

Mack

“Baby, I don’t wanna come yet.”

Tom glances up at me from his position on the floor, even kneeling with his lips wet and his chocolate eyes hooded and sexy as fuck, he still looks regal, from one of those period films.

Like he’s doing me a favor by putting my junk into his mouth.

Shit, I love him.

He traces his lips over my inner thigh, and all the fucking shudders flood through me. A tsunami of sensation rattling my very bones. Desperate. I hate waiting. He knows I hate waiting. I take ADHD meds, for fucks sake, I have no patience whatsoever. He taunts me like the monster I married.

My fingers clench around the marble lip of the sink behind me.

“Then it’s your job to stop it, Hennessy. Have some self-control.”

Another kiss. Slower this time.

“You’re an asshole,” I half-laugh. My every vein straining to the point I might explode. He does this shit to me every time.

Only Tom can smirk with a dick in his mouth.

A second kiss.

This time closer to my overly eager cock, it jerks in anticipation of being slid into his perfect mouth again. I’m not above begging, or grabbing his face to show him what I need.

My husband might still be a stoic bastard sometimes, I swear it’s in his DNA, but he gives good head—the best head and I’m a half mad and feral for any time he gets his mouth on me. He shows how fucking imperial and dictatorial he is by adding. “It’s my job to do the sucking.”

It makes no sense why it's me who gets the head on his birthday, but I'm hardly going to write a letter of complaint, am I?

Besides—I'd woken him this morning with more than just breakfast in bed.

"Happy birthday, Cohen." I pant a few minutes later, with my legs less than steady as he rose, kissing me smugly on the neck, he went to brush his teeth for a second time that morning. "You give good gifts."

I'm a damn wreck, hardly able to sustain my own body weight.

This old man has got more game than an arcade.

"Don't say I never spoil you. You little shit."

He does. Just last week we flew to San Francisco for two nights, unplugged from the world just so we could drink, party and be together away from our hectic life.

And next month, I made sure his management team pencilled in another two days out of his schedule so I can spring Tom with a trip to California for no other reason than we love being together and he's been working long hours, plus, I kind of want to see him in swim shorts coming out of the ocean like a black Daniel Craig.

Today we're having a bunch of our friends over for a cook-out to celebrate my model other half in style.

I wanted to get a petting zoo, thought it would be a lot of fucking fun, but he nixed that so fast. *Fucker.*

Folding back the glass patio doors that leads out onto the raised deck a bit later, I find my hubby standing in front of his pride and joy... hint, it isn't me ... he's showered, styled and impeccably groomed, wearing a pair of gray pants and a white shirt, the sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

I too put on some fancy duds ... a Hulk t-shirt and denim shorts with Nike flip flops. I'll probably be on the front of some upmarket as shit magazine before long.

We outsourced most of the catering today and all that extravagant stuff I can hardly pronounce is inside overtaking every counter in the kitchen just waiting for the guests to arrive. But ever since Tom bought a new chrome grill in late spring, ready for the summer—it's big as a fucking spaceship, he's been half in love with that thing for months. I try to forget the morning I came out on the deck to find him polishing it...

I'd be jealous if he was able to give the machine his dick, but I'm the lucky one there, so fuck you, grill.

Tom's standing in front of his new mistress, rubber handled tongs in one hand, wearing the gag gift I gave him last Christmas. Being such a clothes elitist, even his casual wear is designer and worth more than a Faberge egg, I never expected him to wear the black apron that says; "*Geeks do it for me.*" But there he is, looking sexy as hell and making me hard to jump him.

My tall drink of chocolate milk owns every inch of my libido, making it rage under my skin.

It's one of those humid days in upstate New York, where the sun makes you sweat within minutes of stepping outside. We live far enough out of the city that we can actually see stars out here at night. Neither of us could have guessed we'd be homebodies until it happened. Now our home inside the sprawling gated estate is our paradise.

That might also have something to do with Tom's famous face. We get followed a lot. *A fucking lot.*

And despite the heat beating down on top of my dark head, I come up against Tom's side, he looks like he sweats confidence instead of perspiration.

Fucking snob.

I still get a thrill of electricity seeing the white gold band on his ring finger.
The same ring that matches my own.

I husband'ed my celebrity crush.

I'm literally living the dream.

"Did you know she can burn at two different temperatures if we're grilling meat and fish at the same time?" He murmurs with a lilt of amazement to his voice.

Jesus. He doesn't quit geeking out over his grill.

If he strokes... anything on that grill, I'm divorcing him and taking him to the cleaners for his suits.

"Oh, really? Color me impressed, what a clever little whore she is." I mock gasp placing my hand on the bottom of his spine, resting my chin to Tom's shoulder. He turns a dark, moody gaze on me. "Don't be jealous of Audrey."

Yeah, he named his grill after Audrey Hepburn.

The only woman I think he'll go straight for.

"You keep shoving your meat in her, how can I not be envious of this metal bitch?"

Tom smirks and like always it turns me on a little.

I'm a twisted little shit, as he accuses.

I move behind him, wrapping both my hands around him until they rest on his firm stomach and there's not even an inch of daylight between us.

I love the way our bodies fit perfectly together.

Briefly, in between admiring his metal bitch, Tom angles his head back and kisses my neck.

Over the last year he's even talked/bribed me with sexual teases into going running with him several times a week. I'm still a loyal slave to the donut, but

the extra time we get together while we run ... Tom runs, and I kind of wheeze alongside him, is some of my favorite parts of the week.

“You turn me on the way you hold those tongs.” I tell him.

He snorts and nudges my crotch with his ass.

That’s all it takes for my body to forget we had a sex marathon this morning, because it’s raring like a puppy, eager to please its master.

Not caring that I can hear cars pulling into our private parking ports, I bite the back of his neck.

“A gentle breeze turns you on, kid. You might want to control that before you poke someone’s eye out.” His retort comes quick as he turns and hooks me around the neck in that way of his that’s wholly Tom, completely dominant and has my eyes pleasure rolling somewhere in the back of my head, drawing my face in and his lips lay claim to mine.

It’s fast and it’s hot. God, I love his lips.

Fucking hell, why did we invite people over again?

I fell in love with a calm, collected man. When he pulls back, looking ever cool with his damp lips and hot eyes, whereas my heart is galloping out of control in my chest. He smirks, rubs his nose along my neck and strides off down the deck steps to play host.

I still don’t know how we’re here right now. Why he loves me the way he does.

I open my mouth and rainbows come out.

Tom is my complete opposite.

He broods, he’s introspective, he likes to consider decisions for a long time whereas I jump in with my two ADHD feet and hope for the best.

He’s quiet. And I’m loud. He’s still and I go at a hells pace.

All our friends are so far apart in personalities and age, it's a surprise they all get along at these kinds of parties, but they do.

Every aspect of our lives shouldn't make sense as a whole, but they do.

Tom's fun and *funny* in a dry way, not many see that side to him and we fit like we were made in the same factory.

And he cares a lot about his small circle of people, though he stops talking to me for hours if I dare point it out.

We've fit all this time—just waiting for each other.

Show time, I thought, the minute my monster boner went away and I was allowed back in public again, throwing out grins as our group of friends start to pile in and lavish Tom with attention.

For a supermodel the world over with cameras constantly in his face, he still finds it perplexing to know people care for him and enjoy being around him for himself and not what he can do for them.

Up on the deck, my hands brace on the railing, watching him accepting hugs, he turns and looks over the heads of people, searching me out.

Just that one look when our eyes meet, it's love. And I start to move forward. My feet on autopilot to get to him.

It's a need, a compulsion, that thread of love between me and my man.

That asshole turns me so fucking sappy, and I don't care.

I reach the yard and his hand automatically touches the base of my back. Have to be my husband's buffer from all the pesky care and attention he finds weird and overwhelming.

Yeah, we were such a perfect fit.

Tom

The smile edges up both ends of my mouth watching as my young husband larks around the garden with water guns, what felt like hours later.

I was sure everyone would stay an hour, tops. But no one showed signs of moving yet, sitting in small groups, chatting and enjoying the atmosphere. The food circles, as do the drinks and someone put music on long ago and now it pulses throughout the yard.

My eyes rove over Mack, he's half soaked already, the shirt clinging to his lean torso. When he throws back his dark head and laughs it's because he's getting hit in the chest from Gabriel and then he takes off in a fast spring, drenching the guy in return. His laugh echoes around our thirty-acre property.

We don't hold many parties, but when we do, I like to watch him having fun. He jokes and calls me boring, but this is my fun, this right here is my enjoyment watching him come alive. In turn I feel more alive.

I feel a presence join me while I'm peacefully observing the party around me and I turn a quick glance to Noah before getting my eyes back on who matters most to me.

"You married a child." He mentions with amusement. If I didn't know Noah likes Mack, I might have found offense to his accusation, but I do know, so I half-grin and accept the glass of wine he's brought me, we clink briefly. "I know."

I do know that about him. I love Mack's enthusiasm for everything.

He can find the fun wherever he is, in the dullest of places.

And in turn he drags me along with him.

"Are we stating the obvious, my friend? Because you've turned into a baby making machine." I incline my chin down to where his wife, Sena, is laughing with Davis and Gray. The rabbits left the kids at home with a nanny, a grandparent, maybe a robot, I don't know, but it's more than humorous in our

circle of friends that as soon as Sena gives birth, it isn't far later that she's pregnant again. "What does that make now, fifty-three?"

"We're going for one more. We want a girl, those boys of mine are hooligans, I swear. I found Theo inside the fucking dryer the other morning." He smirks with a hint of pride for his gang of kids.

I don't share with Noah that in the next year or two Mack and I are going to concentrate on making a family together, we already looked into the details regarding surrogacy and adoption. It's just about timing and knowing when we want to bring someone into our bubble of two.

Not until Mack, have I ever factored having a family for myself.

Having the love of a man-boy changed everything for me.

Picturing a kid with Mack's brain and overexcitement, surprisingly doesn't put me off.

The corner of my mouth starts to lift.

"TOM, COME ON!" Shouts the man in question.

Saturated to the skin, his hair scraped back, holding a multi-colored water machine gun.

Only Mack would find the gayest Pride play water guns online.

I sigh as Noah chuckles.

"I'm going to break a bone." It won't stop me joining him though.

I want to be wherever my boy is.

Even in the middle of a fucking water war acting like a complete fool.

"That's what you get for picking a husband right out of high school."

"Oh, fuck you, Fierro. Go knock up your poor, harassed wife."

"Don't mind if I do, happy birthday, Tom." he gloats, and we part ways.

Mack meets me at the bottom of the steps, grinning like the idiot I love.

I wrap a hand around the back of his neck and yank him in until we're flush together and I see his smiling eyes flash desire.

He melts into my mouth and I take my prize for what I'm about to engage in.

"Fucking love you, birthday boy." He announces, beaming.

He really is so fucking handsome.

"Yeah, yeah." I pull my rainbow gun from his hands, feeling its weight full of water and I strode away, looking over at him from my shoulder, his eyes as always on my ass. "Say that again when I cream you, kid."

The Cohen – Hennessy war goes on for hours until we declare a truce that night in bed.

Thank god, because I really think I broke a bone.