



NOT LOOKING  
FOR A  
NICE  
GUY

ADRIAN FRIDGE

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# Love is an Open Road

*An M/M Romance series*

## NOT LOOKING FOR A NICE GUY

**By Adrian Fridge**

### Introduction

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

### What Is Love is an Open Road?

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

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

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

### Words of Caution

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

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

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

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# NOT LOOKING FOR A NICE GUY

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## Photo Description

A man in a combat uniform sits in deep contemplation, chin resting on his hand as he absently holds his rifle. Before him are two men on their knees engaged in sex. They've been going at it for a while, sweat dripping from their skin as the man on top holds his partner steady at the hips, caught between the watchful man and his rifle.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*I have no idea what is going on in this picture, but I can tell you they are all enjoying it.*

Please write a BDSM M/M/m story; can be AU, Dystopian or Contemporary. Have fun!

*Thanks,*

*Bree Cheese*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** poly MMM, double penetration, extreme BDSM, interrogation, orgasm control, rope play, breath play, humiliation, caning, rape play

**Content Warnings:** graphic violence

**Word Count:** 15,045

# **NOT LOOKING FOR A NICE GUY**

**By Adrian Fridge**

## Chapter One

Ethan rose, fingers brushing the undersides of my arms, slipping past my nipples to rest on my stomach. He smelled of our apple shampoo, hair still damp from the shower, droplets falling to my bare flesh. I tugged on the restraints, fresh leather digging at my wrists as the metal chain clanged against the bed railing. I closed my eyes as Ethan's lips trailed the line of my hip bone, his kisses curving down to the base of my shaft. He reached under me, grasping my ass cheek and squeezing it like a stress ball as he slid his tongue along a vein, swirling it over the foreskin, ignoring my swelling tip. I clenched my jaw, holding in the protests and entreaties. Last time I'd whined, Ethan kept me at the brink of orgasm for over an hour.

And for whatever reason I kept coming back for more.

"How's it going, Andy?" he asked with a wry smile, my cock pressed to his cheek.

"Oh, you know, the usual, Sir," I said between measured breaths.

"Glad to hear."

My breath hitched as he dropped a cold glob of lube over the tip of my cock, massaging it out and coating my cock in a viscous sheen. I arched my back as the pressure and friction sent pulses up my spine and back down to my balls. His strokes took on a new rhythm, sliding the full length of my cock and giving a twist at the tip. I opened my eyes to see him peering down at me, savoring my every expression. There was no guarantee of release as I rode out each hit, voice catching in my throat.

A low rumble came from Ethan as he added another dollop of lube, his free hand going to his own cock, engorged with blood and leaking precum. Our eyes met again as he lifted off the bed, straddling my hips and aligning my cock with his hole. He'd prepped himself in advance, and the ring of muscles didn't require much coaxing to give way to my girth. As he pushed down, I exhaled, the heat and texture sending my nerves into a frenzy. I willed myself to stay rooted to the mattress, unmoving as Ethan slid to the base and stayed there.

He moaned, fingers trailing up my chest as he twiddled my nipples. "You feel so good inside me, Andy." He jerked his hips, getting a long groan out of me. "My precious treasure, you know that?"



“Maybe a kiss would remind me, Sir.”

Ethan grinned, leaning over and planting his mouth onto mine, the perfect distraction from my growing need to pump my hips and really bury myself in his ass. I thrust my tongue past his lips, kissing him with all my hidden vigor as he stroked my neck, giving me this little luxury.

I licked my lips as he rose up again, the flush in his cheeks no match to the flush of his eager cock. Strands of light-brown hair fell over his eyes as he steadied himself with arms on either side of me, lifting off my cock before slamming back down on it. The bed creaked with the rapid tempo, his voice loud and unrestrained, muffling the sounds of my grunts.

My eyes fluttered as I focused on my breath. In and out. My balls heavy as burning pangs collected in my pelvis. I had to wait. Air in. Air out.

Ethan whimpered, his hand reaching for his cock, pumping it erratically as his ass clamped down, shooting white spunk across my belly. He kept grinding as he lowered his head, obscuring the expression of guilt at getting himself so worked up he'd lost his patience.

“Shoot,” he said, rubbing his sweaty brow, “maybe I should keep you this way 'til I'm ready for the next round.”

Air in. Air out. “Your call.”

His smile was back, blue eyes meeting mine. “You've been very good lately. I'll give you a break.” He gyrated his hips, enough to give the needed friction. “Come for me, Andy.”

My abdomen clenched as I wailed, my eyes rolling up, chains clanging against the railing. The peak was followed by a haze, my ears ringing as I lay sprawled across the bed, staring up at the ceiling. My heart raced as the flurry of sensations dulled, and I was left with quiet delight.

Ethan crawled to the bed stand, getting towels to wipe me with as I watched. He hadn't been a big guy in high school, but once college hit, he'd turned into a gym junkie, his muscles rising and falling like dunes over pale, sand-colored flesh. I envied his dedication but couldn't muster more than the minimum effort needed to remain toned.

He got the key, and two clicks later, cold air tingled against my forearms.

“You're red,” he said. “Damn, should have put more conditioner on these.”

I absently lowered my arms, observing the rosy abrasions over my cashew skin. Ethan gently took one wrist at a time, soothing the mild burn with an oily salve.

A cold weight brushed my collarbone, and I absently reached for the pendant, pulling at the red string as I ran my fingers over the smooth circle of jade.

I'd been with Ethan Rothschild for nearly seven years. He was my crush in high school, unrequited until the day I came over to pick up class notes for my sick friend. Instead of simply handing me the notes, Ethan pulled my arms behind my back and bound them with his belt, musing over how I couldn't complete my errand until I freed myself first.

I'd been raised to be an achiever, an independent thinker: Andrew Zhao, the future leader of some big thing. I wondered what my parents would say if they learned of the overwhelming peace I'd felt as Ethan subdued me, anxieties melting until all I knew was him and the way he roused my body. I'd found freedom in his grasp, like he'd caught an aimless seed and planted it in the ground.

When he saw I wasn't going to fight back, he got intrigued. Words were exchanged, then kisses, then more. I decided he could be the One, bound to me by the red string of fate. Every day I thanked the heavens I'd been right.

"I love you, Ethan."

He grinned, leaning down and giving me a quick kiss. "I love you too, Andy."

He lay beside me, gathering me in his arms as I rested my head on his shoulder, drinking up his warmth. "You still up for Sir Nick's party tonight?"

"Yeah," I said, kissing up his neck. I could handle anything with Ethan by my side.

\*\*\*\*

Three years ago—once we were both eighteen—we began exploring the local BDSM scene. It started with some workshops, which led to meet and greets at diners. We eventually made our way to the public kink parties, networking with community members until we got introduced to Sir Nick.

Sir Nick had two passions: technology and kink. It was tech that got the three of us talking at the outset, but it was his expertise in kink that got us hooked. Sir Nick even invited us to one of his private parties.

We'd been going ever since.

Sir Nick's loft had two floors with sleek metal stairs that connected to an overpass leading to the bedrooms. The party was held on the bottom floor, overlooking floor-to-ceiling windows draped with satin curtains and leading out to a balcony. Paintings and sculptures lined the brick walls and gray wood floors, with brightly colored fresh flowers filling glass vases. And no one could forget the grand piano.

Sir Nick greeted us at the elevator door, which opened directly into the loft, wearing a full black leather ensemble, complete with belts, buckles, and boots. His wife, Lady Mara, wore much the same, with the addition of high heels. They were in their fifties, part of the sadomasochistic lifestyle since the early underground days. The leather exterior may have remained, but they'd become lenient with hierarchy, treating everyone as equals unless requested otherwise. Even though I carried the labels bottom and submissive, they still greeted me with the same handshake-hug combo as Ethan.

Ethan stayed in his black jeans and white button-down, while I stripped down to my black briefs. I had on my bracelet, the one Ethan adorned me with when we agreed to forgo a collar. It was a simple strip of leather, spun around twice with a gunmetal chain, a tiny metal tag hanging from it with the letter E etched in the center.

The sun had yet to set, and a beam of sunlight warmed the space as we headed to the U-shaped sofa. Ethan had plugged me up for the occasion, the silicone bulb pressing into the recesses of my ass as I strode across the room, Ethan's arm around my waist. The velvet cushions and abundant pillows made it ideal for anything from cuddling to fucking. At the center was a coffee table, or that's what we were told to call Izzy, Sir Nick and Lady Mara's full-time slave, in the meantime. She was on all fours and completely nude, a metal tray of snacks and refreshments balanced on her back as she kept absolutely still.

Two sets of partners had already arrived. I recognized Drew curled up on the thick rug with his head resting on Sonia's knee. Drew, unlike me, wore nothing except his wide, studded collar and the metal cage over his cock. We had the privilege of whining to each other over the last time we got to orgasm; not like Ethan or Sonia minded listening in. It was good to talk to someone who understood me, even if I couldn't fathom how he stayed in the house all day. I had grad school to look forward to, a group of friends outside of this, but to Drew, this was every inch of his thirty-some-year-old life.

The other set was new, a man and woman in their forties, if I had to guess. They leaned in to one another, speaking in hushed tones as they swayed their legs and tapped at their phones in restless cycles until Lady Mara settled beside them. She gave them soothing words about not needing to go further than they were comfortable and how she'd make sure of it.

A melody came from the piano as Ethan and I grabbed sodas from the table, sitting beside Sonia and Drew. Just as Sir Nick and Lady Mara kept a coffee table, they also had a dedicated jukebox. Jax was asexual and very out about it. Xe played at the grand piano, singing soft tunes or powerful ballads, depending on the request, stirring hearts with xir vitality.

I soaked it all in, a safe space for me to express my full self. It had taken forever just to admit I was gay to my parents. They weren't pleased with me having a boyfriend, less so that he wasn't a "nice Chinese boy," Ethan carried the same burden with his Jewish parents. After Sir Nick and Lady Mara took us in, it was like gaining a secondary family, one that accepted our dark desires, protected us and let us flourish, bound by our nature for better or worse.

Over the course of the hour, six more people showed up, the shades were drawn, and the platter of snacks was emptied. The coffee table got converted to an ottoman, and when she—it—began shivering, Lady Mara towed out a throw blanket, before propping her feet up.

Ethan and I ended up by the windows next to the setup with the wooden beams with hooks drilled on top.

"Work your magic, Salvador," Ethan said, slapping another guy on the back.

"My pleasure," Salvador said with a grin, unspooling bright-red, acrylic rope.

As Salvador meticulously tied the harness over my torso and thighs, I peered out to the rest of the party, each group doing something different—paddling, dripping wax, making out, fucking—all of us doing our own thing, but somehow together.

Salvador tightened the harness, and it was like receiving a big hug with every inhale. He wrapped more rope around my wrists, restraining them behind my back, telling me to call out if I felt tingles of poor circulation.

It was at this time that Sir Nick announced his whipping boy, a blond guy not much older than me, his skin as pale as limestone. He had on a ball gag and

leather blindfold, his wrists chained together at his front where his dick hung in the open. I swallowed, closing my eyes as I tried not to think about the way it stirred with the attention he got as Sir Nick paraded him around, offering everyone a shot at him. Big Ben volunteered, bending the whipping boy over his lap, the thunk of slaps resounding over Jax's tune in a staccato, accompanied by yelps and squirming.

"You can do better than that, Ben."

"Hey, I'm simply warming him up for ya."

I lay on the ground, as Salvador pushed rope through the red harness, yellow for my chest and green for my legs. He and Ethan lifted me gradually. Air swept under me as I dangled like a marionette, the rope cutting into my flesh as my weight pressed down on it. It hurt, but not enough to be unbearable, like a rubber band spun around my finger. Ethan signaled Salvador to pull the green rope up higher before the ropes got secured, locking me in place. It forced my head lower than my legs, blood slowly pooling in my head as I let my head fall, releasing some strain in my neck.

Ratchet went in with a flogger, cooing about how pretty and pink they'd make the whipping boy.

Ethan stood to my side, lifting my head as he bent over to kiss me. "You all right?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, aches blurring as Ethan's other hand roamed the skin of my torso. He made it to my pelvis, the briefs long gone, my cock resting to one side. The mere touch of his finger had my shaft flexing, and he snickered into our kiss as he pumped it gently, sending blood away from my head.

The whipping boy's protests grew louder as I caught a glimpse of Sonia and her shiny studded paddle. They were the sort of shrieks I imagined the neighbors would call the police for, but they'd held a lot of parties and had never gotten a complaint. If the boy really wanted it to stop, he'd use a safeword or signal. Besides, Sir Nick remained at his side, continuing to ask questions like, "Have you had enough?" or "Do you feel thoroughly punished?"

All the while Salvador took photos of us for his online portfolio. He promised to edit out our faces and any identifying marks, adding that he'd run all the photos by us before he used them, both for our comfort and satisfaction, in case we wanted copies of any.

My balls were tight again, nerves sizzling on low heat as blood pounded between rope and flesh. My head was light, barely registering the whoosh and

clap of a belt in the distance, murmurs that sounded like instruction, and the muted cries from the whipping boy.

“You still with me, Andy?” Ethan whispered, fingers grazing my hair.

“Yeah... Sir,” I said with an exhale, hitching when Ethan jiggled the plug, snapping me out of my reverie as new urges surfaced.

“Mhmm. Want me to fuck that nice ass of yours?”

“Yes, Sir,” I repeated, wide-eyed and attentive.

He brought my head up, kissing me fully, his tongue unbearably sweet. “Well, you’ll have to wait because it’s my turn to swing.”

My neck was too sore to hold up my head on its own, and it dropped as soon as Ethan let go. My vision was upside-down, but I still saw Sir Nick and the whipping boy approach.

Ethan rubbed me behind the ears, smiling. “I won’t be gone long, babe. Remember, ‘Red Rover’ if emergency, okay?”

“...Okay.”

“Salvador, watch him and make sure he doesn’t daze out so much he can’t respond.”

“You got it, Ethan,” Salvador said.

As Ethan stepped away from me, I was glad he’d given me release earlier in the day. I wanted him, but not so much it overloaded me. My attention turned to Sir Nick as he reminded Ethan how to use a wooden cane. The whipping boy’s shoulders, back, and hind quarters were already shades of pink and red. The cane cut through the air with a defined *whoosh* before impact, quick and loud and unbearable. Chills went through me as I was brought back to the time I was on the receiving end of the sting—sharper than a slap, the intensity driving all the air from my lungs.

“Andy,” Salvador whispered.

“Huh?”

“You still with me, Andy?”

“Oh, uh, yeah.”

I cringed as another holler echoed across the room, the whipping boy’s cock flexing as the pain turned to pleasure. I didn’t function that way, couldn’t find

bliss in punishment. My heart beat faster, my breathing labored. Veins pounded in my forehead, and closing my eyes didn't help as a sickness formed in my gut. I didn't have it in me to call Ethan, not when he looked so pleased with his handiwork, so unlike the way he looked after he'd been done with me.

"Sal," I said, throat dry, stomach clenching.

"Yeah?" He hovered over me.

"I feel sick."

His expression tensed. "Okay, one sec, I'll lower your legs."

He loosened the green rope, holding it firmly as he allowed my legs to gradually descend. As my feet touched the ground, light-headedness overtook me. As dark splotches formed in my vision, my weight shifted in the harness. Something cinched, sending a stab of pain straight to my spine.

A visceral scream escaped my lungs as I begged him to remove the rope.

"What happened?" Ethan asked, tone high-pitched as he ran across the room, taking me by my shoulders. "Shh, we got you."

"Hold on, hold on," Salvador said as he retrieved a knife from his pocket and sawed away at his knots.

The rope dropped to my sides as my knees gave out. An echo of the pain returned as Ethan helped me to the cold ground, wiping away the cold sweat on my brow.

"Here," Salvador said, kneeling next to us, a water bottle in hand. "Drink."

I couldn't get my body to move, the aches accompanied by something more sinister, a feeling like a hole in my chest. I held on to Ethan as he pressed the bottle to my lips. Even though my guts twisted, the crisp, icy fluid flowed in, bringing with it a relief. The world shrunk to a pinpoint, the throbbing settled in my bones.

"I'm here for you," Ethan said, lips grazing my temple.

I clutched him, nose finding its way to his neck. He'd worked up a sweat, his salty musk stained by deodorant and cologne. I relished it anyway, breathing it in as I picked up on his heartbeat, arteries vibrating under my lips. His hard chest and arms encircled me, closing the strange hole with their strength. I let out a sigh as my discomforts faded, if only for a while.

"I'm sorry, Ethan."

“Andy,” he lifted my chin with his knuckle, “you have no reason to apologize.”

“Yeah, Andy, I’m the one who should be sorry,” Salvador said as he scratched his chin. “I should have been more careful.”

“What you need is some rest,” Ethan said as he tousled my hair. “Let’s get you to the sofa. Can you stand?”

I held on to Ethan as I tested my legs. Wobbly but functional, my head kind of dizzy. With one arm over Ethan and the other on Salvador, we hobbled over to the sofa.

I noted the eyes of the others, concern painted on their expressions. The tension in the room eased as I lay on my stomach, propped on the pillows beside Ethan. My nerves buzzed as his fingers twined with mine, and as I closed my eyes, I let myself drift into the blackness.

\*\*\*\*



## Chapter Two

When I awoke, I realized I had slept through the party, a blanket covering my shoulders. The silence of the room was coupled by the darkness outside, the curtains drawn to show the night sky and dots of light from buildings in the distance. A lamp that stood behind the sofa covered me in a dim, yellow glow.

My joints were stiff and muscles sore as I willed myself to a sitting position, dully aware of the plug still inside me.

“You’re up,” said a voice close by, and I could smell antiseptics. “I was wondering when you’d come around.”

I turned my head to see a guy sitting in a corner adjacent to me. He was blond, my age, not very muscular. I furrowed my brows when I realized it was the whipping boy. He wasn’t bound or shackled, just sitting there in a cotton robe, playing some game on his phone. And now that I could see his face in full, a sense of familiarity took hold.

“Do you know a Gabriela Gutiérrez?” he asked, looking me over with glimmering brown eyes.

I was brought back to a birthday party several months back, a vanilla event I went to alone because Ethan couldn’t make it. “...I might.”

“Andy?” he asked, grinning when I bobbed my head. “It’s Jesse. You remember me?”

“Yeah,” I said, acid rising from my stomach. I covered myself more fully with the blanket. “I do.”

I knew there was something about the whipping boy, and now it came tumbling at me: Jesse Gutiérrez, Gabriela’s cousin. At the party, I was drawn to his stories about traveling through Europe. They were full of spontaneity and excitement, from rock-climbing to bistro hopping, he’d done it all, and I found myself envying his spirit.

Uninhibited by alcohol, I’d let it slide I was gay, our conversation becoming flirtatious. I should have had more control—Ethan’s presence strapped around my wrist—but I was also horny from being denied release for several days. When Jesse and I kissed, I could almost taste the sun and the stars. Or was that his tequila sunrise?

“Small world, ain’t it?” Jesse said with a wag of his brow, breaking me from my thoughts. “Never imagined you’d be into the same freaky shit as me.”

I clenched, plug rubbing my insides. There was no telling how Ethan would react once he found out Jesse was back. I’d promised Ethan I’d never see Jesse again, a promise I thought would be easy to keep since Jesse had only returned to the U.S. for a brief visit.

Izzy, clothed in a similar robe to Jesse’s, approached us with a platter. On it was a pot of tea, two cups, and a tray of sandwich slices. She put it down on a proper coffee table before pouring for us.

“Master is in the den,” she said, taking a step back. “I’ve been instructed to notify him once you were up and cared for.”

“Thank you,” I said, bowing my head. She may have chosen the life of a slave, but she had twenty years over me. Respecting my elders was so ingrained that it was hard to break. “Would he happen to be with Ethan?”

“Yes. I’ll return with them shortly,” she said before leaving to complete her duty.

I groaned as I reached over to grab the cup, throbbing coming from where the rope bit my skin. Jesse was more spry, as though unaffected by the abuse he took willingly.

“While you were out,” Jesse said, “Jax made an announcement that xe’s holding a sub-only game night next Saturday. I was thinking since we’re on the same side we could go together.”

“What brings you back to town?” I asked, crossing my arms.

“Well, I went to visit family in Puerto Rico for a bit and came flying back when my buddy invited me to go road tripping through convention season. I met Sir Nick at a kink-themed con, and we stayed in touch digitally. He gave me an open invitation to come by anytime I was in town, so I took him up on the offer about a week ago. We’ve been exploring my limits ever since.” He grinned. “Seems you’ve been at it way longer.”

“Yeah,” I said, rolling my eyes. “Sir Nick is my *boyfriend’s* mentor.”

“Oh.” Jesse glanced down the hall as Sir Nick appeared, stepping out of the hall in a plain shirt and pants.

“Look who’s up,” Sir Nick said.

Behind him was Ethan, expression cheery as he came up to me, running fingers through my hair, oblivious to Jesse. “Feeling better, Andy?”

I sighed against his hard abdomen. “Could be better, could be worse,” I said, fingers clasping the hot tea as memories returned of cane biting my flesh, three counts, one for each day I’d waited to admit my offense. “I’m so sorry.”

“Andy, you’re fine. You know, I still got my fun tonight. Watched one hot-as-fuck foursome happening right at the center of this rug.”

“I slept through that?”

“You sure did, Andy. It was Salvador, Ratchet, Big Ben, and their boy toy.” Ethan laughed, the sound ringing from his chest as his eyes crinkled and teeth shone. “Don’t worry. I’ll take care of both of us tonight.”

Sir Nick put his arm around Jesse who rested his head on Sir Nick’s shoulder. I knew Sir Nick had his hands full with Izzy and Jax, but if Jesse was already here for a week, he had to be something special.

“So this is the *legendary* sub in training you’ve been talking of nonstop,” Ethan said to Sir Nick, tilting his chin at Jesse. “Does he know of your sex policy?”

As far as I was told, neither Sir Nick nor his wife engaged in sex with anyone younger than their eldest kid, in her thirties by now, and I got the feeling Jesse wasn’t an exception.

“He does.” Sir Nick gave Jesse a wry smile. “I’m drilling it in his head that being my sub is a lot more than a twenty-four seven orifice to stick it in. A very *hard* lesson.”

I tried not to think of Jesse’s cock nestled between his legs. The memory of it flashed behind my lids as I rubbed my eyes. Ethan snorted at Sir Nick’s innuendo as Jesse muttered something under his breath.

“We’re still working at keeping his mouth shut,” Sir Nick said as he tenderly pressed his finger to Jesse’s lips. Jesse blushed, his eyes cast downward. “And in terms of limits, I’m thinking of compiling a list of safe partners for him to practice with. Top of that list is you.”

“Me?” Ethan exclaimed. “I’m still a novice.”

“True,” Sir Nick said, “but you have that one scene you’ve been mulling over since we’ve met. In my eyes, this is a perfect opportunity to get it out of your system.”

My heart stammered.

“You mean my torture fantasy?” Ethan asked, grabbing me tighter. “No way. There’s sex involved, and you know Andy and I don’t have that sort of open relationship.”

“Have you considered omitting the rape play?”

“Of course I have! But it just wouldn’t be the same. I need to feel I’ve taken everything away—body, mind, *and* spirit. I’d need someone who trusts me fully, and Andy is the only person for that. If it’s a hard limit for him, I want to honor it.”

I exhaled in relief, glad Ethan’s loyalty was not superseded by his sadism. He had this long-standing fantasy of role-playing a soldier who took an enemy prisoner, interrogating him in all sorts of “illegal” ways until he “broke.” I’d refused to do it, certain I’d safeword before Ethan got his fill. Not even being bribed with the chance to come had appeased me. The conversation stopped shortly after, not brought up again until now.

“Okay,” Sir Nick said. “Thought it was a good idea, but it’s up to you.”

\*\*\*\*

The next morning, my aches fluttered with my nerves. I’d taken pain meds upon arriving home, and Ethan offered me a massage. Neither of us was in the mood to speak, our bodies finding solace while our minds drifted. Ethan pounded my ass until I orgasmed so hard I gave myself another headache. We fell asleep in each other’s arms.

“I’m sorry,” Ethan said, stirring his coffee. Breakfast sat untouched on both our plates. “I don’t know when that fantasy grew into a big deal. I shouldn’t have kvetched so much about punching bags and sparring partners.”

Ethan was devoted to Mixed Martial Arts, his knuckles calloused and scarred from all the practice. He knew how to give out as much as he held back, but he had days when he was clearly fed up with all the holding back.

I grunted, needing to clear my conscience. “Maybe it’s good this came up now. You’d enjoy beating the shit out of Jesse. He’s the guy I made out with, after all.”

Ethan’s eyes widened as my confession set in. “You’re telling me that the guy you got cozy with at Gabriela’s birthday is the same guy I caned last night?”

I nodded without meeting his gaze.

“Well, shit.” Ethan leaned back in his seat. “Nick is gonna have a good laugh about this.”

“You’re... not upset?”

“I’m disappointed, Andy. Because of your poor decision, I’m left with a bad taste in my mouth. I’m not neutral toward Jesse and what he offers, which, in theory, sounds like exactly what I’m looking for. If I could just tweak the sex bit, we’d have a working solution. Or I would’ve, if he wasn’t the guy you cheated with.”

“I’m sorry.” My stomach twisted in a knot as I grasped my pendant. “I’ve failed you.”

“You—” he sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of his nose. “No. It was wrong of me to expect you to have an iron will. I was stern with you that week, and you reached your breaking point. I can’t blame you after meeting Jesse myself. He’s... addicting. I felt it when I was caning him, how receptive he was to the blows, begging to be taken and disciplined, to be *owned*. I wanted him, and for that, I’ve failed *you*.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as I rushed to wipe them with my palm.

“I’m sorry, Andy,” Ethan whispered, hanging his head. “I shouldn’t have said all that.”

“No... it’s better that it’s out.”

Monogamy. That’s what I believed in, didn’t I? One red string of fate binding two people for life. I absently rubbed the sole of my foot against my ankle, imagining the cord running from me to Ethan. Was it possible to have more? I’d seen people in the community manage it, but I’d never cared to explore; it had never been relevant to my interests. But now I wondered...

“We both want Jesse,” I said, the words dropping from my tongue like lead. “Maybe it’s for the best.”

I looked into Ethan’s eyes, seeing the depth of his uncertainty. I could never give him every facet of the domination he craved, yet we’d endured for so long without it. I had to believe we were stronger than this, that clinging to notions of “monogamy” would not be our undoing. Because a person like Jesse didn’t come around twice, not unless it meant something.

Ethan meekly nodded. “Finding out you had chemistry with someone else—without my knowledge—really irked me, like I was missing out on a part of your life.” He reached out for my hand, grasping it. “I shouldn’t have punished you for opening up to me. I’m sorry I hurt you.”

I accepted his touch, twining my fingers in his. “You’re my world, Ethan. I love you. I really do.”

He brought my hand to his lips, kissing my knuckles. “I love you too, Andy. Nothing will ever change that. Not even some guy causing trouble in our pants.”

My lip twitched. “We don’t even know if Jesse’s on board yet. He could very well refuse.”

“We won’t know until we ask.”

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## Chapter Three

The doorbell rang. My heart hammered when I ran to open the door, expecting to see Jesse arriving early. He didn't, and I scrambled to get the pizza delivery guy a tip.

Ethan helped set up the game console in the living room as I got out the chips and soda, wondering if I should make a quick run to the deli for more.

When the doorbell rang a second time, I made a detour to the hallway mirror, brushing my hair into place. I assumed T-shirt and jeans were the right outfit for the occasion, even if Ethan insisted on a button-down. Jesse wore a polo and black denim, handing me a case of beer.

My eyes fixed on his, and there was that familiar buzz within me, the memory of his naked body seared into my mind. I couldn't believe he'd agreed to this, more concerned about whether Ethan knew about us than what he'd been volunteered for.

“You didn't have to bring anything.”

He shrugged. “I wanted to.”

Ethan waited in the living room. Jesse hesitantly extended his hand as Ethan approached.

“Glad to officially meet you, Ethan.”

“I can say the same, Jesse.”

As they shook, the air hummed with unspoken promises, like two edges folding over to close a chasm. I braced myself for the earthquake, the ground crumbling beneath me. Instead there was stillness, a silence spreading until Jesse spoke again.

“Oh damn.” Jesse went to pick up a controller sitting with another two, all wirelessly connected to the same box. “We're doing this old school.”

“What do you normally play?” Ethan asked, sitting in the center of the couch.

“Massive Multiplayers,” Jesse said, taking the spot on Ethan's right. “I'm pretty much primed for role play. Any role play. Even the kinky kind.”

I sat to the left. “You don't even know what Ethan wants.”

Jesse shrugged, rubbing his nose. "I'm a masochist, no way around it. As long as it's not piss, scat, or furies, I'm game."

Ethan's eyes narrowed as he crossed his arms. "I need more than someone willing to take a beating. I find enough of those at Dotty's Dungeon."

"Well, according to Sir Nick, I'm currently the only viable candidate for that fantasy of yours."

"Let's get off of that. I don't need anyone doing me a favor."

"What am I doing here then?" Jesse asked, arms spread wide. "I thought we were negotiating."

"We'll negotiate once I've decided you're worth the effort," Ethan said, his words sending shivers through me.

Jesse blushed as he bit his lip, lowering his head like a puppy that'd been caught tearing up a toilet roll. "And how do I do that?"

"Tell me what you get out of being submissive, and I better not hear any 'true sub' spiel."

Jesse's eyes flicked up. "Truth be told, I hate settling at someone else's pace. I went into BDSM for the kinky sex, but when Sir Nick denied me it, I literally quit on the spot. But then he said something that got under my skin. He asked what I intended to do once I got everything I ever wanted. When I had no answer, he said, 'No one ever got rich by taking, because the more they take, the more they need. They are always poor.'" Jesse sniggered, shaking his head. "I got so pissed I tried to punch him, but he caught my fist and locked me in a chokehold. My futile attempts at escape brought on a panic like I was in the direct path of a tsunami, but once the feeling reached its peak and waned, I felt a peace unlike any storm passing..."

"Subspace," I said.

"Yeah," Jesse said with a long breath. "Sir Nick says it happens with submissives, but I've yet to feel it again, even after days of 'submitting' to his orders. I almost reached it at the party, and it's been like blue balls ever since."

"So you want violence to reach that point again," Ethan said, worry in his tone. Jesse bobbed his head, and Ethan let out a sigh. "I'm afraid I won't be much help."

Jesse's expression strained with confusion. "Why?"

Ethan brought his hand up to Jesse's chin, caressing it gently. "You want a quick fix. I'm not the guy for that."



“What are you the guy for then?”

Ethan smirked. “I could give you a taste.”

Ethan leaned in to Jesse, Jesse’s eyes lighting with understanding as he let Ethan latch his hand behind Jesse’s head. Their mouths crashed together with a swirl of tongues and smacking lips. I waited for a swell of jealousy or repulsion, my heart racing, stomach tightening. I waited for the wrongness to sink in, to fill me with guilt and regret, yet all I got was the familiar sensation of blood leaving my head, of heat and need. Ethan took Jesse with a hungry ferocity, possessing him like a spider that’d caught its prey, and the more Jesse struggled, the more tangled he became in Ethan’s embrace.

Jesse whimpered upon Ethan’s release, as red and breathless as I felt.

“*Cógeme*,” Jesse said, voice barely audible. “Take me. Tell me what to do.”

My thoughts were a flurry as Ethan swooped me onto his left thigh, bringing Jesse to his right. My face burned as my knees knocked against Jesse’s, Ethan’s arms binding us in one unbroken circuit. With it came the buzz again, of hidden desires and forbidden pursuits. Except it wasn’t so hidden or forbidden anymore.

I leaned across, weaving fingers into Jesse’s hair as I inhaled the cinnamon and clove of his cologne. His lips yielded to mine as he moaned, clutching me as his tongue found mine. A groan escaped Ethan as his fingers dug into my side, a hardness jabbing at my thigh.

“Yes. Just like that.” He peppered kisses along my neck. “So fucking beautiful.”

There was no hiding how hard I’d become, my cock straining at my zipper. As much as fear tried to bubble in me, I held my ground. Ethan still wanted me; I still wanted him. This wouldn’t destroy us.

Ethan snuck in between us, sucking on my lip, then on Jesse’s. “I’m thinking of taking this to the bedroom.”

“On one condition,” I said with a lilt, Ethan knowing exactly what I meant.

His grin was wide as he said, “I’d be cruel to deny you.”

My nerves hummed with his permission, pleasure rising at his control over my body. “We got this far. Let’s take it all the way.”

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Jesse was spread on his back in the center of the bed like an offering, Ethan between his legs, preparing Jesse's ass, adding one finger at a time. Absolved of remorse, I caressed Jesse's chest, fingers circling his nipples, as I selfishly sucked on Jesse's tongue and lips in tune with his every aching sound. My own ass pulsed when I thought of Ethan's touch and watched Jesse's cock thicken, the tip purple as it leaked a bead of precum. Ethan caught my gaze as he dipped his tongue over the tip, lapping up the fluid with mischief in his eyes.

"Yes," Jesse hissed, pumping up his hips.

Ethan pressed his free hand on Jesse's abdomen. "So impatient. You'll have to earn your release. Andy, let's put that begging mouth to better use."

I paused, exchanging looks with Ethan. I never noticed how sharp his eyes were when he took command. Never—because I was always on the receiving end, my mind too far gone to care. Somehow we were on the same side now, his energy passing into me, igniting my core.

I nudged my cock to Jesse's lips as he took it eagerly. "*Wo de tian na!*" Pleasure shot directly to my balls as my fingers were back in his hair, stopping him from taking me all the way.

"That's right," Ethan praised, fingering Jesse with more vigor. "Take control of that greedy hole."

My cock twitched as I called upon every fiber of will to keep from spilling. I panted, gaze struck by the trail of drool forming along Jesse's chin. My pelvis seared as I imagined white spunk oozing down those lips instead. I eased my thrusts, counting breaths to slow my approach to the edge. I needed to make Ethan proud.

"You look so good inside him, Andy," Ethan said in a husky tone. I heard the faint rustle of plastic ripping, and when I looked over I saw him rolling a condom over his cock.

Ethan brought Jesse's knees up as he plunged into Jesse's ass. Jesse's tongue vibrated against me as he seized my hip, eyes glazed over with need.

My head spun. *Wo de tian na*; oh my god! This was really happening. My boyfriend was spearing another man as that same man slurped me like a popsicle. Then Ethan reached across, grabbing me in a sloppy kiss, encouraging me to shove my cock deeper into Jesse's throat. Jesse writhed as I yanked him by the scalp each time he came up for air; his unattended cock bounced on his stomach, engorged with blood, as Ethan impaled his ass.

I halted when Jesse gagged, mewling as white streaks jetted across his chest.

Ethan paused his pumping, eyes as wide as mine. “Well, look at that. You shot ahead of both of us. How does that make you feel?”

“Spent,” Jesse coughed, running a finger over a splash of cum at his collarbone. “Just give me a sec.”

“What a shame,” Ethan said with a huff. “I was gonna let you fuck me.”

Jesse’s eyes shot open as he craned his neck. “Oh, fuck, I’d like to.”

“You want a lot of things, but you don’t do much to deserve them.”

Jesse grimaced.

Ethan’s grin reached ear to ear. “Don’t worry, I have ways you can make it up. Come here, Andy.”

I crawled toward him, and he gestured for me to get on my back. Ethan took out a fresh condom, rolling it over me, and I thanked the sun and moon for the constriction of the latex as Ethan helped Jesse straddle my hips. Jesse was still covered in bruises from his time as the whipping boy, the tops of his shoulders to the bottom of his thighs painted in shades of purple and blue. Jesse’s expression twisted with raw desire as my cock pierced his used ass. He was still breathing hard as he steadied himself over me, biting his lip at the probable soreness even as his expression strained with insatiable appetite.

“Cock-hungry, aren’t you?” I asked, finding that tone Ethan used when he was about to put me in my place.

“Very,” Jesse said, his cock stirring. “Never had a threesome with two men before.”

“But you have had them,” Ethan said, pressing his chest to Jesse’s back as he nudged two fingers against his lips. Jesse stuck his tongue out, sucking on Ethan as he gyrated his hips. “I’ll take that as a yes. Well, you’re in for a *treat*. *Büick dich*.”

Jesse didn’t need a translation as Ethan bent him over, collapsing his wet chest onto mine.

“If you’re gonna come whenever you damn well please,” Ethan said, his grin unwavering, “then it’d be *irresponsible* of me not to ensure you’re *thoroughly* depleted.”

A lubed finger grazed my cock, its presence tightening the space in Jesse's ass. Jesse groaned, his cock firming against my abdomen as he clutched my shoulders.

"Such a good boy," Ethan cooed. "You'll have both our cocks buried in you soon enough."

As Ethan stretched Jesse, his thrusts grazed the flesh of my cock. My sounds were foreign and raw, nerves blasting with too many signals, enveloped in pressure and friction, in strokes and petting. Jesse fared no better, writhing as Ethan worked his way up to three fingers, Jesse's nails digging in my shoulders. The little shots of pain kept me from dwelling on the build-up in my balls, thoughts sliding to how Jesse and I shared this plight, Ethan's touch rousing us like we were one.

Soon Ethan removed his fingers, leaving a cold spot below my cock. Another crackle of plastic, and he was nudging in his latex-clad cockhead drizzled in lube.

"Tell me if it gets too much," was all the warning we got before Ethan pushed in, his tip prying apart the loosened muscles. Jesse whined, breathing ragged as Ethan inched his way inside, reaching ever deeper as Jesse's voice pitched ever higher. Inch after inch, Ethan slid to the hilt, his cock cozy against mine, nestled in the depths of Jesse.

Jesse spasmed, heart drumming at my chest, ass pulsing as he cried out, hot fluid coating my stomach, dripping at the edges.

Jesse's face was scarlet as he heaved out, "I'm sorry."

"That's strike two," Ethan said, pulling out with a wet *plop*. "Get on your hands and knees. Andy, help him."

Jesse lifted off me, arms shaking as beads of sweat dropped to the covers. I got pillows, stuffing them under Jesse's hips, knowing he wouldn't be able to stay up for long.

"Lie down," I said.

Jesse dropped to the covers, ass propped up and on display. His cheeks were lined in blue bruises, his hole stretched open. He'd come twice already, neither Ethan nor I able to get in a proper pounding. Now I understood why Ethan trained me, withholding my pleasure until he got the full measure of his. For all the orgasms I'd been denied, each one I'd been permitted gained new significance. I didn't spill needlessly, my cock remaining hard and ready for

Ethan to do as he pleased. But Jesse wasn't me, and I could see the gears working in Ethan's head, working on some other way to get his kicks.

"You still want my ass?" Ethan asked, shimmying to Jesse's side.

"Yes," Jesse mumbled.

"Then here's the deal: Andy is gonna fuck you, and if he comes first, you win my ass."

My hand went to my mouth, covering my beaming smile. Ethan never ceased to give me reasons to love him.

Jesse grumbled. "Fine. I'm in, *only* if you promise that if I win you won't hop on my dick seconds later. I want to be able to savor it."

"Of course, Jesse. *If* you win." He crooked his finger for me to approach, whispering, "Put him in his place, Andy. Make me proud." He followed with a tender kiss, and it was like being filled with his essence, my purpose made clear.

I got behind Jesse, mind wandering as I trailed my fingers along the curve of his back, circling the splotches of colored flesh.

Jesse wriggled. "Stop stalling."

"Shut up." I swatted his ass, the noise reverberating through the air, joined by a yelp from Jesse. "Why do you think you even *deserve* Ethan's ass?"

"That's right," Ethan said, stroking his freshly cleaned prick. "Make him beg for it."

"I don't," Jesse moaned, pushing his ass out more. "Help me deserve it, Andy. Stuff that fat cock in me. Fill me with your juices."

I replied with a harder strike. Jesse's flesh rippled, the quake traveling up my palm, an electric bolt followed by thunder. He shouted, and I did it again, blood pumping in my veins. His ass and thighs glowed red as I changed up how fast and often I whacked, running fingers over the heated flesh as I gave him room to breathe, admiring my work. I'd never had this power before; I could get used to it.

My own palms burned from all the blows, and I peered over to Ethan, busy playing with the tip of his cock, licking his lips.

I took hold of Jesse's hips, dropping some lube before sliding my cock into him. He moaned, pushing back as I pressed forward. He clamped down on me,

gyrating his hips, turning up the dial on friction and pressure. I gripped harder, ramming into him with all my might, making him falter. Jesse gripped the sheets, knuckles white as he squeezed his eyes shut. Never in my life did I picture myself taking another man while my boyfriend watched; never did I anticipate it would turn me on.

My balls throbbed as I swiped at the drops of moisture gathering in my brows, gritting my teeth as the sizzling friction threatened to send me over the edge. I added more lube, cock glistening as it disappeared inside Jesse's body.

I blinked when I heard Ethan's strangled cry, fisting his cock as he unloaded over Jesse's back. Jesse gasped, his ass pulsing, milking me as my vision went white, my resolve breaking. The force of my release surged through me as I collapsed on top of Jesse, his heartbeat thumping against my chest.

Sweat beaded our skin as I slipped out of him, rolling both of us to our sides. There was a wet stain on the pillow, and Ethan cackled.

"Seems we have a tie," he said, giving me an approving nod. "What a show! Good work, Andy."

I swelled with pride, ready to preen when Jesse began trembling, tears dripping down his scarlet cheeks as he pulled his knees to his chest.

"Hey," Ethan said, worry in his voice as he lay down with us. "You did good too, Jesse."

Jesse didn't speak, his sobs growing louder as he continued shaking. I held him to my chest as Ethan kissed up his shoulder and neck, smoothing out his disheveled hair.

Ethan kissed the top of Jesse's head, stroking his cheek. Jesse latched onto Ethan, curling his head under Ethan's chin as new sobs bubbled up.

"It's okay," Ethan said. "Let it out."

I have cried before too. I'd cried when Ethan caned me, filled with shame and grief, but there were times when it'd come on unexpectedly, like a geyser shooting through cracked earth. All Ethan had to do was strike a nerve deep within me, buried under piles of stress and drudgery. After, I always seemed to feel better. Lighter, less foggy. I ran my hand up and down Jesse's side, hoping for the latter.

"It's all right," I whispered, curling with him. "Feel whatever you need to feel."

“I’m so stupid,” he croaked, voice as shaky as him.

Ethan snorted. “You have *chutzpah*, but you’re not stupid.”

“Only stupid people want to fall in love after one-night stands.”

My gaze snapped to Ethan, who simply laughed, kissing the top of Jesse’s head.

“Who said this was a one-time deal?” Ethan asked.

Jesse scowled. “How can I be worth your time if I can’t even hold my jizz?”

“Ya know, I was playing with you, right?” Ethan tilted up Jesse’s chin, their eyes meeting. “I had fun.” He briefly looked up at me. “Did you have fun, Andy?”

“I had a *blast*,” I said, nuzzling Jesse’s shoulder. His confession brought back my longing, like I’d caught a shooting star. Could this grow beyond lust and spanking? I wanted to know, and I intended to keep him long enough to find out.

“Besides,” Ethan noted, “I consider the tie a win.”

Jesse rubbed his eyes as giggles burst out of him. “Let’s hold off on the prize until I can feel my balls again.”

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## Chapter Four

I waved from across the near-empty coffee shop. “Over here.”

Jesse smiled as he headed over, taking the seat I saved him at the circular table. “Been waiting long?”

“Nah. Just got here and ordered my drink.” I pointed to my coffee. “Ethan’s running late.”

“Okay, hold on while I order something.”

I watched as Jesse did his thing, strutting across the shop and starting a conversation with the barista as his espresso got made. I couldn’t believe it had been two months since he reappeared in my life, his presence yet to fade. I still worried Jesse would get bored of Ethan and me, of Sir Nick and the lifestyle. I worried he’d disappear one day with his buddies, only to be found wandering the Antarctic tundra. But Jesse kept himself occupied. He got a job as an event organizer, his calendar booked months in advance. He blocked off the weekends, changing the scenery and taking Ethan and me with him, other plans be damned. It was how we ended up in this coffee shop, in the middle of some small town, with nothing but mountains and forests around us.

I smiled as I recalled the first weekend he dragged us out, booking a beachside resort with his starting paycheck. It was also the night Jesse got to fuck Ethan. Jesse had insisted on taking Ethan missionary style, so while Jesse prepped Ethan, Ethan took it upon himself to massage my prostate as he sucked my cock. The details blurred between the grunts, sweat, and need, but it ended with me riding Ethan while Jesse had his way with Ethan’s ass. We’d collapsed to sleep, spending the rest of the weekend in various states of naked and dirty.

“Someone’s thinking happy thoughts,” Jesse quipped as he put down his coffee and pie.

I nodded, amazed we’d gotten this far, the word “love” nagging at the back of my mind. “You make me happy.”

Jesse’s fluster was interrupted by Ethan coming through the door with an excited look on his face. He got out his tablet as soon as he sat down, opening a spreadsheet. “Had a last-minute exchange with Sir Nick.”

“This looks familiar,” Jesse said, bending over to get a better view.



“It should be,” Ethan said, putting the tablet in the center of the table. “You filled it out.”

The spreadsheet was a checklist of kinks, used by Sir Nick to get a sense of Jesse’s needs and limits. One column listed kinks, while another checked off whether Jesse had done it or not. A third rated his willingness. Even though Jesse professed his only hard limits were piss, scat, and furies, there were bolded NOs in willingness for “Household Chores” and “Mummification.”

“I figured it’s about time we went over the details of my ‘big deal’ scene,” Ethan said with a side-glance at the one or two other patrons in the shop, lowering his voice. “It’s as good a time as ever.”

“You trust me?” Jesse asked.

Ethan raised a brow. “Better question is whether you trust *me*?”

“I do,” Jesse said without hesitation. “You stay true to your word. And if I get doubts, I trust Sir Nick, who can vouch for you.”

Ethan’s cheeks flushed as he rubbed his nose. “I suppose you have a point. Sir Nick even helped me script out an outline, and he wouldn’t let me include anything he didn’t think you could handle. Which reminds me, Andy, you get a role as well.”

“Me? I thought this was between you and Jesse.”

“Yeah, but Sir Nick had a point when he said I should get you involved. You’re an important part of my life, and I want to share this with you.”

From the look in Ethan’s eye, I could tell there was more to it. He still wanted me in the scene, and if I couldn’t be the main attraction, there was no doubt he would devise other ways to push my buttons. My face heated. “Well, okay. And what in the world *is* my role?”

“Simple. I’m a captain, and you’re my private. You’ll assist me in the interrogation.”

“Interrogation,” Jesse repeated. “Sounds fun. What’s the story behind it?”

“My grandfather used to work for the CIA, so I have this fantasy of capturing an American turncoat and coercing him to give up vital information about the enemy side.”

“I can roll with that,” Jesse said with a smirk. “Which kinks are we covering?”

Ethan pointed at his tablet. “Humiliation, breath play, rope play, caning—you put high willingness for those. Looks like you’re on the fence about rape play.”

“Rough sex is nice, but it depends on who I’m with,” Jesse said, winking. “Is that everything?”

“Yeah,” Ethan said, looking unsure. “I mean, I’d say more but that would reveal too much of the scene. I need you surprised too.”

“I get you.” Jesse snickered. “And I like what I hear. In return, I need a safeword and a guarantee you will not leave me unattended. I also request that Sir Nick monitor the scene. I’ll feel safer knowing there is an experienced, unbiased entity present in case I get too far into subspace or you into Topspace.”

“You have to get to subspace before you get ‘too far into it,’” Ethan quipped.

Jesse playfully punched him. “Shut up. Do we have a deal?”

“Yeah. I’ll talk to Sir Nick when we get back.”

“Can I add something?” I asked.

“Sure,” Ethan said.

“I need your word that you’ll stop if I ask you to.” Both Ethan and Jesse gave me puzzled expressions. “Listen, I know the scene is mainly between the two of you, with Sir Nick present, but I don’t want to feel helpless if something bothers me.”

“Can we have a yellow word then?” Ethan asked. “Something you can say to grab my attention and pause the scene? Your role is mainly silent, so I’ll definitely hear you and ask for elaboration.”

“Okay,” I said, feeling more at ease. “I’d like that. Let’s proceed.”

The second we were back home, Ethan took me to the army surplus store, bursting with giddiness. He wanted to look like a soldier for his part, and the sales guy began by showing us the general merchandise, working his way toward the tactical gear. Ethan kept shaking his head saying none of it fit the image in his head, and when the sales guy asked about the purpose, I bit my cheek. Ethan explained he was preparing for Halloween in advance, and we were pointed to the officers’ and enlisted men’s uniform section. Ethan wasn’t satisfied, complaining about the colors and cuts and fabric choices, and we left the store with only an equipment belt, suspenders, and cargo pants.

I had to hold back my giggles as Ethan spent the night clicking through online clothing stores, gradually shifting away from actual military clothing. He settled on a fitted biker jacket, designer combat boots, and fingerless leather gloves. I quietly texted Jesse the updates, his response mirroring mine as we poked fun at Ethan's fashion sense, the fantasy in his head more elaborate than anything available in real life. Regardless, he seemed pleased with his direction, and that was good enough for me.

Sir Nick offered to host the scene in the private dungeon he and his wife shared. The room was tucked beside their bedroom in the loft, a windowless closet padded with soundproof foam. I'd been in there only once before during a tour, with Sir Nick showing off how the walls were painted to seem moldy and water damaged. He'd switched on the light by pressing a fake piece of rotting wood, and the room was bathed in white, all its secret nooks exposed. "Good for cleanup," Sir Nick had said, cackling and returning the room to darkness before using the more obvious light switch—a single dull light flickered to life from a bulb dangling from a wire. "And good for mood."

The day of the scene, Sir Nick and Ethan were busy putting in finishing touches while Jesse was preoccupied in the bathroom, cleaning, stretching his ass, and unloading, just as Ethan instructed him. In the meantime, I lounged in the living area dressed in a button-down and black leather pants. I had in me an anal vibrator, the probe waiting to be activated. The design featured a wireless controller, the receiver clipped to my pants and wired to the device—perfect for Ethan to ensure I got in on some action.

Lady Mara sat with me, wearing a simple blouse and jeans, feet in pink fluffy slippers. "You may use the master bedroom," she said with a smile that reached her eyes. "I had Izzy prepare the sheets, so it's not a bother."

I bowed my head. "Thank you. This is too much."

"It's not. Nick adores you three."

I could understand his attachment to Ethan and Jesse, but what had I done to gain his favor? "Sir Nick is a good man."

She giggled. "You wouldn't be saying that if you knew how insanely jealous he used to be over your attachment to Ethan, wanting you for himself. Don't worry, it lasted for only the first year or so, until he found Jax. And lately he's had Jesse."

I had nothing to say, and didn't need to as Ethan came down the stairs, still wearing his white tee and sweats. His expression was stern, creases in his

forehead as he pursed his lips. His eyes searched for mine, glimmering with self-doubt. I met him at the bottom of the staircase, taking his hands in mine.

“You’ll be spectacular,” I said, knowing he could use the encouragement.

He ran his thumb along my jaw. “Andy, don’t hate me after what I do.”

“I—” I shook my head. “I won’t. I promise.”

“Okay.” He exhaled. “Your yellow word is *Poetry*. Please don’t use it unless you absolutely have to.”

“I trust you,” I said, kissing him softly.

I sidestepped when Jesse appeared, wearing a button-down and simple slacks.

“You,” Ethan said, cupping Jesse’s chin in both palms. “Safeword.”

“For the thousandth time, it’s *Grenade*, damn it.”

“And you remember that the safeword and the spy’s passcode are the same thing, right?”

“Yes!” Jesse flailed his arms. “You’re insufferable.”

“That’ll do.” Ethan narrowed his eyes as he smirked, pressing his lips to Jesse’s. “The scene begins once the burlap sack is over your head. You won’t see, but you’ll be able to breathe. You’ll have to trust me from that point on.”

He put his hand on the small of Jesse’s back as they went up ahead of me. I kept my distance alongside Sir Nick who held the sack as Ethan tied Jesse’s hands behind him with a delicate grace, the hemp rope tight when Jesse tested it.

Ethan patted Jesse on the shoulder as he asked the dreaded question, “Ready, Jesse?”

“I am.”

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Ethan’s soft demeanor stiffened the second he took the sack from Sir Nick. He swooped it over Jesse’s head, tightening it before adding a brisk punch to the center of Jesse’s chest. Jesse gasped, his knees giving out.

“Get up, scumbag.”

I winced as Ethan yanked him by the collar, Jesse staggering as he was lugged through the corridor.

“Private,” Ethan shouted my way. “Keep up.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I followed several steps behind, away from Ethan’s unwavering hold on Jesse. In the center of the interrogation room was a creaky wooden chair, looking like it’d been scavenged out of a termite’s nest. It strained under Jesse’s weight as Ethan tossed him on it, going for something shiny by the wall. In the flickering orange light, I saw the metal shackle as Ethan fastened it to Jesse’s ankle, ensuring his capture.

“Watch the prisoner,” Ethan instructed, standing and admiring his work. “I will return shortly.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The room had three stations. Behind the chair was a generous coil of hemp rope. In the far left corner was a waist-high rectangular structure covered by a canvas tarp. I didn’t dwell on it as I peered over at the far right corner: two wooden stools and one oval table. Unlike the chair, they were solid and freshly lacquered, the wood a rich dark hue. A tea set for two was displayed on a delicate cotton tablecloth, beside it an ornate clock and a kettle with freshly boiled water.

Jesse tested the weight of the shackle as his breathing leveled out. I wondered what was going on in his head as I set out to measure tea leaves. I suspected the boiled water was for me to brew something for my superiors.

“Hey,” Jesse said, his voice muffled through the sack. “Can you get this off me? It’s hard to breathe in here.”

“Shut your trap,” I barked. “You’ll answer to the Captain from now on.”

Jesse fidgeted. He’d agreed to play, but I could see it was only beginning to sink in. One utterance of Grenade, and he’d be free; it was a matter of how long he could stand this treatment.

“Scumbag,” I said, sitting on the stool with a flourish, making sure Jesse heard the grind of wood to concrete.

As I waited for Ethan to reappear, the clock’s ticking filled the room with its rhythmic chant, counting out the seconds as the gears propelled time forward. This was what the eye of a hurricane looked like, the air so still it pressed down on me.

“Private,” Ethan said, flooding the room with the light from outside.

I instantly stood, raising my hand in salute. “Captain.”

The brief curl in his lip said I’d done well.

His footsteps were heavy, the disparate elements of his outfit coming together into something fierce and beautiful, like an unlikely hero taking up the mantle.

I bit my lip, taken aback by the semiautomatic rifle in his hand. It was sleek and black, military grade. I knew Sir Nick had a collection, and I was certain he wouldn’t give anyone a loaded weapon for a bit of role play. Still, the effect got my blood racing.

Sir Nick came in next, dressed in an officer’s uniform, lines of medals lining his coat.

I saluted once more. “General.”

He curtly nodded, taking one of the stools. I immediately went to pour him a cup of tea as Ethan yanked the hood off Jesse, pointing the barrel at his forehead. Jesse’s eyes went wide with horror.

“Give me what I’m after, and I’ll reconsider blowing your brains out.”

“And...” Jesse drawled, “...that would be?”

He was greeted with a rough smack from the barrel, metal hitting bone, grazing the skin.

“You fucking know what!”

My pulse quickened, everything depending on these next few moments. Ethan once wanted me in that chair, to provoke him and give him reason to punish me. The very thought of it made my stomach lurch. Punishment meant pain and shame, like when Ethan caned me. I was glad Jesse took my place.

Jesse flung spit on Ethan’s shiny new jacket, evoking a snarl from Ethan who struck him with the rifle stock, knocking him to the ground. Jesse yowled as Ethan’s thick, rubber-soled boot connected with his balls, voice pitching several octaves higher. I held myself as a shiver rippled through me. Ethan aimed for Jesse’s stomach next, the kick sending Jesse flying for a brief second before he hit the ground again.

“Go to hell,” Jesse shouted, pulling at the rope binding his arms behind his back.

“I should squash you like a bug.” Ethan pressed his foot to Jesse’s neck. “You live in this country, take all of its benefits, and then go work for the

enemy. You're less than human." He spat, the fluid landing under Jesse's eye, right where a bruise was forming.

"To die at the hands of the men I betrayed?" Jesse said, wheezing under the pressure of Ethan's boot. "You and your superiors can go fuck yourselves."

"Your worry is misplaced. No matter. I intend to show you the full extent of your error."

Ethan went to the tarp, leaning his gun against the wall as he unveiled a glass tank three-quarters full of water. I clasped my hand over my mouth as Ethan yanked Jesse by the hair, whisking him to his feet. Jesse's yelling was snuffed as he went headfirst into the tank, water splashing up the glass and spilling over.

Ethan's grip was firm in Jesse's hair as Jesse thrashed, swollen bubbles of air erupting from his nose and mouth, frothing at the edges of the tank before sloshing all over his clothes.

The clock's ticking stretched out, seconds growing excruciatingly long before Ethan drew Jesse out, coughing and spitting, tendrils of hair obscuring his eyes.

"What is the passcode?" Ethan asked with an uncanny calm.

"Eat shit."

"Wrong answer!"

Another dunk, water strewing and gushing out, puddles gathering at their feet. My lungs ached as I held my breath, silently rooting for Jesse as he gurgled, struggling as liquid replaced air. It spewed out of him when he surfaced, dribbling his chin as he opened his mouth in a wide O—air in, water out.

"One measly passcode," Ethan implored, "and this ends."

Jesse's response was labored as he hacked, spitting out a thick glob of runny phlegm. "You think I'm that easy?"

Ethan's expression was stern, straining as his eyes lit up with satisfaction. "No. I don't."

The twinge of joy I felt at seeing Ethan's pleasure was overpowered by my distaste for the method. I turned away, unable to watch as Ethan brought Jesse under again. But I couldn't tune out the drumming of flesh to glass, the beats of feet kicking out, ankle clanking with metal, of the splashes and gurgles. Sir

Nick was undisturbed, still as a statue except for bringing tea to his lips, his eyes following the action.

It went on forever, and then it stopped. My heart dropped when I saw Jesse's limp form. Sir Nick didn't panic, nodding when Ethan compressed Jesse's chest. Jesse popped like a balloon, reeling as clear vomit trailed down his soggy shirt. He was sickly pale, lips tinted blue as he heaved, his breath ragged and fast, bubbles forming at his nose.

"Persistent little shit," Ethan said with an air of indifference, eyes crinkling from the smile he had to be hiding. He hauled Jesse back to his chair, and when Jesse's head lolled forward, Ethan slapped him. "You can rest when you give me what I want."

Jesse lifted his head slowly. I caught a glimpse of the fury in his eyes, the will in his being, and I knew he wouldn't give up, not now, not this soon.

"To the likes of you?" Jesse said with a croak. "Never."

"The likes of me?" Ethan snickered, hands at his hips. "You should be thankful. I am not nearly as cruel as the general."

A wicked smile grew on Sir Nick's face as if to confirm it.

Ethan busied himself with the coil of rope, knotting one end in a loop. The reprieve was short-lived as he hoisted the rest over a hook in the ceiling, casting the loop around Jesse's throat and tightening it.

Ethan took the long end, pulling it as he kicked the chair from under Jesse. I jolted as the wood crashed and broke apart, Jesse stumbling backward, eyes bulging as he had nothing for leverage when the rope went taut. Ethan jerked Jesse upward, forcing him upright, the loop slacking for a moment before Ethan tugged the rope higher. Jesse had to choose between dangling or rolling to the balls of his feet. He chose the latter, the loop firm under his chin but not constricting.

"Comfortable?" Ethan asked mockingly.

"Rot in a ditch," Jesse hissed through clamped teeth.

Ethan ignored him, gesturing to me. "Private."

I went to Ethan's side, taking the rope when he handed it to me, feeling Jesse's weight on the other side. Ethan reached into his pocket, clicking the remote control, and I squirmed as the vibrator activated, jostling Jesse as I lost grip of the rope. Jesse dropped in the split second it took for me to fist the hemp again, whining as I brought him back to position.



Blood pounded in my veins as our eyes met, his rage unfurling, revealing the resignation beneath. I knew Ethan would have me participate, knew it'd mean causing Jesse discomfort, but this was unlike the spanking or our other bedroom antics. Jesse wasn't smiling or getting hard, wasn't cajoling me to do worse. Here he was stripped of power, at the mercy of Ethan's will, a privilege to behold.

Sir Nick handed Ethan a black riding crop. It was long and thin with a small strip of leather at its tip.

"I can always depend on you, Private," Ethan said as he circled Jesse, tapping the crop to his palm. "So..." Ethan said, lips a hairsbreadth from Jesse's ear, "how about that passcode?"

"Fuck you and your mother."

Ethan stood with his hands on his hips again, *tsking*. "I'm quite tired of that ill tongue of yours."

Ethan tore at Jesse's pants, button popping as the zipper came undone. He wrung them past Jesse's knees, taking a step back to give him distance. The first swing brought out a cutting shriek, the welt bright on Jesse's eggshell-colored skin. It was followed by a high-pitched gasp as Jesse stumbled, his weight bearing down on me as I struggled to keep the rope from slipping, palms sweaty against the hemp.

Ethan's second slash drew blood, the bite of flesh traveling the air, tapping at my nerves. I breathed in through my nose, out with my mouth, spreading my legs as I flexed my arms, ready for his next move.

Ethan smirked as he inspected Jesse's flaccid cock, tapping it with the blunt end of the crop. It rose at the contact, like a plant reaching for the sun.

"How shameful," Ethan said, taking another crack at Jesse's ass.

Jesse cried out, his face turning shades of red as he lurched forward from the impact. This time I was ready, biceps burning as Jesse's weight pulled down, snagging him back in place. Jesse tried to shift his stance, unable to do much as he got another blow, voice cut off as rope bit at his throat, feet scrambling to find balance, to find slack again.

The vibrator whirred in my gut, the low buzz asking for attention as I fixated on Ethan, anticipating his subtle movements as he brought the crop up for another swing.

Jesse's cock was soft again, sending tremors of worry through me. If he wasn't enjoying this, there was a chance he was too far gone to give the safeword. I glanced at Sir Nick, brows furrowed as I silently pleaded for intervention.

Ethan got in a sixth swat, drops of blood spraying as Jesse sniveled. "Passcode," he shouted.

"Shitlicker," Jesse squawked.

"Passcode," Ethan said again, punctuating his words with a swat.

"Fuck you!"

Ethan flicked two more times. "Pass. Code."

Jesse's screams dulled to wretched blubbling, tears and snot streaking his damp face, chest rising and falling in rapid succession. The room smelled of him, of sweat and blood, dirt and iron. A taste of salt hovered in the air.

Ethan no longer hid his smile, eyes narrowed as he circled Jesse again, inspecting him up and down.

He seemed to approve of what he saw, saying, "Bring him down, Private."

Jesse had no choice but to endure the clamp of the rope as I lowered him, heaving with relief as his weight fell to his knees. I dropped the rope, the line smacking against the ground as I shook my arms, cramps in my biceps. Ethan cut the loop with a blade from his pocket, and I saw how raw and indented Jesse's throat had become, not nearly as rough looking as his behind.

Ethan took Jesse by the hair again. "Will you give me what I want?"

Jesse's eyelids fluttered as he opened his mouth, a single sound coming out: "No." It was low and scratchy, sharp in its finality.

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## Chapter Five

Ethan propelled Jesse headfirst to the ground, backside up for display. Jesse's cheek compressed against the concrete, shoulders pressing forward as his back arched, arms bound behind him. This would be the final phase, where Ethan removed whatever was left of Jesse's decency. Ethan would take him by force, just like he always imagined.

"I'm done with you," Ethan said, crooking his finger for me to come nearer. "Private, I need you at attention."

"Yes, Sir."

"Filth like him needs to be put in its place, and you're just the man to do it."

I didn't understand, not until Ethan took the remote and turned up the dial. My insides flicked to life, cock stirring in my pants. He wanted *me* to fuck Jesse? Why didn't Ethan want that pleasure, to taste his victory?

"But... me, Sir?"

Ethan retrieved his rifle, pointing it down at Jesse. "He must learn he doesn't deserve better."

My eyes widened as he dialed up the strength of the vibrator, my cock thickening and jutting against the leather. I finally understood my role, why Ethan needed me here with Jesse. In his eyes I was a private, the lowest rank in the U.S. Army, and the lowest rank in this room. Being taken by me would be the worst humiliation, Jesse's body unworthy of higher quality cock. Ethan didn't *need* to fuck Jesse, not if I could do the dirty work for him, the final stamp of disgrace.

I had to trust Ethan, now more than ever before.

I got behind Jesse, seeing the marks Ethan left, a crisscross of red dashes over inflamed flesh, stains where blood had run or splattered. I closed my eyes as I reached in my pants, unbuttoning my slacks, letting my cock out. I rubbed it, thinking about how proud Ethan would be, how Jesse would appreciate the full measure of what he'd been promised.

"What a pleasant view." I opened my eyes to see Ethan had brought his stool by Jesse's head, pressing the rifle barrel to the back of Jesse's skull. "You absolutely sure you'd rather not cooperate?"

“Die,” Jesse muttered, wobbling from the exertion.

“I wouldn’t expect any less from the likes of you.” Ethan’s gaze met mine. “Get on with it, Private.”

My throat was tight as I let myself feel the vibrations in my ass, let it tingle up my spine and build up heat. I rammed into Jesse, past the ring of muscles slick from lube he’d used to stretch himself. I bottomed out, pelvis pressed to Jesse’s battered ass, blood smearing my flesh. His ass wasn’t greedy, didn’t suck me in like it did when we usually fucked. I pushed to stay inside, fingers digging into his sides.

“Yes, just like that,” Ethan said, bringing his knuckle up to his chin. “You know how I want it.”

And I did. This wasn’t a romp in the apartment, with smiles and kisses. Jesse needed to resist me, to show unwillingness. It helped that the lube was sparse, my nerves sparking like fireworks each time I thrust. Jesse could take more pain than me, but Ethan had worn him down. Jesse’s nerves had to be on overload, the friction growing worse with each arc of my cock. His sounds were strangled, bleating as he took my length over and over again, unable to do anything but writhe and grit his teeth.

I looked to Ethan who was lost in concentration. He sat with his legs crossed, rifle at his side, pupils dilated. I supposed he didn’t need to rub himself off, not when he was absorbed in his thoughts, the luxury of indulging in someone else doing the grunt work of his fantasy.

I rubbed at the sweat dripping down my temple, the need to complete Ethan’s deed greater than the searing heat of Jesse’s bowels. I focused on Ethan, imagining myself as part of him. Our minds melding, my body an extension of his. I let the vibrations take me, radiating over my sweet spot as I was driven past my edge. I let go, discharging into Jesse’s gut, filling him with everything I had, coating him with Ethan’s seed.

When I pulled out, I saw how pink and tender I’d made him, cum dripping out of him. Jesse’s knees slid under me as he dropped to the floor, Ethan clapping his hands.

“What a show,” Ethan said, grinning.

I squirmed, the vibrations continuing against my prostate. Ethan clicked the remote, ending the percussion, a numbness taking root.

“Time to dispose of the prisoner.”

My gaze snapped to him as he uncrossed his legs, pointing the rifle back at Jesse, burying the muzzle in Jesse's hair. The ticking of the clock returned, each beat stretching out as Ethan's finger pressed down on the trigger, the scratch of metal followed by a resounding blast.

I screamed, tears blurring my vision as I recoiled, crashing to the ground, heart beating a million times per minute. It was then I saw Sir Nick from the corner of my eye, strips of blue rubber scattered under his foot. I looked back to Jesse, convulsing on the floor, head still perfectly intact as Ethan let out a long, pleased sigh.

They'd played us.

When had Sir Nick taken out the balloon, blown it up, and tied its end? I didn't know, ears still ringing as I gathered my composure. It wasn't like I paid him any attention as I took Jesse.

Jesse's movement ceased, eyes glazing over as he stilled except for the constant rise and fall of his chest.

"Will he be okay?" Ethan asked, voice back to its usual self.

"Yeah," Sir Nick said, standing, going for the door. "Give him time to process. Let me get him some water."

Ethan sighed, scratching the back of his head. "How are you, Andy?"

I couldn't speak, tremors going through me as I slid to the nearest wall, finding comfort in its support. I was a pumpkin, hollowed out and carved by Ethan's hand, stuffed with explosives, and shorn to pieces. I couldn't fathom what it was like for Jesse.

Ethan sat next to me, not touching but close enough for me to smell his musk. He undid his suspenders, zipping open his jacket and chucking it to the side. Wet stains covered his white undershirt as he craned his neck, resting his head on the wall.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

I shook my head, holding myself as my body quaked like I'd been struck by lightning. "Don't... don't make me regret."

"Okay." Ethan's hand went for mine, stopping midair before he took it back. "You didn't use your yellow word."

"Didn't need to."

“That’s... Thank you...”

Sir Nick came back with a water bottle, taking his blade and cutting the rope binding Jesse’s wrists. Jesse exhaled, hands falling to the floor as Sir Nick lifted Jesse’s head to his lap. He helped him drink, looking like a mother tending its young.

“You should disinfect him,” Ethan said.

“Not yet,” Sir Nick replied without looking up. “Jesse’s still too stimulated.”

“Right,” Ethan said, a twinge of shame in his expression. “I should have known that.”

I reached for his hand, feeling him ease as we twined our fingers, my head falling on his shoulder, a silent, “You’re doing great.”

Jesse drank his fill, whining as Sir Nick hoisted him up, one arm supporting Jesse’s back, the other under Jesse’s knees.

Ethan stood, me following his lead. My legs shook, but I could make the few steps to the bedroom where Sir Nick laid Jesse on his side.

On the nightstand were more water bottles, Ethan and I taking one each. I didn’t realize how dry my throat was until I chugged more than half of mine. Ethan had done the same.

“Take off your shoes, make yourself at home,” Sir Nick said. “I’ll be back in a bit.”

Jesse was facing me as I lay beside him while Ethan went through the effort of untying his heavy boots. Creases outlined Jesse’s eyes and lips, thin wisps that would flatten with rest. His eyes were bloodshot, edges swollen from all the tears, but sparks of life were in his pupils.

He cleared the phlegm in his throat, voice low and frail. “How’d I do?”

Ethan joined us in bed, lying behind me as he rested his head on his elbow, meeting Jesse’s gaze. “Stubborn bastard,” he said, no malice in his voice. “You were perfect.”

Jesse’s eye lit up with satisfaction. I was relieved, stroking and kissing Jesse’s temple.

“Ow, ow, ow,” Jesse giggled, weakly slapping me away. “I think you two have ruined me. Nothing will ever compare to that.”

“Oh,” Ethan said. I could hear him narrowing his eyes. “Does that mean you’re done with us?”

“No, no.” Jesse tried to shake his head. “Just the opposite. I want to spend the rest of my tomorrows with you guys. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ethan said, reaching over me to move a wet tendril of hair from Jesse’s eye. Then he kissed the top of my head. “I love *you* too.”

My heart expanded, filling my entire chest. “You two,” I said. “How can I ever live without you?”

If there was meant to be only one string of fate, I imagined it growing in length, the red thread that tied me to Ethan knotting Jesse’s ankle before closing its loop.

**The End**

## **Author Bio**

*I entertain people with stories. When I'm not writing, I'm out looking for new sources of inspiration. I love adventures, no matter how big or small, and I'm always up for trying something different, perhaps even kinky. I have a bachelor's degree in chemical engineering even though I'm really pursuing a career in writing, editing, and other publishing-related fun stuff.*

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