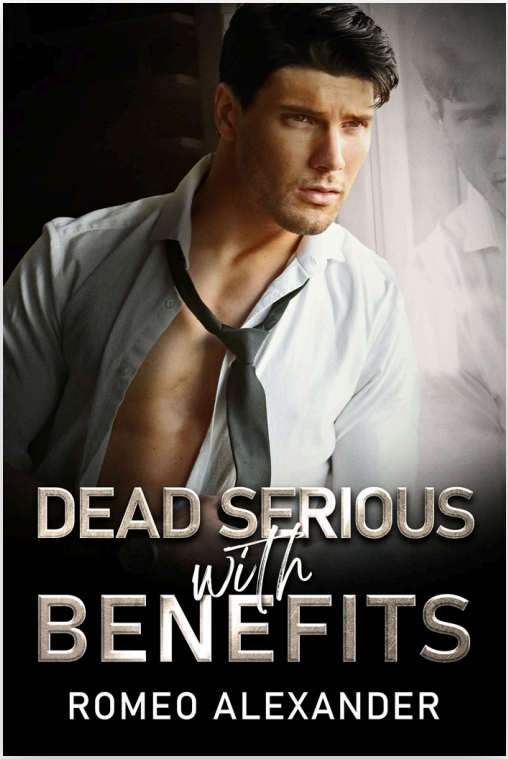
BONUS SCENE · FINDING THE RIGHT BROTHER

Dead Serious with Benefits



Romeo Alexander

Best read after you've finished the book.

BEFORE YOU START

Author's Notes

Wow...! It's been a minute since I did one of these.

Then again, it's taken me a while to get through this series, so I suppose that isn't too surprising.

Still, I just finished the first draft (at the time of writing) of the fourth book, and I have a bit of time on my hands before I go into my next series. I already have plenty of ideas for the next series, but no, I'm not going to tell you, you'll just have to wait and see what I cook up.

That brings me to this little short scene. Sometimes these are deleted scenes, and sometimes, as in this case, they're scenes that just never quite made it into the book for one reason or another. In this case, I was a little wary of including a threesome between the two main characters and a third character. As a writer, you always have the freedom to put on the pages whatever you want, but at the same time, there is always a certain level of...expectation.

Plainly put, I was trying not to upset too many people because some people have some ***powerful*** *feelings about the two MCs having a little extra something something. It's why I don't touch something like open relationships (for the main characters, anyway. Milo and Raf's relationship wasn't a central romance, and even then,*

that was the first time I can recall ever doing that with any connection to a main guy) and why I haven't created a poly, triangle sort of thing. Y'all come here for me to make two guys go through some shit, get through that shit, and have some good old-fashioned hot, gay sex along the way.

So while I was a little surprised to see that this was the scene people wanted to see...I wasn't exactly unhappy. Truth be told, I had never expected Arlo to be quite as uh, horny, as he turned out to be. Yes, I've been doing this for years now, and yes, my characters still sometimes surprise me as I write them, even though I'm pretty sure I had an idea of what they're about.

Arlo proved me wrong, the horndog.

So he and Ward having a bit of teasing fun with Ward's driver, Will, fit their personalities and dynamic. I still left it out because, ultimately, it didn't fit the narrative, though I might have been tempted to write it just for the fun of it. And would you look at that, y'all wanted me to write it for fun, so here it is.

But before that, a couple of brief notes for you.

Since this isn't in the book and isn't outright considered non-canon, it is absolutely okay to consider this as something that actually happened in their story. At the same time, if you don't like this sort of thing, don't worry, it was never put into the books, so it's not officially canon either. Doing it like this means it can be either, or both, I

guess, if you're into making your brain hurt. Point is, you, the reader, can treat this scene as canon if that pleases you, or as a fun little smutty AU scene that isn't.

Also, and again, I'm not sure when I'll be sending this out, so you might have had a chance to get through Dom and Levi's story by the time you see this. Yes, I did name ***another*** *secondary character, Will, in book four as well. No, they are not connected; they are not the same person; it isn't some hint or nod to something. I am, in fact, just terrible at keeping notes, especially for names I've used or will use.*

That is also why there are so many M names in this family, by the way. It was an accident that I didn't catch onto until it was too late, so at that point, embrace the fumble, right?

Anyway, enough rambling, have hot men having a hot threesome.

~Romeo

THE SCENE

Will

"Good God," Ward grumbled once he was safely tucked into the back of the limo, "that woman."

"She is what she is," Arlo said softly, his voice betraying only the slightest hint of distaste. That was a big enough deal on its own. I'd been watching him and Ward date for almost a year now, and Arlo did *not* generally dislike people; when he did, he was controlled enough not to put it on display. But Ward's mom? The big, bad, wicked twat of Oregon? Yeah, he couldn't hold back when it came to her, which was hilarious. "It's really best not to let her get to you so easily."

"This from the man who had a standoff with her."

"I was drawing boundaries, and if they didn't stick, then at the very least she would understand what I would not tolerate. That much has stuck."

"Yeah, only because she does her best not to talk to you."

"I think we all prefer it that way."

I snorted; it sounded more like Arlo wanted nothing to do with her, same as she wanted nothing to do with him, and wasn't all that opposed to letting Ward handle her. Couldn't blame him; she was a fucking bitch, and could drain the life out of you faster than a starved vampire on a binge. At least Ward had managed to find ways to fend her off and ignore some of her mean shit.

Still, it said a lot about her that she was able to push the limits of a guy who, as far as everyone who knew him was concerned, was the most patient person on the planet.

"Shut up, Will," Ward muttered from the back seat. "*You* spent the night shooting your shot. We spent the night listening to people talk about the most insipid, boring things imaginable while pretending we cared, and playing nice with my mother."

"He might have shot, but he missed," Arlo said, smiling when I glared at him through the rearview mirror.

"Ha!" Ward barked. "Well, that makes me feel better. At least I know I'm getting laid tonight."

"A bold claim," Arlo said, but no one in the limo believed him for a moment.

Seriously, if I hadn't seen proof, I would never have believed he was capable of having sex, let alone being the horny sex fiend he could be sometimes. Oh, sure, he was still the patient, soft-spoken, understanding man who always found the best in people and accepted the not-so-best, but good boy did not mean clean boy, especially in his case.

Before Arlo, the only person I thought could sexually keep up with Ward was me, which…hell no. Yeah, I had slept with the guy a few times, and it was fun as hell because neither of us expected anything out of it, and we both knew how to cut loose and have a good time without any hang-ups about who was doing

what or what it meant. But there was no way in hell I would *ever* date Ward. He was a good guy, a lot better than most people around him understood, but everything about our relationship screamed 'better as friends.'

Well, technically, it was employer and employee, but eh, that was just being technical. It wasn't like Ward knew how to have normal relationships anyway, so it wasn't exactly surprising he'd sleep with his driver. I mean, he wasn't a bastard and didn't take advantage of the fact that I was his employee, either. I had fucked and been fucked by him because he was hot, I was hot, we wanted to, and there was no reason to think harder about it than that.

Heh, harder.

I had them halfway back to Arlo's house, where they were apparently staying for the night, before I realized they'd gone quiet. That was, of course, the point when a normal, well-behaved, respectful employee would have put two and two together and rolled up the partition between the back seat and the front.

I was not one of those employees.

A free show was a free show, and those two never cared much if I was an unwilling party to their hormones surging out of control. Well, I guess 'unwilling' was a little dramatic. I didn't outright tell them it was okay, but I wasn't complaining either when I got to take a good look at their foreplay. It wasn't like I'd gotten to see much, even after months of driving

them around. Despite not being afraid to be exhibitionists, they were still polite enough not to expose me to too much.

Disappointing, honestly.

Arlo was on his back, his hand wrapped around the back of Ward's neck with a grip I wouldn't have complained about. His other hand was up under Ward's shirt, probably trying to get a feel for some skin rather than his expensive suit fabric. I couldn't really see what Ward was doing…other than kissing Arlo, that was. From the sounds of it, though, it was an…enthusiastic bit of making out, and I wondered how much of that was them just being horny and how much of it was them taking their frustration from the night out on each other.

At a stoplight, I was able to glance back and get a better look in the glow from the street. Ward was definitely in Arlo's lap as best he could be, and I could see his hands were busy. One in particular was planted on the front of Arlo's pants. The angle wasn't good enough for me to see if he'd actually shoved it down his pants, but if not, he was still getting a good feel.

If they were going to make a show of themselves, I was going to watch; that was all there was to it, and they knew it. Still, it sucked that it was almost two, because that meant my chances of getting laid were dropping rapidly. I could always use an app, but God, the selection was abysmal in the middle of the week after midnight, and that was if you could get any

serious biters. I would probably end up taking home the hard-on that was making my work pants uncomfortable, popping something on the computer, and having a go with a toy or two.

Ah shit, maybe I would have a quick wank and go to bed until they called me to take them somewhere else.

"Alright, my little horny teenagers," I said, adding a brightness to my voice that I didn't really feel. Hey, I wasn't mad that they were getting laid. Arlo was great for Ward, and I was starting to see that it was mutual. I wasn't bitter…I was jealous. I had tried my hardest tonight and still ended up getting shot down.

I really needed to remember to stop trying to hit up horny rich boys who didn't want to get caught because Mommy and Daddy's money might get cut off.

"We're here," I said. "Don't make me turn the light on."

"Someone's ready for bed," Ward said as they adjusted themselves to look presentable, which was kind of funny since it was only a short walk up to Arlo's house. From what I'd heard, his brother was no longer staying there and had started shacking up with…well, with a former member of the Marelli family. So…that was a thing.

Arlo was watching me through the rearview mirror as he fixed his clothes, and, as usual, I couldn't figure out what was going on in that head of his. Even Ward complained that he would pay good money to know

what Arlo was thinking. Arlo told him he didn't have to pay; all he had to do was ask.

Alright, let's see if that works with me. "Got something on your mind you want to share there, Arlo?"

His eyes narrowed slightly, and he reached out, taking hold of Ward's wrist and pulling him in. I sighed, thinking they were going to keep playing with each other. Which, yeah, any other night would have been fine, but tonight? I don't know, tonight I wasn't in the mood for real-life porn. I was ready to get rid of them, go back to my apartment, feel a little pitiful, then get over it and go to bed.

Ward's head twitched to the side, and I realized they weren't fooling around. Arlo had said something that caught Ward's attention. He looked amused as he opened the door and stepped out. "By all means…but that's on you."

"I have no objections," Arlo said with a chuckle.

Did I want to know what Arlo was suggesting they do? Probably not, but I wouldn't have said no to knowing either way.

The back door closed, and I let out a sigh of relief. Now all that was left was to wait until they got to the door, then I could head out, drop the limo off, and get home. Thank God Ward was never the sort to be up before noon if he could help it. I swore the guy would schedule his own funeral for after four so it could never be said that he was *ever* reasonable about time.

I jerked when my door opened, and Arlo stood there, looking amused. I peered up at him. "Um…what the hell are you doing?"

"I recall that months ago, there was a conversation regarding your interest in joining us," Arlo said in the calm, even voice he usually saved for conversations that had nothing to do with…this.

"Uh, yeah. Back when you guys were like…seeing each other but not serious," I said, treading carefully even as my horny brain tripped over itself in its eagerness.

"Indeed," Arlo said. "And we are now serious and will remain that way."

"Kind of figured that out, but okay."

"However, that doesn't mean we aren't still willing to…cash in on that idea."

"I'm sorry…what?"

"You seem put out that you swung out tonight," Arlo said with a light shrug. "Consider this an opportunity to find an unexpected hit. You can say no; it's an idea, not a—"

"Pfft," I snorted, snapping the car off with a flip of the keys. "Fuck that polite shit. You up for this? I'm up for this."

"Leave it to Ward's closest friend to be as blasé as he is," Arlo said with a chuckle as he retreated up the front walk and fell in beside Ward.

"Jesus, now there's a depressing idea," I said, following behind them.

“How do you think I feel?” Ward asked, sighing, as Arlo opened the door and flipped on the lights. “The truth is depressing.”

It wasn’t my first time in Arlo’s house; I’d stepped in a few times while waiting for them to get ready. Smiling at a fluffball that came to rest at our feet, I bent over and scratched under its chin, eliciting a purr. “Hi again.”

“Hm,” Arlo said, looking down, then glancing at another fluffy cat on the couch. “There, good. We don’t need them underfoot.”

“What do you think, guest room?” Ward asked, glancing between Arlo and me.

“Yes,” Arlo said without hesitation. When he saw me look at them curiously, he explained. “Once I realized my brother was going to be staying with me often, I replaced the bed in the guest room with a king-sized to make sure he was comfortable. I’d been using a queen for a while because it worked for me and fit Ward as well. But for three of us to move about comfortably?”

“Ah, okay, makes sense,” I said, feeling a zing of nerves meet the excitement, and held up my hands. “Right, so, real quick, because I am not going to cause bullshit. Rules? Boundaries?”

“Hmm?” Arlo asked, hanging up his jacket by the door.

“Like, no kissing, making sure there’s like…equal time spent or specific time with one person or…I don’t know,” I said, glancing between them.

Arlo and Ward shared a look, and Arlo smirked, flicking his gaze toward me. Ward shrugged, and before I could figure out what silent communication they were having, he moved in, grabbing my face and pulling me into a kiss. Okay, so kissing Ward was obviously not a problem. That didn't stop me from keeping my eyes open long enough to glance at Arlo, who was watching, leaning against the doorway, looking…interested.

Cool.

That done, I reached out, hooked my hands around Ward's waist, and pulled him closer, parting my lips so we could make out like proper horny people. His hand slipped into my hair, and I sucked in a breath when he tugged it. Pain jolted from the spot, but the thrill of pleasure chased close on its heels. The boner I'd lost because I'd been overthinking things was back in an instant, and his other hand reached down to cup me, giving a squeeze before drawing back.

"Worry about your own limits," Ward told me with a laugh, pulling me with him as he backed up into the living room.

He turned me around and steered me toward Arlo. That was different. I knew what to do with Ward, but I hadn't had a chance to learn what Arlo was…okay, he was kissing me now. Ward's kiss was pure confidence and slick skill; he already knew the fastest way to turn me on, and wasn't afraid to use it. Arlo, though? His was just as confident, but he turned me so I was pushed against the wall and pinned by his larger frame. He

didn't control; he dominated, in a soft but undeniably firm way that left me no choice but to arch my back to return the kiss.

"Speak softly," I muttered when he drew away from the kiss, and was confused when Arlo's expression froze and Ward burst into a hard laugh that told me something had really tickled his pickle.

"Damn you, Winston," Arlo muttered, shaking his head. "Come on."

I wasn't exactly sure what I'd missed, but I could at least tell I hadn't done anything wrong as we headed down the hallway. Ward entered a room to the left, but Arlo grabbed me and led me to the room at the end of the hall. He kicked his shoes off under the bed, and I followed suit while he flipped on the bedside lamp. It cast the room in a warm glow, enough to see everything we needed to without making us feel like we were under a spotlight the way the dome light above my head would have.

Arlo took hold of my collar and pulled me around to kiss me again before giving me a push that made me drop back onto the bed and look up at him. He tugged his shirt free of his pants, and I didn't hesitate, reaching up to undo the buttons as he watched me. He took care of the top two himself and tossed the shirt onto a chair, then pulled his undershirt out of his pants.

Sucking in a breath, I reached out to undo his pants, my other hand gripping the outline of his dick…and froze. "I…alright."

“And there’s the big stick,” Ward said, and I glanced over to see he had already stripped down to his underwear, which were tented in the front.

Arlo groaned. “Don’t.”

Ward chuckled. “Stand up.”

God, I was going to get bossed around by Ward and silently dominated by Arlo, wasn’t I?

Actually…why was I complaining?

I did as I was told, and Ward sidled up behind me as Arlo pressed against my front. Arlo’s mouth closed over mine as he untucked my shirt and began undoing my buttons. My head spun as Ward pressed his dick against my ass, kissing my neck as he went to work on my pants. When Arlo got my shirt loose, Ward stepped back so it could be peeled off and tossed away, and then Arlo’s mouth was on mine again.

Ward’s hand slid into my pants, and I moaned softly as it closed around my cock, squeezing gently before stroking me through the fabric of my underwear. My pants pooled at my ankles when Ward shifted enough to let gravity take over. Next came my underwear, grabbed by Arlo, who eased them down my hips until Ward took hold of them and pushed them the rest of the way off me.

“Hmm,” Arlo said as he ran his hands down my body, leaving a wake of tingles.

“I told you he was hot out of the uniform,” Ward said, sliding his hand along my stomach.

"I've never accused you of being a liar," Arlo said with a smirk, wrapping his hand around my cock and stroking, making me twitch as a new jolt of pleasure joined the rest.

"Now," Ward said softly, leaning in close. "Why don't you get him naked for us?"

Fucking hell. Were they using me as a living sex toy?

Nice.

Arlo's shirt came off easily, showing a chest that was broader than his clothes made out, and I slid down before him to finish unhooking his pants and pulling them down, pushing my face into his underwear. The man was thick and long, and I was definitely going to feel it, because I already knew that thing would end up inside me. I wasted barely any time pulling his underwear down before wrapping my lips around his cock and letting it fill my mouth.

Arlo's eyes burned into mine as he watched me inch my way down his dick. He was no monster, but I didn't take him into my throat like it was nothing, either. His eyelids fluttered and his stomach tightened when I finally got the last inch down. He grabbed the top of my head, fingers closing in my hair, and pulled me back, then used his grip to slide my mouth back down his cock.

"So that's what I look like doing that," Ward commented as he stood close enough to watch.

Struggling, I pulled off Arlo to take hold of Ward's cock and bring it to my mouth, sucking him down. He

wasn't as much of a challenge as Arlo, but that was no reason not to enjoy myself, and he gave a surprised grunt when I took him to the hilt as well. He leaked all over my tongue, and I heard his breathing sharpen.

"Forgot you were good at this," he said in a low voice, running a hand down the side of my face and gripping my chin so he could rock his hips back and forth.

I took turns at that point, letting Ward hold on while he fucked my face, and then moving to Arlo so he could use my head to fuck my mouth on his cock. Somewhere along the way, I lost count of how many times I'd switched back and forth. I was coaxed onto the bed with them. It was Arlo who ended up in my mouth again, him on his back and me kneeling in front of him on the large bed. The stretch of his body lay before me, and I couldn't help but run my hands over it as I nursed his dick.

I paused when something cool and slick pressed against my ass, and realized it was not one, but two of Ward's fingers pushing into me. A low groan rumbled out of me as they sank in, the sound vibrating down Arlo's cock and making him groan too, eyes narrowing in pleasure. Recovering quickly, I let Ward work his fingers back and forth inside me, moving on to a third at some point, while I tried to balance the eager anticipation flooding me with making sure I was doing right by Arlo.

The bed shifted, and I caught Ward's knee in the corner of my eye, so I knew what was coming next before the blunt tip of his dick pushed into me. I had to pull off Arlo for a moment to take a breath, pressing my face into his hip as I groaned. Arlo's hand rubbed the back of my head gently, almost soothingly, as Ward began to work his way into me. As with the blowjobs and the prep, he didn't seem to be in any rush, but I was already so hyped up from everything we'd done that I swore I could feel every damn thing he did inside me.

"There we go," Ward said softly as he began to saw his hips back and forth, loosening me up.

Arlo said nothing, but his eyes were burning with the same lust as he began to stroke himself. Absurdly, I felt guilty and took hold of him to bring him back to my mouth, and he twitched. Whatever he wasn't saying out loud was being said by the rest of him, and somehow he was even harder than before, watching Ward fuck me.

And, fuck me, Ward did. His strokes grew longer and stayed deep, the feel of him inside me setting my body aflame, each one punching the nerves that made me groan heavily around Arlo's shaft. It was getting harder and harder to stay steady on the blowjob, though, because Ward was growing more and more vigorous.

"Shit," he grunted, coming to a stop. "Not yet. No, sir, not yet."

He pulled out, and I pulled off Arlo. Taking the initiative, I looked around for the lube and grabbed it. I

quickly applied a healthy layer to Arlo's cock, making sure I didn't miss a spot before sliding my hips up his body and hovering over him. The corner of his mouth was quirked upward as he watched me, gripping my hips and holding me steady as I began to ease myself down.

Ward had done a good job prepping me, that was for sure. I could still feel the way Arlo's cock stretched me, but I was able to sink to the base in no time. I swore I could feel his dick twitch inside me as I rose and dropped back onto him. Riding was always awkward as hell, but that didn't stop me from planting my hand on his chest and using it as leverage to fuck myself energetically on his dick.

My own cock jutted out, slapping against Arlo's stomach. Ward appeared beside Arlo, cupping his face and drawing him into a kiss, though breaking it now and then to watch me take his boyfriend's dick with enthusiasm. At that point, I didn't care which one of them I had inside me; they both had my body overwhelmed with pleasure, and with the two of them watching me, I felt a little stupid for thinking I needed to worry about limits or inhibitions.

"You think?" Ward asked when Arlo said something I missed.

Arlo smirked. "It's your idea."

"True, true," Ward chuckled, pushing up from the bed. "Hold still."

That was directed at me and accompanied by him shoving me all the way down onto Arlo's cock. I couldn't help the groan as I was left to sit there with Arlo's big fucking stick lodged in my guts, wondering what the hell was going on. The question repeated in my head as Ward gave me a nudge forward and Arlo helped by taking hold of me and pulling me down so we were chest to chest, his dick still inside me.

The answer followed quickly, my eyes going wide when I felt something *else* pushing against my hole. "Uhh—"

"Say no, and it'll be no," Arlo said softly. "Otherwise, kiss me and feel both of us come inside you."

Ho, boy, that was…okay, that was what we were doing now.

I had no clue whether it was a good idea, but I didn't have the brain cells to figure it out right now. All I knew was that it felt good, and it was hotter than my fantasies could ever be, and now I was kissing Arlo and feeling more pressure where his cock was still inside me.

Pressure…more pressure…there was no way it was going to work. They were both good-sized on their own, but together? That was too much when—

"Oh, holy fuck," I hissed as a spike of burning raced up from my ass, and Ward did in fact manage to get his dick in. "Fucking…fuck me—"

"I'm choosing to take that as a curse rather than a request," Ward said, but I could hear he was talking

between his teeth.

"Are you okay?" Arlo asked, and for a moment I thought he was asking Ward, who was probably in heaven right now, until I cracked open my eyes and saw him looking at me with…care.

"Oh, uh," I said, feeling a flutter in my chest that had nothing to do with two dicks inside me. "Just…give me a second."

"Don't worry, I need one too," Ward chuckled.

I couldn't say how much time passed before I was finally able to let Ward start pushing into me. Once that initial barrier was breached, it wasn't that bad until he was almost entirely in, and we hit the second one. Arlo never moved once; he never got any softer either, but he held tight to me and Ward. God, Ward was running a hand up and down my back. Both of them were going to fuck me, but they were fucking *soothing* me along the way.

Weird.

Then the last of what Ward could get into me pushed in, and I felt Arlo tense. "That's…new."

"Amazing, more like," Ward said in that same tight voice.

I wanted to protest, but then he started moving, his slick cock sliding against my inner walls and against Arlo's dick. I didn't know which of the three of us was more distracted by the sensation, but I was trying to figure out if it hurt or felt good, or…well, actually, it was more like a whole lot of feeling I didn't quite know what

to do with. It reminded me of the first time I'd ever bottomed for a well and truly hung man and how intense that had been.

"Oh, it's good, it's good," I yelped as Ward's and Arlo's cocks both pushed into me, and I felt every nerve in my body cry out in pleasure.

That was all it took, and I was stuck on a ride I never wanted to get off of. The two of them quickly found a way to move together, although with his position, there wasn't much Arlo could do. That didn't stop them, though, and there I was…lying on Arlo's chest, holding myself up as best I could on arms that felt like they were made of wet noodles.

God, they were both inside me, filling me more than any one person had ever done, and I was losing my ever-loving shit while it happened. Their shared movement felt like heaven as pleasure rippled and roared through me. I lost track of time, I didn't even care that my dick was crying out for attention, all I needed in that moment was the feel of both of them inside me and—

"Oh fuck," Ward breathed.

"Yes," I whimpered pitifully and then groaned as I felt—because God, I was stretched so tightly over both of them I could do nothing but feel—his cock twitch. He pushed in as deep as he could, and Arlo's grip on me tightened as he groaned, clearly feeling it as Ward came inside me and *on* Arlo. Ward cried out, his body

taut and quivering as he held onto me as well, pumping into me until every last drop had been drained.

"Holy…fuck," Ward wheezed as he drew out.

"I…" was all I managed to get out before Arlo let out a noise I didn't know he was capable of, and I was on my back in a flash, his cock slamming into me. That was when I lost all ability to say anything coherent as he used Ward's come as extra lube to pound into me. I was no longer stretched to my limit, but I could still feel everything as Arlo's hips became pistons, his hands vises on me as he held me down.

Arlo stiffened, his body curling as his hips snapped forward, driving every inch into me again, his stomach flexing. He shook, and I knew he was coming deep before a low, drawn-out groan escaped him. I whimpered, desperate to find that last blissful release, wrecked by just the fact of…everything. The way they'd bossed me, the way they'd used me, the fact that they had both fucked me, at the same time, and now both of them had come inside me.

I didn't have to say anything, though, because as Arlo recovered, Ward's mouth closed around my dick and he took me down to the root. That was it, literally, that was all it took, that one motion, and I cried out. My orgasm tore through me, and it felt like a miracle that the top of my head didn't actually burst open as I went stiff, shoving myself…I don't know, into Ward's mouth, onto Arlo's cock. Whatever it would take to hold on to

the complete bliss that was annihilating all thought from my brain as I shot into Ward's throat.

It was done, and it felt like all the bones in my body were gone, taking my strength with them. I was jelly on the bed as Arlo carefully drew out, his chest rising and falling as he tried to catch his breath. He still had the strength to pull Ward close and kiss him, their eyes lingering on each other for a heartbeat, or several in the case of my racing heart, before drawing away.

To my surprise, when they left the room, they were back in no time to help me get cleaned up. I was grateful, but a little surprised again when Ward showed up with sandwiches, dropped onto the bed, and handed me one.

When he caught my look, he blinked. "What?"

"What…are you doing?" I asked as Arlo also grabbed a sandwich.

"Eating?"

"No, I mean—"

Ward squinted and then scowled. "We're not going to love you and leave you, Will. You're staying here tonight."

"With you two?" I asked, eyes going wide.

"I mean, you don't have to share a bed with us if that would be too weird, but again, not going to love you and leave you," Ward said.

"Hmm, more like double penetrated and leave you," Arlo said, smiling around the sandwich. "You can sleep in here after we change the sheets. And we can crash

with you or go to our room. It wouldn't be right to treat a friend like he was disposable."

"I—"

"Shut up," Ward muttered. "We'll cook you breakfast in the morning. Or Arlo will, anyway, if he doesn't cause another fire."

"That was one time," Arlo huffed.

I stared at the two of them and realized I was relenting without a fight. "Fine…but I'll cook."

"Deal."

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