



Sample Chapters for

MORE THAN JUST A GOOD BOOK

by Sloan Parker

Genre: Gay Contemporary Erotic Romance (M/M)

eISBN: 978-0-9911212-1-2

Trade Paperback ISBN: 978-0-9911212-0-5

Length: Novel, 65,000+ words

164 pages (in print)

This book contains adult material and sexual situations not suitable for reading by minors. Please keep your electronic books safe from underage readers.

Chapter One

“What the hell are you doin’?”

Scott stopped reading and tilted his head back. Boy, the guy standing next to his chair sure was tall. Huge. And not happy. Mad, really. Enraged.

“Uh...reading.”

“Readin’ here?” the gigantor asked.

What was the big deal? “Yeah. It’s the library.”

“You’re in my seat, you little shit. Get up.” Gigantor gripped Scott’s neck with a huge hand and hauled him out of the seat. “Read somewhere else, nerd. This here’s where I take a nap.” The lug shoved Scott aside and plopped into the plush upholstered chair.

Scott stumbled but caught himself before he fell. There were five other people in the stacks nearby, and every one of them stared at him. Most of them laughed. It wasn’t anything that hadn’t happened to him before.

Pissed, but not pissed enough to take on a jerk that big, he skulked off in search of another place to sit, clutching his backpack and the comic he’d been reading. The first week of his last semester in college, and some jock the size of a boulder makes him feel like the biggest loser on campus.

He wouldn’t let it ruin his good mood, though. He’d just purchased a copy of the new *Red Arch-rival* comic book. Time to do a little reading before hitting the paper for his Advanced Economics class.

Scott settled in at a table, the toes of his sneakers tucked behind the bottom rung of the chair, opened the book, and immersed himself in the story again. He'd just gotten to the part where Red was about to learn the identity of the hidden infiltrator who'd blown the planet Xano's weather controller when the huge bald jerk had thrown him out of the chair.

He got two panels in again, and then Gigantor's gruff voice rang out. "I'm not movin'."

Scott peeked over the top of the comic. Another man stood next to the chair he'd vacated. Dark brown hair and darker eyes. He wore tan slacks and a white long-sleeve dress shirt with a splash of red zigzagging across a black tie. The pants hung off the curve of his ass in a way no dress pants had ever looked on Scott. The man was lean, but even through the clothes, the curved muscles of his arms and legs and that fine ass were hard to ignore. Scott was so entranced by said ass, he almost missed the gorgeous man's reply to Gigantor.

"I'm not asking you to move. You need to leave the library." His arms were folded in front of him as he glared at Gigantor.

"Why?"

"Because you're harassing other students. Students who are here to study."

"That kid?"

Uh-oh. Gigantor was pointing at Scott.

"He wasn't studyin'. He was readin' some fairy comic book. Kick his ass out."

Oh no. Scott could *not* get kicked out of the library. He *lived* in the library. Between studying and the stack of new books he read each week, he'd never make it. Books cost too much for him to buy enough for how much he read. And he had four roommates at his apartment. Where would he do his homework? It was never quiet enough for reading, let alone studying. He was on his way to graduate school. He had to keep a 3.98 GPA for the scholarship.

“No,” the dark-haired man said, his voice stern, unapologetic. “I’m kicking you out.”

Scott sucked in a sharp breath. The man worked at the library and talked like that? Scott loved a man who liked books, was smart, and had strength to him—someone who could show Scott a little dominance in bed, control his body, make him fly apart with need and pleasure. Not that he’d ever had anyone in bed with him who fit such a perfect description, but it didn’t keep him from hungering for it.

Gigantor stood, towering over the other man. “Don’t you know who I am?”

“Yeah. And you’re still kicked out. It doesn’t matter what position you play on the football team.”

Gigantor’s arms twitched; his biceps flexed.

Scott flinched from where he sat. He hid behind the comic book again.

The dark-haired man didn’t move an inch. He was going to get a serious pounding. All because Scott had to move. Was there a library policy stating you couldn’t steal another man’s seat? Should he tell them he didn’t mind moving? Save the man from the impending torture Gigantor was sure to inflict? But Gigantor didn’t raise a hand. He snorted and strode past, shoving the dark-haired man with his shoulder on his way by.

Scott dropped the comic. He scooped it up again before anyone saw him sitting there with his mouth gaping.

No one stood up to someone Gigantor’s size. It was kinda scary and neat and...sexy as hell. Scott’s blood ran south, his hardening cock begging for a touch. Good thing he was sitting. He hadn’t had such an immediate attraction to anyone before. Not someone he hadn’t talked to yet.

Not that he spent a lot of time talking to men. He kept to himself, read, studied, and read more. It wasn’t like he was a virgin, but he’d learned a long time back the men he wanted didn’t want him.

But the man he was lusting after was looking right at him. And walking toward him.

“You okay?”

Scott swallowed around the lump in his throat. The man’s voice sounded better up close. Low, confident. The deep tone zipped through Scott. If only he could shove his hand down his pants, grab his cock, and pump his hips, push the swollen flesh through his fist until the relief he craved shot out of him.

He breathed deep. Arousal and the scent of the dark-haired man overpowered him, made him dizzy. Irresistible. Clean. With a hint of a spicy cologne. It wasn’t helping Scott with what to say to him. All he came up with was *please take me to bed*. “Uh, uh-huh” was what he managed.

“That jerk is such an ass. He never does anything but sleep.”

“You work here?” Better. A coherent sentence.

He smiled at Scott and laughed. The laugh sounded like a purr.

Scott was already counting the number of fantasies he’d be able to use when he jerked off, all of them starring this man. It would be enough to last him through midterms, maybe finals. It wasn’t like he’d have any actual sex before then. He didn’t mean to be celibate. He’d get laid all the time if he had his choice in the matter.

Maybe this man would want him.

There he went again, thinking about fantasies as if they could be real. He’d have to settle for jerking off and using his favorite dildo while he imagined the dark-haired man slamming into him, taking him right there against the fiction shelves, his own bare cock pressed against the novels of Stephen King and Dean Koontz.

Damn, he’d have to use that one as soon as he got home.

MARK COULDN'T HELP but laugh at the blond-haired man staring up at him. The university library was huge and there were a lot of employees, but how the hell had the other man not seen him? Mark had worked at the library for the past four years.

But he was seeing Mark now, looking at him like he was the main course at an all-you-can-eat buffet. Mark ached to tell him to take a taste. Excitement surged through Mark, warming his skin. He sucked in a mouthful of air. The exhale rushed out of him with more laughter. "Yeah, I work here. Have since before you first came in."

He had seen the young man around enough to know his name was Scott and to know that Scott had been in the library every day. He always went for the new-releases shelf first, stacking books on the floor in front of him until the pile rose past his kneecaps, reading topics ranging from global warming to medieval weaponry and every subject in between. Scott read as much fiction too.

Mark adored intelligent men, found them sexy and passionate and focused. He also loved men who weren't afraid of him getting a little rough in bed, tying them down, controlling them.

Scott was a smart man. Did he fit the rest of the qualities Mark liked? Most guys didn't.

He sure the hell wanted to take Scott to bed and find out. No one had ever made him lose focus the way Scott did, made the desire turn to desperation so damn fast. Scott was adorable. Inquisitive. Sexy. Mark had found himself hard, his dick in his hand, in the men's room more than once after watching Scott browse the bookshelves.

If he'd only gotten one look of interest over the last four years, he would've approached Scott sooner. He wasn't into making a move when the other man didn't seem interested. He couldn't believe he hadn't taken a chance on Scott.

Better late than never.

There was interest there. Not in a "let's go on a date and see if we like each other" way so many of the men he'd propositioned over the years had looked at him. No, this was more the "please take me upstairs to the photocopy room, lay me out on the large

book scanner, and fuck me stupid" way. He could go for the latter. Soon. He ached, and the other man's head was right at his crotch. What he'd give to grab a hold of Scott's hair while he fucked his mouth.

Scott had to notice Mark's lust. It wasn't like the size of his dick was hard to hide, not in its current state. Damn man was noticing too, staring at the bulge of Mark's cock, licking his lips.

Time to see if Scott was up for spending the afternoon at the library doing something other than reading.

He sat next to him. "I'm Mark."

"Hi." Scott swallowed and licked those pouty lips again. "Scott."

"Sorry if that guy was an ass to you."

Scott shrugged. "You didn't have to kick him out. It's not worth it."

"I'm surprised he hasn't given you trouble before. You're here a lot."

Scott cocked his head to the side. He was killing Mark with those big, curious eyes. Mark longed to have those eyes focused on him while he tied Scott to his bed.

"How long have you worked here?" Scott asked.

Tying him to the bed would have to wait. Mark's apartment was too far away. First, he'd get Scott alone. "Four years. I'm working on my PhD in Information Technology."

"Wow. That's neat." There was that cute-as-sin head tilt again, and those big eyes watching him. "How come I've never seen you before?"

"Guess you've always got your head in a book."

"Oh. Yeah, I guess I do." Scott dipped his head. His cheeks blazed. "What are you writing your dissertation on?"

"It looks at the modern decline of information asymmetry."

"Like people using the Internet as a way of signaling and screening?"

Yeah, this was *his* man. Mark *had* to have him. No one ever knew what the hell he was talking about. He hadn't come across anyone in a long time who he could talk to. Not anyone who could handle him in bed—handle how rough he could be, how controlling. There was just something about Scott. He would like it. He'd beg for it.

A plan formed. Mark grinned. "You like comics, huh?"

Scott lifted the comic book and stared at it like he'd forgotten it existed. "I like to read. Anything. Everything. I mean—"

Mark held up a hand. "Don't hurt yourself. I like how much you read. I work in a library, yeah? I might not read as much as you, but I do read. You're a smart man, Scott. That doesn't bother me, or scare me, or make me want you any less."

Scott bolted upright. "Really?"

"Really."

His eyes widened. "Wait. You want me? Like...*want me?*" His voice grew husky on the last of his words.

"I do. Why don't we take a ride in the elevator? The seventh-floor popular culture library has a huge collection of old comics you might like to see. You need a staff escort to enter the archives. I'd like to take you." And there were private reading cubicles with doors and real walls, instead of the flimsy partition walls most other study cubicles in the library had. No need to mention that last bit to Scott. Mark would play this out one step at a time.

Scott's tongue darted out to lick across his bottom lip. He nodded.

Mark chuckled and stood. "I'm off work in ten minutes. Meet me at the elevators." He forced himself to step away from the table and the man whose head was still bobbing in agreement. He'd clock out and head to his locker. There were condoms and lube in his bag, in case the visit to the pop culture library went as he planned.

And if it didn't?

Not possible. Scott was ready for what Mark wanted. He was sure of it.

First things first. He'd show Scott a few comic books and then show him reading wasn't the only great experience to be had at the university library.

SCOTT CLUTCHED THE comic in his hand as the dark-haired man walked away.
Mark.

Now he had a name to go with his jerk-off sessions. Although maybe there was a chance he wouldn't need to use his imagination to enjoy the man.

Mark was smart and strong and wanted him — *him*.

Scott stuffed the comic into his bag and headed for the elevators. No sense waiting any longer. If he sat too long, he might lose his nerve.

Even if Mark didn't want anything physical with him, Scott would get to see the comic archive. He hadn't ever bothered to ask if he could view the collection. That Mark had thought to show it to him was another reason in a growing list why he was rushing across the library sporting a stiff prick.

If only he could head back to his apartment and get in a little private hand time. Mark couldn't actually want to do anything with him. Not in the library. That would be...way too cool to be real. Sex in the library? With a man who looked like Mark? Reliving a moment like that would get him through the next year.

Scott quickened his pace. Hell, it'd be enough to get him through grad school.

Mark met him at the elevators ten minutes later. Scott clutched his backpack in front of his crotch, hoping it helped to hide his erection from the world but disappointed it would hide it from Mark, hide how crazy with desire he was. Surprising. He was never so bold.

Mark stepped close, ignoring the safe distance most gay guys kept to out in public.
"You ready?"

The smell of Mark overwhelmed Scott again. The aroma could be bottled and sold as an aphrodisiac; it was heady and erotic and damn irresistible. Unable to stop himself, Scott leaned in. "Ready."

"Come on, then." Mark grabbed his arm, tugged him into the elevator, and hit the seventh-floor button before anyone else could slip in with them.

The hand on Scott's arm wasn't a painful grip, but it was strong and restraining, Mark's palm hot even through the shirtsleeve. The grip suggested a power Scott longed to know. He wanted to grab Mark's hand and shove it down his pants. He was *never* that bold. He loved what Mark did to him, loved how desperate and ravenous he grew just being close to him.

Once the doors closed, Mark faced him, pressing close. The force of his weight crowded Scott against the carpeted elevator wall. Mark seized Scott's waist. "I'm going to kiss you."

"Please."

Mark groaned. "I like a man who knows how to beg."

Scott could beg. It was one of the reasons most guys didn't like him. They said it made him sound needy and clingy and inexperienced. But Mark liked it. "Please kiss me."

Mark plastered his entire body against Scott. The pressure of groin against groin, chest to chest, almost had Scott rocking and going off like a kid getting his first handjob. He clutched at Mark's arms, breathing deep, hoping like hell he could keep from shooting in his pants once their lips met.

Mark paused. Their mouths so close, his breath heated Scott's lips. He said, "You have the best mouth. I want to taste those lips."

Scott whimpered. He couldn't stop it from spilling out. It was as uncontrolled as breathing.

“I like that sound, Scott.” Mark leaned forward and brought their mouths together, a brush of warm lips. He slid his tongue across Scott’s lower lip, tasting, teasing. The kiss was soft and slow and not like any Scott had ever known. It consumed him. He wanted more of Mark, needed more of his tongue, his lips, his hands. He twisted his fingers in Mark’s shirtsleeves and tugged.

Mark shoved his body against Scott and smashed their mouths together, turning the kiss urgent. His hands landed on Scott’s ass, and he dug in, grinding their groins together.

The pull of that grip, the sharp jab of the nails as they buried in his ass, had Scott’s balls drawing up. He was close. He whimpered again, the sound muffling as it filled Mark’s mouth.

A chime sounded above their heads.

Mark jerked away, keeping the grip of his right hand on Scott’s ass for a moment more. When the doors slid open, Mark removed his hand and strode out of the elevator.

His breath hitching, Scott leaned against the wall. He closed his eyes and focused on getting air into his lungs.

As the fog in his mind cleared, he opened his eyes. Mark smiled at him from where he stood outside the elevator next to a set of glass doors.

Scott pushed away from the wall, hoping like hell he could keep from tripping. He had to get back to touching Mark, had to know what else Mark could do to him, what else the man could give him. Like a needle in a compass, pointing to true north, he made his way to him in no time.

WHAT THE HELL had happened between the first floor and the seventh?

The idea of fooling around in a private library cubicle had Mark hot and bothered, sure. Making out like a couple of teenagers, groping in the damn elevator where anyone

could have seen them when the doors opened? That was crazy and risky and salacious as fuck.

The way Scott had looked at him, clutched, rocked, his body begging for more, had Mark losing all his resolve. He'd meant to take a quick taste. See if Scott would resist a simple kiss so he'd know which way the wind was blowing. He didn't mean for it to go from zero to ninety so fast. He simply couldn't stop it. The way Scott trembled under his touch as the kiss intensified almost had him turning him around, ripping off their pants, and fucking him right there in the elevator. Screw his job.

Mark liked his sex intense, but he'd never been with someone who responded with such immediate need. Scott's hunger called to him.

As Scott moved from the elevator to his side, those wide eyes watched Mark, never looking away. It was invigorating—how much the younger man wanted him. It gave him all sorts of ideas on how to torment Scott, tease him until he begged to come.

Forget the comics-of-yesteryears tour. He'd be seeing Scott again. He'd have to. There'd be time for dating and dinner and tours of the library later. Then a thought occurred to him. A creative, wonderful, tantalizing thought. Mark headed for the glass doors.

"Wait," Scott said, his voice breathless, shaky. He shifted on his feet. "I was thinking...if you want to, we could go somewhere else...instead."

Mark smiled again and went to Scott. He ran a hand through the blond hair and followed the curve of his cheek to those kiss-swollen, wet lips. "Trust me. I won't keep you waiting. Not for long." He pushed through the doors and showed his ID at the archive desk, taking note of the few people and employees browsing the stacks. If they only knew what he and Scott were about to do not thirty feet away. He faced Scott.

The other man stood inside the doors. Those curious eyes were huge again, taking it all in. Books, CDs, cassettes, magazines, dime novels, fanzines, postcards, and other published works filled the shelves and racks of the extensive popular culture collection. Framed trading cards covered the walls. Giant movie posters from films like *Casablanca*,

From Here to Eternity, and Hitchcock's *The Birds* hung from ceiling cables in a gallery-style display.

Mark's gut churned. Was this one of his worst ideas ever? Now that Scott saw the collection, he might not look at him again. At least not like he had before.

Time to put his plan in motion.

He advanced. He leaned close to Scott and whispered in his ear, letting his lips and breath brush over skin. "You can look at whatever you'd like, but the comic collection is this way." He gestured toward a long hall that led to a back room.

Scott stared at him. That delectable "take me" look was back. Mark stepped away and released a sigh as Scott followed.

Inside the comics room, they were alone again. Mark closed the door. "Browse around. I've got something in particular to show you." He punched in a quick search at the catalog station. It didn't take long to locate the issue. He tucked it under his arm.

Scott wandered from shelf to shelf, pulling out one binder of old comics after another. The lithe body and curious eyes were driving Mark crazy. He wanted to touch Scott again. Either that or he had to get himself the hell home. He palmed his own erection and gave himself a few good rubs through his pants before pulling away. It was time for Scott to give him what he needed – what they both needed.

"Scott."

He poked his head around the corner of a bookshelf. "Huh?"

"Come here," Mark said, his voice stern, commanding.

Scott came to him. His lower lip quivered as they stared at each other. Mark brushed his thumb over the shaking lip. Scott's tongue snaked out, and he sucked Mark's finger into the wet heat of his mouth. Such a beautiful mouth.

"I've got something to show you. Have a seat."

Scott released his thumb and pouted.

Mark almost pulled him into his arms and forced their mouths together again. No. The private study room before they went further. If they kissed, he wouldn't be able to stop again. The next time Scott was in his arms, they were getting a hell of a lot more naked.

Scott reached for the chair at a nearby table.

"Not there." Mark pointed to the door of the closest study room. "In there."

Scott darted for the room.

It was lovely – the way he followed his commands, the way Scott sought to please him.

Mark's expectations were high.

He smiled. Scott would not disappoint.

IT WAS ALL so unbelievable. Scott was in one of his favorite places, surrounded by books – comic books, no less, the type he'd enjoyed since first learning to read – heading to a private study room, followed by a gorgeous, assertive man. Whatever Mark was about to show him, give to him, Scott was desperate for it.

His body craved it.

He stepped into the study room. It was small, with two simple wood chairs and a long table covered in scratches and pen marks, names and numbers scrawled amid the amateur artwork. If he wanted a good time, there was a girl named Carly who seemed promising. And popular. Lucky for him, he wanted something else. He dropped his backpack to a chair, willing the shake in his hands to stop. The thud of his heartbeat echoed in his ears.

The door closed behind him.

"Sit," Mark said.

Scott sat. It seemed the minute Mark asked something of him, his body obliged. Nothing had ever seemed so simple, so right, so visceral.

Mark pressed close behind him, rubbing his groin against Scott's neck.

Scott whimpered and closed his eyes. He turned his head to the side. Mark shifted, brushing the bulge of his erection against Scott's cheek.

It was instinct, a driving force that spurred Scott to action. His lips spread. He mouthed the evidence of Mark's arousal, wetting and sucking through the fabric. He felt empty everywhere. His ass. His mouth. He needed to expose Mark's cock. Get it into his mouth without the clothes in the way.

He loved sucking dick. The sleek skin over the hard, full shaft. The way it filled his mouth, slid over his lips, throbbed against his tongue as it hardened more, it all incited his own desire, urged him on. He lifted his hands and grasped the zipper on Mark's pants.

Mark grabbed his wrists. "Not yet. Hold on to the back legs of the chair."

Scott clutched the chair and arched his back, continuing his attention on Mark's cock. He opened his mouth wider, moving up the fabric in search of the sensitive head, desperate to give Mark the best he had to offer.

The heat of Mark's body disappeared, leaving Scott bare, alone.

Mark's breath drifted over his earlobe. "Have you seen this before?"

A comic book lay on the table in front of Scott. He gasped. The cover was...well, like no other comic he had read before. He'd seen some amateur drawings online but never anything like this on a cover. Two men on a bed, both shirtless, one on top of the other, exchanging a kiss, their bodies pressed close, chest against chest.

Mark nipped along his earlobe. Then his tongue followed the same path. "Have you never seen an erotic comic book?"

"No. They don't have these at Main Street Comics."

"I wouldn't think so. That place is rather tame. The popular culture library has several pieces containing...explicit content." Mark reached over Scott's shoulder and opened the book. He flipped pages, then stopped halfway.

Scott's cock would have moaned and begged if it could evoke sound. In one panel, a small, naked blond man was bent face-first over a table, his arms stretched over his head, his wrists tied together by a blue cloth. The end of a long glove. A tall, brawny man wearing only a mask and cape was kneeling behind the blond and had his tongue between the man's ass cheeks. In another panel, the tall masked man was pressed on top of the blond with his cock buried in the smaller man. The blond man's face was contorted in an explosive moment of bliss.

It had been a while since Scott was with anyone other than his own hand, but even when he was with a man, he'd never expressed his orgasm like the man in the picture.

He released his grip on the chair. Would touching the image help him understand that look?

Mark's firm hand seized his wrist, stilling him. Mark knelt beside Scott and wound a strip of cloth around his arm and tied a knot. The restraint mashed against the inside of Scott's wrist. A black tie with a splash of red. Mark tugged on the tie, forcing Scott's arm against the chair leg but not tying him to it.

Mark's tie restraining him only had Scott longing for the tie around his other arm, over his eyes, for Mark to tie him down and fuck him into oblivion.

"This picture," Mark said. "It's what I want to do to you. Right now."

Scott buried his face in Mark's neck. He inhaled the crisp scent and said the only word that made its way through his muddled brain. "Please."

MARK SNAPPED HIS hips forward. Scott's begging had him undone. His control shattered, he snaked a hand around Scott's neck and captured his mouth in a kiss. He had planned on demanding Scott give him a blowjob with that incredible mouth, but he needed in him. Now.

He had to calm down, regain control before they went any further, or he'd never make it until he got them undressed.

The kiss was doing nothing to abate his raging craze to be with this man. Scott's tongue tangled with his, pushing, then going shallow again, finally letting Mark lead the chase.

Mark pulled back. He had to rein in his lust, take control of the moment for both of them. Give them more than kissing and coming in their own pants. Give them what they both craved.

Scott's gaze met his. "Why do you want me?"

Did he not know his own appeal? Didn't he understand the draw he had? The power?

"You are sexy as hell. I've wanted you for a long time." Mark yanked on the tie. Scott's arm lifted, and he stood. "And it's time to show you how much I want you." Mark released his grasp on the tie, attacked Scott's T-shirt, and hauled it over his head. The exposed skin offered too good a diversion. He ducked his head and tongued a hard nipple.

Scott threaded a hand through Mark's hair, clutching and releasing over and over, moaning and rocking his pelvis.

Mark continued his assault, twirling his tongue around the sensitive nub, scraping it with his teeth, then pinching and tugging. He worked Scott's pants open, dying to reach more skin, to touch his cock. Once the pants were past Scott's hips, Mark released him. "Step out of your shoes and pants."

Scott did as he was told.

Mark grabbed Scott's shoulders and turned him. He held him tight, back to chest, and stepped forward until Scott's thighs struck the edge of the table. He shoved him to lie face-first across the table and said, "Put your hands above your head."

Mark reached for the black silk tie dangling from one of Scott's wrists. He wound the fabric around the other wrist and secured it so Scott's hands met, palms together. There was nothing like the moment when he was still dressed and a naked, willing, submissive man was spread out bare before him. The power, the thrill, the commanding

vision got to him. If he hadn't been so desperate to fuck Scott, he'd extend the moment, make Scott writhe and beg. But the time for such delights had passed.

Scott shifted, rocking his ass backward. "Please."

Mark shouldn't have doubted him. Scott had already been more of what he longed for in a lover than anyone else. Ever.

Mark reached a shaking hand to his pants, unzipped them, and released his own cock. It sprang free as if it could seek out Scott's body on its own, get inside him without any assistance from his brain.

Scott rocked again and groaned. Was he searching out a connection with Mark's body? Or was he looking for friction for his own dick? It didn't matter; Scott was right where Mark wanted him. Incoherent. Lost. Drowning.

And it was time for him to help.

He swept a hand along Scott's spine and over his ass. He gripped his thighs. "Don't move. And try to be quiet. We don't want to be interrupted."

"No," Scott cried out. His next words were muffled as he bit his lip. "I need you."

Mark dropped to his knees. He spread Scott's ass open wide and leaned in, tracing a long path with his tongue.

Scott whimpered.

The sound spurred Mark on. He returned to the bit of flesh surrounding the entrance to Scott's body. He traced around it with the tip of his tongue, loving the way Scott shook and twitched from that one touch connecting them. He pressed his tongue flat, giving the other man as many sensations as he could, and then he pushed his tongue in.

Scott groaned and rocked into his touch. His reactions were so sensual, so needy.

Mark grasped Scott's ass in his hands. If he didn't, he'd grip his own cock and stroke himself to orgasm. There was no way in hell he was getting off until he was inside Scott.

He stood and ditched his own clothes, grabbing a condom and the lube before kicking his pants aside. "Going to make you feel good. Going to fuck you so hard, you'll never come into the library again without getting a hard-on. You'll never read a comic again without coming in your pants." Mark would've stood there stroking himself while he spoke to Scott, telling him what he planned to do to him—it was how he always liked to begin—but three pulls and he'd shoot all over Scott's back. So he sheathed his dick and slicked it up. He added more lube to his fingers and worked them inside the other man, loving the way Scott moaned and thrashed beneath him.

"Are you ready for me?" Mark asked. "God, can't wait."

"Yes!" Scott lifted his head. "Are you... Did you..."

Mark rubbed Scott's back. "Got the rubber on. Don't worry. I'll take care of you. In more ways than one."

Scott exhaled and dropped his forehead to the table again.

Mark brought his dick to Scott's body, took a deep breath, and slid in, grunting as the muscles of Scott's ass gripped him. He sucked in a sharp breath, fighting the urge to plunge in and out.

Then the fight was over. He couldn't hold still. Scott was begging and rocking again. Mark pulled back and shoved in, beginning a fierce pace, slamming his hips against Scott's ass.

"Will you," Scott said. "Will you...oh..."

Mark forced his body to stop and placed a hand on Scott's lower back. "What? What do you need?"

"Will you...my ass? Hit me? Hold me down?" Scott's body vibrated as the words left his mouth. His restrained arms shook.

"My God, yes." Mark pinned Scott to the table, raised his other hand, and smacked Scott's ass. The slap, the slight rise of color, there was nothing else like it. The rush. Pushing someone to the edge. He raised his hand again. When his palm made

contact, Scott moaned and trembled. Mark pressed down on Scott's back harder. "Don't come. Not yet."

"Oh, please. Please, Mark."

He smacked Scott's ass again. "No." Mark quickened his pace, driving into Scott faster, harder. Scott's begging, the shudders of his body, the way he met Mark with each thrust, all had Mark unraveling. He held out for as long as he could. It wasn't long. He reached around and stroked Scott's dick. "Now."

Scott came, his ass seizing Mark's cock.

Mark gripped at Scott's hips as he pulled the man back onto him, grasping the flesh in each hand as his orgasm crashed over him. Every shudder racked his body. When he finally stilled, he collapsed against Scott's back.

Faint voices in the room outside registered, but absolutely nothing mattered.

He'd just had the best damn orgasm of his life.

SCOTT DRIFTED IN the haze of climax. Words floated through his head, but none fit where he'd been. He sighed. "Wow."

Mark rolled off and onto the table next to him. "You liked that?"

Scott tried to lift his head. It wouldn't move. It'd be a while before he'd be able to stand, let alone walk. "Uh-huh. Couldn't you tell?" He was never going to forget. He'd have trouble making it home before he wanted to jerk off to memories of what they'd done. No one had ever talked to him like that, pushed him, taken control when he needed him to.

Mark untied his wrists, rubbed the flesh with an open palm. He helped Scott roll over onto his back. "Yeah," Mark said. "It was like nothing else."

Oh. The experience had been powerful, intense. And not just for Scott. For Mark too.

Mark leaned over him and asked, "What are you doing tomorrow morning?"

“Uh...reading?”

Mark shook his head.

“Studying?”

Mark gave another shake.

“Sleeping in your bed?” Did he say that out loud?

“That’s right. You’re coming home with me tonight – where I have a bed.”

“Okay.”

“And handcuffs.”

“Oh.”

“And where we can be loud.”

Scott smiled. Mark was going to give him so much of what he craved. “That would be...better than any book.”

Continued in *More Than Just a Good Book* by Sloan Parker

© Sloan Parker, 2013. All Rights Reserved

www.sloanparker.com

To purchase the complete book in PDF or other formats check out the “buy the ebook” links at: <http://www.sloanparker.com/booksMoreThanJustaGoodBook.htm>