



Woven

A Woven: Recoil Teaser

Lor Rose

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

WOVEN

By Lor Rose

Introduction

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

What Is Love's Landscapes?

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

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

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

Words of Caution

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

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

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WOVEN

By Lor Rose

Photo Description

Two photos of three men displaying affection.

Picture 1: Three men sitting against a wall, arms around each other.

Picture 2: A darkened picture of three men, two of them kissing, the third nibbling an ear.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Life just doesn't get any better than it is now.

We are exactly where we need to be, it wasn't easy, it wasn't fun (but it sure is now) but we made it.

One of them fought it for all he was worth, thinking, wrongly, that they couldn't love him like, like they love each other.

They've wanted him for years, but something has held him back... HUGE brownie points if he is a brother to one of them? Or maybe a (now ex-) rentboy?

Something paranormal? Or is it something else entirely?

How did these three finally get together? The longing, loving and wanting and then they made it happen and are so in love they don't even think of how it was before.

Please no D/s, BDSM or historical.

Sincerely,

Mandy

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: dark, established couple, hurt/comfort, menage, nurse, relationship abuse, sex industry

Content Warnings: abuse, cliffhanger, rape, suicide attempt

Word Count: 7,231

WOVEN
By Lor Rose

J'Leigh Brass

The couch was cozy, but it might've had something to do with the extra pillow I wedged between myself and the arm. A glass of white wine twirled in my hand from barely contained nerves. "He should be here soon," my partner of nearly ten years, Ty, said and sat next to me.

Nervous flutters flooded my insides. I took a long swig of wine. The bitter flames tastily licked down my throat. "Why do I get so nervous every time we call him?" My knee jiggled up and down, a nervous force of habit.

Ty grunted and threw an arm over my shoulder, hugging me close. He wasn't a skinny man, definitely in shape. I classified him as a semi-muscle-head a few years back. I settled into Ty's side and took another drink. "You know why," Ty said, and he too took a sip of wine, but his was red instead of white.

I sighed. I did know, all too well.

Ty and I met at a rave party ten years ago, and we'd been together ever since. We loved each other, very much, so much sometimes I had to pinch myself to make sure it was real. For years we were enough for each other, but three years ago I brought up having a threesome. To my surprise, Ty was on board, but his only stipulation was we had to find the right guy. It couldn't be some Joe off the street.

I agreed. I didn't just want anyone, either. It took us over a year but eventually we found that someone. His name was Talon, one of the escorts from The Devil's Playground. We went on several dates with other men before we found Talon. We hadn't slept with anyone else except each other, until Talon.

Talon was sweet and kind. The more time we spent with him, the more Ty and I liked him. Ever since that first encounter, we called Talon over to our place once a month. At first, it was just a sexual thing for us; another way to reach satisfaction without cheating. Over time, I noticed my feelings for Talon changing. I didn't want him to leave. Hell, thinking of Talon with anyone else besides either of us hurt.

Ty moved next to me and gave me a soft kiss. "You're thinking about him, aren't you?"

"Yeah... Am I that obvious?"

Ty quirked a dark-blond brow. “Usually no, but with him you’re sort of touchy.”

“Touchy?” I huffed. “What does that mean?”

“When it comes to him you’re...” Ty paused, searching for the right word. “Uh, sensitive isn’t the right word.”

I didn’t like where this was going. “Pick your words carefully, my friend.” This was one of those situations where the wrong answer could earn him a luxurious ticket to the couch.

“Uh,” Ty looked at his wine, “when it comes to Talon, you’re protective of him, sensitive about talking about him. You worry because of what he does. You—”

“Care about him.”

“Exactly,” Ty said and cuddled me closer.

I curled up against Ty, almost hiding my face in his shirt. It smelled like fabric softener and his cologne. “Does it bother you that I care so much about him?”

Ty looked at me with dark-brown eyes. They reminded me of dark and milk chocolate swirled together. He always laughed when I said it was true. They seemed to change color with his mood. “At first, it did.” Ty rubbed my arm. “But then I saw what you see in him. I care about him, too.”

“This might be an over-exhausted topic, but what does us caring about him mean?” I was tired of not knowing what all this meant to Ty. Really, I was sort of confused about what it all meant to me, too.

“What does it mean for you?” I blinked in surprise. That was the first time Ty hadn’t fought with me over talking about Talon, and damn the bastard for turning the question around on me.

“Well,” I took another gulp of wine then grimaced, “for me it means that I want him to stay, to be a part of us. I mean...” I broke off, unsure of what to say. How could I say what I felt without hurting Ty? “I love you, but I can’t deny that I feel something for Talon, too.” I couldn’t look at Ty, so I did the next best thing: I downed the rest of my wine.

Ty disentangled himself from me and took my glass into the kitchen to refill it. “How can we feel something for him when we don’t even know his real name? It seems a little weird.”

“What does caring about him mean to you? Does a name really matter?” I asked, sort of afraid of the answer.

“To me.” Ty uncorked the wine and poured. “I’d like to get to know him more and that includes knowing his real name. But—” Oh, jeez, I hated it when Ty said the word “but” and it had nothing to do with my ass. “I also know that we’re just a job to him.” Ty returned, but this time he sat on the large chair and handed me the half-full glass while tapping his own. “We’re not a life option for him.” If I didn’t know Ty so well, I wouldn’t have heard the slight hitch in his voice. “Besides, I wouldn’t even know how a three-way relationship would work.”

Ty did have a point. I had to admit I had no idea either. “It’d be like we are now, but just with another person, right?” I hated how I trailed off, sounding like an insecure kid in math class, or something.

Ty shrugged. “I guess, but I don’t want us to entertain the idea too much when it probably won’t happen,” Ty said. I cleared my throat and shifted a little bit. Ty just smashed my heart. I knew he didn’t mean it, but it still hurt. “I’m sorry, babe. It just scares me.”

Ty’s admission surprised me. It dislodged the uneasy feeling in the crook of my mind. “I think I’m scared, too. Scared of hurting you, hurting him, hurting me. But you know what jacks with my head the most?”

Ty shook his head no. “What?”

“I’m scared of opening something up and figuring out that I can’t love him like I do you.”

Ty set his wine on the coffee table and moved to sit next to me. He pulled me close and kissed me so tenderly, pleasure zinged down my spine to my dick. Setting my wine down, I sighed.

“That’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever said to me.”

“You mean ‘fuck me harder’ doesn’t register?” Ty’s eyes took on a sensual edge as I spoke. “Or ‘give it to me, Sir’? What about ‘choke me with it’?”

I squeaked—it was manly, I swear—when Ty shoved me down and leaned over my body. “You. Are. Evil.” Each word was punctuated by Ty’s hips rolling. I sighed and spread my legs for him.

I moaned. “I’m not evil. I just said the sweetest thing ever to you.” I kissed the tip of Ty’s nose.

I could tell Ty felt chided, or maybe it was indignant? “Touché.”

A knock at the door cut off my snarky retort. “He’s here,” I announced. Usually, I’d be more excited, but our conversation put a little damper on my mood.

“I’ve got it.” Ty got up, leaving me a little cold, and answered the door.

I leaned up on one elbow and watched as Talon entered our apartment with a smile. “Hey!” He kissed Ty’s cheek and hugged him. “How are you guys?”

His blue gaze landed on me and he smirked. “Gotten started without me?” He sauntered over and sat in the open space of the sofa in front of me and leaned down. Our lips met in a sweet kiss. His black hair clashed with his blue eyes. A more cynical person would compare them to fresh bruising, but I liked to think of it as the dark, inky night and the violent lightning of a coming storm.

“Without you? Never.” Happiness lit his face all the way to his eyes. Or it could’ve been my wishful thinking.

“Before anything,” Ty interrupted with an envelope, “here you are.” I had a feeling Ty handed Talon his money at that moment only to remind me Talon was here for a job. Ty glancing at me confirmed my suspicions. I was a little irked at Ty for that. “Wine?”

Talon leaned back, using me as a backrest. “No, thanks. I’ll take some water, though.” He never wanted a drink, always water. That was very good for his kidneys and just his overall health in general. That was my nurse-self coming out, but a little red wine could do a person good, if drunk in moderation.

“How’ve you been?” I asked, as I ran a hand down his back.

Talon smiled, and he started petting my hair. “I’ve been better.” He must’ve seen my concern because he immediately continued, “But I’m okay. Who wouldn’t be, here with you two?” He kissed me again, but this one was different. He was stiffer than before.

When he pulled away, I could see something in his eyes. He was upset, but he hid it well. If I’d just met him I wouldn’t have noticed at all.

Ty returned with a bottle of water. “Here you are.” He handed Talon the water and sat in the chair he was in before.

“Thank you.” Talon’s voice had the usual sensual edge, but I thought I could hear sadness underneath.

I didn't have much time to think because Talon jumped me. He climbed on top of me and kissed me like he was starving for affection. I happily returned his kiss. My feelings for him made me want to make whatever was wrong go away.

His hands sneaked under my shirt, both tweaking a nipple. I moaned, arching into his touch. I reached down and unbuttoned his very tight pants. Talon exhaled and helped me remove his pants. He moved away from me for a second, to fish something out of his pocket.

A tinfoil square shined in the light. He smirked and reached for my pants. The fabric dug into my hips, he was pulling so hard. He ripped open the condom then gripped my cock. I hissed as he rolled the condom on. "No," he said, and shoved me back down and straddled my hips.

Talon was never this forward or this needy. I was right. He was very upset about something. "Jesus Christ." I threw my head back as my cock disappeared inside him. He was stretched, but only just. It was so tight, I think my eyes crossed.

He sat up and rode me like a horse; one leg slid off the sofa. I was a slave to his need, and I was happy to oblige. My gaze found Ty, his pants undone and shoved down. His cock was in his hand, stroking and tugging, while he watched us. He liked to watch, and it turned me the hell on.

Talon's cock jutted out, bouncing with his movements. He slammed down, and I was sure there would be bruises later. I wanted them to be there. His other clients would see what we did. He gripped the back of the sofa, using it as an anchor, and braced his other hand on his thigh.

I gripped his hips and pumped into him.

"J, yes. Oh, god." His head fell back and his moaning increased. "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. Give it to me."

Give it I certainly did. Talon gripped his cock and pumped. In only a few strokes he came all over my shirt with a cry. His ass constricted around me. The pleasure built on itself until I couldn't hold it back anymore. I came buried in him. He grunted and kissed me again with as much passion as Ty. He had to have feelings for me to kiss me like this. It just wasn't possible; at least, that was my wishful thinking.

Talon lay on top of me with a satisfied sigh. "Sorry I jumped you." He kissed my neck and nibbled my ear.

“Anytime.” My gaze found Ty, spent, looking at us with a pensive expression. I wanted to ask what he was thinking, but I knew now wasn't the time.

Talon laughed. “Promise?” He peeked at Ty and winked. “Enjoy the show, Sir?”

Ty's stomach muscles clenched. He loved it when either of us called him Sir. “I always do.”

Talon sighed and nuzzled into my neck. My hands slid down his back, he was tense, despite our coupling. I massaged him, drawing a low, ragged moan out of Talon. Ty must've understood what I was doing, because he got up and righted his pants. He kneeled on the sofa, straddling my legs, and helped me massage Talon.

Together we kneaded Talon's tense muscles. He made the most content sounds and completely relaxed. I moved to his head and combed through his hair. Ty touched my hand. “I think he's asleep,” he whispered.

I craned my neck to look at Talon. “I think you're right. He must be tired.” My chest constricted and I looked away. He was probably tired from his other clients.

Ty got up while I kept petting Talon. He disappeared around the corner to the bedroom, probably going to clean up or something. I lay there with Talon, a little disappointed. We didn't get to see him very much, or really talk to him, besides our time together, and he was asleep. I supposed I was being a little selfish; he was obviously exhausted.

Ty reappeared with a blanket. He covered Talon and tucked in the edges under me. “You do care about him.” I looked into Ty's eyes.

He smiled and gestured to Talon. “I never said I didn't.” Ty winked and sat back in the chair.

I frowned and thought about it. “That's true.”

We lapsed into silence, and I kept touching Talon. I pretended he was with us, a part of our relationship, and was taking a nap from an awesome fucking. After this, all of us would make dinner together, then maybe watch some TV. We'd fight over what show to watch. I'd like a documentary, whereas Ty would fight for a sci-fi show or some sports thing. Talon would sneak in and find some superhero movie or western while Ty and I were fighting. After some TV, we'd all settle in for bed and get up and then do it all over again.

That was my little fantasy, and as long as he was asleep, I could fool myself.

Our life together played in my head—everything I wanted to do, all the fun the three of us would have, the fights, the making up, the jealousy. All of it I wanted for myself and for Ty, but what Ty said rang in my head. Were we really just a job to Talon? The thought constricted my chest. That was a reality I didn't want to face.

“Mmmm.” Talon squirmed, jerking me awake. When had I fallen asleep? I blinked to clear my head. I focused on Talon; his face contorted in a frown. He whimpered and jerked in his sleep.

“What's wrong?” Ty still sat in the chair, watching us.

“I don't know.” I pulled the blanket tighter. “Bad dream, maybe?”

“Maybe,” he echoed.

Talon settled down but his body was tense again; I felt it under my hands. I hated how upset he seemed. If there was something I could do to help him, I would, but I had a feeling he wouldn't tell us.

Talon sighed and pushed himself up. He blinked at me, his gaze somewhere far away. His eyes looked scared—at least I thought it was fear. “Talon?”

His blue eyes lit up with recognition. “Did I fall asleep?”

I nodded with a smile.

“I'm so sorry!” He sat back on me. “I must've been tired.”

“You were,” Ty said. “I think you were out almost two hours.”

He was? It didn't seem that long to me. I felt like he had just dozed off, and Ty had put a blanket over him.

“What?!” Talon squeaked and jumped up. He twirled around, half-naked, looking for something. Talon snatched his pants and hopped into them. “I am so sorry, but I have to go.” He looked frantic. “Since I fell asleep, next month will be discounted.” That one statement from him crushed my hopes.

Ty caught my gaze, and I knew what he was thinking but I didn't want to hear it. “We understand,” Ty said and gave Talon a chaste kiss.

Talon turned to me and bent down for a kiss. “I really am sorry.” His eyes told me he didn't want to leave us, but I had a feeling that might be just me.

“It’s okay, don’t worry about it.” I stood and righted my pants.

Ty and I escorted him to the door, where he gave us each a final kiss. He smiled, and I fought the urge to snatch his wrist. I wanted him to stay with us. I just wanted him.

“Bye, you two.” He winked and left with Ty smiling.

Ty shut the door and sighed. I stood there staring. “I didn’t want him to leave.”

“I didn’t either. Something wasn’t right.” Ty walked back over to the couch and sat with a huff.

“You noticed?” I wasn’t sure if I was surprised or not.

He sighed. “Yeah, he wasn’t his usual self. I mean, he was, but he wasn’t, you know?”

“It was forced.”

Ty nodded and picked up his wineglass. “Forced is a perfect description.” He downed the rest of his wine and just sat there.

I leaned against the door. “I didn’t want him to leave.”

“You said that already.”

“I know...” My head thunked against the door. Talon commenting about next month still echoed in my mind. I hated that he’d said that. I wanted him to take it back. I wanted... I wanted him to want Ty and me.

“Stop thinking about it,” Ty said and stood, coming over to me. “Stop dwelling on what he said.” Ty took my hand and kissed me. He pressed his body into mine. “Just stop.”

“I wish it was that easy.”

Cody “Talon” Gray

I pulled into one of the many parking spaces that made up the apartment complex's parking lot and just sat there. My grip on the wheel was so tight my fingers were going numb. The last thing I had wanted to do was leave Ty and J'Leigh. I loved being with them. They were always so kind and generous with me. Sometimes I forgot they were paying me to be around. It wasn't real, but I could imagine it was.

I envied them. I wanted what they had. That loving, easy relationship wasn't an easy thing to find. Would I ever have something like that sort of love? I wanted that before it was too late. I mean, I wasn't old, only twenty-seven, but I felt like I was missing out on life.

I was missing out on them.

Clients came and went over the years, but Ty and J'Leigh consistently hired me. I'd managed to keep a professional distance with all my clients save them. Somehow, those two managed to shatter the protective barrier I put around myself. I found myself falling for both of them. Hell, I loved them. It was stupid, I knew, but I couldn't help how I felt.

In a way, I was torturing myself by seeing them, but I couldn't stay away.

A door slamming from within the complex jarred me out of my thoughts. I sighed and got out of the car, heading for my shared apartment on the second floor. Going up the stairs felt like it took more energy than I had. My feet felt heavy and my legs weak. All I wanted to do was curl back up on the sofa with J'Leigh.

After our fucking, I was so exhausted, and J'Leigh was just comfy. I had no intention of falling asleep, but I guess I couldn't help it. They were so sweet to let me sleep on their dollar. I sighed happily, thinking about J'Leigh lying there for that long, and the warm blanket. They wouldn't have done that if they didn't care for me on some level, right?

The stairs finally ended, and I walked down the apartment hall to my place. My keys rattled in my grasp, but I wouldn't need them. The doorknob twisted and I walked inside.

My boyfriend Greg sat on the couch, flipping through the channels. I shouldn't call Greg my boyfriend, because in my mind he wasn't, not anymore.

I told him several times to get out, but he never did. He just sat there and looked at me like I was the stupidest person he ever met. If I insisted enough, Greg would laugh and tell me no one else would want my used ass and to shut up. Every time he said something like that it hurt, but I also knew he was right. No one would want a glorified prostitute like me.

Greg held out his hand and waved his fingers. "Money?" I reached into my back pocket for the envelope Ty had given me and handed it over. Greg opened it and counted out the money. "Where's the rest?"

"What do you mean?" I was confused and had no idea what he was talking about.

Greg sighed and got up to face me. "You were over there for three hours. This," he waved the money, "is only enough for two. Where's the rest?" He spoke to me like I was a stupid toddler.

I shrugged and took a step back. "I fell asleep and they didn't wake me up."

Stars flashed across my vision and my cheek exploded in pain. I stumbled back, my hand on my face, and fought to keep my balance. "You fell asleep? You can't fall asleep on the job, *Talon*." He said my escort name like it was an insult.

I nodded and righted myself. "You're right, I'm sorry."

Greg scoffed and went into the kitchen for a bottle of water. "Go in the bedroom."

I didn't say anything and just did what he said. It was easiest for me. Him hitting me was a regular occurrence. Sometimes I had to remind him my livelihood, and his, depended on my body. He'd get mad, but then he'd back off for a while.

The bedroom was just off the living room, and I went inside. My gaze landed on the bed and my stomach dropped. My insides rolled and fought to not throw up. Greg's friend Joe sat on the end of the bed with a lecherous grin on his ugly face.

"You're mine, slut boy." Joe got up and marched to me. He grabbed my chin and turned my face to examine where Greg hit me. "Already been a bad boy." My skin crawled, and I fought not to shove him away.

Joe's grip on my chin left, only to immediately reappear on my upper arm. He used his size and dragged me around to the bed. A hard shove to the chest knocked the wind out of me, and I landed, sprawled out.

I was dazed and a little disoriented. Joe hadn't hit me, but I was still feeling Greg's sucker punch. A hand on my bare thigh startled me. I crawled up the bed, fear chasing away any remnants of the punch. I was naked from the waist down, and I had no idea how that happened.

Joe settled between my legs. A sloppy kiss made me gag. "Nnnn." He fingered my hole and I squirmed. I didn't want this... I didn't choose Joe.

"Still nice and loose." He lined himself up, and I fought tears. I wasn't a whore like Greg said I was. I was completely different, wasn't I?

I lay there while Joe took me. This wasn't like Ty and J'Leigh. They were gentle with me, took care of me, and never made me feel like I was lesser than them. Above all else, I wanted them. I wanted sex with them and I didn't want this with Joe.

"Nnnn." I flinched away as Joe patted my abused cheek.

"Such a good boy." He left me, allowing the hollow coldness inside to spread throughout my body.

Why did I allow this to happen to me? I could've done something to prevent this. If I had never moved here from Texas and just stayed home, this definitely wouldn't have happened.

Tears slid down my cheeks to land on the pillow. I couldn't go home, not after this, but I wanted out.

I slid from bed to the floor on my hands and knees. My legs wouldn't work right, and I wasn't about to try and walk just to fall. I crawled to the bathroom and shut the door.

The hollow coldness took over my body. Rolling shivers kept me shaking uncontrollably. I crawled to the tub and managed to get inside. My original intention was to take a bath to get warm, but Greg's razor caught my attention.

I reached for it, my hand shaking so bad I missed it at first. The roughness of the handle stood out to me for some reason. It was one of the cheap brands.

An image of Ty and J'Leigh's bathroom flashed. They had razors but they were the expensive kind. Their things were always so organized and they had the best smelling soaps.

Tears dripped from my chin, landing on my thighs. I couldn't live like this anymore... I used to love what I did, I loved bringing others happiness and

pleasure, but now I hated it because of Greg. He made me into something I never intended to be.

The razor broke in my grip, the blade landed between my thighs shining from the bathroom light. Something sounded in the bathroom, almost echoing. I realized it was my own heavy breathing. If I died, no one would miss me.

Ty and J'Leigh would find someone else, and my parents still had my sister. Plus my mom had the stepson I had never met from her new husband.

The blade was in my hand; I had no recollection of picking it up, but there it was. Slicing pain left me refreshed and red droplets peppered the white porcelain of the tub. Another slice deepened the vertical wound. Oddly enough, I didn't feel it. I couldn't feel anything anymore, except the burning agony in my soul.

Blood seeped from the self-inflicted wound. It slithered towards the drain and disappeared into the depths of the pipes. I just couldn't take how Greg treated me like a whore anymore. I wasn't a whore at all, right? I mean, I built relationships with my clients. We spent time together, went on dates, and I learned about their families. For instance, I knew Ty's mom had passed away some years ago and his dad remarried a woman who had the same name as my mom. That was something, wasn't it? It had to be, because I wasn't some useless hooker. There was substance there...

But what was substance? I had no idea what a healthy relationship looked like. Ty and J'Leigh were my first true example. My mom and dad had fought like animals, until they finally divorced when I was nineteen. I was both relieved and sad when it happened. She had married a man named Josiah two years ago. Come to think of it, that was Ty's dad's name. Huh, how weird was that? His dad's name was the same as the man my mom married and his dad married a woman with the same name as my mom. Why hadn't I noticed that before?

My vision swam, and the red serpent slithering down the drain multiplied. I swayed a little and melted into the tub. I thought my head thunked against the porcelain but I wasn't sure.

Everything had a sense of numbness to it. A softness that I couldn't quite understand, it made everything okay. I thought I heard someone shouting, but a gentle ringing drowned other sounds out.

I was floating, but I wasn't sure if it was because I was dying or someone was carrying me. Either way, I was content with what was happening. For the

first time, I felt something close to freedom. I wasn't Greg's toy to pass around, at least not right now. Now I was free and I could be with Ty and J'Leigh, even if it was just my imagination.

They were with me in a park. Ty and J'Leigh were bickering over the parking space. It was silly, since we had already parked. Who cared if one was closer to the entrance of the park? The whole point in going was to get some exercise, wasn't it?

I walked hand in hand with J'Leigh into the park and just shook my head at them. Ty jogged a step ahead and began to walk backwards, all the while still arguing with J'Leigh.

Rolling my eyes, I decided to ignore them and watched the children on the playground instead. A little girl in her pigtails ran across the sandpit, carrying a little plastic pail and shovel. She plopped down and starting playing.

I stopped, J'Leigh's hand tugged mine, and he stopped too. They were still arguing.

"How do you guys feel about kids?" I asked, fully expecting for them to not hear me. Instead, my question was met with silence.

If I were concerned I would've faced them, but first off, I wasn't, and second, I didn't want to stop watching the smiling faces of all the children as they played.

I heard Ty clear his throat. A soft breeze ruffled my hair and I took a deep breath. "Well," Ty began, but paused a little too long before continuing, "I know I haven't really thought about it."

J'Leigh squeezed my hand. "I always wanted them," he confessed.

"So have I." It seemed silly to have been together this long and never talked about kids.

I felt Ty behind me; I knew it was him, because he was wearing a softer jacket than J'Leigh was. "I'm open to the idea." He kissed my neck and the emotion of happiness made me feel all floaty.

A couple stared at us from a few feet away. People always looked at us weird, but I was used to it by now. The only problem I had was the floating wouldn't go away. It pulled me away from them.

Panic took my breath. I clawed at J'Leigh's hand, trying to keep myself grounded, but it wasn't working. They only looked at me with such sweet

smiles, while something was taking me away from them. "Please!" My nails dug into J'Leigh's hand, but he didn't bleed. "Help me!" They only smiled, and J'Leigh let go.

Ty and J'Leigh stood together while I floated away from them. Tears streamed down my face; I didn't want to leave them. I didn't want to go...

Blinking my eyes open wasn't an easy task. They felt heavy and puffy, like I'd been crying. Harsh light washed everything in a slight hue of white, until my vision focused. I was in a hospital from the looks of it. The bed was inclined slightly up.

I hated hospitals.

What happened, and how did I get here? I wanted to be back in the park with Ty and J'Leigh, even if it wasn't real. How pathetic was that?

My nose itched. I went to scratch it, but something stopped me. "What the...?" Restraints kept me tied to the bed. A bandage, wrapped tight around my wrist under the restraint cuff, was itchy. It was only now the slice I had made started burning. Blood dripped down an IV line and into the back of my hand.

I sighed and let my head fall back. The ceiling wasn't interesting at all, but it was all I had, since the TV was off.

Swallowing, I fought tears. I wasn't going to cry, not now. Pain permeated from my cheek where Greg had hit me. It was a rolling throb that pulsed with my heartbeat.

Why did I put up with him? I could've just left whenever I wanted... There was no way I could go back to him when I got out of here. Things would just go back to the way they were, and I couldn't handle that.

Jesus, I had tried to kill myself. The only thing Greg ever did right for me was bringing me here. At least, I thought it was right. I didn't know what to think anymore...

Heavy footfalls stopped; someone's heavy breathing was loud, but I ignored whoever it was. I wanted my fantasy park date back, but I had no idea how to get there.

"Talon?"

My gaze snapped up to see J'Leigh in the door to my room. He was leaning on the frame, panting and looking at me. Ty skidded to a stop a second later.

They were here, but why? "I..." Both of them had a look on their face, but I wasn't sure what it meant. The two of them couldn't care enough about me to be here.

My head started hurting and tears streaked my face. Why would they show up like this? How did they know? The restraints pulled at my arms, and the bandage on my wrist tugged at what I assumed to be stitches underneath. It hurt, damn did it hurt. The burning, ripping sensation clawed my arm all the way up to my elbow, but I couldn't stop thrashing. I had to hide, get away, throw a tantrum—something, anything—but be in this bed.

"Hey, we're here." Ty's voice was soothing, and I hated it. I didn't want to be soothed or coddled, I wanted to lash out, to hurt something, to die...

Another body on my other side pressed me against Ty. I knew it was J'Leigh, but I didn't want them to touch or comfort me. "Don't touch me!" Hands smoothed over me. Bodies pressed into mine. Voices tried to soothe me. "Stop..." I told them to stop, but my fists were clenched at the hems of their shirts.

I was crying so hard I couldn't breathe. They were saying things, but I couldn't process any of it. I hid against one of them, I didn't know which, and just cried. I couldn't do anything else, and I certainly couldn't process what happened tonight or why they were here...

Ty Kesity

Talon sobbed against J'Leigh. He shook and his body spasmed, but he never pulled away from us.

My heart broke for him. I wanted to fix it, but I had no idea how. Neither of us understood what exactly had happened.

Luckily, Talon was dropped off at J'Leigh's hospital. The only reason Nurse Spencer called us was because she knew J'Leigh. She said she recognized their John Doe from a photo J'Leigh had shown her of us out to dinner. She wouldn't tell us what was wrong, just that we should come right away. On the way over here, we thought the worst.

The drive was absolute torture. I must've broken every speed limit on the way over, and ran a light or two, but getting to Talon took priority. When we arrived, Nurse Spencer told us where his room was. J'Leigh got there first, and from his expression, I thought the worst, until I saw Talon sitting up in bed for myself.

Going to him when Talon was upset felt like the most natural thing in the world. It bothered me, since I knew he didn't care for or want us like that. We were a job to him, and I had to remember that.

Talon quieted down. His chest was still heaving, but he was calmer than before. He whimpered and snuggled into J'Leigh. "It's just me," I told him and scooted closer. "I'm here." Talon quieted down a little more, and J'Leigh caught my gaze.

Sadness filled his green eyes. His gaze flicked to Talon, and I shook my head. I knew this was bad. The restraints were my first clue.

I started petting Talon like J'Leigh did before on the sofa. He did too, and after only a few minutes Talon took deep, even breaths. He was asleep, but I couldn't stop touching him.

I hated how much I cared about him. We were just clients for him, I knew that, but I couldn't help how I felt. It was exhausting having to remind myself and J'Leigh about him all the time. The look J'Leigh gave me every time I did, hurt me just as much as it did him.

Worse still, I was pulverizing my own feelings as well. I swallowed and hid against Talon's neck, inhaling a scent that was uniquely him. Something was

off, probably the clinging scent of being in a hospital. I never understood it, but it was fact.

“He doesn’t have anyone here.” J’Leigh said, startling me.

I looked at him. His gaze held such sadness that I couldn’t bring myself to remind him we didn’t mean anything to Talon, not the way we wanted, at least. “I know...”

J’Leigh skimmed his hand across Talon to my arm. “He needs us, Ty.”

“We’re just—”

“A job to him, I know.” J’Leigh looked away toward the door. His jaw clenched and his face tensed. “But that doesn’t matter. Right now, he needs someone; he needs us.” He looked at me with such conviction, I was chastised into silence.

I wasn’t about to argue with him; I couldn’t. J’Leigh was right. Talon needed us. I knew he would just use us, and I would be left picking up the pieces of J’Leigh’s heart, while trying to keep my own together, but I’d cross that bridge when I came to it. I also knew I couldn’t hold Talon responsible for whatever happened to us emotionally. He never gave any indication that we were more than clients to him.

I nodded in resignation. “You’re right, he does.”

It was our own stupid faults we fell in love with him, and we would pay the price.

To Be Continued

Author Bio

Lor is a snarky, over-the-top genderfluid polyamorous demipansexual with dark hair and pink highlights, although sometimes the color varies. She is almost constantly fighting with her muse, Animus, or refereeing the fights between Animus and Epicene, her other muse. Lor started reading very questionable M/M fanfiction at a very young age in the closet. Literally. Though that didn't stop her from getting caught once or twice. This early love of things M/M sparked her writing career. Without a doubt, her Christian high school English teacher Mrs. B didn't expect Lor to fall into the M/M genre. Mrs. B did know Lor would be a writer someday because when the class had a minimum, Lor had a maximum. It truly was unfair.

Besides writing, Lor may also be found with one of her two horses, the Chihuahua or her cat. Any un-caught typos are courtesy of the cat, who shoves Lor's things out of the way when it's her time for cuddles or playtime... Which is about every ten minutes.

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