



Sample Chapters for

MORE
by Sloan Parker

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Chapter One

I hadn't seen any sign of my stalkers. They'd either gotten worse at finding me or better at hiding. Eight months, and I hadn't spotted a single man following me. The longest stretch since my early twenties.

They'd find me, though. Given enough time and enough money, it was inevitable.

“Man, you sure you want to get out here?”

I nodded at the cab driver and glanced out the window at the five-story building with graffiti and faded, chipped bricks camouflaging the exterior. In the six months I'd been coming to the club, the facade had never changed. “This is the place.”

I scanned the street and sidewalks around the cab. The late hour limited my view. An alley across the street was the worst of it. Every time I came, I had to worry about that damn alley. And it wasn't the three fire escapes climbing the sides of the abandoned buildings or the dumpster full of tied trash bags containing more used condoms than even I cared to think about. It was every dark corner where they could hide.

“Hope you know what you're getting into,” he said.

“Wouldn't have taken the risk if I didn't.” I paid him the fare and jumped out of the cab. He sped off the moment the door shut, and I shook my head and smirked.

If he only knew.

But he wasn't the type. My gaydar was right on the money most days. Probably lived in the suburbs with his wife, 2.5 kids, and dog named Riley, and spent his weekends at soccer games, pee-wee football practice, and Sunday morning services at Christians United or whichever flavor-of-the-week church he was into. He'd piss his pants walking into a gay sex club. I'd met my share of straight guys who assumed by just talking to a gay man that everyone they'd ever known—right down to their first grade teacher—would then assume they were gay too. Classic homophobia.

I strode to the unmarked doorway. The rush overwhelmed me. My body knew what the night would bring. The touch of another. The shattered control.

I scanned my ID card, gave one last look over my shoulder, and stepped inside. The combined aroma of blended aftershaves and liquor erased any concerns about who might have followed me there. After the bleak downtown street, the Haven, with its leather chairs, starched table linens, and ornate wood trim, offered a promise of decadence.

And I was more than ready for it.

Men packed the lounge, the dining room, the bar, and my anticipation mounted with each step through the crowd. The music pulsed in a low throb that hinted at dance music but wasn't near the beat required for anything more than a slow grinding of hips to hips. Foreplay. Like a primal mating ritual of young tribesmen, slicked and painted, ready to strike.

The lighting in the bar was dim but bright enough to make a search of the prospects without strain. I appreciated that. I came to the club for one reason. And drinks, dinner, and dancing had nothing to do with it.

I claimed an empty stool at the bar. Several members I hadn't been with yet caught my eye, but having seen them week after week, they screamed of redundancy—even if I hadn't yet

glimpsed their cocks. I needed someone new. I wanted at least one of the men who'd fuck me to be someone I'd never laid eyes on before.

And I wanted to be tied up. I wanted to beg for it.

A shiver crawled over my skin. The decision to be with two men, and the way I wanted them to take me, heightened my need.

I didn't always spend the night with more than one man at a time, but it happened more often than not. And I never played with the same men more than once.

No exceptions.

Not that I let myself get propositioned for more. I'm an asshole to most guys I sleep with. Just not while we're in the sack. There, I'm generous. I return favors and all that. I like giving head. I like touching dick. I like getting fucked. But after, in the quiet, when we're catching our breaths, I'm out the door before he has a chance to ask me to become his next fuck buddy or for a number he can call when he gets to needing something.

What I didn't know then was I'd already followed that rule for the last time. The next two men I'd sleep with were going to ask me to break every damn rule I ever lived by.

Change wouldn't come easily, though. Not when you factor in my own resistance, and my father, of course.

The man had always been an asshole. A lot of fathers are. Mine also happened to be a US senator. Being an asshole may have been a requirement for the job. Who knew? My father never introduced me to his colleagues. He sponsored loads of legislation to strip away my rights. He understood if people knew about his gay son, they'd view him as a mean old bastard. Which, of course, he was. But I knew him in ways few did. I'd seen him point a loaded gun at my face and smile. And that had been when he still spoke to me.

Sitting at the bar in the Haven, I had no clue what I was about to do would be the catalyst for everything. I merely wanted to get fucked in the way I craved.

A half hour later, the turnout looked downright dim. I wasn't ready to give up. I'd find someone. I always did.

As if on cue from some spiritual guide for horny gay men, my gaze captured a young man. He wove in and out of the crowd, heading my way. I'd often considered approaching him, but each time, we'd already found our hookups.

The night was looking up. I'd caught him on his way in.

He had to be somewhere in his early twenties, but his youthful face gave him the look of someone younger. The slight bounce of each step and his wavy, dark hair added to it. He wore tight leather pants that showed off lean leg muscles with each step and a loose white dress shirt. The clothes, the hair, the face, every ounce of him was sexy as hell.

I wanted to be with him, had wanted it for weeks. Things were definitely looking good.

The kid sat on the stool next to mine, and in response to his silent nod, the bartender brought him a glass of club soda. He smiled his thank you and swallowed half his drink in one lift of the glass. His full lips held my attention as he spoke, the words whispered more to the glass than me. "Are you available tonight?"

With his question, I was halfway to getting what I needed. The Haven wouldn't disappoint. It never had.

"Yeah," I said.

He downed another gulp of the soda. The swipe of his tongue wet his lips, and I couldn't peel my eyes from his mouth.

"I'd like us to find another," I added.

His head bobbed twice. "That's fine with me." He spun the glass with two hands and watched the ice swirl and melt in the bubbly liquid.

I cracked a smile. I didn't usually go for his type. Not at the club, and not when I wanted someone to fuck the hell out of me, but something about the kid was inspiring. I ached to find out what he'd be like once we locked the door behind us.

"Let's get a table," I said. "Check out the clientele."

He nodded. The club soda continued to hold his interest.

I stood and heard him jump off the stool to follow. I made my way to a nearby table and turned to face him. He stared at his feet and stopped just short of ramming his forehead into my chin. Dramatic, dark eyes flashed up at me. They asked for something, begged for it. Yet they gave me an innocent, naive look as if he hoped I'd tell him what he needed.

Reading people wasn't my forte. Neither was waiting.

I drew in a long breath and stepped back. He moved by me and brushed the length of his arm along mine. The simple gesture jerked my prick awake. Or maybe it was him. He smelled of a crisp, spicy cologne and toothpaste. Had the bartender given him a mouthwash shot with his soda? Who knew that minty smell could alert my dick to the possibility of some action?

I sat across from him. "The name's Luke."

"Matthew." He held out a hand. Once he leaned back in his chair, his eyes found mine. "Can I ask how old you are?"

"You got an age requirement?"

"Nah. Just curious." He ran a hand through his dark hair. The strands straightened and snapped back into waves, the movement smooth. *What would that hand feel like wrapped around my dick?*

I let out a ragged breath. Waiting could be hard. Damn hard.

"Thirty-three," I said.

"How often are you here?"

"Friday nights. Some Saturdays. A few weeknights when I need it. It's hard to pass up a guaranteed fuck, you know?"

"I suppose so." The color rose in his cheeks. He dipped his head and ran a thumb along the edge of the table. "How come we've never done this before?" His gaze drifted between the tabletop and me.

"Don't know. Seems every time I considered it, you were already with someone else. Guess you're too popular."

He smiled, and his eyes shone as he stared at me. He had a great smile.

Waiting could be nearly impossible.

I scanned the room again. A few men who hadn't been in attendance earlier caught my eye. No one I wanted, though. Then I saw him. He sat alone at a table on the far side of the dining room.

"Matthew, I think we have our third."

Chapter Two

Matthew peeked over his shoulder. "Oh, man. I've never seen him before."

"Me neither," I said.

"Maybe he's new." Matthew whipped his head around. "I mean, you're here a lot more than me."

"That's what I need."

He frowned and tilted his head to the side.

"I want someone I've never seen before tonight. He and you are going to be exactly what I need."

Matthew's lips spread. He bit at his bottom lip before releasing it and giving in to the full grin. *Damn*. That smile was sexier than any other.

I forced my attention across the room. The large man was strolling toward us. He had to be a little older than I, but not much. Tall, broad, and all muscle. Nobody would push him into a dark alley and holler "faggot" as they kicked him to the ground.

He wore dress slacks and a crisp blue shirt. Each hung from his body in a precise way. He carried a glass of wine in his hand and walked with a firm step. No hesitation. No worry over his large body's interference with the world around him. He stopped next to Matthew.

The younger man's gaze floated up the vast physique. He craned his neck to catch every last inch. I waited for the drooling to begin. Not that I could blame him for staring.

"You two want to be alone?" our potential third asked. The voice fit the man. Deep, low, powerful.

"No," Matthew and I said in unison.

"I didn't think so." He grabbed the back of a chair from the nearest table, swung it around, and sat in one quick movement. "Richard." He set his glass on the table and held out a hand. The large hand engulfed Matthew's. They reminded me of a bear and a rabbit shaking hands. I kept the visual to myself. No sense offending right off the bat.

"Hi. Uh, Matthew." The younger man licked his lips.

Richard smirked. "You're cute, kid."

Matthew's face flushed. His pale skin hid nothing.

"Oh, this should be fun," Richard added with a laugh.

I skimmed the large man's body in a slow sweep. I couldn't agree more. He held out a hand to me.

"Luke."

The moment his hand connected with mine, a flush crept under the surface of my skin, and my cock hardened, giving me the ache I craved. I'd never been one to get worked up from a few words and a handshake, but never had someone's touch cranked my arousal up like his.

The Haven never let me down.

"Good to meet you both," Richard said, his voice even lower.

He and Matthew stared for a moment, the look they exchanged curious and intense, as if they said something to each other I couldn't hear or understand.

They broke the stare and Richard glanced my way. "What are you looking for?"

"Right now? I want to be tied up, and I want to be well used. No S&M. Condoms all the way around, even for blowjobs. And I won't change my mind, so don't even ask."

He revealed a slow grin. "That fits what I'm looking for. How about you, Matthew?"

"I, uh..." He looked at me, and back to Richard. His head snapped from point to point. "I don't mind helping you tie him up."

Richard threw me a look I took to mean we'd sealed the deal.

Matthew's gaze drifted to the wineglass. His brow furrowed, and his full lips pursed into a thin line. He grasped the edge of the table. "But...no drinking."

"Okay," I said, since he wouldn't look at either of us.

Richard motioned to a server. "No drinking, then. I've had two sips of wine. I'll stop." He handed off the glass.

"Thanks." Matthew's dark eyes shone again. He smiled and bounced a little in his seat.

"Just to be clear," I said. "I'm not looking for someone to fuck more than once. Tonight. That's it."

The big man spoke without a moment's hesitation. "I'm not after someone who wants a repeat."

"Good." I caught Matthew's frown out of the corner of my eye. It didn't last long. It transformed into a playful grin, like a mask he'd assumed many times before. I eyed the younger man with curiosity. What did he want? All I could give him was a guarantee to spend the night exchanging orgasms. It was a hell of a lot more than most men got on a consistent basis. "Want to head up, then?"

Richard led the way to the staircase at the rear of the dining room. I followed with Matthew close behind. We paused at the reservation desk at the top of the stairs. The club was efficient, and it didn't take long for Richard to have a key card in hand.

He selected a basic hotel-style room that included a few bondage supplies, as well as a large four-poster bed positioned in the center of the room, a full bathroom, and a small bar lined with miniature bottles of liquor. The pillows, the chairs, the bed linens, the walls, and the carpet all had an absence of color. Nothing dark or illicit or unseemly. Enough white draped the room, it screamed virginal, which was worth a laugh. Despite my numerous nights at the club, the room was a first for me. I gravitated toward men who preferred the darker side of the Haven.

I didn't care either way. The room's decor was not my priority.

Richard closed the door and gathered Matthew into his arms. Their lips and tongues connected, the kiss deepening with every second. Matthew moaned into the taller man's mouth. His arms wound around Richard's wide shoulders. His groin pushed against a thick thigh. Richard's hands wandered through Matthew's hair, down his back, over his ass.

God, they look great together. They mesmerized me. I inhaled a raspy, guttural sound and rubbed my hand over my firming bulge. Nothing could have stopped me.

"I couldn't get a room without alcohol," Richard said without letting go of Matthew. "All of them have it except for the S&M ones. I don't use those rooms. Ever."

“It's okay.” Matthew held on to the larger man's shoulders.

“You sure can kiss, kid. Those lips and that tongue should come with a warning.”

Matthew dropped his hands to his sides and swiped his palms over his thighs. “Thanks.”

Richard took Matthew's hand in his and led him to me. He snaked his other arm around my waist and tugged me close. I lost my footing and gripped his biceps. Damn, he was strong. The heat of his skin leaked through his shirt. My fingers dug in as though they could sink through the fabric and get to his flesh.

Richard's kiss was soft when it landed on my lips, but once his mouth opened, it became fierce. He attacked my tongue with his, that muscle as strong as the rest of him. He tasted of breath mints. Had he popped a mint to wipe out the taste of the wine since Matthew asked him not to drink?

No. Guys didn't do that kind of courteous shit for each other.

Matthew's lips skated over my earlobe and traveled down. His hot breath warmed my already heated skin. I shuddered.

Richard released me and headed across the room.

Where the hell was he going? I wanted more of that kiss.

Matthew's hand cupped my neck, and he brought his mouth to mine. I swiped my tongue over his lower lip in a slow taste. He spread his lips and traced my tongue with his. That was all it took. Richard hadn't exaggerated.

I'd never been big on kissing. It wasn't the connection I was after. That could have been because I'd never been kissed by anyone like them. From Richard's hard, passionate kiss to Matthew's sweet, sensual exploration, I was appreciating the act in a new light.

The heat of Matthew's mouth made my own saliva seem cool. He eased up on the kiss, and I shoved against him harder. I wanted a fuck, but I wasn't ready for his lips to leave mine. He was too damn good.

He moaned. His hands explored my neck, my shoulders, my back. His fingers worked to learn every line, every curve of my body through the clothes. I ached to feel those hands on my skin. He moved and rubbed against me, his leather-covered cock dragging over me. He wanted this, needed it. I appreciated that. Matthew exuded sex, but there was more to him. He worked my mouth and body with more than a desire to get off. He consumed me. When I finally drew back, he pouted.

Richard chuckled, the sound low and tense with need.

I regarded our third partner for the night. He sat on the bed, his legs parted, gliding his large hand over the front of his pants.

“Are you going to join us?” I asked.

“I'd like to watch you two first, before we get to the tying you up part. If you don't mind.” He stood. When he reached Matthew's side, he pressed his lips to the other man's ear. “Get him going for us, kid. Get him hard and ready to pop. And get him naked.” He licked the length of Matthew's ear, walked away, and leaned against the far wall.

Matthew grasped my arm with a trembling hand and encouraged me to the edge of the bed. Was he nervous?

“Take it slow,” Richard added.

Matthew nodded without detaching his gaze from me.

“You aren't going to watch all night, are you?” I wanted them to touch me, to give me pleasure in ways one man couldn't. I wanted to feel them—both of them.

“Hell, no. Want to enjoy the view is all.” Richard stroked himself through his pants again.

I wanted to see his cock, breathe in the scent, watch it pulse in his hand, see the beads of his desire form at the tip, knowing it'd be in my ass eventually that night. It took all my willpower not to march over and grab a hold of him.

“Good,” I said. “Sooner rather than later, huh?”

“Don't worry. I won't leave you hanging.” His chest heaved as he stroked faster.

Matthew's hands steered me to his lips again. The touch was soft and wet and warm and...damn, could he kiss. I turned and rubbed my cock against his. A tremble seized my body. Even through the clothes, the contact sent me spiraling out of control.

I worked one hand through his wavy hair, grabbed his ass with the other, and pulled him against me. I needed more of him. I had to get us naked. I had to get inside him.

What the hell was he doing to me?

Continued in *More* by Sloan Parker

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