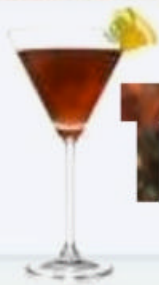


Bottom's Up



**TRIPLESEX**

**AMANDA YOUNG**

## BOTTOM'S UP: TRIPLESEX

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ALSO BY AMANDA YOUNG

*Bottom's Up: A Kinky Orgasm*

*Furtive Ache*

*Furtive Liaison*

*Precious Ache*

# BOTTOM'S UP: TRIPLESEX

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BY

AMANDA YOUNG

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.AmberQuill.com>

BOTTOM'S UP: TRIPLE SEX  
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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*For my man. I love you, baby.*

# CHAPTER 1

Caleb White breathed a sigh of relief as the last of his students dropped off their final exams at his desk and trailed out of the room. He shuffled the stack of papers into some semblance of order, then packed them into his already overburdened briefcase.

Lugging the heavy attaché, he trudged out of the room and down the hall toward the cubbyhole the administration laughingly referred to as his office. Harried faculty and students alike brushed by him as everyone scrambled to fulfill last-minute obligations.

Caleb nodded and smiled at a few co-workers, but his mind was elsewhere. A secret thrill raced through him at the thought of the student-free months ahead. The conclusion of the semester was always rife with extra work, but the added burden meant the end of putting up with snotty, wet-behind-the-ears young men and women

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who stretched his patience to the breaking point. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy his professorship, a position for which he had recently received tenure. But by the time spring rolled around, he found himself longing for a change of scenery. In desperate need of a break, he'd declined teaching summer courses this year. Turning down the extra income hadn't been easy, but it would be worth it in the long run.

Nearly eight weeks of freedom lay ahead...time for him to work on neglected research papers and spend quality time with his partner, Zaki Whistler. After nine years together, the pair was closer than ever. Frankly, Caleb loved Zaki more than he cared to admit. It took work to keep the spark of their union alive, but there wasn't much he wouldn't do to keep his man happy. Plus, it wasn't as if he didn't get his own rocks off during whatever escapades they engaged in. Nothing turned him on more than discovering new and unusual kinks within the parameters of their relationship.

Unfortunately, it had been a long while since they'd done much of anything together. And the fact that he couldn't remember the last time he and Zaki had engaged in more than a quickie before or after work, set off warning bells in his mind. He'd been so preoccupied with work recently, he hadn't given his lover the attention he deserved. But that was about to change. Three blissful weeks at an all-inclusive hedonistic resort awaited them. Caleb could hardly stand the anticipation, and he knew Zaki felt much the same way.

With that thought in mind, Caleb picked up his pace as he walked down the hallway. He skirted the few stragglers in the building, anxious to finish his work and get home. If he graded the exams fast enough, he might be able to surprise his lover with a



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rare home-cooked meal before he jumped the man's bones.

He unlocked his office and pushed through the doorway, his mind racing with all the last-minute things he could do to make the night memorable. He wasn't sure if they had the snickerdoodle-scented massage oil Zaki favored, but a quick stop on the way home would fix that. Maybe while he was out, he'd pick up a few DVDs for later inspiration.

Sitting at his desk, Caleb noticed the message light flashing on the phone. Although tempted to ignore it in favor of hustling through his work, his sense of responsibility wouldn't allow him to dismiss the message. Very few people outside the administration called him on his work line, so it was probably important. He just hoped the call didn't involve someone trying to talk him into staying on staff over the summer.

After punching in his access code, Caleb lifted the receiver to his ear. His lover's voice echoed through the line.

"Hello, love. I know you're hard at work right now, but I need you to meet me at Henley's pub after work. See you soon."

Confused, Caleb reached into his pocket for his cell phone, wondering why Zaki hadn't used the mobile number to call him. A brief recollection of hooking up his phone to the charger the night before, and walking out without it that morning, stilled his hand. Sometimes he truly felt like he was getting senile.

Caleb replaced the receiver and wondered what Zaki was up to. He couldn't remember the last time they'd gone to Henley's during the week. Briar Henley, the owner, was a good friend of theirs, but he'd be busy working the bar. Zaki would be bored out of his mind in no time flat if he had to wait around to chat with Briar. Of course, there was always the chance Zaki wanted to kick off the

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summer with a few drinks. Zaki, however, wasn't much of a drinker. He possessed almost no tolerance for alcohol. Two beers and he was buzzing...three and he was drunk.

If drinking was Zaki's intention, Caleb hoped his lover would wait for him to arrive before he indulged. Lowered inhibitions, added to Zaki's insatiable need to flirt, would lead to no good.

His thoughts shifted to the playful side of Zaki. The man had a way of turning even the slightest innuendo into something filthy and utterly delicious when he was playing the coquette. While this was one of the things Caleb loved about him, Zaki's behavior sometimes made it hard for Caleb to tell when he was serious and when he was just screwing around.

Caleb wasn't the jealous sort, and he trusted his lover, but Zaki had been acting a little strange lately...even for him. *Almost secretive*. For the last month or so, Zaki had gone out of his way to point out hot guys whenever they went out together. Not only would he mention other men, but also question Caleb's opinion on each person and make lewd suggestions about what they could do to each of them. Not that a threesome was unknown in the relationship. They'd engaged in threesomes in the past. But it had been some time since they'd been so adventurous. Years, in fact.

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## CHAPTER 2

Two hours later, Caleb finally strode into Henley's pub. As expected, the bar was nearly empty. A senior citizen sat at the end of the bar sipping a beer, while a single booth at the back of the room was occupied by a young couple making out. Caleb smiled, amused at the way the female of the pair kept opening her eyes and glancing around to make sure no one was looking.

Caleb smile slid away as he realized Zaki wasn't there. Why would his lover ask him to meet at the bar, then leave before he arrived? He couldn't be that damn late. Zaki had known that Caleb would want to grade exams before he left work. Sure, he could have brought them home, but then he would have had to return to school to enter the final scores into the system. Why go back when he could put in some extra time at the end of the day and be done

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for the semester?

Frowning, he approached the bar and slid onto a stool. The mirror on the other end reflected his displeasure. Caleb's scowl deepened as he stared at his likeness. The facial expression, in conjunction with the silver slowly encroaching on his dark hair and the wire-framed glasses he wore to work, made him look older than he felt. In place of the young man he expected to see, was a guy verging on mid life.

Not for the first time, he wondered what Zaki saw in him. There certainly wasn't anything ultra striking about his plain features. His dark hair was still as thick as ever, but the silver ruined its appearance. Laugh lines branched out from the corner of hazel eyes a bit too big for his narrow face. The only redeeming feature was his lips. Zaki called them Betty Boop lips since the upper one was bow-shaped, and the bottom had just enough extra padding to be called plump. A good thing, since he and Zaki loved to kiss. They'd spent more than one afternoon in front of the living room fireplace, content to kiss and cuddle and rub away each other's desire. Some of Caleb's fondest memories included nothing more than a bottle of good wine and Zaki curled up beneath him.

Caleb tore away his attention from the mirror image. *Where the hell is Zaki?*

Before Caleb could get too irate about being ignored, Briar broke away from his discussion with the old man and sauntered to where Caleb sat silently fuming. "Hey, you. Good to see you out and about. It's been awhile."

Caleb nodded. "I know. Things have been busy at work. You know how it is. Say, you haven't, by any chance, seen Zaki today, have you?"

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“Sure. He was in here earlier.”

“Shit.”

Briar's forehead wrinkled. “Are you all right, Caleb? You seem a little frazzled.”

“Sorry. It's just been a long day. I was supposed to meet Zaki here, but I guess he got tired of waiting for me.”

“Oh, no. Sorry. Zaki's upstairs. He had a few too many and is lying down in my old apartment for a bit. Lucky for him my ancient bed's still up there, or he'd be stretched out on the floor.”

“Zaki's still here? Well, I'm glad he didn't try to drive home.” Caleb sighed. If Zaki had tied one on, then he was probably going to be pissed at Caleb when he came to. Lighthearted as a feather, Zaki only got plastered when he was ticked off about something. Caleb was going to have some serious ass kissing to do after he hauled Zaki home.

“You should know better. I wouldn't let him out of here if I didn't think he was safe to drive.”

“I know, Briar. You're a good friend. To both of us. I'm sorry I haven't been by more.” Caleb pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “How are things going for you and Truman?”

Briar grinned, the expression lighting up his face. “We're good. Real good. You should come by and see the new house sometime soon. We're almost finished decorating.”

“I will. *We* will,” Caleb corrected. “Zaki and I had so much fun revamping our house after we bought it. I didn't think we'd ever agree on enough to get it finished.”

“I remember.” Briar laughed. “I thought I was going to piss myself when Zaki convinced you to paint the living room pink.”

“What can I say, I'm a pushover when it comes to that man of

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mine. Although he would insist the shade was salmon, rather than pink.” Caleb shrugged. Personally, he agreed with Briar. The damn color Zaki had picked out was pink. It had been the exact shade of Pepto-Bismol. “I would’ve let him do it, regardless of how much I hated it. I still thank God that he changed his mind at the last minute.”

“I bet.” Briar’s gaze roamed to his other patrons before returning to Caleb. “So, do you want to cart your old man home, or would you like a drink first?”

“Hey, I may as well have a drink while I’m here. Maybe I’ll get lucky, and Zaki will sleep off the worst of his binge.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Briar chuckled. “What’s your poison tonight?”

“Just the usual. You know what I like.”

“You got it. One Triplesex coming right up.”

“Thanks.” Caleb leaned on his elbows and watched Briar move behind the bar, pulling out the things needed to mix Caleb’s favorite drink. A frosted glass was set on the counter, filled to the brim with crushed ice. Vodka, triple sec, and pineapple juice splashed into the glass, along with a touch of sweet and sour mix.

Once he added a fresh pineapple stick for garnish, Briar slid the drink across the counter. “Here you go, buddy. Just the way you like it.”

Caleb dug through his wallet and pulled out a ten.

Briar shook his head. “This one’s on the house.”

“Thanks, Briar.”

“Don’t mention it. Just give me a shout when you want to get your man. I told him to lock up before he crashed. You’ll need the key to get in.”

“Will do.” Caleb took a sip of his drink, letting the bitter sweet

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ambrosia coast over his taste buds.

Caleb watched Briar putter behind the counter as he enjoyed the cocktail. His eyes shifted to the mirror, noticing a tall brunette enter the bar. His appreciative gaze followed the guy's firm, denim-covered ass to the back of the room. Caleb swallowed the excess moisture in his mouth before he began drooling like a puppy. He recognized the man right away. Randy Blake was a football coach visiting the college. Caleb considered saying hello to him, though he didn't know the man well enough to strike up a conversation. Then he decided against saying anything at all, acknowledging it probably wasn't a good idea to chat with someone he'd spent the last week fantasizing about when he jerked off in the shower. Zaki wouldn't care, but Caleb was always careful not to cross the line between innocent flirting and something that could lead to an indiscretion. Pushing the matter from his mind, Caleb turned his attention back to his drink.

After a few minutes, he set the glass on the bar and called for Briar. "Hey. You want to give me that key now? I'd say it's past time for me to get sleeping beauty home."

Briar sauntered over and handed Caleb a silver key, smiling all the while. "Just make sure you lock up after you're finished."

Caleb took the key. "I will."

Shrugging off Briar's apparent amusement at the situation, Caleb entered the stairwell through a small, unobtrusive door at the back of the room. He climbed the stairs, preparing himself for dealing with Zaki. He hoped his lover wasn't sick to his stomach. One whiff of puke and Caleb would be joining the festivities. No one threw up alone when he was around.

With that thought in mind, he unlocked the door to Briar's old



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apartment. He paused on the threshold a few seconds, allowing his eyes to adjust to the dim light in the small, nearly bare, efficiency apartment. When he was able to discern his surroundings, he couldn't believe what his eyes were seeing. Gravity pulled the door closed behind him, the latch catching with quiet finality.

## CHAPTER 3

“What in hell are you doing?” Caleb blinked, confused as to what he’d walked in on.

Zaki sat on the end of the double bed, his creamy skin glistening with a hint of perspiration from the sweltering heat. Fat white candles perched on the windowsills at either side of the bed, exuding the faint scent of citrus.

Reclining on his elbows, Zaki spread his legs in welcome, his stiff dick jutting toward the ceiling. “About time you got here, lover.”

“What... “ Caleb’s gaze roamed from the tips of Zaki’s bare toes, up long, long legs, to the flat plane of his lover’s stomach. The taut muscles of Zaki’s abdomen flexed as if Caleb had caressed the smooth skin with more than a look. His gaze skimmed

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over Zaki's chest, visually stroking tiny, beaded nipples before lifting to meet his lover's heavy-lidded eyes. "What are you doing?"

Zaki fisted his hard shaft—the fat, pink crown already weeping—and gave it a slow pump from base to tip. "Isn't it obvious? I've been waiting for you."

"Uh huh," Caleb murmured, his brain shorting out. Blood raced south and squeezed into his prick, making it ache from the rapid growth. On autopilot, he sauntered to the foot of the bed. He dropped to his knees and put his hands on either side of Zaki's hips. "You're crazy. Anyone could have walked in and found you like this."

Saying the words aloud stoked Caleb's paranoia. A phantom sensation of being watched trickled down his spine. Realistically, he knew it was doubtful anyone would bother them, but you never knew what might happen in a strange place.

Zaki wiggled, making his prick dance for Caleb's hungry gaze. "The door was locked," he reminded Caleb.

Of course, Briar had given Caleb the key... "Wait. Briar is in on this, isn't he?"

"Mm hmm." Zaki grasped Caleb's left hand and brought it to his groin. "Touch me. You have no idea how hard it was to lie here, aching for you, and unable to do anything about it."

Caleb fisted Zaki's meat and stroked it from base to tip. "I'm sorry I took so long. You can bet your sweet ass that I wouldn't have had a drink if I'd known you were up here waiting for me like this."

"It's okay. I wanted to surprise you." Zaki's voice trailed off into a groan. "God, that feels good." He rocked his hips, pushing

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his prick through the tight tunnel of Caleb's fingers.

"Why here, though?" Caleb slacked off, palming Zaki with a loose grip. He didn't want his lover incoherent until after he'd finished adding things up.

Zaki's beautiful blue eyes narrowed in frustration. "I have a present for you. Something I didn't want to take home."

"Oh, really?" Caleb tightened his fingers and glanced around the room. "And where is this present?"

"All in good time, love." Zaki sat up and wound his arms around Caleb's neck. "Now shut up and kiss me."

Carding his fingers through Zaki's chestnut curls, Caleb slanted his mouth over his lover's soft, pliant lips and thrust within. He explored the tender recesses, tasting a hint of mocha and something sweeter, evidence of the caffeine addiction Zaki nursed throughout the day. Unable to get enough of Zaki, Caleb deepened the kiss. He plundered Zaki's mouth, losing himself in the taste and feel of his lover's passion. There was something so alluring about being in a strange place and holding his naked, wiggling partner in his arms while he, himself, was fully dressed.

Zaki gave back as good as he got. The smooth length of his masculine torso pressed hard against Caleb, such a contradiction from the softness of his lips. Although Zaki preferred to bottom most of the time, there was nothing passive about the way he made love. He was just as aggressive as any top Caleb had ever met.

Zaki slid his hands between them, worked Caleb's tie loose, and then moved on to the shirt. He tugged the material free from Caleb's pants and began to unbutton it.

Humid air caressed Caleb's chest as his skin was exposed one slow inch at a time, but he couldn't be bothered to tear his mouth

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away from Zaki's long enough to assist in getting himself undressed. In the back of his mind, his conscience nagged that what they were doing was a risk. The chance of someone entering was thin, but possible. If a person were to straggle into the room by accident, Caleb's reputation could be ruined and his tenure would be in jeopardy. Colleges tended to frown on staff members who flaunted their sexuality, especially if said staffer was caught engaging in anything other than what was considered normal, heterosexual practices.

Even so, Caleb couldn't pull away from Zaki. In fact, rather than dissuading him from indulging in something so dicey, the thought of being caught in a sexual act made his blood run hot and his dick hard enough to drill through the mattress.

When Caleb's shirt finally gaped open, Zaki slid his hands beneath the fabric. His palms were warm and damp as they glided over the smooth surface of Caleb's pecs and abs, traced the springy hair below his navel, and continued lower. Caleb's belt was summarily unbuckled, his dress pants yanked open and shoved down his hips. All the while, Caleb kissed his lover as if his life depended on the sweet ambrosia coating Zaki's tongue.

A firm hand around his cock forced a quiet moan out of Caleb's mouth and compelled him to drag his lips away from Zaki's. He struggled for air and stared down at his lover through eyelids entirely too heavy to be his own. "God, you're killing me."

"Mm," Zaki murmured. "Want you, babe. Need you to fuck me hard and fast. Right here. Right now. I don't want to wait another minute."

"Anything you say." Caleb rolled his shoulders, letting his shirt slide down his arms and over his hands. It hit the ground, already

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forgotten as he grabbed Zaki's muscular calves and tugged his lover's ass to the edge of the bed. He threw Zaki's legs over his shoulders and leaned forward, burying his face in Zaki's groin. Inhaling, he rubbed his cheek over his lover's heavy balls. Zaki smelled so fucking good, like man and musk. The arousing scent, alone, was enough to make Caleb's dick throb and his balls ache for release. He couldn't wait to bury himself in the hottest, tightest ass he'd ever had the pleasure of fucking.

Before he did that, he wanted a taste. Caleb spread Zaki's cheeks and licked his crease from top to bottom. Once his lover's skin was wet and glistening, he focused all his attention on the small, pink hole he wanted to violate. Using his thumbs to stretch open the puckered muscle, Caleb stabbed his tongue in and out, fucking Zaki's tiny entrance. Ever so slowly, the tight ring of muscle began to soften and relax, letting him penetrate deeper.

Desire rose from Zaki's skin, the rich aroma growing stronger with every heartbeat. The scent nearly drove Caleb out of his mind with need. All he could think about was how hot and tight Zaki's ass was going to be around his cock, the way the slick channel would ripple and massage his dick when Zaki got off.

Caleb pulled back, gazing in wonder at Zaki's shiny, pink asshole, and inserted two spit-slick fingers. He pumped them in and out, twisting them to hit Zaki's sweet spot, and licked the straining flesh around his digits. Impossibly hot and tight, Zaki's ass rippled around his fingers and teased him with hints of the pleasure to come.

Zaki made a quiet noise, somewhere between a moan and a grunt. "God, Caleb, fuck me already. I'm dying up here."

Caleb chuckled against Zaki's ass. "Be patient, love. You taste

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so good... “

Zaki whimpered and bore down. “Come on, damn it. Quit being a tease.”

With a sigh, Caleb slid his fingers out of Zaki, replacing them with the blunt tip of his dick. He spread his pre-cum to help ease the way. “I hope you’re ready for this, because I didn’t come with a ready supply of lube.”

“I brought some, but it’s fine. I don’t need it. Just fuck me.” Zaki caught his legs behind each knee and pulled his thighs back against his chest, displaying the perfect, dimpled ass cheeks and shadowy cleft between. The swollen length of Zaki’s slender prick rested tall and proud against his taut abdomen.

Unable to resist, Caleb bent at the waist and licked a wide path up Zaki’s shaft from root to crown. He pulled the fat knob into his mouth and sucked the succulent, bitter juice from the slit. Using the tip of his tongue, he circled around the tender opening and then dipped inside, pulling a sharp hiss from Zaki.

Zaki bucked his hips, pushing up against Caleb’s face for more. “Oh, fuck yes...suck my dick.”

“Well, well, well,” a smoky voice said from behind them. “What do we have here?”

## CHAPTER 4

Caleb jerked up, releasing Zaki's cock with a lurid pop of wet flesh parting ways. A glance over his shoulder revealed the man he'd noticed downstairs in the bar. Out of all the people who could walk in on them making love, Randy Blake was probably the worst possible person. As a colleague of sorts, one word from Randy about what he'd seen had the potential to be a death knell for Caleb's reputation...and his career.

In the space of a heartbeat, Randy Blake's image seared its way into Caleb's mind. The other man's broad shoulders strained a plain white T-shirt. His short black hair was styled in a severe cut framing equally dark eyes. His nostrils flared, and a smirk settled on thin, cruel lips as he stared at Caleb and Zaki in what appeared to be thinly veiled disgust.



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"Oh, God." Caleb turned away and squeezed his eyes shut in mortification. They were so busted.

"Caleb... it's okay. Do you remember when we talked about playing with a third?"

Zaki's voice broke through the fog of Caleb's hysteria. He opened his eyes and gazed down at Zaki through the V of his lover's thighs. "Now is not the time to discuss..."

"You worry too much, love. I invited Randy to join us. He's the present I told you about. I thought you'd be happy, but all you have to do is say the word and he's gone, no harm done." Zaki leaned forward and lowered his voice to just above a whisper. "You have to admit he's perfect. We can play with him, then he'll leave."

"Maybe," Caleb hedged. Truthfully, he'd had more than one fantasy about bending the attractive Latino over his desk and fucking the man's ass like there was no tomorrow. In fact, now that Caleb thought about it, he may have mentioned this man to Zaki in passing.

Caleb craned his neck to look at Randy. "Is this true? You really want to join us?"

Randy nodded and moved closer, his long stride closing the distance between them. "That's right. Your pretty little boyfriend approached me last weekend and set this up. He said he wanted to do something wild for your anniversary."

Caleb's face heated. Wasn't it just like his impulsive lover to blurt out something so suggestive? "Our anniversary isn't until next month."

"I know," Zaki said, still shamelessly lying spread and eager atop the mattress. "But Randy won't be here then, and he's more

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than happy to oblige now. Aren't you, Randy?"

Caleb blew out a deep breath of air, his heart rate slowing as he realized that his reputation and job were safe. But while the brief rush of adrenaline was declining, an entirely new burst of energy coursed through his veins and heated him from the inside out. Raunchy images of the things he could do to, and with, Zaki and Randy cascaded through his mind, each one more graphic than the next.

Caleb's gaze bounced from one man to the other, and back again. "Christ, I don't know what to say."

Randy moved closer, his thick fingers working open his pants. Leaving his pants gaping open, he pulled his T-shirt over his head and dropped it to the floor. "You don't have to say anything. Talking wasn't part of the deal."

"Huh?" Caleb tore his gaze away from the sight of Randy's firm pecs and slanting oblique muscles, and looked at Zaki. "You want to lay out the terms of this little setup, lover?"

Zaki grinned wickedly. "They're simple. You fuck me. Randy fucks you. We all get off. Sound good?"

Hell yes, it sounded good. The middle was right where he wanted to be. He was perfectly happy stepping out of his routine life and into the center of this kinky story.

Caleb nodded at Zaki and turned to find Randy's tight jeans bunched around his athletic thighs. His mouth watered at the sight of Randy's long, thick cock, and the heavy, low-hanging balls beneath. Although the other man's tanned chest was smooth, a bounty of black curls surrounded his groin and framed the impressive package.

Caleb would have loved to drop to his knees, bury his face in

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that glorious bush, and pay homage to the raw, masculine body on display. But foreplay wasn't on the menu. He licked his lips and cleared his throat. "I have a condition of my own to add before we do anything."

Randy scowled. "I'm not into anything kinky, man."

Caleb fought back a smile at Randy's comment, since the man was there to indulge in a threesome. "No. No, nothing like that. I just need you to wear a rubber, and I don't have one to offer you." It had been a hell of a long time since he and Zaki had used protection.

"Sure." Randy nodded and held up a small foil square. "That kind of goes without saying."

"Great." Caleb returned his attention to Zaki and leaned down to kiss his lover. He was a little unnerved by having someone watch them, but it was also hot as hell. He imagined he could feel Randy's dark gaze like a touch, running down his spine, locking on his flexing ass with hungry intent. He clenched his ass, anxious to be reamed by the thick slab of meat Randy was sporting.

"Sorry, love." Zaki pecked Caleb's lips. "I should have thought of condoms. I brought lube, though."

"It's fine now, babe. Don't worry about it." Caleb sealed his lips over Zaki's and allowed his built-up passion to spill free. It was so easy to lose himself in the way Zaki felt and tasted. He kissed Zaki, blocking out everything but the thought of his lover beneath him, the way his pulse sped and his cock hardened.

Zaki was more than an attractive man or a good piece of ass. He was Caleb's everything. Caleb wasn't sure how someone like him—a skinny, bookish nerd who was pushing forty—had landed a man so fine. Zaki was smart, funny, and hot as hell. Caleb

### ***BOTTOM'S UP: TRIPLESEX***

thanked the sky above for bringing Zaki into his life when he awakened beside Zaki every morning.

Zaki twisted his face away, and ran his mouth over Caleb's jaw. "This is going to be so hot, love. I can't wait to see your face when you're being fucked from front and back."

His impatience growing with every breath, Caleb reached between them and rimmed Zaki's hole with the tip of his pointer finger. Thankfully, his lover was still slick and relaxed. "Ready for me?"

"Fuck, yes. Give me that fat cock, lover."

"It's all yours." He glanced back at Randy. "I'll get things started here and then you can do your thing, okay?"

"You got it. Now let me see you fuck his slutty little ass."

Zaki groaned, his excitement visible in the flex of his abs and the way his prick twitched. A rosy flush spread down his chest and stained his abdomen. "God, yes. Take me."

Caleb grabbed his cock and aimed it at Zaki's hole. He took a deep breath, steeling himself for the sharp spike of pleasure to come, and rolled his hips forward. Zaki's body flowered open and sucked in the wide crown, surrounding Caleb with white-hot ecstasy. The taut rim snapped around Caleb and squeezed as if it never planned to let go.

Through sheer force of will, Caleb held still and gave his lover a second to adjust. Without lube slicking the way, Caleb was extra careful not to force too much inside Zaki too soon. After a handful of heartbeats, the vise around Caleb's pole began to relax, the taut muscle loosening enough to allow Caleb to move without fear of hurting his lover.

"God, Caleb, just give it to me. I can take it." Zaki released his

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legs and wrapped them around Caleb's hips, squeezing as he thrust his ass up. Zaki's back arched off the bed, his head thrown back in ecstasy.

Caleb bit the inside of his cheek, barely suppressing the moan bubbling at the back of his throat. With only spit to ease the friction, Zaki felt even tighter than usual. The exquisite sensations around his shaft made him want to forget patience, dismiss the man behind him and plow into Zaki like there was no tomorrow .

Thankfully, common sense prevailed in the form of Randy's hot, hard-muscled torso pressing against Caleb's back. The hard length of a cock slid between Caleb's buns and rubbed over his hole, taunting him with the thought of having such a stud fill him while he fucked Zaki. He could hardly wait. It'd been so long since he'd felt a real live flesh-and-blood man inside him. Toys would satisfy his occasional itch, but nothing compared to a hot, pulsing dick in his ass.

Randy rubbed his hands up and down Caleb's sides, caressing him from his armpits to hips. Heat radiated from Randy and Zaki, surrounding Caleb in a fog of want. His head swam with pleasure; his body thrummed for more.

The snug channel around his shaft rippled with Zaki's every move, begging for Caleb to thrust. The only thing holding him back was Randy's hands on his body and the reminder of why he needed to remain still. The man's firm grip kept him from rutting against Zaki and taking the relief he longed for. As it was, his desire soared in anticipation.

Randy's heat receded. Foil crinkled and the pungent scent of latex filled the air. Then the blunt end of a fat erection knocked against Caleb's asshole.

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Humid breath caressed Caleb's right ear. "You want it? Say the words and I'll give it to you."

Caleb closed his eyes and inhaled. He wished he had the time for lube and proper stretching, but impatience demanded he skip all the pleasantries and get on with it. He'd just have to grit his teeth through the initial discomfort and take it like a man. It wouldn't be the first time he'd had it dry and rough. "I want it. Fuck me."

Hard fingers sank into the flesh of Caleb's hip, holding him still as Randy's tool nudged his rim. The bulbous head speared through the tight ring and spread Caleb open for the thick length that quickly followed. In one long, hard thrust Randy was buried to the balls, his pubes grinding against Caleb's sensitive anus.

Caleb had never been so thankful for lubricated condoms. His ass burned under the onslaught, reminding him just how much time had passed since he'd been on the receiving end of a fat cock. Zaki's tool was delicious, long and narrow, but Zaki was not interested in topping very often.

Randy rolled his hips, pulling out of Caleb only to thrust once more. He pumped into Caleb, filling him over and again. Every sharp lunge rocked Caleb forward into Zaki, making it seem as if Randy was fucking them both.

A chorus of grunts, pants and heavy breathing accompanied their every movement. The bed springs squeaked and rattled; the headboard banged into the wall. The slick slap of flesh accompanied the noises each of them made, heightening Caleb's experience to a fever pitch of want and need. Every smack of Randy's balls against his own electrified him, each clench of Zaki's channel made Caleb yearn to howl out his pleasure,

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heedless of whoever might overhear him.

Caleb arched his back, pressing his chest forward as he shoved his ass back against the pole invading his body. Trapped between the men, Caleb was torn between the overwhelming sensations of the thick cock barreling in and out of his tight passage and the snug heat squeezing his shaft. Sparks of pleasure tingled along his skin wherever it was touched, making him shake for more.

Zaki stretched up, his thighs squeezing Caleb's hips, and closed his mouth over Caleb's right nipple. The tiny bud hardened and elongated, tingling under the ministrations of Zaki's lips and tongue. The extra stimulation made Caleb's skin feel too tight for his body. His dick ached and his balls hugged the base of his prick, heavy and swollen with need.

Caleb felt like a buoy caught between two powerful waves, each fighting to drag him under the surface. Pushed back and forth between his lover and Randy, Caleb gritted his teeth and fought to hold back his climax. Zaki rocked his hips, trying to get more of Caleb's cock, while the force of Randy's forward lunges increased.

"Oh, God...so good." Caleb fell forward, no longer able to hold himself upright under the onslaught of pleasure. Blind, deaf and dumb to everything except the extreme ecstasy seizing his body, he barely managed to catch his weight by placing his hands on either side of Zaki's torso. Otherwise, he would have smashed his poor lover into the bed.

Zaki didn't seem to mind in the least. He wrapped his arms around Caleb's neck, his lips meeting his lover's. The two clung together, Zaki's tongue prodding the seam of Caleb's lips. Caleb answered the silent request and opened his mouth, stroking Zaki's tongue with his own.

### ***BOTTOM'S UP: TRIPLESEX***

Zaki tore his mouth away from Caleb long enough to moan, “Ah, God. *Caleb*... I’m coming.” Then his ass began to contract around Caleb’s pole, squeezing it in tight, rhythmic waves. Liquid heat burst between them, coating their straining torsos in Zaki’s cum.

Zaki’s cry of release filled Caleb’s mouth as every nerve in his body began to fire in rapid staccato bursts of rapture. Climax slammed into him, shaking him from the inside out. White starbursts exploded behind his eyes as he filled Zaki’s ass with one long spurt after another. He trembled through the worst of it, barely coherent while his balls contracted and spilled their bounty into his lover.

Panting and wrung dry, Caleb collapsed against Zaki. Randy’s fingers bit into Caleb’s hips, reminding Caleb he still had another man to satisfy. Randy thrust faster, hammering into Caleb at an alarming speed. In the aftermath of his orgasm, Caleb wasn’t sure how much more pounding his ass could take.

“Fuck, yes.” Randy shoved deep and ground into Caleb. “Ah... damn...here it comes.”

Even through the thin layer of latex separating them, Caleb could feel the pulse and throb of Randy coming in his ass. He squeezed down with his pelvic muscles, trying to draw out the other man’s orgasm and was rewarded with a strangled groan.

Randy rested his forehead on the back of Caleb’s neck and petted his side. “Man, I needed that.”

Caleb smiled, absurdly amused. “Glad we could help.”

“Mm hmm,” Zaki said, leaning up to kiss the tip of Caleb’s nose. “That was awesome.”

Randy shuddered against Caleb’s back. “Hold tight, buddy. I’m



coming out.”

Caleb barely had time to gird himself for the less-than-gentle withdrawal. He winced at the sting of tender muscles parting as Randy slid free.

Caleb heard Randy pull off the rubber and from the corner of his eye, saw the man sling it into the wastepaper basket by the desk. “All right, fellas. It’s been fun, but I have things to do. See ya around.”

After a minute, Caleb pulled upright in time to see Randy, now dressed, leaving the room, the door swinging closed behind him.

Caleb helped Zaki sit up and then wrapped his arms around his lover. “Now that he’s gone, would you mind telling me the real reason you set this up? I’m not complaining, but I kind of doubt it was for our anniversary.”

Zaki grinned, his plump lips flushed and kiss-swollen. “Can you think of a better way to start your vacation?”

Caleb shook his head and smiled. “If this was the official kick-off for summer, then I can’t wait to hear what you have planned for the Fourth of July.”

“You never know what I may have up my sleeve. I need to keep you on your toes. I wouldn’t want you to get bored with me.”

“Never going to happen, love,” Caleb whispered, covering Zaki’s lips with his own. As long as he had Zaki in his life, there would never be a dull moment.

## AMANDA YOUNG

Amanda Young is a multi-published, erotic romance author. Since she tends to write whatever strikes her whimsy, all of her novels fall into various subgenres. You never know what merry adventure her evil muse will devise next.

Basically, she writes stories about people who love indiscriminately and wholeheartedly. Her characters are never perfect; they're flawed and oftentimes troubled. Which makes it that much more satisfying when they receive the happy ending we all deserve. No matter what genre her books fall into, she can guarantee they'll end with a happily ever after. In her opinion, it's just not a romance without one.

For more information about Amanda and her writing, please visit her website:

[www.AmandaYoung.org](http://www.AmandaYoung.org)

\* \* \*

**Don't miss Precious Ache  
by Amanda Young,  
available at [AmberAllure.com](http://AmberAllure.com)!**

*Falling in love was his biggest mistake...*

*Abandoned as a child, Dave Blanchard learned to be self-reliant at an early age. Puberty brought a distressing attraction to other*

*boys, and an abnormal growth spurt that drove Dave further into his shell. Adulthood granted him the freedom to stand on his own two feet, but cloistered him in a plastic bubble of his own making. At seven and a half feet tall, Dave has no problem finding men for anonymous sex through sleazy backroom romps, but the experiences leave him feeling cold and unsatisfied. He dreams of love and commitment, but finding someone interested in a relationship seems like a pipe dream.*

*Desperate for companionship, Dave signs up for an online matchmaking service. To his utter embarrassment, his first date never shows, but his luck improves when he runs into a former foster brother, Micah Black. Dave and Micah quickly rebuild their friendship, but with it comes the resurrection of the forbidden crush Dave harbored for Micah when they were teens. Micah is off limits to Dave, but that doesn't stop Dave's imagination from spinning torrid scenarios involving his straight friend.*

*When Micah's life is threatened, Dave's inhibitions melt away. Unfortunately, the price of one chaste kiss could mean the end of the friendship Dave wants so badly...*

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