

# **The Break In**

an erotic short story



**Sloan Parker**

Free Short Fiction

Distributed at [www.sloanparker.com](http://www.sloanparker.com) by Sloan Parker

This is a work of fiction. While reference may be made to actual events or locations, the characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons is coincidental.

This work may not be sold, manipulated, or reproduced in any format without express written permission from the author except in the case of brief quotations for articles or reviews.

**This work contains graphic language and explicit sexual content between three men. Intended for adult audiences only. Not intended for anyone under the age of 18.**

**This contemporary erotic romance contains m/m/m sexual interaction**

The Break In

© 2011 Sloan Parker

Cover Design

© 2011 Sloan Parker

### **Author's Note**

This story was inspired by the Alanis Morissette song “Your House” where she walks into her former lover’s house, puts on his robe, listens to his music, and lies in his bed, all while he’s seeing someone else. I wanted to write a story with a similar theme, but give it a romantic twist. “The Break In” is the result of that personal challenge.

### **Promotional Blurb**

Billy’s been breaking into his ex-lover’s apartment every Friday night for a little solo sex in the bed they used to share. One night he almost gets caught before he has a chance to finish his usual routine and climb back out the window. Now he has only seconds to decide if he should hide and end up watching his ex have sex or run from the most erotic encounter of his life—and maybe a chance at love again.

## The Break In

by Sloan Parker

My foot slipped on the windowsill, and I flung through the opening feet first. I landed with my ass on the hardwood floor, my feet stuck under a dresser, and my hands twisted in the curtains.

How many times had I snuck through that window? It should've been second nature to me. I shouldn't have been slumped on the floor like the world's worst prowler.

And yet, there I was, gripping the long curtains in both fists, adrenaline rushing through me as though they were going to walk in and find me stuck in that ridiculous position. Which was stupid. I wasn't about to get caught. They had dinner out every Friday night. Not at the same restaurant, but it didn't matter where they were. It only mattered that they wouldn't be home for another couple of hours. I had time.

I untangled my hands, pushed myself off the floor, and listened for a moment. Despite my need for silence, the lack of any life inside the apartment disturbed me. I missed the sound of his laughter as he viewed the countless YouTube videos he pretended he didn't watch, the tapping on the keyboard of his laptop, his humming in the shower.

I stood still in the silent bedroom for another few breaths. The music first. It made the couple of hours I spent in the apartment seem like I was supposed to be there, like I still lived there and was doing the laundry or jogging on the treadmill. Anything but the real reason.

Down the long hall, the hardwood floor squeaked in the same places it always had. I strode past the couch we'd made love on so many times, past his recliner where he'd do his work, letting my hand linger on the worn blue fabric of the headrest. How many times had he set aside his laptop and called me to him? How many times had I curled up in his arms there?

I crossed the living room to the stereo. I didn't even check, just hit the play button and waited for the soulful jazz to break the silence.

The quiet disrupted, I crept back down the hall to the bedroom where I ignored the large bed, the visible red sheets, the comforter crumpled at the foot of the mattress. Ignoring those details would be better, wouldn't let me think things like, *nine months and he still needed me for something*.

I opened the top dresser drawer and rifled through the contents until my fingers met the

soft fabric of his black briefs, the ones I had clasped between my teeth as I undressed him so many times. I laid the underwear across the top of the dresser and wrenched off my pants and T-shirt. I shivered and tried to tell myself it was the chill in the room meeting my naked body. Right.

My underwear on the floor, I slipped into his pair, trying to ignore the erection forming, the way my body warmed with the slide of the fabric. When I first started breaking in, it would take me until the end of my routine before I'd get hard. The sadness used to be too heavy; it overpowered the desire. Now, the feel of his underwear against my skin worked like a dream.

Inside the next drawer were the jeans. They were too wide, too long, but it didn't matter. It wasn't like I was going anywhere dressed like that. The clothes were for me. He'd never see me in them. The idea of him finding me dressed like that turned me on more. I pulled on his jeans and went for the closet.

I ran my hand over every shirt, every suit, every pair of slacks, loving the mental images of him in the courtroom, the command of that strong voice. The shirt I wanted to wear in my hand, I reached for the tie rack. The dark blue one. It went best with his eyes, like the last time I'd seen him in it. He'd just landed a major client and promotion, and we were celebrating at Romano's. By the end of the night, I was begging him to tie me up using only that tie. He paid the bill, and we were out the door before the waiter had a chance to bring the dessert cart. We never made it to using the tie, though. After, when he was holding me in the dark, our bodies sweat-soaked, the cum still drying on my skin, he had whispered, "Next weekend, we'll use the tie."

Too bad I'd never know what it felt like when he wound the tie around my wrists.

Too bad I had fucked up before the next weekend and had lost it all.

I glided my hand across my chest and plucked a nipple. With my other hand, I stroked myself through his jeans and bucked my hips. If I wasn't careful, I wouldn't last as long as I wanted.

Time for the rest.

His shirt on and the tie draped around my neck, I moved my private party to the bathroom. The cologne was sitting on the vanity top as if I were expected, as if he knew I visited every Friday night. When I had lived there, he kept the cologne tucked inside the medicine cabinet. I trembled as I lifted the bottle. Out of fear? Or hope?

In either case, I didn't let it linger. He didn't know about my visits. If he had, he would've called the cops. Or my parole officer. No, he would've confronted me.

I opened the bottle and splashed cologne on my neck. My skin tingled with the memory of his hands on me. I buried my nose in my palm. Never did smell the same on me. I'd give anything to smell it on him. One more time.

*No.* I'd give anything to have it all back—the sex, the long talks in bed, the laughter, the love. But it would never be like that.

I'd never live in that apartment again. Never make love in that bed. Never be held in those strong arms. I had to accept that. And someday, I would. I'd stop the breaking and entering every Friday night. But not yet.

It was a small change that caught my eye, but it was enough to startle me. The bottle of lube kept inside the shower was now in the soap dish, not the shower caddy. Had they purposely decided to store it somewhere new, or had they accidentally left it there? Had they been in the shower together that morning? Fucking each other?

Had it been Roger inside Doug?

Or the other way around?

I couldn't stop the memories: my forehead pressed against the glass door as he took me from behind; those large hands on my hips, on my chest, on my cock; me on my knees and his dick in my mouth—just the way he liked after a long day at work. He called my mouth the best stress relief he'd ever had. I'd never been anyone's best anything before.

Never would again. All because of one mistake. The worst of my life.

Since I was twelve, my mom had said I'd end up in prison. Who knew she'd be right? I had thought finding the love of my life had meant the end of the bad shit, the beginning of a new life.

If only I hadn't gone out that night.

If only I had done what he wanted—stayed in, decorated the tree, listened to Christmas carols, made love to “Moon Dreams” by Miles Davis.

If only I hadn't believed my best friend when he said we wouldn't get caught.

But I knew what an empty belly felt like. I knew what it was like to live on the streets, turning tricks for a meal.

I scrubbed a hand over my face before the tears could form and reached for the lube they

had moved since my last visit. I placed it on the top shelf of the shower caddy. I'd move it back before I left, but something inside me couldn't leave it alone. I needed it to be where we had kept it.

Not where they did.

Back in the bedroom, I didn't want to look at the bed, didn't want to see the mussed covers, the sheets twisted in a way that only meant one thing had last happened there. I kept my eyes squeezed shut as I crawled to the center of the bed. My erection had subsided with the memories of how I'd lost it all, but the sound of the smooth jazz and the scent of him on the pillows aroused me again. I shifted my hips and reached for the top button of the too-big jeans.

I froze with the sound of the front door opening. Their laughter poured into the apartment, blending with the cool, passionate jazz. It sounded like laughter at a wake. It mocked me. The sound track of my life.

Hyperventilation set in. Why were they home early?

Their laughter grew louder. I needed to get up and out the window. Why couldn't I move?

"You leave the music on?" That was Doug. His soothing voice always got to me. I missed hearing it mix with his laugh, hearing him whisper all the sexy, delicious things he wanted to do to me.

"Don't know. Maybe," Roger said. His voice grew louder. "Must have."

Why did he have to sound sexy too?

I scrambled for the edge of the bed and scooped up the clothes I'd worn to break in. Their footsteps approached the bedroom door. No time to change.

The doorknob turned.

No time for anything.

I dropped to the floor and crawled under the bed, the big-ass jeans getting all tangled up, making it hard to move. The blue tie must have slipped off me. It lay on the floor beside the bed. I grabbed it, and the door swung in. I jerked my hand back and clutched the tie to my chest.

Doug stepped in first. The dark cowboy boots were the same ones he wore every day, even under the suits. His feet turned as Roger came in close. The sound of their kisses filled the room.

*Oh God.* They were going to make love with me underneath the goddamn bed.

A tie fell to the floor three feet from my face. Doug's tie. His dress shirt followed, a crumpled pool of fabric around their ankles.

Yep. I was going to be stuck under the bed listening to them go at each other. The thought should've unnerved me. And it did, in a way, but it also turned me on. I would get to hear him moan and beg. Hear him cry out as he came.

Another shirt fell to the floor, and both men toed off their boots and socks. They kissed again, the sloppy sounds mixing with Doug's little hums. God, how I missed that.

"Love you." That was Roger. Those whispered words brought tears to my eyes. I wiped them away. I would not cry. I would enjoy the moment for what it was—me listening to two hot guys having sex. It couldn't be anything more.

"Tell me." Roger again.

"No," Doug said. He took a step back from Roger, his bare feet coming even closer to the edge of the bed—to me. "You promised me we wouldn't talk about it again."

Roger stepped forward. Their limbs mingled together. "I think we need to talk about it," Roger said. "Talk about him."

Him? Someone new?

They kissed again, the sound more enticing than before. My heart thundered in my chest. I wanted to crawl out from under the bed, fly out the window, and race along the city streets until I collapsed from exhaustion.

"Tell me," Roger said.

Doug sighed. "I miss him."

I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to keep my breathing even, to keep still. Was Doug talking about me?

"Of course you do," Roger said.

"But we can't."

"Why not? He's sorry."

"How do you know that?"

"Don't tell me you don't know what he's been doing."

*Fuck.*

Roger stepped around Doug until his feet and lower legs framed Doug's from behind. Together they moved as one toward the dresser. With the change in their location, I could see all

of them. Both were shirtless. Roger in jeans, the fabric clinging to the muscles of his thick thighs. Doug in dress slacks, his taut, slimmer frame nestled back against Roger. I clutched my clothes tighter to my chest.

Roger reached around Doug and pulled open the top drawer. “He likes to put on your underwear. The black ones. He always puts them back before he goes, but they still smell like him hours later. They smell like his need, your soap, and my cologne. They smell like the three of us.”

*Oh God.* I buried my face in my clothes. They knew what I did every time I snuck in. Did they know the rest? I forced myself to look again.

Doug dropped his head back to Roger’s shoulder, wound his arms around Roger, and squeezed the firm ass cheeks.

“I bet he likes to feel your underwear against his skin.” Roger whispered the words into Doug’s ear. “Imagine it’s you touching him. I bet he gets hard just thinking about it.” Roger rotated his groin over Doug’s ass. “Hard as I am now.”

Were they angry? No. They were turned on. As turned on as I was, so fucking hard I wanted to shove my hand inside the pair of underwear Roger was talking about.

Roger opened another drawer. “He wears my jeans.”

Doug wasn’t saying anything. He was moving, rubbing back against Roger, running his hands over Roger’s ass.

Then Roger moved the two of them toward the closet, and still holding Doug from behind, he slid open the door and turned on the light. Just as I had done a few minutes earlier—only without the holding Doug part.

“I bet,” Roger said, “he touches himself as he picks out one of your ties.”

Doug removed a hand from Roger’s ass and ran the tips of his fingers over the line of dress shirts. Those graceful fingers moved in such a slow, gentle touch, and I almost moaned out loud. I bit my lip and shifted my hips, my cock getting a little friction with the move. I wanted more. I wanted them.

Roger worked a hand down the front of Doug’s pants and began a slow, sensual stroke. I ached to feel Roger’s hands on me, Doug’s lips against mine, my body pressed between them. One last time.

“He picks out a shirt.” Roger continued the movement of his hand on Doug’s cock. “One

of my dress shirts. And your blue tie.”

Doug gasped.

“The one we were going to use on him the night we celebrated your promotion. The night he’d begged us to tie him up. The night we last made love.”

Doug wiped his eyes. Was he crying? His voice was shaky when he finally spoke. “We never did get to the tie.”

“No. But we said we would.” Roger gripped Doug’s hand in his and led the way across the room. “After he dresses in our clothes, he goes to the bathroom.”

I shifted until I could see them through the open doorway. They stood in front of the mirror. Roger reached around Doug again and lifted the bottle of cologne. He opened it and poured some into the palm of his hand. He worked his hands together in front of Doug, and then spread the cologne over Doug’s cheeks and down his neck. Doug’s hips were moving again.

Roger kissed the skin of Doug’s neck from earlobe to shoulder. I could almost smell Doug’s skin, the mix of arousal and Roger’s cologne. I had never smelled that cologne on Doug. Did they smell the same wearing it?

Roger ran his hands down the front of Doug’s naked chest, over one nipple then the other, progressed lower and lower, and finally, dipped a hand into the front of Doug’s pants. I panted at the thought of smelling Roger’s cologne on Doug’s cock and balls.

I watched the fabric of Doug’s pants move with the hand working him. I gulped down a swallow and tried to remember how to breathe.

Roger’s gruff voice startled me. “Now we all smell the same.”

Doug moaned and shifted his hips faster.

“Come to bed, lover.” Roger eased his hand out of Doug’s pants and turned for the door. He stopped and laughed as he grabbed the bottle of lube from the shower. “He didn’t like us leaving the lube somewhere new.”

“Why?” Doug asked.

“I think he misses the way we did things. The way we were together—the three of us. He’s miserable alone.”

“He left us—”

“You know why.” Roger held Doug against his chest and whispered to the hair above Doug’s ear. “He thought we’d be ashamed of him. He thought coming home to us from prison

would make us love him differently. He thought he was an extra we were playing with, and that we'd be fine without him. That we'd go right back to where we were before we found him outside the club. He doesn't know he was as much a part of this relationship as either of us. He doesn't know how easily it was for that hungry, lonely man to steal our hearts."

I couldn't stop the tears that streamed down my face. Roger's words penetrated every inch of thick skin I had been trying to build since I'd left them for prison.

It was odd—hiding under the bed we had once shared, wearing their clothes, crying like I never had in my life, and yet my cock hard, my body so hungry for them, I didn't know if I'd be able to walk away if they discovered me and demand I leave. But it didn't sound like they would. They still wanted me.

Maybe I had already jerked off and had fallen asleep on the red sheets, and their words were my wishes come to life in my dreams.

They moved as one to the middle of the bedroom, facing each other.

Doug glanced toward the closet. "Where's the tie? It wasn't in there."

"We came home early enough."

Doug's mouth fell open. "He's here?"

Roger nodded.

I hugged my clothes tighter to me and held my breath.

"Where?"

Roger looked over his shoulder. "Under the bed."

Doug turned, and both men stared at me.

I knew I wasn't dreaming because I used all my mental powers to force the floor to split open and swallow me whole. It didn't.

"Billy?"

I should've been man enough to crawl out and face them, but my name on Doug's lips had me frozen under the bed, holding my own clothes, wearing theirs, tears on my face, and my dick rock hard.

Doug walked to the bed, crouched beside it, and lifted the sheet hanging over the edge. "Billy, come out here." Those blue, blue eyes were watching me.

Roger hadn't moved from where he stood, but his voice was louder than any of his words since he'd stepped into the apartment. "Billy."

That was all it took. I never could resist his requests, not in the bedroom. He liked to lead the way. And I always liked to let him. So did Doug. Roger said it was because Doug needed to let go of the control he held on to all day in the courtroom. And he said I needed to give all of myself to someone.

He was right about that.

I worked my way out from under the bed, still not letting go of my clothes. I might need them before long.

Doug wrapped a hand around my upper arm and helped me stand, the baggy jeans making the move an issue, my nerves adding to it.

The soft touch of Doug's hand on my arm and the comforting blue eyes watching me took me back in time to the first night I'd met them, when they'd driven me to a diner and fed me a roast beef sandwich with extra fries, had brought me home and ran me a hot bath, and then had taken me to their bed where nothing close to sex happened and where I slept pressed between them. The next day, they'd had a new bed delivered for the guest room. It took three months before either of them kissed me. Another two before they brought me to their bed again. I learned later, they had wanted to wait even longer. They didn't want me to feel like I owed them something.

But it had never felt like that. All I ever felt was their love.

I stared at Doug's hand on my arm. I longed to feel the heat of his palm on my skin. Why couldn't I have jerked off naked in their bed? Only that would have also put me naked standing before them. I already felt exposed. Vulnerable. Like the twenty-something kid from the street they'd brought home with them five years before.

Doug yanked me forward and crushed me against his chest. "Stupid, stupid man."

Roger stood behind me and wound his large arms around us, pinning me between them.

All my resolve went out the window—where I should have been following it. I dropped the clothes and wrapped an arm around Doug's waist, the other back around Roger's.

Doug let out a soft moan. He buried his nose in my hair. "You've been out for two months. Where have you been staying?"

I wanted to answer, but the words caught in my throat.

Roger gripped my hip. "Billy," he said. "Where?"

I dropped my head back to his chest. "The Third Street Mission."

Doug ran a hand over my cheek. I closed my eyes and leaned into his touch.

“Why didn’t you come home?” he asked.

I couldn’t stop myself. I turned my head and kissed his palm.

He wiped the last of my tears from my eyes. “Did you think we wouldn’t want you anymore?”

I nodded.

Roger bent and kissed the back of my neck. He worked his way to my earlobe. “Did you think we wouldn’t still love you?”

A part of me knew they would, but I had wanted better for them—better than me.

Roger kissed my temple. “Talk to us.”

“I was in prison.” My voice trembled with each word.

Roger laughed. That deep rumble vibrated against my back. Without a thought, I shifted between them, my ass to Roger’s cock, my dick to Doug’s, back and forth, the rhythm coming back to me as effortlessly as any step I’d taken to get to the apartment.

Doug started to move with me, but Roger stilled our actions.

*So stupid.* I shouldn’t have been so bold. I had left them. I had packed a bag and walked out the door while they were at work, and I had stayed at the mission until it was time to report to court. They had shown up that day. Doug wouldn’t take no for an answer when he took the place of the public defender. I owed Doug years of my life. My sentence wouldn’t have been as light if he hadn’t shown up to help me.

And this was how I repaid them?

Breaking into their place, rifling through their belongings, trying to rub off on them as if nothing had changed between us?

Roger’s deep voice sounded small when he spoke. “You wouldn’t talk to us at your court appearance. You refused to see us at the prison. You get out and don’t bother to tell us where you are. Don’t you think all that hurt?”

“Roger. Don’t.” Doug massaged my arms. “He’s here.”

Roger shoved a hand inside the loose pants that hung from my body. He gripped my cock. “He’s here to jerk off. Not to see us.”

“I-I want—” I squeezed my eyes shut.

Roger slid his hand down the length of my cock. He caressed my balls. “Say it, Billy.”

I groaned and moved my hips again. "I wanted to see you. But-but you deserve better."

"Better than you?" With the surprise in Doug's voice, I opened my eyes and watched him. He searched my face. "God, Billy. You were trying to help him."

"But I stole."

Roger cupped my balls, his touch gentle, loving. "Why didn't you ask us for help? We would've given him the money."

I twisted in their arms until I could look up at Roger. "I couldn't take anything else from you."

"Take?" Roger said. "You have no clue, do you? We were missing something until we met you. We needed you as much as you needed us."

Doug forced me to look his way. "And without you, we're not whole. We're broken."

"You've punished yourself enough," Roger said. "It's time to come home."

Doug leaned forward and kissed me. His warm tongue caressed mine. All worries, all thoughts were gone. I wrapped my arms around his neck and stood on the tips of my toes. Roger's warmth left my back. I wanted to cry out, wanted to plead for his touch again, but I couldn't tear myself from Doug's kiss. I wanted him to consume me, to take my breath into him until we weren't sure where he ended and I began.

Roger pressed against my back again. One of his hands gripped my hip. The fingers of the other caressed my lower lip. I opened my mouth wider and let his thumb slide between my lips, alongside Doug's tongue until I could taste them both.

Roger slipped his thumb from my mouth and gripped one of my arms from around Doug's neck. He wound something around my wrist.

The blue tie.

I gasped.

Doug smiled at me, his lips still moist from the kiss. "You aren't getting away from us this time."

Roger laughed and tugged me backward. I trembled.

"Get naked, Doug," Roger said.

Doug stripped. I couldn't take my eyes off the hard lines of his body, the swollen erection between his legs.

Roger stepped in front of me. He forced my head up until I met his stare. "You are

staying. Unless you tell me you want to go.” He waited a moment, then added, “I thought not.” He leaned forward and stopped, his lips an inch from mine. “I’m going to kiss the hell out of you, and I might not be able to stop once I start.” He pulled back.

I whimpered. I wanted his lips on mine.

“First things first,” he said. “On the bed, Doug.”

Doug nodded and lay on his back in the center of the large bed.

“Arms over your head.”

Doug stretched his arms up as if reaching for the headboard. His body was spread out over the red sheets like a decadent dessert offering. I wanted to crawl on top of him and take a taste. More than a taste. I wanted to devour all of him.

Roger moved behind me. He popped the top button of the jeans I wore and slid down the zipper. Doug licked his lips as he watched from the bed, his body held immobile by only Roger’s will.

“Go ahead,” Roger said as he continued to undress me. “Say it.”

Say what? He worked the pants off me, then unbuttoned the shirt. My head spun with the brush of his large hands against my skin.

Doug spoke. “I want you so much, Billy. Missed seeing your body, touching you. Missed you between us, your smile, your laugh, your love. Missed you every moment you were gone.” Doug shifted his hips but kept his arms stretched overhead. “Been dreaming about you inside me.”

Shallow breaths were all I could manage.

Roger slid the shirt off my shoulders, working it over the tie still wrapped around my wrist. He brushed the flesh of my ass and thighs as he peeled the black underwear off my body.

“God, babe,” Doug said. “You’re gorgeous. Come here.”

He knew I wouldn’t move. Not until Roger told me to. It was a game we had played many times.

He didn’t give up. “Babe, crawl on top of me. Need to feel your body on mine, your tongue in my mouth, your cock inside me.”

I nodded. It was all I could give him. For now.

Roger chuckled. I heard him unzip his pants. Then his muscular, naked body came in close, his arms around my chest, the solid, heated flesh of his cock at my lower back. I groaned

and leaned my head back to him.

He kissed my neck. “Do I need to get a rubber?”

Huh? I lifted my head and stared at Doug on the bed. He was either enjoying the sight of my cock, or he couldn't face me.

It hit me then. “No!”

Doug closed his eyes and swallowed.

I couldn't stand still any longer. I turned in Roger's arms. “I didn't have sex with anyone else. I swear, I didn't. Just...just a couple of blowjobs. At...at...”

He cupped my cheek and ran his thumb over my lower lip. “In the prison?”

I nodded.

“I believe you.” Louder, he said, “Doug?”

“Me too.”

Roger gave one more swipe to my lip. He released my face and forced me to turn. “Go to him. Lie flat over his body.”

I crawled onto the bed and worked my way up Doug. We both moaned as I lowered myself over him. I rested a hand on the bed on either side of his shoulders and rocked, letting our cocks and bodies get reacquainted, remembering the sweet, easy way we had been together.

Doug moaned again. The sound was beautiful and enticing. I wanted more. I rocked faster, playing him like an old guitar, wanting to hear the same melody I'd been missing for months.

Roger grabbed my hips and tugged me backward. “Not yet. Kneel between his legs.” Doug spread his thighs, and I did as Roger directed. Roger knelt behind me, the touch of his chest to my back brought out my own song, little whimpers I couldn't dream of silencing.

Roger slid his hands up the inside of Doug's thighs. “Raise your legs.”

Doug lifted his legs, and with a touch of Roger's hand to my lower back, I inched closer until my cock nestled against Doug's ass. Soon I'd be inside him. And Roger would be in me. I'd be home. Finally.

Forever?

I gripped the outside of Doug's thighs, needing to touch more of him.

“Left hand, Doug.”

Doug raised his hand. Roger lifted the end of the blue tie still dangling from my right

wrist and wrapped it around the headboard, then both our wrists, binding us together. We entwined our fingers. Roger secured the end of the blue fabric, but it was too loose. I'd slip free before long.

"Tighter."

Roger licked my ear from top to bottom and whispered, "Tied down or not, you are not going anywhere."

"No." I let my head fall to his shoulder. "I want to stay."

"Billy." Doug squirmed and pressed his ass against my cock. I couldn't enter him. Not yet.

Roger leaned to the nightstand for the lube. He slid a hand between Doug and me and slicked my cock, then Doug's body. Doug gripped the headboard with his free hand.

"It's okay," Roger said. "Touch him. Hold on to him."

Doug let go of the headboard and reached for me under his raised leg. He gripped my thigh.

With Roger's hand guiding my cock, I pressed my pelvis forward and sank into Doug through several small thrusts. The tight slide of flesh on flesh was almost too much. I'd never be able to hold off for long. Doug groaned and squeezed my hand and thigh, his gaze locked on mine.

It had been too long since I'd been inside either of them, since I'd felt anything on my dick but my own hand. I leaned over him more and rested my free hand on the bed beside his head. I needed the leverage to fuck him the way I wanted to—the way I needed to.

No. That wasn't true. Roger would be shoving into me soon, and he'd fuck us through the mattress.

Roger spread my ass cheeks. I stilled, and he ran the slick head of his cock from the top of my ass, down the crease ever so slowly. The moment he touched my hole, he thrust forward, driving me farther into Doug.

I cried out, "Yes," and grunted over and over as he made love to us. Maybe I had missed my own sounds more than theirs. Being pinned between them was a need I'd tried to pretend I no longer craved, that I could live without.

I didn't want to come. And at the same time I'd never wanted anything more than that release.

Roger slid a hand under the silk tie around my wrist until he was bound to us—with us. He cupped my cheek with his other hand and forced my head to the side. “Kiss me.” Then his lips were on mine. The sweetest brush of moist lips and tongue. Soft. Inviting. Deep. Maybe he really had meant he’d never stop kissing me. I wasn’t sorry.

Abruptly, he pulled back and said, “You are not going anywhere. Tonight. Or any other night. You’re ours, and we’re not letting you go.”

He thrust again and again, reaching around me to take Doug in his hand. We rocked and grunted, stroked and sped, loved and breathed as we flew toward release. I came first, then Roger and Doug almost together. We collapsed in a pile, Roger half on me, half wrapped around me, Doug on my other side.

Roger sighed. “Damn. You always were a sweet fuck.”

I laughed and smacked his arm. “I’m feeling the love.”

He sat up so fast the bed creaked. He leaned over me. “You should. And next time, don’t run from it.”

I nodded, and Roger sank back to the bed.

Doug reached for the blankets and lifted them over us. “Sleep.”

I could do that. I hadn’t been so relaxed since the night before I’d been arrested.

“Billy,” Roger said.

“Huh?”

“I think we had a break in. They left the window open.”

I laughed again. Leaving the window open had been my reminder I had to leave. When I jerked off on their sheets, it was easy to focus on my cock and forget my heart. Forget I didn’t belong there.

I threw the covers back, lunged for the window across the room, and tripped. I landed on the floor with my feet stuck in the twisted blanket and my hands gripping the long curtains on either side of the window.

Doug laughed, cackled, whatever you called it when someone couldn’t sit up and was clutching their gut while the laughs poured out.

Roger shifted to the foot of the bed and peered down at me. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I am now.” I kicked off the blanket, stood, and slammed the window shut. The faint sounds of honking horns, the hum of the traffic, the occasional shout disappeared. All I

heard was the slowing laughter behind me and the low, deep voice that said, “You’re home, Billy.”

I went to the bed and settled in between them.

Roger wrapped his arms around Doug and me, pulling us all close. “You didn’t have to break in. This was always your home.”

I nodded.

I was home.

### **About the Author**

Sloan Parker has been writing and playing with fictional characters for years, but she finally found her true passion when she began telling stories about two men (or more) falling in love. Now she spends her writing life creating m/m erotic romances and romantic suspense. She loves to explore the lives of people who are growing as individuals while falling in love.

Her novels MORE and BREATHE are winners of the 2010 and 2011 Rainbow Awards for Best Gay Contemporary Romance. MORE is also the 2011 EPIC eBook Award Winner for Mystery, Suspense, and/or Adventure Erotic Romance. To contact Sloan, check out books available for purchase, or read more free stories visit: [www.sloanparker.com](http://www.sloanparker.com).