



**THE
BIGGER
THEY
ARE**

**KIM
ALAN**

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

We met them in *Mission: X*—the adorable, bouncing bottom-boy and his big, bad Daddy. A romance that produces such a delicious couple is bound to be a scorcher. This is their story.

For years, Charlie kept a protective, but professional, watch over Wren. The sweet, surprisingly unspoiled, rich-kid just seemed to stumble unwittingly into trouble. But one day, called to retrieve a very drunk Wren from a college party, Charlie got far more than he bargained for when Wren—a suddenly very grown up Wren—revealed his surprising crush and his far too tempting body.

Wren lost his best friend, the only person he truly trusted, in one stupid, drunken moment of weakness. He was determined, though. He knew he hadn't imagined Charlie's physical response when he'd been pressed against him. It was just a matter of figuring out how to convince the older, bigger, stronger man—who tripped every single one of Wren's triggers—that he could be everything Charlie needed.

But a year later, Wren is losing faith, and he's beginning to spin out of control. Charlie is rapidly losing sight of the logical list of reasons he should stay away. Wren is exhibiting the needy kind of behavior that demands consequences. The Dominant in Charlie is becoming louder and more demanding by the day. A collision is inevitable. A hot, fiery explosion that will shatter everything on impact. But with a little help and a lot of luck, maybe—just maybe—they'll walk away more whole than they've ever been.

Note: This is a prequel to *Mission: X* and, as such, *Mission: X* does not need to be read first.

Table of Contents

Blurb2

Love’s Landscapes4

The Bigger They Are – Information6

The Bigger They Are7

Chapter 18

Chapter 220

Chapter 337

Chapter 468

Author Bio100

Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

By **Kim Alan**

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.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

The Bigger They Are, Copyright © 2014 Kim Alan

Cover Art © magann – Fotolia.com

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

By Kim Alan

Photo Description

A young, very nicely built man is sprawled on his back, legs held open by the man beneath him—the man whose large (too large) cock is bulging as they attempt to make it fit into the first man's smaller (too small) opening. Though the man on top is wincing, he's clearly determined to take it. His lover takes care though, strong enough to support the smaller man's weight and control their rate of impact.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

This is the man I love above all others. I want him to be happy; if not with me than with someone—anyone else.

He doesn't believe he's worthy of love so he engages in reckless behaviors. I want most of all for him to find peace so that he'll find that love.

I want this story to be a contemporary with a definite HEA. Other than that as long as it's sexy & hot, I'm happy. Thanks!

Sincerely,

Lisa

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: BDSM, spanking, discipline, Daddy kink, age difference, size difference, first time, multiple partners, multiple orgasms, rimming, cum play

Word Count: 34,586

THE BIGGER THEY ARE

By Kim Alan

Chapter 1

“Hello, boys,” Wren purred in the seductive yet innocent come-to-me voice that he’d perfected. Well, he assumed it was perfected. It had a one hundred percent success rate. Wren sidled into the middle of the men, knowing exactly how he appeared: dirty blond, average height with above average pretty-boy genes that all combined to make him one damned fine-looking twink.

He had no illusions of what men saw when they looked at him. Sure, he sometimes felt like a walking stereotype, but he liked to think that his doe-brown eyes and full, naturally pink lips—not to mention the devastating flash of dimples in his cheeks—kept him from complete anonymity. And, to be honest, one couldn’t argue with his results.

He hummed low in his throat, very pleased with his chosen rugged specimens of manhood. He’d selected them from the masses based on two things: their size, which was impressive, and the fact that they were fucking gorgeous and oozed strength right through their flannel shirts. Not to mention a threesome was next on his to-do list.

Both were dark-haired and scruffy, like they’d put in their full week of work and had no intentions of grooming again until Monday rolled around. Cropped hair indicated that grooming was part of their usual grind, though, making the laid-back look all the more effective, as far as Wren was concerned.

The taller of the two—an eyebrow raised and a grin licking at his lips—looked over Wren’s head to his companion before pinning Wren with ice-blue eyes. “Be careful who you call boys... boy.”

Heart racing with the thrill of imminent success, Wren dropped his eyes shyly and peeked towards the opposite man to get a feel for his reactions. A shot of apprehension threatened to stiffen his spine, but he pushed through it. It was his own fault for having targeted the most hardened-looking men in the joint, but he just couldn’t help himself. He had a type, and it was very imperative that he stick with it. To say these guys looked tough was like saying, “Hey, that fire looks kinda warm.” That the bar was far from anything resembling reputable didn’t help his nerves, but it sure as hell contributed to the excitement.

Wren offered a hesitant smile to the dark-haired, dark-eyed man who, on second glance, wasn’t shorter but was seated while the other stood. But that

didn't matter, because he was currently studying Wren with a combination of lust and suspicion, and only one of those would do.

Wren sighed with exaggerated humility. "I'm sorry, sirs. I'm afraid I've found myself completely without... discipline tonight."

Two hands from either side grabbed his ass simultaneously, and his gasp was the first thing of the night that wasn't part of the act. The hot, hard hands squeezed while the men moved in closer. A long, rangy body pressed against his side from the left, the unmistakable rod of the man's erection pressing high on Wren's hip. The air was thick with arousal, making Wren's groin tighten in expectation.

"I'm Wren," he purred, right before his eyes rolled back, and he moaned, pushing himself against the fingers digging into his crack all the way to the back of his balls.

An arrogant chuckle left the one on his right. "I'm Joe, and the man about to penetrate your ass through your jeans is Ace."

Ace dipped his head to Wren's ear. "But you will call us Sir."

"Yes, Sir," Wren complied happily, unable to resist brushing his cheek against the stubble-rough jaw nuzzling him. Ace made an approving sound at the action and took a deep inhale from Wren's neck. Goose bumps popped up at the source and spread outward, making Wren shiver and the men smile wickedly.

Joe slid to the edge of his stool and tugged them both towards him. Wren was thrilled and a little overwhelmed to find himself trapped between two hard bodies sporting steely shafts. His breathing became something more like panting, much to the delight of his companions.

"What exactly are you looking for tonight, boy?" Ace definitely had the harder edge, his voice gruff and sexy as sin.

Their other hands joined the fray, making Wren jump when his nipple was tweaked, then moan when it was held tight. He thought it was Joe's hand making its way across his twitching abs to the low-slung waistband of his jeans. When he was boldly squeezed through his jeans, all ability to reason flew south.

Ace chuckled hotly against Wren's neck and brushed Joe's hand away, releasing Wren's nipple in order to do so. "Stop, baby. The kid can't talk if we keep touching him."

Joe's wicked laugh barely registered as Wren gulped a mouthful of air in relief, immediately followed by disappointment. He probably could have come from the stimulation of four tough-as-nails man-hands on his body. A different work-roughened set of hands big enough to swallow Wren's entire ass came to mind, but Wren forced his attention instead to the men who were actually real and willing right in front of him. Or beside him. Surrounding him. Engulfing him. Whatever.

He smiled a bright smile, knowing it revealed exactly how turned on he was. "What was the question, Sir?"

Joe trailed his finger along Wren's jeans as if waiting for the "go" signal from his partner. His voice, while softer, had an equally seductive effect. "We need to know what you want, boy."

Wren licked his lips. This is where it got tricky. "Discipline. No drawing blood, no bodily fluids, no... penetration."

Ace frowned. "No penetration of your ass, or anywhere?"

Wren smiled his most alluring smile, knowing it was working when both sets of eyes focused on his lightly glossed lips. "Oh, I can hardly wait to suck you both off. But no cocks in my ass." The last time he'd thought he could handle anal from a stranger had not been pleasant.

Joe appeared somewhat disappointed, and his hand squeezed almost painfully where it still held his half of Wren's ass, but he looked up at Ace and smiled wickedly. "We can take turns whipping him and fucking his mouth," he suggested with the same tone Wren might have used to suggest ordering two entrees and sharing them.

"That could work." Ace bent and bit at Wren's neck with a hum. He must have really liked that spot with all the attention he was giving it. He leaned back and stared hard at Wren's parted lips, his eyes heating when Joe grabbed Wren's chin and roughly dragged a calloused thumb over his slick bottom lip. Wren darting his tongue out to taste the digit was apparently the deciding factor. "That could definitely work."

Wren's shiver brought out a feral gleam in Joe's eyes, and the man returned to his fondling while angling in close to get friction on his own cock. Wren breathed in the scent of them, different, but melding into a delicious combination of leather, whiskey, spice and... man. Yum.

“Hey.” The bartender, who looked as hard-assed as one would expect in a clichéd biker bar, glared at Wren’s companions. He disregarded Wren entirely. “Take it to the back or outside. You’re making the natives restless.”

Wren peeked around Joe’s shoulder to see that they were drawing the greedy attention of almost every man in the bar. His skin might have crawled at another time from the looks of some of the patrons, but he was safely surrounded by his own scary-enough guys. From the way they moved in even closer, Wren had a feeling that even though they shared a third between them, they didn’t share well with anyone else.

With very deliberate grinds of their cocks against Wren, Joe and Ace stood back from the bar and led him to the red door at the back. That they were watched with all those lustful eyes made Wren even hotter. He was wrapped in arms from both sides. Joe and Ace stayed close and possessive. Wren’s head spun, and his entire body throbbed in anticipation.

“He’s *where*?”

“You heard me,” the sly, annoyingly sexy—though thankfully familiar—voice taunted him. “I’d come quick if I were you. He’s proving way too much of a temptation.”

Charlie tapped the screen to end the call and squeezed the phone in his fist rather than throwing it at the wall. Again. He was already on his way to the garage. He cursed when he entered it, seeing every one of the six bays occupied with Wren’s various toys, meaning he’d either been picked up or he’d called a taxi. Regardless of the method, the little brat had managed to sneak out again.

Selecting the innocuous SUV with the extra dark window tint, Charlie kept a tight grip on his anger. It wasn’t like they could lock the boy... man... down. He was twenty-one. Barely. But he was supposed to be keeping a low profile after the tabloids had caught him exiting that high-profile (thank you, *Fifty Shades*) BDSM club the month before. Charlie snorted as he thought about Devin—Wren’s brother and Charlie’s employer—hoping that the threat of exposure would rein Wren in.

There was no need to set his GPS. Charlie knew exactly where he was going. And the closer he got, the more livid he became. Wren had ditched the nice, clean, safe clubs and was now working his way through some of the seedier gay bars. They were just far enough off the beaten path to be dangerous, but close enough to be in the book, so to speak.

Of course, it was the dangerous part of that description that Charlie focused on. That, and his knowledge of this particular club's back room. It had taken a couple weeks at "regular" gay bars, but Wren had eventually found his way back to another BDSM club. Well, pub with a play room in the back, Charlie corrected bitterly.

And with Wren's ability to sniff out trouble like a trained bloodhound, Charlie had no doubt a simple retrieval of the boss's baby brother was far from likely.

"Fuck, boy. What have you gotten yourself into this time?"

Charlie combed his fingers over his closely shorn hair and fought back the frustration. He'd done everything he could think of to stay detached, but he'd been too close to the kid for too long to attempt claiming that he didn't care. He'd taken his promise to watch over Wren seriously. He still did, even if he wasn't directly involved anymore. Wren's escalating behavior felt like a smack down to Charlie in more ways than one.

They had all had quite the eye-opener a few months ago—Wren's twenty-first birthday to be specific—when they awoke to see Wren splashed all over the tabloids, half-dressed and draped over the arm of a leather daddy twice his age. And size. Making no apologies for his actions, Wren had laughed off his concerned brother's warnings and thrown his chin up in clear defiance to Charlie once Devin had stormed out of the room.

It wasn't a surprise that Devin had no control over the boy. Orphaned at twenty-two, Devin had inherited the family business—a billion dollar corporation with holdings all over the country. The tragic events had immediately thrown the two boys into the spotlight while simultaneously bringing Charlie into the fold. Devin had needed someone he could trust, and Charlie, his closest friend, was happy to help. Wren, a mere fifteen at the time, had not only lost his parents, but had found himself the ward of an older brother who spent sixteen hours a day struggling to keep the family business flourishing.

Not surprisingly, given the media attention, Wren caught the eye of a television producer. It was a bit more of a shock when they discovered he actually had a talent for acting. By sixteen, he was recognizable in his own right, and Charlie's job as driver had morphed into Wren's personal bodyguard who happened to drive him places.

Charlie sighed, remembering the first time he'd picked Wren up from the studio. He'd bounced out the door with the innocent energy of youth. Charlie

had assumed the fame would spoil Wren, but it never did. He'd maintained his friendly, outgoing nature in spite of it all. His puppy-dog, brown eyes and soft curls, combined with his slight build, had accentuated a waifish innocence that had kept Wren in business playing a much younger teenager until he'd hit twenty.

Then the show had aired its last episode, and Wren had decided he'd had enough. Charlie had been shocked, thinking Wren had really loved it, but when he'd asked Wren about it, he'd gotten a look from the boy that had instantly revealed an inner turmoil and a flash of sadness that had floored Charlie. Worse, it had been through the eyes of a grown man, and the child-adult barrier that Charlie had clung to suddenly disintegrated into dust, and he was seeing Wren, the real, adult Wren, for the first time.

That night was also the first time Wren called him, drunk and needing a ride. When Charlie had arrived, ready to deliver the boy handily over to his brother, Wren had shocked him by sliding right into Charlie's personal space. A newfound sensuality oozed from the lithe body that Wren pressed into Charlie. The beguiling doe-eyes and pouting lips might have been too much to resist, if not for the overpowering smell of booze pouring off the boy.

The drive home had been an exercise in torture. Wren had thrown himself into the front seat, and short of removing him bodily—and Charlie wasn't about to go there—Charlie hadn't had much choice but to drive them home, dodging Wren's groping hands and increasingly sexual proposals. When he'd finally dragged the boy upstairs to his room, Wren had thankfully been near passing out. But just as Charlie laid him on his bed, Wren had grabbed his hand and apologized.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," he'd slurred, "I know you could never want someone like me."

He'd tried to deny the longing he'd heard in Wren's voice, blaming it on Wren's sorrow over his show ending. Or the drinking. Anything he could until he'd finally realized that the reason didn't matter; he'd missed the boy's suffering right under his nose.

Charlie groaned like he always did while thinking about it. He felt like he'd never failed so spectacularly. Shortly after that fateful night, Charlie had been promoted to manage all of the staff and security at the estate. While he still lived on the property, he was no longer a driver unless he was pinch hitting. He'd missed the ever-exuberant, exhausting boy immediately, but he'd told

himself—kept telling himself—it was safer all the way around for them to have some separation.

He hadn't been able to resist the phone, though. He'd given it to Wren on his last day as his driver. A private phone—small enough to slip into skinny jeans, or Wren would have never carried it—that had a GPS tracker and direct line to Charlie's personal phone. He couldn't stand the idea of Wren calling anyone but Charlie when he needed help.

Charlie arrived at the bar before he could really get a good steam going on the self-flagellation. He searched the small lot for a place to park but ended up screeching to a halt in the middle of it, stopped dead in his tracks by the scene before him.

Wren was hanging drunkenly between two men, both frighteningly larger than him. But they were holding him protectively, Charlie noted with the barest relief. They were faced off against a marginally smaller man who looked ten times more terrifying thanks to the lust-filled, slightly manic gleam in his eyes. What made Charlie's blood run cold, though, was the cluster of men behind the scary one, obviously his backup, judging by the varying degrees of leering on their faces.

Launching himself from the vehicle the second it stopped, Charlie surveyed the scene, taking in every man and their potential threat before he could let himself focus on Wren. The boy looked out of it—no doubt drunk again—but otherwise unharmed. Straightening and snarling, Charlie stepped in front of Wren and addressed the ugly man and his misfit posse.

“What's going on here?” he demanded, his voice low and deceptively calm. Everyone around him suddenly shrank in contrast to the sheer mass that Charlie brought to the game. Somehow he always forgot about that—what Wren had teasingly called “The Charlie Effect”—until he experienced it in tense situations.

“Who the fuck are you?” Ugly talked first, sneering and eyeing Charlie's considerable bulk as if he was nothing more than a scrawny punk kid.

Charlie's eyebrow rose at the challenge. “I'm here for the kid.”

Another sneer. “I don't think so.” Ugly had the balls to eye Wren up and down with a sleazy cockiness that made Charlie's skin prickle in warning.

Charlie tensed and glowered, red glittering around the edges of his vision. “You need to go back inside, pal. He's with me.”

Something in the icy calm of his voice must have penetrated, because Ugly started babbling. "Listen, man, I just followed these guys out here to check on the kid! He was fine ten minutes ago. Look at him now! Who knows what those bastards slipped him!"

Charlie didn't turn, choosing instead to watch the man's face. He was a terrible liar, and the fact that he'd just thrown out the probability of drugs made Charlie's stomach revolt. "Who are you?"

"Name's Butch. I own the place. I was working the bar when these guys came out of the back room and got the kid a drink. Next thing I know he's pawing all over 'em and sliding down the side of the bar."

Charlie felt one of the men step up beside him. Charlie spared him a quick glance, and they exchanged nods. "Ace."

"Hey, man. Good to see ya." Ace clapped him on the shoulder, and they both watched as it registered on Butch's face. His face flushed an alarming red as it filled with rage.

"What the fuck, Ace!" Butch stepped forward, fists raised aggressively.

Ace whipped out his badge from his back pocket. "Might want to rethink that, buddy."

Butch's mouth worked, and he stepped back as if burned. His face turned three more shades of red. He eyed Ace, then Joe, then Charlie. He squinted with malice and hissed, "You're cops."

"Very good," Joe drawled. "Now how 'bout you dismiss your little gang of merry men back there, and we'll cuff you real nice and gentle-like."

Butch made a strangled noise before regaining some of his composure. "You're arresting me? On what grounds?"

Charlie stayed silent during the exchange, arms crossed over his chest, doing his best to visually burn holes directly into Butch's brain. It took every ounce of his restraint to keep his back toward Wren and focus on eliminating the threats before he took care of the boy.

"What'd you give him?" Charlie growled, voice dripping with disgust.

Butch attempted outrage, but he was clearly too shaken to pull it off. Charlie repeated himself, adding a step in Butch's direction. Sweating, Butch stepped back and raised his hands.

“Nothing, man,” He coughed and divided his pleading between Ace and Joe. “He tipped back a couple shots while you guys were cleaning up in back.”

Ace barked a laugh. “And?”

Butch shook his head adamantly. “That’s all it could be, I swe—I’m sure of it. Unless, I mean, maybe he got his hands on some E. I’ve heard that’s been floating around lately.”

Charlie looked behind him. Wren was sort of upright, wrapped around Joe with a blissed out look on his face. His hips ground against the cop; Charlie’s jaw clenched so tight his teeth hurt. Charlie faced Butch again. “Maybe?”

“Um,” Butch hemmed, looking anywhere but at Charlie. “I’m pretty sure that’s what he, uh, took.”

Joe cursed and tightened his grip on Wren. Charlie watched Wren’s eyes as he stared dreamily up at Joe. The boy was clearly more concerned with rubbing off on Joe’s hard body than with any conversation going on around them. Charlie clamped his mouth shut and avoided the curious eyes.

He’d suddenly had enough. “Get out of my sight. Now!” he barked at Butch. “Take your bitches with you.”

Making probably his first wise decision of the night, Butch grumbled and left them standing in the dark lot. Charlie watched until the door closed on the last of them before he turned to the trio. They all knew there was likely no pinning anything on the slippery bar owner. If Wren’s drink had been spiked, it could have been anybody, and there was no one in that group who’d point a finger at any of the others. At this point, though, Charlie was content to leave the details to the detectives. His only concern was making sure Wren was safe and unharmed.

Ace watched Charlie and smiled knowingly. “Uh, so is this your boy, Charlie?” He rubbed the back of his neck and eyed Charlie sheepishly. “Wish we’d known that earlier.”

Joe snorted and snuggled Wren. “I don’t.” He laughed, and Ace grinned.

Charlie sighed and scrubbed his head. “I’m just the driver.”

“You didn’t drive him here,” Joe stated the obvious. His eyes were still gleaming with wicked intent, but damn it all, Charlie could see the concern and genuine affection in Joe’s eyes when he looked down on Wren. Worse, Charlie could see warm desire in Wren’s eyes when he gazed up into Joe’s. Charlie looked away from the sight of them.

“Daddy.”

They all froze and turned towards the source of the breathy voice. Charlie choked upon finding the glossy, wanton gaze zeroed in on him. That Wren had just called him Daddy made his cock flare to life and stiffen so quickly it hurt. He mentally shook himself. He could deal with that later. Wren needed him now.

“Wren.” It was a plea. A choked, pathetic plea. He wanted to yell, to let his rage and fear and frustration out on the boy, but there was no way he could look at that innocently oblivious face and do that right now. Maybe not ever.

Wren smiled adoringly and disengaged himself from a reluctant Joe. Charlie narrowed his eyes when Joe's hands lingered before releasing the boy. Joe was no more apologetic than he'd been at any other time tonight. But then Wren was in his arms, his supple body pressed against Charlie's, and Charlie couldn't find it in him to hold onto his annoyance.

Charlie banded his arms around Wren without a second thought. He couldn't get a secure enough hold to satisfy himself. Wren was warm and soft, his muscles lax and sinuous as he squirmed into Charlie's hold. Struggling to keep his touch from becoming *touching*, he reminded himself it wasn't really Wren. He was under the influence of... something. Still, Charlie almost moaned out loud when Wren pressed his erection into Charlie's thigh.

“Thanks for calling me, guys.” Charlie hated looking away from Wren almost as much as he despised saying the words. Hated knowing he was taking Wren home after a night he'd spent—doing explicit things that he couldn't think about right now—with Charlie's own friends. There's no way Wren would have known the connection, but still. Charlie had to admit they were both lucky Wren had been picked up by these two, given the alternatives.

“It wasn't us, actually,” Ace confessed. “He pulled his phone out, and we realized immediately that something was wrong. He couldn't hold onto it, but yours was the only number in it, so we figured his intentions were to call you.”

Ace cursed, looking apologetic. “We'd left him for five minutes—not even that—with a bottle of water while we stepped away to talk privately. When we came back out, he was three sheets to the wind and fading fast.”

Joe spoke up. “There've been a couple victims who named this place as the last thing they remembered. It's not our case, but we started hanging out in our off time just to see what we could see, since we're close.” He watched Wren's

grinding hips. "It was pure coincidence that we were here. Tonight could have had an entirely different outcome for your boy."

Ace nodded, and tugged Joe into his side. He, too, watched Wren and Charlie closely. "Better rein him in, man. He's needing... something, and if you don't get a hold of him soon, you're going to lose your chance."

Charlie tightened his grip on Wren, and Wren groaned in apparent ecstasy. He looked down to see Wren staring up at him. He wondered if Wren even saw who it was he was pawing and masturbating on.

"Charlie," Wren sighed. He closed his eyes and rubbed his cheek against Charlie's hard chest like a cat. "Missed you, Daddy."

Charlie's breath caught so fast that he coughed. He was already so hard the jock he wore was crushing him painfully.

Joe and Ace chuckled, but then Joe shook his head. "He's acting out, man. Can't you see that?"

"Joe," Ace warned.

Joe shrugged him off, and his chin went up. "We'd be happy to take him, Charlie, if you can't handle him."

Charlie growled, but Ace was nodding. At least *he* had the decency to appear apologetic about it. "We would." Ace squeezed Joe. "We were talking about bringing him home as a third—hell, the only reason we left him alone was to have that conversation—but he's obviously hung up on you."

Joe looked wistful. "He'd be perfect—"

"Enough!" Charlie snapped. "I get it."

He turned to go, but Joe stepped forward, and combed his fingers into Wren's hair as he bent to brush a kiss across Wren's cheek. "G'night, my sweet boy."

Charlie held his breath, half expecting Wren to launch himself out of Charlie's arms into Joe's, but Wren burrowed deeper into him and smiled brightly over his shoulder at Joe. "Night."

Ace stepped forward and did the same thing. He then tucked his card into Wren's jeans' back pocket with a quick squeeze. Wren hissed in pain and thrust his groin into Charlie; whether he was seeking friction on his cock or escaping a stinging ass, Charlie couldn't say.

He scowled at Ace and pulled Wren away from them. Ace just smiled and slid a finger down Wren's bare neck, making Wren shiver. "He's not yours, yet, man."

Charlie's frown deepened. Damned if he wasn't painfully aware of that fact.

Chapter 2

Wren's ass hurt. And his head throbbed. And his mouth tasted like he'd blown an entire naval fleet of condom-covered cocks. But he smiled. If he ever went back for seconds, he'd definitely track down Joe and Ace again. A pleased blush warmed his cheeks when he remembered how they'd gone from gruff, hard-assed Doms to gentle, affectionate lovers. It'd been on the tip of Joe's tongue to invite him to stay for more, Wren could tell.

They'd taken one look at his ass and decided an impersonal whipping would never do. A more hands on approach in the form of a relentless spanking first by them both, then by one while Wren sucked the other off... twice. Amazingly, he'd come the first time from the spanking alone. Forcing his cheeks open so the swats could land all around his crack and his hole and down to the back of his sac, Wren had overloaded and came the second a hand had cupped his abused balls. Wren shivered, growing hard just thinking about it.

Joe was first to take Wren's mouth—hard and fast—with a fierceness that was so fucking hot. By the time he'd taken his turn spanking Wren into his second orgasm and Wren had sucked Ace to a loud, hip-bucking orgasm, Joe had been ready to go again. After two such rounds, they'd collapsed on the sofa—that Wren still chose not to think too much about—and the two brutal punishers immediately became cooing, soothing caregivers. Ace brought wet cloths and Wren had sprawled over their laps while they cleaned him and petted him and soothed his burning ass.

He squirmed, blushing furiously, remembering Joe gently spreading him open and placing the sweetest kiss right on his spanked-red hole.

“You're looking mighty pleased with yourself.”

Wren yelped and bolted upright in bed, automatically checking that he was covered. He was. In fact he was fully clothed, but he doubted the light sheets blanketing his skinny jeans had done much to conceal his raging hard-on that he'd been seconds away from seeking out and stroking.

“What the Hell?” Wren rasped, his throat protesting after the glorious abuse it had taken last night. Blinking bleary eyes, he gaped at Charlie. God, he was beautiful, all muscular and dark and brooding, with those golden-brown eyes. And he was standing in the doorway staring at Wren, and suddenly Wren wanted to give back every amazing minute of last night—if only it would get him just one minute of genuine affection from the impervious bastard.

Belatedly, he looked around and realized he wasn't in his own bed. "Where am I?"

Wren avoided looking directly at the gorgeous, giant man who'd been his only real companion for more years than he liked to think about. He knew Charlie had no idea. He'd driven Wren to event after event, school, prom... none of which were with anyone "real". Taking a deep breath, Wren ditched that line of thought and, instead, struggled to remember anything beyond reluctantly dressing himself with Joe and Ace's help and settling at the bar for a drink or two until he was composed enough to call for a cab.

"My place." Wren jumped. If the abrupt response hadn't made Wren's inner submissive cower, the guarded, detached look in Charlie's caramel-colored eyes would have. But that was on the inside, and he wasn't Charlie's sub. On the outside, he forced himself to meet Charlie's eyes boldly.

"Really?" Wren pretended not to notice the distinct chill in the air and scoped out the place with interest. To look somewhere besides at the impassive expression on Charlie's face.

Wren was on one side of a gigantic bed that felt too high off the ground. The room was outfitted simply, with only the necessities, as befitted a bachelor. A large dresser, nightstands on either side of the bed, and a chair in the corner that had a pair of sweats thrown over the back were the only furniture besides the bed.

"I've never been here," he remarked, surprised, as he realized the truth of it. Charlie lived on their property, in the three-bedroom cottage behind the garages that used to house "the help". He continued to look anywhere but directly at Charlie, searching his mind for something brilliantly flippant to say.

The silence got to him. So did the scent of coffee. He eyed the oversized mug in Charlie's hands and threw him an imploring smile. "Is there any more of that?"

He got a short nod before Charlie turned towards the door. "Bathroom is on the right. Get cleaned up, and I'll make more."

Wren laughed, helplessly desperate for Charlie to return his attention to him. "Already polished off a pot, huh?"

Charlie threw him an indiscernible glance over his shoulder. "I've been up a while."

Wren bolted out of bed the second he was gone. He spotted the clock and was surprised to see it wasn't even eight yet. He rarely crawled out of bed before ten unless he was forced to take an early class. He decided he could shower at home and settled for a quick rinse with Charlie's mouthwash and a splash of water on his face.

A guilt-inducing peek into the medicine cabinet was completely worth it when he found a bottle of ibuprofen. Swallowing two with a handful of water, Wren eyed his morning-after appearance and shrugged. Could've been worse. It *had* been worse.

He knew something had to have gone down last night for him to be in Charlie's care.

Wren only used the private phone Charlie had given him when he'd drunk so much that his common sense eluded him. Since his first thoughts were of Charlie once alcohol kicked in, he'd probably used the phone an embarrassing number of times. Charlie probably thought he had a drinking problem.

Wren sighed. He always felt childish and petty the morning after, but Charlie never said a word. Wren worried the inside of his cheek. Charlie had never brought him home before, though. He shook it off. Time to get his game face on and quit fumbling around here like Charlie was some stranger. He wasn't. He was Charlie. *His* Charlie. He should be making the most of this. Surely the fact that Charlie brought him home, instead of depositing him on the door of that monstrosity of a mansion he and Devin lived in, must mean something, right?

Charlie was in the kitchen as promised, the scent of freshly-brewed coffee making Wren's mouth water almost as much as the man himself. Charlie's beautiful ass was encased in worn-thin, loose-fit jeans that hung on his hips. Bare feet and a snug white T-shirt offered Wren a vision of Charlie that he would take home and study in detail later.

"Hi," Wren said softly to announce himself, feeling like he was intruding on a personal moment or something. He smiled brightly. "I don't think I've ever seen you quite so *not* buttoned-up," he teased.

A glance over a muscled shoulder was all he got. Charlie's lack of reaction told Wren he'd known he was there. Wren shrugged and decided to make himself at home, moving to the coffee pot and digging out one of the mismatched coffee mugs from the cupboard above it.

He couldn't stop the groan with his first sip. Closing his eyes, he savored another few tastes before he blinked and met Charlie's stare. There was that unnerving look again. Wren coughed lightly and focused on his coffee. He kept wracking his brain for clues about last night but couldn't remember a thing.

"Did I call you last night?" He finally ventured. Wren gave a quick chuckle. "Guess I must have had a few too many to not remember anything."

A sardonic eyebrow rose. Charlie didn't seem impressed. Or amused. Or anything at all, actually. He'd gone completely unreadable. Wren's discomfort notched up to a sense of foreboding.

"Damn," Wren pressed on. "I didn't intend to call you."

"Do you ever?" Charlie asked softly.

"I guess not." Stung, Wren looked away and decided to shelve any further efforts. His head hurt too much and he couldn't focus and this whole change in Charlie's demeanor was upsetting him enough that he was afraid he wouldn't have the control to keep his usual pretense in place.

"Well, uh... thanks, I guess, for... whatever." Wren couldn't help the tinge of hurt that colored his words. If he'd pissed Charlie off, at least he'd rant and scold and be done with it. This... this nothingness made Wren feel like he wasn't even worth Charlie's anger.

Wren suddenly needed to be anywhere but within sight of those all-knowing eyes. He simply would not be able to handle the loss of Charlie's affection. Sure, he was uber-professional and rarely revealed much of himself, but Wren had always been able to get under his skin in one way or another. He'd flirt with him until he got a reluctant snort or a twitch of those firm lips or even a lecture on breaking away from his guards or endangering himself by crossing the street unattended, for fuck's sake. On a really good day, Wren could surprise a laugh out of the man. Wren would glow inside for hours on those days.

Charlie was about a head taller than Wren. A height Wren had deemed ideal because it put his face level with that massive chest that only seemed to get bigger as time passed. So when Wren moved to brush past Charlie on his way out, a mere step by Charlie had Wren landing with an *oomph* against the solid block of muscle.

Wren froze. His overwhelming instinct was to nuzzle in. Fighting that urge while in this weakened condition proved difficult enough that he swallowed a

whimper. Finally stepping back, he kept his eyes on the T-shirt where it stretched the tightest. He swallowed dryly, realizing he could see the shadow of hair and the clear outline of dark nipples right through the material.

He forced a laugh. "Oops! Excuse me, big guy. You kind of take up the whole room, don't you?" Wren moved to one side, waiting for Charlie to step aside. But he didn't. He crossed his arms over his chest and settled into the space, leaving no question about whether Wren was leaving or not.

"Okay, this isn't funny anymore, Charlie." Wren hated the tinge of petulance in his voice. "What the hell is going on?" He didn't stomp his foot, but he sure as hell wanted to.

Charlie stared for another indescribable minute before suddenly ducking his head and turning sideways so Wren could pass. The sudden capitulation made Wren indecisive. *This* Charlie he wanted to touch, to soothe. He looked so lost.

Wren took a shaky breath and held it, then gathered his wits and did the only logical thing he could think of. He ran.

Charlie remained motionless for so long his legs started tingling. He cursed and ran his hand over his hair, digging his fingers into his scalp.

Damn it. He'd frozen. He'd been so utterly overwhelmed after the night before. He hadn't been able to find the words to tell Wren about the call to their private family physician, the emergency meeting with him at his clinic, so that he could draw blood and examine Wren. It paid to be wealthy at times like these, Charlie had to admit.

And yes, Wren had been fine. The levels of drugs in his system weren't high enough to be life-threatening or cause any other damage, but as far as Charlie was concerned, damage had indeed been done. Wren's failure to remember most of it was enough for Charlie.

They'd arrived home, but Charlie didn't dare leave Wren alone, despite the assurances that he'd be fine once he'd slept it off, so he'd brought him here. He'd tucked him into his bed, fighting off Wren's groping arms turned tentacles and berating himself for his inappropriate level of arousal.

Then, when Wren had finally fallen asleep with a pout on his luscious lips, Charlie had sat in the chair in the corner of his room and struggled to hold himself together while horror scenes of what could have happened ran through

his mind and tremors of adrenaline withdrawal shook him. He'd watched Wren all night, instantly alert to any twitch or sound of potential discomfort.

Charlie sighed. He'd known his behavior was upsetting Wren this morning, but he'd still been... dealing. He'd come to terms with his feelings for Wren, sometime in the night, but he wasn't in any condition to confront the boy yet. He was still too raw. He was afraid he'd lose control and either tackle Wren to the ground and take him in every way he could until they were both broken, or he'd rant and yell and scare him away with the intensity of his anger over what Wren had been doing to himself.

Two days later, Charlie was still at a loss. He'd thought of going to Wren hundreds of times, but he couldn't come up with a single scenario that didn't end with him getting out of hand. His control over his temper was tenuous at best. The thoughts of all the ways Wren kept placing himself in danger just drove him right back to the beginning.

He was leaning heavily over the counter, poking at the bowl of cereal that had long since been edible, when his door started shaking in its hinges from the violence of the pounding it was suffering. Charlie rose reluctantly. Nothing good could possibly be coming from the other side of that door, after all of that.

Why he was surprised to see Wren, Charlie couldn't say. He stared at the boy, gorgeous with his cheeks flushed and his big brown eyes flashing murderous intent. In spite of the fact that he was clearly not here for a social visit, Charlie's gut tightened in anticipation of the sparks that were imminent. Charlie shook his head. He was a twisted monkey—that was for damn sure.

Wren shoved his way past Charlie. Or, he probably thought he did. Charlie saw him coming and moved out of the way, so the kid didn't hurt himself running into him. As it was, Wren only entered a few feet before spinning so fast he slammed into Charlie anyway.

"Umph." Wren snapped back, "What the hell! A little space, please?"

Charlie cocked an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest. "I thought you were actually entering the house, so I followed. I didn't expect the drama-queen twirl you threw in front of me."

Wren's eyes narrowed and his cheeks flushed even more. "I am not a drama queen!" He stomped a foot, then looked even more furious when he realized he'd done it.

“Fine,” Charlie agreed without conviction.

Wren's fists clenched. “You had me tested!”

Charlie frowned in confusion. “What are you talking about, little bird?”

“Don't ‘little bird’ me, Charlie!” He waved a piece of paper that Charlie hadn't noticed in his hand. “Doc stopped by to personally deliver my blood test results!”

Charlie groaned and scrubbed his hands over his hair. He'd known that he'd have to tell Wren everything that happened the other night, but he still couldn't think about it without the vein bulging in his temple.

“He was already testing you to see what they'd spiked your drink with.” Charlie forced a calm tone into his voice. “It occurred to me that it might be a good idea to run those tests at the same time.”

Wren just stared at him like he'd lost his mind. “It *occurred* to you?” he screeched. Charlie must not have successfully masked his wince because Wren snarled at him.

“What?” Charlie didn't get what the big deal was. “It's not like I asked him for the results. No doctor-patient confidentiality breached, no harm done.”

“Why'd you do it?” Wren demanded. All Charlie could think about was how stunning Wren was in his anger.

Charlie closed his eyes and tried to focus. “Do what?”

“Have me tested!” Wren yelled. “You figured I was out whoring around and thought for sure I must have picked something up by now, huh?”

“What? No. I—” Charlie pinched the bridge of his nose. “Wren, I don't understand what the fuck your problem is!”

Wren's eyes went wide, and Charlie realized that this was the first time he had ever cursed at him.

“My problem, genius, is that *you* decided without *my* consent. That it was entirely likely that I'd been so unsafe in my hedonistic ways that I'd contracted something. What—did you figure probabilities? If Wren fucks around with X-number of men, and the likelihood of contracting an STD is Y, multiplied exponentially by the degree of whoreishness—”

“Stop!” Charlie grabbed Wren's shoulders and got in his face. He was not only dumbfounded, but getting more and more pissed at hearing Wren talk about himself like that.

"I have never once thought of you as a whore or a slut or... or anything like that!" He was so pissed he was shaking. "After what happened the other night, I worried that it wasn't the first time and—"

"First time for what?" Wren tried wrenching himself out of Charlie's hold, but he wasn't letting go now.

"Exactly." Charlie took a breath. "You had no idea what was going on when I picked you up, and you still don't remember. You had no idea how you ended up in my house. I could have done anything I wanted to you that night, Wren, and you'd have let me. And now I know you wouldn't have remembered that, either!"

He was shouting by the time he finished. He could see by Wren's expression that he didn't want to believe him, but he was scared, too. Wren sneered. "Did you do something to me you were hoping I'd remember, big guy?"

Charlie saw red despite knowing that Wren was just lashing out and he shouldn't let it get to him. He set Wren deliberately away from him and turned his back. He headed for the kitchen, finding himself disparately grossed out by the bowl of disintegrating cereal he'd left on the counter. Absently, he set it in the sink, then stood staring out the window at nothing.

He knew Wren was behind him. The scene was much too reminiscent of the other morning for Charlie's comfort, so he rounded the island and pushed through the sliding glass door onto the small stone patio in back.

"Look." Wren stepped just outside the door, keeping his distance. "I didn't actually think you'd done anything, Charlie."

Charlie sighed. "I know."

"It freaked me out a little, waking up here and not remembering anything," Wren confessed. Charlie almost made a crack about how fucking hard that must have been to spit out, but he bit his tongue.

"It also freaked me out that I was examined, had blood drawn, and was brought here and tucked into bed like a child with absolutely no say in any of it." Charlie could hear the panic in Wren's voice, and it broke him down almost immediately.

"I only did what I would have done for myself," Charlie insisted. "If I'd been giving blood for one kind of test, I'd have told them to run the health tests, too. It's economical and efficient."

Wren snorted softly. Maybe because he didn't buy it, or maybe because of Charlie's practical take on it.

Charlie turned around and crossed his arms again. "I had no ulterior motives. There was no thought at all about what you do or who you see or how many guys you fuck."

Wren ducked his head, and Charlie knew he'd stung him again, but damn it. He didn't appreciate being accused of being the kind of person who thought that way about people, either.

"I brought it up to Doc, and he said it couldn't hurt, so that was that."

Wren mimicked Charlie's arm crossing, and raised him a nonchalant lean against the door frame. "Why do you keep coming every time I call, Charlie?"

Charlie snorted and threw Wren a look that should have melted him where he stood. "What the fuck kind of question is that, boy?"

Wren sucked in a breath, but Charlie turned away quickly, allowing no indication that he realized what he'd just called Wren.

"I will always come for you," Charlie stated, without turning around.

"You don't have to do it yourself," Wren pointed out. His voice was a little shaky, though. "You could send someone else."

Charlie thought about Hank, who'd taught him only too well the fault of trusting strangers, but he just said, "Don't trust anyone else for that kind of pick-up."

Wren was silent. "I'm not stupid, you know. And I'm not a child. I made one mistake!"

"One!" Charlie turned, incredulous. "You trust everyone."

"I do not."

"You turned your back on your drink in an unknown environment, surrounded by strangers, in a notably unsafe part of town."

Wren stared at him. "You don't get it."

"No, Wren!" Charlie threw his hands in the air. "I *don't* fucking get it! You're careless and reckless, and you don't seem to give a fuck that you getting hurt will hurt others!"

Wren scoffed. "Don't be so dramatic." He rolled his eyes. "I'm not going to get hurt, and I'm sure as hell not bothering anybody else."

Charlie raised an eyebrow. "I'll remind you of that during the next three a.m. pickup."

"I won't call you anymore." Wren raised his hands in surrender. "Okay? Will that chill you the fuck out? Not having to worry about me fucking up anymore?"

"Shut up, Wren," Charlie snapped. "You need to shut the hell up and quit arguing like a child."

"I am *not* a child, Charlie!"

Charlie gave Wren a deliberate, blistering once-over, stopping with a look that froze Wren where he stood. "Trust me, boy. I am aware of that."

He stalked over to the speechless boy until they were toe to toe. Wren's eyes opened wide in surprise, maybe a little fear, and damn it, more than a little excitement.

Charlie stared down at the face that he knew more intimately than his own. Of their own volition, his hands lifted to cup each side of Wren's face. Wren's breath hitched audibly, coming in short, hot bursts that were sexy as hell. His eyes dropped to Charlie's lips. Charlie watched Wren's lips part, so soft and inviting, and he couldn't contain a groan.

The next thing he knew, their mouths were fused. His lips pressed insistently against Wren's, not gently, not asking. Taking. He nudged Wren's mouth open with pressure from his own, plunging in with a demanding sweep of his tongue. He thrust his tongue back in for more, all thoughts of caution—of self-preservation—gone. He had to have more. He had to taste this mouth. Had to devour it and possess it and—

Charlie backed off abruptly, gasping for air. He closed his eyes and cursed. He never should have done that, and he should have done it years ago. Wren was off limits, and Wren belonged to him and only him. In every sense of the word. The problem was he'd stayed away from temptation because it was the best thing for Wren. But more and more, Charlie was thinking that *he* was the best thing for Wren.

"You need to go." Charlie ducked his head and reluctantly released Wren's silky hair that had tangled in his fingers. And his baby-soft skin that Charlie's calloused hands had no doubt chafed.

Wren blinked rapidly, his lips parted and flushed and tempting. He was staring at Charlie in disbelief. Whether it was because Charlie had kissed him,

or because he'd kissed him then told him to leave, really made no difference. In the end, he went. And Charlie told himself he'd imagined the little squeak of distress he heard.

He needed help. There was only one man he could trust with this. Charlie picked up his phone from the kitchen counter, realizing with a start that he'd trailed Wren through the house without conscious thought.

His hand shook as he scrolled through his contacts to the Ps. He found Paul and hit dial.

Wren stomped across the drive back to the main house, barely seeing where he was going, he was so confused. Still steaming mad about the blood tests, confusion and uncertainty shrouded his every thought of Charlie, and damned if the man couldn't kiss the socks right off him.

Sighing as he approached the house, Wren couldn't make himself go inside. He detoured to the side, dropping into the old porch swing that had hung there for as long as he could remember. It creaked ominously when he kicked off the half-wall that surrounded the porch. The chains squeaked loudly as it swung, making Wren realize he couldn't remember the last time he'd used it.

Great. He kicked off the wall harder, annoyed. Now he had a case of nostalgia to go with his angst. Could he get any more fucked up?

Naturally, at that very moment, Wren caught the telltale sound of the gate opening. He couldn't see it from where he sat, but seconds later the quiet purr of his brother's town car preceded the sight of it coming around the turn and parking in front of the house. Wren groaned and dropped his head back against the swing, watching through the opening at the top of the steps.

He studied his brother through his lashes. Devin never waited for drivers to open his door. He'd bolt out of the vehicle before they could put it in park, let alone make their way around to Devin's door. Today was no exception. Wren smirked at the look of exasperation on Lance's face when he opened the driver door only to find Devin already long gone from his seat.

The sheer purpose with which his brother moved proved Wren's groan of dismay was perfectly warranted. Devin was a leader of industry. Taking the world by storm and still a couple years shy of thirty. Everything about him screamed success and control and competence. Wren loved him—had adored him as only a baby brother could for most of his childhood—but damned if he

didn't suffer a hit to his ego whenever Devin showed up in his power suit and shined shoes and perfectly-groomed hair.

It didn't help that in addition to being the grown-up kind of man Wren would never strive to be, Devin was physically everything Wren could never hope to become. The opposite of each other in almost every way, Devin topped six feet and still had the wide shoulders and flat stomach of the running back he'd once been. He had gleaming, chestnut hair that bordered on black and showed absolutely no intention of thinning or receding, ever. Brilliant-blue eyes pierced hearts and minds with equal ruthlessness.

Wren glared at what he called Devin's disarming smile. Partly because he didn't trust it, but mostly because on top of everything else, his big brother had blindingly bright, white teeth that had simply grown in perfectly straight without a single minute spent strapped in braces. Not like Wren, who had suffered three years of ortho visits and head gear and retainers. Yes, of all things envy-worthy on Devin Frances, it was his teeth that chafed Wren the most.

"What are you doing home?" He didn't bother getting up, or even lifting his head.

Devin's perfectly arched black eyebrow rose, but he didn't comment. He leaned against the railing, practically able to sit on it where it would have dug painfully into the top of Wren's ass.

"I came to see you." Meaning Charlie had called him and told him all about Wren's latest adventure. And it had taken two days for Devin to bother coming around.

Wren closed his eyes. "You're a little late, aren't you? That's old news, old man."

Devin stayed quiet for so long, Wren finally peeked through one eye. "What? Are you just going to stand there and fix me with your mind powers?"

Devin snorted, crossing his arms over his chest, which should have looked cumbersome or at least uncomfortable when he was still in his suit, but not on Devin. He could have been photographed right there as he stood, and they'd have plastered his image over any men's magazine.

"I'm trying to decide where to start," Devin finally admitted, studying Wren like he was a complicated puzzle and if he just dicked around with him enough, he'd finally get him pieced together the right way.

"How 'bout we just skip it?" Wren crossed his own arms, which no doubt looked more like he was hugging himself defensively than anything remotely assertive. "It's over. It won't happen again. I promise I will never go back to that place," he vowed mechanically.

"Ah, if only you actually meant that." Devin shook his head. Disappointment in his little brother, his eternal cross to bear.

Wren pouted. "Did he tell you about the blood tests?"

"Of course." Devin shrugged. "I approved them. Why?"

A feral growl was building in Wren's throat. Could it actually be true that they were both really that obtuse?

"What?" Devin asked. "What are you so upset about?"

Wren glared and said nothing. Devin gasped. "Did the tests come back—?"

"Oh, for fuck's sake, Dev," Wren snapped. He could feel his face starting to burn as his anger built. "They're fine. Believe it or not, I'm not running around offering up my ass for any ol' naked cock that wants in. Nor am I stabbing dirty needles—*any* needles—in my veins."

Devin had the grace to wince. "I didn't mean—"

"Maybe not, but... fuck!" Wren looked away, wanting to cling to the anger, not the hurt. "You obviously assumed the worst. You both did. At best, you assumed I'm not responsible enough to be getting tested regularly. At worst, you considered me careless enough to have unsafe sex at least once, but probably, in your minds, frequently."

Devin opened his mouth to argue, but snapped it shut. He gave in with a sigh. "All right. I'm sorry. It probably wasn't fair—"

"*Probably?*" Wren shrieked. It was a cringe-worthy sound, Wren knew, but it still infuriated him when Devin grimaced. Then he looked in the direction of Charlie's house, as if he could save him. Wren snarled. "You know what? Fuck you both!"

"I'm sorry, Wren," Devin finally insisted. "I honestly just thought it was a logical thing to do."

Wren stared at his brother, in absolute awe of the sincerely perplexed expression on the bastard's face. Wren rolled his shoulders and sighed loudly. He really was wasting his breath on these two dense, stubborn men. God help him but he loved them anyway.

“You’re an idiot.”

Devin’s eyebrows rose. “You know I’m worth like a billion dollars, right? Generally speaking, idiots don’t luck out quite that spectacularly.”

Wren’s lips twitched. Damn Devin and his damn likeability. Wren closed his eyes and tried returning to his place of rest against the back of the swing. He kicked it into motion again and took several deep, calming breaths.

“I think I’ve ruined things with Charlie.” He regretted it the second he blurted the words out. Devin did *not* need to be privy to this information. Not to mention that he’d just offered up the real source of Wren’s emotional wreckage.

Surprisingly, Devin just chuckled knowingly, which made Wren narrow his eyes suspiciously.

“I don’t think that’s possible, baby brother.” Devin shoved his way onto the swing, messing up the rhythm and making it squeal loudly in protest. Once it quieted, Wren relaxed under the arm Devin threw over his shoulder. Not until he was draped in it did Wren realize how much he’d craved the comfort of simple touch.

“You don’t know how he’s been since—” he stopped, not wanting to think about that night anymore. “And—wait, why aren’t you surprised?” Wren demanded.

Devin stared ahead, no doubt actually able to see over the wall, the ass. Devin shrugged. “I’ve been friends with Charlie for a long time, Wren.”

“I know.”

“I know what Charlie is. I know that he’s a Dominant to his bones.” Devin took a deep breath. “I didn’t want that for you.”

Wren’s breath caught. “Are you saying...? What *are* you saying, Dev?”

“Charlie would never have exposed you to that environment, Wren. Because he cared about you and considered you his responsibility, but also because he respected my wishes.”

“You told him to stay away from me?” Wren’s throat closed.

“Not in so many words. But I was clear on my feelings on the subject. Clear enough that I may as well have warned him away from you.”

“But—”

"I've seen him change over time." Devin paused for a long time, finally turning to meet Wren's eyes. "Do you know how long it's been since he's gone to the club? The one you followed him to that night, what, about a year ago?"

Wren shook his head in silence. His brother knew about that? Did Charlie? He couldn't ask. Devin gave him a small smile. "It's been about a year."

Wren's heart pounded so loudly in his chest he couldn't quite hear Devin when he spoke again. "He had a commitment there that night, some kind of demonstration he'd agreed to do, but I'm pretty sure he'd been abstaining since right around the time of your drunken frat party."

Wren groaned and covered his face with his hands. "Not the frat party where I got wasted and called Charlie to come get me, only when he did, I promptly made a complete ass out of myself trying to hit on him? And shit, I think I even groped him."

Devin snorted. "That's the one. And I wouldn't doubt it."

He squeezed Wren's shoulder and pulled him in so he could rest his chin on Wren's head.

"It was right after that that he came to me and resigned."

"*What?*" Wren's head shot up.

Devin whipped his chin out of the way. "Jesus, Wren! You could've broken my jaw!"

Wren ignored him. "Charlie *quit?*"

"I wouldn't let him." Devin inched cautiously away from him. "You didn't need *him* driving you, but *I* needed him working for me. So I transferred him. And it was a brilliant decision. He's really thrived, and the house and staff have never been run more smoothly."

Wren's heart was breaking, and Devin was casually talking good business sense. Wren shook him, which basically did nothing, but at least he had his brother's attention.

"He quit because of me?"

Devin stared at him. "What? Oh! No, Wren. Not really. I think you made it too hard for him to keep his distance after that night. You made it impossible for him to keep seeing you as a kid."

"Oh." Wren sat back and stared blankly at nothing. "I don't know what that means, though, Dev."

Wren sighed. So Charlie had been affected by him that night, as unlikely as that seemed to Wren even in hindsight, and he could only guess at how sloppy drunk and clumsy his passes had seemed to the ever-controlled, ever-mature Charlie. But he obviously hadn't been affected in a positive way, or he wouldn't have tried to leave.

Devin sighed. "Charlie is figuring out that your own actions have completely negated my concerns, so his respecting my wishes, at this point, is really a moot effort. It's taken me a while to come to that conclusion myself, regardless of how inevitable it was."

Wren blinked and stared at his brother as he realized how hard it was for Devin to admit that. Wren wanted to hug him, but instead, he rolled his eyes dramatically. "Good God, Dev. Do you always have to talk like such a fucking grown-up?"

"I understand what you're trying to do, Wren," Devin continued, ignoring the familiar jab from Wren. Probably recognizing it for the deflection that it was. "I know you figured out what he is, and you set out to become something he wants."

Wren felt the words like a physical blow. He blushed furiously, and was horrified to feel the sting of tears in his eyes. "What's your point, Devin?"

"My point, Wren, is that if your singularly unobservant brother can figure it out, it's only going to be a matter of time before Charlie figures it out."

Wren buried his face in his hands again. "Oh, no no no no. That is not the way it's supposed to work."

Devin laughed. "Oh, how was it supposed to go, Wren? You pushing his buttons and trying his temper until he finally snapped and insisted on coming back so he could take care of you again?"

"No!" Wren started struggling out of Devin's hold but gave in and hid against his chest instead. "Maybe. At first, the plan was to get a little experience in the scene, you know? But guess I never stopped expecting him to, like, come barging in and..."

"Rescue you?" Devin asked bluntly.

Wren squirmed. He'd come to terms with his weird fetish, but he was embarrassed having it acknowledged out loud. And by his brother, of all people. But damn, he loved being saved. Especially if the person saving him—Charlie—had to get physical.

“I can’t help it! After that asshole came after me when I was seventeen, and Charlie just... took him out like a giant, fucking ninja...” He shivered like he always did when he remembered that day. Hell, the only thing keeping him from throwing wood right then and there was the fact that he was presently cuddling with his brother.

“He didn’t even break a sweat. Wasn’t even breathing hard, and that dude was a broken puddle on the pavement.”

Devin snorted. “Yeah, I’ve heard.” He hugged Wren’s shoulder. “But...?”

“But then, I just wanted him to see me,” Wren confessed, looking longingly in the direction of Charlie’s house. “It seemed like the more I called him to come for me, the less he reacted. After that tabloid picture hit, he was furious. So, like every time I went out, I’d have to outdo the time before, you know? The more dangerous the place, the more he’d react.”

“So he’d get mad.” Devin shook his head.

“That’s the only thing I could get out of him!” Wren cried.

But now, all Wren could think about was how it had all been for nothing. Especially if Charlie managed to figure him out as simply as Devin had. “All I succeeded in doing is going too far. He pushed me away. Made me leave.”

Devin’s eyebrows rose. “Really?”

“He kissed me.” He couldn’t keep the breathlessness out of his voice for anything.

Wren cast a sideways glance at Devin, but his brother remained silent.

“Right before he told me to leave.” Wren shrugged; a small, ineffectual action, in light of the throbbing in his head and the ache in his chest. “I guess it was goodbye.”

“Nah.” Devin hugged him tightly. “I don’t believe that, baby brother. I think you’re just getting started.”

Chapter 3

Charlie was disappointed, but not in the least bit surprised, when he watched Wren stroll casually as could be around the block from the perfectly ordinary bar where he was supposedly meeting his friends, to a taxi already waiting. He huffed. The kid didn't even look around. He could have twelve stalkers and he wouldn't know a damn thing.

Easing out into traffic, Charlie didn't bother trying to be inconspicuous. His flighty bird had his head so far in the clouds Charlie probably could have been driving the cab for all he would notice.

Slowing at their point of destination, Charlie continued on after seeing Wren enter the club. Quickly navigating to the private underground parking, Charlie hurried to catch up.

The entrance from the private parking area was opposite the general public access. Charlie scanned the room quickly, not surprised to find Wren at the bar drawing the attention of more than one Dom. His breath caught when he spotted Jake—devastatingly handsome and always on the make—moving in close to Wren, his interest more than clear.

“Why, thank you, gentlemen.” Charlie could hear Wren's soft voice only because he was so attuned to it. He hadn't realized until this moment how he was always listening for it.

“Let me get you a drink,” Jake offered, a glare to the surrounding men making them reluctantly scatter. Charlie dodged a couple on his way towards the pair. Jake met his eyes, an eyebrow cocked in challenge, but giving no other acknowledgment of him.

“Um, okay.” Wren turned his attention to Jake, eying him up as clearly as Jake had just done to him. “Just a soda, though. I'm playing tonight.”

Charlie ground his teeth together. The boy had been drugged just a week ago, and here he was giving zero indication of being any more cautious than he'd been before.

Jake turned the full wattage of his wolfish grin onto Wren, and Charlie almost turned around right there, seeing Wren return it with a shyly hesitant smile of his own.

Charlie slid up to the bar on the opposite side of Wren. The little bird glanced over his shoulder and actually jumped in surprise. His mouth fell open,

and he stared at Charlie with shock and a touch of fear in his eyes before—unless Charlie's Dom senses were completely fucked—a flicker of desire flared in them.

He held still while Wren studied every inch of him. Charlie didn't have much of a "look" in comparison to other Doms. He couldn't fit his thighs—or his junk—in tight leather, so his loose-fit jeans and a leather harness across his chest was pretty much it. It was gratifying to see that it seemed appealing enough to Wren, if his extended perusal was any indication.

"See something you like, little bird?" Charlie purred.

Wren licked his lips—just a quick, subtle flick of his tongue that was far more sensual than a full-on show—and nodded absently. He blinked as if startled by his own reaction. "Wh—what are you doing here?"

Jake interrupted before Charlie could answer. "Yeah, man. What are you doing here?" He moved closer to Wren as if he had some kind of dibs on him. "Haven't seen you around in a long time."

Charlie pinned him with a proprietary glare. "I'm here for my boy, Jake. He's here, so that means I'm here."

Wren was gaping at him, seeming to have completely forgotten Jake, much to Charlie's inner-alpha's pleasure.

Jake looked like he was about to argue, but one look at Wren was all it took. A shake of his head and a nod to Charlie in concession, and Jake rose to leave.

"Why?" Wren blinked and Charlie swam deep into the hidden longing in those big, brown eyes. "Seriously, why are you here?"

"You're here," Charlie repeated simply. He gently brushed a knuckle over Wren's cheek. "So this is where I belong."

Wren looked around the room, taking deep breaths. Suddenly, he froze and glared at Charlie.

"You're babysitting!" He hissed. Wren started to stand, but Charlie held him in his seat with a hand on his shoulder. Damn, but his giant paw about swallowed Wren's whole shoulder and it was as arousing as hell.

Distracted, he didn't see the poke to the chest coming. He growled, "What the—"

Wren was steaming mad. "Pay attention, Charlie. I'm not your business. You can clock out now because I'm not leaving, I am not letting you scare off every guy in the place, and I am not going to sit here under your watch."

He looked around frantically, and Charlie caught on the second Wren's eyes landed on Jake. And damned if the man wasn't lounging in his seat, his hips all thrust forward and showing off his package.

"No!" Charlie barked before Wren could do anything to call Jake's attention to him. Wren jumped and turned surprised eyes on him before clamping his mouth shut stubbornly and turning his back on Charlie again.

Charlie leaned forward, mouth at Wren's ear and growled, "I said, *no*."

He watched in satisfaction as goose bumps rose across Wren's skin. Charlie wrapped his arm around Wren's shoulders. When Wren leaned so subtly back against him, he tucked him under his chin. Charlie nuzzled his jaw against Wren's head, feeling the silky curls of hair against his skin. His little bird's heart fluttered under his arm where it pressed against Wren's hard chest.

"It's not like that, Wren." Charlie held him tighter when he would have pulled away. "I'm not letting anything else happen to you. I'm... I'm just here, okay? Let me be here."

Capitulation came in the form of a lithe, warm body relaxing into Charlie's arms. He tightened them, finally relaxing when Wren sighed and burrowed even further into him.

"I see you two started without me." Paul's voice came from behind Charlie, but he wasn't letting go of Wren long enough to turn around. His tension ratcheted back up with the reminder of tonight's plans. He waited impatiently for Paul to come around in front of Wren.

"Charlie." Paul slapped a hand over Charlie's shoulder and shook it in greeting. Charlie barely moved under the onslaught.

"Paul." Charlie returned the gesture and smiled when Paul jostled under his hand. "Good to see you. It's been a long time."

Wren pulled away, and Charlie let him go. For now. He was a little envious of the warm greeting Wren had for Paul, though. It took all of his willpower to keep from snatching Wren out of their tight hug.

"You two know each other?" Charlie asked, though it came out much more like a jealous demand. "I mean—" Of course. He'd agreed to let Paul take care of getting Wren to the club. He'd obviously known the boy already.

Paul smiled and raised an eyebrow at Wren. Charlie frowned, recognizing that Wren had just been given an unspoken directive.

"I met Paul a while back," Wren admitted. "He, uh, was going to train me."

Charlie's heart stopped. Jealousy rushed through him, and he had to close his eyes and take a couple deep breaths before he could talk. "Was? He didn't?"

Wren blushed deeply and ducked his head. "He figured out I was underage, getting in with a fake ID."

It wasn't often Charlie was taken by surprise. He didn't like it one bit.

"A damn good one, too," Paul grouched, ignoring Charlie's distress. "Got past my best bouncers more than once."

Charlie's head was reeling. "When did you—" He scrubbed his hand over his hair and stared at Wren. "How long have you been doing this?"

"Um," Wren hedged, uncharacteristically embarrassed. "A year or so?"

"A year!" Charlie's raised voice drew too much attention. "How did you—"

"Get away with it?" Luminous brown eyes peered at him with false innocence.

"Yes," he ground out.

"Hank."

Charlie blinked. "What?"

"Hank," Wren repeated. "The driver who initially replaced you? I'm pretty sure you hired him yourself. Probably because he was all hard-assed looking," he tacked on peevishly.

Oh, Charlie knew who Hank was. He *had* hired him because he'd seemed like a hard-ass. He'd trusted that he wouldn't let Wren out of his sight. And the bastard sure as hell hadn't. Charlie had overheard the man talking about Wren to another staff person, going on about what a cock tease Wren was. Then he'd discovered the pervert had a phone full of pictures of Wren in distinctly private moments.

He closed his eyes again and prayed for patience. Hank was currently on probation, and could count himself lucky that he'd walked away with nothing but a broken phone and a broken nose. He'd never said a word to Wren, though. He couldn't stand the thought of how it would make Wren feel, so he'd just sent a new driver without any explanation.

Charlie pinched the bridge of his nose. "Let me guess. He got you the fake IDs, too." His mind was still spinning with the fact that Wren had been part of the scene for a good year before anyone knew anything about it. He clenched his fists. He desperately wished he could break Hank's face all over again.

Wren rolled his eyes, for the first time in two days showing a glimpse of the real Wren. "Actually, I have way better connections than he had. It costs a lot of money to get an ID that can fake out the best of the best." He had a smirk on his face that Charlie desperately wanted to wipe off. With a kiss.

Paul turned back to them from a conversation he'd been pulled into with his bartender. He stared at one, then the other, until he had the full attention of both of them. "Shall we get started, then?"

Wren tensed. "Wait... what?" His eyes went back and forth between the two Doms, piecing together the fact that Charlie was in on this, too. Charlie did his best to stay relaxed, not wanting to convey his nerves and project any additional tension onto the boy.

A tiny lift of Paul's chin had a young, dark-haired man hurrying gracefully to Paul's side. He smiled fondly at the boy, whose eyes were lowered in submission.

"This is Quinn," he said, lifting Quinn's chin so he could receive Paul's affectionate smile. Quinn's skin was a lovely bronze, and it flushed beautifully. He couldn't help imagining the contrast of the dark, smooth skin against Wren's lightly-golden coloring. Charlie had always been visual, what could he say?

Paul looked back and forth between Wren and Charlie. Charlie couldn't see Wren's face, but it must have had something worrisome on it.

"Oh! No, Wren." Paul shook his head with a smile. "He's not with me. Quinn is a member here. He belongs to someone, but Master Ben kindly allowed Quinn to give me a hand setting you boys up. He won't be staying."

Charlie took in Quinn's lovely skin and his perfect manners. He was a lovely boy. Quinn raised his head, "May I interrupt, Sir?"

Paul nodded his okay. Charlie could see what had every other sub in the place falling over themselves for Paul's attention. He was singularly focused on Quinn in a way that had the boy aroused and eager to please. Hell, more than once, Charlie himself had half wanted to submit to the overpowering Dom.

"Master said I was to offer you... myself in any capacity you might need me, Sir." Quinn was blushing by the time he was finished, but his lips held a soft smile and his dark eyes were eager.

Wren spoke up. "What if that meant Paul or Charlie wanted to fuck you?" he asked bluntly.

“Any capacity,” Quinn repeated. He met Wren’s eyes a bit more boldly, offering a tentative smile. Maybe hopeful of a friendship.

Quinn addressed Paul again. “Master would like to observe, if possible. But barring that, um...” Quinn leaned towards Wren, sharing between subs like they were brothers. “He’ll very much enjoy hearing a play-by-play from me later,” he finished, cheeks flaming.

Charlie and Paul chuckled and Wren gave a surprised hoot, grabbing Quinn’s arm while he laughed. “That’s awesome.”

Quinn leaned closer to Wren. “And hot,” he added with a wag of his eyebrows.

They were still smiling when Paul raised his hand for their attention. “It’s up to you, Charlie, Wren, but I have to admit, what we’re about to do is a first for me. I understand Master Ben’s curiosity. I have no problem allowing him behind the glass if you don’t.”

Charlie rested a hand on Wren’s shoulder, feeling his slight trembling. He smiled. He’d suspected Wren had a bit of exhibitionist in him. He turned Wren towards him to see his eyes already starting to glaze over. “You like that, don’t you, baby?”

Wren ducked his head with a blush. “Yes.”

Charlie pulled him under his arm, possessively tucking him to his side. Wren was his, but he wasn’t above showing him off. His submission belonged to Charlie, just as Quinn’s submission belonged to his Master, even as he stood here offering himself to them.

Paul nodded. “Run, get your Master situated in the observation room, then hurry back to join us. You know which room we’re in.”

Wren was in danger of vibrating right out of his skin. He was overwhelmed. He was so confused that Charlie was here, suddenly claiming rights to him, when only days ago the man hadn’t even been able to speak to him. A very small part of Wren wanted to balk at the whole alpha-male thing Charlie was pulling. It should have pissed him off. But it didn’t.

It never had. Wren was fully aware that he *should* be stronger. He *should* be a lot of things. But the fact was that he loved it. He loved being dwarfed by the massive bulk of a much larger man. He loved being held down by someone

who could crush him. He loved it. With the strangers, it was the added threat that contributed to the thrill. But with Charlie, it was being protected and possessed and for some reason, knowing the amount of control and restraint that it took for a beast-sized man to be gentle... Wren sighed. He was lost.

Charlie had said he wasn't going to let anything happen to Wren. How one simple statement could thrill Wren to the core while simultaneously chilling it, he didn't know. Of course it touched him when Charlie got all protective. He couldn't help wishing for more than that, was all.

He snapped out of his musings when he felt Charlie's hand on his back, gently but firmly directing him. Wren's stomach fluttered wildly. He had no idea what was going on, but if Charlie was going to be a part of it, he'd ask questions later.

Wren's cock had been hard since he'd first taken in the sight of Charlie in Dom mode. He didn't look any different than usual, aside from the sexy as fuck leather harness that he obviously didn't sport on a daily basis. But it was there. That undercurrent of power and control, and all the blood in Wren's body rushed to his genitals. He swore he could feel his balls churning up extra semen just for Charlie.

Wren snorted, drawing Charlie's attention. At the curious look, Wren flushed, but he couldn't lose the stupid grin.

"Are you okay?" Charlie stopped them and pulled Wren to the side of the door out of earshot.

Wren's attempt at a light laugh sounded slightly hysterical even to him. Charlie looked that much more concerned.

"I'm fine, Charlie." Wren forced himself to rein it in. He patted Charlie's chest, which naturally distracted him by its warm, silky texture and surprisingly soft curls of hair. He gave it a lingering pet, taking what he could, when he could.

Charlie studied him a few more seconds before he nodded. He gave a light tug on the errant curl at Wren's temple, melting Wren just a little bit more. Damn it, but he was going to lose the rest of himself to this man tonight, he just knew it. Nerves fluttered again, but he breathed through it and moved towards the door without any guidance from Charlie.

He didn't stop until he spotted Paul waiting for them in front of an open door at the end of what felt like a very long hall. Wren followed him inside and

scanned the room. It was surprisingly... ordinary. Wren was almost disappointed until he spotted the chains with heavy O-rings hanging from the ceiling in pairs. Two pair above the empty floor area and a pair hanging over a bed. There were rings bolted to the floor as well, where chains or cuffs or any number of restraints could be attached.

Wren's mouth went dry when he noticed a pair had a set of padded cuffs attached. They looked high, but he supposed if his hands were over his head... Wren choked back more of that hysterical laughter that kept threatening and forced himself to check out the rest of the room.

A heavy, solid-wood chair sat near the wall. It looked strangely out of place with the "normal" décor. It was bolted to the floor, but held none of the other instruments of torture that it appeared to be made for.

Reflecting it all was the large mirror on one wall that was actually one-way glass for members to watch. Knowing it was currently in use made Wren self-conscious, but it was also undeniably exciting.

Nerves singing, Wren finally turned his attention to Paul, who was standing there looking maddeningly calm and centered and gorgeous. Slightly taller than Charlie, Paul wasn't as wide in the shoulders and chest, but he was still an imposing size and he'd appealed to Wren since he'd first spotted the man—fully decked out in his kilt and boots and cuffs. The fact that even Charlie deferred to him made him that much more impressive in Wren's mind.

Paul was waiting patiently, saying nothing until Wren's eyes finally finished their appraisal and settled on his. Wren grinned sheepishly, having obviously been caught checking the Dom out. Paul's eyes gleamed with humor for just a second before he straightened and was all business.

Paul focused on him so intently Wren struggled not to squirm. A light touch on the small of his back from Charlie calmed him, but it was removed abruptly with a sharp glance from Paul to Charlie. Wren heard Charlie take a slow, deep breath.

"What's your safe word, Wren?" Paul asked. Wren jumped, but after meeting Paul's steady gaze for a long moment, he settled into an "at ease" stance, the internal rhythm of submission soothing him as he handed himself over to Paul's hands.

"Limo, Sir." Wren lowered his eyes and waited for direction.

"You can look at me, Wren," Paul said gently. "I prefer it."

Wren couldn't stop his breath of relief. "Yes, Sir."

"Good." Paul turned his attention to Charlie. "Safe word?"

Wren stiffened and started turning to Charlie, but he remembered himself just in time. He had permission to watch Paul. Not Charlie. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Quinn standing quietly by the door. He'd apparently also been given the okay to watch Paul, because he was doing so intently, waiting.

"Stop," Charlie answered bluntly. Silence fell for so long that Wren started to tense back up.

"Very well," Paul allowed after a long stare-off with Charlie.

Paul nodded at Quinn and gave a jerk of his chin towards Charlie. He silently met Charlie's eyes and pointed him towards the big wooden chair. Wren's curiosity spiked while he watched Charlie stalk to the chair and sit without any hesitation.

Wren's eyebrows rose when Quinn pulled handcuffs from seemingly nowhere and gently directed Charlie's arms behind the chair.

"Wren," Paul barked, making Wren jump. Immediately, he instinctively lowered his eyes. "Eyes on me," Paul reminded him firmly.

"Yes, Sir," Wren said. He could hear the cuffs snapping into place on Charlie and it was distracting him.

"Wren!"

Wren jumped. "Sorry, Sir."

Paul sighed as if greatly put upon. It was discomfiting to Wren, knowing he was already exasperating his Dom.

"Strip." Paul's eyes flicked to the wall behind them, reminding Wren that they were watched.

"You too Quinn," Paul added.

Wren didn't react immediately, blinking at the abrupt command. Paul's eyebrow rose expectantly, and Wren flew into action. He wasn't wearing much, so it didn't take more than a minute for him to strip, fold his clothes neatly and hand them to Quinn, who was suddenly and silently at his side to take them. Quinn set them aside on a chair by the door before quickly removing his own clothing. He turned to face them, just as hard as Wren.

Paul held out his hand and Wren took it, allowing himself to be led to the hanging cuffs. While Paul strapped the heavily padded leather around Wren's wrists, Quinn knelt at his feet and gave a light touch to Wren's ankle, directing him to widen his stance. He was quickly secured much like a St. Andrew's cross. Without the cross.

Raising his eyes from the tempting sight of pretty Quinn kneeling before him, Wren finally let himself look straight ahead to where Charlie was restrained maybe six feet away from him. Wren's heart slammed in his chest painfully, and his mouth went dry seeing the scorching heat in those caramel eyes. He could barely see the brown, Charlie's pupils were blown so wide.

Wren dropped his eyes, unable to meet such intensity. His cock was achingly hard, flushed deep red and shiny with fluid that slowly and continuously escaped. It flexed against his tight stomach just from Wren thinking about Charlie restrained and watching him.

"Quinn, kneel next to Charlie until we need you," Paul directed. Quinn moved fluidly and dropped to his knees next to Charlie's chair, facing Wren.

Paul came around to the side where he could address both Charlie and Wren. Wren made sure to keep his eyes only on Paul. Pacing as if deep in thought, Paul worked his way from Wren's side to Charlie's and back before he spoke.

"Have you figured out what we're doing here, yet, Wren?" Paul pierced him with steely eyes.

Wren shook his head. "No, Sir."

Another trip back and forth. "Charlie called me a couple days ago and explained what's been happening lately."

Wren wanted desperately to squirm. "Yes, Sir," he whispered.

"You've been taking unsafe risks with yourself," Paul stated as fact. "And that was after you'd already lied and manipulated people who trusted you. You're going to be punished for each indiscretion."

"Yes, Sir," his voice was barely audible through his tightened throat as shame overcame him. He was trembling visibly.

"Charlie also enlisted my help addressing his own poor decisions involving you."

Wren turned to Charlie, surprised and confused.

"Eyes on me," Paul snapped, before Wren and Charlie could make eye contact.

"Yes, Sir."

"As you can imagine," Paul continued conversationally, "Charlie's request is quite unorthodox, and created a bit of a conundrum for me."

Another circuit of pacing. "Charlie is in no way submissive, so to punish him in that way would only create discomfort and humiliation all the way around. Neither Charlie nor I are interested in humiliation as a punishment measure."

Paul stopped and appeared deep in thought for a long time. Finally, he raised his head and addressed Charlie.

"You know," he stated.

"Yes," Charlie answered.

Paul didn't say anything at Charlie's lack of "Sir", but Wren didn't know if it had been expected in the first place. Paul made another nerve-wracking circuit in silence.

"Good," he said. "You are going to tell Wren."

Wren held his breath and reluctantly met Charlie's eyes. God, he was terrified of what he was going to hear. Plus, he didn't know if he could look at all that raw sex being confined right in front of him, without blowing his load spectacularly all over everyone.

Charlie looked like he'd been sentenced. He took a deep breath and looked at Paul. "Look at Wren, not me," Paul commanded.

Charlie straightened in his seat determinedly. "I'm being punished for letting you go."

Wren's mouth fell open in shock. Eyes wide with disbelief, he shook his head.

"Yes, little bird." Charlie sighed. "My decisions made it possible for others to touch you. To have you." His voice cracked. Wren thought he might die from the misery in Charlie's eyes. "You learned at the knees of others what should have been mine to teach."

"Oh, my God." Wren felt like his whole body had gone numb. "I—"

“It’s not your turn to speak.” Paul’s voice was like a whip. He turned to Charlie. “Finish it.”

“I failed,” Charlie snapped, when he saw Wren shaking his head.

“So my punishment is to watch,” Charlie met Wren’s eyes. “I’ve allowed others to touch you when everything in me screamed you were mine. I’ll be forced to watch what I should be doing myself. Your punishment and your subsequent... pleasure.”

Wren’s cock twitched in spite of his numbness. Charlie’s eyes flicked down to Wren’s unflagging erection and back. The heat in his expression told Wren that he was as aroused—though possibly unwillingly—as Wren.

Looking between the two of them again, Paul added, “Your forgiveness—both of you—ultimately comes from yourself. As for each other, do you both agree that once we’re done here, these transgressions will be forgiven and will not be dwelled upon or used against each other ever again? Do you agree to move forward from here and each accept the forgiveness of the other?”

Wren and Charlie both opened their mouths to answer but were cut off by Paul holding a hand up. “Think hard about your answer, gentlemen.”

Only because he’d been told to, Wren closed his eyes and made himself consider what Paul was offering them. A closure on the past and a free ticket into the future. The only strings being their own capacities for forgiveness and their willingness to forget. Immediately, Wren realized that it would be harder than he’d first thought, but he could do it. He *would* do it for this chance to move forward with Charlie.

Charlie met Wren’s eyes. They answered simultaneously. “Yes.”

Charlie watched with mounting anxiety as Paul unbuckled his belt and pulled it off. Normally wrapped in a kilt, today Paul’s hips were snugly encased in the ever-popular leather pants. Paul’s erection was unmistakable, and Charlie struggled not to safe word and lunge at Wren to cover him.

Deliberately unclenching his fists behind his back, Charlie reminded himself that he trusted Paul implicitly. No gay man with blood still pumping could look at the sight of Wren bound and spread open—all that smooth, creamy skin on display—and not get turned on. Wren’s own hard cock bobbed with every muscle clench, leaving a wet spot on his belly that Charlie wanted badly to taste.

Charlie's own cock was trapped awkwardly and agonizingly in his jeans. He tried not to squirm. He didn't want any distractions for Paul when he was focused on Wren. But before Paul could start, a quiet, "Sir," from Quinn and a discrete nod towards Charlie's lap had Paul cursing.

"Go ahead and open him up, there, Quinn," Paul told Quinn before meeting Charlie's gaze.

"Sorry 'bout that, my friend." Paul bowed his head respectfully. "How I could have forgotten to release the beast, I have no idea."

Charlie nodded his acceptance, shifting to lift up as much as he could when Quinn reached for the button at the top of his jeans. He hissed through his teeth when cool, slender fingers gently eased his engorged cock out of the open fly. Together they worked his pants down just far enough that his balls could be released as well.

Closing his eyes, Charlie tipped his head back with a deep sigh of relief. When he opened his eyes, he met Wren's and instantly wanted to cover himself.

Wren was staring, slack-jawed, at Charlie's considerable thickness. Hell, they all stared. Charlie was used to that. What he didn't like was the nervousness—almost fear—in Wren's eyes. He could swear he just saw Wren's ass clench.

Charlie ground his teeth together. So, yeah. He had a big fucking cock. Fat, yes, quite thick, actually, but thankfully not more than eight or so inches, so at least he didn't have to worry about causing damage. He wasn't freakishly large—at least he didn't think so—but he was proportionate to his build. Considering his build, well, then...

Paul wasn't even trying to conceal his smirk. Charlie just rolled his eyes.

A snap of the belt made Wren and Quinn both jump. Not surprisingly, since they'd been unable to tear their attention away from Charlie's cock.

"Wren," Paul started, waiting until he had Wren's full attention. "Five lashings with the belt for every time you illegally entered my club."

Wren swallowed audibly, staring wide-eyed at the belt. Charlie knew it would be a soft enough leather to not cut into Wren's skin, but still firm enough to leave a good burn.

"How many times did you enter using your fake ID?"

"Five," Wren croaked, "not counting the time you caught me."

Paul cocked an eyebrow. "So, six."

"Yes, Sir." Wren nodded, eyes on the floor.

"Look at me," Paul barked. He waited for Wren to raise his head.

"How many times have you called Charlie to come get you when you've had too much to drink?"

Wren shot a glance in Charlie's direction. He licked his lips nervously. "I don't know... maybe eight?"

Paul looked to Charlie for confirmation. He could only shrug, but it sounded close enough.

Paul let it go. "Five more for each of those."

Holy fuck! That was... thirty, plus forty... seventy! "That's too many," Charlie blurted, trying to stand but caught suddenly by the restraints he'd forgotten about.

"No," Wren interrupted and glared at Charlie. "You don't get to decide."

Charlie glared back. Paul ended it. "I know how to administer belt lashings without damage, Charlie. Either safe word or stay quiet."

Charlie glared, but clamped his teeth shut and nodded. Paul turned his icy-blue death stare on him. "Don't question me again or I will consider it safewording."

Wren was looking at him with such pleading that Charlie couldn't sustain his indignation. Wren was into it now, and Charlie knew he wouldn't feel the full effect if punches were pulled in order to coddle him.

Paul turned his back on Charlie to face Wren. He made sure never to completely block their view of each other. "We're going to do ten at a time, Wren. In between, I'll be asking you questions. Your answers and your truthfulness will determine how this ends."

Paul reached down and gave Wren's cock a rough stroke. Charlie felt every muscle in his body strain to break his bindings. But Wren's eyes rolled back, and the bliss on his face was too enticing for him to look away. Wren opened his eyes and looked right at Charlie. Sharing it with him. Charlie's cock throbbed and he could swear he actually *felt* the boy's pleasure, both from Paul's touch and from the sharing of it with Charlie.

When he had Wren's attention again, Paul gently grasped his face. "Remember who your master is, Wren. I'm just the tool he's wielding."

Wren blinked and frowned, meeting Charlie's eyes. Charlie held his gaze steadily, trying to send him his strength, his encouragement.

"Yes, Sir."

"Let's get started then." Paul snapped the belt. Charlie suspected it amused him to see the subs jump from the sound.

Paul stood back and to the side of Wren, arm ready for his first strike. "Charlie, you count," he ordered, not taking his eyes off Wren's backside.

Crack!

Wren gasped, instinctively trying to move away from the first lash. His eyes flew open wide with shock, and they tore right through Charlie's defenses.

"One," Charlie croaked.

Crack!

"Two." Charlie held Wren's gaze as calmly as he could. If the boy saw how devastated Charlie was, he'd never make it through ten, let alone seventy lashes.

Crack!

Wren cried out, but Charlie knew the stinging burn of the belt was more shocking to his system at first than truly painful. He reminded himself, yet again, that Paul knew what he was doing.

"Three." Charlie pushed every encouragement he could towards Wren as if he could mind-meld it into him. It was essential to Charlie that his boy felt the approval of his master.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three rapid strikes had Wren gasping for breath. "Holy fuck," he breathed, letting himself hang from his cuffs and dropping his head.

"Four, five, six."

Paul paused and stroked his hand over Wren's ass. Charlie could imagine the hot skin, stripes raising and turning pink. He licked his lips, eyes glued to Paul's actions.

Paul soothed one cheek of Wren's backside, then the other. By the time he returned to the first side, Wren had his head thrown back and was moaning, squirming into the touch. Charlie's momentarily forgotten and softening cock was back to fighting form in seconds. The sounds Wren was making were like strokes to his skin.

Paul stepped back and readied himself again. Charlie was relieved—and turned on—to see that Wren's cock had returned to full mast, as well.

Crack!

“Seven,” Charlie counted, steadier now. Wren had still jumped and gasped, but he'd turned the corner now. He was sinking into sensation, and it was a beautiful sight.

Crack!

“Eight.”

Crack!

“Nine.”

Crack!

“Ten,” Charlie exhaled the word. He was winded as if he'd been running. Or the one getting whipped with a belt.

Wren's head flew back the second Paul's hand smoothed over his ass. Jealous that Paul was the one soothing his boy, Charlie looked away. Glancing down at himself, he saw his chest was slick with sweat. His shoulders suddenly screamed at him and he realized he'd been fighting the restraints the whole time.

Charlie forced himself to lean back in the chair. He couldn't stop it, he could see that clearly enough. Wren was responding beautifully, though Charlie had no doubt he'd be crying for mercy by the time they hit fifty lashes. Still, he could see Paul was right and this was exactly what Wren needed. Rolling his aching shoulders as much as the cuffs allowed, Charlie resolved to be stronger. He could do this for Wren.

Paul squeezed Wren's ass, making him gasp, then moan deep in his throat.

“Wren.” Paul popped a light slap on his butt when he didn't answer. Charlie didn't know what Paul was up to.

Wren's head came forward and glassy-eyes focused immediately on Charlie. “Yes, Sir?”

"Tell us why you started going to BDSM clubs." Paul moved in close behind Wren, the breath on his neck making goose bumps break out. Charlie would be sure to remember that spot.

"Suh—" He licked his lips. "Submissive, Sir."

Paul gave him a small smile. "Yes, I know you're submissive, boy." He smoothed a hand from Wren's shoulder to his hip. "How did you know that about yourself?"

Wren stared at Charlie, his gaze indecipherable. He didn't answer.

"All right." Paul stepped back. "I don't want to give you too much time between sets, so we'll revisit that in a few minutes."

Crack!

Even Charlie jumped, Paul had started up again without warning.

"Eleven!" Charlie hurried to catch up. "Twelve!"

Eight more strikes hit with no break in between. The swift, rhythmic application had them all panting by the time it was done.

"Oh, God!" Wren cried, at the first touch of Paul's hand on his abused skin. His breath came in harsh gulps.

"Okay, boy," Paul soothed. "Open your eyes, Wren, and see your master."

Wren's eyes were glassy. Paul had yanked him out of subpace before he could sink too far into it, which grated on Charlie, but he reminded himself that they weren't here to make Wren fly. This was punishment. Charlie watched Wren's unfocused gaze until those gorgeous eyes slowly became aware. Charlie let the full extent of his desire for Wren show as blatantly as he knew how.

Wren sagged, and his eyes glistened with sudden tears. Charlie forced himself to stay silent.

"What is it, Wren?" Paul asked, his Dom-edge only mildly tempered.

Wren shook his head and blinked back the tears. "I'm ready for the next ones," he rasped. His voice was already failing from his cries.

"Telling me my job, boy?" Paul's hand squeezed the meat of Wren's ass, making the boy whimper and push into the touch. Charlie bit back a groan and looked away. Damned if he didn't feel like he was intruding on a private moment.

“No, Sir,” Wren breathed. Charlie’s gut wrenched at the arousal in Wren’s voice, but he couldn’t make himself look. He couldn’t see that beautiful body—strung taut and shining with sweat—and not ache.

Quinn looked up from his spot and gave Charlie a quick, small smile. Charlie couldn’t help noticing the boy’s own rapid breathing and the sheen of perspiration covering his lean chest.

“Charlie.” Paul’s voice cut through Charlie’s misery, but when he raised his head, it was Wren’s eyes he met, not Paul’s.

Paul leaned into Wren again and whispered in his ear. Wren squirmed and licked his lips, but nodded, tacking on a soft, “Yes, Sir.”

“Wren, what did you find the first time you came to my club?”

Charlie waited, puzzled by Wren’s reluctance to answer.

After an eternity of holding Wren’s tortured gaze, he finally whispered, “Charlie.”

Charlie blinked and almost asked, “What, baby?” before he realized that *he* was the answer to the question. His confusion was immediately chased away by panic.

He wanted to ask a million questions. What had he been doing? What had Wren witnessed? Why hadn’t he said anything? But Paul once again took the lead.

“Wren,” Paul chastised, “is that what you call Charlie when we’re here?”

“Sir?” Wren offered tentatively.

Paul growled his displeasure. Suddenly, so did Charlie. He did *not* like that answer.

“Um... Master?” his voice was rising. Charlie and Paul remained silent, their disappointment heavy in the air.

Wren squirmed, and Charlie had had enough. “Tell me, Wren,” he ordered. “Tell me what you call me when you close your eyes at night and picture us together.”

Wren’s head shot up in surprise, and his breath sucked in audibly. His eyes heated as he slowly grasped that Charlie *wanted* it.

“Who am I when you’re coming into your fist from imagining submitting to me? After you’ve masturbated to the thoughts of taking my fat cock in your tight little ass until you fucking come all over yourself!”

Wren's chest heaved and his cock bobbed up tight to his belly. He opened his mouth, but didn't say anything.

"Say it, damn it!" Charlie yelled. He was breathing just as hard as Wren. He was on the verge of coming, he was so aroused by the confrontation. He was so focused on Wren that he missed the nod Paul gave Quinn until it was too late. The boy's gentle, slender fingers wrapped around his cock again.

"Wren!" Charlie demanded, his hips lifting into the grip on his shaft. His eyes threatened to roll back in his head, and he was desperate to hear the word from Wren's lips before that happened.

Wren was fixated on what was happening to Charlie's cock, even as Wren pushed back into Paul's kneading hands.

Quinn's gentle hand became two, Charlie's shaft easily having enough room for both of Quinn's smaller hands. Charlie's abs clenched, fighting for control when he felt all ten of those long, thin fingers wrapping around him like milking tentacles.

"Wren," Charlie begged, "baby... please!"

Wren couldn't fucking think. Watching Quinn jacking Charlie was gut-wrenching, right up until Wren looked up and realized Charlie was completely, singularly focused on Wren. He was aroused because of him. Them. This head-on collision of their most secret desires barreling down on them. Wren's own cock was throbbing, drooling precum in obscene quantities. Paul's hands on his stinging hot ass were just about enough to put him over the edge.

He was frozen with fear, though. Shame filled him. What if Charlie thought he was nothing but a Freudian hot mess with unresolved father issues, when that wasn't even close to what he felt when he thought of Charlie. When he called him Daddy.

In his mind. He'd never said it out loud to another soul.

But then, there was that vague memory that he'd thought was a dream. It kept haunting him, teasing him with an empty hope. Until now. Now, suddenly, he was getting a niggling feeling that he was remembering, not dreaming of Charlie coming to his rescue—again—and he'd cried out, "Daddy!"

And Charlie had opened his arms and held him close and kept him safe.

"Baby, please!"

Wren blinked and was struck by the desperation in Charlie's voice. The man was in agony, and in that moment, Wren realized Charlie *needed* this from him. And he couldn't stand to see him needing.

"Daddy," Wren choked out, throat closing on the depth of emotion that came rushing through him.

"Oh, fuck, yeah!" Charlie cried, throwing his head back. "Oh, God!" He thrashed and bucked against the restraints, thrusting into Quinn's grip while spunk shot out of him in arcs.

Wren gasped. He felt his balls pull up tight, and he thrust at the empty air. A whine escaped his throat as he realized he was about to come himself. He was just giving into it when a painful grip squeezed down on the base of his cock.

"Ow, fuck!" he yelled, staring down at the hand pinching him off. His body bucked against the hold as it fought to reject the brutal denial.

"Uh, uh, uh," Paul chided. "No coming for you, boy."

Wren gulped deep draws of air, shaking with need. It wasn't made easy, since he couldn't stop watching as Quinn's hands milked and squeezed Charlie's semi-soft cock until Charlie was twitching and jerking away from his touch. Raising his head with a guttural moan, Charlie opened his eyes and met Wren's with an intensity that threatened to break through even Paul's iron grip on Wren's cock.

"Shit," Paul muttered, feeling Wren pulsing in his hand. "Quinn, I put a ring up in that cupboard over there, just in case." He eyed Wren with a wry look. "Put it on our boy, here, would you?"

Wren watched, nearly losing it again when Paul released him and Quinn's gentle touch worked the cock ring into place. He could smell Charlie's spunk on Quinn's hands, and he groaned. A peek in Charlie's direction told him Charlie also liked the idea of Quinn's hands being on Wren when they'd just seconds ago brought Charlie off.

Paul stood back and Wren caught sight of him in his peripheral vision, adjusting a massive bulge in his leathers. But Wren was only interested in Charlie, whose burning, possessive eyes bore into him, holding him hostage.

Quinn was trailing his fingers up and down the length of Wren's cock. Every time he reached the crown, Wren's belly clenched, and he held his breath. Soon, having been allowed to touch unchecked, Quinn's touch started

expanding, brushing teasingly over Wren's balls, tickling the sensitive skin of his groin, even drifting upwards to play with his nipples until Wren whimpered.

Wren was startled when he felt Paul releasing his arms. Stiffening, Wren looked at Paul, ready to ask why but halted by the look he received.

Seeking out Charlie as his second wrist was released, Wren saw surprise in Charlie's eyes, as well. Wren wasn't sure if it was comforting to know Charlie wasn't in on this part of Paul's plan or not.

"Kneel," Paul ordered.

Wren's ankles were still bound, feet placed wide apart, but there was just enough slack to maneuver his feet around so that he could kneel. He blushed; the position opened his legs so far he could feel that he was completely exposed. Why he was shy about it now when only days ago two men he hadn't known from Adam had spread him open and spanked his hole until he screamed, Wren couldn't say. But he felt his cheeks flame, and he dropped his eyes.

"Eyes up." Wren jumped. Paul's voice was so compelling; Wren wondered that he didn't have an entire club of subs on their knees waiting to do his bidding.

"You keep your eyes on your Daddy, boy."

Wren raised his head, seeing Quinn first, kneeling quietly in front of Wren while he awaited direction. Quinn was still hard, glistening with his own sweat and precum. He was beautiful, the perfect, composed submissive that Wren would never be. Quinn quietly backed away until he was once again kneeling next to Charlie.

And then there was Charlie, and he wasn't looking for a Quinn. The way he stared at Wren made him blush, but he couldn't help preen just a little under the immediate, proud lift of Charlie's chin. It didn't hurt Wren's ego any, either, that Charlie was already hard, his cock flushed an angry red that commanded Wren's attention. The monster was an imposing force of its own.

"Hands and knees, Wren," Paul directed.

Wren did as he was told, licking his lips when Charlie's eyes drank in every inch of him.

Paul explained as he worked his way around Wren, stroking him from shoulder to thigh. "Your skin is too sensitive for the belt, Wren. I don't want to

leave marks on you that aren't mine to leave, so we're switching to a good, hard spanking."

Wren waited.

"Say 'yes, Sir,' Wren."

"Oh!" Wren felt his cheeks flame again. "Yes, Sir."

"Charlie?" Paul waited until he had Charlie's attention. "Do we continue?"

Wren's heart slammed in his chest. He wasn't done. He *needed* to see this through to the end. For Charlie. For himself. He shamelessly pleaded with his eyes when Charlie turned back to him, not breathing again until he received the faintest nod from him.

"Yes." Charlie's voice was hoarse and raw and sexy as fuck. "Continue."

He had no time to prepare before Paul's hard hand fell on his ass. He was relentless, shifting from one side to the other, first higher and then low enough to brush his sac, but never with a discernable pattern or rhythm that Wren could fall into.

Within ten strikes, Wren was whimpering. By twenty, he was shaking, his cries growing louder, sweat breaking out and pooling in the valley of his spine. By thirty, he was desperate to escape, his ass burning, a hot, penetrating pain that only flared hotter and deeper with every strike of Paul's hand.

Charlie's face was all he could see. He focused on those eyes, so proud of him. Pushing him and feeding him strength just from the approval and pride shining in the golden depths.

Still, by forty, Paul had to restrain him with an unbreakable hold around Wren's waist, and the begging started. Then the crying, and by fifty, Wren was a wrung out, sobbing mess finally allowed to collapse onto his elbows.

It took a long time for Wren to realize the spanking had stopped. He swore phantom hands kept beating his burning ass, but then Paul was stroking his skin, soothing even as he tortured with his touch. Wren squirmed and sniffed, trying to ease away from him, but finding himself pinned by a massive paw in the middle of his back.

"There, now." Paul was comforting him. Murmuring nonsense words that only now began to penetrate Wren's fog of agony. He realized more by visual confirmation than anything else, that he was, for the first time since he'd seen

Paul's gorgeous, arrogant face, as close to flaccid as one could be while still bound in a cock ring.

Wren gulped a few more calming breaths and finally lifted his head and sought out Charlie. Stunned, Wren's mouth fell open, seeing Charlie's muscles gleaming and bulging as if he'd just busted out a hard-ass workout. He was breathing hard, and veins were still distended in his shoulders and neck.

Charlie was staring at him, searching his eyes for something that he must have found, because only then did he relax against the chair. He looked away for a brief second before snapping his attention back to Wren. The relief in his eyes brought a gentle smile to Wren's lips.

"Quinn," Paul interrupted the silent reuniting.

"Yes, Sir?"

Wren's head came around when he heard the breathless sound of Quinn's voice. Still kneeling like the superior sub he was, Quinn's erection looked painful. Screaming-red, Wren thought the thing looked like it was trying to escape its own skin.

"Come here and let Wren take care of you."

"Yes, Sir." Paul held his hand out. Quinn reached for it, his hungry gaze lingering on Wren's upturned ass. Quinn settled himself on his knees in front of Wren. His cock was diving distance away from Wren's mouth.

"Pardon, Sir." Quinn licked his lips before he met Paul's eyes. "Um... may I?" He tipped his head at Wren, the want in his demeanor making Wren's cock surge painfully the rest of the way back to life. Wren groaned, which must have been answer enough for both Paul and Charlie, because Charlie let out a moan of his own, adding a twist of his hips that begged Wren's attention.

Paul ruffled Quinn's hair. "I think that's a yes."

Wren pushed up to his knees. With a fluid grace, Quinn turned to lie on his back with his head between Wren's knees. Understanding the plan, Wren bent over him until he was facing Quinn's groin. His own cock hung above Quinn's mouth. He looked down his body and watched the precum cling to his aching length before dripping onto Quinn's neck.

"Condoms!" Charlie blurted. Everyone stopped and stared.

"I can assure you we've all tested clean, if you want to—" Paul started, but he was cut off by a sharp shake of Charlie's head.

“No! Wren’s cum enters no one but me.”

Wren gaped. His heart swelled as if Charlie had just showered him with praise.

“He takes no one’s but mine,” Charlie growled, his possessiveness turning Wren on so much that it took him a second to completely process the words. Words that implied more than bare blow-jobs. Wren shuddered, wanting to come all over the place just from the thought.

Condoms were produced. Nice ones, Wren noticed, thankful that they’d get the most sensation with only moderately bad taste. More or less trapped on his hand and knees, lest he collapse on the young Quinn, Wren watched Charlie’s face while the man avidly watched Quinn’s deft hands sliding a condom on Wren, then on himself. The lust in Charlie’s gaze was more than enough encouragement for Wren to put on a good show.

Before Quinn released his own cock, Wren dove for it, swallowing it whole. Quinn’s loud cry made Wren’s belly clench, and his hips thrust towards Quinn’s waiting mouth. He groaned when heat and a kneading tongue engulfed him, his limbs immediately losing strength. He dropped shakily to his elbows, his face buried in Quinn’s balls that were pulled up tight. He had a feeling neither of them were going to last long.

He thrust mindlessly into Quinn’s mouth, too far gone to worry about gentleness. The moan that vibrated on Wren’s cock told him he needn’t have worried. Quinn took his full cock eagerly, his soft grip on Wren’s hips encouraging him to let go.

Wren looked up at Charlie, lips tight around Quinn’s cock as he worked it deep into his throat before pulling slowly up, then swallowing him down again. Charlie was watching closely, his chest and face flushed with arousal. Wren had never seen him look sexier.

Feeling those maddeningly gentle fingers around his balls and the base of his cock, Wren knew he was about to be released from the ring. Anticipation filled him, and he thrust deep, closing his eyes and driving his hips into Quinn’s face relentlessly until he was suddenly free, and the rush of his orgasm engulfed his cock, and his rhythm became wild.

Seconds later, his grip on Quinn’s hips tightened and encouraged the increased tempo and brutal plunging of Quinn’s shaft deep into his throat. Just as he peaked, Wren pinned Quinn’s hips to the ground and deep-throated him,

swallowing again and again around the pulsing cock in his mouth until Quinn's loud cries became quiet whimpers.

Wren became aware that he was being quietly suckled, still nestled in Quinn's talented mouth. Holding the base of the condom, Wren slowly released Quinn and lifted his head for his daddy's reaction. And found Charlie's semi-soft cock resting against his hip, coated in spunk. Drops of it scattered over his rapidly rising and falling torso. Wren's eyes went even wider when he saw Charlie's head was still thrown back, the same muscles and veins bulging, but this time from the intensity of his release.

Wren swallowed, his throat completely raw. "Daddy."

Charlie's head snapped up, and his eyes burned into Wren's. "Yeah, baby?"

"Let's go home?"

"Anything, little bird," Charlie croaked.

Wren looked down and stroked a tender hand over the long, smooth thigh still trembling under him before lifting up on his arms so Quinn could scoot out from under him. When they were face to face, Quinn stopped, shyly smiling at Wren.

With a chuckle, Wren nuzzled into Quinn's throat affectionately, earning him a soft giggle. Wren smiled, filled with tenderness for the boy. He dropped a soft kiss against Quinn's flushed and swollen lips, and Quinn rose.

Quick and efficient, Quinn removed and disposed of both condoms and paused briefly in front of Charlie. Given the nod from Paul, Quinn released Charlie from his cuffs while Paul released Wren's ankles.

Wren sat back on his feet and caught Paul's attention before the Dom could move away. Saying nothing, Paul cupped Wren's neck and pulled him into his shoulder in a move that made Wren's heart ache. A quick kiss to Wren's forehead, and Paul was up, moving to Charlie. Still silent, the two Doms shared an affectionate handshake, and Charlie got a clap on the shoulder from Paul.

Paul held out his hand to Quinn, shooting a knowing look towards the dark window. "Let's go, little one," Paul said, smiling warmly at Quinn's sudden shyness. Charlie and Wren watched them leave.

Charlie heard the door click shut and took a deep breath to calm his racing heart. He was suddenly nervous without the buffer of the two other men. But he

was done being a coward; it was time for him to be the Dom—the man—Wren deserved.

Wren was still kneeling, knees spread wide, skin still glowing. His smooth, toned chest rose and fell with his rapid breathing. Charlie released a low, guttural moan when he caught sight of his boy's cock, shining and pink and quickly filling... for *him*.

Wren smiled shyly, and Charlie felt his chest swell with love and pride. As he watched, Wren licked his bottom lip and leaned forward, slowly, sensually crawling to him until he knelt at Charlie's feet. Trembling hands rested on his knees—pausing as if expecting to be denied—before smoothing upward and framing his still exposed genitals.

Charlie's cock flexed, wanting more despite being completely wrung out. Wren's lashes fluttered and lowered as he moved between Charlie's spread thighs. The hot, moist lick of Wren's tongue on his sac was the last thing he was expecting. His breath caught and held, as he watched Wren lap up the spunk from his cock and balls, then his pelvis and stomach, cleaning every drop from his skin.

When he licked, then sucked hard on Charlie's nipple, Charlie jolted and finally snapped out of his stupor. Groaning, he buried his hands in Wren's hair and held him there. Wren hummed and sucked harder, making Charlie twist his hips, looking for friction on his cock. Wren's hand fell on the valiantly swelling flesh, squeezing gently, and Charlie's eyes rolled.

“God, baby,” Charlie moaned, “the way you make me feel.”

Wren lifted his head and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand; his cheeks flushed adorably. “Good, huh?”

“You have no idea.” Charlie pulled Wren tight against him, their heated bodies finally coming together, pulling groans from both of them. Charlie's hypersensitive genitals were trapped between them, and his abs contracted in reaction. Wren squirmed, burrowing in closer, and melted against him with a sigh of such contentment Charlie chuckled.

Charlie kissed the top of Wren's head and brushed his cheek over the soft curls of hair, breathing in the scent of him. Now that he could, Charlie touched. He petted his boy, starting at his shoulders, gently feeling every inch he could reach until he finally cupped Wren's ass. It was still hot. Charlie groaned and squeezed, making Wren stiffen and hiss.

Charlie let up immediately. “Damn. Sorry, baby. You’re just so damn sexy.” He lightly touched their lips together, but he pulled back and tried to see Wren’s expression through clearer eyes.

“Was it too much, Wren?” Charlie’s heart pounded. “You have to tell me the truth.”

Wren stared at him for the longest time, which was unnerving, but at least he was dutifully thinking about it before he answered.

“I thought at first that it might be,” Wren confessed, dropping his eyes and blushing, which was freaking adorable after everything they’d just done. “When I saw Quinn with his hands on you, I didn’t know if I could do it.”

Charlie winced and nodded. “I felt the same when Paul touched you.”

That made Wren smile with obvious pleasure before he focused his attention on Charlie’s chest. He circled a distracting finger in the still damp chest hair until Charlie grabbed his fingers and brushed his lips over them.

Wren’s fingers curled over Charlie’s and he finally continued. “When you looked up at me, though, and—” his breath caught and he dropped his forehead to Charlie’s sternum with a thump.

Shy Wren was enticing in a far different way than the seductive Wren who’d just prowled up to him and licked him clean. Charlie wasn’t sure which one made him harder.

“Look at me, baby,” Charlie commanded gently, with a touch of his fingers under Wren’s chin. “We have to talk about this, love.”

“I know.” Wren licked his lips nervously. “I just... when you looked at me it felt... I felt like it was just us in the room. Like Quinn’s touch was an extension of me, in some way. It was... It was *me* touching you.” He tipped his head. “Does that make sense?”

Charlie smiled, and relief bloomed in his chest. He hadn’t realized how tight it had gotten. “It makes perfect sense. I’d given my permission to Paul to act on my behalf. On our behalf. So yes, his touch was an extension of me—it was me—as well.”

“I know,” Wren whispered. “I could tell.”

He took a deep breath and squeezed Wren tight, hips flexing in response to the hot slide of his smooth, firm skin. He could feel the rapid flutter of Wren’s heart against his chest. “God, baby. It means so much to me that you felt it. Felt me.”

"Me too." Wren's lips curved. "It probably wouldn't have worked out this way otherwise, huh?"

"No," Charlie admitted. "And it was hard for me, Wren, painfully so. But it was safest for the both of us this way."

Wren tipped his head. "Why safer?"

"Oh, hell, baby," Charlie groaned. He hadn't meant to admit that. But as reluctant as he was to confess the rest of it, he had to be honest. "I was so... *angry* inside; riddled with built up... regret and pain and... God help me... jealousy. *God*. I was so damn jealous! And I felt so ugly for it. I just... I didn't trust myself to lay a hand on you until we'd worked it out."

He wasn't surprised to see Wren drop his head, but it still twisted him up inside.

"I'm so sorry, Charlie." He glanced up through his lashes, whispering tentatively, "But that's over, now, right? I mean... you still want to be my—?"

Charlie snarled and crushed Wren to him. "Damn right, I'm your Daddy," he growled. "Paul was right, baby. We only move forward from here, got it?"

Wren raised his head. "Yes, Daddy," he vowed solemnly.

"And it's just us, baby," Charlie insisted, giving Wren a little shake. "I don't share, Wren."

"Oh?" A wicked gleam lit Wren's eyes, "Not even together, Daddy? Watching me with Quinn seemed to get you pretty hot."

The visual flashed through his mind, and a deep, guttural moan built in Charlie's chest. His cock suddenly screamed for release. "We'll, uh, leave that subject on the table... to discuss later."

"Yes, Daddy," Wren agreed, with a sensuous rub of his belly against Charlie's shaft.

"I can't even tell you what it does to me when you say that." Charlie cupped Wren's face and kissed the soft smile on his lips before wrapping his arms around his boy. He took a few calming breaths, but he couldn't remain still. He slid his hands up and down the silky skin of Wren's back, carefully slowing at the small of his back.

"Your skin is so soft, and still so hot." With Wren leaning against him, he could see past his shoulder and he watched his hands brush over the tops of the bright pink globes. "I can just see the edge of the pink on your ass."

Wren squirmed and arched, and Charlie was overcome with desire. "I need to see you, my little bird," Charlie declared. "Stand up and let me see what you gave me tonight."

Wren dropped his eyes, but Charlie had caught the emotion in them. He pushed up, his flat stomach and rigid cock coming slowly into view. Charlie's mouth watered while his hands grasped Wren's hips to turn him.

He'd known, of course, that Wren's ass was a work of art, but seeing it flaming red with the heat of a well-deserved punishment nearly put Charlie over the edge. In awe, Charlie brushed his fingers across the tender skin, over and over, losing himself in the sight and feel of this precious offering.

"Beautiful," he murmured, pulling Wren closer so he could taste him. A lick, a small kiss to the boy's unmarred hip wasn't nearly enough. With the groan of a starving man presented with his first bite of sustenance, Charlie savored it all. He mouthed his way over the same heated skin he'd just held in his hands, licking, tasting, and gently sucking. The last one caused Wren to gasp and sway, so Charlie banded a tight arm around his waist to hold him while he relentlessly continued his assault.

"Daddy." It was a whimper of need from his boy, and it nearly snapped his control. Wren's hands had wrapped around Charlie's forearm for stability, and they squeezed and flexed with Wren's sighs and moans.

Charlie slid his arm between Wren's thighs, urging him to widen his stance. Then he pushed between Wren's shoulder blades to bend him over. Wren's breath caught audibly. But his back arched, and his hands fell to his knees for balance, though Charlie's arm around him was a steel band that would never let his boy fall. Charlie could feel Wren's erection pressing up against the underside of his forearm, and it only made him hungrier.

Inflamed by the sounds coming from Wren, Charlie rested his hand on the small of his back, and slowly traced his fingers down the crevice of Wren's backside. He lingered at Wren's entrance, gently rubbing against him without penetrating until Wren was squirming and pushing back for more.

He had to taste. A single, long swipe of his tongue from Wren's sac to his tailbone only whetted his appetite, though, and Charlie couldn't stop himself from going back for more, again and again. He lapped at the salty skin, bathed it, all the while reveling in Wren's uninhibited reactions.

He growled his approval when Wren spread his legs further and bent over as far as he could, his hands on the floor by his feet as he bent himself nearly in

half. Charlie had never been so grateful that he'd driven the boy to daily yoga classes for years.

Charlie lifted his head and almost came; Wren's tightly-closed hole blushed pink and gleamed with Charlie's saliva. His fingers trembled when he touched, trailing them through the liquid, spreading it all the way down to coat Wren's sac. Wren moaned loudly and continuously, as Charlie alternated teasing strokes of his fingers with wet, sloppy licks and thrusts of his tongue.

Wren was starting to shake. He rocked against the assault, the most erotic sounds coming from him as he moved, pushing back into Charlie for more. When he was to the point of cursing and begging and crying out with every touch, Charlie forced him to hold still. A gentle circling of his hole was the only warning he gave before Charlie plunged two fingers deep into him. He grinned with satisfaction when he unerringly pegged Wren's prostate.

Wren screamed and froze for a split second before thrashing wildly in Charlie's hold, slamming himself onto Charlie's fingers while jet after jet of semen shot from his cock.

Charlie groaned roughly, taking it all in: the hot press of Wren's ass against his face while his fingers were crushed in the iron grip of scorching silken walls; the pulse of Wren's erupting cock against Charlie's arm, which was now the only thing holding Wren and keeping him from collapsing to the floor.

And Wren screaming, "Daddy!" Charlie knew would forever have the power to induce an immediate erection from memory alone.

Wren sagged weakly in Charlie's hold, panting as tremors continued to wrack his body. Charlie's arm was burning and starting to cramp, so he carefully slid his fingers from Wren's clenching hole and settled his boy on his lap, carefully arranging him so his weight rested on his thighs instead of his sore backside.

He rocked them, lovingly petting Wren's back and nuzzling into his hair. Charlie was still painfully hard, trapped between his own hip and Wren's thigh.

"What about you?" Wren asked sleepily, pressing his leg against Charlie's erection.

"I'm fine, baby," Charlie assured him, his voice quiet and soothing. He pulled Wren in tighter. "I can wait."

"Are you sure?" Wren tried lifting himself up, but Charlie stopped him with a squeeze.

“I’ll wait until I have you in my bed.” His cock pulsed, eager for that very thing. “The next time we come I’ll be inside you.”

Wren lifted his head and gazed at him with eyes full of adoration and awe and exhaustion. “Then let’s go home, Daddy.”

Charlie couldn’t look away from the luminous eyes that were so full of everything he’d ever wanted. Charlie dipped in and brushed their lips together. Their eyes drifted shut as their mouths meshed. Overcome with a wave of tenderness, Charlie pressed closer, loving the soft give of Wren’s lips against his. They didn’t deepen the kiss but kept it a gentle exploration until Charlie was completely lost and Wren was a puddle on his lap.

With a last, reluctant nip at Wren’s tempting bottom lip, Charlie raised his head and smiled at the look of utter bliss on that angelic face—a shamefully debauched fallen angel—but angelic nonetheless.

“Okay, my little bird. Let’s go home.”

Chapter 4

Wren's ass hurt. Again. He pouted. He had never been more serious about *not* wanting to wake up, but the throbbing of his ass wasn't going away. He started to roll onto his stomach to escape the ache, but he realized his entire back, from head to ankle, was pressed against a solid warmth, and he was instantly unconvinced that he should move at all. Ever.

Charlie's body felt amazing against him. The light furring of hair scratched imperceptibly against him, and he loved it. His own body he kept smooth, so he was sensitive to every hair that touched it. Of course, what he was experiencing from Charlie right now was far from simple touch. Wren was engulfed by his giant bear who evidently had a thing for cuddling.

Charlie's chin rested against Wren's head—a favorite resting place of his, if Wren was catching on correctly. A massive arm didn't merely drape over Wren. It surrounded him, holding his arms against his torso before tucking under his side in an almost completed band of immovable muscle. Charlie's other arm bent considerably under Wren's head to pillow it perfectly.

Wren couldn't deny that this totally did it for him. He relaxed completely, submitting to Charlie's unconscious bondage. He sighed deeply, ecstatic and safe and content to hibernate in his bear trap. Wren snickered. Bear trap.

“What's so funny, little bird?” Charlie's voice was rough with sleep, deep and seductively intimate. That fast, Wren was erect. As if on a trigger mechanism, Charlie's cock grew long and hard in the crack of Wren's ass. He squirmed deeper into Charlie's embrace and squeaked when he was squeezed too tight.

“Oops,” Charlie chuckled. “Sorry.”

“Sure you are,” Wren answered dryly, noting Charlie had only marginally loosened his hold.

“What were you giggling about, baby?” Charlie asked, his face once again buried in Wren's hair.

Wren gasped in outrage. “I do *not* giggle! Six-year-old girls giggle.”

Charlie snorted. “Okay,” he drawled.

Wren rolled his eyes.

“Since you asked, I was thinking about how you had me trapped in your giant bear parts, which I subsequently coined *the bear trap*.”

He smiled when Charlie's loud laugh burst out. “See? Funny.”

“Yes, baby,” Charlie agreed politely. “You're hilarious.”

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome.”

Wren was grinning like a fool. This was so very different than the last time he'd found himself in Charlie's bed. He settled contentedly into Charlie's arms, drifting.

When they'd finally arrived home last night, Wren had been dead on his feet. Charlie had made them both shower before bed, though Wren had merely stood passively in the shower while Charlie washed him, then dried him, and finally carried him to bed.

Wren's stomach fluttered as he remembered the intimacy of Charlie spreading him out on the bed and gently applying a soothing gel to his sore bottom. Soft, careful strokes had soon graduated to slightly more pressure, becoming a sensual kneading when Wren started arching into the warm, hard hands. It had been loving and tender and so freaking hot.

But Charlie had slowly soothed him and calmed his arousal until he was utterly boneless. The last thing he remembered was the soft kiss on the base of his spine, and the order to sleep.

“I can hear you thinking,” Charlie mumbled. He was clearly not a morning person.

“I was remembering you taking care of me last night,” Wren admitted, and his stomach did the same flip all over again just saying it.

“Mm,” Charlie purred. “That was rather enjoyable, if I remember right.”

“Mm,” Wren mimicked. “I thought so, too.”

He squirmed until Charlie finally lifted his arm from around Wren's chest, but not without protest. Wren grinned and turned in his arms, about to ask what they should do today, but he was caught, instead, by the unguarded affection in Charlie's eyes. Wren simply fell into them. He hadn't realized how much Charlie's usual stoic disposition had been masking.

“Um.” Wren stared until Charlie's lips twitched and his eyebrow rose in amusement. “What should we do today?”

Charlie rolled them so fast Wren gasped and found himself pinned and staring up into gorgeous caramel eyes that had the power to melt him.

"I cleared my calendar so I could spend all day tending to your tanned hide." Charlie grinned, laughing outright when Wren slugged him in the arm.

"Is that so?" Wren replied archly. "Well, then I think you'd best get to it, don't you?"

"I do," Charlie growled, burying his face in Wren's neck. Wren gave a surprised squeal and lifted his chin to give the man more room. Whiskers scraped and teeth bit; Wren's body broke out in goose bumps and his nipples beaded, making him arch and moan.

"Ah, there's the spot," Charlie said, then dove back, mumbling something about loving that spot.

Wren panted and squirmed, pushing against immovable shoulders. Damn, but that turned him on. It shouldn't have. Anyone in their right mind would have panicked at least a little, but Wren just moaned and gave in, shivering with the next wave of goose bumps. Charlie's gravelly purr of approval triggered even more of them until Wren's thoughts of escape were nothing but fleeting memories, and the drive to get off prevailed.

Wren's hips bucked against the thick, hair-roughened leg that Charlie possessively wedged between his thighs. He gasped and whimpered. The hands that had pushed against Charlie now clutched his neck and pulled him even closer. The bear paw cradling Wren's head tightened and held him still so Charlie could take his mouth.

Plunder. That was the word that flashed in Wren's mind. Charlie's gentle kisses of last night were nowhere in sight now. He smashed their lips together, forcing Wren's mouth to open and receive his incursion. His tongue tangled with Wren's, commanding both participation and compliance, and Wren was helpless to give it.

He clung to Charlie, opening fully to him, inviting him in and granting him the full, unlimited use of his mouth. He bit and sucked at Charlie's invading tongue, and his reward was the thrill of feeling Charlie's solid hips thrusting, driving his steely erection into Wren's hip. The action pushed his thigh—the one Wren was already humping wantonly—harder against his aching cock, and suddenly Wren was barreling towards orgasm at an alarming rate.

And then it all stopped. Wren wailed in protest, clinging and dragging Charlie back to him. Charlie relented only enough to press a couple of quick, hard kisses to his mouth, then, infuriatingly, to his forehead.

“What?” Wren panted. “What the hell, Charlie?”

Charlie grunted and threw him a look at the use of his name. He pushed away and flopped onto his back, his massive chest heaving with his labored breathing. Wren sat up and immediately reached for Charlie's engorged cock. Intercepted by an iron grip on his wrist, Wren glared in disbelief. He blinked hard, trying to settle himself. It wasn't easy, what with Charlie's gleaming, muscled body and gloriously turgid shaft just splayed out there for him to *not* touch.

Wren grabbed his own cock, throwing his head back and groaning at the touch.

“Don't you dare,” Charlie growled.

Wren scoffed. “I don't know what kind of sick orgasm denial fetish you're into, but that's not one of mine.” He dragged his fist up and down his erection, clenching his jaw against the urge to scream.

He heard what sounded like a feral animal, and then he was on his back, both hands pinned to the bed above his head. Wren fought, bucking his body and snarling at his captor.

“Damn it, Charlie!”

Charlie raised one imperial eyebrow, and Wren narrowed his eyes in a defiant glare. Though his Daddy didn't move or say a single word, Wren still found himself wanting to look away and fighting the urge to squirm.

“Fine!” He spat. “Damn it, *Daddy!*”

Charlie smiled brightly, and Wren blinked, dazed by the sight.

“Good boy,” Charlie murmured, tapping Wren's pouting lip before sitting up on his knees and pulling Wren with him.

“Now.” Charlie cupped his face, his smile softening to something adoring that Wren had absolutely no hope of resisting. “I stopped because I promised both of us last night that the next time we come it will be with me buried in your ass.”

Wren's mouth fell open. If it had been possible, his cock would have hardened even more. "I don't remember that," he finally whispered, his throat suddenly too dry.

"I'm not surprised," Charlie said, moving off the bed and holding his hand out to Wren. "But I should have thought of it sooner. You were pretty out of it when it came up."

Wren stepped into Charlie's space, deliberately brushing against Charlie's angry looking erection. "Was I getting my ass tended to at the time?"

Charlie swallowed. "In a sense," he croaked. "Reminding me isn't going to make this any easier."

"Good," Wren smirked, turning away and searching for his clothes. "That's fair, after what you just did to me."

He spotted his clothes from last night folded neatly on the chair in the corner. He slipped them on, wincing when they slid over his ass. He was achingly aware of Charlie's heated eyes following his every move. Wren couldn't be mad. Sexually frustrated, maybe, but Charlie's reasoning was too romantic and way too enticing to argue.

His mind already fast-forwarding to the "buried in your ass" part of the day, Wren paused. "Wait, did you actually *say* 'buried in your ass' last night? Because I'm pretty sure I'd remember you saying the words 'buried in your ass.'"

Charlie laughed from within his closet. Wren hadn't even heard him move. "Maybe not those exact words."

"You definitely should have used those exact words."

"I'll remember next time." Charlie promised.

"I'm going to run up to the house to shower and change." Wren finished dressing and faced Charlie. He sucked his breath in when he saw him sitting on the edge of the bed, staring at Wren again with that look. Wren wondered if he'd ever get used to that.

He walked right up to him and stood between his knees. Charlie had to look up to make eye contact, which made Wren smile.

"I love it when you look at me like that, Daddy," he confessed, voice soft. He touched his fingers to the scruff on Charlie's cheek.

“Like what?”

Wren kissed him. It was the first kiss he'd initiated, and his throat tightened when Charlie lifted his face to receive it.

“Like I'm the most valuable possession you own.” Wren ducked his head, embarrassed that he'd said that. How presumptuous.

Charlie lifted Wren's chin with his knuckle. “Do I own you, little bird?”

Wren's smile spread slowly, and he nodded. “Oh, yeah.”

“Then that makes you the most valuable possession I own,” Charlie stated simply, pulling Wren in for another kiss. A firm, unmistakable stamp of ownership. Wren wrapped his arms around Charlie's neck and hugged him fiercely.

Charlie chuckled and returned the hug before setting Wren away from him. “Go. Get what you need and come right back. I'll make coffee and breakfast.”

“Okay.”

Wren felt so light and free and happy that he reached the main house wondering if he'd skipped all the way there. He snorted as he let himself in the door. He smelled coffee and headed towards the kitchen.

Devin was at the island with a cup of coffee and his tablet, no doubt scrolling through the news sites. He didn't look up when Wren entered.

“Hi,” Wren chirped.

Devin jumped, sloshing coffee. Wren gave a surprised laugh. “Wow. Not very often I can get the jump on you, Dev.”

He moved into the room and poured himself half a cup, mindful of the coffee Charlie was making for them. Wren leaned against the counter and faced his brother.

“What's up with you?” Wren grinned, because he couldn't seem to stop.

Devin was still wiping up coffee, checking his tablet for any drops. He pinned Wren with his damn laser vision, but there was a glint of humor in his eyes. “Forget about me, slut. Where have you been?”

Wren just shrugged.

“You look like you're about to burp up canary feathers.”

“Gross.”

“Uh huh.” Devin kept staring at him, looking for what, Wren didn't know.

“What?” Wren demanded, but kept grinning. “Do I have something in my teeth?”

Devin snorted. “You look pretty happy, baby brother.” He leaned his elbow on the countertop. “So you and Charlie...?”

“Yes, Devin,” Wren teased, “me and Charlie.”

“So? What's the scoop?”

“We're together.” He made a show of slurping loudly from his cup.

Devin arched his perfect eyebrow. “Thank you for that detailed dissertation.”

“No problem.” Wren smirked.

“Listen,” Devin started again. His manner was serious enough that Wren made an attempt to pay closer attention. “I'm happy for you, baby brother.”

Wren tipped his head. “Really? 'Cause you don't really look it, big brother.”

Devin stood and gave Wren a small smile. “It's a little difficult for me, I'll admit. But all I really want is for you to be happy. I've... come to terms with what that means for you.”

“Aw.” Wren walked into Devin's chest and wrapped his arms around him. He sniffed dramatically. “You're growing up so fast.”

“Very funny.” Devin hugged Wren tightly. “That's all I've ever wanted, you know. Although... I've recently been informed that my methods of achieving that end were somewhat questionable.”

“Jesus Christ, Dev.” Wren looked up and cocked his head. “You know, a normal person would have just said, ‘I fucked up.’”

Devin laughed loudly. He stepped back and ruffled Wren's hair before putting his cup in the sink and grabbing his tablet. At the door, he turned and winked. “Normal is overrated.”

They spent the day doing normal, everyday things. They went to the grocery store and shopped for dinner, and Charlie made sure they had bags full of Wren's favorite things. And the whole time, Wren teased him. It wasn't Wren's fault, really. He was a naturally sensual creature. The way he moved, his

innocent touches throughout the day—as if he had to have tactile proof of Charlie's existence—combined to drive a man crazy. Wren's eyes hid nothing; Charlie knew how badly Wren wanted him, because he *saw* it all day, every time he made eye contact.

He was starting to regret not allowing them to rub off on each other that morning. He'd been semi to fully erect all day. Every place they went, Charlie had to imagine bending Wren over the produce, or the checkout counter, or the hood of the car. Worse, it was as if Wren knew what he was thinking because he would look at Charlie every time, and the longing and the heat and the lust were right there in his eyes.

At dinner, a simple meal of grilled steaks and potatoes and salad, Wren was so carefree and witty, Charlie couldn't believe how much they laughed. This was his Wren—he laughed and teased and cared, and he made people feel good about themselves.

And Charlie realized how *this* Wren—the one with the inner glow that drew people to him with such guileless appeal—had been missing for so long. He'd been buried under hurt and confusion, and it was all Charlie's fault.

“What's wrong, Daddy?” Wren's eyes met his, so innocent and genuine.

Charlie grabbed his hand and traced Wren's long, almost delicate fingers with his own big, hard, calloused ones. It was a contrast that never failed to arouse him.

“You were waiting for me that whole time, weren't you?” Charlie asked with a wince. “There I was, thinking you were out sowing your oats and telling myself you needed it—”

“Don't.” Wren interrupted, his hand squeezing Charlie's. “It was a stupid, juvenile way to go about getting your attention. In the end, all I did was hurt both of us.”

“It wouldn't have gotten that far if I'd been... better.”

Wren tipped his head. “Better? At what?”

Charlie shrugged. “Everything. Listening, observing... admitting my own feelings.”

Wren went completely still. “Which are?”

“Come with me.”

They were finished eating. Charlie took a deep breath and stood, drawing Wren up with him. He led him to the living room, which was largely dominated by a cream-colored sectional sofa and the big square coffee table that fit in front of it. Charlie ignored everything else and directed Wren to sit on the sofa.

“I’ll be right back.”

In his bedroom, Charlie found the folder and the box that he’d stored in his top drawer almost two years ago. He sighed, lamenting the lost time, but then he shook his head, determined not to lose any more.

Sitting next to Wren, Charlie leaned forward and pulled the contract from the folder and placed it on the table. He placed the box next to it.

“Wren,” he drew him forward and smiled, watching Wren scoot to the edge of the deep sofa. Then his breathing stopped when Wren held his eyes and slid to the floor, kneeling next to Charlie, facing the table.

Charlie swallowed and bent forward to kiss Wren’s head, taking a second to breathe him in and feel the softness of those curls against his face.

“You can see that’s a contract,” Charlie started. “It is something that we *will* go over line by line for our D/s agreement.”

Wren nodded, but otherwise didn’t move. Charlie combed his fingers through Wren’s hair, tugging it until he looked up.

“Know this, though, little bird.” Charlie held him possessively at the back of his neck. “Those papers will help guide us in that aspect. But our relationship is not dependent on what you agree to on that contract. In fact, if you chose not to sign it, we will still be together... If that’s what you want. Do you understand?”

Wren swallowed, his brown eyes luminous and nearly black in the low light. “You would want me even if we never did another scene?”

Charlie nodded. “I’m dominant by nature in bed, but not necessarily a Dom. I don’t need the title. And you’re naturally submissive, so... I think we’re good there, right?”

Wren blushed, nodding. He was hiding a smile, though.

“I’m confident we will always find a way to be compatible, baby. With or without scenes or props or titles. Because it’s you I want. *You*. Okay?”

Wren nodded again and met his eyes shyly. “But—we *are* going to do those things, right, Daddy?”

Charlie chuckled and leaned forward to growl in his ear. "I will always gratefully accept your submission, Wren. And it will be cherished for the beautiful gift that it is. But tonight... tonight we're just us, okay?"

Wren threw himself into Charlie's arms so suddenly that he almost took them both to the floor. Charlie grinned and patted his back. "Okay, baby?"

Wren sniffed and clung to him for another minute before answering. He slid back to his place on the floor. "I just..." he shrugged. "I'm good."

Charlie combed Wren's hair, smiling when Wren closed his eyes and leaned into the touch. "You can open the box now," he whispered in Wren's ear.

Wren's hands were shaking when he reached slowly for the box. He almost dropped it when he finally worked the lid off.

He smiled when Wren's breath sucked in. He blinked back the sting in his eyes when he watched Wren's slender fingers shake as they brushed reverently over the quarter-sized medallion nestled in the box. But he was starting to get nervous when his boy just kept touching and staring at it, until Charlie saw him swallow several times.

"Wren," Charlie finally croaked. "You have to say something."

"It's beautiful," Wren whispered without looking up. "It's our initials."

"Yes." Charlie's palms were sweating from his nerves. He almost bit his tongue, but finally confessed, "I designed it."

"Oh." It was more squeak than anything else.

"Baby, you don't have to wear it." Charlie couldn't stand it anymore. He reached for it. "Here, I'll—"

"No!" Wren clutched it to his chest. "Don't you dare take it back!"

"Oh, my little bird." Charlie cupped Wren's chin and forced him to look at him. "I will never take it away. I will never take it back, unless you make me."

Wren shook his head rapidly, eyes fierce. "I won't. Not ever."

"Will you let me put it on you?" Charlie reached for the box like he was afraid for his fingers, making Wren laugh.

"Yes." He handed the box over.

Charlie studied the collar he'd designed only a few months after Wren had thrown himself at him after that damn party, inadvertently setting in motion this long chain of events.

As if he'd been in Charlie's head, Wren gasped. "When did you have that made?"

Charlie smiled ruefully. "Busted." He sighed and couldn't believe it when he felt his cheeks heating. "I designed it a couple months after you called me to get you at that stupid frat party."

Wren looked like he couldn't decide if he should smile or cry. "But that was so long ago! And I made such a fool out of myself!"

Charlie chuckled. "Didn't matter. You rubbed your sexy self all over me, and I was hard for days afterwards. I was officially a goner."

"Really?" Wren squealed, a huge smile on his face.

"Really, brat." Charlie laughed. "Now, do you want this collar or not?"

Wren sobered immediately. "I really, really do, Daddy."

Eyes on the open trust on Wren's face, Charlie hesitated again, reluctantly sighing. "We should wait until we've gone over the contract—"

"No!" Wren's shout startled him.

"But—"

"Do they only go together? What if we don't have a contract and are just... together? Does that mean I can't have the symbol—the commitment—of a collar?" His boy sounded truly hurt and afraid.

"Of course not." Charlie cursed under his breath. "I want you to wear it. To belong to me, no matter what."

Wren gave a shaky sigh. "Then please, Daddy. I want it."

Charlie clumsily dug the collar out of the box, remembering each sketch-after-discarded-sketch until he'd gotten it just right. The charm was an intricate silver swirl of their initials. They entwined with a certain sensuality that Charlie had struggled to achieve, contained within a perfect circle. It was held on either side by a simple chain, with a clasp at the back that would be locked with a small silver padlock.

Charlie lifted the insert and pulled out a small key attached to a matching silver chain that was much longer in order to fit around Charlie's neck. He laid them both out on the table and turned to find Wren watching him with rapt attention.

He smiled and lifted Wren's chin so he could kiss him. As soon as he tasted his boy, Charlie closed his eyes and moaned, pressing into the kiss, sliding his tongue against Wren's and nibbling his lips before reluctantly pulling away. Wren's eyes opened languidly, snaring Charlie in their depths. Charlie's chest filled, his ego and his cock both equally delighted with causing that dreamy expression on Wren's face.

“Strip.”

Wren blinked. “Um, excuse me?”

“A man doesn't collar his boy while he's in blue jeans, baby. I want you naked... until you're wearing nothing but my collar.”

“Oh.” Wren blushed, but stood quickly. He started to move away, but Charlie stopped him with a hand on his hip.

Wren removed his shirt first, tossing it to the other end of the sofa. His jeans were sexy with Wren's bare feet. They were even sexier when they fell around his ankles. Boxer briefs were dispatched with efficiency and joined the shirt and jeans in a pile. It was an economical and purposeful removal of clothing, with not a single movement meant to entice, yet Charlie's body reacted as if Wren had just performed a thirty-minute erotic strip tease.

His hand returned to Wren's hip and he couldn't resist stroking the satiny skin. He pressed a kiss there, inhaling deeply because he needed to. Charlie reluctantly lifted his head and stood, turning Wren gently by the shoulders. He trailed one finger down each of the bumps and divots of Wren's spine before he settled the chain around his neck. Wren was tense and quivering; Charlie kissed his neck, right at the vertebrae his lock would rest against. Wren shivered, and Charlie smiled when the goose bumps broke out on cue.

Finally, he had the collar latched and locked. With a suddenly shaky hand, Charlie traced the chain around Wren's neck and tugged once to make sure it held. He grasped Wren's shoulders in each of his hands, leaning close.

“You're mine now, little bird.”

The nod and the little choking sound were enough of a response for Charlie. He reached for the chain holding his key, intending to slip it over his head, but Wren spun around suddenly and grabbed his arms. Wren slid his hand down to Charlie's where it hovered over the little padlock. He linked their fingers together.

“Let me?”

Charlie straightened and brushed a knuckle over Wren's cheek. "Of course, baby. I would love that."

"Will you get naked, too?" Wren implored. "I want to see you with nothing on but my key hanging from your neck."

Charlie stripped his shirt off, while Wren picked up the chain. He stopped dead, though, as if transfixed by the gradual reveal of Charlie's body. He finally stood naked, basking in Wren's blatant arousal. Wren was breathing hard and seemed unable to take his eyes off a certain part of Charlie's anatomy. His cock liked the attention and stood proudly erect, possibly growing even harder.

"Um, Wren?" Charlie smiled when Wren's attention slowly traveled upwards until their eyes finally locked. Wren took a shaky breath and slid the chain over Charlie's head. His hands followed it down as it draped over Charlie's collarbones and settled in the valley of his chest.

"You're mine now, Daddy," Wren whispered, kissing Charlie so sweetly. Charlie had been to many collaring ceremonies in his life as a Dom, but not one of them compared to this moment right now.

"Only yours," Charlie agreed. He brushed a finger across Wren's cheek. "I want to be with you, baby... without anything between us. Bare. I mean, I'm tested and clean, and it's been a really long time since I've—"

Wren stopped Charlie with his fingers on his mouth, "Me too. All of that." He smiled. "I've never done anything without protection, even blowjobs."

He closed his eyes and kissed the fingers still covering his lips. "I never have either. I've only ever wanted to with you."

Charlie flicked his tongue out when Wren's fingers delicately traced his lips. He tipped Wren's chin up so he could brush their lips together. He smiled at Wren's soft sigh, then licked his bottom lip, nipping it gently. Wren groaned and pressed closer as their kiss deepened, but Charlie pulled back, held him by the arms and dropped to his knees.

Wren visibly trembled, and he stared longingly down into Charlie's eyes. Wren's hands rested on his shoulders, while he smoothed his own hands over every inch of his boy's body. He cupped the tender globes of Wren's ass in his hands and squeezed gently, thrilled when Wren's eyes rolled up and a guttural moan escaped his throat.

With Wren trapped in his hold, he mouthed the smooth skin of his belly and rubbed his cheek against his ribs as if marking him with his scent. Then, in a

sudden moment of inspiration, he pulled him in close and pressed his chest against Wren's cock and balls.

"Ohmygod!" Wren screamed; his whole body convulsed. "Fuck yeah, Daddy!" He instantly wrapped around Charlie's neck and began thrusting, his rigid cock slamming hard into Charlie's sternum, his balls slapping obscenely against him.

"Fuck me," Charlie grunted in surprise. His heart raced as he accepted the pounding. "Take what you need, baby." He nearly lost his mind. He knew Wren had a thing for his thickly muscled chest, but he was a little stunned—and a lot turned on—by the immediate, wild reaction.

Wren released a throaty roar and roughly pressed Charlie's face tight against his clenching abs. He slammed his hips into Charlie's ridged valley of muscles, rubbing himself back and forth across Charlie's chest, fucking hard into the deep crevice of his pecs and moaning a steady stream of *oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck* like nothing had ever felt so good.

Charlie just held on and let his boy use him until his chest was slick with sweat and precum and Wren's cries turned to nonsense. Stopping him wasn't easy. Charlie had to grab his arms and break his hold, which was so fucking hot he almost let Wren come all over him for the sheer eroticism of it all. But he had bigger plans for that load.

"No! Please!" Wren begged so beautifully when they separated, but his protest cut off in the next breath when Charlie took his shaft deep into his throat and swallowed. Wren groaned and plunged into his mouth. Charlie let him, loving that his boy was aggressive, taking what he needed unless he was told otherwise. He relaxed his throat and let Wren have his mouth, sucking hard and savoring his first taste of his boy.

"Oh, God, Daddy!" Wren cried. His thrusting became erratic, and his cock swelled impossibly bigger in Charlie's mouth. And then it expanded and pulsed, christening Charlie's tongue with its semen. Wren bucked furiously into his throat, screaming and shaking as he came. Charlie sucked gently on his softening member until nothing more could be extracted from it, and Wren was curling over him. Wren panted, gulping air with his hands still clenched around Charlie's neck.

"Wren." His voice was raw, rough from his boy's cock ramming into his throat. "Are you okay?"

“That was...” Wren stood on unsteady legs, his expression dazed. “I can’t... my God, Daddy... that was... fucking amazing.”

“*You* are amazing, baby.” He could almost come from the vision of debauchery standing before him. Wren was flushed, unsteady and dazed and thoroughly undone. And it was hands down the sexiest thing Charlie had ever seen.

“Oh, my God,” Wren groaned. “I was so... *loud*.”

“Yeah.” Charlie concurred in a gravelly purr. He smirked. “That was hot.”

Charlie placed random kisses over Wren’s belly and hips, licking at the slick, salty skin. He was painfully aware of his own throbbing cock.

“Wren.”

“Yes, Daddy?” Wren breathed.

Charlie smiled. It would never stop turning him on, hearing those words from his little bird.

“Come here, baby.” Charlie moved from the floor to the sofa, keeping Wren close and arranging him between his knees.

Wren leaned into Charlie, hands on his shoulders, holding eye contact with his sexy Daddy while he took a few more gulps of air. The smile on Charlie’s face was entirely too smug, but Wren couldn’t deny that it was justified.

“I want you to bend over for me again, baby,” Charlie commanded, his voice thick with the same lust that clouded his eyes. He leaned past Wren and pulled the coffee table closer, patting it. “All day, I’ve been dying to get another taste of you.”

Wren drank in the sight of his Daddy in his full-on state of arousal, then slowly turned his back. Charlie worked his feet between Wren’s and kicked them apart. Wren felt himself blush, overcome with the vulnerability of his position. But the tremor of excitement was there, too. He licked his lips and bent at the waist, arching and opening himself to Charlie’s eyes and mouth and hands. He lowered his chest until his elbows hit the table.

He was already trembling. His cock flexed, determined to revive itself, when he felt Charlie’s fingers on his backside. Gentle, considerate strokes soothed and slowly built his pleasure. The way Charlie’s hands shook when he touched him made Wren’s stomach tighten.

“God, Wren,” Charlie’s voice was so deep and hoarse. “I’ll never get enough of you.”

Wren blushed. “Oh,” he squeaked.

Without warning, Charlie locked his hands tight on Wren’s hips and dove in, the flat of his searing hot tongue a sinful massage of Wren’s sensitive tissues. Wren jerked in surprise but immediately yielded, his supplication complete. Charlie repeated the licks again and again before invading fully. Charlie reared back, growled hungrily, then struck, sucking hard on the sensitive wrinkles of Wren’s hole; Wren screamed something unintelligible and almost bucked himself right out of Charlie’s hold.

Thankfully, his man had an iron grip on Wren’s hip, because he was relentless—sucking and licking and fingering him until he was a mindless, quivering mass of raw nerves. Wren’s throat ached and dry sobs tore from him as he begged for mercy.

“Please, Daddy,” Wren begged, shoving himself against Charlie’s mouth. God, he needed more. Or he needed to stop. He wasn’t sure anymore. “Please, please, please.”

“What do you want, baby?” Charlie panted. They were both covered in sweat, their breathing labored and their cocks leaking profusely. “Tell me and I’ll give it to you.”

Wren lifted up on his hands, gasping when the movement forced Charlie’s fingers deep inside him. Charlie withdrew and cupped Wren’s ass with both hands.

Wren sagged and dropped his head, gulping in air and trying to control his shaking. But he looked behind him and saw Charlie’s huge erection, slick with running precum and flushed an angry red, and he lost what tiny thread of control he’d gained.

Wren turned and dropped to his knees between Charlie’s widespread thighs. “I want you in me, Daddy.”

He reached for Charlie’s cock, grabbing it with both hands and held on tight while he sucked the fat head into his mouth and groaned loudly. Latched on tight, the pop when he pulled off was loud and wet.

“Ohmygod, you taste amazing, Daddy,” he breathed, licking and mouthing the precum from Charlie’s crown before sucking him down again.

“Oh, fuck!” Charlie gasped and twisted in Wren’s hold. “Wait, baby!”

Charlie’s hands plowed painfully into Wren’s hair and pulled him off forcefully. But Wren could feel him trembling, his palms scorching hot and slick with sweat on Wren’s skin, and he knew he was weakening.

“I need you, Daddy,” Wren begged, imploring with his eyes. “Please, I need you inside me.”

Charlie abruptly released Wren’s hair and put his hands on his own head, scrubbing roughly at his scalp. “Are you sure you’re ready? I—”

Wren released his hold on Charlie’s cock and pushed him back into the cushions. With single-minded determination, he climbed him, sliding his chest and belly against Charlie’s raging erection until their heated cocks met.

“Oh, God, yes,” Wren hissed, grinding their groins together with a fervor that hurt. “I’m so fucking ready, just take me already!”

Charlie chuckled breathlessly. “God damn, baby. You have no idea how hard I’m trying to control myself here.” He groaned, and Wren felt his cock flex against his.

“I feel how hard you are,” Wren purred, reaching for Charlie’s cock. He was intercepted. “C’mon, Daddy. Give it to me.”

“Fuck.” Charlie’s teeth were grinding together, making his jaw muscles work, which was one of Wren’s hot buttons.

“Please.”

“Okay, baby.” He took a deep breath and exhaled. “But we’re taking it slow. I don’t want to hurt you.” He gave Wren a warning glare as if he didn’t trust him not to break free and impale himself on Charlie’s unsuspecting dick.

Charlie lifted Wren and slid his fingers behind his balls, testing the wetness coating his hole. He lowered Wren until the thick, hot head of his cock pressed against him insistently. Wren bent his head and watched Charlie rub his shaft around his opening, combining his leaking precum with the slick of saliva.

Wren held his breath, and pushed. Meeting resistance, he pressed down harder and groaned; fresh sweat broke out and his muscles quivered. His hole burned and he felt it tighten against the intrusion, but he kept trying. Nothing happened. Charlie’s cock stayed stubbornly outside of him as if no opening even existed.

Wren whimpered and raised his head, pleading with his eyes. "Daddy?"

"Shh. It's okay." Charlie rubbed his hip and then lifted Wren so he could spread more of his fluids over his opening. Wren wanted to scream in frustration. He was so well lubricated he could feel it running down his ball sac. That wasn't the problem.

"Try again, baby." Charlie's voice was so pained; Wren was instantly wracked with guilt for making him suffer. Charlie saw his look and shook his head firmly. "Stop, Wren. You need to relax. Take a deep breath, then exhale and push out."

Wren nodded his head and did exactly what Charlie instructed, but still, he was barely penetrated. Wren pushed out and forced himself down and felt the very tip squeeze through the tight ring of his hole, but that was it.

Wren dropped his head, a whine escaping his throat. His whole body shook, and he fought the rush of panic.

"Help me!" he cried, choking back a sob before he completely lost his shit. "I need you so bad!"

"I know, little bird. Be patient." Charlie lifted him up again and this time slid his middle finger inside. Wren gasped at the intrusion, then relaxed and let Charlie work him open. He added another finger and pressed against his prostate. Wren was stretched, but now he was squirming and whimpering with need again.

"Lay on me." Charlie slowly hugged Wren to him until he was resting against his chest. "Okay?"

Wren nodded, burying his face in Charlie's neck and breathing him in.

"One more time, baby," Charlie's voice was tight with restrained need. Wren desperately wanted to satisfy that need.

Charlie held Wren by the thighs, spread wide, gradually letting Wren's weight guide the pressure on his cock. Wren felt his ring open, barely letting Charlie's cock breach him. Wren's hole was on fire, but he pressed on, frustration bringing stinging tears to his eyes. He gave a sudden, desperate lunge and cried out from the pain.

"Ow, ow ow ow!" It hurt. It hurt so bad, Wren was shivering from a cold sweat and goose bumps spread over his body. Charlie froze.

“Oh, fuck,” he swore. Wren cringed. Charlie lifted him and set him gently on his lap, tucking him under his chin like a child. Wren was stunned at how slippery with sweat Charlie was. His muscles quivered under Wren’s and his chest rose and fell with his loud, harsh breathing.

“Jesus Christ, Wren. I’m so sorry.” Charlie’s voice shook, as did the hand he buried in Wren’s hair.

“What?” Wren shook his head, still reeling and confused as to how he’d ended up cuddling in Charlie’s lap, instead of riding his cock. He could feel Charlie’s erection—scorching hot and sticky with its own fluids—pressing against his own.

“Are you giving up?” Seriously, he would cry like an infant if Charlie gave up on him now.

“No, baby.” Charlie rubbed his back in long, soothing strokes. “I’d never give up on you.”

It didn’t calm him, though. Wren was desperately needing Charlie inside him more than ever, but now he was afraid he was fucking it up beyond repair.

“Then, what?” He raised his head and pleaded with Charlie. “Why are we stopping? I can do it, I swear I can. I just need—”

Charlie cupped his face and silenced him with his lips. The kiss was gentle, comforting at first, but Wren pressed into it, opening his mouth in invitation. Charlie surrendered with a moan, thrusting his tongue inside to tangle with Wren’s. The kiss heated quickly, becoming a desperate, carnal coupling that had them both panting.

“Christ, Wren!” Charlie wrenched himself away, holding Wren back from diving after him. Wren frowned and would have stomped his foot in frustration if he’d been standing. Charlie took a deep, deliberate breath and dropped his forehead against Wren’s.

“Baby?”

“Daddy?”

Charlie’s lips twitched, but he just shook his head. “Wren, have you ever been... penetrated?”

Wren froze and felt his cheeks sting painfully. “Do you mean to ask if I’ve ever been fucked?”

“Have you?” Charlie’s voice hardened, but Wren didn’t know if it was impatience with him, or his dislike of the idea that he’d been fucked by someone else.

“I heard that you don’t do virgins,” Wren blurted. His cheeks could not burn any hotter. “I asked a couple of the subs about you at the club, and that’s what they all said…”

Charlie groaned and leaned his head back against the sofa, squeezing his eyes shut. Like he was in pain. “Wren—”

“So I tried,” Wren rushed to get it all out, anxiety and embarrassment fueling him. “It… didn’t really work. I couldn’t even let him finger me because it wasn’t you! All right? It wasn’t *you*, you… you fucker! You didn’t even want me, and I still couldn’t—”

“Wren!” Charlie barked.

Wren snapped his mouth shut and buried his face in Charlie’s chest, moaning miserably. “God, I’m such a fucking, prissy boy. I fucking saved myself for you, okay! And you don’t fucking do fucking virgins, so I couldn’t fucking tell you—”

“Wren!” Charlie raised his voice, and Wren realized he’d been trying to butt in, but Wren had been too busy ranting like a lunatic.

“What?” He pouted, painfully embarrassed and refusing to make eye contact.

Of course, Charlie made him. Holding Wren’s face in those huge, warm paws, he lifted it until Wren looked at him.

“It’s true, little bird, that I wouldn’t have taken a virgin in a BDSM club.” He stared forcefully into Wren’s eyes as if he could make him understand if he just looked at him harder. “I’m big, Wren. Um, really big, as you’ve seen. I wouldn’t inflict that on someone new to the scene, one who’s possibly too scared to safe word.”

Wren nodded. He could understand that. He’d initially had the thought that to safe word was to fail, or worse, disappoint his Dom. It wasn’t until he’d actually used it and had actually received understanding and compassion, instead of anger and disappointment, that he’d learned. But he still didn’t know where that left him right now.

"I would *never* have tried your first time like this, had I known." Charlie brought their foreheads together again. "I should have made it special and gentle not..."

Charlie sighed heavily and closed his eyes, and the remorse on his face broke Wren's heart. "Forgive me, baby?"

"There's nothing to forgive, Daddy." Wren ducked his head. "It's not like I didn't give you plenty of reasons to think I'd been ridden hard."

"Stop," Charlie growled.

"If you don't want me—" Wren started, but was cut off immediately when Charlie grabbed his shoulders roughly and gave him a little shake.

"You're mine!" Charlie declared. "God, Wren! You have no idea what you do to me!"

Wren shook his head.

Charlie's hands circled his neck; his thumbs under Wren's chin forced him to look at him. "It fills me with a—a shameful amount of selfish, inappropriate, chauvinistic, caveman-level pride—and way too much smugness to be attractive—knowing that you've never had, and will never have, anyone else inside you but me."

Wren felt the pleasure bloom. The tightness left his chest, and his stomach fluttered happily, instead of clenching painfully. A smile grew on his face that he couldn't contain.

Charlie laughed.

Wren threw himself at his daddy. His arms locked around Charlie's neck and squeezed, and he laughed right along with him.

"Take me to bed, Daddy?" Wren begged, squirming deliberately against Charlie's still raging hard-on. "I need you now more than ever."

Every time he begged, Wren grew more confident. Because every time, Charlie groaned or twitched or even shuddered in reaction. Wren bit Charlie's neck and grinned when he shivered. Breathing into Charlie's ear, he whispered, "Please... take me, Daddy."

Charlie stood with Wren in his arms. He had no resistance to his boy's begging. He realized he was seriously going to have to work on that, but he'd start later.

He took them to the shower. Wren blinked at him in confusion, but Charlie was determined to do this right. He stood Wren on his feet while he set the water temperature and let it run until it warmed enough.

“We’re going to start again, okay, baby?” Charlie cupped his face, stroking the smooth skin because he couldn’t *not* touch his boy. “We’ll have a nice hot shower and get you good and relaxed.”

Wren nodded trustingly, closing his eyes and leaning into Charlie’s touch. “Then I’ll take you to bed, and if it takes all night we’re going to ready you to take me with the minimum amount of pain I can manage.”

“Okay,” Wren whispered, but his whole body had reacted visibly. Charlie ground his teeth against the rush of arousal and prayed for patience. He’d never been this far gone. He could have come multiple times by now, he was sure of it. His balls felt like they held enough seed to fertilize an entire colony.

The shower was a lesson in torture. Wren visibly relaxed under the spray, and his muscles became languid from Charlie’s soothing cleansing. He massaged Wren’s head when he washed his hair and stroked his boy’s cock slowly, letting arousal build and simmer, but not flame into a frenzy. The more he soothed Wren, the more Charlie needed release. Wren completely submitted to him, freely handing over his pleasure and his body into Charlie’s possession, and the sheer eroticism that followed was pure torture.

Eventually, the water ran cool, and Charlie dried them both. He pulled back the comforter and Wren spread himself like an offering in the middle of the bed. Smoldering eyes, almost black with desire, watched Charlie closely while he found lube and joined Wren on the bed.

Lying down next to Wren, Charlie propped himself up on his elbow and leaned in for a kiss. He lingered, gently urging Wren to open, sweeping his mouth greedily with his tongue. He would never get enough. Charlie moved closer as the kiss deepened, their breaths came faster as their tongues dueled.

His cock pressing into Wren’s hip seemed to trigger something in Wren. His hips lifted, and he arched off the bed. Charlie left Wren’s mouth and moved to his neck. Biting and sucking, he made his way to the nipple closest to him. He met Wren’s eyes as he extended his tongue to the tightened flesh, smiling at Wren’s quick inhalation. Charlie closed his eyes and sucked, moaning when Wren bucked against him.

While his tongue and teeth tortured that nipple, Charlie’s hand reached for the other. He brushed over it with his thumb a few times before he pinched it,

holding it and rolling the swelling nipple between his finger and thumb. Wren cried out and squirmed.

“Daddy, please!” Wren quivered beneath him. “I’m going to come if you keep doing that!”

Charlie lifted his head with a smirk. “Really? You think I could get you off just from nipple play?”

Wren blushed and growled. “Who cares? You’re killing me!”

With one last lick—mostly so he could hear the gasp from Wren—Charlie moved on, kissing and licking the short distance to Wren’s cock.

“You’re leaking for me, baby,” Charlie purred. Then he sucked the tip of Wren’s shaft into his mouth and tongued as much precum out of it as he could get.

Wren’s moans and whimpers were making Charlie unbelievably hot. The boy had no filter. His responses were visceral, and Charlie felt every one of them deep in his balls.

“Suck me, Daddy!” Wren thrust into Charlie’s mouth when he finally opened to let him all the way in. But only for a few seconds. Wren was too close to the edge. Charlie released him and thoroughly enjoyed the vocal cries and begging he received in response.

Moving to his knees, Charlie positioned himself between Wren’s knees and grabbed him high on his inner thighs. Wren gasped, and his eyes flew open. Charlie met his eyes and held them while he pressed outward, spreading Wren as wide as he could.

Charlie gave him a wicked grin. “Damn, boy. Remind me to never complain again about driving you to yoga.”

Wren laughed breathlessly. He was breathing too hard, and a sheen of nervous sweat had broken out on his skin.

“Relax, baby,” Charlie soothed. He ran his hands up and down Wren’s inner thighs, brushing his thumbs closer and closer to Wren’s perineum with every pass, finally reaching the sensitive stretch of skin. His thumbs massaged from Wren’s entrance to his balls. Wren’s head fell back against the bed, and he moaned, long and deep.

Charlie opened the lube with one hand, drizzling it right onto Wren’s perineum and watching as it ran down. His left hand still held Wren tightly by

the inner thigh, and now his thumb dipped into the liquid and massaged it into his skin.

With his right hand, Charlie went to work, opening Wren for his cock. With shaking hands, he managed to add lube to his fingers one-handed, then he placed them over Wren's hole. He rubbed his fingers over him, just pressing against him without penetrating, until Wren's head snapped up.

"Do something, Daddy!" Wren demanded. "I want you inside me and it's going to be Tuesday by the time that happens if you don't do something!"

Charlie chuckled. "You're right, baby. After all, we already know you can take two of my fingers pretty easily, don't we?"

"Yes!" Wren snapped.

Charlie slammed two fingers into him, all the way to his knuckles.

"Yes!" Wren cried, humping down onto Charlie's hand. Wren was instantly frantic, pounding against the invasion with a desperation that nearly unglued him.

"Hold on, baby," Charlie warned, adding a third finger.

Wren stopped and hissed. Charlie felt his ring contract, trying to reject the added thickness. "Just take a breath, Wren. Hold still until the burn passes."

Wren nodded, inhaling and exhaling, his eyes closed tightly against the pain.

"Look at me, baby," Charlie commanded. When he had Wren's attention, he gently moved deeper within him until he reached his prostate. He grabbed Wren's cock with his other hand and squeezed.

Wren gasped and his eyes widened. "Oh, that helps." He smiled weakly.

"I thought it might." Charlie grinned, milking Wren's hot shaft, quickly working it to a fully-erect state. "Move when you're ready, baby. I'll wait for you."

Wren nodded, and his hips gave a tentative twist. He moaned loudly when it increased the pressure on his gland. Breathlessly, he cried, "Oh God, that's good, Daddy."

Charlie grunted in agreement. He was working up his own sweat, hanging onto his control by a thread while he watched three of his big fingers get swallowed inside that tight virgin opening. Then Wren was moving, pushing

down on his fingers and moaning while Charlie watched and wiped the sweat from his eyes. Every time his fingers disappeared into Wren's tight-as-sin hole, Charlie swore he could feel his own cock burying itself inside that silky heat.

Lost in the sensual act of his boy masturbating himself on him, he almost realized too late how close Wren was. Snapping out of it, Charlie clamped down hard on the base of Wren's cock.

"Ow!" Wren yelled. He lifted his head and glared at Charlie, blinking his eyes into focus. Oh yes, he'd been quite far gone. Charlie smiled apologetically.

"Sorry, baby. I got too caught up in you." He released Wren's cock completely, his moan washing over him like a sensual massage. "Damn, you're sexy, baby."

Wren's hips moved, and Charlie stopped him. "I'm going to add another finger, Wren."

Wren's eyes went wide. "Don't you think I'm ready?"

Charlie eyed his fat cock, cursing its size for the hundredth time.

"I don't think so," Charlie sighed. "One more, okay? Then I have to have you." Charlie's voice was so thick by the last sentence that Wren's eyebrows rose. He looked down and Charlie knew he was just now noticing what a mess Charlie was.

"You're the sexy one, Daddy," Wren breathed. "Look at you, muscles all pumped up and glistening, and your cock looks like I could make it blow if I breathed on it."

Charlie gave a rough laugh. "You definitely could, baby. I'm sure of that."

He quickly added more lube and slid a fourth finger into Wren. This time he didn't stop until he was pressed against his gland. Wren's eyes rolled back, and his hips immediately ground down on his fingers.

"Oh, fuck, Daddy. So good." Wren's movements increased quickly and he was soon writhing sinuously, slamming himself down on Charlie's hand until he was pushing against the knuckles.

That was it for Charlie. He raised up on his knees and bent over Wren. "Now, baby. I need you now."

Wren nodded, reaching for Charlie's shoulders and pulling him down until Charlie was on top of him. Charlie reached between them and steadied his cock, finding Wren's opening easily despite his unsteady hand.

He pushed. At first there was no give, and Charlie nearly broke. He couldn't hide the desperation on his face or in his voice.

"Relax, baby. Oh, God," he panted, his arm shaking under his weight. "Let me in," he begged.

Wren took a deep breath and exhaled, bearing down on Charlie's cock at the same time. Charlie pushed just a little bit more... and slid inside with a shout of relief.

"Ah!" Wren cried, breathing loudly and holding perfectly still. "Don't move yet. Goddamn. How can it still hurt when you just had four fingers stuffed in me?"

Charlie couldn't answer. He ground his teeth together and tried not to focus on how tight and hot Wren was around him. Wren's muscles clenched, squeezing Charlie even tighter. "Oh, fuck, baby. I gotta move!"

Charlie's fists clenched handfuls of bedding, and Wren gave him the nod to proceed. Slowly, he pressed forward, then eased back before sliding in a little bit more. He could feel Wren opening to him with every back-and-forth of his cock, and it almost brought tears to his eyes. In just a couple more short thrusts, he'd be seated all the way inside his boy. If he could keep his orgasm in check for that long. Charlie had never denied orgasm to this extent. He was just a hair-trigger away from losing control.

Wren whined deep in his throat. Charlie's head whipped up and he locked eyes with him. "Almost there, baby." His hips curled a final time, and he realized he couldn't go any further. He groaned and clamped his jaw shut, trying to take deep, calming breaths.

"Don't move," he managed to grind out between his clenched teeth. His cock was encased in the most exquisite torture device; he could barely breathe for fear that even that tiny movement would set him off.

Wren shook his head, his fists tearing at Charlie's shoulders. "I can't." He panted loudly through his mouth and Charlie felt the slightest fluttering around him.

"Wait, baby," he begged.

"Oh, God! Oh God oh God!" He looked right at Charlie, neck already arching as he was overcome. "I'm going to—"

"No!" Charlie cried, but Wren was already moving. A single, sinuous turn of his hips that squeezed Charlie and stroked him just enough.

“Oh, fuck.” The rush slammed into him like a dam breaking. He gave in and thrust hard, a quick punch of his hips—once, twice—and he was coming. And coming and coming.

Wren was bucking and screaming beneath him, his cock erupting stream after stream of spunk between them, the only touch on it the press of their bodies.

Charlie's balls throbbed, feeling like they actually contracted, he ejaculated so much. But the pleasure. The wave after wave of pleasure that coursed through him was incredible.

Slowly, they stopped shuddering from the endless aftershocks. Their breathing slowed, and the sweat started to dry on their skin.

Charlie chuckled. “Good Lord, Wren.” He kissed his boy hard, again and again. “What you do to me.”

Wren smiled shyly. The contrast in him—of wild and uninhibited when aroused, to shy and sweet in the aftermath—was something that Charlie continued to find fascinating.

“I love the feel of you inside me, Daddy.” Wren squeezed Charlie's cock with his internal muscles, and Charlie groaned.

“I love being inside you, baby,” he gave him one more kiss before lifting up, “but I should get off and get you cleaned up.”

“No,” Wren pouted, wrapping his long arms and legs around him like he'd suddenly grown tentacles. And there were way more of them than there'd been arms and legs.

Charlie chuckled. “Really?”

Wren huffed. “Fine.” He released Charlie but gasped as soon as he started pulling out.

Charlie froze. “What is it? What's wrong?”

Wren shook his head. “Nothing. Just didn't really expect it to feel like... um... that.”

Charlie's lips twitched. “I'll go slow, okay?”

Receiving the nod, he slid out, carefully. He groaned at the tight grip that suddenly clamped down on him. “Wren, my God! You can't do that!”

“Why not?”

Charlie just grunted and finally prevailed over the crush of death. He chuckled as he went to the bathroom for a wet towel. He returned to the bedroom to find Wren lying in the same spot, his legs bent so his feet were damn near under his butt. His knees were clenched together, and he had a pained look on his face.

He hurried over and sat next to him. "Baby? What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Wren croaked, looking anywhere but at Charlie.

"Are you hurt?" Panic rose.

"No."

Charlie frowned, but started wiping Wren's chest and stomach clean, looking him over for injuries or any outward explanation for the weird behavior. Finding nothing, Charlie nudged Wren's legs so he could get to the rest of him.

Wren didn't move. He firmly refused to move his legs even after Charlie gave him a second shove.

Charlie frowned. "All right, little bird, enough of this. Tell me what's wrong right now."

Wren winced, and Charlie cursed. "I'm sorry, baby. But I can't help if you won't tell me."

"I don't know what to do," Wren finally blurted. His cheeks flamed brilliant pink. Charlie's eyebrows rose.

"Um... about what?"

Wren slapped his hands over his face, and Charlie had to lean in to hear him. "I can't move!"

Charlie was more confused than ever. "What do you mean you can't—"

"What am I supposed to do with all of this... stuff in my ass?" he cried. "If I move, it feels like it's going to—"

Wren slammed his mouth shut and peeked through his fingers at Charlie. He was looking away from him and he was—

"Are you laughing at me?" Wren screeched. "You're *laughing* at me?"

He threw a pillow at Charlie's head, but it only made him laugh harder.

“Well, fuck you very much, Charlie!” Wren yelled. “See if I ever let you put me in this position again!”

That shut Charlie up for about six seconds before he chuckled and crawled closer. “Baby, you are too adorable for words.”

“Shut up!” Wren snapped. He crossed his arms over his chest defiantly.

Charlie went into the bathroom and returned with what he assumed was a fresh towel. He knelt next to Wren’s hip and tapped his knee, “Open.”

“No.” Wren shook his head.

“Yes.” Charlie was looking too intense and, upon closer inspection, Wren realized he was more than a little bit turned on.

“No!” Wren glared, but Charlie just stared placidly back. He didn’t engage in a petty argument, he just waited long enough for Wren to realize it.

“Fine.” Wren made himself unclench. Charlie spread Wren’s knees and crawled between them. Then he tipped them back with his huge paws on Wren’s inner thighs, so he was completely exposed.

“Just look at you,” Charlie breathed, touching his fingertip to Wren’s tight hole while Wren held his breath. “All closed up tight like my fat cock never even stretched you open.”

Wren just stared. He whimpered and trembled, but Charlie’s eyes met his, and this time there was not a touch of humor anywhere in them. Wren had absolutely no doubt Charlie was beyond aroused by this. Dropping his eyes, he saw that Charlie’s cock was rapidly thickening. And damned if that didn’t turn Wren on, even in the face of his stinging embarrassment.

Holding Wren’s knees back, Charlie gently ran the warm cloth around his groin, over his sac and finally down the length of his crack. Wren wanted to cover his face again, but he felt outside of himself, like he was watching someone else. Wren’s heart slammed in his chest, and his breath came faster and faster. He was starting to think he might hyperventilate, when Charlie stopped and held the cloth beneath his hole.

Charlie was breathing pretty hard now himself. His pupil-blown eyes were utterly fixated on Wren’s ass. Wren was quivering, made only that much worse when he felt his body responding, his cock filling while Charlie watched.

Charlie’s eyes flicked upward and locked with Wren’s for just a second. Long enough for Wren to register the dominant gleam in them.

“Let go.”

“Wh—what?” Wren’s mind went blank. He couldn’t. He couldn’t really mean it. But Charlie’s eyes were burning into him. They held him captive. They demanded his submission, and his damn body kept reacting.

Wren licked his lips nervously. “You mean—”

“Let go, Wren.” Charlie growled. He sounded feral. He looked it. “Let me see what I left in you.”

“No.” He could barely hear himself over the blood rushing in his ears. Wren shook his head again, but damn it, he was wavering. He was way more turned on than not, mostly from the desire in those penetrating eyes as they fixated on Wren’s clenched hole.

“Yes!” It was a demand.

Wren wavered. “Please,” he begged, barely a whisper escaping. But Charlie just waited, his eyes burning into Wren’s.

Finally, Wren could withstand him no more. With a whimper, he slapped his hands over his face again and relented. He let it go, pushing just enough to open, to expel the remains of their first coupling for Charlie to see.

Wren pressed his fingers against his stinging eyes when he felt the semen trickling out of him. Expecting to be wiped clean with the cloth, he jumped when he felt Charlie’s bare fingers touching, catching the ejaculate and smoothing it around Wren’s hole. And then he heard Charlie’s breath rasping in and out, and Wren knew he needed to see his Daddy in such a state, so he finally lifted his hands and looked.

Charlie was blatantly, visibly, unbelievably aroused, and the sight of it was too much. Wren gasped, stunned, as his body instantly reacted with animalistic need. Around, inside, Charlie touched and played until Wren was squirming and panting and as hard as if he hadn’t just come.

“More,” Wren begged, arching and trying to bury Charlie’s fingers deeper inside him. It burned, but it was so damn good; he needed more. “Another, Daddy. Please, I need more.”

“Wren... God.” Charlie choked on his words. He was still watching his fingers, seemingly transfixed by the sight of them entering Wren’s body, stretching him, over and over. He was flushed and trembling and so obviously in need.

"I don't want to hurt you." Charlie rasped. "I want to be inside you so bad, but we just—"

"Do it." Wren demanded, his head rocking on the pillow, his pelvis slamming down on Charlie's fingers in abandon. "Damn it, Daddy. You did this to me, and now I need you in me again!"

Charlie shook his head, but rose to his knees. Another finger joined in the play, purposefully stretching him to take Charlie's cock now. Wren pulled his knees up tight to his shoulders, opening himself up as much as possible. It earned Wren one of those pained groans from Charlie that meant he'd just lost another layer of control.

But then Charlie was over him, against him, demanding entry again, and Wren tried to stay focused on relaxing his muscles and pushing out so Charlie could get in. And then suddenly he was in him again where he belonged, and Wren's entire world became the burning stretch and the fullness in his ass and the aching of his cock.

Their mouths met in a hot, rough kiss that shook Wren to his core. Charlie pulled out, and the long drag over Wren's prostate made him moan. But then he slammed back in and they both cried out. Wren's hips rose to meet Charlie's short, deep thrusts, each one a singular exploration of sensuality.

Charlie buried his face in Wren's neck. His rhythm became more and more driving until he pounded ruthlessly against Wren's gland. Wren was overcome with sensation, clinging desperately to him. And then he felt one of Charlie's hands stroke him from his hip to his chest. A sudden rough squeeze of his nipple forced him over the edge.

Screaming, Wren came hard, gasping breathlessly with every thrust that demanded more and more out of his over-sensitized cock. Wren held tight to Charlie when he groaned, and his hips hammered frantically into Wren until he was finally shaking with the force of his release. Charlie kept thrusting long after the last drop had been squeezed from either of them, and Wren held him tight all the way through it.

"My God, Wren. That was... amazing," Charlie panted, eons later. He raised his head to look into Wren's eyes. "Are you okay?"

Wren nodded drunkenly. "I had no idea."

"Me neither." Charlie's hips ground into him, making them both moan. "Sorry," he chuckled, "can't help myself."

Wren touched Charlie's face. Charlie sobered and kissed him gently. His eyes lowered and Wren knew he was looking at his collar. He touched it, and slowly raised his eyes to Wren again, the look in them making Wren's throat close.

"I've loved you for so long, little bird," Charlie whispered.

Wren's heart pounded.

"I know." Wren hooked his finger on the chain dangling from Charlie's neck. "I think I've always known. And I love you back."

Charlie nuzzled into Wren's neck, and Wren wrapped around him, touched by the intensity of Charlie's emotions. He'd known Charlie cared, known he probably loved him. But he hadn't really realized how hard Charlie had fallen. Until now. He supposed it was true then. The bigger they are...

The End

Author Bio

Kim Alan began writing for publication approximately thirty years after first making the declaration, "I'm going to be a writer when I grow up." It's fairly representative of the severity of her procrastination disorder. This is her third contribution to the M/M Romance Group's annual writing event.

Contact & Media Info

[Email](#) | [Goodreads](#)