot of time with Joe again.”

I had to fight to keep the growl that wanted to escape at bay.

“And why are you so worried about that? He’s your friend. You introduced us. If he

was someone you thought I should stay away from, maybe you should have kept us apart from the beginning.”

Nathan deflated, his shoulders slumping as he continued to sink into the couch.

“I don’t know, man. He’s a good guy. The life of the party. I’m friends with him for a reason. I just don’t want you to get mixed up in some of the shit that he gets mixed up in.”

It was so damn hard to not laugh. I’d heard the stories, but since I’d known Joe, he’d not caused any problems. Sure, we’d been risky. Sex on a public beach in a foreign country was beyond risky, but I’d been more than a willing participant in that. Pretty sure I’d been the one to initiate it as well.

This hadn’t been what I’d wanted to talk to Nathan about at all, but now it felt awkward and forced. Would he think something was up if I brought up being demi at this point? Would he connect the dots that Joe was my person ?

Instead of telling him like I should have, I chickened out. “You don’t need to worry about Joe. He’s a great friend. There’s been no trouble since we started hanging out.”

Of course, that’s when Mom and Dad came home. The door swung open and Mom came in carrying a brown paper bag stuffed under each arm.

“As I live and breathe. Both of my children are actually at home. Can I convince you two to help me bring in the groceries? There might be some dinner involved if you do.”

It didn’t take more than that to get us both off the couch and heading out to the car. Dad was busy trying to pick up as many bags as he could. Whoever decided that paper bags didn’t need handles needed a firm talking to. Or a special place in hell.

Either one was fine. He managed five before he stumbled his way to the front door.

Between me and Nathan, we managed to grab the rest of the bags. I never understood why mom bought so much. It was normally just three of us at home anymore and most times I was out with Joe.

We all helped to load things into the cupboards and refrigerator as Mom pulled out a couple of different pots, stopping us from putting away a few items. From the looks of what she had us leave out, she was making something with chicken and asparagus.

Nathan and I went back to the living room, but Dad was watching the sports recap on the TV. Neither of us cared enough to join him, so we went back to my room. It was at that moment I realized just how much I'd missed the little moments like this. You hear all these stories of siblings that don't get along, and there were plenty of times that Nathan had made my life hell as a kid, but for the most part, he cared.

We fell pretty easily back into old times. I plopped onto my bed, handing a PlayStation controller over, and Nathan grinned as he grabbed it. I'd missed how we used to sit around and compete playing stupid racing or fighting games, smack talking each other until Mom yelled at us. She always thought we would push it too far.

So Nathan might have made me cry a time or two when we were little. Things were different now.

"Watch yourself," he said as he pushed my car to the side of the track, taking first place from me. He wouldn't hold the position for long. It was like he never learned that I knew all the tricks on how to take the lead at the last possible second.

I hit my button to accelerate my car, shooting past him right as we were passing the finish line. Nathan dropped the controller in his lap, tackling me back into the bed.

“How the hell do you keep doing that?”

“I don’t know, asshole. You design this shit. Seems like you should be able to figure it out.”

We only got one more race in before Mom was calling us for dinner. It didn’t feel like we were adults. We’d somehow transported back to being teenagers in high school and Nathan and I played it up, racing each other to the kitchen. He knocked me out of the way to grab the plates from the cupboard. Was it a little weird that we even turned setting the table into a competition? Maybe.

Once the food was served and we’d all sat down to eat, Mom looked between the two of us, a wide smile spread across her face. “This is so nice. It’s been a while since I’ve had both of you boys at my table. We need to try to do this a little more often, don’t you think?”

Nathan rolled his eyes as he cut into his chicken breast. “You’re just lucky that Chase works the late shift at Margaret’s tonight.”

Was that really why he’d come over? Chase worked late most nights at the fancy restaurant that had hired him when he’d moved to Seattle.

“You’ve missed the point, dear. I just love seeing my children at the table again. I hate that he always works so late. He’s more than welcome at this table as well. You know that.”

When Nathan and Chase had reconnected, Mom let it slip that she’d known about the death of Chase’s parents. Since then, we’d made it known that he was always a welcome member of our family. Then again, he always had been.

But then the bombshell dropped. Nathan’s fork and knife hit his plate as he turned to

stare at me the second the words fell from Mom's mouth.

“The same goes for Joe. You know that, don't you, Aiden?”

Joe

I should have waited until tomorrow. It didn't change the fact that all I could do was picture Aiden's face lighting up the second he opened the door. Except, when I approached the front door to the Grant house, I could hear muffled yelling inside.

There was a shiny red Toyota in the driveway, and I pinched my eyes closed.

Nathan.

What the fuck was he doing there and why the hell was he so upset? Against my better judgment, I lifted my hand and knocked on the door. The yelling quieted, but it took a few minutes before someone came to see who was at the front door.

"Joe?"

Aiden's big brown eyes widened when he saw me. He immediately backed me onto the stoop and away from the entrance to the house.

"Hey, sweetheart. What's going on?"

He looked around, then double checked to make sure the door had closed behind him.

"This might not be the best time."

"What do you mean?" My eyebrows shot to my hairline, but my question didn't remain unanswered for long when the front door swung open and Nathan stood there. Steam practically billowed from his nostrils.

“What the fuck are you doing here, man?”

“Hey, Nathan.” I raised my hand in a wave. Maybe if I acted like nothing weird was going on, he’d calm the fuck down. I was over him acting like an overprotective jackass.

Nathan’s eyes narrowed to slits. “Why does my mom seem to think something is going on between you and my brother?”

I heaved a large sigh. “I don’t know, dude. You’re always working or doing shit with Chase. Yeah, I’ve been hanging out with Aiden. Is it so terrible that I made new friends?”

That seemed to make Nathan feel guilty as fuck. His shoulders drooped as he looked around the yard before finally meeting my eyes again.

“You’re right. Shit. Sorry, man. I just want to keep my brother out of trouble.”

I looked at Aiden. “Have I gotten you into any trouble?”

Aiden shook his head vigorously, eyes wide the entire time. “Not once. I think Nathan does more to get me in trouble than you do.”

And he wasn’t wrong. Nathan was notorious for taking his brother to parties thrown by our friends and letting him drink. Even I had done that, and Shawn even jokingly called him delinquent because of it. We’d all contributed to Aiden causing a little trouble over the last year... if not longer.

Since the hostility seemed to be set aside for the time being, Nathan stepped aside and let us into the house. The second we walked through the door, Casey froze in the hallway leading toward the back of the house.



“Oh. Hello, Joseph. It’s so good to see you.” An awkward and strained laugh fell past her lips and I knew it was because of whatever argument had been going on before I knocked.

“Mrs. G,” I greeted, giving a mock salute before following Aiden to his room.

Once the door was closed, he leaned against it, his eyes wide in panic. “Jesus fucking Christ. I am so sorry about all of that.”

“What exactly happened?”

Aiden explained how Mrs. Grant had been talking at dinner about having her kids at the table. She’d made a point of letting Nathan know Chase was always welcome and then all hell had broken loose when she’d told Aiden the same courtesy fell to me as well.

“Do you think she knows?” I asked, fidgeting for a moment. I’d come over to finally tell Aiden about the video I had from Mexico. The longer we talked about everything else, it was like a ten-ton weight in my pocket and only growing heavier.

“Honestly, I don’t think so. Maybe? She’s probably just making assumptions because I spend so much time with you now.”

It stung a little. Being a secret of any kind always did, and I’d given Andrew and Brandon enough shit for doing something similar. Then again, no one was threatening to beat their asses. They’d just been too stubborn to admit what we’d all seen from the beginning.

When it became clear no one had followed us, my main worry being Nathan, Aiden moved away from the door. He approached slowly, but then launched himself at me. His arms looped around my neck as his lips connected with mine.

The kiss wasn't long. It was a quick fumbling before Aiden broke away laughing. "Why do I feel like a naughty teenager who's doing what they're not supposed to?"

My eyebrows lifted as my arms wrapped around his waist, pulling him into me. "That's because you are a naughty teenager."

He continued to chuckle as he pulled out of my grasp, checking the door one more time.

"So, what brought you over tonight? You miss me that much already? I only left your place this afternoon."

I stuffed my hands in my pockets as he moved around his room. My fingers wrapped around the flash drive, and I debated the best way to bring it up. After we filmed and I considered editing the content, I could only think about how I already had dirty footage of him. Would he be mad at me for keeping it from him? Maybe if I played it up as wanting to edit it together, he'd be less suspicious of what I really had stored on the drive .

That was a shitty cop-out. Fuck, Aiden had been so damn cool about everything. He shouldn't be angry that I'd accidentally forgotten to hit the button to stop the recording. It didn't stop my heart from slamming against my ribcage the longer I stood there and thought about it. It would've been one thing had I told him when I first discovered it'd happened and another for me to hold on to the information for as long as I had. Not that I'd been hiding it for very long.

"Joe?"

I shook my head at his question. I was fucking hesitating and needed to answer him.

With shaking hands, I pulled the drive out and held it between us. "The video? I

thought we could review it together. That way you can tell me if there's something you'd rather not be uploaded."

His whole face fucking lit up, and the lie felt horrific. It was a video. It was even the two of us fucking. What I was about to open on his computer was not what he was expecting to see.

The way Aiden excitedly moved to his desk and opened his laptop only made my pulse quicken. This was beyond fucked up. It would take nothing for me to tell him the truth, but I wanted him to see it. I wanted him to be taken by surprise like I had. Maybe that was really fucked up of me and after he'd had an argument with his family, we really shouldn't be doing it with so many of them on the other side of his shut bedroom door.

I shuffled closer while everything booted up. Sweat rolled down my back and the longer this stretched, the worse I felt. Like I was hiding the fact that I'd murdered Aiden's dad. Even though I hadn't. That was fucking extreme.

"Well, hand it over." Aiden stretched out his hand, wiggling his fingers and waiting for me. Fuck, it shouldn't have been so difficult to hand him the damn flash drive.

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and dropped the device in his hand. Once it was out of my grasp, a strange sense of calm washed over me, like waves crashing on a beach. There was a strong chance he'd only be surprised.

Aiden plugged the dongle into the side of his computer, and as he navigated through the system to retrieve the file, those nervous butterflies exploded in my gut again.

"I'm curious how this turned out. Once we were in the moment, I'd forgotten that the camera was even there..."

Aiden kept talking, and blood rushed in my ears as I waited for the moment he realized what he was really watching.

“Wait. The camera. We want people to see this, right?”

Things spun around me as the familiar memory washed over me.

“Joe?”

The way his voice cracked and sounded unsure... fuck. Numbness filled my limbs as I watched the screen. Our bodies moved against each other and I watched as Aiden saw me get off the bed, only for the frame to shake a little before the recording continued .

“So this weird thing happened...” I swallowed. The words were hard to form. This shouldn’t have been so fucking hard. “When I went to edit the footage you shot the other day—”

“The nipple video?”

It was impossible to force back the laugh that fought its way to the surface. “Yeah, that video. Anyway, there was something else on the memory card, but I couldn’t remember what I’d filmed before that. This is what I found.”

Aiden looked back at the screen, his face turning red as he kept watching. There had been nothing elegant or performative about that first night together. Aiden’s passion and his need to experience something new drove that first night.

“But you turned off the camera.”

“Yeah, that’s the part that confused me, too.” I leaned in closer, placing a hand on Aiden’s shoulder as the sounds of our fucking increased from the computer. “Maybe I

didn't push the button hard enough, or maybe my finger slipped? I don't fucking know. I've handled this camera hundreds of times. That was a rookie move."

"Oh, sweet mother of fucking Christ. Do it again."

"Hey, Aiden, Mom gave me this and said I should bring it to you—"

We all froze as the door swung open. Nathan stood with an old camera clutched by the strap in his hand. When Aiden let out a particularly loud moan from the computer, it fell to the floor, the back popping open and a strip of film came furling out of it.

"Shit. I'm sorry. What the fuck is that? I can't unsee that. Jesus." Nathan threw a hand over his eyes as he backed out of the room. Well, the good news was that he hadn't charged me and beat me to a bloody pulp.

Aiden

What the fuck had just happened?

My body was stuck to the chair, and I could only stare at the empty doorway as the door swung open on its hinges. It wasn't like Nathan to not knock. Then again, he didn't have a reason to think he needed to give us privacy. We'd told him nothing was going on. Doing anything with a video in the house was stupid. Just like the first time I'd jerked off watching Joe online.

"Aiden?"

Air filled my lungs in a quick rush. I hadn't even been aware I'd been holding my breath.

"Ye—yeah?" I blinked up at Joe, who was looking at me with so much concern. Fuck, that was his friend who had just walked in and seen a video of him plowing me.

"Are you okay?"

Was I? Probably. I'd recover. Maybe. Eventually. Sure, it was fucking horrifying that my brother had seen that, but there was no guarantee that Joe could save his friendship after this .

Without answering him, I stood from the chair and walked over to the camera that lay on the floor. I picked it up and started inspecting it. It looked to be alright still. The lens showed no cracks, and I saw no broken mechanical parts on the outside. They

didn't make cameras like that anymore, where even the smallest bump could shatter it. I'd always wanted something like this, so it had meant something that Mom had gone looking for it. Too bad it almost met its demise on my bedroom floor.

The front door slammed and my eyes pinched closed.

"Aiden!"

Mom never raised her voice at me. Out of the two of us, Nathan was the one who got scolded more often than not.

When I checked the desk, Joe had turned off the video. By the time I looked at the doorway again, Mom was there with her arms across her chest, and I was still kneeling on the floor holding the camera.

"What the hell just happened? I sent Nathan to give that to you and the next thing I know, he's storming out of here."

I blew out a breath, stood clutching the camera to my chest, and hoped it wasn't broken. "He..."

I couldn't say anything. How the hell did you tell your mom that your brother had walked in on you watching your own sex tape?

When words continued to fail me, Mom looked between me and Joe. "What were you two doing in here? This house is PG-13. Do I need to spell that out? I thought I made that clear when I told Nathan he couldn't bring hook-ups here, and then I unfortunately witnessed more than I ever wanted to when Chase moved in."

My eyes shot wide. "Mom. Please stop. We weren't doing anything. And I thought you didn't care about Chase since he and Nathan were in a committed relationship."

“So this is serious, then? That’s what you’re telling me?” Mom motioned between me and Joe.

I choked on my tongue. Oh, fucking shit. She had thought something was going on. Okay, so something had been going on and we’d been shit at hiding it. At least with her.

“Mrs. G?”

We both turned to look at Joe, who looked uncomfortable, shifting his weight from side to side like a kid who’d gotten caught stealing candy from the convenience store.

“What is it, Joseph?” She uncrossed and crossed her arms again, leaning against the doorframe and waiting for him to speak up.

“You see, we haven’t exactly put a label on whatever this is. I mean...” Those piercing blue eyes stared into my soul and, fuck, this was happening now? In front of my mom and right after one of the most embarrassing moments of my entire life? Oh hell, no. Not happening.

I shook my head. Joe deflated, and maybe I was letting him down a little. He wanted a commitment. I wanted to give it to him, but that deserved a more delicate conversation. Not this train wreck .

At least Mom realized something was happening here that she didn’t need to be an audience member for. Both my brother and I were extremely lucky to have such loving and accepting parents. The moment she turned to leave, I pushed my door closed behind her, making sure it was locked this time.

“You stopped me?” Lines creased Joe’s forehead as his eyebrows lowered.



“I did. It’s not that I don’t want you to say it. Fuck, Joe. I’ve gone my whole teenage life thinking I was broken. What guy doesn’t want to jump and hump everything that moves? I sure as fuck didn’t. Then Nathan introduced us and... I don’t know. For the first time, I felt like someone actually saw me? You didn’t push or pressure me. We had fun just hanging out and even though I knew you had a reputation, it wasn’t like you rubbed it in people’s faces.”

Some of that tension in his face eased a little as I continued my speech.

“I didn’t know what to do. I was attracted to someone, and it wasn’t the type of person I thought I’d be attracted to. Most people don’t have someone to talk to about that, and I thankfully did. So yeah. I’m not broken. I just needed the connection that you were able to provide to me. The connection scares the ever-living fuck out of me because what happens if I lose you? What if you don’t feel the same?”

Before I knew it, Joe was across the room with his arms around me. The camera slid to the ground again, and I’d really have to do a thorough check of it later or at least get it into a repair shop somewhere.

“Damn, sweetheart. Don’t you get it? You’re the light of my whole world. What we do? I don’t do that shit with just anyone. Fuck, I’ve never done it before. Only one person has ever made me want to come back again and again. To keep pushing and trying to make them so damn happy. It’s you, sweetheart. It’s always been fucking you.”

Something about the moment screamed that hearts and rainbows should start shooting off around us. If that made it corny, so fucking what? All I’d ever wanted was for someone to act like I’d hung the moon and stars just for them. And now I was getting it.

As cliché as it was, Joe’s hand wrapped around the back of my neck, bringing me in

for a hard kiss. The metal of his lip ring dug into my skin as our mouths pressed together and when I gasped into the contact, his tongue swept inside.

That was it. That was the beginning of Aiden and Joe. The official package deal. We weren't just fucking around behind people's backs and making sexy content for the internet. It meant we needed to be honest with our friends and family. We hadn't treated Nathan fairly by blindsiding him.

When we broke apart, my face was hot. My eyes struggled to stay open, and I wanted to do nothing more than drag Joe over to my bed and keep going. As much of a fun idea as that sounded, we had other fish to fry. We needed to talk to people and make shit right .

“So, what’s the plan, sweetheart?”

A smile made its way across my face as I leaned into my boyfriend. Boyfriend. Fuck. I had a damn boyfriend.

“As much as I don’t want to leave this room right now. I think we have some people to talk to.”

Joe

Mrs. Grant hadn't even been surprised. No, I'll take that back. What shocked her was that we'd only just defined what was happening. She'd been under the impression Aiden and I had been a thing since before I'd taken him to Mexico. That took a little explaining about how I'd started off as just his friend, but it had morphed into more.

We did not tell her about the videos or pictures. There were some things you didn't need to tell parents about.

As we left the Grant house, it felt good to do it with Aiden's hand in mine. We were no longer afraid of who might see us and get upset. The cat was out of the bag.

Thankfully, we didn't have to go far to find Nathan. His car had been empty and still parked in the driveway. His moody ass had marched to the park a few blocks over. He was sitting beneath a tall cherry tree whose blossoms had just started falling. The entire park was awash with pink and white petals.

He looked up and scowled when he saw me holding his brother's hand.

"What the fuck, man? I thought I told you not to touch him? "

When Nathan went to stand, Aiden stepped in front of me, placing his hands out as if he were attempting to tame a feral dog. Maybe he was. His brother was known to attack when provoked.

"Nate, just stop. If you didn't figure it out back at New Year's, I've been the one

pursuing him.”

Aiden’s words did nothing to wipe the look of disgust off his brother’s face.

“You might have pursued him, Aid, but he should have discouraged it.”

I was done. There was no reason for any of it. I’d been nothing but a good friend over the last four years, and this was how I was being repaid. “Why? Why should I have discouraged it, Nathan? Because of some weird rule you gave me about not touching him? Have you ever thought about what Aiden wanted?”

When Nathan didn’t relax, I rolled my eyes and kept going. “For fuck’s sake, dude. He’s an adult. Perfectly capable of making his own damn decisions.”

Aiden crouched in front of his brother, resting his hands on his knees. “I’m sorry that was how you had to find out about things. We should have been upfront with you and told you about it, but you’ve always been this macho protector with me, and you’d already hit Joe once over the whole thing. You need to understand why we were reluctant.”

Nathan didn’t move. He locked eyes with his brother as they stared each other down. I’d give anything to know what they were communicating to one another. The stare-down continued for a few moments longer before Nathan finally broke eye contact and looked up at me.

“Just... fuck. Why him?”

My shoulders rolled in a shrug. “Why did you pick Chase? I don’t think we have a lot of say over who our souls choose, man.”

My friend fell over into the grass laughing. “Jesus, dude. That was the cheesiest shit

I've ever heard come out of your mouth. Fucking soulmates? Really?"

I raised my eyebrows at Nathan's theatrics. It wasn't like him, but he'd been an absolute dick to me recently, so I probably shouldn't have been surprised.

"Nate?" We all settled down, as Aiden sounded so damn unsure. "It's not that strange. You never thought it was weird that I never dated? Never had an interest in anyone? Then suddenly I can't seem to stay away from one person and you're doing everything in your power to keep me away from them?"

"What are you trying to say, Aiden?" Nathan asked.

Aiden sighed loudly, sitting on the ground in front of his brother. "Chase told me last year to talk to you about this, and we never got the chance. Between Uncle Drew's heart attack and everything else going on, the time never seemed right."

"You mean my boyfriend knows about this and I don't?"

Aiden pinched the bridge of his nose before he kept talking. "And this is why. You're so damn hard to talk to sometimes. You have the best intentions, but I was so damn confused and needed a safe space. He explained to me what being demisexual was. And it made sense. It all clicked into place. Why I didn't have the same interest in hooking up that everyone around me did."

It was at that moment that things seemed to make sense to Nathan. His eyes widened as he looked between me and his brother. "Well, shit."

I laughed. "That's all you have to say about it?"

Nathan pushed off the ground and approached slowly. All my muscles seized, ready for him to haul off and hit me again. It wasn't beyond the realm of possibility, but the

hit never came. Instead, I got a gentle hand on my shoulder, and that shocked the fuck out of me.

“Joe?”

“What?”

“You fuck him up and I’ll fuck you up.”

Aiden busted up laughing behind us. “Jesus Christ, Nathan. He’s been nothing but attentive.”

When Nathan’s hand slipped from my shoulder, his arms crossed over his chest. “Attentive? By filming you?”

Now it was my turn to feel embarrassed. It was so fucking stupid. Of all the things I’d done, this was small, but I got it. It involved Aiden as well. I’d kept it a secret for months.

“The filming was always my thing. Aiden found out about it. He’s asked to participate. ”

Nathan looked between the two of us again. He looked at his brother like he was seeing a stranger. “So let me get this straight. You went from not being interested in sex at all, to wanting to film with this guy? That didn’t come across as weird to you?”

If only Nathan knew about some of the other things his brother had discovered he was into. But that was none of his business.

“It really didn’t. What’s important is that I found someone who I was comfortable enough to explore things with. I mean, shit, Nathan. The things I’ve had to hear come

out of your room. Don't get me started..." Aiden held his hands up as if in surrender.

That had Nathan blushing. We'd all been made privy to the things that Nathan said to Chase since the two had gotten back together. Aiden overheard a lot while the two had lived at the Grant house, and then when Daniel had stayed with them off and on before he'd gotten together with Shawn.

I heaved a sigh and wrapped an arm around Nathan's shoulders, pulling him in close. "Look, dude. I've got it bad for him, okay? He's in really good fucking hands. Try not to stress over it."

He nodded as we headed back to the house. "Can't make any promises."

That was when I stopped him, pulling him in closer. "Listen, I've put up with a lot over the last few months. I thought we were better friends than this and if you ever hit me again..."

Nathan threw up his hands. "I get it. I was an ass. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

I glared, but slung my arm back around him. "It better fucking not."

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Aiden

It would have been a lot easier if telling Nathan was all we had to do. No. Telling everyone was so damn awkward. Not only because it required me to come out of the closet to an extent, but because it exposed Joe's secret, whether he was ready to share it or not.

No one seemed to be shocked by Joe's career choice, but my involvement in it had surprised them. It was fine. At the end of the day, I was happy. I was with the person I chose. Nathan had been upset, and he still looked so fucking confused when he looked at the two of us together, but he'd get over it one day.

We'd all settled down at Shawn and Daniel's place, and it felt good not to hide for the first time in weeks. Joe's arms settled around my waist as I sat in his lap and nursed a bottle of beer.

"Delinquent, take it easy," Shawn teased as he passed a fresh round of drinks around the room.

I bit my bottom lip as I smiled. It was nice to belong to this group of guys, even when I was so much younger than all of them .

Brandon sat next to us on the couch, his wide and infectious grin growing as he looked us over. "I love this. Super happy for you guys."

I snorted a laugh as Andrew pulled his boyfriend into his side. "Sorry about that. He busted into the tequila before we came over here. You'd think he wouldn't pregame



like that, but...”

“No, this is fine. It’s sort of funny to see him let loose like this.” I sat up, wriggling a little in Joe’s lap. His arms around me tightened as his cock thickened under my ass. “Aren’t we here to have fun? Let him have fun!”

And okay, maybe I was feeling the booze a little myself. It was only my third beer, but I’d also had that shot of rum when we’d first gotten there. Okay. So yeah. There was a reason I had a good buzz going.

“And I think that’s enough for you.” Nathan grabbed the bottle of beer that was almost in my hands before it could reach me. There went drink number four.

“Oh, come on, bro. We’re just having a good time.” With the way I dissolved into giggles afterward, okay, yeah. Cutting me off was smart.

Joe helped me to stand, and we made our way to the door. “I’ll get this one home. You all have a good night.”

Wolf whistles and catcalls followed, and my smile hurt my face. It was so freaking cool that everyone knew. No one fucking judged us.

I was helped into the front seat of Teresa’s car. Joe still didn’t have one of his own. Maybe that was something we could save up for together. Was that weird? To picture saving up for something like that together?

“Are you all right?”

Joe sounded as if he were speaking through a mouthful of cotton. My eyelids grew heavy as we drove and I didn’t even pay attention to where we ended up. I couldn’t focus as Joe helped me down the stairs, helped me to undress, and slid me under

warm covers. An arm slid around my waist and I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The sound of creaking wood woke me up.

Teresa stood on the bottom step. She held a basket of laundry on her hip and a finger to her lips. Good God, how often did she come down here while her brother was sleeping? And how the fuck had I ended up at Joe's place last night? I barely remembered leaving Daniel and Shawn's place.

An arm tightened around my middle and instead of dwelling on the fact that Teresa was seeing me in bed with her brother, I snuggled back into him. Teresa quickly disappeared around a corner and a few minutes later, made her way back up the stairs. I hadn't fallen back to sleep yet, but the warm puffs of breath at my neck were slow and steady. Hopefully, Joe was still resting.

"That doesn't happen as often as you think."

Okay, so scratch the idea that he was still sleeping. I rolled in his grasp and being hit with the full force of that intense blue stare first thing in the morning was my favorite thing.

"She just walks down here to do the laundry?"

Warm air puffed across my lips as Joe laughed. "I mean, it's her damn house, and this is where the washer and dryer are. It would be fucked up if I told her she couldn't wash her clothes."

Okay, so Joe had a fucking point. But it made me wonder if she'd been down in the basement any of the other times I'd stayed over. Most times, there was very little clothing involved. Though Joe had implied that she knew something was going on between us.

Instead of saying anything else, I leaned in and placed a kiss against his lips. Memories of the day before came rushing back. Fuck, my brother had really walked in on us watching that damn video and it was still attached to my computer back home. We'd never gone back to retrieve it. Joe had been so fucking nervous to show it to me and I couldn't blame him. He'd sworn the camera was off. Yet there it was. In high definition.

A persistent throb between my legs alerted me to the fact I wasn't completely unaffected by waking up next to Joe. Now, however, I was a little more worried about acting on it, knowing his sister came down here .

“What's the matter, sweetheart?” As if reading my mind, Joe shifted just a little closer. His own answering need pressed into me and I groaned at the feel of it.

I gnawed at my lower lip, thinking about how to ask him for what I really wanted. He never judged me.

“Is it bad that all I can think about is your mouth on me after your sister was just in here?”

Joe laughed as he rolled me onto my back. “Not bad at all, baby doll. You want my fucking mouth? I'll give you my damn mouth.”

Joe slid down my body and under the covers. His fingers hooked into the waist of my boxers and tugged them downward. The second my cock sprung free, I was feral for it. I wanted to feel his lips on me. The metal of his piercing digging into my flesh as he brought me to the brink.

The second Joe's tongue dragged along my length, my brain shuttered offline. Fuck, why the hell was that so damn good? My toes curled into the mattress as his mouth wrapped around my length and sank lower. Fuck, this was exactly what I needed after

the stress of yesterday.

My hands gravitated to his hair, pulling at the dark strands as he sucked and slurped at my aroused skin. His tongue flicked at the spot right under the head of my dick, causing a low moan to rumble out of me. The spot was extra sensitive and over the last several weeks, he'd been able to work out which parts of me were the most responsive .

Joe gave me just the perfect amount of suction, teeth, and spit as he slid along my length with perfected ease. He had my eyes rolling back with minimal effort and before I knew it, I was spilling into his mouth. My hips were surging off the bed as he continued to suck at me. He was greedy for every last drop and I would fucking give it to him.

When I had nothing left in me, I sagged into the sheets, completely spent. "Fuck, Joe. How are you so good at that?"

He chuckled against my chest before sliding up to slip his tongue into my mouth so I could taste myself on him. He swatted my hand away when I reached between his legs to return the favor.

"What's that about? I want to touch you, too."

Joe's laughter continued. "Oh, sweetheart. Don't you worry your pretty little head. I'm fine. Besides, Teresa really will be back down to move her laundry soon. Unless you want her to get a good show, that isn't recommended."

My face heated. The idea Teresa could have walked down the stairs and seen anything that had just happened. Fuck. What a mess.

There was a lot of shuffling upstairs. More footsteps than I expected to hear overhead

echoed through the room and it wasn't long before the door at the top of the stairs opened and popped our perfect little bubble of a morning.

“Joe... you might want to come up here. Dad just showed up.”

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Joe

When my parents showed up... it was never a good thing. Mom and Dad had made a point of staying away from Teresa's place. They'd been displeased with her for having a baby outside of marriage and not staying with McKenzie's father. Fuck that. The dude was a tool. My sister was a badass mom who didn't need a man to define her. It didn't help when she'd taken me in after they'd tried to make a statement.

"Your dad?" Aiden pushed back from me, and I instantly missed his warmth. His eyes were wide with panic as he climbed from the bed and searched the room for his clothes. I'd tossed them in my hamper the night before because I'd planned for an easy and chill day. Guess that was out the fucking window.

I crawled out from under the warm blankets and walked over to my dresser, pulling out a change of clothes for myself and for Aiden. I handed him a pair of sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt. His eyes welled up a little as he held the clothes to his chest, but then he moved to put them on. Shit, watching him wear my things made something funny settle in my chest. There was a rightness to all of it. Aiden Grant was fucking mine. Was meant to be mine .

The problem now was dealing with my fucking parents. It wasn't something that I'd intended to deal with in front of Aiden, but maybe his being here would help things. He made me stronger. Braver. With him by my side, I could face anything.

"I don't know what he wants." I knew what he wanted. "He doesn't normally show up out of the blue." At least that much was true.

Was it a little fucked up that I was grabbing my boyfriend's hand and climbing the stairs to deal with a conflict with my parents while I could still taste him? Maybe just a little. But it also made me feel like I was in control of things. That I ran my life. As much as Mom and Dad had tried to give me ultimatums and make me do what they'd wanted me to do over the years, I'd found my ways to rebel.

McKenzie was sitting at the kitchen table with a bowl of Froot Loops. She took large bites with milk sloshing across her chin and pajamas. Dad had a look of distaste on his face, but my niece didn't seem to have a care in the world. I loved that even though my sister and I had our drama with our parents, most of it didn't seem to affect such a small child. Sure, she didn't have the relationship most kids did with their grandparents, and probably never would, but Mom and Dad had never been cruel to her.

Dad was always an imposing figure and today was no different. I took after him with his dark hair and blue eyes. He was attractive and always dressed professionally. He was one reason I'd pursued business as a degree, but the idea of working in an office for the rest of my life bored me to death. Today's attire consisted of pressed khakis and a button-down shirt with a tie. It didn't matter that he wasn't heading into work.

"Joseph..." Dad started, but then stopped when he saw I wasn't alone. "And who is this?"

Aiden ducked back behind me, but gripped my hand a little tighter.

"Morning, Dad." I wasn't in the mood to answer his questions or deal with his bullshit until I had a cup of coffee. I led Aiden around the kitchen, pulling two mugs from the cabinet and setting them in front of the pot that Teresa had brewing every morning. The bitter brown liquid sloshed into the mugs as I poured, but didn't hit the counter. It wasn't easy with only one hand, but I wasn't about to let Aiden go, either. I could feel the nerves rolling off him in waves as he kept looking back at my dad,

who was watching us like a hawk.

I handed Aiden one cup, and he finally released his hold on me. We sat at the table, and my father raised a dark eyebrow at us. I refused to acknowledge him further.

When half of my cup was gone, Dad had enough. “Joseph, you can’t just keep ignoring me. You know why I’m here, don’t you?”

I cleared my throat, looking at Aiden and then back to my father.

“I have a feeling it’s about our last phone call. ”

Dad nodded. “So, have you considered it? Found something else?”

Shit, this was ridiculous, and I hated how McKenzie was sitting at the table to witness any of it. “I have a job.”

Teresa walked back into the kitchen and propped her hip against the counter. “You do?” she asked. “I’ve been wondering where this income has been coming from.”

One more look at McKenzie showed she was still cluelessly shoveling away at her breakfast. It still didn’t sit right to talk about it in front of her. The girl was innocent. Teresa had a right to make sure I was serious about anyone I brought around, so it didn’t confuse her.

Like any kid who was oblivious to what was actually going on, she started to ramble. “Aiden takes pictures and gives them to mommy. He stays with Uncle Joe a lot. I think he’s his boyfriend, but he hasn’t said anything. Mom said I’m not supposed to assume anything. I’ve gotten into trouble for that once. Uncle Joe had another friend who stayed with us for a bit, but he wasn’t his boyfriend—just a regular friend. He still stayed in his room, though.”



Aiden's face turned red as McKenzie kept talking. It didn't get any better because she never specified what type of pictures he was giving to her mother and it started to come across like I was sharing a weird relationship with my sister .

"Okay, sweet bug, let's get you into the living room to watch some TV and let the grown-ups talk," Teresa said, ushering her daughter from the table. At least the awkward ramble saved me from having to shoo her from the room myself.

I waited until Teresa was back, because she deserved to know what was going down in her house.

"Joseph, that's quite enough stalling. I need an answer. Do you have a job or not?" Dad asked.

I nodded. "I do, and McKenzie was correct. Aiden is my boyfriend. Anything I'm about to say isn't because I don't want to leave him. Fuck, I can't imagine having to move clear across the damn world at this point."

Aiden's eyes widened at the statement. It was probably a huge fuckup to keep that from him, but I was fixing it. Dad wasn't about to ship me off to London. I wasn't having it. There wasn't a world, solar system, or universe where I didn't end up with Aiden.

"Joseph, you better have a really good game plan. I have people who are waiting to hear from me and if you fuck them over, so help me, God."

I held up my hand to stop my dad before he could rant. "I'm making money. Good money. It's not what you wanted, but damn. For the first time in my life, I feel like I'm in control. I know you and Mom won't approve, but I don't really care. If that makes me a bad son, then fuck it." I pushed back from the table. Part of me wanted to stand and pace the room. Make a huge fucking production of this, but it wasn't worth

it. “I’ve been making videos.”

“Videos?” Both Dad and Teresa sounded off at the same time.

“Videos. On the internet. Turns out that when you look good, people want to see you. Is it shallow, maybe? But damn, the money is good.”

Teresa stared at me for a moment. “Is that what you’ve been doing in my basement this entire time?”

I shrugged and then gave her a sheepish smile. “The point is I’ve been doing great. I have money in savings. For the first time, I don’t feel like I’m drowning with no direction.”

That wasn’t the answer. I knew that. Dad crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair. Those ice-blue eyes I’d inherited stared down into my soul.

“Joseph. Are you really telling me you’ve been making pornography and think that this is a sustainable income? That it’s something that will make life easy for you? Sex work is filthy, son. People will look down on you anywhere you go, and the fact it’s already out there? You’ve already damaged your reputation.”

It didn’t surprise me in the slightest that he was talking down to me. I’d expected it.

“It’s not dirty. Shit, Dad. It’s honest money, and I work hard for it. I spend time putting thought into what I produce and putting out a quality product. It’s not like I can just throw a quick video together and toss it online and expect something to come of it. It doesn’t work that way.”

Dad pinched his brow as I kept talking. It wasn’t a deterrent. I was done. There was no more making me feel small or minuscule. If anything, I was actually using my

degree. There was a business here. I had to manage myself, my money, and my product.

“You’ve made a huge mistake, Joseph. What am I supposed to do? The people I have waiting to hear about if you’ll take the job or not, they won’t accept this.”

I laughed. “I don’t want it. Dad, don’t you get it? I love what I do. I’m proud of what I accomplished. There’s someone in my life who accepts me the way I am and there’s nothing you can say or do to change that. So tell your buddies overseas that they can take their position and shove it.”

Dad looked between me and Aiden. “So this is serious, not another fling?”

“Fuck, Dad. Didn’t I just say that?” Most kids probably didn’t talk to their parents that way, but I was losing my shit.

Aiden

The scene unfolding before me was a little more than I thought I would have to deal with first thing in the morning. Meeting Mr. Bishop was scary enough. Add in the obvious tension, and all I wanted to do was disappear back into the basement.

When things like London and jobs started getting tossed around, my heart did this odd skipping thing in my chest before it squeezed. The thought of losing Joe right after I'd finally gotten him... yeah... I wouldn't be able to handle that.

"Mr. Bishop?"

Joe and his dad kept arguing, so I hadn't been loud enough, and damn, I couldn't blame them. I was shaking like a fucking leaf. Confronting someone's parents was intimidating as fuck.

I tried again, a little more force behind my words.

"Mr. Bishop?"

Joe's father's blue gaze snapped in my direction. His nostrils flared like those of a beast ready to attack.

Fuck. Now that I had his attention, I didn't want it anymore. My body trembled with indecision as I formulated what I wanted to say. How did people do this? Stand up for those they loved because I wanted to be there for Joe. Needed to be there for him.

I stood from my seat, my knees threatening to give out from under me, so I grasped the edge of the table for support.

“I don’t know all of what is happening here, but I do know Joe. He’s one of the most driven and hard-working people I’ve ever met.”

Mr. Bishop huffed a laugh. “And what’s it to you? His boyfriend. More like a fuck-buddy. You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious.” Suddenly, all my fear vanished. He couldn’t talk to me like that. He didn’t know me at all. It was becoming more and more obvious that he didn’t know his own son. “What you need to understand is that I’ve never considered a relationship with anyone. Not once.” I wasn’t about to explain the ins and outs of my sexuality to this asshole, but he could have the footnotes. “Joe gave me that. He’s made me feel special since the beginning. That I’m cared for. He sees me for who I am and doesn’t make me feel less than. I’m proud of everything he does because it’s what makes him who he is.”

Those nerves came flooding back. Tingles raced through my body, and it felt like butterflies were flapping their wings against my face. My ears rang, but I stood my ground as the man across the table from me continued to stare me down.

“So him performing for strangers on the internet doesn’t bother you? ”

“No. Because at the end of the day, he’s mine. I’m his. They can see his body, sure, but I have his heart. That’s all that matters.”

Mr. Bishop let out a sigh, ran a hand through his hair, and looked at his son again. “Joseph, this is your last chance. Are you serious about all of this?”

Joe bit his bottom lip, nodding with so much force his hair fell into his face.

“Then I will let you be. The deal was that you find a job and, while I’m not happy about the one you’ve chosen, you are correct that it is a business and does still use your degree. You’re too smart for your own damn good. You got that from your mother.”

I slumped into my chair as Mr. Bishop moved around the table and gave his son a hug. For the longest time, I’d been worried that the encounter would turn to blows, so an embrace was a much better outcome.

After he’d left, things didn’t seem to become less tense. Teresa still stood with her arms over her chest, leaning against the counter. She peeked around the door to make sure that McKenzie was still in the other room.

“Porn? Really?”

Joe threw his hands up in the air. “Jesus, sis. I kept everything put away and didn’t film when she was home. I do have standards and I wouldn’t do anything that would expose her to things she doesn’t need to see. ”

Teresa nodded. “No. I get that. But you could have given me a little more warning. I’d been getting more and more pissed about not knowing what the hell was going on down there and I’ve been not caring as much about just going down. What about me? What if I had walked in on something I didn’t need to see?”

And that was it. The tension vanished, and we all fell into laughter at the absurdity of the statement. I’d said the same thing. What if Teresa had walked in?

“So this is it? You guys are really a thing?” Teresa asked.

When Joe’s arms settled around my waist, his chin on my shoulder, I melted into him. “Yeah. This is it,” I answered.

Joe kissed the side of my head. “It’s fucking weird because I didn’t see myself settling down with anyone, but Aiden is different. He almost makes me want to say that scary ‘L-word.’”

Teresa rolled her eyes. “Just keep it PG-13 around McKenzie.” And with that, she walked out of the room.

“Almost feel like saying the scary ‘L-word?’” I teased as I scooted back on the mattress.

Joe’s tongue peeked out, toying with the loop through his bottom lip. “Got a problem with that, sweetheart?”

I shook my head as my arms wrapped around my knees. It was all fast. If Joe said that he was in love with me now, I wasn’t sure I would completely believe it. There was a type of love there, more than what you’d feel for your friends. He did feel like my forever person, but there wasn’t a rush to express our feelings with words.

“You look like it bothers you. You know you can tell me anything, right?” Joe sat on the edge of the bed, reaching over to place a hand on my shin. The warmth of his palm traveled through my body, making me feel even more at ease.

“I know. But I’m not in a hurry. If we’re it for each other, we have our whole fucking lives to say those things. We have other ways of expressing how we feel.”

We leaned into each other and kissed, my legs sliding across the bed as Joe glided over my body. He settled over me and I grinned up at him as my arms wrapped around his shoulders.

“Aiden Grant. You’re too fucking good for me. One of these days I’m going to tell you all the words. Every single thing you need to hear and I’m going to make sure

you know I mean every last one of them. They won't be spoken in the heat of the moment or in anger. You deserve everything."

And I believed him. Because this was Joe. The one person who saw me when I felt the most invisible. The person who didn't judge me and made me feel so fucking special.



Joe

“This doesn’t feel real. Are you sure you want to do this?”

Aiden laughed as his mom fussed over yet another box of clothes she had set in the empty room. It wouldn’t be empty for too much longer. After much struggling, I’d gotten all the guys over and they’d helped me haul my bed out of my sister’s basement, and it was on its way over in the back of a U-Haul truck.

The room was bright. A large bank of windows covered one wall and opened to a sweeping view of downtown Seattle. The rent on the place was insane, and more than I’d ever thought I’d pay, but with the income I was pulling in by including Aiden in my filming, we’d be sitting pretty for a while. Turns out my viewers thought watching me breed his ass was pretty fucking hot. We’d even been able to invest in additional cameras to capture more angles. Things felt more natural, and we could be ourselves more while we filmed.

“I’m sure. Jesus, Mom. I don’t remember you being like this when Nathan moved out.”

Casey sighed. “No, but he’s not my baby. You are. I’m really going to have an empty nest now. My boys are all grown up and on their own. Is this what getting old is like? This isn’t what I signed up for. Take it back.”

Aiden laughed, pulling her into a hug. “Oh, Mom. We’re both your babies. Always will be. It’s not like we moved that far away. You know you’re always welcome here.”

I looked around the room again as the front door swung open. Nathan and Chase walked in, a six-pack of beer tucked under Chase's arm as he adjusted his Seahawks ball cap on his head. If they were there, it meant that the rest of the guys weren't too far behind. Andrew had insisted on driving on the truck with Brandon. At least I could trust that the two of them wouldn't do anything freaky with my belongings. Anyone else and I'd be using a black light to inspect things.

"There's trouble when you need it," I called, rushing to help my friends into the apartment. Maybe a studio wasn't something to aspire to, but for the view we got and the location in Seattle, I was happy. Aiden had agreed on everything, and we'd picked out the place together.

A smile spread across Nathan's face but then morphed into a blush as he looked around the space. While he'd been less of a jerk over the last few months, he still hadn't completely adjusted to me really being in a relationship with his brother. Taking in that we'd be living in such a small space, he could put two and two together on what would happen here after what he'd walked in on .

"Not too bad of a spot, man. A little on the small side, isn't it?" Nathan asked as I took the beers from Chase. I pulled two bottles out of the cardboard case after setting it on the kitchen island and popped the caps with the magnet I'd hung on the fridge.

"It's fucking Seattle, dude. What the fuck did you think we were going to find? It's a miracle one of us didn't have to sell a kidney to afford this place."

Casey gasped. "Is it that expensive? Aiden, honey, do you guys need help with rent? I'd be more than happy to give you guys a little assistance."

Nathan's face fell. "Really, Mom? What about me and Chase? You don't help us that way!"

Chase shoved Nathan's shoulder. "Would you cool it, babe? You act like we struggle."

"We don't, but it would still be nice to know she'd give us the extra support," Nathan pouted.

Mrs. Grant rolled her eyes before smacking her oldest son on the back of the head. "Nathan, if you need help, just ask."

It wasn't even a few minutes later when Daniel, Shawn, Andrew, and Brandon showed up. We all went down to the truck to get the bed into the elevator. Thankfully, the building had a larger lift, designed to help residents when they moved because the standard elevator car would barely fit a twin bed.

Once the bed was in the apartment, everything seemed so much smaller. We still had room to add a couch and entertainment center to create a living room, and the apartment complex already provided some stools for the kitchen island. Our place wouldn't be the prime hangout spot for our friends, but since the guys all knew what we were doing for a living, that didn't seem to be a problem. Most of them had a problem even touching the mattress no matter how much I told them we'd cleaned the damn thing. It wasn't like we hadn't moved their shit knowing full well what they got up to.

Once things were more settled and all the boxes were inside, we ordered pizzas and brought in more drinks. Mrs. and Mr. Grant left us to handle things so we could celebrate our new space.

Since space was so limited, people ended up on top of each other more than usual. It wasn't the end of the world since we'd all somehow ended up in some sort of relationship. Over the course of the last year and a half, Nathan had rekindled things with Chase, Brandon and Andrew finally pulled their heads out of their asses and

took a shot at what the rest of us saw the entire time, and Daniel and Shawn discovered they didn't actually hate each other—and some of that aggression was better worked out in the bedroom.

And then there was me and Aiden.

As I stared at the man with light brown hair and deep brown eyes digging into his slice of pepperoni pizza, I knew everything was as it should be. What started off as a group of friends embarking on the crazy adventure of college turned into so much fucking more. I couldn't have asked for a better outcome for my life or even theirs .

And maybe someday soon, I'd be able to tell Aiden how much I really loved him.

The End

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 7:43 am*

I fell back onto the bed. A rush of excitement coursed through my body as Aiden shifted above me. He must have removed his boxer briefs because when he sat across my thighs, all I could feel was skin. I'd never done the whole blindfold thing. Giving up my sense of sight just didn't seem that exciting, but when Aiden had presented this idea, fuck yeah, was I on board. Anything he wanted to do, sign me right the fuck up.

The chilly spray on my dick had me wanting to curl in on myself. This had all been fun and games until someone thought throwing something cold on my junk was a great idea. Then again, it didn't seem to bother me as much as I thought it would. My entire body was on fire. Anywhere that Aiden touched, licked, or sucked, became engulfed in flames. I wanted his hands, his mouth, fucking everywhere.