

# Gone Wanted

HUSBANDS ~~AND WIVES~~  
*and husbands*

AMANDA YOUNG

Loose Id

HUSBANDS ~~and WIVES~~ and HUSBANDS:  
**GWM WANTED**

Amanda Young

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# Husbands ~~and Wives~~ and Husbands: GWM Wanted

Amanda Young

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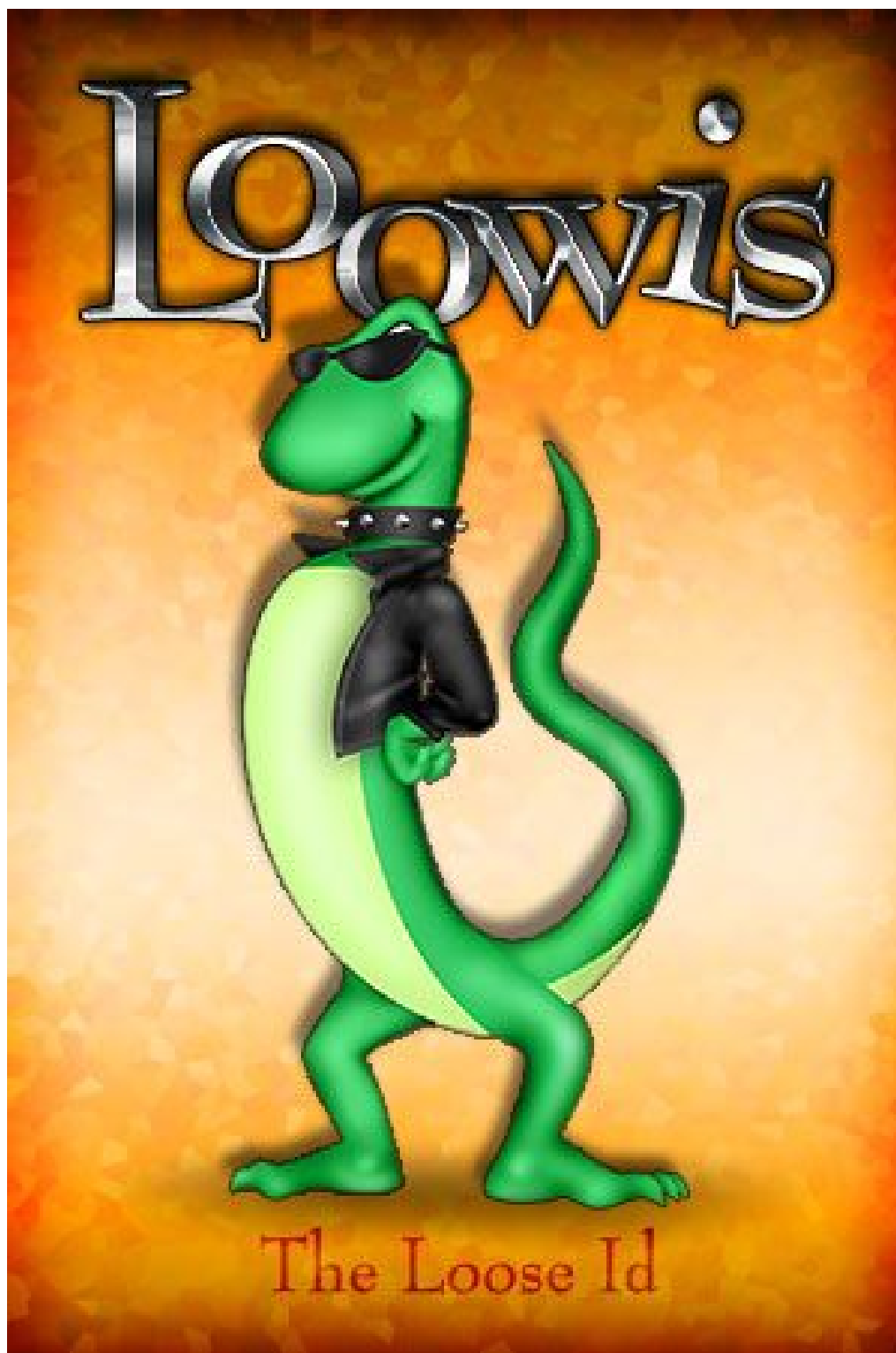
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## Chapter One

“Please.” Mark whimpered, tilting his head back against the plush pillow, staring into the languorous blue eyes of his husband Sam. He bucked his hips, trying to coerce Sam into giving him what he yearned for the most. “More. Gimme more, love. Fuck me like you mean it.”

Sam’s nostrils flared, belying his desire to do exactly as Mark wanted, though he shook his head in refusal. “No. I’m going to take my nice sweet time feeding my dick into your tight little ass.”

“Oh, God.” Mark squeezed his eyes shut and savored the feel of Sam’s heavy body bearing down on him -- the thick length of his lover’s cock slowly sliding deeper into his ass, the burn of delicate tissues parting as his body stretched to accommodate the man he loved.

It was times like this when he felt the closest to Sam. Those first early hours of dawn when things were quiet, and they could relate in the way two men did best -- with their bodies locked together, straining toward a common goal.

Making love didn’t require words or explanations. Both were things Mark had never been particularly good at. All they needed were each other and a comfortable resting place to

shield them from the inevitable intrusion of the outside world that seemed hell-bent on keeping them apart these days.

Mark focused on Sam and the shifting expressions of pleasure on his lover's face. Gauzy light spilled through the bedroom blinds, illuminating Sam's head and shoulders. He looked beautiful in the glow of morning, with his sandy brown hair tussled from sleep and dark stubble shadowing the square cut of his jaw. His thin lips were parted, air gushing in and out in ragged pants, and still slightly swollen from nursing on Mark's cock.

Being awoken from a dreamless sleep to find the tight, wet inferno of his lover's mouth sucking the head of his cock was a surprise. Sam was usually lax to make the first move, which made this morning even more of an anomaly, though a damn welcome one.

Mark's consciousness piped up, questioning Sam's motives, but he couldn't concentrate on that. Not when Sam was buried balls deep inside him and pressing against all the right places that turned his mind to mush.

"So good." Sam stared down at Mark, his face tight with pleasure. "You feel so damn good, darlin'."

"You do too. So fucking big and hard inside me." Mark lifted his lower body off the bed and tightened his legs around Sam's hips, digging his heels into the firm rise of Sam's ass. "Now fuck me harder."

"Pushy." Sam's mouth tipped up at the corners in a small smile as he slowly withdrew a fraction of an inch and eased back inside, grinding against Mark's ass. "You know...what they say...about pushy bottoms, don't you?"

"Fuck." Mark groaned, the delicious burn in his ass spreading to his balls and radiating through his body. "Stop being a tease and pound me."

Sam grinned and ducked his head, brushing his lips over Mark's in a quick kiss. "Yes, dear."

A surprised chuckle escaped Mark's lips before he knew what was happening. The abrupt bark of laughter jostled his body and, as a result, Sam's dick inside him. A bright flash of pleasure sparked deep within him, turning his laugh into a hoarse groan. "God, don't make me laugh."

Sam shifted onto his knees and grasped Mark's calves, pushing his legs farther apart and then back against his chest. His gaze connected with Mark's as he rocked his hips, retreating and then forcefully shoving deep, using enough force to scoot Mark backward toward the headboard.

"Fuck, yes." Mark grabbed his legs behind the knees and held himself open for Sam's onslaught, wanting more.

"Like that?" Sam asked, slamming deep, over and over.

"God, yes. More," Mark panted. "Fuck my ass."

Lower lip clasped between his teeth, Sam set up a fast and hard rhythm, driving into Mark with the long, full strokes. The bed squeaked as Sam gave Mark what he wanted, plowing into him over and over. Mark thrust back against Sam's invading cock, wanting everything his lover could give him and then some. He couldn't get enough, wouldn't ever be sufficiently close to Sam, even if they were permanently locked together in the throes of passion. There was no end to his need for this man, the one and only he'd sworn to love and honor for the rest of their lives.

Sweat dripped from Sam's brow and joined the slick perspiration covering Mark's overheated flesh. A duet of grunts and heavy breathing accompanied the rising pressure in Mark's groin. He tried to hold out, to force his orgasm back until Sam was ready to join him, but it was getting more and more difficult. The sight of Sam's whipcord lean body towering over him, the shift and play of lithe muscles in Sam's chest and arms flexing under smooth, damp skin the color of sun-kissed sand made Mark's sac pull taut against the base of his shaft. Sam's good looks and his heated gaze were enough to make Mark want to come. The addition



of Sam's thick cock barreling in and out of his ass, brushing his sweet spot with every stroke, and it was more than Mark could take. He teetered on the edge of release, keeping it at bay through sheer force of will until it felt like his balls would burst from the need to unload. All his dick called for was one touch -- one little rub -- and he would hurtle over the precipice.

"Come," Sam whispered. "Come for me, Mark. Let me feel it."

Mark moaned and nodded, unable to form coherent words. His dick engorged to the point of pain, he released one of his legs and grabbed his cock, stroking from base to tip and back in rapid succession. Tension coiled in his groin and unleashed with a snap of pleasure strong enough to make him shout his lover's name in the heat of the moment. Every muscle in his body clenched as seed splattered his abs and spilled down over the hand still pumping his prick.

"Christ," Sam moaned, his rhythm faltering. After several jerky strokes, his thrusts picked up speed and began to batter Mark's ass all over again. With a long cry, Sam bent over Mark and shoved home with a final, deep lunge. He grunted and held still, his face scrunching up as his dick jerked inside Mark, spilling his load.

They stayed locked together, riding out the aftershocks until Sam grew heavy and Mark needed to de-pretzel himself in order to get air. He nuzzled Sam's neck and pushed at his side. "Move, love. I can't breathe."

Sam released Mark's legs and slumped forward, sharing a sloppy kiss before he withdrew and rolled over onto his back beside Mark. "God, that was good."

"Uh huh," Mark replied, his mind too satiated to come up with anything more verbose. Instead of speaking, he reached over and twined his fingers with Sam's.

Sam gave Mark's hand a squeeze and let go. He rolled from the bed and stood, stretching his arms above his head as he opened his mouth in a wide yawn. Mark's gaze traveled the line of his husband's body, lingering on the hollow of his throat, where he liked to be kissed, to the flex of firm pecs topped with tiny, beaded copper nipples. His attention

wandered further down to the rugged washboard surface of slanting oblique muscles and lower still to the smooth plane of silken skin above a trimmed circlet of brown hair around Sam's cock and the heavy weight of his balls.

Mark licked his lips and considered pulling Sam back into bed with him for another round.

Sometimes it was hard to believe he was lucky enough to have caught Sam's attention in the first place, much less having been his one and only lover for fifteen years. Sure, their five-year union wasn't exactly recognized by the government, but it was real in every other sense of the word -- including the way their sex life had slacked off not long after their commitment ceremony.

He'd never quite believed it when his straight buddies had teased him and claimed the sex would stop after he and Sam said "I do." They had already been together for ten years when they'd decided to make honest men out of each other, but his friends had been right. They'd gone from going at it just about every night to a couple of times a week, and then even less. Now, Mark was lucky if he and Sam made love once a week. Even then, more often than not, it was a quick session right before work, kind of like this morning.

"So," Mark said, trying to postpone Sam's leaving. "What do you have planned for today?"

"Hmm?" Sam said, over his shoulder. "Oh, well, I'm going to go for a run, and then I thought I would head into the office and work on grading some of the papers I have waiting on me."

"Is it really necessary to spend all evening at the college? Couldn't you bring them home and work on them here?"

"What difference does it make?" Sam pulled a white jock out of the dresser and stepped into, adjusting the straps around his ass. "It isn't like you're going to be here, are you?"

"No, I guess not." Mark sighed and rolled onto his back, staring up at the ceiling as he listened to Sam rustle through the dresser. He glanced up in time to see Sam pull on a pair of skintight running shorts in bright neon yellow. "You know, if you give me time to have a cup of coffee, I could come jogging with you."

"No." Sam shook his head. "I know how you are. You say that now, but after the first cup you'll remember something that needs to be done and then something else. By the time you're ready, I could have gone and been back. Besides," Sam said as he pulled a white T-shirt over his head, "since when are you interested in running with me?"

He *wasn't* interested in running; he just wanted to spend a little more time together. Not that he was going to say that out loud and make himself sound like a clingy asshole. "Never mind. It was a stupid idea."

"All right. Well, I guess I'll see you when I get back?"

"Sure." Mark sat up. "Be careful."

"I will, darlin'. I'll see you later." Sam waved as he walked out the door.

With a sigh, Mark slumped back on the bed and pulled a pillow over his head. Barely sixty seconds later, he heard the front door slam closed as Sam left the house.

It seemed as if they'd somehow lost the ability to make extra time for each other along the way. He was just as guilty of it as Sam. First, it'd been extra work to make partner at his law firm. Once he'd accomplished his goal, he'd been forced to work twice as many hours in order to keep his promotion. If you factored in all the time he'd been spending at the gym -- because the Big Five-O was just around the corner, and he had no intention of turning to flab once it arrived -- it seemed as if he and Sam were merely greeting each other in passing as they rushed off toward altogether separate lives.

Almost like they were roommates with benefits rather than partners.

A huge weight of desolation settled in the pit of Mark's gut and began to fester. Something had to change -- and soon -- or he feared for the state of their relationship. Short

of kidnapping Sam and demanding they spend more time together, he wasn't sure precisely what to do about it. All he could do was hope that by the time he figured out a solution, it wouldn't be too late to fix things.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sam beat the pavement until sweat dripped from his body and his muscles buzzed with the pleasant feel of exhaustion. There was no better way to start the day than with an invigorating run. Well, he amended as he neared home and slowed to a trot, there was no better way to start the day than *sex*, followed by a brisk run.

*Damn, I feel good.*

With a grin, he headed up the short, paved driveway and into the house. "Oh, Lucy, I'm home," he called out to Mark in jest as he entered. The sound of silence greeted him.

The smile slid from Sam's face as he walked through the house and approached the side entrance that led to the two-bay garage. One quick glance through the curtained window in the door told him all he needed to know.

*Mark sure didn't waste any time leaving once I was gone.*

He didn't know why that surprised him, but it did. For some reason, rational or not, he'd thought Mark would still be around when he got back today. After this morning -- the fabulous sex they'd shared and Mark's offer to accompany him -- he'd deluded himself into thinking Mark might hang around until he got home. He'd even reconsidered going into work and had decided to take his husband's advice to pick his papers up and work on them at home.

*He should have known better. Jesus, I'm an idiot.*

Sam padded into the kitchen and opened the fridge. He snatched a water bottle off the inside shelf and swallowed half the contents in one thirsty gulp, gasping for air when he finished. He wiped his mouth with his arm and set the bottle on the countertop between the

fridge and the stovetop, only then noticing the note stuck to the fridge with a smiley face magnet.

*Sam,*

*Decided to go to the gym. Will probably go to the office afterward, so go ahead and eat dinner without me.*

*Love,*

*Mark*

Sam left the note and strode into the bedroom. He undressed, leaving his clothes where they fell, and padded into the adjoining bathroom to wash off the stink of sweat and disappointment.

The more he tried to pretend there was nothing wrong with their relationship, the worse it became. His husband was spending more and more time away from home, always using work or the gym as an excuse. How damn much could one person work out?

There had to be more to Mark's disappearing act than he was admitting. Something else was going on, and although he didn't want to consider it, Sam was pretty sure he already knew what it was.

With a heavy heart, he turned on the shower nozzles and stepped under the spray of scalding water. He lathered his hair and rinsed, anger and hurt coalescing into a hot ball of magma in the pit of his stomach.

To hell with being a responsible adult. He was going to finish his shower and call Dev. Maybe his best friend would take pity on him and want to hang out. Lord knew he needed to talk to someone.

## Chapter Two

As luck would have it, Sam caught Dev before he left the house and made plans to meet at eleven for what Dev insisted on calling brunch. Fast friends since college when they'd been thrown together in the same dorm room, Dev was a little over the top and as flamboyant as the day was long, but a more loyal friend Sam would never find. He just hoped Dev would listen to his dilemma with an open mind and possibly have a few suggestions on what he could do to improve his relationship instead of just offering to put out a hit on Mark. He loved both of them, Dev and his husband, but they were such polar opposites they were never going to more than barely tolerate one another for his sake.

Dev was colorful and loud, always stylishly dressed in whatever the latest trend happened to be, not a strand of his short blond hair ever out of place. Mark was more laid back and self-contained, usually dressed in one of the many variations of black suits he kept for work or the sweats he preferred to lounge in at home. Sam fell somewhere in the middle of the two, preferring designer jeans and T-shirts to the suits he was forced to wear in adherence with the college's dress code for employees.

After swinging by his office to pick up the papers he needed to grade before class on Monday, Sam drove downtown and parked in front of the restaurant Dev had suggested.

Through the pane glass window, he saw quite a few people sitting at small round tables spaced throughout the dining room and booths along each outer wall. Wait staff bustled between the tables, balancing heavy trays laden with food. Not for the first time, he wondered what he was getting himself into by allowing Dev to choose the place. He'd never been to Wild Thyme Café -- he was usually more of a meat and potatoes man -- but Dev had nothing but good things to say about it. Then again, Dev had been gaga over a place that had served blueberry-glazed chicken and cucumber sandwiches. Sam's stomach turned just thinking about it.

He got out of his trusty Toyota and fed the meter before walking inside and glancing around for Dev.

The interior of the café was larger than it looked from the outside. A round customer service counter was located in the middle of the café and held a glass display case of sweets, ranging from cakes to cookies and everything in between. A bored attendant sat front and center behind the cash register, facing the entrance. Below the counter, shelves were built into the center island and boasted oodles of coffee fripperies and the decadent additives that went with the drink. The air was redolent of coffee and sugar, lending a homey atmosphere.

The attendant perked up as he spotted Sam. "Welcome to the Wild Thyme Café. May I help you with something?"

"Oh, um... I'm fine, thanks." Sam looked around. "I'm meeting someone." A waving hand toward the back, near a swinging door that he assumed led into the kitchen, caught his attention. He directed his gaze to Dev's welcoming face and waved in return as he hurried toward his friend.

"Hey you," Dev said as Sam slid into the booth. "I'm glad you called when you did this morning. You almost missed me. I was going to go window-shopping before you called out of the blue to remind me of your existence. Who would've thought today would be the day you quit being a grumpy hermit and decided to come out and play with me?" Dev grinned. "Really, man, it's been too long since we hung out together."

"I know," Sam said, picking up a menu. "I'm sorry about that. Things have been crazy, what with exams and then the semester change-over and all."

"Yeah, yeah. You always have an excuse." Dev's pale blue eyes sparkled as he fingered the round collar of his aquamarine T-shirt. "So, what's up? Where's the ball and chain today?"

Sam snorted. "Work, where else?"

"Oh, I don't know. You could have finally come to your senses and left the old bore."

"Enough, Dev..." Sam sighed in exasperation. He opened the oversized laminated menu and flipped through it, trying to decide what he wanted to eat. To his delight, he found plenty of things he liked. He was safe on the food front.

"You know I'm only kidding." Dev smiled, the white line of his straight, capped teeth startlingly bright against his rosy lips. "So, do you have him tied to the bed at home, trapped and anxiously awaiting your return?"

"Not likely." Sam rolled his eyes and raised his hand to get their waiter's attention. "Although, now that you mention it, tying him to the bed's not such a bad idea. Maybe the next time we finish a nice round of morning sex, I'll just handcuff him and leave him there. That's probably the only way I'll get him to stick around the house for something other than sleeping and fucking. Hell, the only time I catch him long enough for sex seems to be when he's half asleep in the mornings."

"Morning sex, huh? Nice." Dev sighed. "I can't remember the last time I woke up with someone, much less got fucked before noon."

"That's because you refuse to let anyone spend the night, doofus."

"Yeah, I guess you kinda have a point there. But you can't really blame me. God only knows what they'd steal as soon as I went to sleep."

"Mm hmm, Mr. Fuck-'n'-Run. You wouldn't have to worry about someone stealing you blind if you dated the same man twice on occasion."



“Hey, not all of us aspire to be the Cleavers, you know.”

“Kiss my ass, Dev.”

Dev laughed loud and long, sounding amused as hell, and caused several of the people sitting around them to glance their way. “Don’t be so touchy. You know what I meant. And as much as I’d like to take you up on your offer, I don’t think your dear Mr. Cleaver-in-training would appreciate the thought of my mouth anywhere near your sweet little ass.”

“I don’t think he’d notice one way or the other these days.”

“Huh? What exactly do you mean by that?”

Sam was saved from answering as their waitress -- a young girl dressed in a pink polo shirt and wide-leg black slacks -- approached the table and asked to take their order. He requested iced tea and a bacon cheeseburger, while Dev stuck with water and ordered a cob salad.

“I don’t know how you can eat that crap and stay so fit,” Dev said with a laugh as the girl hurried off to place their order. “All I have to do is look at carbs, and I swear my stomach pooches out.”

“Whatever. You’re smaller now than you were in college, if that’s even possible.”

“That’s only because I eat like a bird and work my ass off in the gym.”

“You know, I don’t know who came up with that saying, but birds actually eat quite a lot for their size.”

“Ah, there’s the nerd I know and love. Smart-ass.” Dev reached across the table and laid his hand over Sam’s. “I sincerely hope you don’t think that quoting random trivia facts is going to distract me from asking you to elaborate on what you were saying a minute ago.”

Sam toyed with his napkin. “I’m probably just overreacting, but things haven’t been so great between me and Mark lately.”

“Explain please.” Dev took a sip of his water.

“He’s just been working more, taking on more cases or something, and at the gym all the time. It makes me wonder...”

“Well, you know they say the phrase ‘working late’ is synonymous with ‘fucking the secretary.’ Not that I think Mark would screw around on you. He’s much too predictable and...staid to do anything that wild and out of character, but it must get boring.”

“What?”

“Sleeping with the same person all the time.”

“Thanks a hell of a lot, Dev.”

“Well, it just seems like it would grow old. Especially after you’ve been together -- what? -- fifteen years? By now it must almost be like fucking yourself. I can’t even imagine.” Dev gave a mock shudder. “Diversity is the spice of life, you know?”

“You’re a jackass.”

“Oh, come on. I’m just telling you like it is. I’m sure you have nothing to worry about. Mark is as dry as day old bread. He probably wouldn’t even know how to pick someone else up, he’s so out of practice.”

“Well, you may be a jerk, but you are right about one thing -- our sex life has gone to pot in the last six months. He’s just so preoccupied when he’s home; it’s like I’m not even there most of the time.”

“Honey, if things are that bad, why don’t you just leave him?”

“I don’t want to leave Mark. I love him.” Sam dropped his gaze to the table. “I just want things to go back to the way they were. All I want is a chance to fix whatever the problem is, but that’s a little hard to do, when I don’t even know where to begin. Shit, for all I know, it’s too late and he’s already screwing someone on the side. He doesn’t seem to want *me* anymore. I wish I knew what to do.”

Dev sucked in the side of his cheek, like he was chewing on it to keep from saying whatever was on his mind.

“What?” Sam asked.

“Well, I don’t want to hurt your feelings, but you could stop whining about how bad things are and do something to change it.”

“Oh, yeah? Like what? Believe me, if you have a suggestion, I’m all ears.”

“You could just ask him what’s crawled up his ass. If he says Joe from UPS, you know to leave him.”

Sam was in the process of swallowing and choked. The cool liquid was not so refreshing when it was trying to come out of his nose. “Jesus, Dev. Warn me before you say shit like that.”

“Sorry,” Dev said, though he looked anything but.

“It’s not that I think he’s *really* cheating on me. Not yet, anyway. I’d like to believe I’d be able to tell if he was fucking someone else. No, I think it’s more like he’s just bored with me.”

“All right. So why not spice things up?”

“We’ve done it. Short of fucking other people, we’ve done it all. Been there, bought the shirt.”

“So, why don’t you do that then?”

“Huh? Do what?”

“Sleep with other people.”

“Um, hello...that’s what I’m trying to prevent.”

“No. No, you’re not listening. You could both sleep with other people. Do you remember those grammar school lessons about sharing?”

“Oh. *Oh*. I, um, I don’t know if I could do that. Mark’s the only person I’ve really slept with, other than handjobs and shit. I’m not so sure I’d be comfortable doing that with anyone else.”

“*That?*” Dev snickered. “You sound like a prudish old woman. I swear, you’ve gotten even more stuffy with age.” He took a sip of his drink and swirled it around in his mouth, puffing his cheeks out like a blowfish. When he swallowed, he set his glass down and sighed. “It’s just sex. Think of it as a really good handshake with your dick. No big deal there, right?”

“Maybe not to you, but I don’t want to think of my dick as communal property.”

“If you ask really nicely, I might even offer to step in and walk the two of you through the steps, sort of breaking you in to the art of threeways.”

*Yeah, that would go over real well with Mark.* He already thought Dev was the Antichrist. “As much as I appreciate the offer, it’s not going to happen.”

“Well,” Dev huffed, “it was just a suggestion. I’m sure you’ll figure something else out.”

“Yeah,” Sam muttered, although he wasn’t so sure. Something had to be done, but he’d be damned if he knew what it should be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitting behind his desk, inside the prestigious corner office he’d worked long and hard for, Mark held the silver-framed photo of him and Sam on their wedding day and languished over what he should do.

His fingers smoothed over the cool sterling and glass, touching first the frame and then the glass-covered image of his beloved. They’d looked so sharp in the black tuxedos Sam had chosen for them -- happy and replete as they’d stood facing each other. Sam’s radiant blue eyes glowed with happiness, his smile impossibly large as they’d embraced and waited for the stuffy photographer to capture their image. Mark looked at his own image with a critical eye -- seeing the imperfection of his features and the joy he so clearly broadcast.

He’d never understood how someone like Sam, beautiful and gregarious, could’ve fallen in love with him. It certainly wasn’t his appearance. With his shining bald head and goatee, and a body one doughnut away from being overweight if not for the tireless efforts he

expended in the gym, he was nothing special to look at. He couldn't even say he had a sparkling wit to fall back on. Much like the rest of him, his personality was plain and rather ordinary. He'd never been the kind of man to make friends easily or inspire lust upon first sight.

Although, now that he thought about it, it had been Sam who'd approached him that first night, in a seedy little establishment Mark favored because of all the eye candy from the nearby college campus. Sam had been a freshman at the time, and barely legal, though he'd managed to flirt his way into the bar with a fake ID and empty promises the poor doorman had never seen fulfilled. Mark had been verging on his thirtieth birthday, and flattered by the attention being paid to him by such a young greenhorn.

Mark had fully expected Sam's attention to quickly wane. He was considerably older than Sam, by almost twelve years, and was the kid's first lover at that. With every passing date, he expected Sam to break things off and go in search of someone new to sew his wild oats with. Much to his delight, the parting blow never came, and he eventually found that the tender emotions he harbored for Sam were reciprocated.

In a matter of months, Mark moved Sam out of the dorms and in with him. It was damn hard to believe that had been fifteen years ago. Some days it felt like yesterday.

And now all of that was in jeopardy if he didn't get off his high horse and do something to keep Sam from leaving him.

The worst part of it was he knew Sam wasn't happy. The very thought of his husband's unhappiness ate away at him, day after day, chiding him to figure out where he'd gone wrong, how he'd driven such a wedge between him and the only man he had ever loved.

Somewhere along the way, they'd stopped talking to each other, stopped sharing the intimacy that had once been such a large part of their relationship -- though he'd never been good at expressing himself when it came to touchy-feely emotions. He knew he needed to talk to Sam; just lay everything on the line and tell his husband how he felt, but that was

easier said than done. Overcoming the lessons of his youth wasn't as easy as snapping his fingers. Though he tried to tune it out, he could still hear his father's gruff voice in the back of his head, yelling at him after he'd been chased home from school by the fourth grade bully. *"Real men don't cry, sonny boy, and they don't whine and pout like a little sissy. If someone's pickin' on you, you just suck it up and learn to take it like a man."*

There was more to the lecture he'd received that day, and the others growing up, but they all contained those same nuggets of tainted wisdom from his father: men don't cry, and actions speak louder than words.

Mark thought he'd taken the best of his father's teachings and applied them well in life -- sincerely believed that his actions did speak louder than words -- but that no longer seemed to do the trick. Working hard to better their financial portfolio and keeping his body in top condition for his lover obviously wasn't enough. The gifts he brought home -- everything from Sam's favorite imported chocolates to dozens of roses dyed the exact hue of Sam's eyes -- failed to make Sam smile the way they used to. Oh, he responded with the same enthusiasm, but where there had once been joy, there was now a reservation behind Sam's gaze, almost as if he were suspicious of Mark's motivation for doing something nice.

Sam obviously wasn't getting what he needed, and that realization cut Mark to the core. He physically ached to be everything his lover would wish for in a life mate and more. The harder he tried, the more his sense of inadequacy grew. If there was something he was doing wrong, he wished Sam would just come out with it and tell him what it was so he could fix it. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do to make Sam happy, if only he could figure out what Sam wanted from him in order to make that happen. As it was, he felt like he was feeling around in the dark, trying to find a man who was playing hide-and-seek with him and moving every time he got near.

Their communication had hit rock bottom, and he didn't know what to do. Sam was always the one who came to him, and usually coerced him into opening up. He'd never been on the other end of the stick before and he didn't know how to wheedle Sam into talking

about whatever was wrong. Now, more than ever, he needed to be clear with Sam about his concerns, and yet the words to explain eluded him. As someone who twisted words to plead his case on a daily basis, not being able to formulate the defense he needed with his own lover made Mark feel even more impotent. When his choice of words mattered more than ever, the right ones seemed to elude him.

Mark sighed and set the frame on his desktop. If he didn't do something soon, he was going to lose Sam. Was it really worth hanging onto his pride, if the end result was losing the man he loved?

*No.*

A tight vise clamped around Mark's rib cage and squeezed until it was difficult to breathe. The very thought of losing Sam caused Mark's nose to burn with the threat of tears. He sucked in oxygen and blinked, willing them away, as a speech began to formulate in his mind. The words may not have been the most romantic or eloquent he'd ever invoked, but they were real and heartfelt. All he could hope was that Sam would see through the rough draft and straight to the heart of what he would be trying to say.

Determined to at least try to make Sam see where he was coming from, Mark hurried from the office and out into the brisk February air.

Pride be damned. He couldn't imagine his life without Sam in it.

## Chapter Three

Sam played devil's advocate with himself all afternoon until he finally decided that Dev's idea wasn't such a terrible one. Although Mark wouldn't talk about his feelings, Dev felt sure their problem was sexual. Why else would Mark spend so much time at the gym? He obviously wanted to look good for someone, and Dev didn't think it was him. He loved Mark's body the way it was, and had never been shy about saying so.

The thought of sharing Mark with someone else wasn't a great one, but he was willing to try anything.

After calling Dev to see which websites were the best to pick up men, Sam sat down at his computer and started typing. He browsed one site and then another, absorbing all the various ads from different people. The numerous ad details shocked him. He knew there were some strange kinks out there, but the manner of things people were willing to do in the name of pleasure was wild. More than once, he found himself staring slack-jawed at the computer screen, baffled by one thing or another.

Before he realized what time it was, he heard the front door slam and Mark yell his name. Only then did he glance up from the monitor and notice how dark it was outside. The



streetlamps were on, casting the only illumination to be found on a practically moonless night.

"I'm in here," he called out to Mark and bookmarked another potential ad. He didn't know how his husband was going to respond to his suggestion, but he'd saved the best of the lot to share with him just in case. He hated the thought of having to slough through all the creepy ones again. It was amazing how many people were looking for sex. Actually, now that he thought about it, most of them had been for sex. Maybe what they said about romance being dead was true, at least in the gay community. Men had no qualms about requesting someone to suck their cock, but it seemed as if very few of them were interested in an actual date or getting to know the person beforehand. Fortunately, that suited him just fine. He wasn't interested in permanently sharing Mark with anyone -- a one-time thing was going to be nerve-racking enough.

"Could we t --" Whatever Mark had been about to say was cut off as he walked into the room. "What are you looking at? Porn?"

"No," Sam said, glancing from Mark to the flat screen monitor currently filled with the image of a half-naked man reclining on a four-poster bed. "Well, sort of, I guess, but there's something I'd like to discuss with you before I explain."

"Okay. There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about anyway."

"Oh?" Sam turned in his seat and looked up at Mark. His heart seized at the severe look on Mark's face. "What is it?"

"It'll keep. You go ahead with whatever you wanted to say."

"All right. Well, Dev and I were talking over lunch today. When I accidentally let it slip that our sex life had slacked off a little, he had a suggestion for how we could spice things up."

Mark scowled. "Do you have to talk about our sex life with him? He may be your friend, but the man is an asshole. He hates me and would like nothing better than to see us split up."

"Dev doesn't *hate* you." Sam tried not to roll his eyes and failed. "You just don't know how to take him."

"Whatever. So you were saying...?"

"Oh, yeah. Well, Dev said that a lot of other couples swing, to keep things exciting."

"Dev said that, did he?"

"Uh huh." Sam concentrated on Mark's face and tried to read his lover's expression. Since Mark's thoughts were impossible to decipher, as usual, he forged on. "I thought the idea had some merit. After all, I can't have you getting bored with me and running off with some little twink now, can I?" He smiled, trying to pass his words off as a joke, although what he'd said was actually one of his greatest fears -- coming home to find a Dear John letter and his husband's side of the closet empty.

Mark snorted. "As if you have to worry about that."

"I don't know. Stranger things have happened, I guess." Sam couldn't help but notice that Mark didn't say no to his idea. Did that mean he wasn't interested, or that he was waiting to admit interest until he was sure of Sam's seriousness? "Playing with someone else could be fun," Sam added with a shrug. "Or different, anyhow. What do you think?"

"I'm not sure..."

"Come closer so I can show you what I found while I was waiting for you to get home." He turned back to the computer and pulled up a few of the personal ads he thought had potential. Mark stood behind him and rested his hand on Sam's shoulder as he leaned in closer to get a better look at the monitor.

Sam studied Mark's face as he looked through each of the three profiles and tried to gauge his response. All three of the men were handsome and in their low to mid thirties.

Sam had decided early on that he didn't want to involve anyone too young. He didn't want any eager puppies hanging around after everything was said and done. Someone a little older was more apt to know what he wanted and be straightforward about it. The profiles he'd saved for Mark showed confident men with hard bodies, beguiling smiles, and an eagerness for casual sex. All three claimed a preference for multiple sexual partners, one of them even going so far as to say he preferred to join couples, rather than a single man.

When he didn't get an immediate response from Mark, Sam faced the monitor and reexamined the pictures, wondering who Mark would choose. They were all attractive -- otherwise he wouldn't have saved the ads -- but his favorite was probably the guy who called himself Dick. His ad began with a simple title: GWM Wanted.

The profile was short and direct, citing a desire to meet one or more men for no strings fun in the bedroom. His only requirements for prospective sexual partners were that they be height/weight proportionate and between the ages of thirty and forty-five. There was also a line about not being players, or something like that, but Sam skimmed over it, not really considering it very important since he was going to be very careful to include what they were and were not interested in, if and when he replied.

The black-and-white photos were erotic, more artsy than pornographic. In all three photos, he was naked and lying next to a large bay window in various positions. Each was staged to showcase different focal points on his body -- his chest, ass, and groin. His cock wasn't in any of the photos, but that didn't detract from their eroticism. If anything, the teasing quality made him like them more. His facial features were obscured, always facing away from the camera. Something about the tone of the pictures called out to Sam, though he wasn't sure why. There was an air of mystery that intrigued him.

While Sam concentrated on trying to figure out why this man appealed to him, Mark massaged his shoulders, using a firm grip to loosen his tense muscles. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back against Mark's abs. "Feels good."

"It's supposed to," Mark said, running his thumbs up the nape of Sam's neck and into his hairline.

Sam shivered, the hair on his arms standing up as Mark's magic touch wiped away everything else. He wanted a break from the stress and worry that had been plaguing him and to just...be.

At no time did that seem easier than when Mark's hands were on him, touching him and driving him to the brink of madness. Making love with Mark didn't require any guesswork or uncertainties. In the past, it had always just come naturally to them, which was why he'd been so bewildered at how things had changed. God, he couldn't even remember the last time Mark had done him, instead of the other way around. He missed being able to hand over the reins and know his desires would be taken care of.

The spontaneity and combustible fervor they'd once shared was reduced to bare embers of its former glory. Most of the time it seemed to take an act of Congress to instigate any kind of intimacy, and Sam had all but stopped trying.

Mark wasn't a big talker -- he clammed up when it came to discussing his emotions -- but he'd always been good about showing it in other ways: touching Sam, kissing him, giving him back rubs, as he was doing now. Those affectionate gestures had slowly drifted away, making Sam feel bewildered and lost. He needed those reminders of Mark's love, since his husband had never been one to say the words.

The smell of Mark's cologne -- crisp and woodsy -- imbued Sam's senses as his lover pressed against him from behind and ran his hands down Sam's chest. Mark caressed Sam's pecs and upper abs, rubbing with just enough pressure through the thin T-shirt to make Sam yearn for more.

He arched his back and pushed up into the touch like a cat eager to be petted. "God, Mark."

"I'm right here."

"I know. Don't stop." Not when it felt so good to be touched, like he'd gone forever without the contact.

Mark leaned over him, his breath hot against the side of Sam's face. "I won't. Whatever you want, love, it's yours."

"You. *Always you*. Just don't stop touching me." *Loving me*, he silently added, turning his face to the side.

Mark met him halfway and covered Sam's mouth with his own, kissing him softly. Sam angled his chin up and parted his lips, flicking his tongue over the closed seam of Mark's. Mark groaned and opened for him, tangling their tongues in a slow, heated kiss that ignited every one of the dormant nerve endings in Sam's body.

Sam's world narrowed to the slick feel of Mark's lips moving against his, the taste of his husband's mouth, and the indescribably sexy smell of his breath. He didn't notice his shirt being pulled up until it bunched under his arms and Mark broke their kiss to pull it over his head.

As Mark dropped the shirt to the floor, Sam pivoted around to face him. Still seated, Sam's face was directly in line with the hefty bulge behind the Mark's fly. He bent forward and rubbed his cheek over the thick ridge of Mark's dick, nuzzled the heavy basket through the slippery silk of his slacks.

Mark carded his fingers through Sam's hair, stroking his head and the side of his face. "Sam?"

"Hmm?" Sam asked, running his hands down Mark's hips and over the outside of his legs.

"I..." Mark's fingers dipped from Sam's cheek to below his jaw, his thumb brushing against Sam's lower lip.

"What, darlin'?" Sam looked up, rubbing his face against Mark's wrist, and pulled Mark's thumb into his mouth. He played it up, sucking Mark's thumb like a cock, licking

around the plump pad and moaning like a ten-dollar whore. He already knew what Mark wanted, but he wanted to hear him say it

Mark groaned, his gaze locked on Sam's mouth. "Christ, Sam. You're killing me."

Sam nipped at Mark's thumb and gave it a little flick of his tongue over the tip. He pushed his face against Mark's hand, wanting to be petted more, and smiled up at his lover. "What do you want, darlin'? Want me to suck you? I will. All you have to do is say the word."

Mark's nostrils flared as he exhaled, his green-green eyes going dark with desire. "Yes. That's what I want. Suck me. Please."

Excited by the blatant need in Mark's voice, Sam quickly unfastened Mark's slacks. To his mounting frustration, his fingers fumbled with the slide closure and zipper until finally -- *finally* -- he was able to push the material down over Mark's hips and ass, letting the garment's own weight carry the pants to Mark's knees. Mark was occupied with unbuttoning the cuffs on his dress shirt as Sam zeroed in on the target of his desire.

Snug white boxer-briefs stretched across Mark's groin, his cock a stiff outline underneath the stretchy fabric. A spot of moisture dotted the area over the wide crown, making the thin cotton almost translucent. Though he was tempted to lean in, lick the cotton, and suck up the taste of his lover's precum, Sam refrained from following his impulse in favor of getting right to the skin. He hooked his fingers under the waistband and pulled it outward, making way for Mark's erection as he lowered the fabric down his husband's athletic thighs.

Mark's cock sprang free, jutting from the thick wreath of dark curls at his groin. The hem of Mark's white dress shirt, so prim and proper above his naked sex, only served to heighten Sam's desire to debauch his lover. With his pants around his knees and his shirt gaping open, his cock hard and weeping at the tip, Mark was the very image of decadence

come to life. Sam wanted to bring him to his knees with pleasure, to reduce him to begging before he finally allowed Mark to come in his mouth.

A goal firmly in mind, Sam rubbed his face between the flaps of Mark's shirt and kissed the cobbled belly beneath. He worked his way down from there, licking and nibbling the hot, firm skin until his nose was buried in the springy curls beside Mark's cock.

He glanced up as Mark finished unbuttoning his shirt and slid it down his shoulders. From where Sam sat, he had a prime view of every delineated muscle in Mark's chest and torso -- starting at the corded muscles stretched across his wide shoulders, down his broad chest to the sloping oblique muscles that framed a lickable cobblestone belly. Mark's hips were narrow, but only when compared to the impressive breadth of his chest and shoulders. His body was that of a man's, aged like the most potent brandy money could buy, strong enough to pack a wallop that would make your head reel with the first taste, and just as addictive. All those hours his husband had been spending at the gym had certainly paid off. He was more buff now than he had been when they'd first met.

"Christ," Sam drawled. "You're so beautiful, darlin'."

"That's me," Mark snorted. "I'm a regular Mr. USA."

Sam didn't know why Mark always deflected the simplest of compliments with a backhanded joke, but he let it go. There were other ways to prove just how attractive he found his husband. Ways that didn't involve talking at all.

He gripped Mark's erection, making a tight loop of his fingers around the base, and squeezed. Beneath his palm, the downy skin of Mark's shaft felt sizzling hot and hard as steel, the fast rhythm of Mark's pulse easily discernable. He adjusted his grip, moving his arm so that his wrist was below Mark's cock and holding it at the perfect angle, and leaned in closer.

The first touch of Sam's tongue along the swollen, leaking crown caused Mark to gasp. The second made the muscles in his legs tense and quiver. Sam stiffened his tongue and used

the very tip to push against the wet slit in the head, and Mark grunted and bucked his hips against Sam's face.

Sam backed off and stared up at Mark, not saying a word.

"Tease," Mark replied.

"Mm hmm," Sam said, laving the depression under the head. "Now, hold still and let me do this my way. I'll give you what you need soon enough."

"Yes, sir," Mark jested.

"That's what I like to hear, darlin' -- you admitting who's really in charge."

"You can be in charge of whatever you want. Just don't stop." Mark fisted his dick and painted Sam's lips with the honey leaking from the tip. Sam stuck out his tongue and held still, letting Mark bounce the swollen head of his cock against his tongue.

"God, that feels good." Mark let go of his dick and speared his fingers into Sam's hair. "Now do it on your own, Sam. Lick me."

Sam would've said "my pleasure," but he was too busy wrapping his lips around the blunt tip. He drew the fat shaft into his mouth, one slow inch at a time, pulling sweet moans out of Mark. After reaching the base, he changed directions and let Mark's swollen flesh slide free of his mouth. He laved the spongy cap, coaxing forth bitter drops of precum that made his mouth water for more, before swallowing Mark anew. He bobbed his head, coating the shaft in slick moisture, with the intent of making his lover howl before he was finished.

Coordinating hand and lips, he worked Mark's cock to the utmost advantage. Moisture pooled in his mouth and dripped down his chin as Mark's dick plunged between his lips, gliding long and heavy over his tongue. The slick sound of slurping and his own heartbeat echoed in his ears, accompanied by heavy breathing and the occasional grunt or muffled moan.

Using his free hand, Sam reached down and pushed his palm against his own aching cock. Trapped behind denim, his dick was stiff and throbbing for attention. The ache



persisted, growing stronger with every long drag on Mark's cock, until Sam couldn't bear it another second. He clumsily worked the small metal button through the loop -- thank God he hadn't worn button-fly jeans that day -- and sighed as it popped through the opening. The zipper slid down with little effort, making extra room for his burgeoning dick, and Sam moaned around his mouthful of cock. *Fuck, that feels good.*

A deep noise spilled from Mark's lips, partway between a rumbling growl and a deep moan. "That's it," he whispered, his voice tight. "Take your cock out. Stroke it for me."

Sam shivered, caught up in the sounds of Mark's voice and the feel of the heavy cock sliding over his tongue. He worked his hand into his boxers, shoved the front of them down, and pulled out his prick. Chilly air swirled around his overheated flesh, but did nothing to cool his ardor as he took himself in hand, the skin smooth and hot within his grasp, and loosely pumped his fist up and down the hard shaft. The stimulation felt fucking fantastic. Though his body craved both faster and harder stimulation, he kept his touch light and took his time, refusing to chase the orgasm that hovered just out of reach. The need coursing through his body was exhilarating; he didn't want it to end.

Using his free hand, Sam grasped one of Mark's and led it to his face. Mark cupped his cheek and caressed Sam's jaw with his fingertips. When Mark wound his fingers into Sam's hair and cradled the back of his head within one large palm, Sam let go of his grip on Mark's wrist and tilted his chin the slightest bit higher for a better angle. He looked up and met Mark's gaze, silently encouraging his husband to take what he needed and fuck his mouth.

Not a word was spoken as Mark rocked his hips, slowly pushing his cock into Sam's mouth. The blunt tip butted the back of Sam's throat and threatened to set off his gag reflex until he schooled his muscles. He forced it into submission through the deep breathing techniques he'd finally mastered after years of practice. On the next pass, he was ready. He took a deep breath through his nose and let it out, relaxing enough to permit Mark through the confines of his throat. When the fat bulb touched his tonsils, Sam swallowed and felt Mark pop through. He continued massaging Mark's crown with his throat, his eyes watering.

Mark groaned and bucked his pelvis toward Sam's face, but didn't try to force himself in any further. Sam held still, while Mark rotated his hips in tiny circles and panted. After only a moment, Sam's lungs began to scream for air and he was forced to release Mark's prick. In need of air, he backed off and allowed his husband to resume fucking his mouth in long, fast strokes. He stared up the length of Mark's torso, watching every expression pass over his lover's face, and stroked his cock in time with Mark's thrusts.

He'd never be a world-class deep throater -- there was no way he could take Mark's entire dick down his gullet -- but he could swallow the head and the first inch or two, and that was usually enough. His throat would be sore as hell the next day, but it was worth it because of how hot it got Mark.

He'd never forget the first time he'd managed to swallow Mark -- the awe he felt as his muscles relaxed and that thick crown broke through; the way Mark's voice had sounded as he'd cried out in surprise at the feel of his dick being squeezed. The very look on Mark's face -- his handsome features twisted into a grimace of pleasure -- had been enough to make Sam come without a single touch.

He wanted that again.

Sam spooned his tongue against the underside of Mark's cock and tightened his lips around the shaft, sucking as Mark plowed in and out of his mouth. The more Mark pillaged his mouth, the quicker Sam's hand moved over his own cock, working them both in concert. An almost constant flow of precum spilled out onto Sam's tongue. Mark's dick was hard and unyielding, swollen and growing plumper by the second.

It wouldn't be long now.

His slick hand flew over his cock, gliding on the layer of precum steadily dripping from his slit. He tightened his fist, pumping his dick in time with Mark's rhythm, trying to hold out until his lover came.

A ragged groan poured from Mark's mouth. His rhythm faltered and broke. His hips thrust at Sam's face in short, choppy lunges. Sam felt Mark's pulse double, his dick twitched hard to the right. Bitter cum flooded Sam's mouth in strong staccato gushes.

"Oh, fuck." Mark trembled, his face a mask of painful bliss as his orgasm shook his body. "*Sam. Ooh!*"

Without warning, Sam's sac pulled taut. His lower back tingled, as if his cum was being pulled from his very marrow, and then his own orgasm rocketed through him. Tiny black dots swam before his eyes as his balls contracted and released, emptying their heavy load. He didn't know if it was the way Mark cried his name, the look on his lover's face, or the feel of his own hand stroking his dick that sent him winging over the edge of the cliff -- and he didn't really care.

Warm heat spread over his fingers as his eyelids snapped shut, the pleasure too intense to keep them open. He nursed Mark's cock through both of their orgasms, lapping the final few drops of cum from the sticky tip as Mark shivered. Finally, with a sigh of regret that the moment had to end so soon, Sam let go of Mark and sat back. He stared up at Mark, unsure of what to say. "*I love you*" only served to make Mark uncomfortable, since he didn't like saying the words, and "*wow*" seemed so cliché.

He licked his dry lips -- the pungent taste of Mark's come lingered on his tongue -- and was saved from saying anything at all as Mark dropped to his knees at Sam's feet. Without a word, Mark wrapped his arms around Sam's waist and held on, his face buried in Sam's lap.

Disconcerted by the move, Sam contented himself by stroking Mark's head, the smooth skin of his scalp familiar and comforting. After several minutes went by and Mark still didn't move or say anything, Sam grew more concerned. "Mark, is something wrong? Are you okay?"

"No. Nothing's wrong." His gaze shifted to the computer, where the screen saver displayed a picture from their last vacation, three years earlier. He and Mark were lounging

on the white, sandy beach outside their hotel in Cozumel. They'd bribed a local couple into taking the photo of them. "I'm fine. Just feeling a little clingy and lazy, I guess. You wore me out."

"You've been working too hard. We should take another vacation soon. Go somewhere nice and warm, and be beach bums for a week or two. It's been too long since the last one."

"Yeah." Mark smiled and rose unsteadily to his feet, tugging his pants up over his hips. "I'm not sure when I'll be able to break away from work, but it's definitely something to think about. Maybe we could go sometime this summer, while you're on hiatus from the college."

Sam frowned. He knew that tone of voice. It meant, *We'll see, but don't hold your breath*. "Sure," he said, not wanting to kill the amenable mood he was in with a stupid argument over whether or not they took a vacation. "Maybe this summer."

Sam shivered, suddenly cold without the heat of desire or Mark's warm body against him. He reached down to close his pants and accidentally hit the mouse on the desk behind him with his elbow, jarring the screen saver. A naked picture of Dick, the man he'd been intrigued by online, lurched onto the monitor. The image served as a reminder that they'd never finished discussing his idea, although judging by Mark's reaction to the photos, Sam doubted his lover would say no. Mark was clearly interested.

*And if just the mention of kink gets me that kind of heat, I may have to make suggestions more often.*

"Well, uh," Sam said, waving at the computer screen, "what do you think about my idea? Is it too kinky, or do you want to give it a try?"

Mark sighed, the exhalation abnormally loud. "Sure, if you do."

Something about Mark's demeanor rang warning bells in Sam's head, but Mark was a hard man to read at the best of times. Sam brushed off his misgivings and decided to take Mark at his word. If his husband wasn't interested in a threeway, he would have said so. Sam

had never known Mark to go along with something he didn't want to do. His subconscious was probably just trying to find a convenient out, because of his own reservations.

"Do you have an idea of who you'd like to invite? I'm thinking this dude sounds the best." Sam tapped the computer screen. "But I'm easy. I'll leave it up to you." *Since it's you I'm trying to please.*

"That's fine." Mark shrugged. "Pick whoever you like best."

"Um, okay, but don't you have a preference?"

"Not really. I trust your judgment."

"All right, then. I'll choose someone and try to set something up for us for next weekend, okay?"

"Sure, whatever you want, Sam."

*You, Sam thought. You're what I want. What I've always wanted.*

"I'm going to go jump into the shower." Mark turned to leave, walking toward the door.

"Oh. Hey, wait," Sam said, forestalling Mark's departure. "Wasn't there something you wanted to talk about? We got a little sidetracked earlier."

Mark glanced back over his shoulder. His gaze slid to the computer monitor and then back to Sam. "It's not important now. Don't worry about it."

"You're sure? You know I'm here, right? There isn't anything you can't talk to me about."

"I'm sure."

Sam watched Mark go, his heart heavy and his brain addled. Something was going on with Mark; he just wished he knew what it was.

Turning back to the computer, Sam stared at the black and white image on the screen and hoped he wasn't making a mistake. Before he lost his nerve, he typed in a short reply, attached a couple of pictures of him and Mark, and sent it before he could change his mind.

## Chapter Four

By the time Sunday night rolled around, Mark was walking a tight rope of uncertainty. He waffled between being turned on or nauseated at the thought of sharing Sam with someone else.

It didn't help his ego any that Sam had been so interested in the guy's ad. The personal had been short and sweet, but within those few words Mark had been given a glimpse of a man who could become his competition.

He closed his eyes, black and white images of the guy rolling through his mind like a slideshow right before the ad itself.

*GWM WANTED*

*Versatile, athletic GWM, seeks masculine man for NSA fun.*

*Me: 35, 6' and 175 lbs, 9 inches cut*

*You: 30 - 45 and Ht/Wt proportionate, D/D free and willing to host.*

*Couples go to the front of the line.*

*No head games or endless emails.*

*Reply with scene and stats. Your face pic gets mine.*

The night he'd agreed to let Sam set something up, he'd laid in bed beside his husband and tossed and turned, his mind awash with a hundred different excuses to bow out of what he'd consented to do. Finally, in the wee hours before dawn, he'd snuck from bed and taken a peek at the email Sam had sent.

*Hello there,*

*My partner and I stumbled upon your ad and are interested in hooking up for something casual. We're 33 and 45, fit, and both drug and disease free.*

*I've attached a photo of us, though it's a clothed shot. Sorry, but I don't have any naked pics on hand.*

*If interested, you can call and we'll talk about setting something up. (125) 555-5385*

Something about the cut and dry terms -- the arrangement seemed more like an impersonal business transaction, rather than an affair of the heart -- set Mark's mind at ease. If things were going to be purely physical, with none of the get-to-know-you crap involved, Mark thought he might be able to handle it. Surely he could be as detached as Sam appeared about the whole thing.

*It's not like I've never had a one-night stand.* He wasn't a prude; he'd slept around plenty in his day. What Sam proposed was almost the same concept, except the third wheel would leave at the end of the night, and they would go to bed together, like always.

The call, as he'd come to refer to it in his head, had come in on Monday. He'd been at work at the time, but Sam had filled him in on the details when he'd gotten home. Plans had been made for the other man -- Dick, if you could believe that name -- to arrive at their house on Friday evening. Afterward, there had been no mention of the rendezvous at all until earlier that morning when Sam had reminded him that they had plans for the evening.

As if he could forget.

While his libido was wildly curious to find out what it would be like to fuck someone new and have Sam right there involved in the action, his conscience wasn't of the same



opinion. Oddly enough, he didn't think he'd have a problem with touching the other man; or even watching Sam touch someone else. It was the thought of this stranger's hands on Sam that made him feel uneasy. The mental image of someone else making love to Sam caused a hot ache in the pit of his gut.

Sam bounced into the room, smiling brightly at Mark. "What're you doing? We don't have much time before Dick gets here. Shouldn't you shower or something?"

Mark glanced down at the sweats he'd worn to the gym and shrugged. "I guess so." Honestly, he hadn't even considered getting ready yet. He'd been lost in thought for the better part of the hour he'd been home. Sam had spent the time flittering around the house, straightening things, and fussing over this and that as if he were hosting a dinner party instead of a casual hookup. Mark didn't think the guy would really give a shit whether the pillows on the couch were fluffed or not. His main concern would be who was going to fluff him.

Rising to his feet, Mark watched as Sam ran a feathery purple duster over the coffee table. He bent at the waist, his jeans pulling tight across his ass, and Mark felt an answering pull in his groin. His dick twitched, filling as Sam's ass moved back and forth to the beat of some unheard music.

A sudden overpowering rush of possessiveness hit Mark. For once, he followed his instincts and grabbed Sam by the waist, rubbing his rapidly firming dick up against his ass. "You could take a shower with me. We have time."

Sam stood upright and swatted Mark with the duster. "I already took a shower. Besides, someone needs to be ready in case he shows up early."

Frowning, Mark let go of Sam and walked out of the room. He grabbed a change of clothes out of the bedroom and carried them into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him, though he usually left it open as an invitation for Sam to join him. Since that clearly

wasn't going to happen, he'd just as soon close it and cloister the wealth of steam to keep him warm.

It was ridiculous to be upset about Sam choosing not to shower with him, but that's the way he felt. Irrationally or not, he was hurt that Sam blew him off in favor of primping the house for someone they had yet to meet.

They'd barely seen each other all week, both of them preoccupied with other things. He was beginning to think the passion they'd shared the week before had only been a fluke. A direct response to what they'd been doing at the time. Lord knew, he'd gotten hard looking at all the photographs people had posted -- who the hell wouldn't? -- but that wasn't why he'd been so desperate for Sam. His response had been much more simplistic than that. Sam inspired desire in Mark, even when his husband wasn't trying to cause such a reaction. Just seeing Sam worked up turned Mark on.

Mark adjusted the water temperature and stepped under the spray, lathering his body with the vanilla scented gel Sam preferred. It was a little girly for his tastes, and always reminded him of apple pie for some unknown reason, but it also made him feel closer to his lover. That was something he was going to desperately need. He almost wished he fit into the stereotypical gay man mold and didn't mind spreading his ass around to anyone who wanted a piece of it. It certainly would've made the impending liaison easier to bear.

Except for a few rare occasions when alcohol and excessive horniness had intervened, he'd never found anonymous sex to be worth the risk it posed. He'd gotten off just as fast by using his hand, and there was a hell of a lot less work involved.

Sam had never been the sort of person to indulge in casual sex either. At least, he hadn't in the past. Mark had actually been the first man to penetrate him with more than a finger.

It was stupid, but he'd taken such pride in the fact that he'd been the only person to make love to Sam. Apparently, that was about to change.

A deep well of sadness engulfed Mark as he twirled around under the rapidly cooling water and rinsed off. Shivering at the rush of cold air that assaulted his sopping-wet body, he stepped from the shower and dried off in short, brisk strokes.

The doorbell rang as he pulled a T-shirt over his head. He didn't know what time it was, or how long he'd been in the shower, but there was only one person who it could be.

With a sigh of resignation, Mark yanked up his jeans, leaving the top button undone as he left the bathroom. Forgoing socks and shoes, he padded barefoot down the hall toward the living room. Sometime during his shower, Sam must've turned on the stereo, because an easy listening station played in the background, obscuring the voices until all he could make out was the muffled resonance of what was being said.

A nauseating ball of nerves built in the pit of his gut as moved closer. His hands flexed at his sides, unsure of where to land, and his palms were clammy. Adrenaline rushed through his body, tightening his groin, although he wasn't even remotely turned on.

*I can do this*, he chanted inside his head as he stepped over the division between the hallway and the wide, open space of their living room. *For Sam, I can do this.*

He stopped just inside the living room and glanced at Sam and the other man, who sat facing each other on the sofa, talking in low voices.

While he had the chance to observe without being obvious about his curiosity, Mark took a moment to study Dick's profile. He was handsome enough, with wavy black hair that was cropped close along the sides and longer on top. Tendrils of inky hair hung down over his forehead and obscured dark, smoky eyes, calling attention to the upturned peak of his nose and the sharp jut of his cheekbones. Stubble shadowed the lower half of his jaw and framed thin lips the color of strawberry ice cream.

Mark wasn't sure if it was good or bad that the other man hadn't lied in his profile description. A tiny part of him had been hoping a troll would show up -- someone nothing like the ad -- so he wouldn't get any grief over turning the man away. If anything, the photo

of Dick's face didn't do him justice, leaving Mark to wonder if the other, more intimate details were just as accurate. There hadn't been a photo of his cock, but the guy claimed to have nine inches. What were the chances he'd added a couple of extra inches?

There was no question why Sam had chosen him. The guy was better looking than Mark, had a leaner body, and a bigger cock. He was even closer to Sam's age. Hell, before he'd met and fallen for Sam, Mark would have been happy to tap the guy's ass himself. Even now, Mark was hard-pressed not to admit an attraction to the other man. As it stood, he was too insecure to feel anything but a slight hint of nausea and jangling nerves. He knew this night wasn't supposed to be a competition; yet, his brain kept shouting the opposite.

"I thought there were two of you?" Dick asked, laying his arm along the back of the sofa, his fingertips within scant centimeters of Sam's shoulder.

"Oh, there are," Sam replied. "We're just waiting on my partner. He's in the --" Sam turned mid-sentence, looking back toward the hallway, and spotted Mark in the doorway. "Here he is now. Mark," Sam said, waving him over, "this is Dick. Dick, my husband, Mark."

Dick looked toward Mark over the back of the couch and pierced him with an assessing stare that would have made a lesser man squirm. Mark brushed it off like a gnat and stepped deeper into the room. "Hey," he said, nodding at Dick as he stepped around the couch and sat on one of the two wingback chairs. He would've preferred to sit next to Sam, but that wasn't an option unless he planned to try squeezing his ass between the two men, who already took up all the room on their small sofa.

When he'd pictured the way this would work out, he'd imagined it would be him and Sam putting up a united front against the new guy, not being stuck on the outer fringes while Sam and this Dick character sat within cuddling range on the couch.

He felt excluded -- which, in turn, made him feel childish and stupid -- and he didn't like it one bit. They hadn't even gotten to the down and dirty shit he was worried about and

he already felt like a third wheel. How the hell was he going to make it through the naked segment of the evening?

\* \* \* \* \*

Sam fidgeted in his seat beside Dick. Palpable waves of discomfort rolled off Mark, making Sam's already tense nerves tighten to the breaking point. The three of them were supposed to strip down and get naked with each other, and yet, Sam couldn't even come up with an icebreaker to fill the silence.

Dick didn't seem to have that problem. He sat forward, his piercing gaze moving from Sam to Mark and back. "So, are we going to do this or what?"

Sam glanced at Mark, who shrugged. *Fat lot of help he is*, Sam thought, turning to Dick. "Could we, uh, maybe talk a little first? I think I speak for both Mark and me when I say we're a little nervous. It certainly isn't every day we have someone over for sex."

"Definitely not," Mark added.

Sam laughed nervously. "How about a drink? I picked up a fabulous bottle of wine the other day. I could crack it open and pour us all a glass."

"I'm not much on wine, man," Dick said. At the same, Mark said, "That sounds good."

"All right. Well, I think there are few Coronas in the fridge or possibly some bourbon left over from Christmas, if you'd rather."

"The bourbon sounds good, thanks." Dick sat back and crossed one foot over the opposite knee. "Neat, please."

"No problem," Sam said, happy to have something to do other than twiddle his thumbs. He rose, shot Mark a glance that meant *be good*, and headed into the kitchen for their drinks.

*God, who would've thought this would be so awkward.* He was usually good with people.

Removing two crystal goblets for the wine and a highball glass for Dick's liquor from the cabinet, Sam hurriedly poured their drinks and set them on a silver serving tray. Not a peep came from the other room. His imagination conjured visions of Mark and Dick staring each other down, then abruptly switched gears and pictured the two men locked in a no-holds-barred kiss, lost in each other's grappling hold as they started the festivities without him. The latter image got him moving quicker. He picked up the tray, carefully balanced it so the glasses wouldn't slosh or tip over, and hurried into the living room.

Mark and Dick were sitting just as he'd left them. Sighing with relief -- though he felt a little stupid for being worried about Mark jumping Dick while he was out of the room -- Sam carried the tray to the coffee table and set it down. He handed a glass to Dick, then Mark, before claiming his seat next to Dick.

He took a sip of his wine, the tart taste bursting over his taste buds. "So, um, do you do this often?" Sam wanted to bite his own tongue off after the question hit the air, but it was too late.

Dick smiled, adorable dimples appearing in both cheeks, and didn't seem to take any offense. "Not a lot. Even less of the meetings I set up actually go anywhere. You wouldn't believe the number of shitheads out there who get off on fucking with people's heads. It's crazy."

Mark's brow wrinkled as he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing too serious. Just people fucking with your head, you know? I hate that shit."

"Yeah," Sam said absently, nodding. He couldn't image how hard it must be to be a single gay man approaching middle age in a youth-obsessed culture. "I can certainly understand that."

“Aside from the assholes, it can be a pretty okay way to meet guys.” Dick sipped his drink. “So, this is y’all’s first time, right?”

“Uh, huh,” Sam said, glancing at Mark.

“So why do it?”

“Huh?” Mark asked.

“Why fool around with someone else?”

“Just the usual reason, I guess,” Sam said. “Things cool down between the sheets after you’ve been together for a while, and it would be nice to heat them back up again.” Out of the corner of his eye, Sam swore he saw Mark grimace. However, by the time he turned his head enough to really look at Mark, his husband’s expression was bland, as if he were bored out of his mind and just waiting for bedtime.

*Oh. Bedtime. Right.*

Mark was probably just waiting for the action to begin. Well, if his man was uninterested in small talk, they might as well get on with things. A part of him was certainly looking forward to seeing Dick out of his clothes. The man looked awesome -- just a pair of tissue paper-thin jeans and navy blue T-shirt that stretched across his chest and shoulders, paired with thick-soled black combat boots -- but Sam knew he was going to look even better without the clothing. The pictures he’d seen online told him as much, even if they hadn’t included a snapshot of his package.

Taking a deep breath for courage, Sam opened his mouth...and was beaten to the punch by Mark, who blurted out, “Do you two want to fuck or just sit here and make nice all night?”

Sam blinked. *Well, shit.* Apparently Mark wasn’t as nervous as he’d thought. Either that, or he was just horny for Dick.

“Hell, yeah.” A wicked grin curved Dick’s succulent lips as he rose to his feet and pulled his shirt off over his head. “Let’s do this.”

Sam remained seated while he watched Dick disrobe, leaving nothing but sweet, olive-hued tanned skin on display. His body was beautiful; the muscles more lean than bulky, though everything was as clearly defined as if a sculptor had chiseled away the excess in just the right places to have such a devastating effect. His biceps and shoulders were laden with lean ropes of muscle. His chest and torso were firm and distinct. A dark smatter of silky black hair was sprinkled judiciously over hard pecs before it morphed into a pencil-thin line that ended just about the smooth plane above his groin. >From there on, it was smooth, bare skin. Dick's long, slender cock jutted from an oasis of flesh shaved as slick as glass. Below, his balls hung like succulent peaches in a smooth, pale beige sac that crinkled and drew up as Sam stared.

After he'd swallowed the pool of saliva building in his mouth, Sam shot a glance toward Mark, who watched the show as well. For some reason, that struck Sam as odd, considering how anxious Mark was a moment before.

As if Mark had sensed Sam's attention, he turned and locked gazes with Sam. A flicker of emotion passed through his emerald eyes and winked out before Sam could discern the meaning.

The time he needed to figure out what he'd just seen was eradicated as Dick blocked his view of Mark, his heavy penis swaying between his legs, wagging up and down. He bent to grasp the hem of Sam's polo shirt. "Let's get you a little more comfortable, shall we?"

"Yeah, okay." Sam raised his arms and let Dick pull the shirt up and over his head. As soon as his head popped free of the collar, Sam was faced with the impressive length of Dick's cock waving in front of face, like a divining rod seeking water. Drool gathered over his tongue, as he wondered how much of the slender beauty he could take in his mouth and what it would taste like. Dick's penis was longer than Mark's, but Mark's was fatter, the head more widely flared. Would girth make a difference, allow him to swallow more of Dick's meat? He was surprised he wanted to find out the answer.



His stomach twisted into one big knot, though his prick didn't have any qualms about what he found himself wanting to do. His cock twitched, blood slowly filling his shaft. Although he'd set up the threesome with Mark in mind, there was no reason he couldn't make the most of it and enjoy himself. *Right?*

Before he could lean in and sample what Dick was waving at him, the other man dropped to his knees and reached for Sam's belt. Nimble fingers quickly undid his khakis and yanked them open. Sam braced his hands on the sofa cushions and lifted his hips in an effort to make it easier for Dick to pull off his pants.

The other man's fingers worked their way under Sam's briefs and tugged those off as well, leaving Sam naked and overly self-conscious about it. He knew he was okay to look at -- his features were sharp and masculine, though nothing to write home about, slim and toned in all the right places with a respectably sized cock -- but getting naked in front of someone new plagued his ego. Mark had always said he was beautiful, which made Sam feel loved, if not overly manly, but Mark was also the man who didn't seem fond of fucking him anymore either.

"Nice," Dick commented, alleviating Sam's fears. From where he sat on his knees, between Sam's calves, Dick stroked a single finger up Sam's shaft. "Pretty."

"Uh," Sam mumbled. "Thanks." His cock jerked, further hardening, and Dick circled the swelling cap with his finger. All Sam could do was shiver in response to the other man's touch, the tremble running down his back and straight into his balls. The gentle caress felt good, if a little too light, but something was missing.

*Mark.*

Over Dick's back, Sam's gaze once again connected with Mark's. His husband's face was flushed, his upper lip damp and glistening. Beneath the taut fit of his black T-shirt, Mark's broad chest rose and fell in a heavy rhythm that gave away his excitement even more than the stiff outline of his hulking erection.

Seeing Mark turned on by what was happening relieved some of Sam's tension. If watching him being touched was making Mark hot, then his husband must not have minded what was happening. His muscles loosened as he relaxed, the stress he'd felt in preparation for this night draining away like dirty dish water. He jerked his head backward in a slight nod, beckoning Mark to come closer and join in, and then returned his attention to their guest, whose fingers were exploring Sam's inner thighs.

Sam rested his head against the back of the couch and made a conscious decision to let things play out as they would. *In for a penny, in for a pound...*

His eyelids drifted shut under their own cumbersome weight, and he concentrated on the feel of Dick's hands moving over his body, the rough sensation of Dick's fingers massaging his balls, lifting them, and weighing them in his calloused palm. Warm breath climbed up the inside of his thigh, moving higher as he was taken into the wet heat of an *oh-so-soft* mouth. A wicked tongue flicked the indent under his cockhead and fucking the slit in the head of his cock. "Oh, yeah. That's good," he whispered.

The tight suction on his cock disappeared, a cool hand wrapping around his shaft in its place. The heat of Dick's body pressed down on his upper thighs. Warm, dry lips pressed against his in a whisper soft kiss, bidding entrance. Sam parted his lips and sighed into the kiss, as another's tongue filled his mouth. The slick appendage was firmer than Mark's, and very insistent as it explored the recess, lapped at his gums, and tickled the roof of his mouth.

Dick's mouth tasted of bourbon and something richer, like creamy dark chocolate. Sam moaned, rolling with the foreign sensations that rocked his body and threatened to carry him away.

The loud resonance of a door slamming shut pulled him out of la-la land and straight to attention. He jerked his head away from Dick's tempting kiss and shot a frantic look around the room. As he'd suspected, Mark was nowhere to be seen.

## Chapter Five

Sam waffled between going after Mark, and following the dictates of his body. It wasn't much of a choice, really.

He shot an apologetic look at Dick, wiggled out of from underneath him, and climbed to his feet. "I'm sorry. I need to make sure he's all right." He ignored the grimace on the other man's handsome face -- not really blaming Dick if he was pissed -- and hurried after Mark.

Predictably enough, he found his husband in their bedroom, perched on the side of the king bed with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands.

Mark glanced up as Sam entered, his eyes flat and emotionless. "Done so soon? It must have been a quick one."

Sam's heart ached at the miserable expression on his Mark's face. He didn't know what the problem was, but if he could get Mark to open up enough to tell him what was wrong, he would do his best to fix it. "Come on, now. You of all people should know I'm not a quick shot." He grimaced as the joke fell flat. "Sorry. You want to tell me what's the matter? Why did you leave?"

“Do you really care, or are you just trying to make sure I’m not pissed off at you before you run back to what’s-his-name?”

“That’s a shitty thing to say. Of course I care.”

Mark mumbled something under his breath.

“What was that?” Sam asked.

“I said, it didn’t look much like it a minute ago.”

“Excuse me?” Sam quirked a brow and felt his forehead wrinkle. “Oh, wait. I know what this is about. You’re pissed because Dick is paying more attention to me than he is you. That about right?”

“Fuck you, Sam. I am *not* jealous of that man.”

“Oh, really?”

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

“Then why are you back here sulking instead of in the living room?”

“Because, goddamn it, I don’t want to fuck him.”

“What?” Sam crossed his arms over his bare chest, a million thoughts zooming through his head. He wanted to believe he’d misjudged Mark, that his husband wasn’t interested in sleeping with anyone but him, but that was probably wishful thinking. Mark didn’t go along with anything he didn’t want to do. It was much more likely that he’d simply found some flaw in Dick’s character or body, that he didn’t care for. “Well,” Sam said, “If you didn’t like the way he looked, you should have spoken up before I invited him over. I gave you plenty of opportunity to pick someone, *anyone*. You said you didn’t care who I chose. Now that he’s here, you’re going to pout because he wasn’t the man you had in mind? I did this for *you*, regardless of what I wanted, and this little temper tantrum of yours is all the thanks I get in return? Well, fuck you, Mark. I don’t know what you want from me anymore.”

"You didn't set this up for *me*," Mark exclaimed, his voice growing louder with every word. "You saw him, wanted to fuck him, and asked me to go along with it. It didn't have a damn thing to do with what *I* wanted!"

"Lower your voice," Sam hissed. "He's going to hear you."

"Like I give a shit. Let him. I really don't care one way or the other what you're little boy toy thinks."

"My *what*?" Sam blinked. "Have you lost your mind?"

"Apparently so. Right about the time I agreed to let you fuck someone else."

"Excuse me?" Sam goggled at Mark, unable to believe what he was hearing. It wasn't as if he'd ever wanted to sleep with anyone else. He would've been perfectly satisfied with Mark as his one and only lover for the rest of his days. "You can try to turn this around on me all you want, but I never would have offered to have a threesome if I'd thought you were satisfied with our sex life."

"Who said I'm not?" Mark scowled. "I never once said I was unhappy with you, not in the bedroom or anywhere else."

"I'm not stupid, Mark. We've been together long enough to know each other pretty damn well, and I know you're hiding something from me. You're never home anymore. You're always at work or the gym, surrounded by those damn gym bunnies, who flaunt their asses at you. Hell, maybe that's the problem right there. Maybe you don't need me to spice things up because you've already got someone on the side to do it for you." Sam's nose burned like he'd snorted battery acid. "Is that it? Have you found someone else? Are you in love with him?"

Silence stretched like a giant chasm between them, growing ever wider as Mark refused to answer. A lump the size of Texas crawled into Sam's throat and tried to choke him. Mark was screwing some else. Otherwise, he would have denied it. By confronting Mark, Sam might as well have stomped the final nail in the coffin their relation had become.

There was a big difference between suspecting your spouse was cheating and knowing it for sure. He loved Mark, but there was no way he would stay with a liar and a cheat. How many of the nights Mark claimed to be working late had he actually spent in the arms of someone else? Had they laughed at Sam for being a fool, for staying home and waiting for someone who didn't love him anymore?

Sam turned around and faced the wall, unwilling to let Mark see the moisture building in his eyes. *Fuck, why was he such an idiot?* He'd suspected Mark was fooling around, sensed something was off, but hadn't wanted to believe the man he loved was capable of being such a lying, cheating bastard.

A hand landed on Sam's shoulder a split second before he was spun around. Mark's jaw was clenched, his green eyes shooting emerald flames. "You're not *listening* to me! You keep twisting my words around until they don't even *sound* like what I said." Mark tilted Sam's jaw up with one finger and held it there, forcing Sam to look at him. Sam knew the second his husband spotted the fat tear rolling down his cheek, because Mark's jaw relaxed, his face softening. "I don't want him." He waved toward the door. "I don't want anyone but you."

"What?" Sam repeated, feeling the blood drain from his face. He sucked in a painful gasp of air as a tight band of emotion vised around his chest. "But, but..." Sam sputtered. "Then why did you go along with it when I suggested bringing someone else in? You got so hot and bothered; I thought you were into it."

"It was what you wanted. Don't think I haven't noticed the way you've been eyeballing men closer to your own age lately. I have. I'm not stupid enough to believe you're going to stay interested in me forever. I'm getting older -- I'm forty-five now, but fifty is right around the corner -- and I'm more set in my ways. I know I'm not the man I used to be -- the *young* man you fell in love with."

"I... God, I'm not even sure what to *say* to you." Calling Mark an idiot wouldn't help anything, but it's what Sam wanted to do. How could he have thought Sam would leave him

just because he was getting older? That was the most ridiculous thing he'd ever heard. He loved Mark. Wrinkles wouldn't change that. *Nothing could.*

He gave himself a mental headshake at how badly he'd misunderstood things and dropped his arms to his sides. When that didn't feel right, he put them behind his back, unsure of what to do with them. He wanted to hug Mark, reassure him that his fears were baseless, but Mark's stern expression held him back.

"It's okay." Mark caressed Sam's cheek. "I already know what you're going to say. I --" Mark's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "I thought I could deal with opening our relationship to other men, but I can't watch another man touch you. Just the thought was bad enough, but actually seeing it..."

Sam opened his mouth to argue, but Mark laid his fingers over his mouth, silencing him.

"Let me finish. Please, love."

*Love.* Mark using the endearment had to be a good sign, didn't it? Sam nodded, terrified he was going to hear Mark say he couldn't forgive him for what he'd done with Dick, or more accurately, for what he'd been about to do.

"I wish I could be what you need, give you everything you seem to want..." Mark sighed and blinked twice, his lashes rapidly fanning up and down. "I thought that if I worked out harder and brought home more money, then the extra years between us wouldn't matter. I've always believed there was nothing I wouldn't do to make you happy, but I was wrong. No matter how much I love you, I can't share you with other people. Seeing his hands all over you, him kissing you..." Mark squeezed his eyes shut, and a single tear cascaded down his left cheek. "Christ, it just hurts too fucking much. I'll leave, go stay in a hotel, or something until we can --"

"No," Sam shouted, no longer able to keep his silence or listen to anymore. That one damn tear was enough to break his heart. "I don't want you to leave." He gripped Mark's

biceps, his fingers biting into the flesh hard enough to bruise. "I don't need anyone else. I never have. I only suggested an open relationship because that's what I thought you wanted. All the hours at work and the gym -- I thought..." He shook his head, sadly. "Well, it doesn't matter what I thought now. I was wrong. *So fucking wrong*. I don't want you to go. I love you just as you are, Mark. *You*. I don't need anyone else. You're all I've ever wanted."

Mark cupped Sam's face in his palms and stared down into Sam's eyes. "God, Sam, you have no idea how bad I need to believe that."

"Then do it. Believe what I'm telling you. I don't want anyone else. I love *you*. Only you. I need you to stay, darlin'. Please, don't leave me."

Mark pulled Sam against him and enclosed him in a death grip of a hug. Sam snuggled close, his face mashed against Mark's chest, and returned the embrace. He couldn't breathe, but he wasn't about to complain. He was right where he wanted to be, wrapped in the arms of the man he loved.

"Well, isn't this just lovely?"

At the sound of Dick's voice, Sam jerked away from Mark and then felt stupid for it. He had nothing to hide. Other than one hell of an apology for leaving him hanging, they didn't owe the other man anything. Sam faced Dick, who stood in the doorway, once again dressed in his jeans, although he apparently hadn't felt the need to button them or put on anything else.

Dick smiled, his expression more predatory than amiable. "I walk back here to make sure everything's okay, and find you two, doing what? Trying to talk each other out of having any fun? Where's the thrill in that?"

"Um, about that..." Sam began. "I'm not really sure how to say this except to come right out with it. I'm really sorry for leading you on, but we're just not interested in finishing things."

Dick scowled. "Excuse me?"



“We aren’t trying to be cock-teases,” Mark added, his fingers twining with Sam’s. “It’s just that we’ve decided an open relationship isn’t what we want. I’m sure you can understand that.”

“You mean, understand how the two of you can invite a guy over for sex, get naked, and let him suck your cock, and then say no?” Dick asked, his deep voice pitched low with barely leashed hostility. “After all the email tag and the foreplay, everything else, you’re going to back out now?”

“Listen,” Sam said, putting himself between Dick and Mark. “I’m sorry you came all this way for nothing, but for what it’s worth, we really weren’t trying to jerk you around. We just had our wires crossed. It’s nothing personal.”

“Nothing personal?” Dick screeched, his face scrunched up. “How do you figure that exactly? You answered my ad. I went out of my way to come here, since you said it was the only place you’d feel comfortable. I made myself vulnerable, stripping down in front of you, while your man there sat and glowered at me. And now you think you can just placate me with some bullshit excuse and cast me aside like yesterday’s garbage? I don’t fucking think so.” Dick prowled into the room, stopping an arm’s length from Sam and Mark. “I warned you that I don’t like people who play head games and try to fuck with my mind.”

“We really are sorry, Dick.” Sam hedged, while searching his brain for something to say to diffuse the other man’s anger. He could understand why Dick was pissed, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t straighten things out like adults instead of resorting to violence like a group of hellions. “I didn’t mean to get you here and then have a change of heart, but I was working without all the information. Surely, you can see how easy it is to have a misunderstanding when it comes to something like this.”

“Sure, I understand perfectly.” Dick’s hands clenched at his sides. “I hope you can lend me the same courtesy and understand why I need to work off my frustration by kicking your ass.”

“Hey, now,” Mark said, resting his hand on Sam’s shoulder. “We don’t want any trouble. If you need cab fare home or something, I’d be happy to --”

“This isn’t about money, asshole. This is about people like *you*, who get off on playing with other people’s emotions. I’ve been through this same scenario one too many times, and I’m not going to let one more person get away with it.” He pulled a hunting knife from his pocket and flipped it open. The wicked looking cutting edge was smooth on one side, but the other was made up of tiny serrated teeth, like a saw. The silver blade caught the light from the hallway and reflected it, gleaming in the dim bedroom.

Sam took an automatic step backward and bumped into Mark. His husband tried to step around Sam, presumably to put himself between Sam and the knife-wielding maniac, but Sam elbowed him in the stomach. Mark grunted and bent over double, holding his stomach as he gasped in air.

Sam moved toward Dick, deflecting attention away from Mark and onto himself. He’d gotten them into this, and he would get them out of it. “Come on, Dick. Buddy, you don’t want to do this.”

“*Buddy?*” Dick laughed, the sound anything but happy. “What? You’re going to try to pretend to be my friend now?”

“I’m not doing anything of the sort. The only reason I backed out was because Mark got so pissy about me wanting to make love to you.” *Forgive me, Mark.* He didn’t know what else he could do to placate Dick, other than lie and hope the other man bought it. The only way he’d be able to get the knife away was after Dick had calmed and let down his guard. “I’m sorry if I hurt your feelings, but I want to make it up to you, if you’ll forgive me.” He held his hand out to Dick. “We can leave him here and go back into the living room to finish what we started.”

The stark lines of Dick’s frown dissipated as he took Sam’s hand. Sam breathed a sigh of relief, then found himself being yanked forward by the arm. Caught off guard, Sam stumbled

under his own momentum. Dick took advantage and strong-armed him against bedroom wall, his cheek pressed into the drywall. He struggled to break free, kicking out at Dick and bucking against the taller man. "Let me go, damn it."

"Ah, ah ha." Dick's hard body pressed against Sam's back, one knee shoving up between Sam's legs. The cold blade of the knife pressed into the side of his throat. Immediately, Sam quit struggling and held still, fear building in the pit of his gut. Hot breath puffed over his neck and ear as Dick spoke. "Did you actually think I was going to fall for that? How fucking gullible do you think I am?"

"Let him go," Mark said, from somewhere behind them. Sam heard the sound of something dragging open, then something rustling, though he couldn't listen closely enough to make out what it was while his heartbeat pounded in his ears like bongo drums gone wild. It wasn't like he could turn around and look. Hell, he was scared to even take a deep breath because of the way the knife was pressed so tightly against his neck, biting into his flesh.

Sam felt Dick's upper body turn away from him. He tensed, waiting for the pressure of the knife to move away. As soon as it did, he was going to...

"You," Dick shouted, pressing his forearm into Sam's lower back to keep him in place. "Matt, or whatever you name is. Stay right where you are. One more move, and I'll sever his spine."

"Don't hurt him," Mark pleaded. "We'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt him. Please. He's all I have."

"Ah, isn't that sweet?" Dick said, kissing Sam's cheek. "What do you think, pretty? Think your old man will still want you if you're nothing more than a head on a stick?"

Sam whimpered. "Do what he said, Mark. Stay over there."

"Smart man," Dick commented, reaching around Sam's body with the hand not holding the knife. His fingers grasped Sam's flaccid cock. He tightened his grip until Sam cried out.

“Ah, now, that won’t do at all. You’re gonna have to get it back up for me. I need you to be hard for what I have mind.

“Now this is how things are going to play out. You be good and do as I say, and no one will get hurt. I don’t want to cut you, but I will, if you don’t give me what you promised. Understand?”

“Okay,” Sam mumbled, scared to do more for fear of jostling the knife. One wrong move and he imagined the blade would sink right into his flesh, severing an artery.

“How about you back there? You hear what I said?”

“Yeah, man, whatever you want. Anything. You’re the boss. Just don’t hurt him.”

Dick chuckled and gripped Sam by the back of the neck. He shoved him to his knees and turned to face Mark. “I like your attitude adjustment, man. I think we’re going to get along just fine.”

Sam looked up, fearful of what was about to happen, but relieved not to have the knife pushing into his skin. He saw Mark standing by the bed, his arms folded across his chest. He tried to convey how sorry he was with his expression, scared to say the words out loud, but was afraid Mark didn’t understand. Dick stepped forward and blocked his view of Mark before Sam had time to read his lover’s expression.

“Move,” Dick ordered. He kicked Sam’s calves until he moved around the way he wanted. Kneeling, with his back to Mark, Sam watched with horror as Dick opened his pants with one hand and pulled out his soft cock with the other. He grabbed a handful of Sam’s hair with his knife hand and tapped his dick against Sam’s lips. “Open up and say ahh, pretty boy.”

“Step away from Sam, asshole, unless you want to be able to play peekaboo with your guts.”

Mark's voice automatically caused Sam to try to turn his head. The firm grip Dick had on his hair held him in place, jerking against the roots. A dull shot of pain rang through his skull, making his eyes water.

Through watery eyes, he saw Dick glance at Mark. The man gasped and let go of Sam's hair.

Sam scrambled away from him, backpedaling on his hands and knees because he didn't want to take his eyes off Dick for a single second. When his back ran into Mark's calves, Sam looked up at his husband and noticed the little black pistol in his hands.

God, how could he have forgotten about the pistol? He and Mark had gotten in such a fight about whether or not to keep the little .22 semiautomatic Mark had bought secondhand in the nightstand. Sam was damn glad he'd relented now, though at the time he'd made Mark promise to keep it unloaded. Dick, however, wouldn't know that. *Thank God.*

"Are you okay, love? He didn't hurt you?" Mark asked, the concern in his voice ringing out loud and clear, though he didn't take the gun or his attention off Dick.

"Yeah." Sam's voice wavered. "I'm okay."

"Good. Now I need you to go over to the closet and get a couple of my ties. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure." Sam hurried to the closet, grabbed a handful of ties off the rack on the inside of the door and hurried back to Mark's side.

Mark nodded at Dick. "On your knees, asshole." Once Dick dropped to the floor, Mark said, "Okay, Sam, now tie him up." He waved the barrel of the pistol at Dick. "You stay real still while he's doing like I asked. I'd hate to get jumpy and accidentally pull the trigger."

"God, please," Dick whined, while Sam wove the ties around his hands and pulled them tight. "Don't shoot me. I wasn't going to hurt him. You have to believe me. All I wanted was to scare you a little."

Sam tugged on the binding, to make sure it was tight enough, and then moved on to Dick's feet, winding the ties around his ankles. For good measure, he used the extra tie to connect the ones binding Dick's limbs, effectively hog-tying him in his kneeling position. Judging by the size of the knots, he wasn't going anywhere until somewhere cut him loose.

"Done," Sam said, rising to his feet.

"Good," Mark said. "Now call the police while I make sure our friend here stays put."

"Please," Dick begged. "You don't have to call the law. I swear I didn't mean any harm. I was just fucking with you."

"Tell it to the judge, asshole." Mark held the gun on Dick, while Sam reached for the phone and dialed 911.

## Chapter Six

The minute the police were gone, their bright flash of blue and white lights disappearing around the bend in the road, Mark pulled Sam into his arms and kissed him, thankful Sam was safe. There had been so many misunderstandings between them -- every one of them resulting from a breakdown in communication -- and yet, none of that seemed important anymore. All the petty jealousy he'd felt slipped away in the aftermath of the fear.

Sam eased into Mark's embrace without a peep, his lips moving beneath Mark's with the same frantic desperation. They kissed, hands exploring each other's bodies as they both were searching for confirmation of the other's safety. Clothes fell to the floor, unheeded, as Mark backed Sam down the hallway.

Preoccupied with the sweet taste of his lover's mouth, the feel of Sam's fingers kneading the flesh of his back and buttocks, Mark blindly led them straight into the wall. A picture frame clattered to the ground in a crash of splintering wood and breaking glass. "Need you," he breathed into Sam's mouth. "Need you so fuckin' much."

"Me too," Sam moaned, crowded Mark into the wall and rubbed against him, their erections trapped side by side and leaking between them. "Love you, darlin'. Want you so damn bad. Please."

Mark's hands fumbled against Sam's shoulders, pushing him away. The immediate crestfallen expression on Sam's face cooled Mark's ardor enough to let him explain. "Not here. Come on, love. Bedroom."

Not waiting for a reply, he grabbed Sam's hand and dragged him the few remaining steps into the bedroom, frantic to make love to his man. Wasting no time, he crossed the room to their bed and fell back on it, tugging Sam down atop him.

Sam laughed and hugged him, his mouth trailing over Mark's jaw and down his neck. "God, I missed this."

"What, baby?" Mark asked, his hands roaming over the soft skin of Sam's lower back, exploring the feel of hard muscle and bone beneath.

"You. The fun we used to have making love together." He buried his face in the curve of Mark's neck and inhaled. "I was so scared we'd never have this again."

"Me too, baby, me too." Mark closed his eyes and savored the feel of Sam's breath against his throat, the sensation of having his lover safe and in his arms. "We can't let things deteriorate like this again. I don't think I could live through it." The desolation from earlier crashed in on him, tainting the joy he was experiencing. "I love you, Sam. I know I don't say it enough, but I'm going to try and do better. Tell you how important you are to me more often. I don't want to lose you."

Sam pulled back and looked down at Mark, his expression earnest. "You won't. I love you; I'm not going anywhere. As long as you want me, I'll be right here."

"Always," Mark said staring up into Sam's watery blue eyes. This close, with his husband's sharp features softened by emotion, Sam was even more beautiful, if that were possible. His lips were swollen from kisses, his eyes glowing with love and desire that was about more than just sex. The way Sam felt wouldn't have been more obvious if it had been tattooed on his forehead in capital letters.

*God, why did I ever doubt Sam's love?*



Sam bent and kissed Mark, the tip of his tongue flicking over the closed seam of Mark's mouth. With a blissful sigh, Mark parted his lips and kissed Sam back, putting all the emotion and passion he felt into the simple meeting of mouths.

Sam cradled Mark's face in his hands and kissed him with long, languid strokes of tongue, as if they had all the time in the world and there was nowhere else he'd rather be. That one little detail warmed Mark's heart more than a million vows of love.

A sudden need to make love to Sam, to fill his husband's body with his own and lay claim to him in the most basic way possible besieged Mark like a tsunami. He didn't take the top position often, was usually more interested in the supreme satisfaction he received from bottoming, but at that moment all he could think of was the intense desire to be inside Sam, to give instead of take.

Surging upward, Mark rolled Sam onto his back and peppered a trail of kisses down his throat. Sam latched onto Mark's shoulders and kneaded the taut muscles as Mark worked his way lower. When he reached Sam's nipples, Mark licked one tiny bud and then the other, nipping at the puckered skin with the edge of his teeth.

"Oh, fuck. Mark." Sam keened and squeezed Mark's shoulders, his hips rocking upward and pushing his dick against the flat plane of Mark's abdomen.

Mark grinned up at Sam and pinched the nipple he wasn't licking. Sam's answering squeal went right to Mark's groin, the needy sound making his cock lurch. Sam's nipples had always been a hot spot. He laved the tiny discs until they were a deep, angry reddish-brown, and then began to move lower, using his lips and tongue to paint a trail down Sam's abs toward his crotch.

Mark stretched out between Sam's legs and made himself comfortable. He pushed Sam's thighs up and back, until his lover took the hint and lifted his legs, laying himself bare to Mark's hungry appraisal. Sam's entire body was beautiful, but no other spot held the same allure for Mark as the area between his legs, where the skin so very fragile and yet capable of

giving so much pleasure. The delicate pink flesh of his scrotum and the tiny rosette below were shades lighter than the angry red hue of his cock, which stood proud and tall from his groin, as if awaiting proof of Mark's devotion. It was awing how his body adapted to give or take pleasure -- his cock hard and ready, his hole clenched but willing to flower open in response to just the right touch. There was something almost spiritual about making love to this man, *his* man.

Leaning in closer, Mark breathed in the scent of musk and man -- Sam's intrinsic scent. Like a primitive drumbeat, his pulse echoed in his ears and urged him closer. He nuzzled his cheek against the downy-soft skin of Sam's balls and filled his lungs with the aroma.

Sam wiggled, arching his hips up in impatience, as if searching for more sensation. Mark answered his lover's silent request by pressing tiny, lingering kisses up the smooth skin of his Sam's inner thigh. He licked the delicate groove between thigh and groin and blew over the damp skin, relishing the way Sam squirmed under his ministrations. He bypassed Sam's cock to do the same to the other side.

"Tease," Sam protested, his hands fisting in the comforter.

"I'm just getting started." Mark dipped his head and ran the tip of his tongue through the furrow between Sam's buttocks.

Sam clenched and pulled back on his knees, lifting his ass higher. "Oh, shit."

"Like that?" Mark murmured, before laving the whirl of skin around Sam's hole.

"Yes! *God, yes.* Lick my ass."

Mark didn't take the time to answer, too busy licking and sucking to formulate a response. He stiffened his tongue and prodded Sam's anus, forcing the tip in and out at a slow pace that quickly built speed. When Sam's hips began to push down against his face -- his lover's respiration loud in the otherwise quiet room -- Mark stopped and gazed down at his handiwork. The area around Sam's hole was slick with saliva; his sphincter relaxed and

gaping open. As he stared, the glistening ring of muscle puckered and released, emulating a ravenous mouth waiting to be fed.

The desire to rise over Sam's supine body and fill his ass hit Mark, fast and strong. Sucking in a deep breath, Mark tried to calm his wayward libido. He wasn't ready to end things so soon. Not until he'd had a taste of everything Sam had to offer. A whimper from above pulled Mark's focus off what he wanted to do and returned it to his impatient lover.

He licked a long line up the middle of Sam's sac, pushing down with his tongue to lift and separate the delicate orbs inside. The thin skin wrinkled and pulled taut against the base of Sam's cock. The scent of his lover's need intensified, filling Mark's nose with heated musk. He laved one ball and then the other, feeling the hair-roughened skin loosen the more he lapped at it.

"Ooh, God," Sam moaned. "Stop teasing and suck me, damn it."

With a chuckle, Mark moved upward. He dragged his tongue up Sam's balls and wrapped his lips around the base of Sam's thick shaft, where the extra skin met his balls and sucked hard. Sam's pulse jumped beneath Mark's tongue.

"Fuck," Sam cried, rocking his pelvis upward. His balls hit the base of Mark's chin as he ground himself against Mark's mouth.

Mark let go and licked his way up one side of Sam's cock and down the other, staying away from the swollen head. When the shaft glistened with a copious amount of saliva, Mark turned his attention to the small depression under the crown. He gripped Sam's dick at the base and held it aloft, tapping his tongue over the hidden nerve endings just beneath the fat helmet.

It was then he noticed the grinding rhythm of his own hips pushing against the mattress in time with Sam's panting and whimpering. He stopped immediately, the urge to come backing off a little as he stilled his movements. The last thing he wanted to do was get

too excited and come before he even got inside Sam. Drawing out Sam's need was only intensifying his own. Something had to give. *Now.*

Moving up between Sam's legs, Mark swiped his tongue over the fat, bulbous head of his lover's cock. The salty flavor of Sam's precum burst over his palate, making Mark yearn for more. He flicked his tongue over the slit, collecting more of Sam's essence, and glanced up the length of Sam's torso to meet his husband's passion-glazed eyes.

Taking the spongy crown between his lips, Mark sucked hard, bobbing his head up and down the uppermost half of Sam's cock. He worked his tongue over the slit and flange, drawing every drop of precum Sam's dick released, relishing the bittersweet ambrosia. All the while, he fondled and rubbed Sam's sac, manipulating the delicate orbs of his balls, caressing the fragile skin as it wrinkled and grew taut.

Sam let go of one of the legs he'd been holding back against his chest and reached for Mark. He used his thumb to brush the corner of Mark's mouth where it was stretched open around his cock. "More," Sam growled. "Please."

Mark relaxed his jaw and opened up for Sam, accepting as much of Sam's shaft as he could. He loved the taste and feel of the hard, malleable flesh as it filled his mouth in slow increments, the velvet skin rubbing over his tongue. He bobbed his head, taking Sam deeper by increments until his cock butted the back of his throat. Wrapping his fingers around the remaining length, Mark set up a slow rhythm of sucking and stroking. He whirled his tongue over the fat tip and laved the protruding veins on his way down, teasing his lover with strong sucks and gentle rakes of his teeth over the steely shaft. Sam's cock pulsed and leaked, making Mark's mouth water and easing the way.

Mark wanted it all -- to make Sam come in his mouth, to fuck him into the mattress -- but he didn't want their lovemaking to end. He wanted to extend Sam's pleasure until he was begging to be fucked and couldn't wait a second longer. God knew his own patience was already running short. His dick ached, pressed between his body and the bed, and his balls

felt heavy from the need to unload. He wasn't sure how much longer he was going to be able to hold out.

Loosening his lips around Sam's cock, Mark let saliva drip from his mouth and run down Sam's shaft. Using the fingers of his free hand, Mark scooped up the moisture and massaged the soft skin between Sam's balls and asshole. He pressed the pad of his thumb against the root of Sam's cock, where it connected to his pelvic floor, and applied pressure, knowing how sensitive his lover was right there. Moving his touch lower, he spread saliva over the tight pucker of Sam's hole and caressed the tender whirl of flesh. That tiny entrance tempted him to end the foreplay and thrust inside, bury his cock root-deep, and stay there until they both flew apart.

"God, yes, Mark. Please. Fuck me." Sam cried out and thrust up against him, forcing his cock to the back of Mark's throat.

Mark gave a final long, hard suck and pulled free with a wet pop, flicking his tongue over the slit for a last taste before he rose to his knees between Sam's thighs. He leaned forward over Sam and kissed him, thrusting his tongue into his husband's mouth. Sam returned the kiss with enthusiasm, stroking his own tongue back against Mark's, sliding the wet appendages against each other.

Sam sucked on Mark's bottom lip, nipping it as he pulled back. "I want you to fuck me tonight. I want to feel you deep inside me, your hard cock stretching me open, making me burn so good for you."

"Christ." Mark closed his eyes, took a deep breath. He opened them and stared down at Sam. "Hearing you say that...it's almost enough to make me come right now." He grinned. "It won't take much for me."

"That's okay." Sam smiled back, his eyes heavy. "I like short, hard rides. Just give it to me, darlin'. I need you. It's been too long since I felt you inside me."

Mark reached past Sam's head and grabbed the lube off the nightstand. He popped the cap and upended it, drizzling the cool liquid over his fingertips. He warmed it up and then rubbed it over Sam's hole. After getting Sam nice and slick, he pressed the tip of his index finger inside and worked it in tight circles around the inside of Sam's hole, loosening him up. He took his time, unwilling to hurt Sam by rushing things, and in the hopes that he might calm down. It really had been too long since Mark had last topped. Now, with the clinging heat of Sam's body gripping his fingers like live silk, he had to wonder why he'd resisted doing it more often. He could scarcely wait to feel Sam wrapped around him, squeezing him tight.

Sam groaned and pushed down, forcing Mark's finger deeper. He ran it in and out a couple of times, testing the taut muscle before withdrawing the first and adding a second. Scissoring his fingers, he stretched Sam open bit by bit until his husband was writhing and begging just like Mark had wanted him to.

"Please, God...no more. Fuck me, Mark."

Sam's pleas broke down Mark's resistance. His balls ached and his dick felt like it was ready to burst open the skin was stretched so tight across his shaft.

He quickly moved into position and eased forward, pressing his cock against the tight whirl of Sam's sphincter. Using gentle pressure, he guided his dick inside Sam's body, one slow inch at a time, until his balls slapped against his husband's tight little ass.

"Oh, God," Sam cried. "So full of you. You feel so good."

With a groan, Mark leaned over Sam's body and took his lover's lips, tongue fucking Sam's mouth in the same way he planned to take his ass.

Sam bucked his hips, grinding against where they were so intimately joined. "Mark," Sam panted. "Please move. *Now*."

Mark buried his face in the crook of Sam's neck and rocked his hips backward, pulled out halfway, and thrust home. He kept at it, pulling further out with each stroke, his teeth gritted as he tried to stave off his own orgasm long enough to make Sam come first.

"Oh, yes." Sam mewled and wiggled beneath him, calling out Mark's name and pleading for more. "That's it. Don't stop."

"I'm not," Mark panted, moving faster. "I won't. Not gonna stop until you come for me. I wanna feel it, love. Come on my cock."

Sam moved with him, lifting up to meet his every lunge. Mark twisted his hips, thrusting up into Sam's body harder and faster, sweat dripping down into his eyes as he searched for the button to send Sam over the edge.

"Oh, fuck." Sam froze up, his gaze going wide as he stared up at Mark, and moaned raggedly. "Right there, Mark. Right *there*."

Mark thrust deeply into Sam and felt the channel around his cock ripple and clamp down. Sam howled as wet heat spread between their abs and perfumed the air with the earthy scent of spent passion.

The rhythmic waves of Sam's release milked Mark's prick like a thirsty mouth trying to suck every drop of seed out of his body. One more hard lunge into Sam's body, and Mark allowed himself to let go. Without conscious thought, his back arched and his teeth locked down as his own orgasm swept him away. Aftershocks quaked through his body, pulling his mind out of the heightened state of bliss and made him aware of reality once more, and his lover who lay panting beneath him.

"Brace yourself," Mark warned, sliding to the side and out.

Sam gasped and closed his eyes. Mark propped himself up on one elbow next to Sam and brushed the damp hair from his lover's forehead. "You okay, love?"

"Fabulous," Sam whispered, opening his eyes. "I forgot how damn good that feels."

"You know, it's hasn't been that long since we made love. Have you forgotten so soon?"

“No,” Sam grinned and tweaked one of Mark’s nipples, the little morsel of flesh hardening right up for him. “But it’s been a while since you’ve topped me. I’d forgotten how strong an orgasm is when you actually have something to bear down on.”

As he reached for the other nipple, Mark quickly swatted his hand away. “Quit that. You’re going to get me started all over again.”

“Would that be so bad?” Sam asked, reaching down to cup Mark’s balls and roll the heavy orbs in the palm of his hand. “We can take turns topping. I’ll do you this time; you do me the next, and on and on, until we’re both old and gray and can’t get it up anymore.”

Mark rolled over on top of Sam and kissed him. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

 THE END 



## Amanda Young

Amanda Young spends her days basking in the sun by the seashore and her nights surrounded by dozens of serenading male strippers whose only desire is to make her happy.

Yeah, right.

In real life, my husband chases away all the hot men, right before asking me what's for dinner and reminding me to do the dishes for the umpteenth time.

Always an avid reader of romance, I was thrilled when I discovered erotic romance and e-books. For a long while, I toyed with the idea of writing my own but couldn't ever seem to find the time to do it.

When I found myself unemployed in 2006, I decided that it was high time I gave it a shot. I sat down at my trusty computer and, according to my very patient husband, haven't moved since.

I love to hear from readers. You can visit my website [www.AmandaYoung.org](http://www.AmandaYoung.org) or email me at [Amandasromance@aol.com](mailto:Amandasromance@aol.com).