



Sample Chapters for

**MORE (More Book 1)**  
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, peewee 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?

His fingers were nimble as they worked on my shirt. One button popped open after another, and his hands discovered my chest. He swiped a finger over a nipple, then pinched and tugged. I groaned. The sound of it surged in and out with the movements of his mouth over mine. Our lips parted and he smiled.

I wanted his mouth back on mine, our tongues tangling.

He shed his shirt, and his hand slid over the front of my jeans. I gasped as he worked the top button open. I wanted him to dip his hand inside. I needed his touch. I ached for it.

Matthew was perfection, but everything was moving slower than my usual evenings at the club. Especially since one of the night's participants still stood against the wall and touched only himself.

Matthew kissed me again, distracting me. I pressed my naked chest to his. His hands slipped inside the back of my jeans. He shoved my pants down and cupped my ass. The firm grip was nothing I expected from the kid I'd met in the bar.

My erect dick worked free of the fabric. A low sigh spilled out of Richard. *Man likes what he sees.*

Then why wouldn't he touch me?

Matthew's mouth followed his hands, proceeded lower and lower, explored my body until he paused before my dick. He stared at it, licking his lips while he removed my shoes and pants. *You want a taste, don't you?*

I coiled his dark hair around my fingers.

Without warning, he leaned in and lapped at my balls. My head spun. My breath came in short pants. What I would have given to take my dick in my hand and shove it into his mouth, condom be damned.

He moved on before I lost all reason and gave into the temptation.

Matthew ran his tongue along my stomach and up my chest until he sucked in a nipple. He sent me flying faster than I'd ever gone without someone around my dick or in my ass. I threaded my fingers through more of his hair, but I forced my palm to stay open as he licked and flicked my sensitive skin.

I threw my head back. "Yeah, like that, Matthew." I wasn't into talking to my sexual partners, but I couldn't hold back.

He hummed in response. He stayed at it for another few licks and sucks before he stepped back and worked his pants off. I admired the sight of his cock. Seeing a man's dick hard for me always turned me on more. I wrapped my hand around the shaft, kept the touches light, ran my thumb along the side until reaching the head, and squeezed. He groaned. His hips snapped. And he never stopped watching me.

Most guys closed their eyes once I touched their dicks. Most guys busied themselves with enjoying my body.

Not Matthew. He leaned in slowly and kept watching me until our lips met again. The kiss almost distracted me from the warm breath that painted the back of my neck. Richard wound his arms around my waist and stroked my dick in a slow grope. At that moment, nothing could have distracted me.

I leaned back and savored the muscular flesh. I wasn't a small man like Matthew, but Richard could lift me and fuck me against a wall without my feet ever touching the

floor. A shiver spread throughout my body. He rocked against me, and his hard shaft grazed the top of my ass.

“Good man,” I said, “getting naked for us.”

His lips swept over my ear. “Loved watching you two. Thank you. On the bed, Luke. Time to get you ready.”

With something that felt like regret, I drew my hands away from Matthew. I wanted to lie down to get fucked and still hold on to him. No one had ever felt so damn good in my arms. No one had ever spent so much time in my arms. I was all about the blowjob, or the rimming, or the connection of dick to ass.

I stretched out on my back and was awarded another striking vision of them. Matthew stood on his toes, and Richard was hunched over, his mouth on Matthew’s, his red, swollen cock smashed against the smaller man’s stomach.

I watched their mouths move together, watched them draw the desire out of each other. They kissed and touched as if they had all the time in the world and only the two of them to worry about. Had it not been such a turn-on, I’d have been annoyed. Instead, I sat and stared and stroked my dick as the erotic show played out before me. I’d never come to the club to spend time watching before. Seemed like a waste of the membership dues.

Their kiss ended, leaving both men breathless.

Richard’s fingers brushed at the swollen flesh of Matthew’s lips. “Damn. Why don’t you go suck him and I’ll tie him up.”

“Oh, yeah. Okay.” Matthew scrambled to the bar. He grabbed several condoms and small tubes of lube from a bowl and bounced his way to the bed. When he landed, the mattress bounced with him. His mouth formed a perfect circle, and his eyes widened. He laughed, his wavy hair swaying with the chuckles. The joy and ease of the sound was contagious, and I joined him.

I’d never laughed in a room at the Haven before.

Matthew crawled forward. He licked my body as soon as he reached my thighs, humming and rubbing against me, exploring my body with his tongue.

How could he go from laughing to deep need again that fast?

More importantly, how could he get me right there with him?

He knew more tricks with his mouth than I’d ever experienced. He’d also touched more of me in the past few minutes than all of my sexual partners at the club ever had.

And yet, I wanted more.

I heard Richard open the supply cabinet. Part of me wanted to know what he’d use to bind me, and part of me wanted to wait until the restraints made contact with my body.

Matthew trailed eager kisses toward my cock. He licked the line where hip met leg. I arched into it, and my head fell back. I heard him tear the condom wrapper open.

I lifted my head. "Kiss me again." *What the hell? More kissing?* But I couldn't take it back. I wanted his mouth on my lips again, his tongue connecting with mine.

He shot up. "Yeah. Yeah." He straddled my thighs, and his lips brushed against mine in a short, chaste kiss. "I love to kiss."

"I can tell." I wrapped my hands around his neck and encouraged him to kiss me again. He rocked in unison with the movements of our tongues, and a familiar swell surged through my dick. "Fuck. I'm gonna come from just kissing you."

"No. No, not yet. Let me—" He slid down, rolled the condom on, and sucked me all the way in.

*Holy crap.*

Not too many guys could go down that far.

His lips dragged over my shaft, and he sucked the sensitive head for a moment before pulling off. "You're sure? About the rubber?"

"I said—"

"Yeah. I just—most guys—I like giving head. I don't mind."

"I won't return the favor."

"It's okay."

"Just stop talking and put your lips over the damn condom."

He bit his lip, then drew me back into his mouth.

"Yeah, kid—ah fuck." He sucked harder. My pelvis rocked. The action pushed me deeper inside him. I twisted my fingers in the sheet and flattened my body to the bed. Matthew knew his shit. He'd take care of me.

But when did I leave it all up to the other guy? I said what I wanted. I took what I wanted.

"He that good?" Richard's breath tickled my ear. How long had he been kneeling next to the bed? Watching us?

"God, yes."

Richard ran a hand along my jaw, his bright green eyes fixated on me. I tilted my chin and drew his finger into my mouth, sucking in time with Matthew's pulls of my cock. Richard watched my mouth work him, and he gulped down a stiff swallow.

He slid his finger from my mouth and lifted my right arm over my head. He wrapped a rope around my wrist, stretched my arm taut, and tied off the rope, then restrained my left arm in the same way. My heart pounded. Knowing I couldn't get away from them heightened every sensation.

"You tell me if anything hurts," he said.

"Yeah. Okay."

Matthew moaned, and my cock vibrated in his mouth. Was it the idea of me tied up, or was he that turned on from sucking me? His hard prick rubbed along my leg. I loved it when a man could get off from a little sucking and humping.

Matthew pulled off. "Don't hold back." He took me in deep again. His head bobbed in a quick rhythm that threatened to pull me into oblivion before too long. His hands found my ass, encouraged me to thrust.

I didn't argue with him. I heaved off the bed and into his slick, hot mouth. The movement was awkward without the use of my arms—or my legs, since Matthew still pressed down on me—but I kept moving. And he took it all.

Richard's voice penetrated the haze fogging my brain. "Damn, you two look good together." He joined us on the bed and lay at my side.

The warmth of his body tempted me. I wanted to reach out and caress his hard pecs, feel the power, the flex of muscle. The ropes kept it a distant wish that almost had me pissed I'd asked to be restrained. A man like him deserved to be explored, touched, tasted.

I took a good look instead. Toned body, broad chest. He had a strong face, his nose a little crooked. The slight dusting of chest hair was as blond as the hair on his head. I wanted to run my tongue through it. Taste his flesh.

That's when I noticed it. A wide, raised scar from his right nipple to his left underarm. It was faint, but that could have had more to do with the passage of time than the wound itself. The damage had been bad when it was fresh. Painful. Bloody.

My mouth opened. What the hell could I say? His past was none of my business. I had my own scars—though none were what he could see—and I sure as hell wasn't going to share with some guy I met at the club.

Then I didn't give it another thought.

Matthew shoved a wet finger in my ass. I thrust one last time. My upper body left the bed, jerking the ropes tight, and I cried out as I came, the shrill sound nothing like me.

It was all what I wanted.

But I needed more. I wanted Richard to fuck me, take me while I yanked at the ropes, while I felt the push, the burn, the surrender.

Matthew rested his head on my thigh and exhaled heavy pants that mirrored my own. When his breathing slowed, he knelt between my legs. If the ropes weren't holding me back, I'd have taken him in my hand. His eyes, half-closed and hazy with need, studied me. He brought his lips to mine. The kiss was slow and tender. How could he hold back like that when he was so close to the edge?

Richard knelt behind him. I missed the warmth of him, the touch of his solid body at my side.

Matthew leaned back against his chest. "Dang, you feel good."

"Yeah? How's this feel?" Richard drew his hand across Matthew's chest and teased a nipple. The other hand pumped his cock. The massive fist spread precum over the shaft.

Matthew's hips moved. His head rolled from side to side. "Yeah. That...that's...your hands are huge and...talented." He wrapped his fingers around my cock and pulled in rhythm with Richard's hand on his own.

Before long, sensations overwhelmed me, my dick willing itself back to full interest. I'd never had such a quick turnaround. Not even at Matthew's age. Those hands and kisses were like nothing else.

Matthew turned his head and kissed Richard. The younger man's light skin and lean body were a fascinating contrast to Richard's darker skin and ripped muscles.

But I wasn't into watching. I wanted to touch, to fuck, to suck, or to be the one getting the same. Yet there was something about them – the size difference, their noises, the way they moved together as Richard rubbed along Matthew's back.

I arched off the bed. "I want... I need... Fuck." I wanted to feel them. I yanked at the ropes. I needed the touch, the warmth. They were driving me crazy.

"Uh-huh." Richard eyed me over Matthew's shoulder. "I'm going to fuck you, Luke. And you're going to suck Matthew."

"That's... I won't argue with that."

"Yeah," Matthew said. He scurried up my body and straddled my chest.

Was it just sex, or was he that eager about everything in life? Did he still run for the tree and presents after he shot out of bed on Christmas morning? Fifteen years since I'd left home, and the only time I celebrated anything was when I got a promotion at work. And that had been a celebration for one with a six-pack.

Richard stroked my thighs. I quivered at the simple touch. *They're just hands. What the hell's the big deal?*

"I left your legs untied," he said. "I want to feel your legs wrapped around me."

"Good. That's...um...good." The sight of Matthew's prick pushing through his own hand distracted me from forming more words.

Richard handed Matthew a condom.

"Bring that here, kid," I said. "I want you in my mouth."

"Uh-huh. I haven't had a blowjob in forever."

*Forever?* How long was that? Before him, I hadn't had one in five days. And that had been a long stretch for me.

He rolled the condom on and shifted until his knees settled on each side of me. The scent of leather and his crisp cologne flooded my nostrils. Not overwhelming. Subtle and soothing. It made me want him more. Did he slather his dick and balls in the stuff as some sort of aphrodisiac?

He brought his cock to my lips, and I opened for him, sucking the tip until he dripped with my saliva, then taking in more of him.

Richard lifted my legs and angled my hips. Slick fingers brushed over me, stroking again and again before finally pushing in. I moaned around the cock in my mouth.

Matthew's head jerked back. Open and responsive, spread over me, he was one of the sexiest men I'd ever seen.

Richard pressed his big fingers in more. Teased. Twirled. Fucked me. My ass clenched around him.

How many men had touched me there? And not a single one had ever made it as good, had ever spent so much time. The pleasure went on and on. He should write a goddamn book. An instruction manual on that touch alone.

I couldn't see him work me from behind Matthew's body, and that turned me on even more. Desperate again, I didn't know if I'd be able to wait to come until he got inside me. When the hell was the last time that happened? With no one touching my dick?

Another press. Another swirl. How long could he keep me on the edge?

Then his fingers were gone, and I was empty, anxious for his touch again. I sucked harder on Matthew, needing him to come as much as I needed the same release.

The head of Richard's slick, sheathed cock rubbed along my ass. "Ready, Luke?"

With my mouth busy and my arms tied to the bed, I used the one way I had to let him know how much I needed him inside me. I rocked my hips, and the tip of his dick drove into me.

"God, yes." Richard growled with the words. "Luke." His first thrust came slow, but went deep. Persistent. Determined. He repeated the motion, and I tugged and moaned, the sound muted by Matthew inside me.

They were satisfying my ache. I felt them everywhere.

Matthew's noises grew louder. I tried to concentrate on the blowjob while Richard offered me what he had to give, but the big man knew what he was doing, and the distraction made thinking difficult at best. That was always the problem with the execution of a threesome. Too many distractions. Or perhaps just enough.

Matthew bent forward and thrust, his movements shallow. His eyes met mine, his stare intense. He didn't just watch me. He looked inside me.

Too intimate, too personal, too connected.

I wanted to turn away, but I couldn't. I saw something I liked in his gaze. Something in the way he needed me right then.

His hands gripped the headboard, and he went deeper with each shove into me. His words no longer made sense, but he didn't let up. His screams and moans grew louder than anyone I'd ever heard before. *God, he loves sex.* Worth the wait. His hips jerked, and he pushed farther inside my mouth as he came. When his dick finished pulsing, he rolled off me and onto his side with a whimper. I breathed deep and ignored the usual surge of loss.

Richard slammed into me harder.

I tightened my legs around him, loving the power in his movements. A fine mist of sweat covered his upper body. Several beads dripped, and I felt it when every drop

struck my sensitive skin. His pelvis slapped my ass harder. A bolt of pleasure zipped through me.

"Yes! More." I arched, and the ropes tightened.

"Luke." He kept at it, kept moving in me, grunting with each shove.

Matthew kissed me. His body pressed close.

"I have to—" I said. His hand covered my cock.

"Not yet, kid," Richard said.

The hand left my dick in a flash, and Matthew's fingers traced my nipples. I lifted my arms, and the restraints caught me. The usual pinch and burn didn't plague my wrists. My hands didn't go numb. Richard knew his shit.

He snapped his hips faster as he dragged his dick in and out, over and over again. I groaned and closed my eyes, focusing on every touch stimulating me.

"Open your eyes," Richard said.

I heard his words, but my body didn't react.

He stilled, his cock hanging half out of me.

My eyes flew open. "What the fuck? Why are you stopping?"

"Don't close your eyes. Look at me."

"Don't stop. Need to come..."

"Watch me." He moved again, slow at first, then picking up speed. The muscles of his arms flexed, and his fingers dug into my hips. I wanted to run my hands over his thick muscles, bury my nose in his chest, and devour his scent. My hands twitched from their self-imposed prison.

With each thrust, my toes curled. My legs shot higher and squeezed around him. My eyes rolled, and I let them fall shut.

Everything stopped.

"Fuck." My voice cracked. I opened my eyes wide.

"I'm trying to, Luke." Richard's voice sounded as strained as mine, but his eyes teased. He held still for a moment more. Then he shoved into me with a long, hard plunge.

"Yes, don't stop."

Matthew giggled. The sound was low and sexual, but it was still a giggle.

Every time my eyes closed, Richard stopped moving, stopped driving into me. As soon as I made eye contact with him, he started again. His hips slammed faster than before. The sound of our bodies coming together and the groans and hums from Matthew filled the room.

The frustration built. This wasn't a quick fuck to get off like many of my nights at the club. This was a slow buildup of need. And deep down, I liked it. I needed it.



After I held Richard's stare for a few more slaps of balls to ass, he spoke again. "Kid, stroke him."

Matthew didn't play around. He worked my cock with his hand until pleasure flooded my shaft. I stared at Richard as I shuddered and rode out my orgasm. Only at the end of my spasms did my eyes close and my head tilt back.

Richard was too far gone to care. Between his clenched teeth, the word "Christ" slithered out like a hiss. His body rocked with pleasure until he collapsed onto my chest, my legs still in the air.

Matthew's hand sped over his own dick, and warm cum spilled over my leg. His forehead landed on my arm. Maybe he thought I was the pillow.

Richard's breathing sounded as labored as mine. "Damn. That...that was great." He lifted up and planted a long, deep kiss on my lips.

*What the fuck?*

I wanted to push him away. We'd already come. I didn't need him to kiss me. But I didn't stop him. I opened my mouth and caressed his tongue with my own.

He gave one last soft press of his lips to mine, leaned to the side, and kissed Matthew.

I couldn't take my eyes off them.

I loved that Richard's prick was still buried in my ass while he kissed Matthew. I loved that he hadn't rolled off and gotten dressed as soon as he'd finished fucking me. And what the hell did that mean? I was always the first one out the door after the cum went flying. I shifted, trying to give him a clue.

Richard held Matthew's gaze for a moment before he gripped the condom and withdrew. He stood and unfastened my restraints, checking each wrist and rubbing each hand. "Are you okay?"

I swallowed and searched for my voice. "Yeah. You know what you're doing." *God, does he know what he's doing.*

He grabbed towels from the cabinet and sprawled across the foot of the bed, tossing each of us a towel. "I don't like to cause any pain. That's not my thing."

Matthew lifted his head from my arm and rolled onto his back.

I settled my hands behind my head and relaxed into the sated warmth, feeling calm, comfortable, alive.

The fact that a sexual experience had caused the feeling gave me pause. Sex was for pleasure. During the act I wanted to fly, feel a loss of control, a release. But when it was done, it was over. It wasn't supposed to make me feel so damn secure.

Matthew rose onto his elbows and stared across the room. The question came out in a hurry on the trail of a long breath. "Are either of you going to be back anytime soon?"

I'd just gotten my brains fucked out, but I was pretty sure I'd given them my usual remarks about keeping it to a one-time thing.

“Maybe,” Richard said.

I slid to the end of the bed, stood, and threw on my pants and shoes.

“Matthew, you can use the shower if you want,” Richard said. “You look like you could use it.”

Matthew stood and shifted from one foot to the other. “Yeah, okay. Thanks.” He raked a hand through his sweat-covered waves. The remnants of cum shone on his fingers, and his hair slicked back with it. *My cum looks good in his hair.* I pictured him on his knees, me jacking myself, then shooting on his hair and face.

*I need to get the hell out of here.*

Matthew never glanced away from me as he traveled the distance from the bed to the bathroom. “In case you aren’t here when I get back, that was great. Worth the wait, you know?”

I nodded but couldn’t keep my gaze level with his. Once he slipped into the smaller room, I wrestled my shirt on. Richard lay back and watched me.

I went to the door. My back to the room, I didn’t plan on speaking, until the words were already in the air between us and I had no way to take them back. “Thanks. I needed that.” My hand gripped the doorknob until my knuckles turned white.

“Me too,” he said.

I stepped out in the hall and jerked the door shut.

*What the hell?* I didn’t thank anyone. Not for something as simple as fucking.

Continued in [More \(More Book 1\)](#) by Sloan Parker

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