



GABBO DE LA PARRA

NOR SUB  
NOR DOM

LOVE HAS NO BOUNDARIES

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# Love Has No Boundaries

*An M/M Romance series*

## NOR SUB NOR DOM

**By Gabbo de la Parra**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

### What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, 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.

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# NOR SUB NOR DOM

By Gabbo de la Parra

## Photo Description

Black and white picture of two handsome men in their thirties sharing an intimate moment. Both wear leather pants, their T-shirts hanging from their belts. The one comforting has aviator glasses over his head, hands protectively touch his lover's waist and a smirk as if telling a joke to alleviate the tension. The other has a leather harness and the expression of someone who has just discovered a truth that would change his life forever.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*What's happening with this tough, but oh so tender, couple? The guy on the left seems upset, maybe embarrassed, but the guy on the right seems almost amused as he gives comfort/encouragement. I've been drawn to this picture since I saw it last summer and would love to know more.*

*Sincerely,*

*Sunny*

## Story Info

**Genre:** futuristic

**Tags:** unconventional leather daddies, unusual boy toy, versatile sex, M/M transforming into M/M/M, encouraging spanking

**Word count:** 25,113

*Author's Note*

The expression “Nor Sub Nor Dom” comes from the title of the English translation of an ancient Persian Poem by Redden Mard, who was the stylistic love child of Whitman and Wilde. We cannot reproduce the poem here because it will not be in the public domain until the year 2099.

Nevertheless, the poem exalts the beauty of the power exchange, and how (even while being dominated) the act of submission is one of control, because one yields willingly, becoming thus, both Master and Slave or none at all.

# NOR SUB NOR DOM

By Gabbo de la Parra

## PART ONE

*Aurora City – Novel California – Year 2084*

*Folsom Fair – 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary*

For the BDSM community, '84 was too much of a hallmark not to act on it. After the San Andreas Fault snacked on a considerable chunk of California, the Folsom Fair wandered through the west until Aurora was erected.

Fabian Acre never had the courage to don a pair of leather pants and show up until today. If everything went well, maybe next year he would wear some assless chaps. He waited for his best friends, Lucian and Balder Lux, at the corner of Spain West and 4th North after leaving his turbo in a parking garage. It was the last Sunday of September and it was a farewell of sorts.

The two six-foot-two and sleek-framed blonds approached him, one arm around each other's shoulders and all bright, sensual smiles. They had what Fabian wanted, and if he was truthful in his heart, he wanted to be part of what they had. An impossible feat he'd long abandoned since these cousins were so absorbed in their love that nothing could penetrate their passion cocoon. Good thing they weren't in China where people still couldn't marry someone with the same last name even if they were two guys or two girls.

"Fabulous Fabian," Lucian mocked, sizing him up. "You look dashing in your leathers, and what a crotch." His silver-bullet eyes twinkled mischievously, "Ready to get kinky?"

Balder elbowed his lover, chuckling. "You can't push him like that. It's his first time."

"Hey, it's not like he's barely legal. We're all adults here. Just because *we* have a child now doesn't mean we're fossils."



“That you are not, even if your child is a teenager and because of that you should be on your way to bone density loss,” Fabian chortled.

Jokes aside, Fabian appreciated his friends. They looked so much alike that people were usually scandalized during the first minutes of meeting them, thinking they were brothers. Tanned and athletic, they weren't just easy on the eyes but witty and fun. Both wore black and green kilts, twenty-eye leather black boots and nothing else. A lot of people would try to find out if they were wearing those outfits the right way. “Let's get moving. I've got some hunting to do.”

Not taking the previous old-timers bait, Lucian beamed and gave Fabian a bear hug, “That's more like it.” Balder followed suit with a healthy dose of lumberjack smacks on his back. As they broke their embrace, Fabian stared into those seemingly aloof, winter-sky eyes. When Balder's parents died and he came to live with Lucian's family, they became fast friends. When the cousins adopted that cute baby with the purple highlights in his abundant hair, they made Fabian the boy's godfather. Now, before they moved their operation to Mars to establish the first permanent human colony, they coerced him to stop being a pussy and come to the frigging fair to see if something tickled his fancy.

Working at Space Expansion Commission would never be the same without them. At least Fabian had a new batch of recruits coming soon. As Chief Trainer of the security forces spread around the S.E.C. space bases, it was his duty to oversee that his lackeys didn't eat those fresh asses alive.

They walked a block along 4th North to scan their ticket-chips at the entrance of the fair. At fourteen hundred hours, the line of people (in various stages of undress) moved pretty fast under the scanning arches. For eight hours, Thailand Avenue from 4th North to Sigma Street transformed into the biggest leather and fetish festival of the northern hemisphere. Not even the festivals held in several European cities could come close. The Folsom Fair was a staple of Aurora, as it had been for San Francisco.

The sounds of flogging, moans, and laughter permeated the air, and the aroma of leather, roasted meats, and sweat tickled Fabian's nose. The throng

zigzagged and recoiled, looking for the ultimate fantasy, the voyeuristic experience. Hot men peddled their favors, exposing hairy (and sometimes rosy) cheeks and leather encased crotches, many with assorted piercings over muscled (and not so muscled) bodies. Women in vinyl thongs and nipple tassels strutted beside bald mustachioed bears.

Lucian studied the holographic screen emerging from the ticket-chip. “Hmm, the Leather Opera Pack is presenting an adaptation of Puccini’s *Tosca* in fifteen minutes. I’d love to see it.”

“Whatever you want, sweetheart. Fabian, up for some arias?” Balder arched an eyebrow in his direction.

“Sure, I saw the actual *Tosca* last spring at the Opera House. Isn’t the LOP an all-male ensemble?”

“Uh-huh,” Lucian uttered, dodging a guy walking a man in a dog leather mask who swaggered on all fours and wagged a tail-like butt plug.

Fabian opened the screen of his own ticket-chip. The adaptation was called *Harsh*, a nice interpretation of the meaning of the word *Tosca*. Bruno Ouatu was the countertenor playing what, in the original masterwork, was the role of the sultry songstress. “Ouatu? Why does that name sound familiar?”

“He’s the Aurora Fire Department Commissioner. You must have met him at some point. Don’t your boys do some training with the Fire Department?” Balder answered, steering them toward the stage close to Beta Street.

“Yeah. That must be it.” But Fabian wasn’t completely sure.

*Sunny Developments: Making life on the Moon a beach walk.* The moving billboard almost toppled Fabian. “Sweet Mother,” he exclaimed, just to trip on another. *Jaye’s Extravagant Toys: They hurt so good.*

“What’s going on?” Lucian pulled him up. “Are you all right?”

“Yes, I got distracted for a second.”

“You might want to move aside because here comes another.” Balder looked at him like he was a newborn calf.

*Flying Apes Circus: It’s all about Monkey Business.*

The billboard hovered an inch from Fabian's flank. "I hate those things."

Fabian was a magnet for the moving advertisement. *LARKEANE. If you go KEANE you return fabulous.*

The cousins guffawed and hauled him through the mass of bodies assembling in front of the stage where *Harsh* was about to start.

Instead of a chapel, they were in the temple of Apollo, and the lead role was not a painter, but a sculptor making a new image of the handsome god. Puccini's music started—the LOP was using the original score, and had not only adapted the lyrics to an all-male cast but translated them to English as well.

The fugitive entered the temple in nothing but a collar and a jockstrap. The spectators gasped and cheered as he sang and moved about the stage when they realized he had also been flogged, visible paddle marks marring his perfect round ass. Hearing noises offstage, the singer rushed to hide.

The priest of Apollo appeared, bitching about the mess the sculptor was leaving around his temple. His long, transparent robe was metallic mesh and the only thing underneath was a leather cup guarding his genitals; his bald head sported some kind of coronet. The sculptor emerged from under the stage (perhaps because in the original work everyone descended stairs, Fabian was not sure). An imposing, long-haired, muscled blond, he sang to the priest and sent him on his way, asking for privacy so he could work in peace.

The fugitive came out of his hiding place. Fabian was getting bored; he couldn't feel the adaptation even though all the participants had been excellent so far. Balder and Lucian both looked enraptured, and Fabian was about to tell them he was going for a walk when Bruno Ouatu started singing from the back of the crowd. The surprised masses parted for this six-foot-five god-like creature with dark curls and body paint over his shoulders and back. He walked toward the stage, offering his arias like it was the smile of an angel to soothe frightened little children, shirtless and with red leather covering his sinewy legs like a second skin.

Rooted to the spot, Fabian could only watch, enthralled, as Bruno embraced the blond sculptor and berated him for being a cheater and carving the attributes of another lover into Apollo's face. The baritone caressed Bruno's cheek, and Fabian felt the strange urgency to jump on stage and whack the man. More singing, and the on-stage lovers kissed (it didn't seem fake at all). Fabian was consumed by the desperation to take Bruno's square hand and run away from the Fair, from Aurora, from the planet, until they were ensconced somewhere only thinking of devouring each other.

*What the fuck?*

Was it the angelic female voice coming from the manly, otherworldly features? Or the ebony mat of hair covering the chiseled chest until it disappeared into that low waistband? Fabian couldn't fathom what feature of Bruno Ouatu had dealt the deadly blow. But he was positive he would find a way to steal that man's heart, especially after their eyes clashed and Bruno had sung for him and only him for an entire minute.

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"You have got to be kidding me."

"It's not a joke, Bruno. And I truly hope you don't force me to make it an order."

Bruno stared at his friend and boss, Callum Stone, mayor of Aurora. "I don't think it's appropriate for the Commissioner of the Fire Department to be spanked in public."

"What's this, 2014? Your cheeks don't even need to be exposed; you can be spanked with your pants on," Callum growled, "Besides it's for charity. The LOP does a lot of charity work, so what's the difference?"

"There's a big difference but, apparently, you don't get it."

"You know what? If Camilla wasn't such a jealous bitch, I'd do it myself. It isn't my fault that adult entertainer had an accident. We need someone famous."

"I'm not famous; I am a mere public servant."

“You’re a hero who has a voice like a fucking angel and is well-known in the leather and opera circuit. You didn’t pursue a musical career because you’re a chickenshit. So stop it.”

A total chickenshit who, after a year and a half since being dumped by Rogan (after confessing his deepest yearning), couldn’t find a way to go out there and find another man.

Time to reclaim his balls, and one had to start somewhere, right? “Okay, I’ll do it, but you owe me like Hell, so be prepared.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. I’ll buy you a condo on the moon, blah blah.”

“Oh, shut up and leave me alone for a minute.” Bruno wanted a moment by himself to understand what had happened while he was singing. That dark brooding man between the two kilted blonds had mesmerized him. There was such a blatant possessiveness in the man’s eyes that Bruno couldn’t look away. Perhaps if Bruno hunted that man down, his growing balls would be luscious and tasty and who knew, might end in that hunk’s mouth.

Not even a second after Callum departed, Hans stormed into the LOP trailer parked behind the stage. “What the heck was that?”

“What?” Hans couldn’t know that in less than thirty minutes Bruno would be publicly spanked *for charity*.

“That guy you were singing to. You almost broke character!”

“Hold your rockets, Scarpia.”

“How dare you. You know I’m Mario, not the damned baron.”

Bruno rolled his eyes. Hans was an insufferable drama queen. “Did I stutter?”

“No.”

“Was I out of sync?”

“No.”

“Then what is your problem?”

“Well... you were looking at him instead of me.”

Bruno shook his head and *tsked*. “Buddy, you need to go get your meds. I have things to do.” And like that, he left Hans standing there, a broken, un-medicated automaton.

Elevated cage dancers gyrated in time with the pulsing music around them, enticing the passersby with their oiled, scantily-clad bodies. Bruno stopped to appreciate a couple of girls that looked like the cage was their personal paradise, exotic birds enjoying their momentary captivity. Not far from them, an ebony Adonis jumped and squatted within his cage, showing more than was necessary to his enthralled spectators. Bruno chuckled and moved toward his spanking doom.

The spankees waited behind a curtain. There were around twenty total, and equally divided between men and women. Bruno recognized several adult entertainers, a few football players, one soccer luminary, and a couple of gold medalist swimmers, among those who were an actual part of the lifestyle crowd. Tattoos, piercings, and crazy hair styles were the common denominator.

One by one they were called, amid the cheers and thuds and (now and then) unexpected moans. The spankers didn’t need to be experts, this was for charity after all, but Bruno was sure that more than one Dom had paid to have a chance at some celebrity butt. Since the pairing was random, nobody knew what to expect.

“Some of you saw him on the artist’s stage, enchanting us with his awesome voice. Now, none other than our Fire Department Commissioner has consented to replace our beloved Tristan York, who had a surfing accident this morning. We have been advised Tristan is doing fine and regrets not being able to participate. But we are here, and we have a butt to spank! Let’s give a warm welcome to Bruno Ouatu.”

Chest puffed, Bruno parted the curtain, and the applause became louder. Men and women clapped and whistled and whooped, and he was fine until he saw who his spanker was.

*Oh. Fuck. No.*

How was he supposed to confront that man, after he had been spanked without even knowing his name? Bruno was going to murder Callum.

“C’mon, Commissioner. Don’t be shy,” the emcee, a tangerine-wigged drag queen, teased him.

Stiff and angry, he walked toward his executioner. As he lay across the man’s lap, he growled between his teeth. “At least tell me your name before you put your hands on me.”

The man had the nerve to rub Bruno’s back as if they were longtime lovers. “My name is Fabian Acre. I’m gonna go easy on you, and if you’re a good boy, I’ll buy you dinner later.”

The taunt should have aggravated Bruno, but it did exactly the opposite. His traitorous cock began filling, and Fabian exhaled a low hum, almost savoring Bruno’s discomfort.

“Well, well, well. Seems like we have a lucky, lucky match here. Give it up for the commissioner and his spanker. Let them hear you, people.”

“How many?” Bruno gritted out and tried to control his wayward cock.

“I bought twenty, but I can settle for ten here and the other ten somewhere more private.” Fabian rubbed his back again. Those thick fingers ignited innumerable things that had been asleep for a while.

“Do your twenty, Mister Acre. If you hurt me the right way, you might get your dinner.”

“Deal. Start counting, handsome.”

And before Bruno could take a proper breath, the first whack descended, leaving him befuddled by its intensity. With each spank, the crowd went wilder. They were counting; something Bruno hadn’t heard them do before.

Around the twelfth blow, the crowd had dissolved and all that remained was one of Fabian’s meaty hands between his shoulder blades, and the rhythmic thud of every spank handed by the other. On the nineteenth whack, Bruno creamed his pants, unable to control the pleasure riding him since Fabian had growled in his ear, “I’m gonna make you mine.”

A strange calm settled over Bruno with the twentieth swat. Fabian turned Bruno over in his lap to face him. And kissed him. Anyone with some experience in riot control could understand the turbulent noise that erupted from the spectators. But not even that made Bruno pay attention to anything but those lips covering his, the soft scratch of the stubble framing the handsome mouth. He only cared for the deadly grip of powerful hands, the lump poking his ass where it rested on Fabian's crotch.

"I think you two should get a room, before the officers start throwing tear gas to control your admirers."

*Officers? Shit.*

Bruno jumped out of Fabian's hold. "This is wrong." He took the microphone from the fairy-winged drag queen. "People calm down. Remember, we're doing this for charity. The fair must continue without incidents. Please disperse and enjoy the events. We still have a couple of hours to go."

The scuffle stopped as quickly as it had started. The crowd slowly scattered, but many blew kisses and waved at Bruno, eyeing Fabian with dreamy eyes.

Swiveling, Bruno found Fabian waving back and blowing kisses too, with that insanely big hand. "You think this is funny? People could have been hurt."

"You cannot say a show was good unless there are some concussions left behind. Or black eyes. Or tender parts wrongfully grabbed." The last sentence came out of Fabian's sultry mouth as his eyes zeroed in on Bruno's cock: half hard and on its way to monolith.

Brandishing the microphone like a rapier...

*Hold on, did I just think of it as a weapon, not even a revolver, but a rapier? Where am I, in fucking Narnia?*

"You, need to stop this." Bruno stalked toward Fabian. "I really want to smack that grin off your face."



Fabian stood up, drew his wallet from his back pocket, pulled out a card, and handed it to Bruno. Their height difference was minimal, but Bruno felt like he was the one being looked down at, “You can smack whatever you want tomorrow at nineteen hundred hours at my house, after dessert.” He turned around and walked away without waiting for a response and disappeared behind the curtain.

The response-time of a newborn would have been quicker than Bruno’s muddled mind. He ran after the smug bastard. “Who do you think you are?” He yelled to no one in particular, since only chairs remained behind the stupid curtain.

Now he had to go, even if it was just to beat the shit out of that fucker.

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He was like a freaking schoolboy waiting for his first date to arrive. All his cockiness had evaporated at the thought that Bruno might not show up. He couldn’t even wait in his apartment like a normal person; he had to be here in the lobby, freshly shaved and dressed to the nines.

Never before had Fabian slaved in the kitchen for a date. He usually took them to restaurants and, if things worked out, he’d rent a hotel room. With Bruno, he needed the man at the ready for whatever was possible between them. Who was he kidding? He wanted to fuck that man senseless and then offer him the rest of his life on a silver platter.

Finally, Fabian saw Bruno alight from a long black limo. The bodyguard, scanning the perimeter as the scissor door ascended and Bruno emerged, would make a fine addition to Fabian’s staff. He hoped Bruno wasn’t planning on taking that bodyguard to his apartment. He didn’t have a problem with people watching him have sex, but in Bruno’s case, his possessiveness had no boundaries. He hadn’t seen any bodyguards at the fair, but he knew that they didn’t need to be visible to do their job. Here, it seemed more like a show of force.

Fabian rose from the settee where he had been perched but refrained from rushing toward Bruno. Not because of the bodyguard, but to save some

dignity, since he was waiting for him in the lobby instead of in his apartment like any regular fellow on a simple date. Well, it was Bruno's fault, he was thirty minutes late.

The glass doors slid open, and with the bodyguard like a shadow, Bruno found him, offering a smile and then a scowl, as if he'd remembered something unpleasant. That scowl didn't discourage Fabian. *Never*. If anything, it made him want the damned commissioner even more.

"Good evening, Mister Acre." Bruno offered his hand.

"Just call me Fabian, because I'm not gonna call you Mister Ouatu or Commissioner." He shook the proffered hand.

Dressed in a deep burgundy shirt, Bruno's fairly tanned skin appeared as glowing caramel, and Fabian had every intention of licking and sucking that caramel until he found the gooey center. Dizzying grey eyes flashed, and Bruno sighed, "Fabian... it is then."

"Much better. We're not gonna need an extra plate for your boy there, right?" Fabian nodded toward the bodyguard, who waited at a prudent distance.

"No. He's not eating with us, but he'll wait outside your apartment."

They reached the elevator (waiting for the bodyguard to enter behind them) and were on their way up. "What if I want you to stay for breakfast?" Since he had been waiting in the lobby, images of Bruno flush to the elevator wall while Fabian ravished his mouth, barked at him. Now, with the bodyguard between them, that action seemed a *little* out of place.

"If *I* choose to stay for breakfast, he will be relieved at midnight."

"Sounds like a plan to me." Fabian chortled, sizing up the square muscles of Bruno's shoulders, framed by the rich fabric. The slacks were a blend of silk and leather that made the roundness of his sweet ass absolutely mouthwatering. What could be a better dessert than his face between those cheeks?

"You still have to convince me to stay."

With the ding of the opening door as background, Fabian murmured, “I’ll do my best.”

“Welcome, Commissioner. I took the liberty of contacting your office and house computers to request your favorite music and ambient temperature choice.” The husky feminine voice of Fabian’s house computer floated around them.

“That voice...” Bruno seemed taken aback.

“It belonged to a soprano, Jennifer Owens. I think she died like ten years ago.”

“She was my mother.” The way Bruno said this didn’t leave any doubt about how that wasn’t a good thing.

“Of course, your last name. Your father was that Romanian countertenor who had a fairy tale romance with Jennifer Owens in his old age.”

“Yes.” And his expression became even sourer.

“If you prefer a male voice it can be arranged.” All Fabian wanted was that Bruno didn’t do an about-face and leave.

“Would you do that for me?” Bruno’s posture relaxed a bit.

“For you, anything.” Fabian spoke in clipped tones then, “Computer, voice range between E2 and E4.”

The computer voice became a sensual bass, “Your room temperature choice is seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit.”

“Thank you very much.” The exhalation was a delicious purr.

Fabian wanted to sit Bruno down and ask a thousand questions. Understand why the memories of his parents were so hard on him. But they would have time for that later; to learn everything about each other (after violent love-making) in long languid conversations, for many nights to come.

“Would you like a drink before we start?”

Bruno studied him for a moment, as if trying to decide on more than simply drinks. “No. I don’t want to ruin my palate for the food.”

“Let me get you some sparkling water then.” Fabian offered Bruno a seat on a brocade sofa, his only concession to Rococo amid his functional, square décor. An antique brought to a city with nothing truly old, and exactly where he planned to have some fun before they moved to the bedroom.

“Excellent.” Bruno sported a shy smile, almost a truce. “Where did you order from?”

“Fabian’s.”

“Never heard of it. Isn’t it a bit narcissistic to pick a restaurant with your own name?”

Was Fabian imagining it or did Bruno sound somewhat amused? The almost-smirk in his tone did wonderful things to that fabulous timbre.

“It’s Fabian’s as in *I* made it for you.” He gave Bruno a tall glass with bubbly water. “Well, technically, prepared. I want to finish cooking with you by my side so we can chat while I do it.”

“You’re either a show off or are trying to set me up.” Amusement still coated Bruno’s voice. “In any case, I thank you for the effort. Glad my taste buds won’t be compromised then.”

Truth be told, Fabian wasn’t sure why he’d done it. An insane need to be all domestic and cozy with Bruno in the kitchen had led him to it, but now with Bruno so close (close to his crotch, that was), his intentions had become more savage and more vulnerable at once.

Something about Bruno being upset about his parents had rocked Fabian between the need to comfort him (to ease his pain) and fucking him senseless (to make him forget it). A pretty disturbing dichotomy, since Fabian didn’t know if he should be rough or gentle.

“I will take good care of your taste buds.”

*And everything else.*

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“Well, it’s my own version of Slutty Chicken.”

Bruno chuckled, “What the hell is a Slutty Chicken?”

They were in the kitchen. The bruschetta (Pizzaiola) and the chunks of chicken were in the oven, the water for the penne was ready to boil, and the aroma of sautéed onions and garlic permeated the air. Thin slices of prosciutto also found their way to the heat. All his senses were invaded as a post-contemporary string piece wafted sensually, enveloping them in its sublime atmosphere, the grave cellos so similar to Fabian’s deep, melodic voice. His eyes were full of the trainer’s presence. And his skin burned to be touched by him again.

Bruno was a mess.

“The broiled chicken goes with *Puttanesca* sauce. *Puttanesca* comes from the word *puttana* and it literally means ‘whore’s sauce’. It’s said that Neapolitan brothels used the aroma of this sauce to entice customers looking for food, drink, and entertainment.” Fabian winked.

“So this Italian feast is your way to sell your *assets*?”

“Didn’t see it that way at the time.” Fabian smiled shyly. “I just wanted to give you something I’m good at.” Penne dived into the bubbling water. “You know they say the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.”

“Old wives tales. Why would you want my heart?”

“We met a little more than twenty-four hours ago, and you’re the only thing I can think of. Your voice. The way you looked at me while you were singing. Your weight on my lap. How good your skin felt under my hand. The way you tasted when we kissed.”

Hearing Fabian say those things was giving Bruno a damn-you erection. He had come with the very clear intention of wiping the smugness off the handsome face, snuffing that glint of mischievousness from those ever-changing hazel eyes. And he had been fine and ready to do so until the house computer greeted him and he heard his mother’s voice. What a punch to the guts.

The woman who gave birth to him had left him in the hands of strangers to pursue the applause she craved like a filthy drug. Never close, never motherly, only caring about showering him with money to forget she was always absent.

*Be honest. He floored you when you found him in the lobby, waiting.*

Well, that too. Bruno purposely arrived late; a petty way to assert that he wasn't in a hurry to be around Fabian. Utter bullshit, because he had also been unable to think of anything else but the arrogant, hot-as-hell, wonderful-kissing buffoon. Absolutely trapped, he shouldn't have come.

“Your eyes can't lie. You liked my kiss.”

*And your spanking.* But Bruno would not admit that with words; he let his eyes do the talking since they were such babblers. He focused on the white-on-white embroidery of Fabian's nice-fitting shirt. It had several buttons opened and a strap of black leather crossed over the gap. Was he wearing a bulldog harness under the fabric?

“Yeah, you did. Your silence speaks volumes.” Fabian smirked and stirred the pasta, then set aside the prosciutto.

Bruno wanted to ask about the leather. He didn't want to sound eager, but he wondered if there were more surprises hidden. Perhaps a jock or a cod or even a cock ring. Too many images swirled in front of Bruno and he almost felt lightheaded. He needed to steer these thoughts in a different direction.

“I'm only human, Fabian; we all like kisses. Tell me about your job.”

The house computer's voice floated about them. “Bruschetta ready. Twenty minutes and thirty seconds for chicken's desired consistency.”

With a wait-a-second motion, Fabian turned toward the oven, pulled the Bruschetta out, and put it to rest. He added wine, chili, and anchovies to the pan with the onions and started breaking the anchovies with a wooden spoon. The many bowls with chopped, minced, and sliced things attested to Fabian's effort to please Bruno. With every minute in this apartment, his defenses weakened.

*I came to do something, and no matter what, I'm going to do it.*

“Would you please drain that pasta?” Fabian nodded toward the boiling pot. “I’ll tell you everything about my job while we eat.” He brandished a sinful smile. “Don’t wanna run out of things to say during dinner.” And the bastard winked.

Years of ingrained manners and political intrigues helped Bruno refrain from rolling his eyes and curse Fabian for being so charming; after all, Bruno was being groomed to be the next mayor of Aurora. He did as requested, a damned automaton set to mute.

The midnight-blue dinnerware with stylish silver trim fitted perfectly on the ebony table for four. Fabian offered Bruno the seat at the head of the table and sat beside him instead of opposite. Everything in the apartment was linear, horizontal or vertical, black leather and dark woods. The white walls had a barely-there hint of blue, or perhaps it was green, Bruno couldn’t be sure.

Even the art on the walls was black and white landscapes: deserts, canyons, oceans. The only concessions to color were the yellow and purple orchids (spread around the place) and that sensually curved and richly adorned sofa with its emerald brocade and tubular throw pillows.

“As you can see, I’ve tried my best to avoid touching you after we shook hands,” Fabian commented casually, serving Bruno more Sangiovese. “This doesn’t mean in any way, shape, or form that I’m not burning to taste you. I simply want you to enjoy what I made for you. After dessert, we will watch a movie, and, subsequently, with our stomachs sated and our minds relaxed, I’ll have my way with you.”

“So, no surprises. No sneaking an arm around my shoulders while I’m distracted by the monsters chasing the pretty girl in the movie?”

“No funny business. This is not a rigid course of action though, but I’d rather have you aware of my intentions.”

“And what exactly are your intentions, Mister Acre?”

“Fabian,” he murmured, drilling Bruno with those possessive eyes.

Bruno nodded, “Tell me, Fabian.”

“Learn your body ’til there’s nothing more to learn, and then invent new ways to rediscover it.”

Goose bumps exploded all over his body, and Bruno swallowed hard. He wasn’t a virgin or inexperienced. He’d had his fair share of lovers, but never had such intensity been directed at him. Such bluntness was incredibly arousing, especially coming from an environment where cloak and dagger was the norm.

“Am I supposed to be a passive member of this *expedition*?”

“Hell no, I’m absolutely ready to be plundered and ravished as well.” Fabian smirked. “I’m a firm believer of equal footing. *Nor Sub Nor Dom*.”

Bruno raised his flute, “I’ll drink to that.”

The clink of their glasses was like the boxing bell to start a new round.

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Closing credits rolled away. Made in the early ’20s, *Mastering the Comet* was based on a trilogy of M/M romance books, all condensed into one movie. A polyamory story, it narrated the encounter of a prince with a thief, who would become the love of his life. And the way his bodyguard pushed him to love the thief and also accept that he loved his bodyguard too (who had been in love with the prince since childhood).

The movie had been a test. There were still things that were difficult to process for some individuals, especially in a world where people wanted selfishly and didn’t want to share, even in love.

“That was a really good movie,” Bruno commented with a sigh. “It’s a shame I never heard of it before.” He squeezed Fabian’s shoulder.

Fabian was splayed on the floor, his shoulder resting beside Bruno’s knee, who sat on his Rococo sofa. “I’m glad you got to see it with me for the first time.”

“Come over here.”

Turning his head, Fabian saw Bruno crooking his index finger.



*Enough of being a good boy.* Time to taste those lips again. He crawled his way up and ended kneeling on the sofa with both hands cradling Bruno's face. "Finally."

Those eyes were a turbulent grey. They held Fabian's undivided attention. "If I ever come to your house again, don't shave." Bruno murmured before closing his eyes and devouring Fabian's mouth.

Well, that was a weird request. Then Fabian remembered how Bruno had brushed his fingers over his designer stubble the previous day. Oh.

*What does he mean by 'if'?*

But Bruno sucking on his tongue was too much of a distraction to focus on semantics. He tasted like Sangiovese and candy, and his hands roamed over Fabian's torso, mapping, discovering. Hardening, his cock strained in its leather encasement, and his bladder decided to knock on his lust's door. *Fuck.* Fabian broke their delicious link. "I'm sorry, handsome," he grimaced. "I need a bathroom break."

Bruno chuckled so close to his face, Fabian almost savored the mirth. "Sure. It's going to take a while with that cock so hard."

It was Fabian's turn to laugh, "You evil, evil man." He straightened up and adjusted his erection. "I'll be right back."

"I'm not going anywhere." Bruno spread his arms across the back of the sofa, and his thick legs too. And the smugness on his face didn't help either.

*Damn him.*

Payroll lists, requisitions, and all kinds of inane things rolled through Fabian's head, willing all the blood concentrated in his granite cock to ebb. After almost ten minutes of acrobatics, he was finally done. He stopped by his bedroom to retrieve a box and returned to the living room. He found Bruno surfing channels. A scene so domestic, his heart (and his cock) perked up at once. Legs crossed, his left ankle over his right knee, Bruno looked at ease and handsome as hell.

"What's in the box?"

“A surprise.”

“Not a big fan of those.”

“Oh, hush. If I’m reading you correctly, you’re gonna love this one.”

“That’s all fine and dandy but we haven’t finished yet.”

“We haven’t properly started actually.”

Bruno extended his hand, “So true.” The hunger in his eyes came out loud and clear. In his voice, in the way his head cocked to the side. “Take your shirt off.”

His green-self scrambled to comply, leaving the box on the floor and almost ripping off the buttons in his haste. Bruno made him forget he was a man usually in control. Not usually, always. Nevertheless, these sudden bouts of fresh-from-academy, inexperienced behavior, far from making him angry, made him hopeful. Perhaps he had found his match. A man he would not just lust after but who would put him in his place. If only that main dish came with a side of completeness.

Somewhat lightheaded, Fabian stood there, anticipation freezing him, engulfing him.

Bruno’s perusal was open and determined. With feline easiness, he slinked toward Fabian and took his chin. “Excellent dinner. Interesting movie.” Soft lips brushed Fabian’s. “It’s time for roughness.”

Before Fabian could react, Bruno had tackled him, bringing both of them down to the sofa, and he ended up across Bruno’s lap, with a throw pillow stuffed in his face and his legs flailing. “Now, now, calm down. You knew this was coming,” Bruno traced the lines of the eagle tattoo covering Fabian’s upper back, “Although, I’d like to see more skin.” Those square hands kneaded Fabian’s butt. “Unzip your pants and show me your ass.”

Not wanting to be told twice, Fabian quickly complied, using his knees to lift his body a little, unzipping his pants and lowering them with a squirm in a flash. A long, languid caress (over his sensitive tush) fathered goose bumps

and a raging erection. He swallowed hard. He wanted to say something clever, but his brain was in another city, trying to buy tickets to return to his body.

“Beautiful,” Bruno almost sighed, picking up one side band of the leather jock. He let it return to its original position with a muffled snap. “Do you know why I’m spanking you?”

It took Fabian a moment to understand the question, and the implications. “I think so... Sir?”

Bruno was acting like a true Dom, asking his sub if he understood the reason for punishment.

“No need to address me as Sir. I’m just Bruno. Tell me what do you think is the reason.”

“Because I made you come in front of a crowd?” Fabian trembled. “I’m sorry—that’s my answer, not a question.”

“That,” Bruno hummed, “And something else.”

Fabio thought hard for a second. “Also because the crowd cheered your climax more than they did after you sang?”

“Sounds like a question.”

“My answer.” Fabio didn’t know exactly why, but his cock was an even bigger marble block, and the spanking hadn’t even begun.

“You’re correct. You must take at least twenty as I did. If you take twenty-five your reward would be... delicious.”

“Oh, I’ll take twenty-five. Thank you, Bruno.”

“We’ll see.”

And so it began.

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This was Fabian’s first full-blown spanking. A couple of spansks while fucking didn’t count. Pain and Pleasure surged and whirled and loved each other with each descent of Bruno’s hand. By the tenth slap, Bruno commented how handsomely his cheeks pinked. Also commented about how his trousers

were already a mess thanks to Fabian's copious delivery of precum, after releasing it from its leather confinement.

*Plaff.*

“Seventeen.”

“What's in the box?” Bruno asked, as a drop of sweat landed on Fabian's coccyx.

Fabian shuddered. All his body was on fire, and he could visualize that tiny droplet evaporating on its way through his crack. He found his voice; it came out like a groan. “Toys.”

“Hmmm.”

*Plaff.*

“Eighteen.” Fabian felt the caress of Bruno's shirt over his back; the weight of the other man over him.

“You sure you can take twenty? Your breathing seems a little erratic.” Warm breath tickled his ear.

“I can do twenty-five, Bruno, please.” Fabian wondered why the house computer was so silent if his vitals were changing.

The pressure lifted.

A palm quickly brushed his burning left cheek. *Plaff. Plaff. Plaff*

“Nineteen. Twenty. Twenty-one.”

Nothing.

An entire minute trickled by. Fabian wasn't sure he should question Bruno's sudden halt.

“Can you reach the box?”

“Yes, Bruno.”

“Please do.” The command was delivered softly, with a pinch of strain peppered around it.

Stretching his body, Fabian picked the box up. He passed it over his head, and Bruno took it, resting it over his tender rump. As he moved back to his original position, Fabian noticed the hardened length of Bruno's arousal. And his cock instinctively gravitated toward its counterpart.

The shift of the polished wood alerted him of the box's opening. "Such an impressive collection for such a little space."

Fabian curbed his chuckle, still, his shoulders shook. "That's only the traveling kit, Bruno."

"Is that so?" The three words floated in restrained amusement.

"Uh-huh." Fabian remembered he was on Bruno's lap, "Yes, Bruno." Just because he wasn't calling him "Master" or "Sir" didn't mean the protocol was broken. It circled them, tacit and clear.

Fingers found their way through Fabian's hair. His face rested sideways over his crossed forearms, the lush green brocade a promise of adventure and satisfaction. The contact lost, he felt a corner of the box close to his knee. Two fingers spread his ass, and cold, thick liquid landed on his unsuspecting hole. One digit from the other hand prepped him. Slow and deliberate motions made him want to undulate, to impale himself on that firm invader, seeking the elusive touch over his prostate that would drive him crazy.

"I know what you want, but we're not done yet."

*Plaff.*

Before Fabian could open his mouth to count, he realized Bruno had used the sting of the spank to thrust a butt plug inside him. "Twenty-two."

A swift tap on the base of the butt plug and then, *Plaff. Plaff. Plaff.*

"Twenty-three. Twenty-four. Twenty-five." All sensations heightened by the mass snugly lodged in his hole. Fabian was a little lightheaded, and the phrase "in heat" would be a stupid understatement.

Bruno coasted his shoulder blades with one hand while the other rested over warm, reddened hills. "Now, you can do whatever you want with me, as long as you keep that butt plug in."

Fabian turned half his body to study Bruno's face. "Whatever?"

"Anything and everything." The serious face afforded no further questioning.

Slowly, Fabian left Bruno's lap and got to his feet. His cock, a radioactive missile ready for launch, jutted out of the leather jock in the dark-haired countertenor's direction. "Then we need those trousers off."

"At once." And quicker than you could say *Hunk alla Puttanesca*, those luscious legs were bare and the long, massive cock was proudly upright, commanding attention.

On his knees now, between impressive thighs, Fabian inspected his mark, happily inhaling the fragrance of aroused male, his mouth watering, all his senses on hyperdrive. As he laved plump testicles, the fact that a hairy masterpiece like Bruno shaved his balls became an even bigger turn-on. And Bruno's approving groans were the perfect score for Fabian's ministrations. His tongue followed the vein dividing the magnificent obelisk, and Bruno's hands found his hair and tugged. "Fabian, you need to stop playing with your food." Grey eyes flashed through narrowed lids.

Fabian chuckled, his mouth so close to the task at hand he could feel the tickle of the heat radiating from it. "It's called *degusting*."

"Do it faster then. If I don't see those lips wrapped around my cock in the next two seconds..."

Bruno couldn't finish his threat (or promise?) because Fabian circled the glans with his tongue.

"Oh, sweet Triad, do that again."

*That's an interesting expression.*

Not only swirling his tongue, but engulfing the succulent dick, Fabian hummed. Bruno's legs closed around him and pulled him forward, the heels of his feet a hot pressure over Fabian's tender ass. His head bobbed, controlled by Bruno's hands, guiding him to take more, to go deeper.

And deeper Fabian went... for five minutes.

*I need to eat that fucking hole.*

Dislodging himself from the lengthy piece, Fabian kissed Bruno. “Lie on your side.” When Bruno tried to comply, facing him, Fabian pushed his shoulder. “With your ass to me.” And the wicked glint in Bruno’s eyes said he’d received the message loud and clear.

Tubular throw pillows flew in all directions, and Fabian took a moment to admire the expanse of Bruno’s body as the man settled himself. Wide shoulders covered in beautiful freckles. Thick, perfect arms that ended in masculine, square hands; one propped on his elbow, holding that head with its wonderful mass of dark curls, the other resting over his hip. The powerful, hairy legs, blessed to carry the weight of all this virile smorgasbord.

In the center of the vision, the magnificent rump decorated with a subtle fuzz of dark velvet, concealing a mouthwatering treasure, amid rocky hills of pure delight. And that guiche piercing was not just unexpected but kinky as hell.

*Fuck Michelangelo and his David. This is pure Ancient Roman granite.*

Bruno from behind was a thing of beauty, and only one thing would make the sight even more perfect. Lifting one of Bruno’s legs, Fabian pulled the reddened dick back and placed it between formidable thighs. There. Rocky cheeks, beaded-ring, balls and cock made a supreme hunting trail, and Fabian was about to immerse himself in the exploration of a lifetime.

And he dived, tongue first.

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His hole had been worshipped, the platinum ring in his taint pulled, his cheeks branded by sharp teeth, his cock devoured. His body was a writhing mass of need, and all Bruno wanted was Fabian’s sweet shaft ensconced deep within him. But Fabian had delayed the final completion, keeping him on the edge for at least two hours.

He mapped every inch of Bruno’s frame with lips, teeth, fingers, and every other body part he deemed necessary to enhance the maddening experience and sweetly torture Bruno until he was ready to erupt and succumb.

“Please, Fabian. I can’t take this anymore.” Bruno groaned, his voice a breath away from being raw desperation, his upside down position making the blood rushing to his head a sinful tonic.

Once again Fabian munched on Bruno’s hole as if it were covered in pure ambrosia. He lifted his face from his feast, an arched eyebrow and a wicked grin greeted Bruno. “No.”

It was hard to assert yourself when you were a ball over a Rococo sofa and your knees were so close to your face you could almost kiss them. Still, there was such a thing as too much of a good thing. And this good thing needed the damned cherry on top really soon. “You know I have a bodyguard outside your door.”

The glistening-lipped smile was utter debauchery. “I really don’t think you’d like him to see you in this compromising position. And I’m not talking about your toes behind your ears but about my face between your yummy cheeks.”

“You evil, evil man.” But the heat in his words came from unchained desire and not from aggravation. Well, there was a certain component of irritation, because he needed to be fucked (aggressively) now. “If you don’t fuck me in the next two seconds...” And two fingers stuffed into his hole closed Bruno’s mouth and scattered even more of his already scrambled brain. “Fuck yesss.”

Fabian stood from his kneeling position over the seat of the sofa, taking away the burning stick of his flaming cock from Bruno’s skin. He rearranged Bruno so his back rested on the back of the sofa and Fabian had his legs encasing Bruno’s folded limbs. There was something insanely depraved and totally in tune with his inner hedonist about being *piledriven* on an antique piece of furniture, that he was completely at ease with Fabian’s machinations.

Even more exhilarating was the fact that the butt plug screwed into Fabian’s hole must be driving him to Bedlam Lane too. And now the carvings around the sofa were totally leaving low reliefs on that muscular rump.



His burning hole accepted the slow invasion. Inch by precious inch, Fabian lowered himself, conquering Bruno, expanding him, dominating him. Sheathed to the hilt, Fabian allowed Bruno to take a deep breath and then became a monumental piston. The pumping was not only upward and downward; a certain circular hip motion was also thrown in the mix. It was absolute bliss every time the vertical abrasion touched Bruno's prostate.

Bruno groaned and moaned and grunted, completely oblivious to how close his neck was to snapping. All he could think was how good this felt and how stupid he would be not to concede defeat and let Fabian enter.

In his life that was, since the man was already happily (and aggressively) inside him.

Fabian fucked Bruno looking into his eyes, pouring out something Bruno hadn't encountered before, something akin to acceptance, understanding, camaraderie. Those weren't the eyes of a man just wanting to get off; Bruno knew those very well, had lived with them not once but twice. And both had denied him what could have made his heart complete.

Nevertheless, this wasn't the moment to think of such things. His body was sending signals and pulling every single cell together to welcome an explosive orgasm.

A climax he'd been building long before he entered the lobby of this damned skyscraper on Russia Avenue and settled eyes on the gorgeous man ravishing him.

And the explosion rocked him, dismembered him, dispelled him. Ropes and ropes of creamy seed landed on his cheeks, his mouth, and hair. Fabian's roar was like a thousand waves crashing into a moonlit cliff.

They ended up in a satisfied heap of smiles and limbs.

As his consciousness slowly floated back toward Earth, Bruno worried about mundane things, like the mess they had just made on the unique piece of furniture. Uncannily sensing Bruno's thoughts, Fabian commented, "It's treated, handsome. All the mess will come off with a swift wiping."

Fabian cleaned the mess *on* Bruno, chuckling and lapping (equal to an eager puppy) and then thoroughly kissing him, giving Bruno a taste of his own semen, blended with Fabian's inimitable flavor.

When his neck stopped killing him and he calculated he could stand up without crumbling like a newborn giraffe, he declared a truce. "I need to arrange with Smith outside for his replacement." The tacit acceptance in his tone made Fabian smile. "It would be nice to give him a doggie bag. After all, he put up with all the noise we were making."

"I'm pretty sure we gave him plenty of fuel for his own masturbatory release later." Fabian shrugged. "A doggie bag is okay, since I don't eat the same food twice." Noticing Bruno's shocked expression Fabian added, "I'm talking about regular mortal's food. You, my feast for the gods, I could eat forever."

Bruno grimaced and shelved those words away for further examination. He pushed Fabian, stood up, and grabbed his pants. He'd decided to come commando to torture Fabian, and it had been his own undoing. "I'm going to gather things and give instructions then." Fabian remained on the sofa, a solid block of hotness, his head propped on an elbow, his long legs flexed, showcasing the goods.

Doggie bag ready, Bruno fixed half the buttons of his shirt and padded toward the door barefooted. Smith (his back to the wall facing Fabian's door) greeted him with a curt nod and then catalogued the state of Bruno's clothing with an arched eyebrow.

"I'm going to stay 'til morning. Call for your relief and schedule the car at zero seven hundred hours sharp. The chauffer needs to bring me a complete change of clothes since I will go straight to the office." Not that he did things like this every other week. Actually, this was the first time in more than two years. But his people were trained to act without questioning or running their mouths afterward.

Another dry nod after accepting the food, and Smith started to feed instructions through his communicator. The door hissed, closing.

Fabian lay in the exact same position only with a slight difference. All right, a big difference because his cock was hard and ready to go again. Then he surprised Bruno with a smirk and the following words, “My turn to ride a fucking dick.” The butt plug leaving Fabian’s body parodied the opening of a bottle of champagne. “And this hole is beyond ready.”

“Let’s do this.”

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He had escaped, like the sad coward he was (a truly scaredy chickenshit), sneaking away from Fabian’s apartment long before zero six thirty, thanks to his inner clock and the silent complicity of the house computer. True to form, his people were at the ready and before he could put a foot into the lobby, the car was waiting for him outside. Now, before the first rays of the new day touched the waters of the San Joaquin River, he crossed Bridge Four toward the west side of town.

Bruno shook off all the illusions and wishes engulfing him like a wet dog drying himself. They flew out the window, surely to drown in the dark waters below him.

*No ideas formulated while a man is sitting on your face (and his cock is sliding between your pecs) have a place in bright daylight.*

But it wasn’t just the way Fabian’s body had rocked his world. Nor the way those lips and hands had caressed every single inch of his skin. Nor the sweet words Fabian had whispered in his ear, full of promise and future. It was Fabian’s eyes, portals that could not lie. So devoid of deception, it was humbling to have such crystalline beacons aimed at him.

*“He’s trying too hard,”* whispered his coward self. *“No one can be that devoted so fast.”*

True. This wasn’t a love story where soul mates meet and everything is beautiful and easy at once. Bruno was too scared, too fragile, too scarred, to let anyone enter his life just to fuck him all over again and leave him devastated. No. He would write this encounter down as an awesome one-night stand and

nothing else, just the fun memory of a good roll. Besides, Fabian never ate the same thing twice. Although they devoured each other no less than seven times.

His wrist vibrated. The digits flashing on his communicator were Fabian's. Bruno groaned but answered nonetheless, "Ouatu."

That glorious face greeted him with a disarming smile. "Good morning, handsome." Such mirth was bad for the gloom Bruno wanted to remain around him. "I was expecting, at least, a good-bye kiss." And yet, his voice implied he'd hoped for a Have-a-Nice-Day Blow Job.

"I can't do this."

"I know. You'd rather we were face-to-face. That can be arranged." Fabian winked.

"No. I would rather not hear from you anymore."

Fabian chuckled. "Not the kind of joke I appreciate after a night of lovemaking."

If he had said "a night of fucking", the episode would be a lot easier, "The thing is... I'm not kidding. Let's leave it as a nice memory and don't bitter it with unnecessary emotions."

"I don't believe you." The scowl was hurtful.

"That's your problem." And Bruno hung up. Just listening to Fabian's voice was wrecking his determination to put a stop to the situation, never mind those disbelieving eyes.

He shouldn't have gone to Fabian's apartment to begin with. All his alarms had gone off after the kiss they shared at Folsom Fair. He knew it was a trap the moment his hands touched Fabian's skin. His finger pads still tingled with the ghost sensation of all that body hair. His lips were sore after all the smashing and crashing. Every fucking cell still hummed with joy.

No. Bruno would not let this happen.

He couldn't be destroyed again.

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“Sir? The same Mister Acre who has come for the past week is here again. Should I call security?”

Bruno studied the nervous gaze of his secretary as her holographic face floated over his desk. He calculated it had been enough time for him to be able to face Fabian without crumbling and concede. “Make him wait ten minutes and then guide him in.”

He had to accept the S.E.C. Chief Trainer was persistent.

“Yes, sir.”

Ten minutes later, Fabian stormed into his office. Before Bruno could say a word, he stopped him by raising a hand. His voice came out thundering, akin to an avenging angel. “You captivated me since the first time I saw you, and not just because of your talent. Now, I’ve tasted your body and I’m insanely hooked. To ease my addiction, the only thing that can save me is to know the secrets of your soul, and those cannot be discovered with telescopes or computers or probes. They are discovered by lips brushing lips, by looking into your eyes.”

“I…”

“I’m not finished. You’re destroying this bridge because you insist on thinking that there’s no one on the other side waiting for you, and that’s your way to fend off your loneliness. And I tell you, you’re wrong. I’m there and I’m gonna fight your stubbornness and all the mines and shields and missiles you send my way. I’m not gonna let you do this. Whatever happened to you in the past is gone now. Don’t dwell on it and miss this chance. Don’t fuck *my* chance up.”

Bruno slammed his hands on his desk. “How dare you? What makes you think you know or understand my reasons? I foolishly thought we could be friends, but you are an egocentric asshole. Get out of my fucking office this instant.”

Fabian stomped forward until he banged his hands on the desk (his fingers grazing Bruno’s) and growled, “No.”

Those ever-changing eyes roiled, and the faint contact sent lightning bolts throughout Bruno's body. He thought he was ready, but he was beyond mistaken. Almost nose to nose, if Fabian kissed him right now, Bruno would be nothing but a drowning sub begging for his Dom, even when he had never been fully inclined to submission. "Get out." The two words were hissed with as much contempt as he could muster.

"Make me." A hand found Bruno's nape and a clash of lips, teeth, and stubble followed.

Rationality stopped functioning, and Bruno became all instinct, all animal. Tongues fought, lapels were pulled, and everything on the frigging desk flew left, right, and center, crashing and disturbing the sacred peace of a Commissioner's Office.

The voice of his secretary came muffled from some random corner. "Sir, are you all right? Do you want me to call security?"

They stopped the destruction of their clothes and stared at each other. Bruno—confused—Sanity trying to elbow its way back into his brain, and Fabian—defiant—daring him to stop what they both knew they needed like nothing else in the world. "No, I'm fine," he growled as Fabian squeezed his cock. "You can leave for the day, Averin."

"I'm not comfortable leaving you in there alone with that man, sir." Obviously, the desk (or something else) was blocking her vision because otherwise she would know he *was* comfortable with *that* man and *needed* to be alone.

"It was an order, not a request," Bruno managed to say, before his breath was caught thanks to Fabian sucking on his neck and probably giving him the hickey to end all hickies.

Reluctance was clear in Averin's voice. "Of course, sir. I will see you tomorrow."

Fabian's mouth found his, and the battle started again. It had never truly ended since Folsom Fair. How was Bruno to curb all the things (good things) swimming in his blood, reverberating in his every fiber?

*Just let go and feel. Trust.*

He wanted to taste Fabian, all of him. To be sure that his memory wasn't an exalted myth, a mirage enhanced by this unquenchable craving. And his tongue met stubble, and the stubble was good. And his tongue outlined the square jaw, and the steel underneath it was perfection. Fabian groaned as Bruno lapped that Adam's apple, hard and fragile, consistent and mobile.

The desk, their little wrestling mat, became immense as their bodies entwined, so desperate to be part of the other. Bruno trailed Fabian's abs, using tongue and lips, relishing the brush of soft hair, while big hands played with his hair, rough and demanding. His first taste of the leaking beast put not only his taste buds but every molecule of his body into hyperdrive. Nerve endings ablaze, he closed his eyes and hummed, savoring the broadness, the length, as he closed his throat about the incandescent cock head.

"Turn around. I need you in my mouth too." The request (lodged between a grunt and a moan) came out vivid and pleading.

Bruno crawled until they were mouth to mouth again, missing the thickness that had forced his lips but knowing it would be back to conquer him soon. He bit Fabian's bottom lip. "I hate you."

"Hate me all you want as long as it's with your cock pumping into these lips."

His knees settled on either side of Fabian's head, Bruno was surprised when Fabian caressed his sock garters with both hands and murmured, "So fucking sexy." And Bruno didn't know if he said anything else because the second his dick was engulfed by the wet heat of Fabian's mouth, deaf and blind was all Bruno was.

They sixty-nined until Bruno couldn't take anymore. With a last hard suck, he jumped from the desk and grabbed Fabian's hair, slamming him against a wall. The shock in the handsome face was short-lived, turning into a sultry grin with lightning speed. Fabian licked his lips and narrowed his eyes, "You gonna hate my ass now?"

Hiking one of Fabian's legs to his waist, Bruno spat on his hand and coated his cock. "Hate cannot even begin to describe what I'm going to give to your hole."

"Bring it."

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Fabian's big toe was the only thing touching the floor every time Bruno drove forward. He had never been fucked against a wall like this. His legs reminded him of a compass, a device kids from the previous century had used to draw circles. The commissioner's right forearm held Fabian's lower back (to keep Fabian firmly in place) and his left hand pressed over Fabian's chest for counter balance, as the man grunted and thrust and drilled Fabian with his huge cock and stormy grey eyes.

His ankle was on the back of Bruno's neck, and amid all the pleasure and roughness, Fabian seriously considered asking Bruno to let him wrap his legs around that narrow waist. He was sure Bruno could handle his weight.

The present position was only to splay him and hammer who was in control, and Fabian loved it.

Bent as he was, Fabian's only option of movement was to rub his marble length against Bruno's happy trail, which in his case was more like a happy forest. Oh, the caress of thousands of silky hairs over his cock head was maddening. He leaked profusely, content with the assault, bewildered by the vertical split, and so close to coming he didn't know how his clenching muscles hadn't already made Bruno's piston shatter.

Never breaking eye contact (or the rhythm of the pounding), Bruno started to stroke Fabian's cock. His hand pulled in a corkscrewing motion, the battering continued relentlessly; both things a sensual cadence designed to destroy Fabian's senses, annihilate his reason and make him nothing but happy goo.

Bruno climaxed, and his shudder and erratic movements triggered Fabian's own explosion. Jets and jets of zealously guarded semen landed over Bruno's hairy chest, over his thick neck, over his square chin, as they both panted.



Not even his hand had given Fabian pleasure since the last time he saw Bruno, and now the proof of his self-imposed faithfulness was displayed on the commissioner. For the amount of liquid running down his leg, a similar situation must have happened at the other end of this tug-o-war.

With a deep sigh, Bruno let go of Fabian's other leg, allowing him to stand up, even if a little wobbly, on his own. Bruno's forehead rested on Fabian's shoulder. The wet, plastered hair covering it tickled his still hyper-sensitive skin. Fabian didn't care that the hunky, hairy chest was covered in spunk, he crushed the man against him and murmured in his ear, "That was..." But he couldn't find a word to encompass the whole experience.

"That was something all right..." Their eyes met and Bruno shook his head. "I shouldn't have done it." He started to push Fabian to get away.

"What, are you nuts?" Fabian circled Bruno with an iron grip. Their spent cocks brushed and both let out an involuntary moan. "You see? What's so wrong about this, that even after we've just fucked, we cannot get enough of it?"

"I never said I wasn't attracted to you."

"It's more than that, and you know it. Stop being a wuss and let me in."

"I can't, Fabian. I'm afraid to trust." Bruno scowled at Fabian. "There, I said it."

"The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them." Fabian gave him a soft smile.

Bruno arched an eyebrow. "Who said that?"

"Daddy Hemmingway."

Bruno's dark head shook again, this time for a different reason. This time the sigh was to disguise a snicker. "Why would you call Hemmingway Daddy?"

"That old man was hot." Fabian chuckled and caressed Bruno's cheek. "Being afraid is good. It makes us alert. What it's not supposed to do is freeze us." He removed the still wet locks from the ample forehead and kissed it.

“You’re a brave man; you saved so many people when you were a firefighter. Don’t let something an asshole or assholes did cripple your capacity for love.”

Hope timidly peeked from those grey windows. “Is that what you’re offering me; Love?”

“I want to give you my life, Bruno. But that is something to be given day by day, sharing moments. Not just moments of pleasure, but also the silly ones, the scary ones, the sad ones. I want to do this journey with you. You just have to take the first step.”

“NO.” Fabian had loosened his grip a bit, and Bruno used it to break free. “Get your clothes and leave.”

“You have got to be shitting me.” Fabian growled, intent on restraining Bruno again until the stubborn man got it into his head that he was gonna fight for him, no matter what.

Bruno took a stun gun from a drawer and aimed it at Fabian with a steady hand. “Get the fuck out.”

Looking for time, Fabian chuckled. “You’re not gonna let me dress?”

The stun gun waved toward the door. “We have similar training, Fabian. Out.”

Fabian gathered his things. For some reason he didn’t want to analyze in this precise moment, the cum still trickling from his hole did not feel like an insult. No, he didn’t feel used; that cum was a promise. A promise he would force Bruno to make good on.

He didn’t try to put his underwear on. Before the door opened, he turned to look at Bruno. “We are not done.”

“Oh, we are.”

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“So he fucked you and then threw you to the curb.”

“When you say it like that...”

“There’s no other way to say it.” Lucian took a deep breath. “Okay, I know it’s my fault I took you to the damned fair, but I refuse to let you drown in your own shit.”

Balder came to sit beside Lucian, and they both occupied almost the entire screen. “What’s so special about the commissioner, Fabian?”

“I don’t have a logical explanation for what I feel.”

“There never is.” Balder caressed Lucian’s chin. “We want you to be happy.”

“Nobody said happiness was easy. I’m positive I must fight for him if I want us to be together.”

“What if he isn’t worthy?”

“Then I’ll be okay with it, knowing that I did what I had to do. The worst thing is to live with a ‘what if’.”

Balder and Lucian looked at each other. He knew their story better than anyone, and they understood how devastating a “what if” could be, since they had tried to deny their attraction and suffered for years.

“All I know is, he’s under my skin as I sure am under his,” Fabian added.

“Then let’s do this.” Lucian’s face illuminated the way it only did when he had a brilliant idea, or he thought whatever it was, was a brilliant idea. “Stop presenting yourself wherever he is. Just completely disappear. You haven’t given him time to miss you, to accept his need for you. As long as you are around, he knows he can change his mind.” He gave Fabian a wicked grin. “Right now, you’re nothing but a creepy stalker.”

Balder elbowed his husband. “He can’t be creepy, he’s too hot for that.” He wanted to sound stern, but the way those eyes scanned his cousin was like Lucian could do no wrong.

“Stop encouraging him.” Lucian elbowed back. “That’s why he thinks his presence alone can weaken the commissioner’s defenses. You two are a pair of brutes. What is needed here is subtlety and artifice, not a show of force.”

“You want me to pull a disappearing act on him?”

“Uh-huh.” Lucian nodded. “When was the last time you saw him?”

“Last night at the Mayor’s Thanksgiving Ball.”

“Did you behave?” Balder spoke this time, apparently already in with his husband’s train of thought.

Fabian snorted. “Of course I behaved. We didn’t even exchange words. I was just there, always in his line of sight.”

“Did he dance?”

“I guess so…” And Fabian had wanted to kill each individual, but he didn’t express those murderous feelings in front of his friends.

“Did you?” Lucian’s arched eyebrow was a bad omen.

“You know I can be really scary if I want to, so nobody bothered me.”

“Yeah, you’re scary all right, prowling among people like a frigging apparition.”

“Sweetie, get to the point, please,” Balder implored his husband.

“Dads, is that God-daddy?” Emmanuel’s voice floated from the background, as if he had just poked his head into the room.

Fabian hadn’t heard the door hissing, he couldn’t believe they were having this conversation with the doors open.

“Yes, son.”

“Can I say hi?”

Such a well-behaved kid. When other teenagers were wreaking havoc about the surface of Earth, Moon and Mars, Emmanuel still asked for permission to do things. Fabian didn’t know whether the boy was innately good or all the discipline Balder could wield kept him in check.

“Just for a minute. We’re discussing a very private matter here.”

“How you doing, God-daddy?” Emmanuel’s radiant smile occupied most of the screen as if he were holding the monitor with both hands. “How’s Aurora? Are the new recruits any good?”

Someday Emmanuel would make a fine scientist like his parents, but for now, he was obsessed with military stuff. Fabian smiled when Balder pulled his son back onto his lap, and he noticed the boy had chopped his hair like he was about to enter a military school. There was that spark of rebellion. He was pretty sure the Luxes weren't happy about that. Both sported long golden tresses.

"I'm doing fine. Aurora is great as always, and the new batch is from Fort Bamboo."

Emmanuel did everything but bounce on his father's lap, a restless puppy would have been more quiet. "That is so galactic!" Then he stopped, hunching his body. "I miss you, God-daddy."

Fabian sighed, "I miss you too, Em. Now, let me finish my conversation with your dads."

Balder released him, and Emmanuel was about to stand up with the saddest face Fabian had ever seen, when Lucian stopped him, holding his forearm. "Say, Emmanuel, what if we invite your godfather to spend the holiday *month* with us?"

The sad countenance did an about-face, morphing into all teeth and bright eyes, and all that cuteness was aimed at Fabian, "Please?"

*Cunning Lucian.*

"Sure, baby boy. I'll go."

Now Fabian had to find three Christmas presents earlier than he thought.

And there was a fourth. He would buy it anyway, hoping for the best.

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"I saw the recording."

"What are you talking about?"

"That day when Chief Trainer Acre came to see you and you finally received him. He's right; you need to stop denying yourself the opportunity to be happy."

That had happened so many moons ago; Bruno wasn't sure why Callum was bringing it up now. Probably Callum had learned about him inquiring over Fabian's sudden disappearance.

"You watched the whole thing?"

"Don't worry, I stopped the minute you two started ripping your clothes apart."

*Damn him to Pluto and back.*

Callum was his best friend, but Bruno also knew he was a little perv.

"Hey, you're like my mother; I'd never watch you having sex. Mr. Acre on the other hand..."

The surge of jealousy was overwhelming, "Seriously?"

"You're the one who doesn't want him. It's not my fault the multi-partnered marriage law is so explicit in its damned narrowness that all parties had to be married at the same time. If I didn't have my ball and chain already, I'd totally find a hunk like that to share with Camilla and live happily ever after." Callum chuckled, but there was something in his gaze that not even the screen could distort.

"Have you really considered it?"

"Yeah. You know Camilla, she wouldn't fuck another girl, but she'd love to see a guy having his way with me."

"How French, you two."

"Why so repressed, sweet cheeks? It's not like we're in 2020. We already have more than fifty years of marriage liberation in this great nation of ours."

"It's not that. In all the years we have known each other, you never struck me as the multi-partnered kind, that's all. Throwing an orgy now and then, yes, but you committed to more than one person? Nope."

"Then you weren't paying attention to the signals." Callum put his hand up. "I see what you're doing, and you're not going to distract me. Stop being a

chickenshit and do something. Fine men like Acre don't grow on trees." Callum made a face, "And cloning doesn't count."

"I don't know how to locate him. He simply vanished."

"So what's exactly the point of your best friend being the mayor, if you don't call him when you need him?"

"I was sabotaging myself?" The same question he had been asking himself for almost a month, and it was driving him crazy.

"Damn right you were. Or did you think he was going to lurk around forever?"

"I don't know what I thought. But with his absence I realized that I need to leave behind my cowardice."

"Well, I hope your New Year resolutions included pulling up your big-boy jockstrap and getting your man."

"Not in so many words."

"I'm going to give you a tip. He's back from Mars, and if you don't want me to stuff a rocket up your tight ass and put it in a trajectory to Space Expansion Commission, you'd better find your way there and grovel like there is no tomorrow, begging his forgiveness."

"Beg forgiveness. Why would I do that?"

"Shhh." Callum counted with his fingers. "S.E.C. Rocket. Ass. Go." His freckled face became a dot on the screen as he hung up.

His big-boy jockstrap...

It was time to face his fears and come clean. If Fabian Acre wasn't able to understand or accept all the things Bruno's heart needed, this was the moment to find out and be done with it. Come what may, it wasn't wise to live with a stinky "what if" following him everywhere for the rest of his days.

"Averin, get me the car, please. I'm going to S.E.C."

Five minutes later, Bruno was on his way to the outskirts of Aurora, where the Space Expansion Commission compound emerged like a technological nightmare on Caswell Grounds.

Smith, his primary bodyguard, sat beside him. “Acre?”

Bruno grimaced. “Yes.”

“It is about time, sir.”

His shock was a lot bigger than his embarrassment. He didn’t say anything, just kept staring at Smith, who shrugged, unapologetic. They spent the rest of the journey in silence.

Since all security agencies did joint exercises, Bruno had a high clearance and was soon observing Fabian from the safe distance of a mezzanine as he drilled thirty officers, his voice crisp and clear.

“There’s a misconception about trainers. People think we only teach. Everything you learn from me, I can do ten times better than you’ll ever do it.” Bruno browsed the men’s faces. “This doesn’t mean in any way, shape, or form that I’m not expecting the best from each of you. You’re here because you demonstrated your capabilities, and when I’m done with you, you’ll be excellent.”

They all shouted as one, “Yes, sir.”

Fabian barked, “Now get out of my face and report to Strategy Decoding.”

After another *yes, sir*, the officers exited in a single file, and Fabian caught sight of Bruno resting his hands on the railing above him. The short-lived grin turned into a glare; Fabian about-faced and walked away.

Apparently, Callum was right. There would be groveling and begging involved.

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“Sir, you can’t go in there without an appointment.” The tall, well-built man got to his feet and started to round the desk outside Fabian’s office. Then recognition struck him. “Commissioner Ouatu.”



Bruno gave the man a hard nod.

Still the man put himself between Bruno and the door. "I'm sorry, sir. At least let me inform Chief Trainer Acre of your presence." Smith grabbed him by the lapels of his uniform, ready to fling him out of the way.

"Let the officer make the call, Smith."

Mentally preparing himself for a long wait, Bruno was surprised when he was allowed in immediately. He practically had to growl the order for Smith to wait outside.

Fabian sat on a large chair, swiveling, digits intertwined and his forefingers in a clapping steeple. "Well, well. What can I do for you, Commissioner?" His whole frame looked bigger than Bruno remembered in the stretched black T-shirt. The stiff bill of the flat-top cap darkened his eyes.

"I needed to see you." Bruno didn't know where that came from, it wasn't what he had rehearsed a thousand times on his way there.

Slowly, Fabian stood up and flatted his hands on the enormous metal desk, his gaze noncommittal, practically bored. "Okay, you saw me, you can go now." A crooked smirk flourished on his handsome face. "Don't let the door hit your ass on the way out."

"No."

"Is this the part where I fuck you silly in my office and then you run like a wuss?"

"I'm not running."

"But I still get to fuck you."

"Yes."

"So, this is just sex?"

"No. I finally realized only the brave find what they seek. So, I'm going to be brave and accept what you have to offer."

Fabian arched an eyebrow, looking unconvinced.

Bruno swallowed hard. “The difference between wanting something and getting something is that wanting can be passive, getting never is.”

“Good. Take your clothes off.”

Instead of working in haste, Bruno took his time, folding each garment as he removed it. He did this without looking at Fabian, but he could feel the weight of all the attention poured onto him like a dark storm cloud ready to unleash a million volts of lightning.

“You can get rid of the shoes but leave the sock garters on.” The voice came out rasped, as if Fabian’s throat was suddenly dry and raw.

At last, Bruno turned around to face Fabian. His erection jutted, long and proud. A single bead of clear liquid peeked from the slit, dew on a purple petal.

“Stand easy.” Fabian inspected him for a moment without moving a muscle, just roaming his eyes over Bruno’s naked frame. The caress of those hazel eyes was almost physical and goose bumps sprouted all over as if a cold breeze had just swirled around him. But it was exactly the opposite, because Fabian’s stare was a tongue of pure fire licking him from top to bottom.

With firm steps, Fabian approached him. Circling and nodding, Fabian appraised him. After the second circle, he commented, probably more to himself than to Bruno, “Magnificent.”

Bruno flexed his fists, opening and closing them. Unnerved, he wanted Fabian to touch him. “Oh for fuck’s sake, take me already.”

Fabian chuckled and there was something sinister in that sound. “Mere five minutes and you are snapping?” He *tsked*. “Not fair. How many months did I wait?”

He didn’t have an answer for that because it was true. He had to take it however Fabian chose to mete out his pleasure. “I’m sorry, Fabian. I deserve whatever punishment you see fit. I brought this on myself.”

“That you did, but I’m not your master as you are not mine. I said it before, *Nor Sub Nor Dom*. We’re equals.” A finger traced a horizontal line from

shoulder to shoulder, all nerve endings ablaze. “Nevertheless, you earned a reprimand for being so stubborn.”

A kiss landed on the side of his neck, while hands coasted down his flanks until they rested on Bruno’s hips. Hot breath tickled his ear. “I missed you.”

Bruno moaned, “I’m an idiot.”

“Not anymore.”

Those big hands cupped his ass, spreading and kneading. Bruno pushed back seeking contact with the muscle wall behind him. The cotton shield was a nightmare; he wanted skin-to-skin. He wanted to be on his knees, imploring forgiveness with his lips and tongue and throat.

His body trembled as a stubbly chin descended, scraping in vertical bliss the outline of his spine. The same scrape circled his ass cheeks and then Fabian’s face burrowed between them and pulled his guiche piercing with desperate teeth. And Bruno bent, one hand grabbing the back of Fabian’s head to push him deeper, the other stroking his cock, erratic and needy.

Fabian motorboated him, and Bruno couldn’t do anything but laugh when the *BRRRRR* became louder.

*Plaff.*

The spank startled him, and Fabian ordered, “Back on the floor now.”

The second his shoulders touched the wooden boards, Fabian had him by the ankles with both hands. “Who the hell still wears sock garters? That is so fucking sexy.” He stroked the socks as if memorizing the texture. He bit one calf and put two fingers in Bruno’s mouth. “Wet these.”

His tongue swirled about the digits, anticipation making the act raunchier than it was meant to be. The possessiveness pouring from Fabian’s eyes was an aphrodisiac, a primal call. Those gems never lost focus as the fingers found their way into Bruno’s hole, their gazes colliding in tune with the furious thrusting.

Never breaking eye contact, Fabian settled legs over his shoulders, lowered his body and took Bruno’s dick in hand, the rhythm of his digital battering

steady and continuous. Before engulfing the burning pole, with a wicked grin and a wink Fabian commanded, “Don’t hold back, babe, gimme everything you got.”

And he got it all.

Incessantly.

For the next thirty-seven days.

Until...

“*Uff*, that was...” Bruno felt the flood of Fabian’s completion slowly ease out of him.

“Best Valentine post-dinner fuck ever?” Fabian panted and plopped beside Bruno. He whooped, his breathing ragged. “Baby, I don’t know how you do it. Fuck me and then let me fuck you like that, it’s just...”

“Have you ever been in a threesome?”

“Yes. You?”

“No.” He lied. He couldn’t come out with the truth just yet. “But it’s something that always intrigued me.”

“You know I love you, right?” Fabian’s eyes were big and clear.

“Yes, I do.”

“I always thought I would end up in a three-way relationship. Always felt my heart was too big for just one man.” Fabian peered at Bruno expectantly.

Bruno averted his eyes for a moment. When he returned his gaze, everything in Fabian’s countenance spoke of a confession turned into a costly mistake. Fabian added, “I’ve never contemplated cheating on you. If you hadn’t brought this up, I would have eventually, because it is something deep within me.”

Eyes watering, Bruno didn’t have words.

“Did I offend you with this declaration?”

“I’ve got to be absolutely honest with you.” Bruno took a deep breath, and Fabian’s expression was the equivalent of *Oh mercy, here it comes...* “I always felt the same way. I’m still a big chickenshit-slash-wuss. I should have said something earlier, but every time I spoke about it before...”

All his concerns disappeared with Fabian’s next words, merriment permeating them, “The heart wants what the heart wants, and that’s exactly a nice spit roast.”

Carried by the mirth emanating from Fabian, Bruno commented casually, “Well, that explains why ninety percent of the time the one doing the topping ends with a dildo or something else up his ass.” Bruno grinned and Fabian laughed hard, jumping from the bed and running to the bathroom because, apparently, he’d peed himself a little.

Following the chief trainer, Bruno hugged him from behind, “Oh babe, this will only make us stronger.”

Recuperated, Fabian turned and returned the embrace, “Yes, Bruno. From now on we will always speak what’s in our hearts.”

“If it comes, it comes.”

“Of course, love. When the time is right, we’ll find him.”

“I say we call an escort to start practicing.”

“My naughty Bruno, you’re amazing.”

“And you’re a dream come true.”

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## PART TWO

*Aurora City – Novel California – Year 2088*

*Folsom Fair – 104<sup>th</sup> Anniversary*

“Hi God-daddy. Hi, Uncle Bruno.”

“Hey kiddo, what are you doing here?” The white leather pants and white harness framed Emmanuel’s swimmer’s build perfectly. Fabian’s paternal instincts rose abruptly. At nineteen, Emmanuel was barely old enough to be at the fair. “Just because you live on campus and not under my roof anymore doesn’t mean you can parade around like this.” He didn’t like the long hair covering Emmanuel’s left eye either, still, he had to admit those purple highlights looked nice like that.

Emmanuel looked them both up and down, making a deliberate stop at their heads since they had cut their hair really short after he moved away. “God-daddy. I might be adopted, but the kinky gene comes from two flanks, my dads’ and yours, so deal with it.” He ended with an arched eyebrow and a twisted mouth.

“Don’t get all uppity with me, or I’ll call that burly man over there to give you a well-deserved paddling.” Fabian gave a murderous glance to Bruno, who was about to snicker.

After a second of studying the man, Emmanuel shuddered. “No, thank you. There are enough cheeks on display here to be silly and put mine in jeopardy.”

Why did the kid have to be so cheeky?

“Well, this is no place to be by yourself anyway,” Bruno interjected, putting a hand on Emmanuel’s upper arm. “Stay with us.”

“Actually, I’m supposed to meet my friend Topher. He’s been in the scene for a while, so he knows the ropes.” Emmanuel smiled and winked.

Suppressing a groan, Fabian grated out, “How old is this Topher? How did you meet him? Is he your lover?”

“Sweet ashes of Madonna, hold your rockets, God-daddy. Twenty-five. Philosophy class. And no. We’re just good friends—he’s not even my type.”

But Emmanuel did that semi eye-roll that was his tell when he was uttering a half truth.

“And what is your type, doll?” Bruno asked, failing miserably to stifle his chuckle.

“A man without tattoos.” He eyed Fabian. “No offense, God-daddy. Topher has this huge tattoo with skulls over his chest. He looks like a frigging holographic billboard.”

Fabian wasn't completely convinced. Emmanuel was hiding something, and how had he seen the damned tattoo? Fabian would wait until the so-called friend appeared and then hammer him with questions.

“Anyways, he's gonna call me when he gets here. I came early because I was too excited.”

“That I see. C'mon, let's walk around. Your uncle's performance is in two hours.” Fabian would play nice god-daddy until that sneaky *friend* appeared.

“Plenty of time to be naughty.” Emmanuel rubbed his hands, ready for mischief.

The kid was adorable but had too much energy, more than a normal nineteen-year-old ought to have. Well, Fabian shouldn't grumble about it; it took them almost two years to bring his godson out of his shell after the debacle with the two Mr. Luxes. Because of that, they allowed Emmanuel certain liberties but this...

They wandered around for a while, enjoying the constant hum of paddling and whipping in open booths, the thumping loud music, the laughter intertwined with moans and groans. Two overly-tattooed and extremely pierced men with platinum Mohawks and leather kilts caressed Emmanuel's shoulders as he walked between them. The boy didn't recoil, but Fabian noticed his discomfort, and he was about to say something when Bruno stopped him, “Hey, Mama Bear, he put himself here and wants to be all adult and proud, let him deal with it.”

“But—he...” Fabian sputtered.

“You’re not going to be around him always.” Bruno grabbed Fabian’s chin and turned it toward Emmanuel, a couple of paces ahead of them. “You see? He already raised one kilt and spanked the insolent.”

Effectively, the other one was already bending and arching his ass to receive Emmanuel’s hand too. A couple of people stopped to record them. Fabian didn’t know whether to be proud or grab his godson by the ear and leave the frigging fair. He couldn’t believe his sweet boy was spanking two guys simultaneously in the middle of a crowded street.

Emmanuel was gathering an audience.

Bruno closed Fabian’s mouth with a push of fingers and blurted as if reading his thoughts, “Seriously? Where do you think you are, the Easter-Vernal Parade? I don’t see any furry bunnies or floats with fairies and pixies. Get a grip and let the boy be.”

Fabian was a fan of a good spanking as much as the next person in the fair. But there was something truly wrong about seeing those guys pushing their asses out, their backs perfectly concave and their kilts hanging limply from their hips. And Emmanuel, who looked like a fallen angel (all in white), reddening those skinny cheeks.

A final *plaff* triggered a round of applause from those assembled, and Emmanuel took a bow and sent his spankees on their way, after French-kissing the heck out of both while stroking their cocks. Fabian was speechless—*appalled* couldn’t begin to describe the turmoil inside him.

“Do you think he hacked the house computer and watched us have sex? There is something very familiar in his stroking technique,” Bruno murmured in Fabian’s ear, squeezing his leather-clad ass.

“You’re an evil, evil uncle,” Fabian growled and moved to kiss Bruno, not quite a peck, neither a full saliva-exchange moment.

“And you are a silly, silly godfather,” Bruno pronounced when they separated.

Emmanuel came to them with an accusatory look on his face, as if it was their fault he had an impromptu spanking session in public.



“Excellent show, baby boy.” Bruno hugged Emmanuel. “I thought you didn’t like tattoos.”

*Fucking Bruno, always encouraging the imp.*

“I don’t.”

“Then what was that?” Fabian ran a hand over his face. Emmanuel would be the end of him.

“Fun, God-daddy. Just fun.”

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This year, the Opera Leather Pack was doing an adaptation of *The Phantom of the Opera*, using Ken Hill’s original version, including the modern score by Ian Armit—not the overused Andrew Lloyd Webber version. Entitled HIDDEN, the costumes were on the futuristic side, with chromed leather and lots of copper chains and boots. They started with “Welcome Sir, I’m So Delighted”, verbatim title of the original song, continued with “No He Did Not”, a new incarnation of “How Dare She”. Then it was time for Bruno to enter in the middle of “Pain Dooms Me”, using only three words of the original title “To Pain My Heart Selfishly Dooms Me”. The crowd went wild as Bruno hit the highest notes at the end of the song.

“He’s so good, God-daddy. I would give anything to have talent like that.”

“Your talent is your brain, Em. I’ve seen what you write, and you’re amazing.” Fabian threw his arm around his godson’s shoulder and hugged him close. “One day you’ll be famous.”

“Like my dads?”

Fabian barely heard Emmanuel’s words, muffled by the cheering around them since Bruno was in the middle of the OLP’s version of “Ah, Do I Hear My Lover’s Voice?”, called “When He Speaks”. Still, he grasped the pain in those grey eyes. “You’ll always be their son, but you have your own merits. It was a hard decision, but you followed your heart and that’s what matters. As stubborn as they are, they love you, and this situation will come to an end. I promise you.”

He might not agree with Emmanuel's current attitude, but he was still proud of him for being true to himself. He hadn't wanted to be a scientist or have anything to do with space exploration, and, thus he stood his ground. Lamentably, he was forced to flee to Earth to save his hide, but better being miserable in just one aspect of your life (not having your parents' support anymore), than living a lie (being something you were not meant to be).

Emmanuel nodded and gave him a tentative smile.

"Aha! There you are." A young-looking man, with glossy black hair and a bandana covered in silver coins wrapped around his neck, grabbed Emmanuel by the waist, pulling him away from Fabian's embrace. The intruder chortled and gave Emmanuel a resounding peck on the lips. "I've been looking for you all over!"

Fabian clenched and unclenched his fists. He noticed some designs and color peeking from under the scarf over nice defined pectorals. Tanned, but in a manner that suggested that it was more from heritage than sun exposure, the caramel complexion was alluring. A little shorter than Emmanuel, the man would probably reach just above Fabian's shoulder.

Then Fabian realized this was probably Emmanuel's instigator-slash-lover-slash-friend. He cleared his throat. Yanked from their little world, both youngsters looked at him. A sheepish grimace surged from Emmanuel. "Hey God-daddy, this is my friend Christopher Hunter."

With his most feral countenance, Fabian directed all his attention to the newcomer but didn't extend his hand.

Unfazed, Christopher offered his gloved hand. "My, my. You call me Topher, and I'll call you Daddy." He winked; a rakish smirk decorated his handsome face.

It'd have been rude not to shake the young hand, so he grabbed (ready to break) it and understood what fathers through centuries had suffered when meeting the men fucking their daughters, or in this case, son. "Fabian Acre. Security Chief of S.E.C."

Bruno hit an insanely high note, closing “A Sharp Whipping”, a piece that in the original opera didn’t have lyrics, but that they had expanded and developed for the closing moment. The spectators cheered and applauded, a deafening roar. Fabian and Christopher stood there, their hands still linked and with a weird current moving between them. Fabian held what he was sure looked like murder in his eyes, Christopher sporting an “I dare you to act on those instincts” smug grin.

Fabian felt a well-known caress over his body and turned to look at Bruno on the stage.

And what he saw on Bruno’s face was scary and exhilarating at once.

Pulling Christopher toward him, Fabian banded his arms over the boy’s taut muscular body, and kissed him violently. His harsh action was rewarded with the equal fervor of an expert tongue.

It was Emmanuel’s turn to clear his throat. “Ahem. Good thing Topher and I are not lovers.”

Bright eyes, deep like dark chocolate and surrounded by thick lashes stared at Fabian. And Christopher’s thoroughly-kissed full lips uttered two simple words. “Fuck yeah.”

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*BANG.*

Bruno had been struck by something he couldn’t quite define. The young man shaking Fabian’s hand left him speechless. He was pretty in a way that was masculine and innocent and teasing, all wrapped in a tight body (at least the upper part). Shirtless and with somewhat baggy jeans, the youngster defied the tacit dress code of the fair. Suspenders hung from his waist around him instead of chains. He wore fingerless dark gloves, and combat boots were his only concession to the leather scene.

The glint in Fabian’s eyes told Bruno many things in a flash, and when Fabian pressed the boy’s body against his and ravaged his mouth, Bruno’s dick saluted firmly without delay.

A little lightheaded, Bruno moved backstage and sat, fighting the tightness in his chest.

“Are you all right? You’re a bit pale.” Hans rested a hand on Bruno’s shoulder. “Want a bottle of water?”

Love had changed *Bitching, Drama Queen Hans* into *Concerned, Polite Hans*, and Bruno was still a tiny bit disoriented around this new version of his usual on-stage lover. “I’m fine, Hans. Just need a moment to assimilate something.”

“What, Fabian kissing that kid?”

“You saw it?”

“I’m surprised it wasn’t broadcasted on every holographic billboard around the fair.”

“It’s not what you think.”

“Your lover shouldn’t be kissing other men. Not in private and surely not in public.”

That sounded more like the old Hans. Bruno didn’t have time to give him explanations. He needed to get out of his costume and find out who that man was. He saw Emmanuel hovering around them; perhaps it was the friend he had been waiting for. And wouldn’t that be just... complicated.

“I’m going to change, Hans.” Bruno stood up. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. If you need anything, you know where to find me.” Hans gave him a reassuring smile.

Yeah, that was weirder than Fabian kissing another man in public. What Hans didn’t know was that this wasn’t a rare occurrence. In all their years together, he and Fabian had kissed and fucked many men together. Still, none had wrung such a forceful reaction.

With a nod, Bruno smiled and walked away. Strolling around the fair in tight chrome shorts and copper mesh tank was out of the question, but briefly he considered just going like that and changing later on. He didn’t know where he would be later on so it was better to be prepared.

He donned his leather pants, his erection unhelpful. His nipples were hard, and the ghost weight of the ring on his right one was a delicious reminder of how much Fabian loved that little metal circle.

*Focus, Bruno, focus. You can't walk around sporting wood. It's not 2014, but in a year you'll start campaigning to be mayor of Aurora. A bit of decorum goes a long way.*

The white belt, a gift from Emmanuel for Father's Day, was a nice contrast to his black pants and boots. Bruno considered wearing his T-shirt for a while, but his harness looked too damned good to have it hidden; he adjusted one of its buckles, clasped on wristbands, and stuffed the T-shirt in his back pocket. A quick look in the mirror—his sideburns transitioned to his designer stubble perfectly, so he was ready (not the exact word but it sufficed) to face the young man making his stomach flutter like only one other man had, four years ago.

“Where is he?” Bruno found Fabian loitering close to a group of port-potties. “Did he leave the fair already?”

Fabian produced a deliberately sensual smile. “He'll be back.”

“What's his name?” Bruno exhaled a breath he didn't know he was holding.

Like something delicious, Fabian murmured, “Christopher.”

Bruno remembered Emmanuel had mentioned a Topher. “Emmanuel's friend?”

“Yeah. He told me to call him Topher, so he can call me Daddy.”

“That was straightforward.” And dread surged inside Bruno. What if the boy only wanted a roll in the metaphorical hay?

One of the loos became available. The aviators found their way to the top of the Security Chief's head. “I'll be right back.”

Fabian left him standing there and thinking a thousand stupid things. Foremost, why couldn't this be just another swift encounter and move on? The answer came like a resounding slap. He was tired. Tired of thinking that one-

night stands could turn into something deeper, when, each time, the third man simply vanished after satisfying his itch.

There was a light in Topher calling him. The same way Fabian's confidence had pulled him like a black hole. And once again, he was scared, stupidly and annoyingly afraid of putting his heart in the wrong hands. They both knew they had each other; nevertheless, they also needed that third person to make them complete.

After wiping his hands with a wet tissue, Fabian did a three-pointer in a nearby trashcan. "What's wrong, babe?" He put his hands on Bruno's flanks, thumbs stroking him softly.

His forehead touched Fabian's. "Who is this man? I feel exactly the same way I felt the first time I saw you. And just like that time, I'm anxious and confused."

"Hey," Fabian grabbed his chin and forced Bruno to look him in the eye. "Do you know how many people can say they had a 'love at first sight' experience twice?" His voice was grave, but a pinch of mirth lingered there too.

"You evil, evil man." Bruno narrowed his eyes. "You too?"

A moving billboard, Fabian's archenemy, hovered dangerously in their direction. *KATE's Cuisine: Spicy. Kinky. What else do you need?* Fabian poked the thing to send it away, but as if Fabian's blood were gravity and the billboards meteors in a collision course, two more were close behind.

*Silvertongue Lia B. Dominating words since 2011*

*Viv Saints Inc. Catering for the not so Saintly*

"You've got to tell Callum to ban this pest from the fair." Fabian's whole body exuded his "ready to kick shit" mode.

Maybe they had installed some danger sensors in the pesky devices because it scurried away before Fabian could destroy it. "I never heard anyone else complaining about them." Bruno chuckled, forgetting for a moment his

predicament. “You, evil mister, were saying it was love at first sight for you too.”

Fabian growled, narrowed eyes following his departed nemesis. “Nah. The first time I lay eyes on him, all I wanted to do was punch him.”

Bruno studied Fabian’s face, trying to decipher if he was joking. He wasn’t. “Are you serious?”

“Uh-huh, he snatched Emmanuel from my arms when I was consoling him and kissed him on the mouth. Not like I kissed him, it was a quick peck but I didn’t like it anyway.”

A groan escaped Bruno, “Are they lovers?”

*Yes, the guy is trouble.*

“According to Em no, and Topher was too enthusiastic about meeting you to seem otherwise. He was praising your voice and your looks and how hot it’d be to have his tongue down your throat.”

A politician never blushed, but Bruno felt fire on his cheek. “His exact words?”

“He was a teensy bit more graphic.”

“Sweet Triad!”

“If we are lucky, yes.”

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After a brief meeting, Topher scurried away with Emmanuel to an underground party on the other side of the river, close to Circular Park Three. Of course, the little rascal didn’t go without first kissing the living daylights out of Bruno while squeezing Fabian’s cock and balls and leaving both men like horny teenagers without privacy to rein in their hormones.

Their lovemaking that night was ferocious, each trying to multiply the other so they could fill the hopeful space the troublemaker had left within them.

Fabian's following day had been a disaster. A group of Moon miners had decided that the S.E.C. shouldn't oversee them anymore and caused a riot and the destruction of an insane amount of government property and two of his guards were injured. Five high-level meetings later, he arrived at their Russia Avenue apartment to find Bruno in a state of depression more appropriate to a national catastrophe than to a dinner with a cute guy.

"What's going on?"

"His blood pressure has been a rollercoaster since he arrived," the house computer informed him with a nip of sarcasm that wasn't supposed to be there.

Their walk-in closet was a wreck, as if the garments had been fighting among themselves. "Bruno, answer me? I'm pretty sure you weren't like this the first time you came here for dinner."

Funny how they had never talked about the moments prior to their first real encounter, the one that ended with great sex and an idiotic escape by Bruno the next morning.

Bruno turned to look at him, throwing another shirt on the floor. "What if he thinks we're old men?"

"That's your concern, making the wrong age-appropriate fashion statement?"

"No," Bruno shrugged. "I don't know, maybe..."

"We both were shirtless yesterday. And his erection was indeed happy to see us."

"But you know how kids are."

"First of all, there's no kid in this equation. He's a grown-ass man. You're not even old enough to be his father, unless you've begotten a child when you were twelve."

"I'm a fucking mess."

"Yep." Fabian went to the floor where Bruno lay after slowly sliding with a deep sigh. "But you're my mess, and I love you." He pulled them both up from the floor. "C'mon, we have a hottie to conquer."



They arrived at Tamarin, a Eurasian restaurant between two high-end boutiques on 25 North and Nippon East. Topher had made the reservations and was handling all the details, to compensate for his hasty departure from the fair. They found him at the bar, sipping something purple and bubbly. His smile, when he saw them, could have outshone the moon with its intensity.

Topher set the tall glass on the bar and stood to greet them. “Hello, you two!” He kissed both of them on both cheeks. “No PDAs tonight. Later perhaps,” he chortled with a flirty wink. He gave a signal to a hostess, and she came to guide them to their table.

“That was quick,” Bruno commented as they sat.

“The table was waiting for your arrival. My father used to say that you have to have at least one restaurant where you’re known before you reach thirty.”

“Wise man your father. Mine is Peccado on Quattro West,” Fabian offered.

“You said ‘used’. Is your father gone?” Bruno’s concern was obvious, and Fabian forced himself to remain impassive, because he knew where his countertenor’s mind was heading: the boy is looking to replace his father.

“Oh, yes. Both my parents are gone. They died two years ago, that’s why I started college so late. I had to take care of them for many years.”

There was nothing bitter or sad about the way Topher gave the information. It was a simple detailing of facts. That could be a good thing or a bad thing, Fabian wasn’t sure which yet.

“Very sorry for your loss,” Bruno patted Topher’s hand across the table.

With a nod, Topher smiled at both. “They were sick for a long time, so I prepared myself for the inevitable. It wasn’t a surprise.” Fabian noticed how Topher squeezed Bruno’s hand in return and added cheerily. “What I want to know is, what’s your deal?”

“There’s no deal as it is. We want to know you and see what happens.” Fabian cocked his head.

Topher cocked his head in the opposite direction and smirked. “Intimately?”

“If possible. The attraction is obvious, so there’s no need for games.” Fabian was proud of Bruno for sounding so sure when he knew his lover was a heap of nerves.

“No psychological games.” Topher held his hand up as if voicing an oath. “Nonetheless, I hope we can have some multi-limbs games, you know... to discover and learn.”

If he had been drinking something, Fabian would have sputtered it, because Topher sounded just like him. He stole a glance at Bruno, who apparently was arriving to the same conclusion.

*This’s gonna be fun.*

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They entered Topher’s apartment in a rabid mass of limbs, teeth, and mouths.

“Welcome Christopher... and guests?” The house computer had the whimsical voice of a woman used to telling bedtime stories. Obviously, since they were intertwined like a mythological punishment, the computer took a second to identify separate individuals.

Any other time, Bruno would have been intrigued by the evocative tone. However, as busy as his tongue was parrying with Fabian’s and Topher’s to let his mind process such details, it didn’t escape him.

Topher came up for air. “What happened with taking it slow?”

“No one said such a thing.” Fabian squeezed both their asses, if the little yelp wrung from Topher was any indication of what he was doing with his other hand.

Extricating himself, Topher sobered up. “Computer, lower the temperature four degrees. This is going to get awfully hot in here.”

“At once,” the computer chimed.

He walked toward the center of the living space, sure they would follow. He turned around and faced them, addressing them with a firm voice, even after three bottles of Veuve Clicquot. “Bruno, Fabian, I never bring men home. You two are outstanding citizens of Aurora, and as such, I expect you to behave accordingly.”

“Yes, sir,” Fabian offered him a mocking salute. “Who’s going to his knees first?”

That was a good question if there was any.

“Since I’m your host, that will be my pleasure.” Topher did a “come on” motion with both hands. As they reached him, he grabbed both by the back of their necks, hard. “Just one thing. We met at Folsom Fair, but you’re not my masters, and I’m considering *not* being yours. Are we clear?”

Bruno nipped that plump lower lip, “*Nor Sub Nor Dom.*”

“Perfect.”

Their three-way kiss was fierce, and (after a glorious eternity) Bruno found his fingers brushing Fabian’s while they explored everything they could touch on Topher as he descended, opening their flies. Two weapons sprang out, vying for those full lips’ attention.

Topher gave an open-mouthed peck to the underside of one, then the other, and Bruno and Fabian groaned. The liquid emanating from both slits was used to rub the heads against one another until the friction was unbearable. And then, when Bruno’s vision was almost blurred; Topher started to alternate the sucking of their shafts, his expert hands easily accompanying his mouth: stroking, pulling, twisting.

“Isn’t he beautiful?” Fabian asked breathlessly, giving Bruno’s cheek a soft caress.

It was hard to tear his eyes away from that mischievous face below. “Yes.”

Bruno was close to his release, and Fabian had all the same symptoms. He was dying to find out how his come would look all over Topher’s face. But that wasn’t to happen.

“Your turn, Daddies.” Topher gave some smooches to their balls before standing up and getting rid of his long-sleeved, muscle-hugging shirt in one swift motion. “This bad boy needs some attention.” Bruno and Fabian hurried to their knees, and he whipped out his large and heavy dick, tapping their mouths with it, as if it were a scepter or a wicked pacifier.

The sparkle in Fabian’s ever-changing eyes was mesmerizing as their mouths wet the length of Topher’s shaft in perfect synchronicity until lips touched, and their tongues explored the abundant foreskin.

This wasn’t the first man they had shared, but there was something different about the situation. Perhaps, it was the possessive way Topher stroked their close-shaved heads. Perhaps, it was his encouraging murmurs in the manner you pet precious hounds that pleased you greatly. Something in his demeanor was absolutely in tune with them beyond the mere physical.

Fabian took Topher’s cock in hand, peeling the foreskin back and offering the silky member, so Bruno could take a deep plunge. The texture and the width assaulted Bruno, and he felt the urgent need to have Fabian behind him, pounding away.

His lover was there with Bruno. “Soon, babe, soon.”

“C’mon, Daddy. I need your throat around my cock.” Topher guided Bruno to take more, to go deeper, and Fabian helped, tweaking his nipples, kneading his chest.

Bruno wanted to close his eyes and abandon himself to all the sensations battering him, the fragrance of Topher’s copious bush, his sure grasp behind Bruno’s head, Fabian’s wandering hands, caressing his balls, teasing his hole. Yet, Bruno was enthralled, enslaved to the attention pouring from those dark eyes, looming over him, taking possession of both.

“Neither of you is coming until I say so.” Topher released his hold on Bruno and aimed his glistening cock at Fabian. “Your turn, Daddy. Suck me good. I want to see my semen covering you both, taste it from your lips and share it with you.”

The growl escaping from Fabian was primal and feral. A sound Bruno knew well, signaling Fabian's eagerness to devour, to conquer. And he saw how the chunky pole disappeared into that luscious mouth; how those lips wrapped around the caramel skin until they grazed ebony curls.

"Untie my boots." Topher commanded, his tone not completely dominant but extremely controlled.

Stealing licks and tiny sucks, Bruno nurtured Fabian's throbbing and leaking dick while he unlaced Topher's combat boots. His position, with his pants around his thighs, his ass in the air and exposed, didn't go unnoticed. He heard an appreciative *mmm* followed by a wet finger circling and stroking his hole. He arched his back to allow better access, to indicate his approval; sure it was Topher's digit since Fabian's hands were busy over their new lover, cupping balls, outlining muscles, mapping that undiscovered geography.

However, his entrance was never breached because he was suddenly yanked upward and found his face mashed against Fabian's, and Topher howled, his body shaking. Jet after jet of creamy seed landed on their chins, lips and cheeks, its consistency glorious and welcome.

Even in the throes of ecstasy, when most people looked wounded and lost, Topher still retained a measured dignity; a savage beauty enhanced by his scrunched nose, clenched eyelids and rounded lips. Opening his eyes, he fell to his knees and lapped at their faces, gathering his essence until nothing was left.

Topher made them taste him once again; this time, from his own lips as they shared kisses that were wicked and sublime at the same time.

When their mouths were swollen and tender, Topher pulled himself just distant enough to encompass both in his roguish gaze and smirked, "Now, Daddies. I'm going to fuck you 'til your orgasms make you forget your names but not mine."

And he did.

Several times.

At midnight, Fabian and Bruno were back in their limo, their identities lost forever.

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“This is serious.”

“Now you understand why I was so conflicted.”

“Conflict can’t begin to describe this mess.”

“What are we going to do?”

“We’re gonna take the bull by the horns and have our way with him.”

Bruno chuckled, “I thought he was a different kind of animal.”

“Yeah, that little bunny rabbit turned out to be a mongoose.” Fabian shook his head. It had been four days and his hole couldn’t stop twitching every time Topher was mentioned.

“Besides, don’t you think it’s weird he uses his mother’s voice for the house computer?”

“Weird would be Fran Drescher or Pee-Wee Herman. His mother had a very soothing voice. I understand why he does it. We have bigger complications that his taste in voices.”

“He’s not even on Earth to help us figure out this mess.”

Fabian wasn’t happy with Topher as part of a mission near the border of the Moon’s dark side thanks to his internship with one of the biggest lunar developers. Just their luck to meet a future geologist on his way off-planet, and he had to land precisely not that many clicks away from the miners’ unrest. “I should have stopped them. I’m positive Sunny and her Board of Directors would have listened if I told them to abort the expedition.”

“You cannot use your connections to stop every private lunar mission.”

“Not *every*, just this one. We haven’t had the chance to discover him.” Fabian sighed.

“He sure mapped us right.”

The kid had fucked them like only they could fuck each other. As if he knew their surfaces by heart, every nook, every crevice, each nerve ending. Yes, Topher lived at Tarot Towers, the epicenter of all magical workers in

Aurora (card readers, mediums, animists), but that didn't mean the boy had some supernatural power. He was just a natural-born sex god.

“That he did, and I can't wait to have my go at charting his body.”

They had been so overwhelmed by the expert maneuvers that they didn't have the chance to return the favor. If blindfolded, Fabian could have sworn there was a fourth man in the room with them. Topher was dominant in such a subtle way that they only realized his cock had been the only one inside them all along when they were finally sitting in the limo, staring at each other, sated and perplexed.

“I know this is what we have been searching for, but...” Bruno hesitated, crossing his arms over his chest. A pose so uncommon, Fabian arched an eyebrow.

“You don't wanna see him again?”

“In all honesty, I'd rather not. Once was enough for feeling this out of sorts. No need for another Fabian Fright.”

Fabian grabbed Bruno's forearms and uncrossed them. He pulled his man against his chest, murmuring in his ear, “We can call it the Mongoose Enigma.”

“Sounds like something Emmanuel would write.”

This time they laughed aloud and kissed vehemently afterward.

“Why not accept what Fate is offering?” Fabian traced Bruno's lower lip with his thumb.

“Are you going to give me another speech like the one when you stormed into my office?”

“Nah. You took too long to react to that one. I'm just gonna fuck you senseless until you see the wisdom of letting Topher enter our lives.”

Bruno shuddered in Fabian's arms. “Not fair. You know all my weak spots.”

“As you do mine. OUCH.” Fabian jumped in response to Bruno’s ass-pinching.

“Fabian, Bruno, you have a video call from Christopher Hunter,” The house computer announced. “And the young man looks distressed.”

After glancing at each other, they ran into the studio. An odd grimace decorated Topher’s features, but it changed as soon as he saw them. He smiled, and Fabian felt Bruno’s blunt nails digging into his hand.

“Hey, Daddies!” Topher wore a yellow overall, Sunny’s trademark, and it made his face glow beautifully. “This trip has been a ginormous pile of shit. My only consolation is looking forward to seeing you again.” He turned into a puppy asking for a treat. “Because I’m gonna see you again, right?”

“Sure,” Bruno said, and Fabian knew he would end with crescent marks on the back of his left hand.

“What has been so crappy, boy?” Fabian kept a pleasant face to soothe Topher.

Topher’s eyebrow hiked up, in an arch, and Fabian understood. He didn’t like being called “boy”.

“C’mon, Topher.”

“For starters, the eleven hours on the shuttle were utter crap because I was strapped next to the chattiest person on three planets. After that, we’ve been cooped up in the compound thanks to the frigging miners deciding to pursue some kind of independence at the wrong moment.”

“There must be something you can do not to go crazy.”

“Well, a week ago, I’d have fucked every willing being, but now... my body is besieged by the memories of your skin under my touch, the way you tasted, the sounds you made while I was inside you.”

Sweet Mother of Mercy, the boy was giving Fabian a rotund hard-on. The lump in his throat made an audible sound as he swallowed it. “You want me to send for you?”

“Fabian,” Bruno warned.



“What, love? Topher is bored and the situation over there is dangerous. We don’t want anything happening to him.”

“Of course not, but it’s his job.”

“He’s an intern, not an indentured slave.”

“Bruno, Fabian.” Topher’s voice was firm, and they both turned to him. “You don’t need to argue. I can ask to be sent home. There’s a clause where, if I feel threatened in any way, they’ll return me to Earth immediately.”

“You do that and come straight to us.” Fabian winked. His hard-on—and his hole—approved the suggestion.

But Topher’s gaze landed on Bruno. “Are you okay with this? You seem reticent, and I don’t want to impose my presence on you.”

“Are you playing us?”

The young countenance became granite. “We agreed on no head games. You can’t trust someone unless you try first. This is both ways. How do I know I’m not putting myself in a vulnerable position for nothing?”

“There has never been anything vulnerable about you,” Bruno growled.

“Are we talking about sex? Because if that’s your problem, you can fuck me six ways to Sunday next time we see each other.” However that invitation was not delivered with a saucy smirk or an enticing smile; it was professed like a threatening dare.

“What we want is more than just your body.”

“Hey I’m fine with his body.” Fabian held his hands up in surrender. “I’m not in a rush to pick his brain. I know he’s smart, though—geology is not an easy thing.”

“Bruno, I opened myself to you at Tamarin. This is not a movie where you can infer character in a couple of hours. We need to do that day by day, intimately and otherwise.”

That was a wisdom slap if Fabian knew any. “Love, we all deserve the opportunity. Nothing is set in stone. If it doesn’t work, it doesn’t, but a ‘what if’ is a heavy burden.”

Bruno nodded solemnly. “Come to us, Topher.”

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Almost a month of limited heavy petting had left Bruno wanting to smash his head against the walls, because after all, it had been his idea. Luckily for him, Halloween (Topher’s favorite holiday) was tonight on a Sunday, so Bruno had sent his boys away while he prepared dinner. He hoped all his preparations led to dicks destroying holes. It was really annoying to see little phallic birds flying and spewing around him twenty-four-seven due to his rampant horniness.

On the other hand, it had been good to erode his barriers. Barriers he had thought forgotten once Fabian entered his life. A little part of that scaredy chickenshit had remained, and it was time to let it go completely. And to celebrate that joyful moment, carnal gratification was the order of the day.

Everything on the menu indicated his purpose, from the pork loins to the Persian hot rice to the bacon-chocolate soufflé. If they didn’t get the hint, Bruno would simply grab his dick and shove it in someone’s mouth without requesting permission or feeling remorse afterward.

“Honey, we’re home.” Fabian’s voice wafted from the entrance.

“Welcome Fabian and Christopher. Topher your vitals are a little high. Would you like some valerian tablets?”

To celebrate the Halloween weekend, the house computer’s voice was downright macabre. Bruno could easily visualize the stiff butler (who invariably committed the crime) still haunting the manor in penance. It was hilarious, but he had a vitals alert in front of him. “What’s going on?”

“Oh, not much.” Fabian did a dismissive gesture as they walked in. “We were with Emmanuel and the Novel California Tribune offered him a permanent position.”

“Yeah, he thought he’d only intern there.” Topher was as excited as if he were the one getting the job. “And now he’s ecstatic thinking of all the opportunities this will bring.”

“That’s awesome,” Bruno hugged a still thrumming Topher. “Go freshen up, because dinner will be ready in thirty minutes.” He slapped the tight rump to send him on his way, something that didn’t help with his current state of need. “Computer, Christopher will be fine as soon as he eats something. Just let us know if his vitals continue with anomalies after that.”

“As you wish, Bruno.” The voice was only missing the “mwahaha” at the end.

“So what, were you chopping up a virgin for our Halloween feast?”

“I got a lot of wood that needs chopping.”

“You were the one who put us in quarantine.” Fabian pinched his nipple pulling just enough to make Bruno moan.

“Hey, I hear moaning. Don’t start anything without me!” Topher yelled from the bedroom.

“I swear that kid has bionic hearing.”

“No he doesn’t. You’re simply too loud.”

Bruno swallowed hard. “Well, I expect a lot of moaning and groaning and grunting and swearing later on.”

“You’re lifting the ban on penetration?” Fabian smirk was so hot, Bruno’s dick responded instantly.

“Indeed.”

“Hmm, it is about time. Need you so much. I can’t wait to see your cock deep inside Topher, and his lips wrapped around mine as he sways between us.”

An image like that would make any sane human being forget about dinner and pull his lover to the bedroom at once. However, Bruno still had a few

hours of control left in him. He sighed and pointed behind him with his thumb. “Give that monolith a cold shower. First food... then dicks, balls, and holes.”

“You’re an evil, evil man,” Fabian grunted as he left.

“I learned from the best.”

“I heard that.”

Forty-five minutes later, they’d degusted what Bruno had prepared with the greatest care, hoping for a fleshy reward.

Topher popped a dissolving slice of apricot from the pork loins into his mouth. “Bruno, this is excellent. You’ve outdone yourself.” Of late, Topher only called Bruno “Daddy” when they were making out (or grabbing body parts).

He would surely give Topher a reason to call him Daddy later.

It had been sheer torture resisting the pull of that enticing skin, sporting a natural smoothness and absence of hair that most people achieved through money and painful procedures. Bruno enjoyed the texture of Topher’s soft pubic curls. But he was ready to give a thoroughly close inspection to the dark tuft of hair peeking from between his taut muscular cheeks; a furry little thing waiting to be trapped and consumed and still proclaiming the tight treasure in its midst.

And if those flowery skulls on Topher’s chest weren’t permanent, they would have disappeared weeks ago with all the licking happening to them. Bruno needed more than skulls and nipples and ears and lips.

“Thank you. I thought pork loins would give you an indication of how piggish we all should be later.”

“I heard so.” Topher made clear he was adjusting his erection. Topher wore a half-buttoned, sleeveless white shirt, a leather harness peeking petulantly from the pristine fabric. Synthetic denim cut-offs and his combat boots completed his outfit.

Bruno felt like a moron because he was dressed for a formal dinner. He was sure the other two had done it on purpose, because Fabian had donned a

cheerful, muscle-adoring orange T-shirt with minimal black dots (visible only at close inspection), leather short-shorts, and knee-high boots. If they thought he would not finish his dinner, the surprise was on them, since he didn't slave in the kitchen for hours to be sidetracked by hot bodies. He would sample (more like devour) his lovers on his own terms now that he had arrived in Acceptanceville.

“However, we are not rushing. We still have dessert and a movie.”

Fabian and Topher groaned, “Are you serious?”

“Absolutely, I don't want anyone sick when we start the acrobatics.”

“You sure he's not into torturing?” Topher addressed Fabian, pointing at Bruno with his thumb. “I don't mind a whip, but this is plain evil.”

“I get what you're saying. He says ‘no’ and then paints a kinky picture in your brain. Yeah, evil.” Fabian waved his fork at Bruno. “Love, I thought the only thing you waited an hour after eating for was swimming.”

“As if we're not going to use every limb and other body parts for what's coming.” Bruno shrugged noncommittally. “I think it's obviously more risky than a mere swim.”

“He did it again!” Topher had his eyes like enormous plates. “How have you survived four years of such darkness?”

“Well, you remember how his body undulates when you're inside him. Wait 'til his tongue can truly explore you, or his hips roll while he fucks you. Then you'll understand why his evilness is worthy.”

This was the first time Bruno noticed Topher changing colors. And the house computer confirmed his suspicions. “Christopher, your blood pressure is increasing again.”

Bruno stood up. “Let's have dessert. Some chocolate will make it all better.”

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“Oh, damn. Or should I say oink?” Topher licked the back of the spoon. His satisfied hum went straight to all the hardening places in Fabian's body.

Goose bumps emerged when Bruno's mouth covered Topher's. He pulled the boy's lower lip with his teeth as he ended the kiss. "The dark chocolate was inspired by the color of your eyes, and the bacon... well, you're our little piglet, right?"

Topher smiled and pulled Fabian toward them, "A pig, a dog, an ostrich. Whatever you want me to be." His strong hands roamed two backs while three tongues danced.

Bruno surfaced for air. "I take it we're going to skip the movie."

"Nope." Topher extricated himself from their arms. "You said we had to wait, and we'll do so." He picked up the visual wall control, chose a three-hour movie and sat back between them on Rocco (he'd baptized the Rococo sofa with the name), patting their thighs. "Now, be good daddies and no touching or kneading or wet-willies. You know how much damage we can do to each other in an hour, let alone three?"

"He's been around you for too long," Bruno tossed casually with a huff not looking at Fabian.

"Shh, you don't wanna be one of those people who talks during the movies," Fabian sent back, chuckling. Topher had used a quote from a very old movie and added his own twist. Revenge was a dish best served after dessert, apparently.

"Ahem. I haven't seen this one," Topher silenced them.

Halfway through the movie, Bruno started to take his clothes off. Afterward, he tried to unbutton Topher's shirt furtively several times (thinking the boy distracted by the movie), just to end up swatted away like an obnoxious fly.

Further along, Fabian went to get a drink, just to find Bruno's legs across the young lap, using one of Rocco's tubular throw pillows to rest his neck and with Topher's hands caressing his hairy thighs. The scene was so domestic, it made Fabian's heart ache. He scooted over to Topher's side, ruffling his hair and arranging Bruno's calves over his own lap.

By the time the credits rolled, throw pillows were scattered over the immediate floor, and Topher was spread-eagle, Bruno sucking his cock to the root and Fabian eating away that furry little hole. Three hours was too long for all the testosterone floating in the air, fueled by bacon, chocolate and imported spirits.

Topher writhed and groaned, using his hands to push their heads to assault his body, deeper and harder, chanting in a monotone, “oh fuck oh yes oh fuck oh yes”.

Bruno and Fabian’s lips met around the marble cock, and they grinned, tasting the proof of Topher’s enthusiasm. They stroked and teased the sweet ring of muscle, slicked by Fabian’s thorough ministrations.

“I need a cock. I need a cock in my mouth now.” It didn’t sound like a plea but like a definitive command.

Bruno nodded to him, and Fabian obliged, pulling Topher with him to the floor for a long-overdue sixty-nine. He put Topher on top, so as the dark head bobbed over his cock and the thick shaft pumped into his mouth he could spread the smooth cheeks to give Bruno better access to their prize.

The commissioner nuzzled the tight sac over Fabian’s face, and a moan (muffled by his cock) reverberated through him, the vibrations of the Bell of Passion’s clamor. A hairless ball disappeared into Bruno’s mouth and Topher lost the rhythm of his piston. From this angle, Fabian couldn’t be sure, but he calculated that the attack was double, and Bruno had a finger (or two) in a quest to put Topher’s prostate on fire.

And the thrumming around Fabian’s cock announced Bruno was greatly succeeding.

Needing a better view, Fabian released the cock making his pie-hole tender and distributed wet kisses over Topher’s abs, licked the skulls decorating his chest, nipped at the brown medallions of his nipples, and ended with a peck over plump lips. Topher growled, reclaiming his prey without words, and Fabian murmured grabbing his chin, “I’m not leaving; just changing position.”

Once on his knees, Fabian shoved his angry cock back into Topher's desperate mouth.

As Fabian leaned over the triangular back, he discovered Bruno prepping for his mission with abundant lubricant. Fabian helped, holding rocky buns apart, and Bruno inched his way inward. The scrape of teeth over his cock made Fabian shudder, the beauty of the penetration enhanced by the sting surrounding his shaft.

The emotions fleeting over Bruno's face were too innumerable to recount, his grey eyes glassy, lost in the magnificent sight. Fabian knew that there was nothing more erotic than watching how your cock possessed your lover, but in this case, it was a different kind of culmination. It was a redemption of sorts, because when their gazes met and their mouths found their way to each other they understood Topher was it, what they had needed from the beginning to make them complete.

And their lover swayed between them, grunting and roaring and demanding more.

No satellite dish on Earth, the Moon, or Mars was more concave than Topher's spine, arched in blissful pleasure. And Fabian heard words from Balder Lux, spoken when they were young to make Lucian laugh. "The mark of a true bottom is the depth of his back's curve as he gets fucked."

It was an odd moment to remember the blond cousins, but the memory came pure and crystalline, devoid of need and enveloped in gratitude because he'd found his two partners.

Fabian sensed his orgasm near, all his cells ready to ignite when Topher let go of his cock and upended himself, grabbing Fabian by the neck and commanding, "Daddy, fuck Bruno. I want to feel your cock in me through him."

That was an order Fabian couldn't refuse.

He stroked Topher's blushed face, and the dark brown eyes told him a thousand stories. The revelations of the man waiting for them to accept him as part of their life, unaware they had already sealed that pact. "Of course, babe."



Behind Bruno, Fabian bit and licked the myriad freckles adorning the broad shoulders, while the countertenor steered the future geologist, using the leather harness he'd intentionally recommended to taunt Bruno.

Topher and Bruno moaned as Fabian breached the commissioner, making them lose their rhythm and forcing them to accept his control over the six-limbed beast they had become.

"This is how it feels to be three." Fabian murmured into Bruno's ear.

"Sweet fucking Triad, yes." Bruno groaned with a powerful grip on Fabian cock.

Later on, the midnight hour smiled upon them, covered in sweat and semen, and with Topher and Bruno deeply entrenched in Fabian's satisfied hole.

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"And that's my cue to leave." Emmanuel did a cheerful "bye-bye" motion with his fingers.

"Why? No. If you don't want to talk to them, wait in another room." Topher grabbed Emmanuel's upper arm.

The house computer had just announced they had a video call from Mars. Emmanuel obviously knew it was his parents.

"Kiddo, you stay put and behave." Fabian used his most stern paternal tone.

Emmanuel huffed and threw himself on Rocco. After a year of Topher officially living with them, if the poor Rococo sofa could speak, it would certainly be screaming, thanks to all the things that happened almost daily on it. It was a little embarrassing to have Emmanuel sitting there with that pouty mouth and sending daggers their way. The memory of Fabian riding Topher while Bruno made use of their younger lover's hole, brought fire to Bruno's face.

"Uncle, they're waiting for you," Emmanuel ground out, taking Bruno out of his hard-on worthy reverie.

“Sure, sure, nephew.” Bruno left Emmanuel still scowling and with his arms crossed over his chest, more in a protective than actually angry fashion.

The triad entered the studio together. Lucian Lux greeted Fabian first. “Fabulous Fabian, love suits you well.” He turned to face Topher and Bruno. “And you two look like you’re radioactive, with all that glowing about yourself, naughty little pigs.”

Someone cleared his throat behind Lucian, “Sweetheart, this is a business call.” Balder took a seat next to his husband. “Good evening, gentlemen. Hope you are all in good health.” His smile was particularly bright when he spoke next. “Christopher, I heard you graduated with honors, congratulations.”

The Luxes were truly fond of Topher, which in turn made Emmanuel even more furious with his parents. It was a pity, because in every other aspect of his life the boy was levelheaded (more than many adults Bruno knew), but his dads were his Achilles’ heel.

Topher beamed at the blond cousins. “Thank you. Sunny Development offered me a contract and I’m considering it. It’s a great opportunity; the only downside is the excessive amount of time off-planet.”

“Well, maybe we have something to help you with that.” Lucian rubbed his hands together, the image of a man ready to eat a more than delicious fare. His silver eyes landed on Bruno. “You’re planning on running for mayor next year.”

“It’s not official yet, but that’s the idea.”

“The people of Thouria have decided they want a more... civil government. They want a mayor like any normal city.” There was a pinch of hidden pride in Lucian’s words, as if the idea had been his and not the people’s.

“Okay,” He made a “go on” motion. This seemed good for him, but what about Topher and Fabian? “Sounds interesting,” he offered vaguely. He didn’t want to be rude, but he knew the other two would not let him take care of them economically.

Apparently reading Bruno's apprehension, Balder spoke to Fabian. "Admiral Beck is ready for retirement. If you want the position, the job is yours."

"What?" Fabian fidgeted. "You think S.E.C. would send me there?"

"It's already been discussed. As I said, if you want it, you got it."

"What the fuck, Balder?"

"That is what you do with those two." Balder waved his forefinger between Topher and Bruno, who sat on either side of Fabian. "No one is forcing you to do anything, if you're against it."

"By the way," Lucian tried to look sheepish but he might have had more success trying to be Korean, "Bruno, technically, you've been elected in absentia and only need to accept the office."

"What is wrong with you Luxes? That was a really shitty move!" Bruno yelled, standing up and flailing his arms.

Fabian had his mouth ajar, as if he had been tasered the fuck out. Topher was bent, cackling like a bedlam inmate. Emmanuel entered the studio, disheveled (with a face that could only indicate that a meteor was about to destroy Earth), and blurted, "Disavowing me wasn't enough. Now you feel the sick need to take away the only family I have left."

Lucian looked like a spaceship had just run into him. Balder wore a stoic mask. "The world doesn't revolve around you. As usual you're being selfish in your conclusions. This is not about you in any way, shape, or form. I would appreciate if you left the study. Your face disgusts me."

"Hold your rockets, Lux." Fabian snapped out of his frozen state. "This is my fucking house, and that is my fucking godson you're talking to."

Topher got to his feet and circled Emmanuel with his arms. "You got issues, Balder. Your attitude toward your son saddens me."

With the same serpentine voice Bruno had come to associate with Balder trying to impose his way, the blond man uttered. "Stay out of this, Christopher. You fulfilled your parents' wishes. That one did not."

Bruno had had enough, “All out.” He pushed the trio out of the study amid their protests.

Once alone, he sat and asked, “What’s your plan for Topher on Mars?”

Balder showed a fleeting moment of shock. Surely, he was expecting a lecture about Emmanuel. “We have a position for him with the expansion of the Mars colonies.”

Lucian looked really upset, “Bruno, we...”

“I don’t want to hear it. Two great men in different stages of my life told me, ‘you can’t trust unless you try first’. So I’m going to trust you and hope that you didn’t come up with this scheme to do exactly what Emmanuel thinks. If I learn now or in the future that he was right, you will gain a formidable enemy.” Bruno narrowed his eyes. “This is your chance to come clean.”

“I swear on the love I have for this man,” Balder put his right hand on the top of Lucian’s head, “I would never do anything on purpose to hurt Emmanuel.”

Lucian used the same action and similar words and added, “He disappointed us, but we do love him.”

“I believe you.”

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All pieces fell in to place as the triad prepared to put roots down on Mars. The decision had been easy. As long as they were together, they could settle anywhere; it didn’t matter if it was off-planet or Timbuktu.

The Leather Opera Pack had been in an uproar because their only countertenor was leaving, and they had adopted Topher as some sort of lucky charm (which had Fabian laughing his ass off from day one, to Topher’s glaring disapproval), thus losing both assets in one shot.

Only one thing dampened their festive mood, and it was Emmanuel’s vanishing. Fabian hoped with all his heart his godson would move on and wouldn’t hold a grudge against him forever.

“What’s wrong, handsome?” Topher kissed Fabian’s cheek as he scooted under the covers and rested his head on Fabian’s shoulder.

With a chuckle, Fabian patted Topher’s thigh. The boy had adopted mannerisms from both Bruno and Fabian, and they had a lot of him too. “Old man’s thoughts.”

“Hey, I’m older than you and don’t say things like that.” Bruno occupied Fabian’s other flank.

Fabian turned to each lover in turn and both looked like they were doing something really naughty before coming to bed. “Wow, you two are like rabbits.”

“Poor Rocco doesn’t stand a chance,” Topher commented with a mischievous glint in those dark beautiful eyes.

“Whoever did that treatment to the fabric is a genius.” Bruno licked Fabian stubbly chin.

Topher groaned as Fabian grabbed his engorging erection. He jumped from the bed as if spooked. “I need to do this before I get trapped between you two again.” He left the bedroom giggling.

“What’s he up to?”

Bruno shrugged, equally puzzled. “I have no clue.”

Topher returned, his cock at full mast, bobbing happily as he almost skipped toward them. “It is time for me to make honest men out of you.” He pounced onto the bed, landed between their legs on his knees and opened the little box he had concealed until the last second. “Bruno Ouatu and Fabian Acre, would you two make me the happiest man on two planets and one moon?” He smiled at their petrified faces. “Would you marry me?”

“Oh fuck.”

“No, shit.”

“What, you don’t want a traditional marriage?” Topher arched an eyebrow and his expression mutated from sweet boy to feral master. “Do I need to collar the fuck out of you two?”

“*Nor Sub Nor Dom* is the motto in this relationship.” Fabian held up his hand. “You just caught us by surprise.”

Bruno left the bed and came back with his own velvet box. “We got you rings too.”

While Topher’s set of rings was platinum, Bruno and Fabian’s were gold. Fabian groaned, “What’re we gonna do with twelve rings?”

The young face stated clearly that he was not going to return his set. Then Topher snapped his fingers. “I know! Let’s make an alloy. It’ll be an even bigger symbol of our union.” He smirked, fully back to his naughty self. “We’ll have to stay clear of nitric acid though.”

“As if any of us is going to put his hand in spaceship fuel.” Bruno rolled his eyes.

“It’s settled then.” Fabian clapped. “We melt the rings.” He grabbed both heads and guided them toward his rapidly hardening piece. “Now take care of Daddy’s cock.”

The cover removed, Topher took Fabian in hand and offered the first taste to Bruno. They shared a smile and started to work in perfect sync. Their mouths sliding up and down Fabian’s cock, and the way they kept their gazes locked was a thing of beauty. Fabian was soon leaking equally to a broken faucet.

After they kissed over Fabian’s obelisk, Topher commented, a healthy dose of mirth permeating his sweet baritone, “I can’t wait to turn off the gravity on the ship and fuck while floating.”

“That will be something.” Bruno winked and both giggled, taking at least twenty years off their respective ages.

Fabian smacked two round asses. “And I have a paddling ready for you both, if you don’t concentrate on the task at hand.”

Their wicked intentions were clearly written over those heavenly features as they exclaimed together, “Yes, sir.”

No man was happier than Fabian Acre.

**THE END**

*About the Rings*

In a Triad the set of rings is six rings, each member gives two rings (one to each of the other guys) and receives two rings (one from each guy), so at the end each man has two rings on his ring finger making it a total of six and not nine. You don't put a ring on your own hand.



## Author Bio

*Born a Sagittarius in the fabulous year of the Rooster of '69, at the hour when his cat was about to become a complete dragon, Gabbo de la Parra landed on the Caribbean Coast of the outlandish Republic of Panama to start the adventure of Life.*

*Love and the Internet brought him to Middle Tennessee to embrace the American Dream and his husbandly romance. Writing has been an important part of his life since a very early age, and it's a pleasure to share his stories with others thanks to the wonderful opportunities this land provides. He is the author of the Spaniards series, Prince of Atlantis and other titles available through Amazon, Barnes & Noble and Smashwords.*

*Gabbo cherishes Life with a southern gentleman in a townhouse close to a lake, crowded with the spirits of his characters and their pets: black esoteric kitty, Luna; white emo-twink Maltese, Chance; and street smart Russian Blue, Bella.*

*His novels Septima Luna and Another Dawn on Planet X (the child of his two stories for LiAW) will come to your e-reading devices in Fall 2013 and The Pompeiian Horse in Spring 2014.*

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