

Isaiah stood on the deck watching him, backlit by the suite's interior lights, and Boone's breath caught at the sight of him—this man who'd stayed, who'd chosen him, who was looking at him now like he was something precious and desired and worth having.

Slowly, deliberately, Isaiah stripped. Shirt pulled over his head, revealing dark skin and lean muscle, chest and stomach defined from running and physical work. Jeans next, pushed down strong thighs, kicked aside.

Then his underwear.

And Boone's brain short-circuited completely.

Isaiah's cock hung thick and long between his legs, semi-hard already and thick enough that Boone's hand wouldn't close around it. The sight of it made Boone's mouth go dry, made his own cock twitch with interest and apprehension in equal measure.

He stepped out of his clothes and moved to the edge of the hot tub, easing down into the water with a sigh, settling onto the bench across from Boone. The water came up to his chest, steam rising around them both, creating an intimate cocoon separate from the rest of the world.

Boone pushed his briefs down beneath the water, letting them float away, his own cock bouncing free. The size difference should've been intimidating. Somehow it was just exciting.

They sat like that for a minute, just looking at each other across the swirling water, the weight of everything unsaid hanging between them. This was it. This was the moment. After weeks of tension and denial and careful distance, after tonight's confrontation and truth-telling—this was where it led.

"Come here," Isaiah said, voice rough with want.

Boone moved without thinking, sliding across the seat until he was straddling Isaiah's thighs, their cocks brushing together beneath the water. Isaiah's hands found his hips, pulling him closer, and Boone felt the thick length of him pressing between his ass cheeks.

"Fuck," Boone breathed, rocking instinctively against it, the heat of it even through the hot water. "That's—you're huge."

Isaiah's hands slid down to grip Boone's ass, spreading him slightly as he pulled him harder against that massive cock, letting him feel every thick inch. "You sure about this? We can stop. We don't have to—"

Boone shuddered, grinding down harder, water sloshing around them, slick with the first beads of precum leaking from both of them. "Don't you dare stop. Don't you fucking dare."

Isaiah's breath hitched. One hand left Boone's hip to tangle in his hair, tugging his head back to expose his throat. "Tell me what you want. Say it."

"I want it," Boone said immediately, voice wrecked with need and desperation and the overwhelming desire to feel something good after everything terrible tonight. "I want you to fuck me. I want to feel it. I want—" He couldn't finish, could barely think past the want consuming him.

Isaiah growled low in his throat, lifting Boone slightly with effortless strength, lining himself up. The blunt head of his cock pressed against Boone's hole, thick and stretching him just from the pressure.

"Breathe," Isaiah commanded. "Relax. I've got you."

Boone tried to breathe, tried to relax, but the stretch was immediate and intense, that thick head breaching him slowly, inexorably, opening him up in ways he'd never been opened. It burned. It ached. It felt impossible and overwhelming and exactly what he needed. Boone's whole body tingled and warmed.

Isaiah didn't rush it. He worked in slow, letting Boone adjust to each inch, whispering rough encouragements against his neck. *That's it. You're taking it so good. Breathe, baby. I've got you.*

When Isaiah finally bottomed out and was all the way inside him, Boone let out a sound somewhere between a sob and a moan. He felt split open, impossibly full, the burn and stretch and pressure so intense he could barely breathe.

"Fuck," he gasped. "Oh fuck, you're so deep."

Then Isaiah started to move.

Slow at first—long, deep thrusts that dragged over every sensitive spot, making Boone shake and whimper and grip Isaiah's shoulders hard enough to leave marks. Then faster, harder, using the water for leverage, fucking up into him with powerful thrusts that had water sloshing over the edge of the tub, had Boone crying out with each deep stroke.

Boone rode him desperately, chasing the burn, the stretch, the impossible fullness that was somehow perfect. This was what he