



Would You Hold It Against Me: An MMM Age Play Daddy Romance (Blue Collar Daddies in the City Book 6)

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Category: LGBT+

Description: Ex-bodybuilder Cayson enjoys running his family's pizzeria and carrying on the legacy his great-grandfather started so many years ago. But it consumes his whole life. He opens and closes seven days a week, never taking a moment to himself, making it impossible to meet someone to share his life with.

Finn has been working long hours as a police sergeant, trying to stay busy after attending yet another wedding of yet another friend who has found love. It's not exactly healthy, but he likes the distraction of work to keep him from feeling the loneliness that has been getting heavier and heavier with each passing year of solitude.

Dylan has been relying on a glass of bourbon to get to sleep every night, so when he realizes he's out, he runs out to the store to pick up a bottle. And if he gives in to his Little side, he might leave the store with some frozen cookie dough and microwave popcorn to cap off his weekend pity party.

But when an amateur thief walks into that store and tries to rob it and the three customers inside, all their lives are changed forever.

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DYLAN

When I finally got home from work, all I wanted to do was curl up on the couch and chill all weekend. I'd heard about a new-to-me series that had a few seasons online, so I was prepared to binge on junk food and cheesy TV until I had to go back to work on Monday morning.

We were in one of the rare seasons when people weren't desperate for hot or cold air. Those were my favorite seasons as an HVAC technician, but they were also exhausting because I did a lot more commercial maintenance, which was boring as hell. Spending days—and sometimes weeks—in giant buildings, cleaning every duct, replacing every filter, and inspecting every thermostat was mindless and monotonous.

But work would pick up soon enough, and I'd be back to sliding around in crawl spaces and making people happy by replacing their broken equipment. Until then, my TV was calling.

My first order of business was always to strip out of everything in the doorway, take the contaminated clothing to the laundry room, and then go straight to the shower. I didn't always get covered in dust, mold, or bugs...but I usually did. And the building I was working in all day was abandoned and had squatters in there on and off over the past year, so I couldn't even imagine what kind of drug or bio waste I had crawled through.

I finally got to the bathroom in nothing but my light blue briefs and turned on the water. Showering was purely functional. I lathered everything, rinsed off, then got out. No fun or playtime. That's what baths were for.

But I hadn't taken a bath in a long time.

Not since Kurt moved back to his hometown and suggested I stay behind because he had an old flame he was hoping to reconnect with. That was good for him, but it was bad for me. Although, he and I weren't going to be long-term anyway. We were always just a fun-for-now situationship, and I was okay with him leaving.

I just hated being alone. Which was why I sometimes made bad decisions...or went along with my friends' bad decisions. Like when Augie caused me and a few of the guys to get drugged and assaulted recently. Well, Augie had the worst experience, and the rest of us were just lucky that Max's Daddy showed up when he did. He and his Daddy friend saved us.

At least one of us had someone who cared enough to keep us safe. Not me, of course. Not yet anyway.

But maybe someday.

I grabbed my phone to see if Augie or Brayden had texted about getting together. Since they were still single, they were my best chance at company for the weekend.

But there weren't any messages or missed calls on my phone, so I was on my own. As per usual.

With my stomach rumbling, I shuffled to the kitchen to see what I had. There wasn't much in the fridge, and I wasn't in the mood to cook, so I pulled a frozen pizza out of the freezer and sighed. Not exactly what I was in the mood for, but I was too lazy to order delivery. On a Friday evening, the wait would be hours, and I hoped to be asleep or nicely buzzed by then.

And bonus, as long as the oven was warm, it would be easy to toss some cookie

dough in later.

It just took a few minutes to get the oven preheated and my pizza in it. Once that was done, I flopped back on the couch and grabbed the remote. I'd been adding movies to my watch list all week, and I was excited to finally start going through them. The first one was a rom-com, but that felt a little too depressing for my mood, so I kept scrolling. Then I came across a silly comedy about Pop-Tarts, which was one of my favorite snacks, so I pressed play and pulled my blankie down from the back of the cushion.

I was pretty hungry by the time my alarm went off, but now I didn't want pizza. I didn't even want cookies. Well, I kinda still wanted cookies, but first, I wanted Pop-Tarts. And also...bourbon. I drank the last of my bottle last night, and I couldn't fall asleep without it. Not since the incident with my friends.

Which meant I needed to get out of my jammies and walk to the minimart down the street.

Then again, if I put on a jacket, maybe no one would notice my Minion flannels.

Once I had all my supplies for the weekend, I was guaranteed to sleep well.

Just as soon as my movie was over, I planned to head out for Pop-Tarts and bourbon and...maybe some cookie dough. And ice cream. Or cookie dough ice cream.

The only thing I knew for sure was that it was gonna be a gluttonous weekend.

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CAYSON

It wasn't even nine yet, but I locked the door anyway and flipped the sign to closed.

I was done. D.O.N.E. Done.

We'd been busy all week with a conference in town, and my feet were killing me. I also needed some more Ibuprofen. I'd downed my last two at lunchtime, so I couldn't even go straight home. I needed to stop at the store to pick up a few things and then crash, so I could start this all over again on Saturday.

At least the morning wouldn't be so bad. We had a kid's party scheduled from eleven to two, so the first few hours would go by fast, and then we wouldn't get busy again until about five. Thank God my niece and nephew were always looking for extra hours. I needed to just start giving them more.

"Angie!" I untied my apron and pulled it off. "Can you and Chris get everything put up tonight?"

Angie turned the corner, already pushing the mop bucket. "Yeah, we got it, Uncle Case. Go home already. You look dead on your feet."

"So you're saying I look way better than I feel. That's what I figured." I balled up the apron and shoved it under my armpit. "You two need anything before I bail?"

She leaned on the mop and looked around. "Nah, Chris is packing up the kitchen, so we'll be done soon. Just go."

“Geez, I’m going, I’m going.” I dragged my sorry ass through the kitchen toward the tiny office in the back. “Chris, call if you need anything. I’m heading out.”

“I’m good, Uncle Case. And I’m opening tomorrow, so take your time coming in. We can handle the party if we need to.”

God, I loved these kids. My sister did a good job raising them. “Thanks, kid. I’ll let you know if I need to take you up on that, but…” I chuckled and shook my head. “You know I won’t.”

“Yeah, I know you won’t.” He laughed too. “But if the kids have started arriving when Nonna drops off her special tiramisu, you know she’s gonna want to stay here and help. She loves when we host kids’ parties.”

Yeah, my mom missed working at the shop, but she still brought over her famous tiramisu every morning and stayed for a few hours when she didn’t have anything else going on. It was nice to see her so often, but I wished she’d make some friends and maybe even meet a man to travel with.

Since my dad passed, she was lonely.

And as someone who could relate, I hated that for her. But there wasn’t much I could do about it. I had enough trouble meeting a man for myself. There was zero chance I’d be able to meet one for my mom too. “All right, Chris. Call if you need anything, and make sure you walk your sister to her car.”

He rolled his eyes as he nodded. “Yeah, I always do.”

“I’m fine without a babysitter!” Angie called from the dining room.

Whoops. She hated when I went all possessive uncle on her. “Good night, Ang.”

I quickly grabbed a few things from the office and went out the back door to the parking lot. With every step I took, my head pounded a little bit deeper, and by the time I was in the quiet cab of my truck, I was almost nauseous.

Fuck.

I had to have something around here somewhere. I opened up the glove box and dug around in there, looking for anything that might help. No painkillers, but there was a pack of Tic Tacs, so I tossed half the box in my mouth and started up the engine. It wasn't exactly food, but the boost of sugar actually felt like it cleared my head a bit.

I started driving, heading home on autopilot like I did every night. And it wasn't until I was turning onto my street that I remembered I wanted to stop at the store.

Dammit.

The closest place to pick up aspirin and some snacks for later was just down the street. The twenty-four-hour minimart had just about everything, including frozen cinnamon rolls that were delicious at this time of night. Thirty seconds in the microwave, and it was like Ma used to make them.

Annoyed at myself for forgetting and adding an extra twenty minutes to my trip, I drove right past my house and kept going, ready to put this week behind me and start the weekend. Since my pizzeria was in a business district, weekends were generally quiet.

We still got a good number of takeout requests, but very few people came in and sat down, at least not the way they did during the week when they were working in nearby offices.

I was grateful for the breaks, since I ended up working almost every day of the week.

Whoever said running a family-owned restaurant was easy work was a liar. My grandfather started this place more than fifty years ago, when he came to this country with my grandma and a whole gang of children.

He named it Papi's Pies because everyone called him Papi. And when he was too old to run it, he passed it down to my father, and two years ago when my dad died unexpectedly, I gave up my career as a bodybuilder and personal trainer, and moved back home to take over the business.

I'd always planned to take over at some point, but I guess I thought it would be after I had settled down and started a family.

That was then.

Now, I was pretty sure I would never meet anyone because I had absolutely zero time or energy to get out and meet people. Seeing Jay with his boy Max was a painful reminder of what I didn't have. What I might never have. I was happy for my friend because he was visibly happier and more content than I'd ever seen him, but knowing it would probably never happen for me left a sour taste in my mouth.

And in my gut.

Great, my headache was traveling south. Just what I needed.

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FINN

When it was clear the Cougars weren't gonna win the game, I snuck off the bleachers and headed to my car. I liked to catch the high school games when I could because it reminded me of my glory days. The days when I was a hotshot quarterback all the girls wanted to date and half the boys did too.

Back when I was king of my world.

Fuck, that felt like an eternity ago. In reality, it was more like twenty years, but it might as well have been fifty. During that time, I built a career I was proud of and had a good network of people I cared about and who cared about me, but that wasn't the same as being happy.

I wasn't unhappy, but I wasn't exactly content either.

I was just...here. At least, that was how it felt most of the time.

Since being promoted to sergeant, I spent most of my time behind a desk, doing paperwork for my team and the department and the press and just about everyone else who needed a statement, explanation, or a damn signature.

My right hand hadn't gotten so much use since I was thirteen years old and discovered Men's Health magazine. Only now, it got cramps from writing my name so often instead of jerkin' off.

Of course, sometimes I did that too, but not nearly as often as I needed. Maybe a lay

would get me out of the funk I'd been in lately. Being single used to be a badge of honor. It meant I was free to do what I wanted, when I wanted, with no boundaries or chains tying me down.

And for a few years after college, I sowed my oats like the best of them.

That got real old real fast.

Now, I just needed a partner. Someone to take care of. Someone to come home to. Someone to come home to me. Someone to love.

But that wasn't something I could do anything about tonight. Tonight, I was gonna pick up a six-pack and some chips and think about cleaning out my garage over the weekend. Not exactly setting the world on fire, but it would kill time until I went back to work on Monday morning.

And most days, all I ever did was kill time until I went back to work.

It was a quarter after nine when I pulled into the minimart parking lot. There were just a few other cars in the lot, so I figured I'd be able to run in, get my shit, and run back out. If I hit all the green lights, I could be home before nine-thirty and workin' on my second beer before the ten-o'clock news reported the final score of the game.

When I got into the store, I nodded at Archie, the owner, and headed straight for the drink section along the back wall. As I passed the first aisle, I noticed a huge dude standing over the rack of medicines.

He glanced up at me and was gorgeous, but I quickly averted my eyes, not interested in striking up a conversation. Continuing on my usual route, I turned down the sweets aisle and grabbed a Snickers. A cute guy was staring at the breakfast foods, studying a box of Pop-Tarts as he clutched a tube of cookie dough.

Damn, I had no idea all the hot guys hung out at the minimart on Friday nights.

I slowed down just past the cereals and looked at the chip options. Doritos were my go-to but Flamin' Hot Cheetos looked good too. After two seconds of deliberation, I grabbed both bags and turned toward the refrigerator cases.

I heard the bell above the front door chime, indicating someone else had entered the store, but I didn't bother to look up. The musclehead was standing beside me, pulling out a bottle of water, and I was trying to get a better look at him. His jeans were tight, showing off a bubble butt that was downright biteable, when raised voices got my attention.

Turning toward the front of the store, I took a quick inventory of the scene. The kid with a sweet tooth was standing at the end of the aisle, closer to the register than to me and the beefcake.

With slow movements, I leaned around a diaper display and saw a man, who was almost completely covered up in an oversized hoodie and face mask, waving a gun at Archie. "Open it up, old man. Hurry."

"He's being robbed." The guy in the jeans was suddenly closer to me, crouching down to hide some of his mass from the action at the front. "I'm calling the police."

"I am the police." I snapped my fingers to get the attention of the kid, but he was just staring at the man with a gun, frozen in place. I turned on the video on my phone and began recording everything I could see and hear. There were cameras in the store, but since I didn't know if they were all working or what they were capturing, I wanted to make my job easier after we got out of there. Especially if someone got hurt. "But yeah, call them while I get this guy out of the way."

In a low crouch, I shuffled down the aisle and grabbed the guy's hand, aiming the

camera in his direction at first and then pointing it back toward the front.

He gasped and suddenly realized what was happening. As if finally waking up, he immediately started hyperventilating.

We didn't have time for a panic attack, so I yanked him to the floor. "Shh, shh. You're okay."

"Hey, who's there? Get out here where I can see you." The man with the gun was shouting at me, obviously reminding that he wasn't alone in the store. "Do it now unless you want me to spray the wall with the old man's brain."

Fuck. "I'm coming." I looked the man in the eyes and held my finger over my lips, reminding him to stay quiet as I gave him a shove toward the back of the store. "Don't shoot."

The buff guy appeared again, gently pulling the kid toward cover. Good. The farther back they were, the less chance they'd be hit by stray shots if any were fired. His gaze locked with mine, and he nodded as I did the same.

Then I stood up with my hands held close to my ears and my phone poking out of my front pocket with the camera still rolling, I presented myself to Archie and his robber. "Just take the money and go, man. No need for the gun."

"Don't tell me what I need, asshole." He turned the gun to Archie again. "Where's the cash?"

"This is it." Archie slid a small stack of bills across the counter. "I don't get a lot of cash in here, but...do you want beer or cigarettes?"

"Gimme your phone and wallet." Then he turned to me. "You too."

I left the camera on and was careful to hold my phone with the screen facing the floor then reached for my wallet too. “Take my cash and credit cards.” I opened my wallet and pulled out the cash. When I had it all in my hand, I reached around the man and placed everything on the counter. I had a few hundreds in my wallet, so the guy seemed distracted by his haul, giving me the opportunity to knock the gun out of his hand and elbow him on the side of the head, disorienting him long enough to get him to the ground.

The other customer, the big guy, appeared beside me once again, kicking away the gun and digging his knee into the man’s back to hold him in place. “Police are coming.”

I didn’t have cuffs on me, so I turned to Archie. “You have zip ties back there?”

“Sure do, Finn.” Archie grabbed a red bag that was obviously a first-aid kit from under the counter and quickly pulled out a small handful of zip ties. “I remembered when you told me to keep these on hand.”

I smiled and took them, grateful we’d done a city-wide “Ready for Anything” campaign with all the local merchants last summer. “Good job, Arch. You okay?”

He nodded, and his shoulders dropped. “Yeah, I knew you’d take care of things, so I wasn’t worried. Good timing, right?”

“I guess you could say that.” I chuckled quietly as I secured the guy’s wrists behind his back and then his ankles to each other. “I’m just glad he didn’t panic and pull the trigger.”

“Is it over yet?” The soft voice from the end of the aisle made us all turn back to the kid I’d almost forgotten about. Not because he was forgettable but because the asshole was squirming in his restraints and had managed to nail me right in the ankle

with his steel-toed boot.

“Yeah, you’re safe now, kid. You can come out.”

Just then, lights and sirens filled the parking lot, bringing the backup I needed.

Thank fuck. I was anxious to hand this guy off to someone else so I could make sure the other customers were okay. The two men with big eyes who were evoking feelings I couldn’t quite name and I wasn’t entirely comfortable with.

Those two customers probably thought they were going to die tonight, or at least witness someone else die. That was a traumatic experience for an average citizen. I wouldn’t be able to rest until I knew they were okay to get home and had people who could support them if they broke down later on.

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DYLAN

I wanted to die. Not because I was scared, but because I was humiliated.

When the bad guy started shouting and waving a gun around, I panicked. And somewhere along the way, I wet myself.

I hadn't done that before, but flashbacks of the night in that club and what happened to Augie made me feel so helpless. I wouldn't have even moved at all if not for the guy who tucked me into a squat and shoved me back toward the refrigerator section... And right into the arms of another big man.

They were both gentle, despite being distracted, but in those moments when I thought we were all gonna die, I just closed my eyes, crouched down into a ball and...forgot to be a grown-up.

Now I was stuck.

I could hear that they got the gun away from the man and mentioned something about it not even being loaded—maybe not even a real gun—but I stayed in the far corner, hoping I could wait them out and sneak out after everybody left.

I curled up in a tight ball behind the bags of barbecue briquettes and buried my face in my arms, hoping that if I couldn't see them, they couldn't see me.

I sensed someone approaching before I felt a hand land on my shoulder, but I still didn't look up.

“Hey there. Are you okay?”

Taking a big breath for courage, I nodded and peeked out from beneath my folded arms. “Yeah, I’m fine. I just need a minute.”

Kneeling beside me was the man who had been in the back with me. The one who tucked me into this corner to begin with. “No worries. My name is Cayson, and I’ll wait right here until you’re ready to get up.”

“No, that’s okay.” I shook my head vigorously, terrified he would see what I had done. “I, um. You go ahead up front, and I’ll be there in a minute.”

He furrowed his brow and sat back on his heels, taking a full look at me. When his gaze landed near my lap, I could see the pieces falling into place in his mind. “Yeah, okay. I’ll wait right over there.” He pointed to the other end of the aisle as he stood up. Then he pulled off his sweatshirt and handed it to me. “In case you need this.”

And that was it.

I took the sweatshirt without another word and watched as he turned his back and walked to the end of the aisle. He didn’t leave, but he kept his back turned, giving me the privacy he clearly knew I needed.

The shame I felt was overwhelming, but I was so grateful for having something to make it a little less obvious. To help with the mess I made, I tore open a small bag of briquettes and poured them over my puddle, feeling only slightly guilty for wasting the bag, but also satisfied that it looked like the bag of charcoal had been accidentally opened and not being used to hide a puddle of piss.

When I stood up, I considered putting on the hoodie, but I wasn’t sure if it was long enough to hide everything, so I wrapped it around my waist, making sure my

backside was fully covered and the arm straps covered the front that had the darkest wet spots.

A minute later, the other man, the one who was slightly smaller but still exactly the kind of bear who starred in most of my fantasies, was back at my side. He had picked up the items I'd dropped along the way—my Pop-Tarts, cookie dough, and some candy that looked good a few minutes ago.

Now, nothing was appetizing. I just wanted to go home.

“You guys okay?”

I nodded and wrapped my arms around my chest. “Can I go home now?”

“In just a few minutes. My name is Finn, and I'm a sergeant with the sheriff's department. My guys are here and just need a quick statement from you both, and then you can go.” He looked at me with kind eyes. “What's your name?”

“Dylan Oden,” I said quietly. “You're a cop?”

“I am.” The man smiled and glanced at the other guy. The tall one. He held out his hand to shake it. “Finnegan Opatrny.”

“Cayson Rossi. Thanks for stepping in there.”

The cop, Finn, just shrugged it off. “He was an amateur. The gun wasn't even loaded.” He glanced over at me. “Just some tweaker looking for his next high. He was harmless. I'm just glad no one got hurt.”

I looked him up and down and appreciated once again how attractive he was. “But you didn't get hurt?”

“That dude couldn’t hurt a fly.” He scoffed at the suggestion, obviously too tough to get hurt. “If you two can wait here, I’ll send my guys back here to talk to you.”

Cayson looked down at me and placed a hand on my shoulder, rubbing his thumb over it in a way that made me wanna lean further into him. “You okay to talk, Dylan?”

I nodded and blew out a breath. “Yeah, let’s just get this over with.”

Finn held up the snacks he still had loaded in one arm. “I’ll get these in a bag, and you can pick them up on your way out.”

“Thanks, but I’m not really hungry anymore.” I swallowed hard and held myself even tighter. “I just want to get home.”

“Of course.” The two men shared a look that I didn’t really understand, so I let my gaze drop to the exposed holster at Finn’s side.

He really was a cop with a gun and everything. Now my hot Daddy fantasy just went to a whole ‘nother level.

“Is there someone you can call?”

“Hmm?” I turned to Cayson, hoping he didn’t notice my attention had moved to his feet. They were big. Everything about him was big. I’d never been near biceps that looked bigger than my head, but the prime man meat in the minimart almost made my renewed trauma worth it. Almost.

“Can we call someone to get you, so you’re not alone tonight?”

I bit my lip to keep it from quivering and felt my eyes welling up, not because I was

alone, that was old news. But the adrenaline was just starting to wear off, and my emotions felt heightened to the point that I knew I'd have a serious breakdown as soon as I got home. At least, I hoped I'd be able to hold it off that long. "No, I'm fine."

"Dylan." His voice was low and measured and went right through me.

My eyes instantly locked with his, ready to follow him off a cliff if he asked me to.

"I don't think you should be alone tonight. Maybe a friend or family member can stay with you for a while?"

I could have called Max or Brayden, but I didn't want to ruin their night. Nothing had really happened anyway. I just shook my head, losing the battle with the tears that were pooling on my lids. When the first drop fell, I pressed the heels of my palms into my eye sockets, trying my best to shove those tears right back into my dumb sinuses, so I didn't look like a baby in front of the hot men who were just trying to grab a beer and start their weekend.

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CAYSON

Well, shit. This kid was already having a bad night, and I just made it worse, apparently.

“Hey, there.” My Daddy instinct kicked in, and I went to him, wrapping my arms around Dylan’s shoulders and pulling him against my chest. “You’re safe now, sweetheart. He was just someone who has made some bad decisions in the past and continued to make them tonight. You’re good now.”

Dylan sobbed against my chest, and my heart broke for the boy. He came in for snacks and was leaving with a near-tragic experience locked in his memory. “I know...thanks to you and Seargent Finn.”

“Well, Sergeant Finn did the heavy lifting. I was cowering in the back of the store with you, so I can’t really take any credit.”

He pulled back and took a shuddering breath as his emotions seemed to settle. “But you...helped me.” He lifted one sleeve of my hoodie then let it drop back over his crotch. “I’ll have it cleaned and get it back to you.” He finally looked up and met my gaze. “Can I get your number?”

Thought you’d never ask. “Of course.” I held out my hand, grateful for the distraction while he fumbled in his jacket pocket for his phone. After he unlocked it and handed it to me, I added my full contact information, including the address to the pizzeria, and then sent myself a text so I’d have his number too. If Dylan ever found himself hungry, I wanted him to know where to find me. “But you’re welcome to keep it. A

souvenir of this exciting night.”

Dylan coughed out a chuckle and flashed a smile that made my dick twitch. “Stupid Pop-Tart craving almost got me killed.”

“Story of my life.” I winked at Dylan as two uniformed officers came over to speak with us.

The officers separated us, guiding Dylan back to where he’d been crouching after Finn sent him my way. Right where he’d wet himself and apparently tried to cover it up with some charcoal, from what I could tell. The sweetheart must have felt terrible about his accident, and now he was back there, practically standing it in as he recounted what he saw.

I turned my back toward the front window so I could keep my eye on Dylan as I answered the questions the officer asked me. Everything seemed to be standard protocol, so I answered to the best of my ability and smiled at Dylan every time he glanced my way.

Which was often.

Around the time I was finished, Finn approached Dylan and stood by his side.

Looking at the two men together did something to me. Fuck, they were a beautiful pair. Such a juxtaposition, with Dylan’s innocent youth and Finn’s powerful presence that just exuded dominance. They would be good for each other.

My eyes traveled down to the wet marks Dylan did a pretty good job of hiding, but I could still see the dark shadows among the...Minions? I didn’t take a close look earlier, but he was wearing cartoon PJs and buying junk food on Friday night.

Was Dylan into age play? All signs were pointing to...yes, Daddy.

A moment later, Finn made his way over to me, leaving Dylan alone to finish up his interview.

“You doing okay?” He crossed his arms over his chest and stood with his legs spread, exerting some kind of power that made me want to call him Daddy. Since when did I have a thing for bears? Since this one saved my life, apparently.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Glad you were here.” I held his gaze just a few seconds too long, expecting him to frown or be annoyed, but he merely smirked. Interesting. “How is Dylan holding up?”

Now he did frown as he turned back to look at the boy. “He’s barely holding on.” Looking back at me, he gave me a sly once-over. But not so sly that I didn’t totally notice. “Did you two know each other prior to tonight?”

“No.” I slipped my hands in my pockets, remembering the headache I had earlier as it started pounding again. “Just got his name when you did.”

“He seems...” Finn looked between me and Dylan. “Vulnerable.”

“Yeah, I noticed he...” I knew Finn knew, but it didn’t feel right saying it out loud, just in case. “Well, he was stressed.”

“Yeah.” Finn inhaled a deep breath. “It was nice of you to give him your sweatshirt. The news vans are setting up out front, so just getting him to his car is gonna be traumatic enough.”

“Shit.” I hadn’t been paying attention to what was going on outside, but when I looked out the window, I saw a circus being set up out there. Apparently, it was a

slow news night, and everyone in town wanted to know more about the near-robbery at the minimart. “He said he lives alone. I’m a little worried about him being on his own after all this.”

Finn nodded and kept his gaze locked on Dylan. He probably agreed that they looked good together. “Maybe he can stay with a friend.”

“I asked about that, and he got upset.”

Finn’s brow furrowed, and he turned to me. “I’ll see if he wants a uniform posted outside his place for the night. Might help him sleep.”

I pictured the sweet kid with a teddy bear and his Minion jammies and wanted to just pull him into my arms and read him a story. “Good idea.”

Just then, Dylan was cleared to leave and walked toward us. “They said it’s okay to go home.”

“I’ll walk you to your car.” I stepped toward him and placed my hand on his shoulder, hoping the gesture was reassuring and not intimidating.

“Oh, I walked here.” He started toward the front door, hellbent on getting out of there. “But thanks anyway.”

“Dylan, wait.” I wanted to grab on to him again so he didn’t disappear, but I kept my hands to myself this time. “Can I give you a ride?”

He stopped instantly and looked at me, then at Finn. “That’s not necessary. I live really close by.”

Finn stepped forward, using the lower tone he seemed to have perfected during his

years of law enforcement. “I can take you, if you’d prefer, but there’s a lot of media out there, and we don’t want them following you home.”

Dylan glanced outside with the same surprised expression I probably wore when I noticed everyone waiting for us to emerge. “Oh, that’s for...us?”

“Sorry. They’re just looking for a story.” Finn glanced at his watch. “And we’re right in time to be live on the eleven o’clock news.”

I hadn’t realized the time, but he was right. They were looking for a story. “Hey, um, I can go first and distract them while you get to your car.”

Finn made eye contact with me and nodded. “Yeah, that would be great.”

I turned to Dylan to make sure he was okay with that plan.

He peeked up at me and forced a smile. “Thank you, Cayson. For...you know.”

I told myself not to do it, but I couldn’t resist reaching for the back of his neck and giving him a squeeze. “Take care of yourself, Dylan. And call if you need anything. You know how to reach me.”

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FINN

When Cayson said goodbye, I saw an instant change in Dylan.

The terror on his face came back, and a soft whimper escaped his throat.

I guided him toward the front counter and grabbed the bag of snacks I bought for him and held them in front of my chest as we walked toward the door.

Dylan's thumb popped into his mouth for just a moment, but he seemed to remember where he was and pulled it back out before shoving his hands in his jacket pockets.

I glanced at Cayson, and it was clear he caught the movement as well. He leaned close to my ear and whispered, "He's regressing. Are you okay with him? I can help."

I wasn't entirely sure what he was suggesting, but I knew I could handle whatever Dylan needed, so I just smiled reassuringly. "I think I've got this, but thank you."

Cayson looked back at Dylan one more time before walking out of the store with his arms raised in a big gesture, clearly seeking the attention of the media that had gathered in the parking lot. He went in the opposite direction of my car.

As soon as the cameras were turned, I quickly rushed Dylan to my car and opened the door.

"Where are we going?" He looked around as if just noticing what we were doing. "I can walk."

“No way, kiddo. I’ll take you home. Hop in.” He slid into the passenger seat without further questions, but once he was in, he just stared straight ahead, carefully arranging the sleeves of Cayson’s sweatshirt over his lap.

“Can I help you with your seatbelt?”

Dylan continued to stare straight ahead, but he lifted his arms, moving them out of the way as I wrapped the seatbelt across his lap and buckled him in.

Once he was secured, I closed the car door and looked back at Cayson.

He caught my eye and briefly nodded as he continued to talk to the reporters. They were always happy to get a gorgeous man like him on camera, so I knew he would be the perfect spokesperson for our little trio.

Before any of the sharks noticed my car, I drove us out of the lot and onto the street, but quickly pulled over to the curb to get the address. “Dylan, where’s your place?”

He shrugged and his thumb slipped into his mouth again, but this time, it stayed there. Clearly, he was done talking. Not exactly what I needed in that moment.

I briefly considered taking him back to my place, but that felt like it would be over the line. If he had regressed to the point of being nonverbal, there was no consent happening, which meant I needed to get him to his own home. “Do you have your ID with you?”

Dylan glanced at me before reaching into his pocket and handing over his phone. The case had a silicone sleeve on the back with his driver’s license and a credit card poking out.

I pulled out his license and recognized the address was just a few blocks away.

“Dylan?” I held it up so he could see me. “I’m gonna take you here. Is that okay?”

He nodded and closed his eyes as he rested his head against the back of the seat.

“Okay, then. You’ll be home in just a few minutes.”

I waited a moment for the cross traffic to clear, and then I made a U-turn to head in the opposite direction. When I passed by the minimart, I couldn’t help glancing over to see if Cayson was still out there, but I didn’t see him talking to the reporters anymore.

They were all set up with their cameras facing the front of the store as they continued their coverage of the attempted robbery that was barely newsworthy at all.

After hitting a few red lights, I pulled up in front of a small apartment building and placed my hand on Dylan’s shoulder to get his attention. “Dylan, baby. You’re home.”

He opened his eyes and held my gaze for a long moment as if connecting my face and my voice to his current situation. With a loud sigh, Dylan looked around and saw where we were. His thumb slipped out of his mouth, and he cleared his throat. “Thank you.”

I could see that he was trying hard to pull himself together enough to get in by himself, but I wasn’t gonna let him be alone after everything he had been through and was still experiencing. “Just hold tight, kiddo. I’ll help you get inside.”

He visibly relaxed in the seat and waited for me to go around the car to help him out.

As I did, a truck pulled up behind me, and I recognized it from the lot. It was Cayson.

Instead of taking Dylan out immediately, I waited for Cayson to get out of his truck and approach me. “I followed you when I saw you pass by the store. I wanted to see if you need any help with Dylan. I have some experience with age regression, so...”

I chuckled and rubbed the back of my neck. “Yeah, that tracks. You’ve got Daddy written all over you.”

He smirked. “Takes one to know one.”

I turned back to Cayson and lowered my voice. “He’s been sucking his thumb on the ride here, so I’m thinking...pretty young.”

“I guessed that based on his...accident.” He raised an eyebrow as he looked at me. “And his PJs.”

I sucked in a deep breath and met his gaze, allowing myself to briefly get lost in his strong presence. Fuck, he was gorgeous. And big enough that he could even throw me around a little bit if he wanted to. Did he want to?

No, it was absolutely not the time to be getting lost in those kinds of thoughts. Instead, I opened the door and knelt down in front of Dylan.

His eyes were closed, and his thumb was back in his mouth. Apparently, he’d gotten tired of waiting for us.

I placed my hand on his cheek to rouse him. “Dylan, I’m gonna release your seatbelt and help you into your house, okay?”

He opened his eyes long enough to look at me and nod, but then he closed them again.

I unclasped his belt and slipped my hands under his armpits to pull him out of the car. Just as I got him to his feet, Cayson stepped in and lifted him up against his broad chest, cradling Dylan as if he didn't weigh anything at all.

Dylan sighed then wrapped his outside arm around Cayson's neck and held on, burrowing his face into his shoulder as he continued to suck his thumb. Damn, he's cute.

I grabbed the bag of snacks out of my car and closed it up, looking at the apartment building. I slipped my hand into Dylan's jacket pocket and was grateful when I felt a set of keys in there next to his phone. His license said apartment B, so we went straight to it, and I let us in.

Once we got inside, I turned on the light and took a quick look around. The apartment itself was nice and tidy, but there were a few baskets of stuffed animals and pacifiers that clearly spoke to Dylan's level of regression.

I was almost relieved to see them out in the open and not hidden away. At least we knew what we were working with.

Dylan still wasn't engaging with us, so I turned on the lights as I made my way through the apartment and into the bedroom.

Cayson followed silently behind me and then placed Dylan on the center of his bed.

We both took a step back, waiting to see his next reaction as we looked between Dylan and each other, doing our best to come up with our next move.

After a moment, Dylan opened his eyes and looked at us. He didn't seem scared in the least, but instead of speaking or even pulling his thumb out of his mouth, he reached up for a pillow and covered his face with it.

Cayson stepped closer to my side. “We should get him changed and into bed so he can rest.”

I nodded and went to the dresser. The top drawer held socks and boxers, so I grabbed a pair of boxers and opened the next drawer. That one held T-shirts and casual clothes. Sweatpants and shorts that I assumed he wore around the house but didn’t seem like the right thing for tonight.

I completely skipped over the drawer that was full of jeans and went to the bottom drawer. That’s where I found his Little stuff. Training pants, pajamas, and a baby blue onesie that didn’t look like it had ever been worn, but it made my dick get hard at the thought of seeing that sweet boy in it.

There was a pair of Cookie Monster sleep pants that I held up and raised an eyebrow at Cayson.

“Yeah, perfect.”

I took the boxers and the pants back to the bed as Cayson was already removing Dylan’s socks and shoes.

When it was time to change his pants, Cayson lifted up the corner of the pillow and waited for Dylan to open his eyes. After a few seconds, he glanced between me and Cayson and pulled his thumb out of his mouth, finally ready to speak. “Are you guys leaving?”

“Not yet, sweetheart.” Cayson spoke softly, completely the opposite tone you’d expect from such a big and powerful man. “We’d like to get you changed. Is that okay?”

Dylan nodded and then turned to me. “Yes, please.” He pulled the pillow back over

his face, clearly ashamed to be in this position.

I hadn't personally experienced age regression at this level, but I didn't think shame was supposed to be so prevalent, so I slipped onto the bed beside him and lifted up the pillow. "Dylan, baby."

His eyes immediately opened and locked with mine as if I had said the magic word.

"Cayson and I want to take care of you, and that means taking off your pants and putting you in dry ones. Is that okay?"

"Yes, but I can't look." He scrunched his eyes closed as if that would hide him.

"Can you tell me what you're embarrassed about?"

Dylan put one hand over his eyes and used the other to point to his crotch. "I wet myself."

"That's okay, baby. Everyone has accidents sometimes. You don't have to be ashamed of that."

He spread his fingers apart and peeked through them. "Even you?"

Okay, didn't see that coming. I had talked myself into a corner with that one.

I glanced at Cayson and saw him holding in a smirk. "Yeah, I have lots of accidents. The other day, I tripped over my own feet and scratched up my hand." I held up the palm of my hand to show him the tiny little scabs that still covered it.

"Were you embarrassed?" Dylan asked softly.

“Yeah, I guess I was at first. But I was with people I trust. And even though they laughed, it was because it was funny. They weren’t trying to hurt my feelings or make fun of me.”

He looked right at me with the bluest eyes I’d ever seen. “Will you laugh at me?”

“No, baby.”

Cayson sat on the bed on his other side and placed his hand on Dylan’s hip. “Never, sweetheart. We just want to Daddy you for a little while so you can get some rest tonight.”

Dylan’s breath hitched at the use of the word Daddy, and his eyes locked with Cayson’s. “You guys want to take care of me? Even with my accident?”

Cayson’s thumb rubbed at Dylan’s side, and a bit of skin poked out from under his jacket. “Whatever you need, sweetheart. If you’ll let us.”

Dylan instantly relaxed and let his hands fall to his sides, fully submitting to us. “Thank you.”

Taking Dylan’s hand in mine, I stayed beside him as Cayson moved between his legs and reached for the top of his sleep pants. “We’ll just get you changed into dry clothes, okay?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Dylan said quietly, looking straight at Cayson with so much trust and adoration it kicked up something inside me that made me desperate to see him look at me the same way. With skilled practice that made me positive this wasn’t Cayson’s first time, he pulled Dylan’s pants all the way off and then reached for the white briefs he was wearing underneath. They weren’t quite training pants, but not like the boxers I’d pulled out for him.

“Do you want me to get you a pair of underwear like that for tonight?”

Dylan looked at me and smiled. “No, those are fine.”

He didn’t seem to care much either way, so I did my best to keep my gaze on his face as Cayson pulled off his underwear and slipped on the boxers before sliding his pants into place.

“Let’s get you out of this jacket too.” I helped him sit up and then unzipped the front of his jacket.

Dylan gave a little shrug but let me and Cayson do most of the work to get him undressed.

I was oddly grateful for that. I had no idea how satisfying it would be to fully take care of someone, especially when they were in such a vulnerable state. In my job, I got to help people who were at their lowest points, but it was always in more practical terms.

A blanket to warm up, a cup of coffee, a list of resources for dealing with the aftermath of whatever situation brought them into my circle.

But I’d never had the opportunity to truly care for somebody so intimately.

And as I watched Cayson with Dylan, I knew I wanted to.

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DYLAN

It just slipped out, but Cayson said it first.

He said he and Finn wanted to Daddy me, and then I couldn't stop thinking about that. When I called him Daddy, a small part of my mind told me to correct myself and apologize, but I just couldn't do it. That part was too small to pull me out of the happy, floaty place I was in.

There were two kind, strong, gorgeous men who wanted to Daddy me. What could be better than that?

It had been so long since anyone had taken time to care for me that I just soaked up every second of it. Finn held my hand, reassuring me that I was safe as Cayson dressed me, and the whole time, I just felt...happy.

But as the seconds ticked by, it was getting harder to keep my eyes open. Every part of me felt heavy after the night I'd had, but I didn't want my night to end. I knew that when I woke up in the morning, I'd be alone and would probably never see either of these men again.

Although...I did have to give Cayson's sweatshirt back to him.

When I felt his arms slide underneath me to scoop me up, I opened my eyes to see what was happening.

"We're just gonna get you tucked into bed, sweetheart. You need some sleep."

I turned into Cayson's shoulder, inhaling his manly scent with faint traces of cologne. No, not cologne. Was that...oregano? I grinned against him. "You smell like pizza."

Cayson chuckled and squeezed me a little closer to his chest. "I have a pizza place downtown. You and Finn will have to come by sometime for lunch."

"I love pizza," I said quietly as I closed my eyes again. "And how you smell."

Cayson lowered me onto my sheets, and then Finn pulled the covers on top of me, truly tucking them in around my body.

Finn's fingers combed through my hair as he brushed some loose strands off my brow. "Is there anything you need before you go to sleep?"

I opened my eyes and looked right at him. You. Cayson. Here. Forever. "No, I'll be fine. Thank you both for getting me home." I glanced between him and Cayson. "You have no idea how badly I needed you tonight."

I closed my eyes and relaxed into the pillow, hoping this magical night would continue in my dreams before I woke up and it was all over.

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CAYSON

We stayed beside Dylan until he was fully asleep and then slipped out of his bedroom. In the family room, Finn and I stalled for a moment, not sure what to do next.

“I kinda feel like we should stay a while.” I looked at Finn for agreement. “Or is that wrong?”

He nodded and picked up a stuffed penguin from one of the baskets. “I think it’s smart. Just to make sure he’s really down for the night.”

I sat on the sofa as Finn circled the room, taking stock of everything Dylan had out in the open.

“Fuck.” He pulled the corner of a yellow piece of paper out from under a book and read it.

“What is that?” From where I was sitting, I couldn’t see much, but it looked like a photocopy of a document.

Finn shook his head, visibly upset. “An incident report. Looks like Dylan was given a date rape drug when he was out with some friends recently.” He continued to read and then flipped the page over. “Sounds like he was fine, but one of his friends wasn’t so lucky.”

“Shit. No wonder he was so quick to regress after tonight.”

“Poor kid.” Finn snapped a picture of the report with his phone and then came to sit on the other side of the couch. “So, this kind of thing happen to you often?” He looked at me as he relaxed into the cushions.

“I was gonna ask you the same thing. But no, I’ve never been involved in a police incident before, but...if it had to happen, I’m glad it was with the two of you.”

The air seemed to get thicker, and I could feel the heat building between us. “Yeah, ditto. I’m not sure I would’ve been able to handle Dylan as well as you did. I haven’t done much age play.”

I stretched my arm across the back of the sofa, letting it rest close to him but leaving any kind of contact in Finn’s court. “I used to be more involved in the kink community before I moved back home, but mostly for scenes. Diapers and spankings for a night at the club. Nothing...in the wild like this.”

“I’ve been to Primal a few times on duty, but in my line of work, I’m not generally welcome in places like that.” Finn licked his lower lip, and I could feel him staring at my mouth as he nodded. “Communities that are meant to be a safe space for unorthodox activities generally don’t encourage law enforcement to hang out among them.”

So he was admitting to...something. But what? “If you were to go, what would you be looking for? A boy?”

“A partner, I guess.” He took my earlier invitation and slipped his hand over mine, clasping it between us on the back of the sofa. “Maybe a sub. But yeah, a boy like Dylan would be a fantasy come true.”

“A fantasy, indeed.” I stared at Finn, leaning closer to him without even realizing I was doing it. “A partner sounds nice too.”

His palm closed around mine, and he leaned forward too. “Dylan was right.”

“About what?” I scooted closer so my knee was touching his, and the impressive cock pressed to his thigh was getting bigger by the second.

Finn closed the distance between us, lifting onto his knee and pausing just a breath away from my lips. “You do smell fucking delicious.” Then he pressed forward and kissed me, pushing all the tension of the night right into me.

I pulled him to my chest and leaned back so he was lying on top of me with my legs bracketing him in place. My hands gripped his ass and tugged him tighter to me as our mouths danced together to release all the stress and tension that had been building up for hours. “Fuck, Finn. We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“I know.” He kissed along my jaw as his fingers slipped beneath my shirt and traced my abs. “We should stop.”

Instead of pushing him off me, I scooted lower, lying fully under Finn so his cock was aligned with mine as he rubbed on me.

His mouth was back on mine, tongues thrashing and teeth gnashing, and we let the moment escalate from zero to sixty. “Fuck, Daddy.” He spit out the word like it was a game. But he was playing a game that would only end in losers if we weren’t careful. “I can see why Dylan looks at you like you hung the fucking moon.”

“Don’t tease me, Finn.” I pushed my pelvis up and into his, riding the friction between our clothed dicks as I replayed the way that word sounded on his tongue. “Or should I call you sir?”

“Fuck.” His fingers slid up to my nipple, and he pinched me hard as he ground his cock over mine. “I’m gonna have an accident right here.” His mouth covered mine,

but it was softer now, more gentle than before. “Maybe you just do that to us, Cayson.”

“I liked it better when you called me Daddy.” I locked his thighs in place with my ankles, pulling him tighter to my body. “But if you’d rather come in my mouth than your pants, just say the word.”

His forehead dropped to my shoulder as he panted harder, digging his fingers into my flesh as he thrust against me and came in his pants. To my surprise, his mouth opened, and Finn bit down on my shoulder, shocking me with the burst of pain and making me come too.

Damn, that was a sneaker shot. And as he panted against my ear, I just kept on shooting.

What the fuck was going on with me?

Finn and I lay there on Dylan’s sofa for another thirty minutes before finally finding the energy and motivation to get up.

“We probably should get out of here before we wake him up.” I slipped my fingertips under Finn’s waistband, wishing it was looser so I could reach all the way down to his hole.

“Yeah. We’re definitely past the line of appropriate behavior.” Finn looked at me with a guilty expression, and I burst out laughing.

“Um, yeah, I think that ship sailed a long time ago.”

Finn got up and pulled me with him, smirking at the wet spot soaking through the front of my jeans.

I slipped my hand inside my pants and rearranged my sticky cock. “See, maybe you’re the problem here, sir. Not me.”

He slipped his arms around my neck and pulled me against his chest with one hand on the back of my neck, firmly gripping it. “Say it again.” His gaze was locked with mine as his lips brushed mine with every word.

“What?” I closed my arms around him, nipping at his lower lip. “Sir?”

His hand slipped down the inside of my jeans and cupped my ass, apparently having the same idea I did. “Mmm-hm...”

I shivered as I licked along the shell of his ear, teasing it with my hot breath. “You know I’m not a subbie, right?”

His eyes drifted shut as he kissed me again, only pulling off when we needed to take a breath. “I know I like how that sounds on your lips. Just as much as I’d like to hear it on Dylan’s.”

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FINN

After checking on Dylan one last time, we put his phone on the charger and exchanged numbers before Cayson and I slipped out of his apartment. Feeling bold, I added my number to Dylan's phone as Sir Daddy Finn and to Cayson's as Sir Finn.

Cayson one-upped me by just putting his name in as Daddy without any other identifier. Like I didn't need one. And really, I didn't. He wasn't my Daddy, but he was now the only person I thought of when I saw the name.

I hadn't even called my own dad that since I was ten, so there was no chance of confusion.

If it bothered me, I could have changed it. But it was actually kinda hot, so I was happy to see his nickname flash on my screen on Saturday morning.

Cayson, apparently, had quite a sense of humor. Morning, boys. How's everyone feeling today?

I smirked and considered how to respond. In the end, I behaved. Feeling good. How are you? You got home okay?

Dylan's name appeared in the thread, and my heart started beating faster. Hi.

Little response bubbles popped up, and I knew they had to be from Cayson. Good. He would have a better response to the boy than I would. I was still a little bit unsure how to speak to him without being intimidating or gruff.

Daddy Cayson to the rescue. Hey, sweetheart. Did you sleep well?

Actually, yeah. He paused but then sent another quick response. Better than I have in ages, and I didn't even need to get drunk first.

Well, shit. I knew how to respond to that. Do you need anything today, Dylan? I can swing by.

Thank you, Finn. Um, Sir Daddy. He sent a smiley face. I'm fine for now. I'll get some food later.

Speaking of food. Cayson jumped in, always in Daddy mode. How about you both stop by the pizzeria this afternoon? Maybe 3 or 4? I'll make your favorites.

That actually sounded pretty good. I love pizza. What about you, Dylan? You want to join us for pizza later? I can pick you up at 3.

Dylan responded instantly. Are you sure that's okay?

Of course it's okay. Cayson was first to respond, so I sat back and enjoyed imagining the smile on his face. Let us Daddy you a little more, sweetheart.

I liked picturing the smile on Dylan's face too. I hadn't seen it nearly enough and hoped we could remedy that ASAP. Okay. I like pizza.

I took a chance, hoping he was okay with me being bold. I'll be there at 3, baby.

His only response was a blushing smiley. Perfect. That was the way I wanted him. With pink skin and an obedient attitude.

For the next few hours, I researched everything I could find about the Daddy

Dom/little boy dynamic. I'd always been naturally dominant and attracted to submissive types, but Cayson and Dylan were actually involved in the kink community, so I needed to step up my game. If whatever was happening between us continued to evolve as I hoped it would, I needed a better understanding of what it all meant.

I stalled for as long as I could, but I was knocking on Dylan's door at exactly two fifty-eight.

The sound of him shuffling to the door was obvious, but he paused for a moment before releasing the deadbolt and opening it up. Good boy. I hoped that meant he was careful about checking to see who was visiting before letting just anybody inside.

Dylan opened the door and smiled.

He looked much the same as he did the night before, but in a pair of jeans and a T-shirt that could have been his since high school. But since high school wasn't that long ago for him, not more than six or seven years, that wasn't a surprise.

"Hi." He seemed suddenly bashful as he glanced at me from below long lashes.

"Hey there." I held out my arms in front of him. "Can I get a hug?"

He exhaled as if that was the invitation he'd been waiting for and walked straight into my chest. Dylan sighed softly as he pressed his cheek against my neck and held on. "Thank you for picking me up."

"Of course, baby." I kissed the top of his head and ran my fingers through his hair, wanting to have as much contact with him as possible despite being practically a stranger. "Are you ready to go?"

“Yeah.” He nodded and pulled out of my arms before placing his hand over his belly.
“And I’m starving.”

“Me too.” I stepped back through the doorway and waited for him to grab his keys and join me.

As he locked the deadbolt from the outside, he glanced at me. “Do you want to drive?”

“Yeah, I’m right out front.” My hand naturally landed on his lower back as I guided him toward my car.

Dylan may or may not have noticed, but his body inched closer to mine, and by the time we got to the car, he was leaning against my side as if he needed me to hold him up. He didn’t seem to be regressed at all, so his affection felt more genuine than I expected.

And that felt fucking good.

I opened up the passenger door and waited for him to climb inside. “You all set?”

He reached for his seatbelt as he grinned at me. “Yeah, I got it.”

Once he was secured, I closed the door and went around to my side.

I knew exactly where Cayson’s pizza place was. I’d even been there a few times over the years, though not since he’d taken ownership from his dad.

Papa Rossi was a good man, and I was sad to learn that he had passed. But Cayson was clearly a good man too and seemed to be committed to carrying on his family’s legacy.

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DYLAN

Being back in Finn's car was surreal. It seemed like so much had changed in less than twenty-four hours.

And during that time, two gorgeous men had voluntarily helped me through the most vulnerable moment of my life...and still wanted to have lunch with me today.

When I woke up and realized everything that happened wasn't a dream, I was completely mortified.

But then that text came through, and I saw the names they had used for themselves in my phone, and everything just felt...better. Like maybe they weren't gonna hold my worst moment against me.

Maybe when Cayson joked about wanting to Daddy me, it wasn't a joke.

On the drive to the restaurant, Finn and I chatted about our weekend plans, and he asked me about my job. I enjoyed what I did, but it wasn't anything I thought was interesting to other people, so I kept it high level. It wasn't cool like Finn's job... Or even Cayson's.

Making pizzas all day actually seemed like so much fun. And getting to smell as good as he did when I came home... Well, I don't think I'd ever stop eating.

When we got to the restaurant, Finn placed his hand on my back, guiding me in while keeping me under his protection. At least, that was what it felt like he was doing.

There were a few people sitting at tables, but it was mostly empty when we walked inside.

“There you are.” Cayson was on the other side of a bar, but he immediately walked around the counter and came to greet us. After wiping his hands on his apron, he placed them on my shoulders and ducked his head to look in my eyes. “You doing okay, sweetheart?”

The genuine concern in his eyes made my tummy do a little flip. “Yeah. Thanks again for last night.”

“Of course.” He pulled me against his chest and gave me a firm hug. I think he also kissed the top of my head, but I wasn’t sure because I was distracted by how good he smelled.

He released me and turned to Finn. “And you, Sir Finn. I’m glad you could make it.” He leaned forward and kissed Finn right on the mouth.

What the fuck? My jaw dropped, and I stood there staring, shocked by their affection. Clearly, I had missed something last night.

Cayson tried to pull away, but Finn grabbed the front of his apron and brought him back in for one more kiss before clearing his throat and stepping back. “Yeah, good to see you too.”

Cayson just grinned and looked at me. He reached out and placed his finger under my chin and lifted it up, closing my gaping mouth. “Don’t look so surprised, sweetheart. You didn’t expect me to resist the hot cop who saved us last night, did you?”

I didn’t know what to say. I wasn’t sure I was even breathing until Finn placed his hand on my neck and pulled me against him, kissing my temple. “I think you just put

us in a certain kind of mood, baby.”

I looked at him and shuddered with desire that flowed from my head to my toes. “I just wish I had been awake to witness it.”

Cayson placed his hand on my cheek and rubbed along my jawline. “Next time you will be. Now, who’s hungry?”

I did my best to play it cool as Cayson guided us to barstools in front of the pizza-making area so we could watch him create our pies. But even as I picked my ingredients and watched him toss a round of dough in the air, I still didn’t quite understand what was happening.

Apparently, the observant detective sitting beside me could sense my confusion, and he nudged my side. “Hey there, what are you thinking so hard about?”

I didn’t want to come off as clingy, but I also really wanted some clarification. I felt like I’d missed a lot after I went to sleep. “I guess I’m just confused.”

Cayson immediately stopped what he was doing and placed his hands on the counter, giving me his full attention. “About what, sweetheart?”

“Are you guys together now?” It sounded childish even as it came out of my mouth, but I didn’t know how else to word it. I looked between the two men, trying to understand where I fit into the group.

They both looked at each other and grinned as if having a private conversation, which only made me feel more like an outsider.

Then Finn cuffed the back of my neck and held his strong hand there, grounding me in my seat as I stewed beside him. “After you fell asleep last night, we hung out for a

little while.” He shrugged one shoulder and winked at Cayson. “Maybe we made out a little bit.”

“Then I don’t understand why I’m here. You guys can do your thing without worrying about me. I was shaken up last night, but I’m fine now.” I sighed, my heart filling with a generous dose of both rejection and defeat. “I don’t need to be in your way.”

“No, sweetheart.” Cayson wiped his hands on his apron and then came around the counter to where we were sitting. He twisted me on the stool and closed his thick thighs around each of my knees, locking me in place as he held my cheeks and stared right into my eyes. “You’re part of this. Whatever this is, you’re right here with us.” He glanced at Finn and gave him a guilty smile. “Maybe we jumped the gun a little bit by starting without you, but taking care of you was like the best kind of foreplay, and I guess we just got ahead of ourselves.”

“You did?” I looked at Finn to make sure he agreed with what Cayson was saying. “You liked what happened last night?”

“Well, I didn’t like somebody waving a gun around a store with you guys and an innocent merchant in there.” Finn scoffed at the memory. “But everything that happened after that was pretty awesome.” He leaned forward and gave me a chaste kiss on my lips. “Still is.”

“Oh.” I bit my lip and thought back to everything that had happened since this morning. “So, in my phone, Daddy Cayson and Sir Daddy Finn?” I finally relaxed enough to smile, allowing the tiniest bit of hope to break through. “Is that what I should call you?”

CAYSON

There was no way this could be so easy. Less than twenty-four hours ago, I was alone and had zero prospects for ever changing that. And now, I had two men looking at me like their worlds were complete with me in it.

I leaned forward and kissed Dylan, unable to hold back the grin on my face. “I would fucking love that, baby boy. But there’s no pressure. We can go as fast or as slow... You set the pace.” I looked over at Finn and saw the same look in his eyes. Adoration and hope mixed with genuine aww. “I think Sir Daddy feels the same way.” I winked at Finn.

Dylan bit his lower lip and looked over at Finn. “Do you?”

“Fuck, yeah, I do, baby.” He slipped his hand over Dylan’s and pulled it up to his lips to drop a kiss on his wrist. “I’m not as experienced on the Daddy side as Cayson is, but I loved every minute of being with you last night and would love to get to know you under less...stressful circumstances.”

Dylan nodded and sucked in a breath. “Yeah, I’d like that too.” He glanced between me and Finn. “So...the three of us?”

“Yeah, why not?” I laughed and leaned in to give them both a brief kiss that just hinted at what I wanted to do to them.

Angie walked out from the back right then and let out a low whistle.

“Fuck.” I turned to my niece and narrowed my eyes. “Not a word of this to nonna...or your mom.”

She just laughed and danced her way through the back door. “I’ve got a secret.”

That girl was probably already telling her brother what she’d just witnessed.

Which meant Chris was probably already texting his mom...and mine. A bunch of gossips, the lot of them.

Rolling my eyes, I shook my head. “Whatever.” Honestly, I didn’t care much. Everyone was gonna find out soon enough, because I sure as hell wasn’t gonna keep them a secret. I looked back at Dylan and made sure he was good. “You okay with all this?”

His smile was wide as he sucked in a deep breath and swallowed. “I think...I’m great.”

“Yeah, I’m tending to agree.” Unable to resist, I dropped a quick kiss onto his forehead before heading back around the counter.

As soon as our pizzas were in the oven, I grilled Finn and Dylan about their jobs. Dylan said he liked working in HVAC because it kept his hands busy.

I shook my head as I realized I’d been an idiot. “Hey, catch.”

Dylan looked up at me and instinctively raised his hand as I tossed a ball of dough at him. His eyes went wide as he chuckled. “Is this a make-your-own pizza kinda thing?”

“No, just something to play with while we wait.” I grabbed a ball myself and began to

knead it. “To keep your hands busy.”

“Oh.” He cocked his head as he looked at me for a long moment and then stretched it wide. “Thank you.” He looked around to make sure no one was nearby before he took a deep breath and whispered, “Daddy.”

Fuck, right to the feels. “Of course, sweetheart.”

Finn sucked in a breath and looked at me with an equal amount of joy. “What about me? My hands like to be busy too.” He held up his fingers and wiggled them toward Dylan’s side.

Dylan shrieked and scooted out of reach of the tickling fingers. “No, sir. I’m gonna drop my dough.”

“Alright, alright.” Finn ruffled his hair and glanced at me, obviously pleased with Dylan’s response.

Our boy was definitely getting more comfortable with us by the minute.

Dylan pulled his ball apart and held up one half. “Can I eat it?”

Kids always loved to eat the dough. “Yeah. It should be fine. I mean, you’re not supposed to, but... people do it all the time.”

Dylan took a small bite out of one of his halves and pressed the other half onto the countertop before he flattened it with his palm. He turned back to Finn to finish his story. “Anyway, I’ve always liked taking things apart and putting them back together, so I knew I would do something mechanical. Climbing in attics when it’s 110 degrees outside and 150 degrees inside isn’t always as glamorous as it sounds, but I still get a sense of satisfaction after each job is finished.”

I cringed at the thought of working in those conditions, but it could get pretty hot in the kitchen, so I could commiserate. “Sounds like hard work...but important work. You’re keeping people alive.”

Dylan barked out a laugh. “Hardly. But keeping them comfortable, I guess.”

Finn placed his hand on Dylan’s bicep and gave a squeeze. I noticed he liked to have his hands on him at all times. It was sweet, and I thought Dylan appreciated it as well. “He’s right, baby. You’d be surprised how many people die every summer from extreme heat and every winter from extreme cold. You probably have kept people alive. People who wouldn’t have made it without your help.”

He shrugged off the compliment, but I could see his cheeks pinkening up. He obviously wasn’t comfortable with praise, which was something I made a note to work on.

“Well, if you ever want to take up the art of pizza making...” I threw a crust into the air and spun it five times before placing it on the pan, showing off just a little bit. “You’re always welcome to hang out here. Angie and Chris could use the help.”

Dylan looked toward the back but couldn’t see my niece or nephew from where he was sitting. “Are they relatives?”

“Yep. We pretty much only have family working here. Angie is my sister’s daughter, and Chris is her older brother. They’ve been working here since they were old enough to wipe tables. When my dad died, they insisted on staying to help me.”

Finn reached over the counter and waited for me to take his hand. “He was a good man, Cayson.” He was looking me right in the eye as he spoke. “I only met him a few times, but I know he was well loved around here.”

I gave him a small smile. “Yeah, he was.” Not wanting to bring down the moment, I

turned to the oven and pulled out our pies. Nothing distracted a person better than a sizzling-hot pizza pie.

Especially after watching me make it.

“Alright, guys. Let’s eat!”

FINN

The pizza was delicious, and by the time we were all stuffed, the restaurant was beginning to get busy. Cayson had to tend to his customers, and I could see Dylan yawning into his shoulder more and more often.

I slipped my hand down to his lower back and gave a light scratch. “It’s probably time for us to head home, baby. You look tired.”

He took a deep breath and nodded. “Yeah, I guess.” Dylan bit his lip and looked up at Cayson. “Thank you for inviting us today. I really enjoyed...everything.”

“Me too. Let me get these in the oven, and I’ll come around to walk you out.”

I rubbed Dylan’s back, loving the way he naturally leaned into me.

He rested his forehead on my shoulder and sighed. “So what happens now? I guess I just go home.”

Excellent question. “Yeah, probably a good idea. But if you’d like some company, we can watch a movie. Maybe bake up some of that cookie dough you brought home last night.”

Dylan pulled away and looked up at me with bright eyes. “I forgot I have cookie dough and... Pop-Tarts.”

“Yep, Pop-Tarts. What do you think?”

He nodded vigorously. “Yes, Sir Daddy. I’d like to watch a movie and bake cookies with you tonight.”

Cayson came around the counter and boxed him onto his stool again. “What’s all this talk about cookies? Did I not feed you enough?”

“Oh, you fed us a lot. Too much.” Dylan patted his tummy. “But that’s not gonna last all night. In a few hours, my tummy is gonna want some cookies. And maybe Pop-Tarts.”

“Fair enough.” He leaned forward and brushed a soft kiss over Dylan’s mouth.

I reached over to Cayson and held his forearm. “What time do you get out of here?”

He glanced at his watch. “I usually stay until 10, but...I could have the kids close up.”

I nodded and ran my finger around his thick bicep. “Yeah, if you can get out of here early and head over to Dylan’s, we can have some cookies waiting for you.” I turned to Dylan. “We can save Daddy some cookies, right?”

I could see his eyes light up at the use of that endearment. “Always.”

Cayson pulled Dylan up off the stool and wrapped his arms around him, kissing his neck and staring right at me. “All right then. Sounds like we have a cookie date.”

I pulled my wallet out of my pocket and opened it before Cayson basically growled in Dylan’s ear, narrowing his eyes at me. “Don’t you fucking dare.”

With a huff, I shook my head and put my wallet back in my pocket. “You and I are gonna have to figure out some ground rules too, Daddy.”

He just laughed. “Yeah, we’ll get to that stuff. But, for tonight...no rules. You guys get to know each other, and don’t worry about waiting for me.”

I raised an eyebrow, not sure how I felt about that.

Dylan leaned back and cocked his head, obviously having the same questions as me.

Cayson just cracked up at the way we must’ve been looking at him. “Geez, why the dramatic side-eyes? I’m just saying, feel free to get started without me.” He looked at Dylan and then me with a pointed stare. “Like we did last night.”

Good point. I nodded. “Yeah, well, don’t take too long.”

Cayson walked us all the way to my car and gave us both a solid kiss. Dylan was a little shaky when he finally pulled back and that only managed to make me harder.

On the way back to his place, Dylan was quiet. As the seconds ticked by, I was started to worry that maybe things were moving a little too fast for him.

When I walked him to his door, I hesitated in the doorway after he opened it up. “If you need a little bit more time to think about things, that’s okay, Dylan. Cayson and I don’t mean to rush you.” I ran my hand up and down his arm, loving the way he shivered under my touch. “I think we’re both just excited to get to know you better, so if we’re moving too fast...”

“No, not at all.” He took a deep breath and then locked his gaze with mine. “I just don’t wanna ruin anything. I have a tendency to do that.”

I furrowed my brow, making sure he was telling the truth. “I find that hard to believe. You’re too sweet.”

He shook his head and choked out a scoff. “The last guy I dated said I was too needy, and I totally was. I don’t want to be needy with you guys. I want to make this work.”

“It already is working, baby. We like you. If you think you might like us, then... We’ll see what happens from here. You don’t have to worry about being needy. We like you that way.” I winked to make sure he understood what I was saying.

“I do like you guys. A lot.”

“Good.” I took a step farther inside his apartment and then closed the door behind me. “So, what’s first?”

Dylan shrugged as he slipped his hands into his pockets. “We can watch a movie while we wait for Daddy. Um, Cayson.”

Oh, baby boy. I pulled him against my chest again, holding him right where I liked him but with enough slack that he could look up at me. “If you’re comfortable with calling him Daddy, I can promise that he is too.”

“I don’t want to scare him away. Or you, sir.”

I cupped his cheek and brushed my finger over his soft skin before leaning down and kissing him. I held there for a moment before lightly dragging my tongue over the seam of his lips until they opened up, inviting me in. As soon as my tongue touched his, all of Dylan’s inhibitions seemed to melt away, and he was almost crawling up me.

His arms snaked around my neck as he pressed himself against my body. Dylan was a good four inches shorter than my six feet, so with a slight bend of my knees, I lifted him up and held him against me.

As if on instinct, Dylan's legs wrapped around my waist as his lips attacked me, tasting every inch he could reach as I took a few steps toward the back of his couch.

I set him on the edge while I continued to explore his mouth. Our lips and tongues danced together hungrily for several minutes until we were both breathless and ready for a break.

When I finally pulled back, Dylan whimpered, and his hands clenched the front of my shirt as if he didn't want to let me escape.

Dylan glanced up at me and grinned. "I really, really liked that."

His sweet face made me chuckle. "I did too, baby. But we should save some for Daddy."

He nodded and bit the side of his lip. "I think I have enough for both of you."

Fuck, yeah. That's what I wanted to hear. I slid one hand around his hip and the other around his neck, slowly going in for a gentle kiss. Tender and soft. More controlled than my body was begging for. "Me too, baby. So much more than I ever thought possible."

With just this slightest amount of encouragement, Dylan changed into the most adorable one-piece pajamas I'd ever seen. They had big buttons going down from his sternum to his crotch, which made them less childlike than I expected, but I could tell they helped him relax enough to begin regression, because as soon as he came out of his bedroom in the mint-green cotton that was cuffed at his ankles and his wrists, he skipped to the couch and practically bounced onto the cushion beside me. "Did you pick a movie, sir?"

I reached for the remote and held it out to him. "I like boring movies, so I figured you

should pick first.”

“Okay.” He reached for the remote and began scrolling through his list of favorites.

“Do you like Nemo?”

I vaguely remembered watching it several years ago, so I nodded. “Yeah, I don’t think I’ve seen the whole movie, but if you like it, I’m in.”

“Yay!” Dylan pushed the buttons to get it started. “It’s so good. It’s about a fish who gets separated from his daddy...and has to wait to get saved...” As he said the words, they seemed to hold some significance based on the night before.

I slipped my hand behind his hip and pulled him closer so his thigh was right up against mine. “Oh yeah? Does his daddy find him?”

Dylan gives me a small smile. “Yeah. It has a happy ending.”

I pressed a kiss to his temple. “Good. I like happy endings. Especially when daddies find their boys...”

He looked at me, with his lip between his teeth, seemingly debating on what to say next.

I just waited, giving him a moment to put his thoughts together.

Dylan cocked his head, deep in thought. “He probably would’ve been even happier if he had two daddies.”

“Maybe.” I grinned and tilted my head over his. “It might not be right for everybody, but maybe it’s right for you?”

Dylan nodded. “I think I need two.”

I chuckled and poked at his side in the place I knew was his ticklish spot. “Oh yeah? Are you a handful?”

He sighed and glanced at me. “That’s what I’ve been told. But you can tell me what you think.”

“So far, I think you’re perfect.”

Dylan pressed a kiss to my shoulder and then lay across my lap, curling in a ball as I rested my hand over his hip.

My palm cupped the outside of his ass cheek, and I couldn’t help noticing that his pajamas had a flap over his bottom that was attached by two big buttons at the top. There was a gap in the fabric that my fingertips found, just brushing the silky skin there as the movie began.

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DYLAN

Today was the best day ever, and it wasn't even done yet.

Last night, during the robbery, I thought I was gonna die. And when it was all over, I considered never leaving the house again because the world just wasn't safe. It was mean and scary and dangerous for a guy like me, all by myself.

But being under the watchful eye of Finn and Cayson all day made everything feel different. Literally, everything felt better and less scary. Even watching one of my favorite movies had a whole new meaning now that I had a Daddy watching it with me.

And kissing Finn was...amazing.

If we hadn't stopped when we did, I would've had a different kind of accident in my pants, and that would've been even more embarrassing than last night's accident. But curled up in Sir Daddy's lap was almost as good as kissing him.

As soon as my head landed in his lap, his fingers slipped right into my hair and he massaged my scalp in the most relaxing way. His other hand rested near my bottom, holding me in place like he wanted to keep me near.

I was starting to think that he really did.

It was hard to believe that both of those men were not only attracted to me but to each other. And they wanted to explore something together. All of us together. I just keep

thinking it was too good to be true.

And maybe it was.

Maybe they'd get tired of me sooner rather than later. But I couldn't control what might happen. I had to live in the moment and just enjoy what I had, however brief it may be.

With that decision firmly in my mind, I slid one hand underneath Finn's thigh and allowed my eyes to drift shut halfway through the movie. I'd seen it a hundred times, so I didn't need my eyes open to know every scene.

Even as I fell asleep in his lap, the pictures in my head were still bright and happy and...hopeful for the happy ending.

"Dylan, baby." Those light fingers brushed through my hair again as I began to wake up. "If you sleep much longer, your neck is going to hurt. Let's get you up or into bed."

"Hmm..." Forcing my eyes open wasn't easy, but it had to be done. The room was dark with only the glow from the TV illuminating Finn's face right above me.

He was staring down at me with a grin. "And I really have to pee."

"Oh, shit." I sat up, narrowly avoiding his nose as I got off his lap. "Sorry about that. You should've woken me up sooner. I didn't mean to fall asleep."

"Are you kidding? I would've let you sleep there all night if my damn bladder wasn't threatening to erupt." He pressed his lips to mine in a sweet kiss. "Cayson just texted and said he'll be here in about half an hour. If you want to get some cookies in the oven, we should probably do that soon."

Cookies for Daddy. Yes, please. “Yeah. I do. Thank you for reminding me.”

Sir Daddy stood up and turned toward the bathroom. “I’ll be right back.”

I opened my mouth to tell him where to go, but then I remembered he’d already spent some time here last night. It was kinda weird to know they were getting frisky while I was passed out in my room, but I was starting to feel less insecure by the thoughts and more regretful that I didn’t have cameras set up in my living room.

Maybe I’d get to watch them in person someday.

I hopped up from the couch and headed to the kitchen. If I was a good boy, maybe I’d get to watch them tonight.

By the time Finn met me in the kitchen, I had the oven on, the cookie sheet out, and was rolling balls of chocolate chip dough between my palms. He looked around in shock. “Wow, was I gone for a long time?”

I shrugged. “No, I just move quickly when properly motivated.” I popped a small ball of dough I’d been balling up into my mouth and waggled my eyebrows.

“Are you sure it’s okay to eat that? They make it with egg, you know.”

“Not this kind.” I grabbed the plastic wrapper from the tube and held it up to show him. “It’s eat-or-bake dough. The best kind.” I made a smaller ball and held it up to his mouth. “Want to try it?”

With his gaze locked on mine, he opened his mouth, and I carefully placed the dough onto his awaiting tongue.

He quickly captured my fingertips between his lips and licked them as I slowly pulled

them out.

Fuck, now I was getting hard again. I swallowed as I stared back at Sir Daddy. “It’s not nice to tease, sir.”

His gaze never wavered. “I’m not teasing, boy.”

I sucked in a shuddering breath, feeling his words deep in my core. “But you’re making me...excited.”

Sir glanced down at my tented pajamas and smirked. “Good. Cayson told us to get started without him.”

Finn stepped right up to my chest as I stared. “Let’s get these cookies in the oven and set a timer. Then we can see what kind of trouble we can get into while they bake.”

“Okay.” I was practically breathless but eager to prove I could get into a lot of trouble in 12 to 14 minutes.

Finn helped me get all the dough rolled out, and we made one tray of cookies and put the rest of the dough balls into a freezer ziplock baggie to save for another night. He was a smart Sir Daddy.

When we were finally done and the timer was set, I was giddy, bouncing on the balls of my feet. As I washed my hands, I looked at him with anticipation, hoping he would say something so I wouldn’t have to ask.

“Do you want to go sit on the couch for a little while?” Finn asked, reaching for my hand.

“Yes, sir.” I followed behind him to the sofa and watched as he sat down in the

middle.

Instead of pulling me next to him, he tugged my hand so I landed right on his lap. “How’s that?”

I giggled and pressed my face against his shirt. “Good.” I looked up at him and smiled with all the joy bursting from my heart. “Great.”

Finn dragged his fingers along the side of my cheek and slid them into my hair as he stared into my eyes. “You’re so beautiful, baby.”

My breath hitched at the sincerity in both his words and his eyes. “You are too, sir. So handsome it makes me...hard.”

“Oh yeah?” He leaned forward and pressed his lips to mine as he slowly teased my mouth open with his tongue. His hand trailed down my neck, over my chest and tummy, until it was right above my erection that poked straight out. He pressed his forehead to mine and breathed against me. “I’d love to help you out with it, but I don’t want to get your jammies messy.”

“I have others. It’s okay.” Laundry should never be a consideration when it came to getting off. Never.

He chuckled softly and then slipped his hand up to the top button of my pajamas. “How about we do our best to keep these ones clean. I think Daddy would like to see you in them because they’re so damn cute.”

I inhaled and nodded, open to anything he wanted. Everything he wanted.

Effortlessly, Finn stood up and switched positions so I was lying on my back along the couch and he was above me. Before he got to the second button, he pulled back

and lifted a brow. “Would you mind if I took a picture of you like this? You look fucking perfect.”

“Not at all.” I bit my lip and watched as he pulled his phone out of his pocket and held it up.

“Just like that, baby. Don’t move.”

My eyes stayed low, only half open as he leaned back and snapped a photo. With a glance at me, he turned the camera so I could see it. “I’m going to send this to Daddy Cayson to let him know we’re ready for him. Is that okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Fuck, baby.” He quickly sent it off and then resumed with the buttons.

Before I knew it, I was naked to my balls, and then his mouth was over my cock. He was so warm and wet and smooth and soft that everything hit me at once. My hips bucked off the couch, and I whimpered as an overload of sensation filled me in every pore. “God, sir. I’m almost gonna come.”

When I was by myself, it usually took forever to get to this point. But being hard for most of the day meant it didn’t take much once he started to tease behind my balls with his strong fingers and suck a little bit faster.

Each breath I took came in short bursts, pulling in oxygen as my climax inched closer. I wanted to go slow, but then I remembered the timer was about to go off anyway, so I had an excuse to rush. I separated my knees as far as they would go while still in the confines of my pajamas, and watched his mouth.

It was so hot to see him swallow me to the root, and after just a few more thrusts, I

was gone. I came hard, shooting straight into his mouth as my fingers dug into his shoulders. “Oh my God, sir. I’m still coming.” Waves of pleasure rolled through me, and when I thought they were done, even more came up from my belly and made me go completely limp beneath him.

Just as he was pulling off, I heard the timer on the oven begin to ding.

“You wait here, baby. I’ll take care of that.” Finn came up and kissed me on the lips, swiping his tongue across mine so I could taste myself before he got up and disappeared into the kitchen.

I didn’t move a muscle.

I wanted to just be for a few moments, relish how happy and content I felt as my eyes drifted shut. I must’ve dozed off for a minute, because when I opened them again, Daddy Cayson was standing at the end of the sofa, staring down at me with hungry eyes.

“The photo didn’t do him justice.” Sir Daddy was right beside him, leaning on his shoulder with his hand underneath the front of Cayson’s shirt. “He’s beautiful, isn’t he?”

“Hi, Daddy. How was work?”

They both looked up, and connected with my eyes.

Cayson walked toward me and kneeled beside me, placing one hand in my hair and the other on my bare chest. “It was difficult to do when I knew you guys were here. I left as soon as I could.”

He bent forward and kissed me softly at first, but then his hand slipped down my

belly until he was gripping my hard dick. It felt so good to be touched so much. “You ready for round two already?”

“Mmm.” I nodded as I deepened the kiss, chasing his tongue with mine to explore how different it felt from Finn’s. “Yes, please.”

He grinned against my lips before pulling up. “Such a polite boy.” His palm tugged me a few more times before he released it and just rested his hand there so his fingertips were teasing my balls. “Why don’t we have a cookie and then get ready for bedtime, sweetheart? Then we can get you properly tucked in.”

“Okay, Daddy.” I didn’t want to get up, but the cookies smelled really yummy.

“Let’s just get your cute jammies all buttoned up.” He carefully started with the button that covered my cock. “I love how they look on you, by the way.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” I glanced over at Finn and held his gaze. “Sir Daddy was careful not to get them messy.”

Cayson chuckled as he looked up at Finn. “Yeah, I’m sure he was.”

Finn just shrugged. “I got a little snack and he stayed clean and dry. Win/win.”

CAYSON

When I walked into Dylan's apartment and saw him splayed out on his sofa, spent dick resting on his bare skin, I instantly went hard and desperately wanted to taste it for myself.

And as much as I waited for that twinge of envy or jealousy to hit me, it never did.

I was genuinely happy that Dylan and Finn had shared a moment together that brought Dylan the kind of relief that made him just pass out right where he was. I gave Finn a hard kiss, grinding my cock against his for just a moment before Dylan began to stir and finally opened his eyes.

Unable to resist, I just stared, tempted to take him in my mouth and give him a repeat performance. But he was still groggy, and it was better to get him a snack and into bed than to drag out our time on the sofa. Sofas were fun for quickies, but my plan was to spend a little bit more time with both of my men tonight, and I needed a mattress for that.

After a welcome kiss, I helped Dylan to his feet and gave him a firm embrace, holding him against my chest as I kissed the top of his head. "Mmm, you smell good."

Dylan chuckled against me and then rested his chin on my chest as he looked up. "I was just gonna say the same thing. You smell like pizza... Actually, I probably do too since I didn't shower after I got home."

I cocked my head and cuffed the back of his neck to hold him in place as I looked up at Finn. “Sounds like we might need bathtime before bed tonight.”

Finn nodded as he transferred cookies onto a plate. “Solid plan, Daddy.” He winked at me, but that didn’t stop my dick from twitching every time I heard him say it. I knew it was partly teasing and partly for Dylan’s benefit to call me Daddy, but I still fucking loved it.

We sat at the small kitchen table and each took a cookie from the plate Finn had prepared.

I took a bite and looked between the two men. “So, seems like you guys had a nice evening?”

Finn and Dylan nodded, eyeing each other.

Dylan held his cookie in front of his mouth with both hands and looked up at me. “We did. We watched a movie, and I fell asleep, and we baked cookies, and then...” He glanced at Finn and his gaze got even more hungry than it was. “Well, you know.”

“I know that Sir Daddy got to taste you.” I reached across the table and placed my hand on his forearm. “Did that feel good?”

Dylan nodded vigorously as he looked between the two of us. “So good.” He dropped his gaze to his lap and swallowed. “Maybe we can do that again?”

I chuckled and took another bite. “I think there’s a very strong possibility of that, yes. But did you guys get to discuss any rules, safewords, all that fun stuff?”

Finn sighed and leaned back in his chair. “No, dammit. I was too caught up in the

moment to think straight, but... I should've been more proactive about leading that discussion."

I reached across the table and held his hand too, loving that I could hold them both together. "It's still new, so maybe it's premature to get into deep discussions." I turned to Dylan and waited for him to meet my gaze. "Sweetheart, have you used safewords before?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, red, yellow, and green."

Good. "Are you comfortable with those?"

"Yes, Daddy." He looked right into my eyes, serious and not at all shy. "I never say red. I promise."

"Fuck," Finn whispered under his breath before he stood up and rounded the table, dropping to his knees beside Dylan and placing his hand on his thigh. "Well, that's not going to work for us, baby. If we can't trust you to safeword when you need to, we'll never feel comfortable doing anything."

He glanced at me, and I slipped off the chair and landed beside Dylan too. "Absolutely. Trust is the most important thing we can rely on in a relationship like this, sweetheart. When things are good, we need to know it. And when things are getting intense or overwhelming...we need to know that too."

Dylan nodded but didn't say anything.

Finn palmed his cheek and tilted his head toward him. "Words, baby. This is not negotiable."

Dylan's shoulders dropped, and his eyes began to well up. "But I don't want you to

think I'm angry with you or that I don't like what you're doing. I want you to do everything...and I'll like it. I promise."

I sighed as I rested my forehead on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, but Sir Daddy is right. We're gonna have to take things slow...physically. Until we trust that you can be completely honest with us, we can't fully explore things sexually."

"No, that's not what I meant." He tossed his cookie onto the table and crossed his arms over his chest, holding himself together, but barely. "See, this is what I was afraid of. I knew I'd say the wrong thing and you guys would pull back and leave me."

"Sweetheart." I stood up and scooped him into my arms, holding him against my chest as we went back to the sofa. I sat in the middle, and Finn was at my side, curling around Dylan's back with his head between ours. "I'm not going anywhere, Dylan."

"Neither am I, baby." Finn kissed the side of his head.

Dylan let out a low sob.

"Until you believe that's true, we're gonna have to limit certain things. We'll only do things that we know won't be overwhelming for you."

Dylan pulled in a long breath through his nose and then huffed. "But I want everything."

I grinned and locked my gaze with Finn. "So do we. And we'll get it. After we're all comfortable with slowing things down when needed."

FINN

“Is it bathtime yet?” Dylan had his head on my shoulder but was sitting mostly in Cayson’s lap.

“I think that’s a good idea.” I lightly scratched the back of his head, and he practically purred against me.

“Too bad you don’t have a big shower we could all get in.” Cayson pressed his lips against Dylan’s wrist. “We could have some fun in there.”

An idea popped into my head, and I wasn’t sure I should voice it. But once it was there, it took root, and I couldn’t let it go.

“I have a big shower and separate Jacuzzi tub at my place.” I raised an eyebrow in Cayson’s direction. “I’m just two miles away, and I have a big bed too...”

Dylan gasped and leaned back so he could see us. “You do?” His gaze immediately shifted to Cayson. “Can we go there, Daddy?”

Cayson actually looked a bit choked up as he nodded and pulled Dylan against his chest. “Yeah, that sounds amazing.”

Cayson gave us each a kiss then headed to his place to grab a change of clothes so he could go straight to the restaurant in the morning. He didn’t have to be in until eleven, but he didn’t want to miss out on any time with us.

I was grateful for that.

Dylan rushed to pack a bag, saying he'd keep it light since it was just one night, but he needed his stuff.

As I cleaned up the kitchen and got the place ready to be locked up, I imagined what it would be like to have these men in my home every night. Just the thought made my heart tighten with desire. It was a damn nice image that I hoped could be a possibility someday.

Cayson pulled up right behind me as I turned into my driveway.

Dylan's eyes went wide as he looked out the passenger window, clutching a sushi-shaped stuffie to his chest. "This is your house?"

"Yep. I grew up in this house, and when my parents moved to a retirement community in Florida, they gave it to me."

He raised an eyebrow and shook his head in disbelief. "They gave it to you? Wow...I never got a present like that." He laughed. "The most expensive present I ever got was when my parents surprised me with braces on my thirteenth birthday."

I cringed, then I squeezed his knee as I turned off the engine. "But you've got an amazing smile, so it was worth it."

He placed his hand on mine. "Thank you, sir."

I didn't pull into the garage, but there was still plenty of room for Cayson to park behind me.

After helping Dylan to his feet, I gathered up his two big bags of absolute essentials

for an overnight stay, and the three of us went inside the house through the kitchen door.

Cayson blew out a whistle as I closed the door behind us. “Nice digs, Finn. I didn’t know police work paid so well.” He raised a mischievous eyebrow. “Or did underground side payments pay for all this?”

I just chuckled and shook my head. “Nah, I was just telling Dylan that my parents gave me this house, my childhood home, when they moved to Florida a few years back.”

He nodded as he adjusted the duffel bag strap on his shoulder. “That’s cool. My sister and her kids are in our childhood home with my mom, so I get it. It’s nice to keep things like this in the family for future generations.”

I briefly considered how my mom would react when she found out that instead of having grandbabies someday, she could potentially have a son-in-law or two... But I didn’t spend too much time following that train of thought.

It was way too early for such fantasies.

“Let’s put your stuff into my room.” I turned on lights as we went down the hallway and up to my bedroom suite.

When we got to my room, I stepped inside and waved the guys in behind me. “Go ahead and put your stuff down anywhere.” I nodded toward the bench underneath the picture window. “I converted two bedrooms into a suite a few years back, so excuse all the workout equipment. I find I’m less lazy when I don’t have to go far to get my reps in.”

Cayson ran his hand along the extravagant all-in-one weight training device that has

equipment poking off it from every direction. It was ridiculously expensive but fit the space perfectly and was cheaper than a gym membership in the long run. “You’ve got a nice set-up here, Finn. I might have to work in a quick set before I take off in the morning.”

“Yeah, feel free. I certainly don’t use it as often as I should.” I took a few steps past them and ducked into the en suite bathroom. “I also went a little overboard in the bathroom...”

I didn’t mean to create a luxurious spa-like bathroom at the time, but I was working on a huge case, and the designer figured out that by shoving papers under my nose when I was busy, I would sign off on just about anything... Which I did. And my \$10,000 bathroom quickly turned into a \$60,000 bathroom, but I was finally grateful for that expense because now I could fully get some use out of it.

“Wow... This is what bathtubs are supposed to be like.” Dylan stood over the six-person Jacuzzi tub that had only ever looked pretty since I’d never actually gotten in it. The idea of taking a long bath with jets spraying my muscles always sounded great until I walked in there exhausted from work. At that point, a quick shower always ended up winning out.

“The cleaner was here on Wednesday, so I’ll get the water going now because it’ll take a while to fill. While that’s filling, we could quickly rinse off in the shower...”

Cayson’s lip curled up, and he was already pulling his shirt over his head. “I like the way you think, Finn.”

I turned to our boy. “Dylan, baby, do you want to take a quick shower with me and Daddy?”

He nodded, biting his lower lip. “Yes, sir.”

I set the fill level on the tub and went to Dylan. Reaching for the top button of his pajamas, I began to slowly undress him for the second time tonight.

Cayson already had the water on in the shower but stood just outside of the spray, watching me undress our boy.

As soon as Dylan's pajamas were around his ankles, I kneeled down and held the cuffs open for him to slip out of, then walked him over to Cayson, handing him off. "I'll be right in."

It took me a minute to put the discarded clothes on the bench before I began to slowly undress as I watched Cayson direct Dylan under the spray, kissing him tenderly.

Fuck, they were so damn sexy. Separately and together.

Once I was naked, I held my dick and lazily stroked it as I watched them for a few more minutes before slipping into the shower with them. There were a total of twelve heads that sprayed in every direction, so no one got cold as Cayson lathered up a soft washcloth.

Dylan faced me while Cayson stood behind him and scrubbed down his chest, over his hard dick, and down below his balls. The moan that escaped from Dylan was caught in his throat as he tried to buck up into Cayson's hand. But I stepped forward, capturing his lips, swallowing his moans and pressing him up against Cayson's chest, so I could get my hands on him as well.

Only a few minutes passed before I was breathless, and so was Dylan. We turned him around to face Cayson, and I dropped to my knees, nipping at his perfect bubble butt before spreading his cheeks apart and licking his hole.

Dylan gasped and whimpered as Cayson continued to kiss him. Then he pushed back

against my tongue and begged me to fuck him.

I needed to slow down, but he was too tempting. I kissed each of his cheeks and then stood up, before quickly washing off my body and turning to Cayson. “All set?”

He nodded and looked down at Dylan. “Are you ready for bathtime?”

“Um...can we go to bed and maybe do bathtime in the morning?”

Cayson smiled and glanced up at me. “What do you think?”

“Sounds good to me.” I looked down at Dylan as Cayson turned off all the water sprays. “Do you remember what we talked about last weekend?”

He nodded as he held my gaze. “Yes, and I promise to tell you everything. I just...need you, guys. Please.”

With my resolve to slow down waning, I reached for the towels stacked on the shelf just outside the shower and handed one to Cayson before wrapping one around Dylan and then grabbing a third one to tie around my waist.

We dried off, and I went and turned off the water in the filling tub. The maiden voyage in that thing would have to wait for another time. “All right then. Let’s see if my bed fits three...”

Dylan was first to drop his towel and jump into the center of the bed, bouncing a little bit. “It does, Sir Daddy. It really does.” He yanked back the covers and slipped between the sheets. “I’m not even tired anymore. What are we gonna do before we go to sleep?”

“Let’s see...” I grabbed his towel and tossed it back in the bathroom after using it to

dry off my hair. “We could have a quick workout. That always makes me tired.”

Dylan frowned, not sure what to say to that.

Cayson nodded his head. “Yeah, that’s a good idea. Or we could watch the news. See what the weather is gonna be like tomorrow.”

“The weather!” Dylan pounded his fists on the mattress beside him. “No news. I want to do fun stuff. The stuff you guys did last night when I was asleep.”

Cayson chuckled and dropped his towel as he rounded the far side of the bed. “Oh yeah? And what is it that you think we did?”

Dylan pulled back the sheets for Cayson to slide between and then turned to me. “Are you coming, sir?”

I stood there looking at them and sighed. “I kinda wish I had my camera handy so I could take a picture of you guys in my bed... I like how this looks.” I dropped my towel and sauntered over to the other side. “But yeah. I’m coming.”

On my way there, I detoured to my dresser and pulled out a strip of condoms. I had lube in my nightstand, but I never brought people home, so I never needed to have rubbers near the bed. But that was all changing. Whether we used them tonight or not, I hoped to have plenty of opportunities to have these guys in my bed again.

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DYLAN

Cayson and I watched intently as Finn walked to his dresser and pulled out a bunch of condoms.

Hell, yeah. This is actually happening.

After their lecture earlier, I was afraid they might not be willing to go that far. Maybe they weren't. But I was happy that Sir Daddy actually had enough foresight to plan, just in case.

He finally slid between the sheets and scooted right toward me, sandwiching me between him and Daddy. Their hands immediately landed on my chest and thighs, beginning to explore as we took turns, kissing and tasting and just breathing each other in.

My dick was painfully hard, and when a firm hand wrapped around it and began to tug, my eyes rolled back, and I thought I had died and gone to heaven. "Yes, Daddies. Like that."

Cayson was the first to lick down my chin until his tongue was circling my nipple. I gasped around Finn's tongue as Daddy nipped at the tight skin before sliding even lower. When he finally licked across the head of my cock, collecting the pre-come that had been pooling against my belly, I whimpered as his fingers dug into Finn's shoulders and I kissed him even harder while my hips thrust up into Cayson's warm mouth.

“Easy, baby.” Sir Daddy kissed along my cheek until he stopped at my ear. “Enjoy it. There’s no rush.”

I groaned and sucked in a deep breath, hoping to compose myself. “But it feels so good...all at once.”

“I know, baby. Daddy will make you feel good.”

That was the understatement of the year. While Daddy was distracting me with his lips and tongue, he managed to snake his hand below my ass and tease my hole with lubed fingers.

I didn’t even see any lube, but my Daddies were clever and knew how to take care of their boy.

With my feet planted on the mattress, I lifted up to give him better access, and as soon as his finger was pressed against my opening, I pushed back down, sucking him into me right as he swallowed the head of my dick.

“I’m gonna come.” I sucked in a shuddering breath and nodded to myself. “It’s coming, Daddy. I can’t wait.”

Finn licked the corner of my mouth as he also shoved his finger as deep inside my opening as it would go, pressing my happy spot while Cayson continued to eat me out.

That kind of stimulation was too hard to resist. My back arched, and I pushed deeper against Finn’s hand as Cayson inhaled my cock, sucking down every drop of my load before swallowing down a second and a third. Taking every drop of it.

Every inch of my body felt both energized and exhausted. I wanted to jump up and

bounce in circles, but I didn't have the energy to even open my eyes. After a few moments, both men were back where they belonged, enveloping me in their arms as I caught my breath. "That was the bestest ever."

Both men chuckled as I finally felt some energy returning to my body and was able to sit up. "Okay, it's my turn for real." I flipped between them so I was sitting on my heels at the other end of the bed. "Scooch closer so you're up against each other."

Cayson looked over at Finn. "Someone gets bossy after an orgasm."

Finn scooted to the center of the bed so he was pressed to Cayson's side. "So it seems."

I lifted up my knees so I was straddling the two middle legs and had access to both of their delicious cocks right in front of me. "Okay, I am going to play down here, and you guys can play up there."

Finn chuckled and placed his hand on Cayson's chest, tweaking one of his nipples. "All right, Daddy. I've been given permission to play, so brace yourself."

My attention was immediately diverted south as I slipped my hands underneath both sets of balls and just played with them for a few moments.

Both men were well endowed, but Finn had a longer shaft with heavy balls while Cayson's was slightly shorter but very wide and with a tighter sac. He must wear tight undies. I smiled to myself at that thought before leaning forward to get my first taste of the beautiful cocks in front of me.

It took a few minutes to get into a rhythm of licking and sucking each of them evenly. I didn't wanna play favorites, but once I got going on one, it was easy to forget that I had to stop and visit the other. Every now and then, I glanced up and saw my Daddies

either kissing each other or staring down at me, enjoying the show I was putting on for them.

Wrapping my fists around both of them, I leaned up on my elbows but continued to stroke them. “I want you both to come at the same time...in my mouth. How do we do that?”

Finn chuckled. “Oh, now he wants our opinion.”

Cayson spread his hand across Finn’s belly, just caressing the hair trailing down toward me. “I have an idea.”

It felt like they were having some sort of conversation with just their eyes, and my lower lip instinctively pushed out from being excluded.

Cayson looked down at me and smiled indulgently. “How about you swing that cute butt up here and let us play too while you work your magic.”

“Oh, okay.” I was already shifting my body one hundred and eighty degrees until I was straddling Finn’s chest, and then I looked over at Cayson and his wide chest. “I’m not sure I’m gonna fit.”

“Baby, you’ll fit.” Daddy pressed down on my back until I was lying flat as they maneuvered my legs until I had one knee against each of their heads, and I was yanked back so their noses were basically in my crotch.

A shot of embarrassment tried to force its way to the surface, but I ignored it and pushed both of their hard cocks toward my mouth. It took a second of strategizing until I started licking their gorgeous shafts in a figure eight, circling each of their heads as they began to lick and nip and poke at all my parts.

Within a few minutes, Cayson lifted me up so my dick was hanging down to their shoulders and they started playing with that too.

Fuck, I was in trouble. Everything felt so good, and I could tell they were both getting close too, so I focused my attention on their weeping cocks. Stroking and sucking and licking and teasing while doing my best to ignore what they were doing to me.

It just all felt so good.

Cayson mumbled something about being close and when two hands tightly gripped my ass cheeks, I let go. I pushed both of their thick heads into my mouth and used my hand to stroke them as they came inside my mouth while I came across their chests and shoulders.

We were a mess, and it was absolutely amazing.

By the time I felt like I had sufficiently cleaned up every last drop of their offering, Cayson was pulling me around and up onto his chest while Finn ran back into the bathroom to get a towel.

I reached my limit of stimulation and dopamine and pure, fucking joy as I was cleaned up and carefully nestled between the two gorgeous men who continued to save me. And as I drifted to sleep, I wondered if this was the first night of many or the end of a wild weekend together.

Knowing I'd find out soon enough, I focused on the warmth radiating all around me and the fingertips that lazily slid through my hair and circled my back.

It was really, officially, my best day ever.

CAYSON

The alarm company called at eight-thirty to ask if I had triggered the back door sensor, and since no one was scheduled to be at the restaurant until ten, it was up to me to crawl out of the arms of two sexy-as-sin guys to go check it out.

Dylan reached for me as I sat up, but I gently turned him into Finn's arms and gave him a kiss on his forehead. "Go back to sleep, sweetheart."

He mumbled something that I couldn't quite catch but quickly settled.

Finn's arms closed tighter around Dylan but his eyes popped open and he looked right at me.

"An alarm went off at the restaurant. I've got to go check it out. Call me later...or stop by if you guys get hungry." I leaned forward and gave him a quick kiss before taking my bag into the bathroom to get dressed without disturbing them.

Driving away shouldn't have been as difficult as it was, but I held on to the hope that maybe they would decide to stop by and visit me later. Not everyone could eat pizza every day like I did, but I had a feeling Dylan would be up for the challenge if we let him.

I got to the restaurant and did a quick check of the space. Nothing appeared to be damaged or disturbed, so I chalked it up to a false alarm and went inside to prep for the day. The kids did a great job of cleaning up the night before, but I knew they would. It was a family business and they took that seriously.

It was a bit earlier than usual, but I jumped into the prep work for the day. I was separating dough balls to rise when the back door opened, and my mom appeared with her daily delivery of tiramisu.

“Oh, nice of you to stop in today, figliolo.”

I rolled my eyes, knowing my niece couldn't keep her mouth shut. “I left a few hours early, Ma. I'm allowed to do that sometimes, you know.”

“Oh yeah, I know. When there's someone in your life that you need to attend to, you should make some time for them.”

Shit, here we go. I sucked in a deep breath and crossed my arms over my chest before leaning against the counter. “Okay, what did Angie tell you?”

My mother was known for her theatrics and didn't waste an opportunity to perform. “I don't know what you're talking about.” She threw her arms up in the air as if she were spreading confetti throughout the room. “I'm just saying, if my son has finally met a person or two persons that he cares enough about to take time off work, maybe he would like to tell his mother about that. Or maybe not.”

Her dramatic shrug made me smirk. At least she wasn't freaked out. “There's not much to tell yet, Ma. I met them the other night at that robbery thing and?—”

She held up her hand to stop me, and I realized she didn't know about that yet. Fuck. “Robbery? What on God's green earth are you talking about? Did you get robbed, figliolo? Did you leave my grandson and my granddaughter alone in this restaurant after it had been robbed?”

“No, Ma. It was nothing.” Dammit. I probably could have avoided ever telling her if I wasn't so careless. “I was at the minimart on Friday and somebody came in

pretending to rob the?—”

“Pretending?” she interrupted with another wave of her hand to silence me. “Were they robbing it or pretending to rob it?”

I sighed, remembering all the stuff Finn had said. Honestly, I was pretty distracted after we knew we were safe and kinda stopped listening. “Well, some guy attempted to rob it with an unloaded gun and no real skill in criminality, if you get what I mean.”

Her hands were on his hips and her eyes were narrowed. She wasn’t buying any of it. “No, I don’t get what you mean. Somebody had a gun on you and you didn’t tell me?”

“Honestly, it wasn’t that big of a deal, Ma. I promise. No one was hurt. The guy was arrested, and after we gave our statements, I haven’t really thought much about it.” I cocked my head, thinking of what was even more surprising. “Honestly, I’m surprised you didn’t see it on the news. They were interviewing me?—”

She smacked my arm, stopping me yet again. “You were on the news, and you didn’t tell me? What is wrong with you? Do you hate me? You hate me now, right? I wasn’t a good mother to you? I thought you loved me...”

“Oh my God.” I sighed and wrapped my arms around her, holding her against my chest. “I love you. I don’t hate you. I’m sorry I forgot to tell you to watch me on the news.” I kissed the top of her head and could feel her softening up. She could never stay mad at me. “The point of the story is that I met some people there and...we’ve been hanging out.”

That seemed to distract her enough to get back in her good graces. She pulled back and looked up at me with one eyebrow raised. “Hanging out means hooking up,

right?”

I smiled and shook my head. “Really?”

“I’m just saying, if I’m gonna be a grandma again, I wanna know.”

I busted out laughing. “You know they’re guys, right?”

She shrugged again, not at all fazed by that. “You know what I mean.”

No, I didn’t, but she had moved past the guilt trip, so I wasn’t going to question it. “You know, I didn’t eat breakfast today...”

“No? Why not?” She patted my belly and cringed at its lack of padding. “You need calories if you’re gonna sustain those big muscles of yours.” She pulled out the tray of tiramisu and took it to the counter. “Let me get you a piece.”

I grinned as I turned back to the dough, happy to let her dote on me for a little while if it kept the discussion away from her nonexistent future grandchildren.

Then again, Dylan probably wouldn’t mind being mom’d a little bit. He’d mentioned that his mom left him and his dad when he was a kid, and his dad only checked in with him a few times a year, so he didn’t have a lot of family nearby.

Hopefully, that was going to be changing for him real soon.

FINN

When I heard my phone buzzing on the nightstand, I assumed it was Cayson checking in on us.

Unfortunately, it was Dirk, one of the lieutenants working on the robbery conviction. The suspect had a ton of warrants, and Dirk needed me to come in and deal with some paperwork. I knew I'd have to deal with it eventually, but I had hoped I could put everything off until Monday.

But work didn't stop because I was cuddling with a sweet boy, so I promised to be in before lunch and continued to watch Dylan as he slept. His light hair stuck up in every direction, and his jaw was slightly slack, tempting me to stick something between those full lips of his.

But we hadn't had any of those kinds of discussions yet, so I was more than content to just enjoy the quiet Sunday morning until he eventually squirmed against me and opened his eyes.

"Morning, sleepyhead." I combed the hairs back off his forehead.

Dylan smiled and leaned forward to kiss my shoulder. "Good morning, sir." He reached back to feel the cold sheets behind him. "Cayson left, right?"

"Yeah, he had to go to work early." I kissed the tip of his nose, annoyed with the news I didn't want to acknowledge. "And I've got to go in to work too. Do you have anything going on today?"

He sighed and his lower lip popped out as he looked up at me. “No, nothing. I’ll probably just do laundry and organize my work van. I’ve got to restock some of my supplies, so I’ll probably hit the hardware store later on.”

“Maybe we can meet up for dinner? I can bring over takeout, or if you want pizza again...”

Dylan’s eyes lit up. “I do love pizza.”

I chuckled and squeezed him closer. “I know you do, baby, and I also know that Daddy Cayson would love to see you.”

Dylan slid his hand up my chest, pinching my nipple between his thumb and the side of his palm. “He’d love to see you too, you know.”

The smile that bloomed across my face was silly, but I couldn’t hold it back. “Yeah, maybe.”

“Yeah, definitely. You have no idea how hot you guys are together. I could come just watching you.”

“Oh yeah?” I ran my hand down his hip and over his thigh until I was palming his cock. “How else could you come?”

His breath hitched, and he closed his eyes. “Slide your hand up and down a few more times, and you’ll find out.”

I slid back as he gasped at my touch, but I made sure to keep the pressure light enough that he didn’t actually get off. “Well, that sounds awfully wasteful.”

Shifting my weight until I was hovering above him, I gave my boy a proper good

morning kiss before sliding down his body, dragging my cock over his as I kissed a trail to his waiting dick.

Dylan was already leaking before I even swiped my tongue across his head, but as soon as I took him into my mouth and gave a few strong pulls, he was bucking into me, ready to release. “Yes, sir. Drink it down.” His fingers curled in my short hair, and he held me in place as he pushed as far down my throat as he could get.

I gagged a tiny bit, not used to taking anything that deep, but I managed to keep my lips sealed around him as he came in my mouth, filling my cheeks with his warm essence before I could swallow it all down.

“Fuck me, sir. Please.”

Fuck, this boy was killing me. I licked him clean and crawled back up his body until I was completely covering his slim frame. “I want to so badly right now, baby.”

“Then do it. Daddy said it was okay.”

I dropped my forehead to his and sucked in a deep breath, doing my best to be strong. “I know he did. And I know he meant it.”

Dylan’s fingers curled into my biceps, and he huffed out a strangled groan. “But we should wait...”

I dropped onto the bed beside him and turned to look him in his eyes. “Don’t you think he’d like to be here for this? I kind of want him to be.”

Dylan nodded and reached for my semi-hard dick. “Yeah, I want him here too. So...” He wiggled his eyebrows at me before moving down to my crotch. “I guess that leaves me with my second favorite option.”

And before I could say anything else, my boy took me deep into his mouth and gave me the best kind of morning kiss I could imagine.

An hour later, I was dropping Dylan off at his doorstep while on my way to work.

When I got to the office, a handful of people were walking around, but the floor was pretty quiet. I dove right into the report that I needed to sign off. Thank fuck no shots had been fired on Friday night or I'd have had a whole lot more paperwork to deal with. Although, a couple days or weeks of administrative leave didn't sound so bad now that I had people in my life I wanted to spend time with.

At four-thirty, I got a text from Dylan saying he was thinking of heading over to Papi's Pies. I had to grin every time I saw or heard the name of Cayson's pizzeria. And I made a mental note to call him Papi next time we were in bed. It would either make him laugh, make him hot, or completely turn him off as he thought about his dearly departed grandfather.

I texted back to my boy. I'm just about done here, so I can pick you up or meet you there.

I'm already on my way, so I'll see you there. The kissy-face emoji made my heart beat a little faster. Why had that been happening so often since meeting those guys?

I'd never been more grateful to log out of my computer and leave work. For so long, my whole life revolved around being at my desk or on the streets. Work was really the only thing that defined me. It was my whole identity.

But now, I felt like maybe I was more to someone... Or someones. Maybe I truly could be as important to Cayson and Dylan as they were already becoming to me.

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Source Creation Date: July 18, 2025, 2:04 pm

DYLAN

The restaurant was packed when I walked in. Across the middle and back was an entire little league team celebrating a successful season.

I waved to Cayson as I entered and slipped into a large booth at the front of the restaurant. I didn't love being so far away from him, but there were kids lined up at the counter where I sat yesterday, and I wanted to have space for Finn when he arrived, so the table worked out well.

I pulled out my phone to play a game while I waited for Finn, and a glass of Sprite and a plate with two doughballs appeared in front of me. "Hey, sweetheart. I'm happy to see you here."

"Me too." I leaned forward and puckered, inviting Cayson to drop a kiss on my lips.

He did so quickly, lingering for a moment before resting his forehead against mine. "I hated leaving you guys this morning."

"I hated it too. Finn had to go to work too, so I've been doing chores at home all day."

Cayson kissed me again and then took a step back. "Do you want a pizza or are you just here to hang out?"

"Pizza sounds good. Finn is on his way, so he'll probably be ready to eat too."

I practically purred as he combed his fingers through my hair. “I’m bringing you a salad out first. You haven’t had a lot of veggies this weekend.”

I grinned because it was such a Daddy thing to say, and I loved that he had taken notice. “Okay, if you say so.”

“I do.” He bent down and kissed me again as the front door opened behind us.

“Dylan.” A familiar voice made me freeze in place. “And Cayson!”

My eyes went wide when I saw Max standing in front of me with his jaw hanging open.

“What is happening here?”

“Max!” I jumped up and gave him a hug. “What are you doing here?” I waved to his Daddy James over his shoulder. “Hi, Daddy James.”

James just smirked. “Hi, Dylan. I think what Max means is that we’re surprised to see you here...with Cayson.”

Cayson was next to speak up. He came to my other side and slipped his hand behind my neck, cupping it possessively as I rolled into his side. “Max, I didn’t realize you know Dylan. We met a few days ago.”

Max looked up at Cayson and seemed to regain his composure. “We saw you on the news the other day. Are you okay? What happened?”

I waved off his concern and scooted over in the booth, patting the cushion beside me. “It was nothing. Sit down and I’ll tell you all about it.” I handed him one of my dough balls. “We can play while the Daddies talk.”

Max looked at me and then up at Cayson. “The Daddies?” His grin was wide as he reached for James’s hand. “Did you hear that, Daddy? You’re not the only one here right now.”

James and Cayson both chuckled, and James just shook his head. “I heard him, sweet boy. Why don’t you guys catch up while Cayson and I take a minute.”

As they were walking away, Finn walked in and beelined it straight for me. He seemed to not even notice Max standing there as he reached for me across the table. “Baby, I missed you today.” He pulled me up and kissed me hard on the mouth before lowering me back into the seat. “Did you get all your chores done?”

“I did. And I missed you too.” I glanced at Dylan and smiled at his continued shock. “Max , do you also know my Sir Daddy, Finn?”

Max just shook his head, speechless.

“Finn was with me and Cayson at the minimart when it got robbed. And we’ve spent the weekend together.” My eyes were big as I bit my lips together to hold back my giddiness.

Max opened and closed his mouth a few times like he wasn’t sure what to say. He finally scooted into the booth beside me. “Okay, seriously, Dyl. You need to tell me everything.” He looked up at Finn. “The other Daddies are talking over there.”

Finn raised his eyebrow up at being dismissed by a strange boy, but I could see the smirk he was trying to hold back as he winked at me and then turned to join Cayson and James at the counter.

I nibbled on a piece of my dough ball before I glanced at Max. “So... I think I kinda have two Daddies now.”

Max just stared at me and shook his head. “This all happened since Friday? It’s Sunday.”

I laughed and shrugged. “When you know, you know.”

Max chuckled too. “Yeah, I guess that’s true. James and I were certainly fast but...two Daddies?”

“Hot, right?” I wagged my eyebrows at him, and we both giggled.

“Yeah, it is.” He glanced over and looked at my men. “They really are. Nice work.” He nudged me in the side.

“How do you know Cayson, anyway?”

“He’s Daddy’s friend. We come here sometimes for lunch, and he hasn’t responded to James’s texts about Friday, so we figured we’d catch him here to find out what happened.” Max pulled his ball apart and stretched it until it split down the center. And then he smashed it all together. “So, tell me what happened.”

I went through the whole story from my point of view, including the very embarrassing accident I had and how that seemed to be the bonding moment between Finn and Cayson both wanting to take care of me.

Max rested his head on my shoulder as he shaped his dough into what looked like a chubby little penis that stood upright on a set of balls that were like fat little feet. “I really am happy for you, Dylan. I know you were struggling after everything that happened with Augie and Brayden.”

I nodded. “Yeah, I had kinda given up hope and...now I have it again.”

“Oh, speaking of hope, have you talked to Brayden lately?”

“No.” I briefly forgot about my dough ball and turned to face Max more fully.

“What’s going on with him?”

Max laughed and rolled his eyes. “He’s stalking a customer.”

Now it was my turn for a slack jaw. “Who is this customer?”

“Apparently some Daddy from his past. High school crush or something like that.”

Max shrugged. “He came into the shop, and Brayden’s been working up the nerve to call him...or maybe he keeps calling but not talking. Not sure exactly. All I know is, that boy is smitten.”

I rubbed my hands together excitedly. “Oh, yay! I hope he does it. And I hope it works out. I want all my friends to have what you have.” I turned to look at Finn and Cayson. “And what I think I might be about to have...”

Finn caught my eye and wandered back to the table. He slid in across from us and raised an eyebrow at our sculptures. “What are you boys working on?”

CAYSON

When Finn first came over to where me and James were talking and pulled me in for a quick kiss, James's eyes almost popped out of his head.

I chuckled and had to explain our newly developing dynamic. "So I finally get to be a Daddy, and Finn here is learning how to add Daddy to his Dominant tendencies."

Finn lightly pinched my side. "I think I'm doing a pretty good job of handling both of you." He raised an eyebrow, challenging me to argue.

"Agreed." I gave him another quick kiss and glanced over at our boy.

He and Max were giggling over something, so we told James the full story of what happened at the minimart.

James just shook his head at the end of it all. "Damn, I'm glad you guys are all alright, but that's...crazy." He cocked his head and reached for my shoulder, giving me a little shake. "And I'm really happy for you. Both of you. Finding the right partner isn't easy, and the fact that you all found each other at the same time is pretty amazing."

Finn's hand rubbed across my back and held me tight to his side. "How do you know Dylan?"

James slipped his hands into his pockets and leaned against a stool without fully sitting. "Through Max, obviously. But I had to pick them and a few other boys up a

few weeks ago after they got drugged at a bar.”

Finn nodded, and I could feel his body tense up. “Yeah, I read that report and looked into it. We never caught the fuckers, but if I ever get a few minutes alone with them, I’ll let them know what I think about their form of seduction.”

James nodded. “Yeah, these guys were lucky. Their other friend, Augie, wasn’t as lucky. Actually, I’ll remind Max to set up a play date either at our place or at Primal with everyone. We can get a quick check-in to make sure everyone’s doing all right.”

“What about their other friend? There were four of them total, right? What happened to him?”

“Brayden is good. My buddy Roy took him home, and I think they’ve kept in touch. Max and Brayden work together, so they see each other daily, and Brayden seems to be in a better place than he was a few weeks ago. I think his therapy is helping.”

I was glad to hear it. “That’s good. I think Dylan was also struggling. He said he went to the minimart to get bourbon so he could sleep.”

I hated thinking of our boy having to drink himself to sleep every night. Now that he had us to tuck him in, I hoped that would never happen again.

Finn kissed my cheek then went to go sit with the boys while I grabbed a beer for James. “So things are good with you and Max?”

He glanced at Max and smiled in a way I’d never seen him before. Probably the same goofy smile he saw on my face when I looked at my men. “Yeah, we’re great. He makes me feel young half the time, and old as fuck the rest of the time.”

I laughed, appreciating the sentiment. “Yeah, I can see that happening. Dylan

regresses pretty young, so I think we'll have fun with him. But, ya know, we're still just getting to know each other. Feeling things out."

James raised a brow over his bottle as he took a drink. "Seems like you all know each other pretty well."

"We're getting there. Faster than I would have guessed possible. We've barely been apart since Friday night and that still doesn't feel like enough." I looked at Finn as he played footsie with Dylan under the table, and Dylan showed some kind of phallic dough creation to Max. "I've never felt anything like it before."

"You know what that means, right?" James got comfortable on the stool and waited for me to respond.

"What?"

He didn't say anything, just continued to look at me.

"Like, love?" I shrugged, knowing that was what he was getting at. Mostly because I knew it was true. "Yeah, maybe. Probably. But we need more time, right?" I looked up at my friend. "How much time did you and Max need?"

He choked out a laugh. "I was ready to tell him I loved him the minute I saw him. I think we waited a week or two before saying it, but that was just a formality, but we both knew right away... So, don't let a clock or calendar dictate how you feel. If you feel something, be honest. I don't think you're gonna scare either of those guys away with a little honesty or affection."

"Damn, when did you become so smart?"

He turned to Max again as he placed his bottle on the counter. "Since I found the

person I'm gonna spend the rest of my life with."

I dropped onto the stool beside him and looked at my guys. "Yeah, I'm starting to think I'm finally getting smart too."

FINN

We ended up back at my place on Sunday night. We had another night of movies and cuddles, and this time, we actually used the huge bathtub for some playtime, but we kept it non-penetrative.

As badly as I wanted to fuck Dylan—and maybe Cayson—I wanted there to be more of a commitment between us. And in order for that to happen, we needed a little bit more time.

Over the next week, we found excuses to see each other every night. Either Cayson and I went to Dylan's to tuck him in or the two of them stayed over at my place.

On the nights we slept apart, I wondered why we were being so stubborn. It was clear that Dylan wanted to go all in from day one, and surprisingly, I was right there with him. We hadn't had the conversation yet, but based on the tortured look in Cayson's eyes every time he said goodbye to us, I was confident he felt the same way.

When Friday night rolled around again, I got home early enough to grill some steaks and vegetables for a proper dinner with my guys. As much as Dylan and Cayson wanted to live on pizza and takeout, I had to draw the line at four nights a week and needed to start putting some nutritional goals in place for them.

Cayson promoted his niece to manager and hired one of their cousins to come in and pick up the late shift so he was officially able to leave the restaurant by seven every evening.

Work had started to pick up for Dylan, and his hours were long and exhausting. Usually, he was just getting home and cleaned up by seven, so when they both walked through my door at six-thirty on the dot, I was happy we'd get to start our weekend so early.

I was just throwing the garlic bread in the oven to toast when Cayson appeared in the kitchen with Dylan at his side. "Fuck, it sure smells good in here." He came up to me and gave me a rough kiss before stepping aside so Dylan could get his much gentler welcome-home kiss.

I'd given them the code to my front door so they didn't knock when they came in. It was a small gesture, but it made everything feel more real between us. Like they belonged in my home.

Because they did.

"You guys have great timing. The bread just needs a few minutes, and then we'll be ready to eat."

"Good, cause I'm starving." Dylan took off his coat and draped it over the back of a chair. "I had to skip lunch to get a job finished and... Everything smells so good. I can't wait more than a few minutes."

Cayson pulled Dylan to his chest and held his chin up so they were face to face. "You can't skip meals, sweetheart. We've talked about this."

Dylan's lower lip popped out. It seemed he had begun to regress almost as soon as he walked through the door. It had been like that lately. He was only in his grown-up headspace at work and when we were out in public. But as soon as we were behind closed doors, he instantly went to his Little space and became our sweet boy. "Sometimes I don't have time."

Cayson brushed his thumb over Dylan's jaw. "You need to make time, boy. You took your lunch with you this morning, right?"

Dylan bit his lip, and his eyes dropped to Cayson's chest. "I maybe forgot."

Cayson shook his head and glanced at me. That was my cue to step in. Apparently, I was the bad cop in moments like this. The disciplinarian.

"Dylan, baby. That's one of our rules. You don't get to skip meals, even when you're busy. If you forgot your lunch, you should've let one of us know or gone to pick something up, but not eating all day isn't an option."

"I'm sorry, sir," he said quietly.

I stepped into their embrace and wrapped my palm around the back of his head, turning him to face me. "I know you are, but there are consequences regardless."

Dylan's eyes got glassy, and he swallowed hard. "You're mad at me?"

I shook my head and rubbed across his cheek to catch the tear that had escaped. "No, baby, we're not mad at you, but it's not okay to forget the rules. And what did we decide the consequences were going to be?"

"Spanking..." He said it like he wasn't sure, looking between me and Cayson.

"That's right." I sighed, not sure how this was going to go but a bit excited to test out this next stage of our dynamic. "I'd do it now, but since you need to eat, we'll have dinner first. After that, we'll handle your punishment. Okay?"

Dylan nodded but didn't say another word.

I sensed his insecurity, so I leaned forward and pressed a kiss to his temple, right above his ear. “This is important to us, baby.” I paused to look at Cayson, making sure I was on the right track.

He held my gaze, silently communicating that we were together in this.

I leaned my head on Cayson’s shoulder and looked right into Dylan’s eyes. “Because we love you.”

Dylan’s breath hitched and more tears began to fall as the tension eased from his body. “I love you too.” He looked up at Cayson and clasped each of our hands in his. “Both of you. And I’m sorry. I won’t skip meals anymore.”

Cayson smiled and leaned forward to kiss his mouth. “We know you won’t, sweetheart. You’re such a good boy.” He pulled back and stared into his eyes. “I can’t believe we found each other. I love you so much.” He turned to me and winked before he gave me a hard kiss on the lips. “You too, Sir Daddy.”

Skipping dinner never sounded so good, but I definitely couldn’t do it after that whole lecture. “Let’s eat so we can get to the fun parts.”

After dinner and a quick shower, we went straight to my bed.

I considered using a different room for punishments because I didn’t want Dylan to associate anything bad with our bed, but Dylan had been half hard and antsy throughout the shower, so I had a feeling he was as excited about the spanking as he was nervous for it.

He needed to know that we cared for him enough to punish him when he didn’t take care of himself, and I was confident tonight would be the night we took things further...physically.

Case and I had briefly discussed how we would handle this, so I put a towel over my lap and sat on the edge of my bed before I called Dylan over to me. “On my lap, baby.”

His dick was still semi hard, so I didn’t feel guilty as he slowly lowered himself across my lap and turned his face to watch as Cayson sat down in the armchair across from us.

Cayson still had a towel wrapped around his waist, but as soon as he sat down and spread his legs, his thick cock was on display for us. It was a fucking beautiful view.

I rubbed my hand in a circle over Dylan’s plump ass cheeks and then placed my other hand on his shoulder. “Are you ready, baby?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And we can trust that you’ll use your safeword if you need to?” That was something else we’d discussed ad nauseam, and Dylan understood why it was important.

He sat up on his elbows and looked me in the eye. “Yes, sir. I promise I will.”

I gave him a soft smile as he laid back down and watched Cayson reach for his balls, cupping them for our entertainment as much as for his own pleasure.

After another moment of gentle rubs, I lifted my palm off his ass and slapped his right cheek with medium pressure.

A high-pitched yelp escaped our boy’s throat, but he didn’t move otherwise, so I repeated the motion on his other cheek.

I experimented with different levels of pressure and different places on his pinkening

skin, and when he started rocking against the mattress, I knew he was close to climaxing.

“Baby boy, you’re not allowed to come during this, okay. Not this time.”

Cayson was stroking his cock and staring right at us, obviously just as close.

I traced my finger down Dylan’s crack and tapped at his opening. “Maybe it’s time to let Daddy inside here. What do you think?”

“Yes, please.” Dylan nodded emphatically as he turned to look at me. “Yes, I need a cock in my ass. Preferably two.”

I had to smile. Our boy was definitely enthusiastic.

Cayson stopped stroking himself and curled his fist around the base of his dick as he slowed things down. His eyes met mine, questioning me.

I watched his expression, looking for any hesitation or doubt. “Are you ready for this, babe?”

“Fuck yeah, I am.” He smirked. “I’ve been ready.”

I slid my forearms underneath Dylan and lifted him a few inches so I could drop a kiss on his perfectly pink ass. “Okay, baby. Get up on the bed so we can get you ready to take Daddy’s fat cock.”

While Dylan got into position, I grabbed the condoms from my nightstand, the same ones that had been waiting there all week to get some use. I tossed them and the lube onto the bed so they were close by when we needed them.

Cayson was suddenly standing right beside me. He pulled me up against his chest, kissing me hard as his fingers kneaded my ass. “You know I want this ass too someday, right?” He pulled back and rested his forehead on mine. “But tonight, will you fuck me?”

I wasn’t expecting that, but I wasn’t completely surprised. Just fucking happy about it. I kissed him again, doing my best to be present in this moment. “Anything you want, Case. I love you.”

His mouth smashed against mine, and his tongue tasted every corner of my mouth before he pulled away. “Fuck, I love you too, Finn. And I fucking love hearing you say that.”

“Get used to it because I plan to say it a lot.”

DYLAN

I could still feel the sting of Sir Daddy's palm on my ass as I climbed to the middle of his big bed and wiped away the last tears in my eyes. When I looked back and saw my Daddies kissing, I almost came right there. Then Sir Daddy dropped to his knees and sucked Daddy's cock into his mouth, giving him just a bit of attention before turning back to me.

"We need to get our boy ready to take you, Daddy."

Daddy closed his eyes and slid his hand down to the base of his cock, pressing his balls to his body as he sucked in a deep breath. "Fuck yeah, we do."

"Ditto." They both looked up at me, and I grinned with a wiggle of my bottom. "Anytime now, Daddies."

Sir playfully smacked my ass one last time before climbing onto the bed behind me and using his strong palms to spread me open. "You're so beautiful, baby."

Daddy opened one of the condom wrappers but left it in the package while Sir leaned down over my crack until he was poking at my hole with his tongue. My head fell to the mattress, and I did my best not to squirm.

I wanted them to do everything they wanted to do, and I didn't want to miss a moment of it by being antsy.

Sir Daddy slipped one thumb into me and then the other, gently stretching my skin as

his tongue lapped at me, poking inside in a way that made it hard for me to breathe. I'd been rimmed before, but usually in a rough and messy way, just before being reamed.

Slow and gentle and loving was a completely new experience for me... and I fucking loved it.

I loved everything they did to me.

Daddy ducked under my hip and pulled my cock into his mouth, awkwardly licking up the side of my length while sliding his finger into my hole alongside Sir Daddy's.

It was so much, I didn't think I could last. "I'm ready. Fuck me, Daddy. Please. Hurry."

"Almost there, baby." They pulled and tugged and stretched even more as my whole body tightened with unspent energy. It was so much but still not enough. Every part of me wanted to feel as intensely as I felt where they were touching me.

Sir pulled away and kissed up my sides until he was lying beside me. He gently pulled me on top of his body with my legs straddling his so I was spread open for Daddy.

"Fuck, I need a picture of this. You guys are so fucking perfect like this."

Sir shook his head and smiled as he kissed me, slowly exploring my mouth as Cayson got ready to enter me.

One hand was lazily rubbing a pattern along my back as Daddy's other hand held the side of my head, keeping me within reach of Sir's kisses while still allowing me to breathe as Daddy pushed his wide cock against my hole.

The slippery, lubed-up latex felt good on my skin as he pressed his head inside, causing a brief spike of pain that made my breath hitch.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Cayson was still as he ran his hands up my hips, reminding me to relax. “Just breathe.”

“Yeah, I’m good.” I nodded against Sir’s lips. “Go faster, Daddy.”

He chuckled as his fingers dug into my sides. “I will but only because I know it’ll probably hurt more if I don’t. But brace yourself.”

Sir Daddy reached between us for my cock and roughly stroked me as Cayson pushed all the way in, creating a spectrum of pain and pleasure to dance within me in a way that almost made me pass out on top of Sir’s chest.

We all were still for a long moment as I relaxed around Daddy’s cock and allowed Sir Daddy’s distractions to consume me again.

When I could breathe again, I propped myself up on my elbows above Finn’s shoulders and nodded. “Go ahead, Daddy. Keep going.”

Cayson started slowly at first, but within a few thrusts, I was pushing back against him, begging for more as Finn worked his cock and mine together between us while whispering words of affection and praise against my mouth.

“Fuck, sweetheart. You’re so right. Daddy is gonna fill you up and still want more.”

I wished his words were literal, but with the latex separating us, it was more of a promise of what I could only hope for in our future. “Yes, Daddy. Come in me.”

Finn’s hand began to move quickly, and his breaths were as shallow as mine. “Say

when, Case.”

Daddy pushed hard into me a few more times before he held as deep as he could go, practically lifting me off Finn’s body. That provided some extra space for him to fully grip our cocks together as we all came in a series of grunts and moans and pants, relieved to finally have this moment together.

I collapsed onto Sir Daddy’s chest, breathing into his neck to catch my breath.

Cayson didn’t fully pull out as he leaned forward, basically lying over me, but without putting any weight on me that would crush Finn beneath us both as he kissed me and Sir in a messy tangle of tongues. “I love you guys. So fucking much.”

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“Five more minutes.” I added another thirty pounds to the rack and pounded out my last set. Finn’s set-up was sick, and I spent almost an hour in his gym every morning and evening since moving in.

He liked to joke that I only loved him for his weight bench, but that was just icing on the double-decker cake of sexy man meat that was Finn and Dylan.

Our relationship moved quickly, skipping months at a time as we built an unbreakable bond within those first hours together after our minimart encounter.

It had been six months since that fateful night, and five months since Dylan and I stopped making excuses to stay over and officially moved into Finn’s home, and things had just gotten better and better.

We continued to learn more about each other every day, but what mattered most was that our trust in each other and our dynamic grew with each passing day too. Dylan was Little almost full-time at home, and having friends who liked to come over for playdates gave him the outlet he needed for that kind of play while Finn and I got to Daddy the hell out of him the rest of the time.

Our little family wasn’t what I thought I needed until I had it, but now that I had them, I knew I’d never let them go.

Next in the series...

Brayden had been too young for his woodshop teacher back in high school. But he’s all grown up now, and the sexy Daddy is exactly who he’s been waiting for... He just

needs to find the courage to actually speak to him if he ever wants a chance at happiness.

Brayden was nervous to try dating again after a bad incident in a bar with his friends. He didn't want to go out and risk running into one of the men who tried to hurt him—or someone even worse. So he worked at the shop, played by himself at home, and did his best not to feel envious of the amazing relationship his friend Max had with his new Daddy. It was a lonely life, but it was safe.

Ethan thought he saw a ghost when the boy from his past—the boy who was now a man—walked around the hood of his car and handed him his keys after a tune-up. He hadn't let himself think of Brayden Baxter since the boy graduated six years ago. But now, that boy was all he could think about.

And when the nightly hang-ups started to happen, Ethan had a pretty good idea who was responsible for them. He just needed the boy to make the first move so he could finally pursue the heat that sparked between them.