

“This is the best vacation *ever!*” I shout.

“This is the worst vacation ever,” Henry grumbles from by my side as we walk toward our hotel from where the taxi dropped us off.

“Aw, this can’t be the *worst*,” Jackson says with a grin as he claps Henry on the back. “Remember that time you got mugged in New York?”

“I would prefer that,” he says.

My eyes get wide as I grab Henry’s arm. “I can mug you, if you want! I *love* stealing things.”

I slip his wallet out of his back pocket. “Look, Jackson, drinks on Henry!”

Henry snatches the wallet back. “Jackson... when my wife got sick and couldn’t make the vacation, I really thought it would just be you that I was asking.”

“You should know that Jackson and I are joined at the taint.”

“You shouldn’t have asked when Leland was listening, then,” Jackson says.

Henry’s eyes get really wide. “He wasn’t even in the room! He was peeping on us!”

“I like to peep on hot men. I like it even better when they’re *naked*,” I say as I hold the hotel building door open for them.

“Don’t forget that we already got held up and nearly missed our flight because you had to bring a gun,” Henry says as he jabs a finger at me.

“Hey, you never know when you might need to shoot someone! And it wasn’t because I did anything wrong, the dude was a gun lover, and we just hit it off. He wanted to stroke my Glock.”

“You didn’t even bring a Glock, so that joke doesn’t even work,” Henry grumbles.

After our Lucas fiasco, Henry decided that a vacation was what he needed. His wife backed out last minute because she was sick, meaning that he had an extra ticket to shows and other things, and seemed to think Jackson would be the ideal choice to go. I knew I couldn’t let them go together and be bored. To make this trip the best it could ever be, my help was very much needed, so I immediately bought Jackson and myself an airplane ticket before the two even finished talking.

Henry secretly loves that I’m here. He especially loved it when he was sandwiched between Jackson and me on the airplane but seemed strangely annoyed when I called him the meat between our buns.

“I’m so excited. I’m going to gamble. Go to a strip club, join Cirque du Soleil,” I tell all of them.

“Please join them and make a new life here, away from me,” Henry decides as I wrap my arms around him and squeeze him tight.

“You’re actually glad I’m here, aren’t you?” I ask.

He sighs. “I suppose you make things a bit more fun.”

I kiss his cheek when I hear Jackson clear his throat. I look over at him in horror. “Baby, it’s not what it looks like! I’m not cheating on you with Henry. But he’s just so... experienced... *that’s a nice way to say old.*” I whisper the last part.

Henry hurries off to the desk and gets the room key cards as I marvel at the slot machines and the skimpily clad women wearing hooker shoes.

“I’ve never gambled before,” I tell Jackson.

“I have some. I’m not very good at it, but my dad likes to play the tables, so I go and just hang out.”

“We could count cards. That sounds fun.”

He snorts. “I don’t have the brainpower to count cards, but I wouldn’t be surprised if you could.”

“I’d give it a try, but I think I’d get distracted partway through and forget.”

Henry walks up, flashing three room keycards before handing Jackson one and keeping the other two for himself.

I hold a hand out. “I want one.”

“Nah, just in case we get sick of you, I’d like it if you couldn’t get in,” Henry says as we catch the elevator and ride up to the twentieth floor. We walk down to our room, dragging our luggage after us, and Henry swipes the keycard. When he pulls open the door and looks inside, he abruptly stops, making me slam my groin right into his ass.

“Oh, *hell* no,” Henry says, and that’s when I see the king-sized bed. AKA the *only* bed in the room.

“How exciting! Who wants to be middle?” I ask as I rush for it. I drop onto the cover and spread my legs. “Come, my randy men, sandwich me!”

Henry hurries over to the phone and immediately calls the front desk.

“Jackson... Henry doesn’t wanna be the bread to my butter,” I whine.

Jackson sets the suitcase down and turns to me. “I know, babe. But I think he’s afraid he can’t handle that much.”

“He *is* getting old,” I concur.

Whatever Jackson was about to say gets washed out by Henry’s panicking. “What do you *mean* there are no open rooms? Oh, for heaven’s sake,” he says as he slams the phone down and looks at me as I give him a come-hither motion.

“I got a spot right here for you, Daddy,” I say as I pat the bed. “Imagine how many people have fornicated on this bedding.”

Henry deeply sighs. “Let’s go gamble and maybe if I drink enough, I won’t remember any of this.”

“Ooh, sounds good,” I say as I hold my arms out until Jackson grabs them and pulls me from the bed like my little knight in shining armor.

We walk back down to the casino that’s in our hotel and over to the booth to exchange money for tokens. Once we each have our tokens, we head over to some slot machines. I put my tokens in, pull the lever a few times and immediately lose everything. “Welp. I’m done,” I say.

“How much money did you bet?” Jackson asks.

“Five dollars and I lost it all.”

“All you’re gambling is five dollars?” Henry asks in disbelief. “Aren’t you rich?”

“Yes, I am, and I’ve stayed rich by being frugal.”

“Fru...gal?” Jackson asks, like he’s never heard of the word. “You... frugal?” Then he laughs for a minute straight as I glare holes into the side of his head.

“What’s that mean?” I growl.

He holds up his fingers and starts using them to count. “Blow-up doll, sex swing, gun shrine, gun one, gun two, gun three... want me to go on?”

“Yes.”

“Gun four, gun five. Last week you bought a heated rug because Cayenne’s feet get cold when she stares at you taking a shower.”

“Yeah... those were all necessities. Don’t be jealous. Do you guys want drinks? I’ll get

you drinks.”

Jackson smiles at me. “Thanks, that’d be great.”

“You trust him going off?” Henry asks. “I could see him getting lost, joining a performance company, beating up some bad guys, and taking down an entire crime syndicate before we move on to our next slot machine.”

Jackson just laughs and gives me a wave. “As long as you have fun.”

“I will, babe,” I say. “As I walk, I like playing the game ‘hired hooker’ or just ‘girlfriend who wants to look like a hooker.’”

Jackson nods approvingly. “That’s fine, just don’t ask them which they are.”

“Fine,” I say. “Jackson, before I go, do you want me to blow on anything for good luck?”

Henry chokes on his spit and nearly dies as Jackson smiles at me. “I don’t know what pervert Henry is thinking about, but I’d love for you to give me some good luck.”

“Aw, what about just a kiss, then,” I say as I kiss his cheek. “Henry?”

“Nope. I would prefer not to be blown by you,” he says as he keeps his eyes adhered to the screen.

I start laughing as I lean over and kiss his cheek too. “Good look, boys, bring Papa some money.” I wander off and immediately get distracted and find myself outside admiring the Strip.

That’s when a guy sets his sights on me and I try to decide if I need to kick his ass or not. “Hey, buddy. We need a witness for our wedding, would you like to join us?”

“Ooh. Can I carry the rings?” I ask. While it’s not as fun as kicking his ass, I suppose it’ll do.

The happy couple looks a little hesitant about handing their rings off to a stranger, but with my charm, by the end of it, they’ve assured me they’re going to name the child they plan on making tonight after me. Too bad I told them my name was Patty Pecker.

About forty-five minutes later, I return to Jackson and Henry with drinks and find them in about the same spot. I sit down beside them and pass the drinks off. “I made friends, got motor-boated, was a witness at a wedding, and had a child named after me.”

Henry snorts.

“He’s not joking,” Jackson realizes.

“I’m not,” I admit.

“Sir, if you’re not playing, you need to find a seat elsewhere,” an especially bitchy-looking man says.

“Fine, fine,” I say as I stand up and promptly sit on Henry’s lap. “Hold me, Daddy.”

“For fuck’s sake,” he says, nearly spilling his drink.

“I’ll be like a trophy-husband cup holder,” I say as I hold his cup for him as he’s forced to reach around me to pull the lever.

“Why don’t you sit on your boyfriend’s lap?” he grumbles.

“Fiancé,” I remind him.

“You sure you’re making a good choice with that?” Henry asks as I lift his drink up to his lips and tip it. He’s forced to take a drink or choke, so he goes for the drink.

“See? I’m like your hands so you can just keep on playing.”

Henry shakes his head. “Why is your ass so bony? Is there any meat on it *at all*?”

“Jackson, Henry’s feeling up my ass!” I call.

“Keep up the good work, Henry, I don’t want him on my lap. I’m aware of how much it hurts.”

Even with my cheerleading, the two are absolutely horrendous at slots and lose everything.

“Well... I’m ready for bed,” Henry says.

“It’s ten o’clock,” I say as I look at my phone.

“Yeah... I’ll head out tomorrow.”

“Fine, fine. Now do we all shower together to save time? Is that awkward? Do I look you guys in the eyes?” I ask.

“Henry likes it when you look him in the eyes when you drop the soap,” Jackson says.

I snicker as Henry shakes his head, but he’s unable to hide his grin.

We head upstairs and get our *individual* showers and then everyone hovers around the bed like they’re not sure how to get into it.

“We could sleep in opposite directions. Leland’s head down here or on the floor,” Henry says.

“I like butt-to-face better,” I say. “*Especially* if someone has their tongue out.”

Henry remains silent as I climb into the middle.

“Do I have to keep my clothes on?” I ask.

“If I wake up and you’re naked, you’re sleeping on the street,” Henry says as he takes the pillows and creates a pillow fort between me and him. I’m grinning like a fiend as he climbs in next to me with Jackson on my other side.

“Jackson, why’d you give him the middle?” Henry asks.

“He wanted us to sandwich him!”

“I wanna be the filling between sausages. Although the one on my left is starting to look like jerky,” I say.

Henry snorts and rolls away from me as I discreetly remove all the pillows. I look over at Jackson who grins at me and gives me a supportive nod.

“This is awkward,” Henry announces as I slowly scoot closer and closer until I slide an arm around his waist and spoon him.

“For fuck’s sake!” he cries as he struggles to get free.

“Henry, just submit to it like I have,” Jackson urges.

Henry ignores Jackson’s guidance and continues to fight to get free, but with my leg hooked over his, I’m going nowhere.

“Let me whisper sweet nothings into your ear,” I say. “Henry, you’re a majestic gazelle who has gone past his prime.”

He reaches over and sets a pillow my head and holds it down.

“Jackson! Jackson! His arms might be a’ sagging, but he’s still got the strength to murder me!”

“Well, there’ll be more room in the bed, so I’m not sure if I’m against this idea yet,” Jackson says, like he’s not concerned about the abuse I’m going through.

I’m forced to let go of Henry to pull the pillow off.

“Oh, Henry, just love me. It’s all I ask.”

“I try. I really do try, and I just *can’t*.”

I start laughing, which makes Henry and Jackson laugh. “Fine. I see you’re playing hard to get, so I’ll let my sweet, sweet lover hold me.”

That lasts long enough for Henry to get comfortable, at which point I turn back to him to see that he’s on his side facing me. I roll onto my side until my face is about an inch from his, but his eyes are closed so he’s unaware until I blow in his face. His eyes snap open and he jerks back.

“Dammit, Leland!”

“I like maintaining eye contact with my lovers.”

He shoves me toward Jackson as Jackson snickers. I grudgingly roll into Jackson and press against him since Henry doesn’t want to play nice.

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“So there I am, sleeping and minding my own business and I wake up with Henry spooning me from the back and Jackson spooning me from the front,” I tell them as we head down the Vegas Strip. There are people everywhere, the crowd thick as the sun beats down on us, making the cool air tolerable.

“None of that happened,” Henry says.

“That’s not what I heard,” Jackson says.

“I kept having dreams about Godzilla, and then I realized that it was Henry’s schlong digging into my shoulder blade, it’s so long.”

Henry’s silent. He’s given up, which makes me snicker and Jackson beam at me. My mate is proud of me.

“Pictures!” a showgirl calls out with her companion. She has pasties on her nipples and fluffy angel wings. She has fishnet tights on and a thong that barely covers anything as I zoom in on her.

“They’ll make you pay,” Jackson tells me.

“That’s fine,” I say as Henry is distracted with looking around. I sidle up to the girls.

“Hey there, handsome,” one says with a smile. “Would you like some pictures?”

“See that grumpy man there?” I ask as I point at Henry. “I want you to climb into his arms and press those things on your chest right into him,” I decide.

“My... boobs?” she asks, like she’s also confused about what they are.

“Yes! Those!”

They saunter over to Henry who tries waving them off as I beam at him with my camera ready. The one hops up and Henry instinctively grabs her to keep her from falling.

“Look at how confused he is!” I say as I snap pictures of him.

“It’s almost like he doesn’t even know what a female body is either!” Jackson says. And that’s when the woman in his arms hugs his head to her chest, pressing a pasty right into his cheek, and I’m laughing at the look of shock on his face. It makes it impossible to snap a picture, but thankfully, Jackson’s on top of it and gets a few as Henry looks unbelievably confused as he quickly sets the girl down. We walk up and Henry narrows his eyes.

“You.”

“Me?” I ask as I point at my innocent self. “I didn’t do anything.” I keep a straight face as I pull out a hundred and pass it to the girls. “Nothing at all.”

“You spend five dollars on gambling but a hundred on that?” he growls.

“Oh, the pictures are very worth it,” I say.

Henry looks mortified. “*Pictures?*”

“Look at Jeremy’s response!” Jackson says as he shows me.

Jeremy: What the hell is he doing? Is that her nipple?

“You sent it to Jeremy?” Henry asks in horror.

“Everyone in the precinct, actually,” Jackson says as Henry rushes away from us. We snicker and share pictures as we walk down the sidewalk. That’s when Jackson sees a group of

shirtless men wanting the same thing. “Hey... look.”

We are truly meant to be and on the same wavelength. “Oh my god. Yes.”

I scurry over to them with Jackson by my side. “I’ll give you boys a hundred dollars to pick that grump up into a bridal carry,” I say.

The men look at each other, shrug and hurry over to Henry who is waiting to cross the street. The one man comes up and says something to Henry as Jackson and I grin like Cheshire cats on the ready. Henry looks confused and that’s when the man scoops him up in his muscular arms. Henry isn’t a little guy either, but as he lies there, held in the man’s arms as the other muscle men crowd around in their leather pants, I realize that every penny I spent on this trip was worth this moment.

I pay the men handsomely as Henry storms over and holds out his hand. “Phone.”

“I already saved them to the cloud,” I say with an apologetic smile. “What’d his wife say?”

“That Henry’s going to skin us alive,” Jackson says.

“Let me see the pictures,” he says, so I show him. And to my shock, he starts laughing. “I don’t even know why I like either of you.”

“Look at this one. Look at your face,” I say as I point. “Is that your orgasm face?”

He shakes his head. “As long as you’re amused.”

“I’m very amused,” I admit.

We continue down the Strip, looking at the ridiculously priced stores and the ridiculously dressed people and agreeing how much better we are than all of them.

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We walk into the show’s stadium and take a seat. To help cushion the blow of making Henry take us on his vacation, I paid for everything hadn’t already covered. This one is supposed to be a “sexy and fun” show. And I’m positive that I’m going to make it sexier.

They start off with some contortionists that make me question if they’re even human or perhaps alien. And then the host takes over and smiles at his audience.

“Now, I’m going to need some volunteers for the next part!”

My hand shoots up faster than anyone else’s and like they’re in unison, Henry and Jackson leap onto me, trying to drag my hand down. “You will not go up there and embarrass us!” Henry orders.

“I’m with Henry on this one.”

“Pick me!” I cry out as the two men fight over me, which I find flattering. They’re both such jealous lovers.

The host chuckles. “I don’t know what’s going on over here, but I’m into this three-man pile-up. You in the middle, get on up here!”

“Oh my god!” I call out as I easily slip free of their holds and nearly prance to the front of the stage.

“I take it you’re not shy about attention,” the host says.

“I feast off attention,” I say as he holds his hand out to pull me onto the stage. “Ooh, you better be careful or my fiancé will get jealous with your flirting.”

“And who is your fiancé?” he asks.

“The handsome one,” I say, and the spotlight goes *right* on Henry and Jackson. I literally

see them shrink in their seats and try to hide.

“We’ll see just how jealous we can get him, then,” he says as he points at a seat on the stage. “Now take a seat and tell me who from my gorgeous crew you’d like to give you a lap dance,” he says as he waves at the acrobatic men and women who are all half-naked, gorgeous, and ripped as fuck.

“I can pick any?”

“Any,” he says, so I point right at him.

Then I wink at the host. “Show me what you got, big boy.”

He snorts. “Oh, I’m not sure you could handle what I’ve got.”

“I had both of those sexy men in my bed last night, so I’m sure I can give it a shot,” I say, making Henry and Jackson die a little more, even though the crowd *loves* me.

“Oh, well, I suppose I’ll give it my best shot then,” he says as he starts walking for me before pretending to trip. “Oh, my ankle. I think I’ll need someone to cover for me.” He eyes the audience until he points to a woman in her seventies. “Yes, you! Come up and see if you can turn this man straight. Who knows, he might get a hunger for the taco when you’re done with him.”

Everyone hoots and hollers as the woman makes her way onto the stage.

“Just don’t break a hip,” the host says as he helps her onto the stage. “Now let’s see what you can do.”

“Won’t be the first time I turned a man straight,” the granny says as she walks up to me.

I turn to Jackson and look at him in horror. “Jackson, save me!”

“You dug your own grave!” he says.

“No! Jackson! Honey! Save me!”

The music starts and the woman struts up to me and slams a foot down between my legs, barely missing my dick. I yelp and that’s when she begins gyrating in my face with her fanny pack twisted to the side.

“Jackson! Jackson, please save me! She smells like mothballs and Bengay!” I cry, and that’s when she grabs my head and stuffs it into her breasts.

I’m dying when I finally come up for air and crawl back to Jackson. “Save me,” I whine as I grab onto him, and he cradles me to him.

“I told you not to go up.”

“T-They t-tortured me,” I say.

“It’s okay, honey,” Jackson says as he relentlessly *laughs* at me like the heathen he is.

While they *did* torture me, they also gave me a free drink, which helped me drown out the memories. When the show is over, we file out into the street where I notice Henry and Jackson snickering about something as they walk.

“What are you laughing about?” I ask as I quicken my pace until I squeeze between them and look down at a video of my torture. “How *dare* you, Henry?” I growl as we push through the crowd.

“Payback,” he says, like the traitor he is. That’s when I notice someone slip Henry’s wallet right out of his back pocket and try to blend back into the crowd.

“Henry, I thought you might want to know that man there just stole your wallet,” I say as I point to the man casually walking away.

Henry pats his ass before grunting.

Jackson bumps into me. “What do we say that we make a bet who gets him first?”

Now, *this* is my kind of show. “Who gets him to piss his pants first?” I suggest.

Henry chuckles. "Nah, whoever gets the wallet back first. Let's each bet a hundred."

"Ah, you're awfully sure you're going to get the wallet," I say with a grin.

"I have a lot more experience than you."

"Yeah, but you also have those saggy balls weighing you down," I say.

"Count of three," Jackson says. "One... two... three!"

All three of us take off rushing through the crowd. Jackson veers to the right, choosing the street side, I jump over the fence, running along a pond as Henry takes off down the middle.

I trip over a duck who'd been sleeping by the water and it gives me a loud and angry quack, but now Henry and Jackson are in the lead. I push through, leaping up onto a cement wall as the guy, who'd been casual and careful not to draw attention, sees us. Panic fills his face as he takes off running. He jumps into the street and races across, giving Jackson the advantage, but I'm not far behind and Henry is in a close third.

"Oh, my foot!" I cry, even though there is nothing wrong with it, but the sweet, sweet man that Jackson is hesitates to help me and I zoom on by him as the thief slips into a side street.

"You *liar!*" Jackson yells, and now it looks like he's running after *me* instead of the man.

"Jackson, my love, my foot hurt and your simple glance back at me healed me!" I try to explain.

"You're the worst," he growls.

"Both of you are the worst," Henry pants as Jackson grabs onto me and Henry rushes past.

"Dammit, Henry! Aren't your bones old and brittle?" I ask as I do a sweet little maneuver that surely turns Jackson on and also lets me slip free. "Was that sexy?"

"It kind of was," Jackson says as we turn the corner and see that Henry has the man already on the ground.

"Boo... I wanted to catch him," I say. "Ooh, is there still a bet for who can make him piddle first?"

"Fuck off, man. I didn't do anything!" the man says as Henry pats him down and pulls his wallet free.

That's when the police, who must have noticed us running illegally across the street, pedal up on their bikes. We let Henry handle it as we stand to the side. I sidle up next to Jackson. "Was it sexy watching my ass as I ran?"

"Very sexy," he says with a grin as he presses his lips against my cheek. "Then again, everything you do is sexy."

I feel giddy as I lean into him, absolutely loving moments like this with him. After the cops take the thief off our hands, the three of us walk back to the hotel, reminiscing about the look of panic on the dumb man's face. Henry is in such a good mood that he doesn't even complain as I crawl into bed between him and Jackson.

"Wait a minute... both of you owe me a hundred bucks!" he realizes.

"I was planning on paying you with my body," I say as I snuggle up to him.

"You ain't worth that much, now pay up in the morning or I'm leaving your ass here."

"Oh? Jackson, Henry likes my ass," I say as I squeeze onto Henry, hugging him to me.

"This is the longest vacation of my life," he grumbles.

"And we still have three more days!" I joyously exclaim.

"Babe, you're making me jealous," Jackson jokes as he wraps his arms around me. I think it's to snuggle with me, but instead, he flips over me and spoons Henry. "I want a little time with him."



“I’m sleeping in the fucking tub,” Henry growls as he bats Jackson off. I crawl over both of them so I can grab onto Henry’s front so Jackson and I are sandwiching him.

“Daddy, hold me so I don’t roll off the bed!” I whine.

“Fuck both of you. I’m finding new friends.”

I gasp. “I’m your friend?”

“Hell no.”

“Oh my god, Jackson! I’ve made a friend!”

Jackson starts laughing. “I think we should hug some more to celebrate your new friendship.”

Henry stops complaining and just tries his hand at being inanimate as we spoon him while laughing.

“I love you guys,” I say earnestly. “I never realized how alone I was until I found people who cared about me and wanted me for me, and not because I could kill someone or because of my skills. And my first vacation without having a target or someone to kill has been unbelievably fun and amazing.”

“This is your first real vacation?” Jackson asks. “Oh my god, I’m going to take you everywhere.”

And that’s when Henry reaches over and hugs me. “You’re a good kid, even if you’re annoying.”

I smile. “Thank you, now I feel weird. Too many emotions,” I say. “It hurts!”

“Don’t be so dramatic,” Henry says as he gives me one more squeeze then tosses me onto Jackson, who wraps me up in his arms and squeezes me tightly while telling me all the places he’s going to take me.

And as I lie in the bed, waiting for sleep to come, I’m not sure I’ll ever be able to fall asleep because I can’t get this smile to leave my face.

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