



Bonded

SARA YORK

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

BONDED

By Sara York

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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Photo Description

A naked man tightly holds a chain wrapped around the necks of two guys on their knees in front of him.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

My soul ached for command and love, and I was lost. Until I met them. We'd seen each other at different times but it wasn't until the night I almost killed myself trying to lift more weight than I should that our worlds finally collided. What started out as lifting partners and movie marathons turned into weekend jaunts across the city and every free moment spent together, a tension building up between us that left me holding my breathe. I'll never forget the night He took control and shattered our worlds, morphing our growing friendship into something more. I used to tell myself I would walk this earth lost and broken forever, but I know now my soul was waiting for Sir and Pup to save me.

Sincerely,

Tonnya

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: Dom/sub, light BDSM, ménage, hurt/comfort, open relationship, established couple, switch/versatile

Content Warnings: Description of past self-harm: cutting

Word Count: 16,542

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Chapter 1

Chris Edwards stared at the note one more time before he wadded it up and tossed it across the room. Phillip, his lover for the last three years, had walked out, not even saying a proper goodbye. Chris had been traveling for work. The two-week trip to California had left them with little time to talk. The time zones exacerbated the distance, disguising the problems. He thought distance was the reason they hadn't talked or texted much while he'd been away, but now he knew Phillip had been leaving him.

Had Phillip told him it was over, he would have understood. Sure, he would have begged, but three years was worth more than a little note left on the counter. Chris bit down on his lip, trying like hell to stop the emotions that threatened to overtake him.

“Fuck!”

Yelling didn't help, so he grabbed his gym bag and a sweatshirt, hoping that lifting some weights would calm him. The place he worked out was only a mile away, but he was still in his dress slacks and button-down shirt. Instead of running or biking over, he hopped in his black Mustang and drove the short distance, cursing himself for not changing before leaving home. He'd been wearing the same clothes when he left California this morning because he had needed to stop by his office on his way home from the airport. He should have stayed and changed, but home reminded him of Phillip, and the last thing he needed to be thinking about was his boyfriend, now ex-boyfriend. Chris grimaced as he pushed open the door and flashed his ID card to the woman behind the desk at the gym.

“Hey Chris, haven't seen you in a while. Why don't you stop by after your workout? I'd love to talk to you. Maybe we can grab a drink before the night is over?” Maria smiled, giving him a lascivious grin as her gaze traveled up and down his body.

“Thanks, but I have an early morning. Once I finish here, I need to head home.”

Maria had been working at the place since a week before Chris joined. She'd told him the story over and over again, always saying how lucky she was to have been here when he became a member. She thought he was single. It was easy to hide his relationship with Phillip since the man never worked out, and

Chris never flirted with the guys at the club. It was no wonder Maria still flirted with him.

Naturally skinny, Phillip never needed to watch his weight. He wasn't packed with muscles, but Chris didn't mind his softness because it came with a sweetness that he loved. Three years ago, he thought sweet was what he wanted. If he were truthful with himself, he knew he needed something more. Part of him was glad Phillip had walked out. Accepting reality was harsh and made his stomach twist in knots, but they were drifting apart, and most of the issues in their relationship rested solely on Chris's shoulders.

For the last year, making love to Phillip left him less than satisfied. He could get it up and he'd had orgasms, but his soul had been left empty, craving something he couldn't quite grasp. Sweet from Phillip was nice, but he needed powerful too.

Chris undressed before grabbing his shorts from his bag. He caught his reflection in the mirror and stared for a moment. Primping prima donnas always turned him off, but he wasn't really primping, just gaging what was wrong with his body. When the locker room door opened, he acted like he hadn't been looking at the mirror and tugged on his shorts, pulling his shirt over his head before sitting down on the bench to put on his weightlifting shoes.

He wasn't bad looking, not really. Yet all of his working out and taking care of his body hadn't helped him keep Phillip. Maybe he wanted too much.

The guy who'd opened the door stepped around the corner, opening the locker opposite him. Chris ignored the man as he tied his shoes. He wished things were different but didn't know how to get his man back. During his relationship with Phillip, there were times he'd wanted his boyfriend to be more aggressive and take charge, but Phillip refused to take up that role. The emotions swirling through his belly were toxic. Chris hopped up to leave, ready to wear himself out in the gym so he didn't have to think.

“Wait.”

The one word was spoken with authority, the tone commanding. Chris thought about ignoring the man, but he paused, stopping just before leaving the aisle between the lockers. He didn't turn to look at the guy. The way the man had spoken pulled at something deep inside of Chris. He drew in a deep breath, calming his emotions before he turned to stare at an amazing set of brown eyes that seemed to stare straight into his soul. Vulnerable and hurting, he didn't

want this stranger to see the raw ache in his heart. He looked away, unable to look at the guy for long.

“Yes?” Chris asked.

“You left your keys out.”

“Shit, I—fuck.” Chris moved to the locker where he’d stuffed his clothes and tossed his keys in. He took off, this time determined to hit the gym and lift heavy.

“Stop.”

Chris bristled at the command. He spun fast, his anger and pain at the surface. The look on the man’s face brought him up short. He didn’t yell like he’d intended. With a quick swipe of his hand over his face, he calmed. After he huffed out a breath to release the tension, he apologized.

“Sorry, I’m stressed. It’s been a bad—Was there something else?”

The man stepped around the bench and moved to stand right in front of him. Their gazes held. Chris realized how hot the man was the closer he got. Earlier, he’d ignored the guy, now he fought to keep his eyes on the other man’s face. The battle was lost, and he let his gaze dip low, taking in the muscled chest dusted with hair. Chris shivered, thinking about all that hair rubbing against his chest. When their gazes did finally meet again, Chris saw amusement in the dark brown depths.

“You didn’t lock up.”

Chris had no idea what this stranger was talking about until he pointed over Chris’s shoulder to the locker. He glanced back, letting his body follow his gaze so he could set the lock.

“I’m such an idiot.” The weight of the day crashed down on him. He leaned his forehead against the cool metal after snapping the combination lock closed. The last few weeks had been tough with the meetings and traveling. Then Phillip happened. He shouldn’t even be here.

The other guy stepped closer, his presence calming. “Maybe you should take it easy tonight. You seem distracted.”

The suggestion shouldn’t have made Chris angry, but everything else was pissing him off, just not this guy. Though his attitude was shot, and his emotions were even worse, he had no desire to tell the guy to fuck off. He bit

his tongue and nodded, unable to speak. The guy moved out of his way, and Chris headed to the exit. Guilt filled him, and he swung back around, catching the stranger who had helped him staring at his ass.

“Um, thanks. I’ve had a bad day.”

“What’s your name?”

Chris should have turned and walked away, but the gorgeous brown eyes held him still as the man approached, closing the distance. Power and control were twin forces this man wielded with ease. No one had ever affected Chris this way. Excitement bubbled for a second before he remembered why he was in such a foul mood.

“Chris.”

The guy stuck his hand out, and against his better judgment, Chris did as well. The contact was and wasn’t what he expected. This wasn’t a business handshake; that, he could handle. The touch was personal, the other guy’s hand warm.

“I’m Greg Peterson. I haven’t seen you here in the evenings before.”

Chris took his hand back, missing the contact. “I’m usually a morning guy. I... hell, I just need to work off some stress.”

“Just take it easy out there. You seem distracted.” Greg nodded toward Chris’s locker.

“I guess I am.”

“Be careful.”

Chris nodded and left the locker room, his mind on Phillip and their past. Normally, he lifted weights after stretching and doing a cardio warm-up. He wasn’t in the right frame of mind so he hopped on a treadmill and took off, running until sweat dripped from his brow.

He shut down the treadmill. After stepping off, he glanced around the gym, seeing few people were still there. In the back corner, he spied Greg watching him. His gaze was intense, and Chris felt like prey. A shiver snaked down his spine, and he turned away from Greg’s scrutiny.

His body was exhausted, and though his thoughts still spun, he felt that fatigue would pull him down, forcing him to sleep. Chris returned to the locker room, grabbed his bag, and headed out to his car. Disgust over his situation

grew. Three years he'd put into his relationship with Phillip, and now it was over. The drive home was too quick, and he wished he'd ridden his bike. He needed more exercise to really be exhausted.

Sleep didn't come easily, and he woke way too early. The gym was the best place to go, but this time he rode his bike over. After lifting and doing a bit of cardio, Chris headed home to shower. At work, few knew he was in a committed relationship so he didn't have to tell many that Phillip had left. Only his division's secretary and a couple of women in advertising heard his sad story.

His days were spent working and his nights at the gym. Each evening he saw Greg but didn't talk to the man. On Friday, two weeks after meeting Greg, Chris was late getting off work and didn't head home first to change. He stepped into the locker room, thinking about Greg and his amazing body. It had been almost six weeks since he'd had sex or touched another man. Phillip had been distant before he left for his trip, then he spent three weeks being faithful. Since coming home, he hadn't wanted to hook up with anyone, but thoughts of Greg were invading his dreams and causing him to wonder what it would be like to be with him. Chris came around the corner, stepping into the row of lockers and ran right into a short, compact man. He reached out, grasping the arm of the other guy, trying to steady himself.

Light blue eyes stared back at him. Neither of them said anything for a long moment. Chris studied the guy, taking in the spiky blond hair and elfin features. The guy was hot, short, and small. He wasn't soft though. Chris could feel the hard biceps flex under his fingers.

"Sorry," Chris said.

"Trust me, it's my pleasure. I'm Liam."

"Chris."

They didn't move away from each other, which would have been the proper way to handle the situation. Liam's lips curved up into a smile, and he leaned in closer, his body almost brushing up against Chris's.

"I wasn't going to come out here tonight, but I'm glad I did."

Chris's face heated at Liam's words. He looked away and bit his lip. Liam's hand brushed down his arm, and he glanced back, not at all surprised by the heat in the guy's gaze.

“That was sexy. I’d like to see you biting your lower lip for other reasons.” Liam winked, his hand flattening on Chris’s chest.

He sucked in a breath and dropped his hold on Liam’s arm. He couldn’t flirt worth a damn after being devastated by his ex. Before he and Phillip had become a couple, he’d been great at picking up guys, now he wasn’t sure what to do or say.

“I-I should go workout,” Chris mumbled.

Liam cocked one eyebrow and looked him up and down. “Anytime you need someone to run into, come find me.”

Liam skipped past him and hummed as he left the locker room. Chris sank to the bench, his head spinning as he tried to will his body to come under his control. What the hell was he doing? He didn’t know the guy, and yet he was ready to march out to the gym floor and chase down some sexy man he wanted to do more than flirt with. He wasn’t out of his relationship long enough to be with another, and he sure as heck didn’t need to start up anything new.

Chris huffed out a breath and opened a locker. He undressed, then pulled on his workout shorts and T-shirt before slipping his feet into his running shoes. He grabbed his flat-bottomed weightlifting shoes before shutting and locking the locker. He headed to the workout floor, ready to expend some energy and exhaust himself. The treadmills on the end closest to the weight room were taken so he hopped on an open one and ran a half-mile before grabbing some water. He wanted to work on his overhead squat and improve his position.

The gym was busy for a Friday night. Usually, dates won out over gym time. At least they had for him when he was with Phillip. Actually, his ex had insisted he not go to the gym in the evenings.

When he stepped into the free weights area, he saw Greg spotting for Liam. Evil thoughts entered his mind as Greg helped Liam settle the bar in the rack. Liam sat up and gave Greg a sexy smile. Jealousy shot through Chris as he wished Liam’s smile was directed at him.

Chris picked an area opposite where Greg and Liam were and began working, positioning himself so he couldn’t watch Liam and get distracted by his body. He spent almost thirty minutes lifting, his earbuds in and his music turned up so he could ignore everyone around him.

After he finished lifting and stretched a bit, Chris went to the locker room and stripped. He wrapped a towel around his waist and headed into the

showers. The hot spray relaxed him. Sleep had been coming easier, but he didn't even attempt going to bed until he was totally exhausted. Working out twice daily was doing a lot for his body, but he was starting to lose too much weight. Soon, he'd need to take a break. He hoped his thoughts would calm enough in the next month so he could slow down.

Phillip still hadn't talked to him. It was bullshit, but what the heck was he supposed to do when the guy wouldn't even answer his phone? Disgust built, and Chris shut off the water and grabbed his towel, scrubbing himself dry as he tried to excise his demons.

Once at his locker, he pulled on his underwear and the slacks he'd worn earlier. The waistband was loose, and he knew it was time to eat more and exercise less. He looked down and flexed his stomach, noticing that his almost six pack had turned into an eight pack. No wonder he was cold all the time; he had no body fat left.

Chris turned to pull on his shirt and caught sight of Liam. The man was already bare chested and was tugging his shorts low. He winked and grinned as he pushed his clothes to the ground. Liam kicked off his shoes and stepped over the bench, standing naked in front of Chris.

Don't look, don't look, he repeated in his head, but the temptation was too much. Chris glanced down, raking his gaze over Liam's tight stomach to his dick. He bit his lip as he stared at the neatly trimmed area. Unable to take his eyes from the growing length, Chris stopped breathing as he stared. He had no idea how long his gaze stayed on Liam's dick, but when he glanced up, he caught the cocky grin and raised eyebrow.

"Did you have a good workout?" Liam asked.

"Yes." Chris started breathing again, his head spinning as he thought about touching Liam's body, kissing his lips, staring into those luscious blue eyes as they explored each other.

"I was wondering if you'd join us for pizza?"

Normally, he would have automatically said no to pizza, but he'd lost so much weight, and he knew he wasn't going to add weight on by eating baked chicken and broccoli.

"Us?"

"Sure, you'd fit in nicely." Liam teased Chris's pec with his fingers, tracing patterns that left Chris dizzy with need.

Desperately trying to keep his gaze on Liam's face, Chris ended up closing his eyes. It was a mistake. Liam's lips brushed over his. Chris flashed his eyelids open and stepped back. Laughter bubbled out of Liam's mouth. Just then, Greg stepped into view, his eyes narrowing.

"Liam, give the man a break. Come here and get dressed," Greg growled.

Instantly, Liam straightened. He walked around the bench and pulled on his underwear, his gaze staying on the floor. Greg moved to stand beside Chris.

"Sorry about that. Was he bugging you too much?"

"No, just asking me to go grab pizza with him."

"Pizza?" Greg reached out and grabbed Liam's arm.

Liam glanced over his shoulder. "Yes, Sir."

"You invited Chris, did he say yes?" Greg asked.

"I didn't answer," Chris said.

"I asked Liam the question."

Greg's gaze drilled into Chris. At first, anger surged, then as Greg continued staring at him, he drew in a deep breath and let it go slowly. The draw to step closer to Greg was almost overwhelming. The man's gaze traveled over Chris's body, down to the loose waistband of his pants. Greg reached out, tugging at Chris's belt loops. Not enough to drag him closer, but enough to show the gap his weight loss had created.

"How long has it been since you've eaten a decent meal?" Greg asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Chris looked away, embarrassed by his lie as much as he was embarrassed by his lack of control. Since Phillip left—no that wasn't fair—since long before his ex took off, he'd been drifting. His drive was down, and his ambition had taken a hike.

"Look at me."

Chris's gaze shot toward Greg's. He noticed Liam had finished dressing and had moved to stand close to him. His hand slid against Chris's, and he wove their fingers together.

Greg leaned close and whispered in Chris's ear, "Tell me the truth."

The words were frozen in his throat. Liam squeezed his hand, and he glanced at the small man, glad to have his support. He turned back to Greg and opened his lips to speak.

“Weeks.”

“That’s not good. You’ve lost what, ten pounds since I first met you?”

“I don’t know.” Chris looked down and shook his head. “Maybe.”

Greg placed his fingers under Chris’s chin, forcing him to look up. “Liam and I are going out for pizza tonight; it’s our cheat meal. I want you to come with us.”

He had no excuse not to go. Liam lifted up on his toes and kissed Chris’s cheek. Greg narrowed his eyes and watched Liam as he returned to his locker to grab his things.

Chris didn’t want to get in between the couple. Actually, he hadn’t realized they were a couple until this little exchange. Greg said he was going to take a quick shower, leaving him and Liam alone. He finished getting dressed, trying like crazy to ignore Liam. Chris had just slipped on his shoes when Liam stepped in front of him and straddled his legs.

“What are you doing?” Chris glanced toward the showers.

“Just having a little fun.” Liam nuzzled Chris’s neck, kissing below his ear.

The pressure in his body grew. Not only did his dick wake up, his lungs burned, and his head throbbed.

“You need to—”

“I know what I need.” Liam bit down on Chris’s earlobe.

The pain was just as delicious as it was erotic. He moaned and closed his eyes. This weekend, he’d need to find someone willing to let him blow off some steam, but he hated the club scene. There were too many guys being false. That’s why he’d started the relationship with Phillip. Neither one of them liked the party circuit.

Liam jumped off of him and started pulling Greg’s clothes out of his locker. Chris watched as Liam carefully arranged Greg’s shirt, pants, underwear, socks, and shoes. A few seconds later, Greg showed up with a towel wrapped around his waist. Liam used a clean towel to dry Greg’s shoulders, and then he began dressing Greg. The towel dropped, and Liam knelt in front of Greg. Chris couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, all he could do was stare at Greg’s fine ass. Liam was hairless, and Greg made up for it with a dusting of dark hair over every part of his body. The hair on his ass made Chris want to explore. His fingers itched to slide over the hairy crease.

Liam helped Greg into his boxers and glanced at Chris. The suggestive gleam in Liam's eyes sent a warning through Chris, but it was the type of warning he wanted to be closer to instead of running away from like he knew he should. Liam kissed Greg's hip, and his gaze dipped to Chris's crotch. The flirting was thick, leaving Chris uncomfortable. He should leave, but he wanted to see just how far Liam would take this. Greg would probably kill him. For self-preservation's sake, he should take off, find some guy to blow him, and never show back up at the gym at night.

Then Greg turned to him as he buttoned his own shirt. "I have just the place in mind. Do you want to ride with us?"

"How far is it?" Chris asked.

"It's a few miles, maybe fifteen minutes."

"Sure. Can we drop my car at my place?" Why had he suggested that? The smart thing would have been to tell them bye, but he wasn't being smart. Liam made him stupid, and then Greg added to his inability to make decisions for himself. He wanted Greg to tell him what to do. It was odd. Not at all like anything he'd experienced before.

Maybe it was hunger, or his attitude, but he didn't beg off like he should have. When he parked his car, he had a brief moment of clarity that was soon clouded by lustful thoughts of Liam and the way he'd bit down on his earlobe. This was a dangerous game, one he shouldn't be playing.

Dinner was nice, and Liam didn't touch or kiss him again. Actually, he ignored Chris for the most part. It was so different from how he'd been at the gym that Chris wondered if Greg had said something. After eating pasta, a salad, and a few slices of pizza, Chris said goodbye and caught a cab home. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, he skipped the gym in the evening and went for a run instead. On Thursday morning, he stepped on the scale in his bathroom, noticing he'd actually dropped twelve pounds since Phillip left him. Disappointed with himself, he made a plan for gaining back some of the weight. That morning, he skipped his workout and went to grab an omelet at the diner down the street.

He wasn't paying attention when he stepped into the place and didn't see Phillip. Had he seen his ex, he would have turned around and left. The place was packed, and there was only one table left which happened to be right beside Phillip. When Chris looked up and saw Phillip sitting at the table beside him, he froze.

“Chris, I haven’t seen you in a while.” Phillip spoke as though they were friends who just hadn’t seen each other. His ex didn’t acknowledge that he’d ripped Chris’s heart out and shredded him, leaving him decimated.

The waitress came to take his drink order, and Chris almost left the restaurant, but rational thought had left him. He asked for eggs, bacon, and biscuits, determined to not let Phillip see how hurt he was.

Chris was searching for something to say when a tall man with dark brown hair approached Phillip and sat down next to him. It was obvious from the way they leaned against each other they were a couple. The guy was sexy and had a great body. Chris wanted to cause a scene, telling everyone in the diner what Phillip had done, but he stayed silent.

The waitress brought over his juice, placing it on the table in front of him. “Here you go, hun. Would you like any water?”

“Sure.” He sipped the juice, not even tasting the sweetness. Phillip and his new man were talking in hushed tones, and he did his best to ignore them. After he’d finished half of his juice, Phillip stood, tossing his napkin on the table. Chris wanted to be anywhere but at this restaurant. Phillip stopped at his table and dropped into the open chair next to Chris.

“It was good seeing you. You’re looking fabulous. I’ll see you around.” Phillip leaned in close and kissed his cheek before hopping up and striding off.

His meal came, and he shoveled in the food, not even paying attention to what he was eating. The anger didn’t lessen during his workday. By the time he sent his last email, he was so worked up he wanted a physical release.

After stopping at home to change into shorts and a T-shirt, he ran to the gym. Anger fueled his effort, and he pushed himself, running the mile in under seven minutes. He didn’t slow down when he hit the stair-climber or the elliptical machine.

When he stepped onto the weightlifting floor, he ignored everyone around him. The first set of back squats were heavy, but he ignored the warning signs. He upped the weight and kept lifting. After finishing five sets, he moved over to the bench press, setting the weights for what he normally lifted. He lay down, closing his eyes as memories of him and Phillip raced through his mind. How the fuck could Phillip have walked out on him like that?

With an angry growl, Chris lifted the bar off the rack, realizing he’d made a mistake. His arms didn’t hold, and the only reason he didn’t kill himself was

Greg was right there, his hands preventing the bar from rolling onto Chris's throat.

Greg reracked the weight. His mouth was turned down, his eyes blazing with anger. "What the fuck were you thinking?"

Chris shook his head, sitting up once he gained his breath. A warm hand squeezed his shoulder, and he glanced back, seeing it was Liam.

"Look at me," Greg commanded.

He tilted his head so Greg was in his view. "Don't ever lift like that again. What the hell would you have done had I not been here?"

"I don't know," Chris mumbled.

"I do. You would have died." Greg stood with both hands on his hips, his anger unabated. "You've been going nonstop since you showed up over an hour ago. Liam and I stayed because we both thought you looked off. You didn't even acknowledge Liam when he walked past you on the elliptical."

"Sorry," Chris said, and ducked his head.

"It's not going to be that easy. You're coming to our place for dinner, and you're going to talk. Come on, you're finished here."

"But—"

"Zip it. Liam, help him shower and get dressed."

"I don't have any clothes with me. I ran over."

Greg stared at him, then Liam. "You've lost enough weight that you can fit into Liam's clothes. He probably has extra, knowing him. You can wear his things."

Liam's hand was on his arm, lifting him up to standing. No one else in the gym paid any attention to them, for that Chris was thankful. Embarrassment made him cringe. He followed Liam to the locker room and into the shower. That they were sharing a stall didn't hit him until after he was naked and Liam was washing his hair. Chris didn't stop Liam as he washed Chris's body, cleaning down his legs and up to his balls. When Liam gently washed his dick and sac, Chris closed his eyes, not even trying to stop his dick from growing in Liam's skillful hands. After a few more minutes, the water shut off, and Chris opened his eyes. Liam was dripping wet, his gaze serious as he dried Chris's body. He draped the towel around Chris's waist before walking buck-naked

into the locker room. The clothes Liam gave him were a little tight, but they still fit. Greg stepped out of the shower, not saying a word to either of them as he dressed.

Chris followed Liam and Greg out to their car and didn't argue when Liam settled in the backseat with him. Numbness had set in at some point. Phillip leaving him had affected him more than he cared to admit. They'd been great together, at least he'd thought so, but now he wasn't sure. Maybe it had all been a lie, and maybe he was so stupid he didn't realize what an asshole he was. What had he done wrong?

Liam and Greg led him into their house. They gave him a glass of tea and settled him at the kitchen table. Liam busied himself with preparing food, and Greg sat down beside Chris.

"Tell me, what demon is on your ass?" Greg asked.

"Fuck, I can't believe it." Chris shook his head, unsure where to start.

"Just talk. Tell me everything."

So he did. Every little sordid detail—well almost every detail—was discussed with Greg as Liam made dinner. Soon, food was placed on the table in front of him. Because Liam had made the meal, he savored each bite. When midnight hit, he told Greg and Liam he needed to leave.

"Why?" Greg asked.

"You don't need me bringing you down. I'll call a cab."

Liam wove their fingers together. "Stay, please."

"I don't know."

"You can sleep in the guest room, if that makes you feel better," Greg said.

"I don't want to be a bother." Chris didn't like being an unwelcome guest. He'd suffered through that enough with Phillip's parents and siblings.

"I'll make pancakes in the morning," Liam said.

"You're going to fatten me up." Chris patted his belly, but Greg batted his hand away.

"Please, you're way too skinny as it is. You haven't been eating because of Phillip. We'll spend the day together tomorrow. I have tickets to the baseball game. I'd be disappointed if you didn't go with us."

After a few minutes of arguing, Chris finally agreed to not only spend the night but also the weekend. Liam flirted unmercifully, though they never crossed the line. He wanted to kiss Liam and hold him close, but he didn't dare, not with Greg watching them so closely. It was like having a best friend again. He'd thought Phillip had been his friend, but now he looked back on it, they hadn't really connected in months.

On Sunday night, he was sad to return home. Liam called him on Monday, but he was busy with work. They spoke on the phone on Tuesday and Wednesday, but Chris didn't go into the gym. On Thursday, he took the afternoon off, planning on spending the day catching up on household chores. A little after one, Liam called him in a panic.

"I need help." Liam's voice was full of emotions, sounding almost like he was on the verge of tears.

A sliver of fear wove through Chris. "Hey, what do you need?"

"Please."

"Liam, just tell me."

"Come to Greg's place. I need..."

"I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Chris abandoned his plans of heading to the garden store and pointed his car toward Greg's house. His worry had only increased as he drove. Jumping out of his car, he raced up the walk and banged on the door. He was shocked when Liam yanked open the door and grabbed his shirt. Before he knew what was going on, Liam had him in the front entryway, his body pressed up against Chris's. They were kissing, Liam's hands roving all over him.

Chris pushed at his chest, ending the frantic kiss. Liam's eyes were wide, and a wildness shone in their depths. This was unlike anything he'd expected, and he wondered if he should call Greg.

"Please, help me feel," Liam begged.

Chris was surprised when Liam began clawing at his clothes. This was going to get out of hand soon if he didn't put a stop to the situation. He grabbed Liam's hands and spun him around, pushing him against the wall.

"Liam, stop!"

At first it looked like Liam hadn't heard him, then he drew in a deep breath before biting his lip. "Please, make me feel."

“Tell me what you mean.”

“Let me show you.” Liam led him to the bedroom, Greg’s bedroom, and opened the door. On the dresser were three wooden paddles lined up from smallest to largest. Liam held up the biggest one before closing his eyes and ducking his head. “Make me feel.”

“I don’t understand what you want.”

“I—I—” Liam glanced over to a table in the corner. Chris followed his gaze and spied a razor blade along with some napkins. He gripped Liam’s shoulders and pushed him against the wall.

“What’s going on?”

“I need—” His stare settled on the paddles. “Please.”

Chris went hot, then even hotter as Liam began stripping. He watched as Liam slowly revealed his body, noticing for the first time the lines at his hips. Chris had seen it on girls in high school but never any of the boys he knew. Maybe it was just because they hid it so well or the hair covered the lines, but there was no mistaking the marks. The razor blade on the table helped him deduce the facts.

When Liam was naked in front of him, Chris met his gaze. “Where?”

Liam bit his lower lip and moved to the bed, bending over so his hands were planted on the mattress. Chris picked up one of the paddles and cringed. He didn’t want to hurt Liam, but cutting would make him hurt worse.

“Please,” Liam begged, his voice no longer as desperate now that he was naked and bent over the bed.

“You let me go at my own pace,” Chris said, as fear wove through him. Never before had he done anything like this. He’d watched porn, and there’d been a few scenes that were discipline based, but he didn’t know if the sound effects were real or not. When he chose a paddle, he moved to stand behind Liam, smoothing his hand over the near hairless flesh.

Liam shivered, gooseflesh covering his legs. Chris gave a smack with his hand, and Liam moaned. He gave another smack and kept his hand on the smooth round globe. He smiled when Liam let out a long breath, his body arching into Chris’s touch.

“I’m going to use the paddle now.”

“Yes,” Liam hissed.

Chris lined up, afraid he'd hurt the man if he struck him too hard. He didn't want to hit bone, so he placed the flat wood against Liam's butt cheek before pulling back to smack him.

Chapter 2

Greg had picked up his messages after the emergency meeting and cringed when he heard the four words from Liam. Usually he had some warning if his pup was going to go off the deep end. It had been a while, six months to be exact, and maybe he should have expected it. He'd been lazy, thinking that Liam's good mood would last.

The rush home had been stalled by traffic, and Liam wasn't picking up the phone. He had half a mind to call the neighbors, but he wasn't that desperate yet. Two years ago, he would have just called the cops if he'd received a call from Liam like that. Of course, two years ago Liam wouldn't have called, he just would have gone back to using or cutting.

The rules had been lessened as time went on, and he guessed he'd cut back too much. Maybe something had happened that he hadn't foreseen. This weekend they'd have to be very strict. Liam would lose privileges and many of the freedoms he'd come to enjoy over the last year.

When he turned onto his street, he noticed the car out front. He hoped to God it wasn't a dealer. The bastard wouldn't know what hit him. Anger churned until he pulled closer and realized it was Chris's vehicle. Greg calmed, his movements slowing as he got a grip on his emotions. Maybe Liam had done something good, channeling his negative feelings into something positive.

Greg settled even more on his walk to the front of the house, slowing his breathing and calming his racing heart. Liam needed Sir, not the out of control mess he felt like. He closed his eyes and counted backwards from five before sliding his key into the lock and letting himself in. Normally, he'd count backward from ten, or maybe even twenty if he knew Liam was in a safe environment, but five would have to do today.

The door closed silently behind him, and he heard the sharp slap of wood on flesh. His heart stopped hammering, and he took the time to catch his breath and get fully in control. Liam and Chris were talking, but he couldn't make out their words. The clap of wood against flesh sounded again, and Greg made his way closer to the bedroom while hiding from their view.

"More, faster," Liam demanded.

Greg flexed his fists. No way in hell would he allow Liam to be so bratty when he was giving the orders. He was ready to interrupt them when he heard Chris speak.

“I’ll do this at my own pace. Don’t rush me. I’m in charge right now.”

The frustrated groan from Liam brought a smile to Greg’s face. His pup was being controlled, just like he needed. Chris probably had no idea why Liam had asked for this, but he was glad Pup had. He stood with his back to the wall and out of sight, waiting for the session to be over.

Chris paddled Liam three more times before he heard the sexy groan from Liam and the seductive *thank you, sir*, from Pup’s lips. Greg cupped his dick, filling out as he thought of the sex he’d have with Liam.

“Please, don’t go yet.” Liam’s words were cold water on Greg’s desire.

His pup planned on asking Chris to fuck him. For a second, he wanted to tell Chris to fuck off, but he actually liked the guy. He’d wanted to control Chris since the first time he’d seen him, but he doubted that Chris would go for their type of relationship. Also, not every man wanted to be dominated. He got mixed signals from Chris. Sometimes he thought Chris wanted to be controlled, other times, he was sure Chris was a Dom.

“What about Greg?” Chris asked.

“He’ll be fine with it.”

Pup knew him well. The sound of cloth being pulled off bodies had Greg growing hard. He unzipped his slacks and kicked off his shoes. Before he heard the condom packet rip, Greg was naked with cock in hand. He listened intently and heard the sounds of Liam settling on the bed before the sharp snap of the lube opening. Imagining Liam opening himself made Greg even harder.

Tonight, he might not have Liam, but he damn sure was going to possess Chris. Kisses followed by the sound of Liam rolling the condom onto Chris had Greg ready to act. He gave them another minute before pushing open the door. Neither man heard him or paid him any mind until he was right beside Chris.

Chris turned, and had Greg not been blocking his exit, he was sure Chris would be halfway across the room. Greg held him against Liam and slid in behind him.

“You’re fucking my pup, and I’m going to enjoy taking you right now. I hope you bottom because I’m not going to go slow.”

He expected Chris to put up some sort of fight, but the man sighed, relaxing a bit as he bent low, presenting his ass to Greg. It was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. Liam was on his back, his legs in the air. Chris had dropped low

so he was lying on top of Liam, his chest pressed against Liam's. Greg could see where the two men were joined. Chris's balls were pulled close to his body. His tight pucker flexed as Greg stared at him.

He lowered and licked from where Liam and Chris were one, over Chris's sac, to the soft flesh below his hole. Slowly, Greg slid his tongue over Chris's pucker, enjoying the moan from Chris.

Greg poured lube over his index finger and onto Chris's crack. The man flinched from the cold, and Greg chuckled.

"Bit cold?" Greg asked.

"Yeah," Chris moaned.

He slid his finger into the tight heat, letting go of a moan of his own. "I'm going to enjoy this. Hold still while I prep."

Liam caught his gaze for the first time since he'd entered the room. His pup was subdued, the normal playfulness and fun gone from his eyes. Greg bent low and kissed Liam, reassuring him that all would be okay.

After rolling on a condom, Greg lined up behind Chris and pressed against him. "Let me in."

Chris blew out a breath, and Greg could tell the difference immediately. He slid slowly into the snug channel. If Chris bottomed, it hadn't been recently. Greg began working his way in, claiming Chris as his own.

It didn't take long for the excitement to get him to the edge. It had been a while since he'd been with anyone other than Liam. The rules made it almost impossible to bring in a third unless Liam liked the guy. Finding Chris balls deep in his man left him with the strong impression that Liam had a thing for Chris.

He stared at Liam's face, loving the exquisite look of rapture on his pup's face. The grunts built, rising as a beautiful noise that pushed Greg close to orgasm. Every thrust in pushed Chris into Liam. Chris reached behind him, digging his fingers into Greg's flesh. They clung together, holding on as they drove each other wild. The pressure in his balls increased, and though he wanted this to last, he was lost to the passion. Greg clung to Chris as he dumped his load into the condom, his sweat-slicked body pressed in tight. Chris's ass constricted around his dick as he bucked below Greg. He saw Liam's face change as he came. The look he'd been waiting for appeared, and he knew Liam was no longer at risk.

Greg pulled out of Chris and hauled him up. He grabbed Liam's wrist and bent low, picking his pup up in a fireman's carry. Chris looked worried. Greg grabbed his wrists as he passed by the man.

"Join us in the shower." The words weren't a question, rather a command. He was pleased when Chris stepped into the stall and closed the glass door behind him. Cold water poured from the spigot first, and he waited to set Liam down until the water was warm. He and Chris worked together to get Liam clean, washing their bodies quickly once their charge had been soaped and rinsed off.

He dried Pup, then carried him to the bed, placing him in the center. Before he shut the light off, he spied the razor and went to retrieve it. Chris followed him out of the bedroom, his head low as he stood nervously in the entry to the kitchen.

Greg approached him, standing with his legs shoulder width and his arms crossed over his chest, emphasizing his pectoral muscles.

"I'm sorry," Chris whispered.

"For what?" Greg demanded.

"I feel like I shouldn't have—hell, I hit him."

Greg placed his hand around Chris's neck, asserting his dominance. "You didn't hit him, you paddled him. For Liam, there is a huge difference. One would break him, the other will save him."

"I feel so guilty." Chris shook his head and closed his eyes.

"Don't."

Chris snapped his eyes open. "But—"

Greg pulled him into a crushing kiss, stopping his flow of words. He moved his hand from around Chris's neck to his back, tugging him close and holding him there. After a long moment, Greg ended the kiss but didn't let Chris go.

"Trust me when I say this, you coming over and taking command of Liam saved him. I usually know when it's going to be a bad day, and I keep a close eye on him. I didn't have any warning this time. I don't know what happened, but something made him feel out of control."

"I noticed the razor and the line on his hips. He did that to himself, right?"

“His family is harsh. They expected perfection from him. When he came out, it was too much for his mom and dad. They said things to him that no parent should ever say to a child.”

Greg dropped his arms from around Chris and moved to the other side of the kitchen, opening up the refrigerator and grabbing a beer. “You want one?”

“Sure.”

Greg handed him a beer and grabbed two kitchen towels from a drawer. “Sit on these, otherwise you might stick to the chair. We’ll probably be talking for a few hours.”

“I’m hungry.”

“I’ll order us pizza. It’s not a cheat day, but with Liam having issues, I don’t want him to feel he has to cook.” Greg called the pizza place and ordered salad, wings, and two pizzas.

After he hung up the phone, he settled in the seat opposite Chris and began speaking. “When I found Liam, he was near death. He was using heavily and people were using him. Liam wasn’t in any shape to make decisions. He was cutting too.”

“Damn.”

“The wounds have healed, but the scars, external and internal, remain. He’d been tossed out of his parents’ house after they belittled him. I found his stash of letters two weeks after I first met him. He’d had a rough night and invited me back to his place. I accepted because I was intrigued. He looked so lost and alone, but I didn’t dare tell him that. Liam thought I was like the other guys. Not that I’m noble or great or anything like that. I’ve broken a few hearts and been jaded, ugly, and used people before. It’s just with Liam I was different. He made me want to be better.”

“I can see that.”

Greg’s stomach twisted, just remembering the words on the pages. “His parents ripped him apart in those letters. The pages were all tattered, the paper crumpled and grimy. It looked like he read them over and over again.”

The doorbell rang, and Greg pulled on a pair of sweats from his gym bag. Chris covered his dick, hoping the delivery guy didn’t want to come inside. The food smelled heavenly, and Chris got up to help Greg after he finished with the

delivery guy. He took the two plates Greg handed him and served them up salad. Greg grabbed a small tomato and offered it to Chris. He sucked it into his mouth, enjoying the sweet-tart taste.

“Thanks.”

“I didn’t do enough at first. He got sober, then he backslid. I found him drugged out, lost in a haze at clubs, or in the bathroom bleeding. He needed more from me. Then, one night, I found him with a group of guys. They were planning on using him for fun. He was high as a kite.”

Greg took their plates to the table, and Chris followed. He moved to sit then stood back up looking around.

“Do you have any shorts I could borrow?”

“Sure.”

Greg handed him a pair of shorts from his bag, and he slid them on before sitting. “So what happened?”

“I put him on lockdown. He didn’t go to the bathroom without getting my permission. If he ate anything other than what I told him to eat, he was punished.”

“That’s harsh.” He had heard of relationships like that but had never seen one. It amazed him that Liam stuck around.

“Yes, I thought so too at first, then Liam received a letter from his parents. I read it over his shoulder. I saw his world fall apart as he took in each word, thinking that what they said was true. Before he finished reading the second paragraph I ripped it out of his hands. He complained and raced from the room. I found him in the bathroom ready to cut. I ripped the razor blade out of his hands and cut myself in the process. I was angry and hurt. He’d scared the crap out of me, and I sat on the toilet lid and pulled him over my knee, giving him a spanking that left my hand throbbing.”

“Wow.” Chris took a bite of his pizza, chewing thoughtfully as Greg took a drink. He hated feeling out of control. He could imagine how Liam felt. Not that he was as bad as Liam, but sometimes, especially recently, he wanted an external control to help him get through things.

“After that spanking, Liam crawled off my lap and dropped to his knees in front of me. I thought our relationship was over. I’d just spanked another man, and I was sure he would be pissed. But he wasn’t. Liam thanked me. He held

my injured hand and cleaned it, apologizing for wanting to cut himself. We were cautious around each other for the next few days. Life returned to a semi-normal state, with me directing each day.”

He'd finished his first piece of pizza and started in on the second. His opinion of Greg was changing. He'd been annoyed by the man at times, thinking him too harsh with Liam, now he wasn't sure. ‘That's good. I'm glad it got better.’”

“It wasn't over by a long shot. Another letter came, and he cut. I wasn't at home to see the damage as it occurred. I found him in the bathtub, and I thought he had slit his wrists. He hadn't, but it scared the shit out of me. I laid down the law. He received daily spankings from me for a week. I withheld sex and allowed him no pleasure. I wanted him to know what would happen if he disobeyed. I felt like crap while I was doing this to him. But he got better. He thrived. It was a Liam I'd never seen before.”

“Was he like what he is now, I mean when he's happy?” Chris had finished his food and wiped his mouth on the napkin.

“No, he was happier, but nothing like now. Anyway, I got lax again, thinking that life would continue on the way it was. But his mom showed up and ruined everything. I came home one day, and there she was sitting on my couch, berating Liam even after I got home. I told her to leave. She called the cops. It was messy for a few weeks. Liam was afraid to disagree with his mother, and for some reason, even though she went back home, he was a mess. Finally, when his mom accused me of abusing her son and cutting him, he spoke up, telling the cops that I'd done nothing. He broke down after that, and I had to rebuild him. Liam is fragile.”

“So what do you think happened today?” Chris wanted to know more. He didn't like thinking of Liam hurting.

“I wish I knew.”

They finished their food in silence, Chris's body heating as he thought of Greg taking care of him like he did Liam. But he wasn't as bad. Maybe a little self-destructive, but he wasn't cutting. He helped Greg clear the dishes and put away the pizza and wings. Chris went to the trash to throw away their napkins and chicken bones when he saw the crisp white sheet of paper sticking out from under some other trash. He pulled out the paper, seeing that it was an envelope.

“Greg?”

“What?”

“I think he got a letter.”

Greg came close and stared at the envelope. “Well shit, it’s from his family.”

“Is that why he called me?”

“Yes. I’ve been allowing him to get the mail. I’m going to have to stop letting him do that. He’s out of control.”

“I know how he feels,” Chris whispered.

“Excuse me?”

Chris shook his head and held up his hand. “Not to the depths he feels it, but being out of control, I know that.”

Greg stepped close, trapping Chris against the kitchen counter. “Tell me. I can help you.”

The urge to shut his eyes was almost too strong to ignore, but he kept his gaze on Greg. It was difficult to talk about how he felt. His words hung in his throat. Revealing the truth hurt. It would be easier to walk away from Greg, ignoring the pain residing inside. But there was Liam. He couldn’t walk away from him, not after what they’d just shared.

“When Phillip, my ex, comes around, I feel so worthless. I mean, I know I’m not that special, but I don’t understand why he left the way he did. But it’s more than just that. I don’t understand it.”

Greg slid his thumb over Chris’s cheek. “You aren’t worthless.”

“He walked out while I was on a business trip. He left me without even telling me.”

“You said there was more.”

Chris nodded and leaned his head on Greg’s shoulder. He stepped closer to the man, seeking comfort as he exposed his soul.

“Before, when I was with Phillip, I felt lost. I couldn’t connect during sex.”

“You’re telling me this for a reason. What do you want me to do about it?”

“I don’t know.”

“I think you do know.” Greg took a step back.

The distance between them was too much. Chris tried to close the space, but Greg stuck his arm out, keeping them apart. He searched Greg's eyes, looking for answers to questions he didn't even know to ask.

"Please."

"You need to give me more than just please. Tell me exactly what you want."

He turned away from Greg, his heart beating wildly. "Did you make Liam do this?"

"What, say what he needed?"

Chris nodded. "You're asking too much."

Greg's hands feathered down his arms, and his body pressed against Chris's. "No, I'm not asking too much. You're not giving yourself enough credit. You're stronger than Liam ever was."

"I need something to center me."

"Why come to me?"

Chris tore away from Greg's hold and spun around. "You won't help me?" Pain lanced Chris's heart. He'd trusted Greg, and now he wasn't willing to help. It hurt.

Greg's lips went thin, and his eyes narrowed. "Sit down at the table right now."

The urge to tell Greg to fuck off almost made the words fly from his lips, but he gritted his teeth and sat, anger swirling in his belly. Greg took the seat across from him, his frown severe.

"I'm not going to let you get away with some of the stuff I'd let Liam get away with."

Chris blew out a breath and nodded. He understood that much. Liam had been hurt terribly, Chris just wanted a bit of control.

"You're right. I'm sorry."

"First, let's address your eating. You've lost too much weight, and you've not put any back on. If you agree to this relationship, I'm in charge."

Chris cringed. Giving Greg this much control felt wrong. But he wasn't able to deal with everything. Hell, he was weaker because of the amount of muscle

he'd lost. Someone on the outside may look at the restrictions Greg placed on Liam and think he was an abusive jerk. After hearing what Liam had gone through and seeing how Greg was helping him, he knew submitting to Greg would only help him in the long run.

With his mind made up, Chris stood and moved to stand beside Greg. The man turned in his chair, and Chris dropped to his knees and ducked his head, staring at the floor.

"Please, Sir, I need your help."

Greg's hand gently brushed through Chris's hair before smoothing down his cheek and under his chin. Chris obeyed the pressure under his chin and lifted his face to stare into Greg's eyes. Hope filled him, and he relaxed for the first time in months.

"I'm happy you've agreed to this. There will be rules, and I'll expect more from you than I expect from Liam. You'll also need to be willing to help Liam like you did today. He needs stability, and if you're not willing to give us at least a year, you need to walk away now."

"No, Sir, I'm not going to leave. I promise to stay with you for at least a year."

"Good. And maybe you'll want more. I want you to move in with us this weekend. Do you own, or are you renting your place?"

"I'm renting."

"When is the lease up?"

"Four months."

Greg nodded and ran his thumb over Chris's lips. "I want your lips on me again real soon, but first I need to check on Liam. Come with me."

Chris followed behind Greg, loving the way his sweats clung to his hips and hugged his ass. He wanted to run his hands over Greg's fuzz covered globes. Greg glanced over his shoulder, then stopped suddenly and spun around. He pressed Chris against the wall, his leg wedging between Chris's.

"Were you looking at my ass?"

Fear pinged around his brain, and he nodded. Was Greg really angry at the way he was ogling him?

"Words, use your words. I want to hear your voice. It gives me pleasure to listen to you speak."

“Yes, Sir.”

“Yes, Sir, what?”

“Yes, Sir, I was looking at your ass.”

Greg ground his hips against Chris's. “After I make sure Liam is okay, I'm going to let you get real friendly with my ass.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

The growl from Greg's throat made the hair on Chris's arms stand up. He reached out and placed his hand on Greg's hip. They stared at each other for a long moment before Greg placed a kiss on his forehead then stepped away and opened the bedroom door. Chris glanced in around Greg, seeing Liam still sleeping peacefully in the center of the bed.

Greg's heart filled with pride as he stared at Liam. His man had handled the situation. He'd have to discipline Liam and change a few rules, making it harder for him to fall into depression and hurt himself. After he was sure Liam was really asleep, he stepped out of the bedroom, closing the door quietly.

His dick was half-hard at the thought of Chris doing things for him. He grabbed Chris by the back of the neck and directed him over to the couch. The man was very pliable for someone who'd never been in this type of relationship before. He wondered if Chris was a natural sub hiding in a vanilla relationship.

“I want you to prove how much you want me. Show me how dedicated you are to me and Liam.”

“Yes, Sir.” Chris dropped to his knees and tugged at the waistband of Greg's sweats, pulling them down his thighs and over his knees. Greg stepped out of the pants, and Chris folded them carefully, placing them on the couch. Tentatively, Chris ran his hands over Greg's legs, moaning as he leaned in close, placing tiny kisses on Greg's thighs.

Chris was so hesitant at first that Greg wondered if he really wanted to be with him. Then Chris looked up, his eyes full of desire. Chris didn't look away as he ran his hands up Greg's legs to his butt cheeks. The shudder was evident, and Greg grabbed hold of Chris's hair, holding his head still.

“Why did you shake like that?”

Wide-eyed with red lips and pink cheeks, Chris stared up at him and bit his lower lip. “I've wanted to touch and play with your butt since I saw how hairy

you were. Just being allowed to run my hands over you like this is enough pleasure to last a long time.”

Greg dropped to the floor and kissed Chris long and hard, pushing him back to the carpet so they lay side by side. When he ended the kiss, he slowly traced the curve of Chris's cheek.

“You've pleased me today. The way you took care of Liam and how you admitted that you wanted to submit, it's beautiful. I'll allow you to do what you want with my ass today. Except I'm fucking you when you're finished, you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good, now show me what you've got.”

Chris turned him onto his stomach and began kissing just above his knee. Chris's tongue traced slow patterns over his flesh. The way Chris was kissing him, worshiping him, was going to push Greg over the edge if he wasn't careful. It had been a long time since anyone had tested his mettle this way. Liam was compliant in bed and never took a dominant role. It would be interesting blending Chris into their family.

The slide of Chris's tongue over his crack made his dick jerk. He closed his eyes as he fought for control. Then Chris reached around and grasped onto his cock, and the pleasure was too much. He bucked and then turned over, pushing Chris off him. He squeezed the base of his dick, forcing his desire to go down.

“Fuck, that felt too good.”

Chris smiled and crawled close, his gaze predatory. Greg liked the game. He held up a hand and stalled Chris's progress.

“Stop.”

The look of shock on Chris's face was priceless. He didn't have time right now to delve deeper into Chris's psyche and see how far he could push him since he needed to be available for Liam if he woke. Greg wanted to tie Chris down and test him, pushing him to full obedience.

“Lean over the couch cushions and don't touch yourself,” Greg growled as he pushed Chris's shorts to the floor.

“Yes, Sir.”

Chris spread his legs wide, his ass offered up for Greg's taking. For a long moment, Greg didn't move, just stared at the beautiful man before him. Greg

had calmed enough that he could take a moment to run his hand over Chris's flesh, savoring the silky skin. He cupped Chris's ass and squeezed. Chris pushed back against his hand, arching into his touch. Any other day and he would have spanked Chris for moving.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You should still be loose from earlier." Greg ran his thumb over Chris's pucker, then pushed in. "Oh fuck, you're so tight."

A drop of precum leaked from his dick. He grabbed a condom and rolled it on quickly before lining up. After squeezing some lube onto the tip of his cock, he pressed against Chris's ring of muscle. He waited a few seconds before sliding in, sinking into the delicious heat. He wanted more of Chris pressed against him, so he wrapped his arms around Chris's chest and pulled him up so Chris's back was plastered against his chest.

"Mmm, feels so good." Greg pumped his hips, holding Chris close as he rocked into him. "I want to fuck you so many different ways. Next time, I want to see how far you trust me."

"Yes," Chris hissed.

"I want to blindfold you while we do this. Will you let me do that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good boy." Greg stroked Chris's dick, twisting his arm to heighten Chris's pleasure. "Don't come until I tell you to."

Chris's ass clenched, and he sucked in a breath. Greg knew he wasn't going to last long. The dirty talk, along with his directive that Chris couldn't come, would push him over the edge soon.

Greg slowed and toyed with Chris's nipples. Chris moaned and clenched his ass. Greg reached down and ran his thumb over the tip of Chris's dick, smearing the precum. Chris gulped in a breath, his whole body vibrating.

"Really, don't come," Greg commanded.

"Please, Sir," Chris begged.

"No, you hold that in until I tell you it's okay."

Sweat slicked their bodies, and he held on tighter, not wanting even an inch to separate them.

“So sexy. I bet I could get you to come over and over again when I tie you up. Would you like that?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy.”

Chris's ass flexed again, and he started bucking in Greg's arms. The man was ready to explode. Greg chuckled before biting down on Chris's earlobe. This was about as far as he could press Chris.

“Now, baby, come now.” Greg whispered.

Chris bent forward, taking Greg with him as he leaned over. His ass clenched down on Greg's dick, increasing the pleasure. Chris shuddered as Greg stroked him. He felt the first pulse of Chris's orgasm before the cum shot out into his hand. The pulsing of Chris's body was enough to pull Greg over the edge. He bit down on Chris's shoulder as his orgasm hit. He pushed into Chris, holding on tight as he came. They stayed locked together for a long moment, his deep breathing calmed Greg as he held on tight. When he finally moved, Chris twisted around and frantically searched for Greg's lips. They kissed until Greg realized Chris was crying.

Greg pulled out and tossed the condom onto a stack of newspapers. He pushed Chris onto the couch and lay down with him, holding him close as he cried. After a few minutes, his tears dried, and he snuggled closer.

“Do you feel better?”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

Greg stood, and Chris did too. They made their way into the bedroom, holding hands as they walked. Liam rolled over and moaned. Greg's heart squeezed. He knew having Chris live with them would be good for Liam. It might take a few days to convince him everything would be okay, but Chris being in their house would make their home even more stable than it was.

“Hey,” Liam mumbled.

“Go start your shower, I'll be in there in just a minute.” Greg swatted Chris on the ass, loving how he jumped away from the sting.

Liam pulled the covers up over his chin and rubbed his face on the pillow. Greg didn't know how he'd gotten so lucky as to find this man. He was magnificent. Being able to see Liam go from being totally broken to a responsible man pleased him. That he had a part in that was amazing.

“Babe, I just need to shower then I’ll be back.”

“I’m sorry.” Liam pushed the covers away and sat up but was unable to meet Greg’s gaze. “I failed you.”

“No, love, you didn’t.”

“But I was going to cut myself.”

Greg sat on the bed and pulled Liam into his arms, holding him close. “You will be punished for bringing a razor blade into the house. And you’re going to have to tell me how you did it so we don’t have to deal with this again, but I’m proud of you. You called Chris and asked for help.”

“You don’t mind, do you?”

“No, I like Chris. He’s going to move in with us.”

“What?” Liam sat up, his eyes wide.

“I asked him earlier, and he said yes.”

Liam jumped out of bed, racing toward the bathroom. Greg was used to his impetuous nature, but this was more than he expected. He followed quickly, finding Liam with his arms wrapped around Chris. Liam looked at him and smiled.

“Thank you. Thank you so much.”

Liam dropped his hold on Chris and came to Greg, dropping to his knees and bowing his head. He reached out and touched Greg’s leg, his fingers a soft brush on his flesh. Chris came to kneel beside Liam. Having these two men in his care made his heart swell with love. He wasn’t in love with Chris yet, but he felt an immense debt to the man. Chris had saved Liam, or at least saved him some pain. Liam may not be suicidal any longer, but there was always that possibility. With Chris in his house, they could both help Liam to get beyond the problems his parents had created.

Greg sighed as Liam and Chris exchanged a look, then began kissing his thighs. He’d have to keep a tight rein on this pair, because judging by the way they were licking him and caressing him, they would wear him out.

“Liam, Chris.”

They both looked up, their faces serious. “Yes, Sir.” Their combined voices were strong, sure and full of promise.

“Suck me until I’m satisfied.”

He leaned against the door, staying upright as Liam and Chris sucked, petted, and loved on him, taking him to paradise along the way. The rest of the evening was spent on pleasure. He made sure both Liam and Chris ate enough food, then snuggled under the covers with the pair, sandwiched between Liam's sweet caresses and Chris's warm hugs. When he woke in the morning, he had a moment of panic. What had he done? Could he actually take care of two men? Liam wasn't easy and took a lot of his energy.

Chris rolled over and kissed his pec before standing up and heading to the bathroom. His smooth bottom looked so inviting to Greg. No matter how difficult it seemed, he couldn't give up this man, not yet.

Greg untangled from Liam and went to the bathroom behind Chris. He picked up the mouthwash and rinsed while Chris finished pissing. Chris used the mouthwash too, spitting in the sink while Greg pissed. They didn't know each other well, and he could tell Chris was a little uncomfortable. He needed to set this man straight now or their future would be limited.

"What time do you have to be at work?" Greg asked.

"Eight thirty."

Greg stepped in front of Chris and wrapped his arms loosely around his waist. "You have time. I want you to shower, and you can wear my sweats and shirt home to get dressed, but before you leave, I need to discuss a few rules with you."

Chris nodded, then leaned in and kissed his chin. "Thank you, Sir."

Chris moved to step away, but Greg stopped him. "You're adapting well to this arrangement. I figured you for a smart guy, but not this quick on picking up how to behave."

"I don't want to displease you."

"You've done well. Tell me, how do you feel about Liam?"

Chris's face turned pink, and he closed his eyes for a moment. Greg worried what Chris would say for a moment. Then, Chris opened his eyes, his gaze intense.

"I'm falling for him, hard. I want to pamper him, pleasure him, and hold him close."

Though Chris's words made him happy, melancholy hit him. Part of him wanted to be the one Chris loved, but that was silly. Liam was amazing, and he

deserved the love Chris would show him. Greg kissed Chris's forehead and stepped away, but Chris's hand on his arm stopped him. He turned back slowly.

“Yes?”

“Would you—” Chris bit his lower lip before smiling, his eyes filling with water.

Greg cupped his chin and ran his thumb over Chris's lips. “Tell me.”

Chris nodded, swallowing before speaking. “Do you think you'd ever feel anything for me?”

The question threw him. He stared into Chris's eyes, mesmerized by the pleading look. “Chris, how could I not care for you? You're amazing, and you submitted to me so beautifully.” A small smile turned up one side of Chris's mouth, and he tried to look away, but Greg held his chin steady. “Don't hide from me.”

“Thank you.” Chris moved fast, burying his face against Greg's chest, his arms wrapped tight around Greg.

He'd underestimated the pain Chris must have suffered. It would take weeks to get to the bottom of the situation. For now, he'd continue to take care of Chris as they both took care of Liam.

Chris showered and dressed in a pair of Liam's loose-fitting slacks. Before he left, Greg made Chris eat an egg and some bacon. Greg told Chris he'd arrange the moving company. They parted with a sweet kiss that left Greg more than happy. He was working from home because Liam was too fragile. When Liam came out of the bedroom at nine, the look on his face scared Greg.

“Come here.” Greg mulled over how he'd act, but he needed to stay firm. Liam moved to stand in front of him before dropping to his knees and bowing his head. Greg gently brushed his hand over Liam's head. “My love, tell me what you are thinking.”

“I messed up. I was going to cut myself.”

“Why?” He knew but he wanted to hear it from Liam.

“They sent a letter. I read it. I knew I should have let you take care of it, but I opened the envelope and saw their words. It all came crashing back on me. How worthless I am...”

Greg grabbed a fistful of Liam's hair and forced him to look up. He didn't feel close enough, so he dropped to his knees and held Liam's face still, forcing

Liam to look at him. Never again would he allow Liam to wallow in the waves of self-hate.

“You are special. I won’t allow you to think you’re worthless. Do you know what Chris told me today?”

Liam shook his head. “No, Sir.” He was on the verge of tears, but Greg didn’t loosen his hold.

“He said that he was falling for you. Do you think Chris would fall for someone who wasn’t special?”

“No, Sir.”

“Tell me when you bought the razor blades and where.”

Liam glanced away, but Greg squeezed, tightening the hold on his hair. He knew he wasn’t hurting Liam; he’d done enough experimenting when he was younger. In the past, he hadn’t been so careful, but with Liam, he was very careful.

“I picked them up when I went shopping at Target. I stopped by the hardware store and bought them.”

He wanted to wrap his arms around Liam and cradle him close, but he knew going soft on the man wouldn’t work. He’d tried that before, and Liam ended up backsliding. “What should your punishment be?”

Liam’s brow furrowed, and he pinched his lips together. “I don’t know.”

“I know just the punishment. You are not allowed to touch Chris until Sunday morning.”

“No, please. Anything but that.” Liam clutched onto Greg’s hand. “Please, I need him.”

“No. You must learn that you’re not allowed to hurt yourself. I know your parents have done things to you that were terrible, but you can’t respond by cutting. Do you understand why I’m taking Chris away from you?”

Liam nodded. “I’m so sorry. I swear I’ll never purchase razor blades like that again.”

“Good. Now you can cook me breakfast and focus on cleaning the house. When you’re done, you can help me prepare the guest bedroom for Chris. Since you’re in punishment, he’ll have to sleep in there tonight and tomorrow.”

Liam hung his head, his shoulders shaking as he drew in a breath. "I shouldn't have even thought of cutting myself."

"No, my love, you shouldn't have. When will you realize that I love you more than life? You are special, and I need you healthy. If you were hurt or in a facility, who would take care of me?"

"I didn't think of that."

"Liam, you're an important part of my life. You need to respect that. Don't cut yourself again."

"Yes, Sir."

Liam pattered around the house, cooking breakfast and lunch for Greg as he worked. At five, Liam started making a delicious smelling chicken dish. Chris called and said he would be there close to seven. He was at home, packing a bag. Greg stepped outside and told Chris about the punishment.

"Should I even come over?"

"Yes. I want to see you, and it will help Liam to realize that he needs to be responsible."

"It's going to be difficult not to touch him."

"Aren't I enough?"

"Yes, Sir, but I will miss kissing Liam."

Greg smiled, happy with how quickly Chris answered. It was interesting bringing Chris into their lives. He hung up the phone and turned, seeing Liam at the window. Liam was unhappy with Greg's decision to limit his physical contact with Chris, but it would teach him that he had to stay healthy.

Chapter 3

Chris showed up at Greg and Liam's place a little before seven. Greg pulled him into a mind-blowing kiss, stealing his breath and making him hard as stone. When the kiss ended, he had to fight to stay standing. Then Greg stepped away, and he saw Liam looking like a lost little puppy.

"Hi, Liam."

Liam sucked in a breath, tears streaking down his cheeks. Chris's heart broke, and he moved to be closer to Liam, but Greg stopped him. Anger and pain flashed in Chris, and Liam dropped to his knees, tears flowing freely.

"No, he needs to learn."

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to make you angry. I swear, I won't ever try to hurt myself again. This is so much more painful than anything else ever has been."

"I'm glad it's painful. I hope next time you remember that you can't hurt yourself. Liam, please help Chris take his bags to his room, but you're not allowed to touch him."

Chris had a difficult time keeping his hands off Liam. He understood why Greg was being so harsh. Liam needed to understand his boundaries and learn to be healthy even when there was no one around to help. They stowed his suitcase at the end of the guest bed. Liam stood off to the side, his eyes on the ground.

"Liam," Chris whispered.

His head snapped up, his gaze meeting Chris's. "Yes?"

"You're doing good. I'm proud of you."

"Thank you."

He wanted to touch Liam, but he would follow Greg's request and stay away from him. They both walked back into the den, the tension between them so thick Chris wondered if it were visible.

Greg stood with his arms crossed over his chest, his legs about shoulder width apart. "Chris, what did you eat tonight?"

"I haven't had time to eat." Guilt filled him.

“Liam, fix him a plate.”

“Yes, Sir.” Liam moved to the kitchen, and Chris followed.

He sat at the table, waiting for Liam to bring him his meal. When Liam set the plate down in front of him, they both stared at each other. The desire to touch was strong, but Greg cleared his throat. Liam straightened and moved to clean up the countertop. Greg came to sit beside Chris, resting his hand on Chris's knee.

Chris ate slowly, savoring every bite. When Liam was done with clean up, he moved to stand beside Greg. Chris wondered if Greg was ignoring Liam on purpose. He felt bad for the man, but the seriousness of his behavior kept Chris from saying anything.

When he was done eating, Greg glanced at Liam. “You may clean up Chris's plate now.”

Liam's eyes went bright, and he moved in close enough to pick up Chris's things but not close enough to touch him. Greg slid his hand up Chris's thigh to his crotch.

“Take off your clothes, Chris.”

Being with Greg was different. Before, in every relationship, he and his partner bumbled around. Often, they would miscommunicate and not express their desires. He liked how Greg told him what he wanted.

Chris stripped off his shirt, then stood, unbuttoning his jeans. He slid the zipper low, watching Greg the entire time. Liam came close and knelt while watching him. But Chris wasn't stripping for Liam; he was taking it all off for Greg. Finally, after he kicked his shoes and socks free, he pushed his pants low, revealing his body to Greg. He liked the appreciative stare and the way Greg spread his legs and massaged his cock.

“Go stand in front of Liam, but don't let him touch you.”

Chris moved to Liam, his heart aching at the pain in the young man's eyes. Desire filled him and his dick grew, lengthening as he thought of Liam touching him. Greg came to stand beside him and ran his fingers over Chris's chest, pinching both nipples as he explored. Precum dripped and Liam groaned.

“Liam, learn this lesson well.” Greg turned Chris and pushed him up against the table, bending him over and sliding his fingers over his crease. Chris moaned and arched into Greg's touch. The sound of a condom package ripping

was music to his ears. The drizzle of lube was cooling, but it didn't deter his need. Greg pushed against his opening, sliding in slowly. The first flash of pain ripped through Chris, and he shuddered. Greg stilled while he adjusted. Then Greg slid in deeper, moving slowly, his fingers digging into Chris's hips.

Liam moved to the end of the table, watching intently. Chris reached out to him, but Liam didn't touch Chris. He hoped Liam knew he was wanted. Greg started moving, his pace slow and steady, driving Chris crazy with the deliberate strokes. Each thrust pushed Chris closer to completion. The delicious feel of pain-pleasure had Chris wishing it would never stop.

Greg changed his rhythm, pounding him hard. Chris held onto the table, letting Greg have his everything.

“Sir, I'm so close.”

“Then come, my sweet boy.”

Chris closed his eyes as his balls pulled tight. The pressure of Greg in his ass and thoughts of Liam staring at him left him shaking. His muscles clenched, and he tried to pull away from Greg, but the hold on him was too much. Chris held his breath as he gritted his teeth, falling over the edge, allowing his orgasm to hit. He shook from the aftershocks, unaware of everything around him, and was surprised when Greg emptied his load deep in the condom. Chris looked up, staring into Liam's beautiful face. He'd not left the kitchen, but he looked so sad as he watched.

Greg pulled out, caressing Chris's butt cheeks before tossing the condom in the trash. He gave Chris a towel to clean up his mess. Greg moved closer to Liam. Chris and Liam still stared at each other, then Liam dropped to his knees and turned his attention on Greg.

Chris watched as Greg gently caressed Liam's face and cupped his cheek. “It's your bed time. Go get ready for bed, and I'll come in to take care of you before you go to sleep.”

“Yes, Sir,” Liam said. He left the room without looking back at Chris.

Chris moved to stand beside Greg and placed his hand on Greg's arm. “Do you think he's okay?”

“I think so. He's learned a valuable lesson. I can tell by the way he's looking at you that he wants to touch you. As long as he behaves tonight, I'll allow him to kiss you tomorrow.”

Chris hugged Greg, nuzzling his face in Greg's neck. “Thank you, Sir.”

“He’s a good man. I love him so much.” Greg’s voice shook as he spoke.

Chris leaned back so he could look into Greg’s eyes. “You’re really okay with me being here? I don’t want to intrude.”

Greg pulled him close and kissed the top of his head. “Yes, I want you here. This will take some getting used to, but I think it will be worth it. Now, for you, my sweet man, I want you to relax and take it easy this evening. I’ll be with Liam for an hour, maybe more. If you’re still awake when I’m done, we can watch a movie or something.”

“Sounds good.” Greg kissed him hard before swatting him on the rear and heading into his bedroom.

Chris could hear their conversation—well, Greg’s part of the conversation because all Liam did was whisper. He wanted to hold Liam and kiss him tenderly, but he would do what Greg asked, because he could see that the man only wanted what was best for Liam.

After unpacking his suitcase, Chris pulled on a shirt and shorts. He was about to plop down on his bed when he heard a knock.

“Come in.”

Greg pushed the door open and stepped into his room. He wore shorts and a thin T-shirt. “He was tired.”

“Is he okay? I mean, his head in the right place and all?”

“Yes. I’m glad you’re concerned. Do you want to watch a movie?”

Chris nodded, then saw Greg’s eyes narrow. He smiled and moved to stand in front of Greg. He held his gaze and dropped to his knees. “Yes, Sir. If that’s what would please you, then yes, I want to spend some time with you watching a movie.”

Greg tugged him up and draped an arm over his shoulder. “I like you, Chris.”

They snuggled together on the couch, Chris getting Greg a beer when he wanted one. It was easy to take care of Greg. He was nice and appreciated everything Chris did. When he’d been with Phillip, he’d been nice, doing things for his ex, but the appreciation hadn’t ever come close to how Greg was.

After the movie finished, Greg pushed him to the couch cushions and hung above him, staring deep into his eyes. “Tell me, Chris, why did you choose to come live with me and Liam?”

Chris reached up and smoothed his hands over Greg's chest. "I like how you treat me."

"Many would think you're crazy for allowing me to determine what you eat, or wear, or where you sleep."

"But you're nice, never cruel. I've watched you take care of Liam. You're right; he'd be lost, maybe even dead, if you didn't take care of him."

"So tomorrow morning, when he wakes up and I tell him he can kiss you, don't take it past the kissing stage. He's going to want you, I can tell by the way he was looking at you, but please, don't let him get out of hand."

"No, Sir. I'll make sure we're both good."

Greg kissed him, holding him close for a long time. After they made out, their lips red and swollen, Greg stood and took Chris to his bedroom.

"You may not masturbate tonight. I want you ready for me in the morning."

"Yes, Sir." Chris leaned in and kissed Greg's chest, holding him close for a few minutes.

"Good night, my sweet."

Greg left his room, and he groaned. No masturbation. How the hell would he survive? The thought of Liam and Greg cuddled close all night long left him aching. He moved to the bathroom, pulled off his clothes, and stepped into the shower, dousing himself with cold water. It kind of helped, but not really.

The next morning, he was on the verge of waking, his body warm from sleep, his mind telling him he needed to get out of bed, when he heard the shriek. It pulled him to near consciousness when the bedroom door burst open. Then Liam was on him, kissing his face, humping him, and touching him everywhere. Already sensitive from sexy thoughts of the three of them together, Chris felt his balls pull up tight. The next time Liam ground against him, he came, clutching tightly to Liam.

Their kiss broke, and Liam stared down at him, his eyes wide. "Wow, from us just rolling around?"

Chris flipped him over and pinned him to the bed. "Don't ever try to hurt yourself again. I need you too much to be kept from you."

Liam nodded. "Yes, love, for you I'll be better."

"I guess we'll be washing sheets," Greg said as he moved closer to the bed. "We have a lot to do today. Chris, we'll help you pack. Liam, just make sure to

bring a box of condoms and lube so when we take breaks we can have some fun.”

Liam pushed Chris off and knelt on the bed, his hands smoothing down Greg's chest. “Yes, Sir. Is there anything else you need from us this morning?”

“You two in my shower,” Greg growled.

Chris pushed the sheets down, then stripped them off the bed when he stood. Greg came up behind him and held him close.

“I guess you didn't masturbate last night.” Greg kissed the side of his neck and stroked his chest.

“No, Sir.” Chris leaned against Greg, allowing the man to pet and stroke him. It felt good to be adored like this. Liam began kissing his chest, moving down to his belly and lower. Greg stepped away and pulled Liam to standing.

“Not yet, later, when I say you can.” Greg's voice was firm.

Liam nodded and cut his gaze over to Chris. “Yes, Sir.”

They were halfway finished with the task when Liam brought out a photo album. “Who's the guy in the photos with you?”

Chris looked over his shoulder, and his heart sank. It was an album Phillip and he had put together, jokingly saying that one day they'd show their kids how happy they were.

“Why the long face, love?” Greg asked.

“I really was so unhappy.” Chris took the album and closed it, placing it on the countertop where he'd put other things he planned on trashing.

Greg shook his head and picked up the album. “We're keeping this.”

“But—”

“No, you need to confront it. How do you expect to get over him if you don't face it?” Greg placed the album in a box and closed the lid. “Later, once the initial sting is gone, we'll go through it together.”

“Why are you so hard on me?” Chris asked.

“Because I want you to be strong.”

“So I won't need you?” Chris shot back.

“No, so when you submit to me, you’ll do it because you love and respect me, not because you’re searching for a fix to your problems.”

Greg’s words stung. Liam moved to stand behind him, clasping his hand and weaving their fingers together. Greg was right. He needed Liam and Greg. Chris wasn’t sure if he wanted them, but he knew beyond a doubt he needed the pair.

“It’s okay, Chris. One year, just give us one year, and then you’ll know what you want.”

Liam plastered his chest to Chris’s back, holding on tight. “I need you,” Liam whispered.

Chris turned and cupped Liam’s face. “I’m not going anywhere.” They kissed long and hard until Greg moved to stand beside them and cleared his throat.

The kiss had left him dazed. Liam dropped to his knees and tugged Chris down beside him. He grinned at Liam as he worked open Greg’s pants. The amount of sex he was having since getting involved with Liam and Greg was more than he had ever had. It was addicting. Once Liam had Greg’s dick free, he didn’t hesitate and started licking the tip. Liam reached for Chris’s zipper and freed his cock, stroking him as they licked and sucked on Greg.

“That’s it,” Greg moaned as Liam pushed Chris out of the way and began deep throating Greg. Chris moved behind Greg and ran his fingers over the hairy ass. He leaned in and kissed the crease. Greg moaned and reached back, massaging his hand over Chris’s shoulder.

Greg’s butt cheeks clenched before he slammed into Liam’s mouth, pushing Chris away for a short moment. Greg pushed Liam off him and stepped away.

“Wait, I want more,” Chris whined.

Greg turned and was pinching the base of his dick, his face pained. “Liam, finish Chris off before you fuck him.”

Liam nodded and pushed Chris to the ground before using his mouth and hands to rock Chris’s world. He sighed and closed his eyes but felt something above him and opened his eyelids. Greg was straddling his face.

“Suck me,” Greg commanded.

Chris was in heaven. He loved hairy balls and toned asses. It didn’t take long for him to come, and then Liam was in him, using long deep strokes as he

fucked him. No doubt about it, the sex with these men was amazing. Now, all he needed was the emotions to go along with the connection.

Liam cried out and collapsed on top of him. Greg swung away from him and grabbed another condom. He rolled it on and pushed Liam to the side before lining up to claim him. He lifted his legs and spread wide for Greg. Their gazes connected as Greg pressed against his opening. This was what he'd been searching for. Greg took control of him so beautifully, leaving him fulfilled.

The three of them together were more like a symphony instead of just beautiful music. They worked well together. When Greg came, he sank low, his lips right at Chris's ear.

“And that, my sweet, is how it shall begin. You are mine, and I'll take care of you. Do as I ask, and you will be rewarded. Now help Liam clean up and let's go home.”

Chris placed his hand on Greg's chest, keeping him close. “Thank you, Sir, for taking me in and making me a part of your family.”

Liam lay down next to him, his head on Chris's shoulder. “I'm happy that you're with us. Thank you, Sir, for letting me have Chris.”

A few weeks ago he would have bristled at the thought of someone else having him, but for Liam, he'd do anything. He could imagine that they'd run into a few bumps along the road, but he was willing to submit to Greg, because he knew bending his knee would get him more than he would ever have to give up.

The End

Author Bio

Writing is Sara York's life. The stories fight to get out, often leaving her working on four or five books at once. She can't help but write. Along with her writing addiction, she has a coffee addiction. Some nights, the only reason she stops writing and goes to sleep is for the fresh brewed coffee in the morning. Sara enjoys writing twisted tales of passion, anger, and love with a good healthy dose of lust thrown in for fun.

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