

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

KAENAR
LANGFORD

Just Being
Neighborly

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Just Being Neighborly

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JUST BEING NEIGHBORLY

Kaenar Langford

Dedication

This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of a lovely young lady.

Lara Anne Punches

10/4/1989 to 2/12/2009

You touched the hearts of more people in your short nineteen years on earth than
you could have ever imagined possible.

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Chapter One

He considered replaying the recording a third time, if only to afford himself another opportunity to hear the dark, silky tones. Dayton had never met a man whose voice affected him the way Simon Tate's did. No matter that this was nothing more than a simple phone message, it was the deep timbre, the promise of sin implicit in the manner in which Simon always spoke. His neighbor only had to say hello in passing and Dayton was primed, hard as a rocket and ready to go off.

Dayton Stewart had only recently moved into the older suburban neighborhood, so his first glimpse of Simon was still fresh in his memory. The backyards on their quiet Toronto street were small but very private and, although the houses were built close together, high wooden fences and a proliferation of mature trees afforded a great deal of seclusion to the residents.

It was a Saturday, one of those typically hot, muggy, summer days in the city, and he'd decided to clean the eaves troughs. He'd donned an old pair of cut-off shorts and, forgoing a shirt, had slapped on sunscreen as best he could. A brand-new tool belt full of items he hoped might be useful for the chore hung low on his hips and heavy socks and work boots covered his feet. He'd taken the extension ladder from the side of the shed where it hung and had raised it against the back of the house. Feeling confident, he'd climbed up and set to work.

The initial exhilaration of ownership and pride in residence maintenance had quickly worn off at the realization that he could only reach a short distance to each side before having to descend, shift the ladder and begin again. His back was soon aching, his arms sore, and he began to doubt the virtues of home ownership.

Until he heard someone shout hello.

He looked down into the yard next door and feared too much exposure to the sun was causing him to hallucinate. Lying on a lounge chair on the small deck was a bronze god wearing nothing but sunglasses and a brief bathing suit. Dayton smiled to notice that the deity had no tan line and the front of said bathing suit seemed very full and hard.

"I've got a nice cold beer waiting for you whenever you want to take a break," Simon had called.

Dayton had quickly made the decision that work could wait. When Simon had introduced himself and produced the promised beverage, Dayton had decided that moving to the neighborhood was a stroke of incredible luck. They'd spent the rest of the morning talking, with Dayton finally reluctantly pulling himself away to head home to resume his chores. He'd been back over a few times and each time the air had been charged with sexual energy, but neither of them had acted on it. It was almost as if something were missing. And his last visit had shown exactly what was missing—or, more correctly, *who* was missing.

Simon had invited him over for a late afternoon barbeque. Dayton loved that time of day and couldn't wait to see the warm, golden sun on Simon's skin as the rays poked through the trees. Dayton wasn't disappointed, as his gorgeous neighbor wore nothing but a pair of shorts and a smile as he set food out on the patio table. Simon's broad shoulders and smooth chest gleamed like polished gold in the dappled sunlight. Shades of red and blond shone in his long, dark brown hair and as Simon approached, Dayton caught the evocative scent of sweat and man, as if he'd been working outside all day. Dayton wanted to lick him, to ascertain if he tasted as good as he smelled.

Saliva pooled in his mouth at the idea of setting his tongue to that warm sun-kissed flesh. He put out his hand to take Simon's wrist and drag him toward him when Simon spoke.

"Dayton, this is Mateo Alvero."

He hadn't noticed the other man standing in the shadows. The stranger stepped forward and it was all Dayton could do not to put his hand over his heart and swoon like some Victorian miss. Mateo was breathtakingly beautiful. Where Simon's skin was bronze, Mateo's was tanned to a darker caramel, a sharp visual contrast to the white tank he wore with a pair of beat-up shorts. His hair gleamed blue-black in the sunlight, the waves tamed with a short cut. But Dayton got the distinct impression that those waves were the only thing about him that had been tamed. Sexual energy seemed to pulse from him, drawing Dayton closer and closer to fall under its spell. Until the enchantment was broken by Simon's voice.

"Mateo and I have been friends for a long time. We went to school together. I wanted you two to meet."

Dayton was sure there was an underlying meaning to Simon's words, but he was too busy moving his gaze from one gorgeous man to the other to even think about figuring it out. The evening went by with brief touches among the trio as food and drinks were passed, but again, Dayton returned home wishing for more.

As he gave in and listened to the voicemail for a third time, he kept his eyes closed and rubbed his erection with the flat of his hand, pressing against the hard flesh, imagining it was Simon's touch.

He could pick up a hint of something in the voice on the message machine. It had been a full week since he'd met Mateo at Simon's and in those seven days he'd been so busy at work he'd only seen Simon in passing. Tingles of anticipation flicked along his arms, making the soft hair stand on end. *Something is going to happen. Finally.*

"They tried to deliver a package for you but you weren't there, so I signed for it. You can pick it up as soon as you get home. Just come on in, the front door's not locked."

That was the whole message, yet shivers ran down his spine at the mere thought of passing through Simon's door. He didn't give a fuck about the parcel. It was nothing more than an excuse to get inside Simon's domain.

He debated taking the time to get out of his conservative work clothes and into something cooler. His discarded jacket lay thrown over the back of a comfy chair in the living room. He'd gotten out of it the moment he'd arrived home. Wearing a suit was a necessary evil in his capacity as communications manager for a large wireless communication company, but that buttoned-up persona fell by the wayside when he got home.

Dayton didn't bother to change. Just a quick run through his hair with hands that were a bit unsteady and he was ready to go. A wry smile appeared as he looked down at the persistent hard-on pushing against the soft fabric of his trousers. Simon would have little doubt about his intentions, but the time for hesitation was over. He was definitely ready to get neighborly with his neighbor.

Chapter Two

The knob turned easily and the door swung open. It was unlocked, exactly as Simon had said and precisely like many other entrances throughout the neighborhood. That sense of security was one of the many reasons Dayton found Toronto, and this area in particular, such a great place to live.

The moment he stepped fully into the entryway, the door slammed shut behind him. The hair on the back of his neck rose as he shifted his feet to swing around.

“No,” a voice commanded. “Don’t turn around.”

His heart slammed into overdrive in recognition. Simon’s deep tone and distinctive cadence were easy to identify.

“All right.” Dayton waited.

He picked up the soft padding of Simon’s bare feet on the wooden floor as Simon took up position behind him. Dayton wondered if his friend could hear the blood pounding through his veins as Simon’s body cocooned him. His head fell back against Simon’s broad shoulder when his neighbor slid one hand across the soft material of Dayton’s trousers to come to rest over the fly.

“I’m glad to see you didn’t waste any time getting here,” Simon said as he traced the outline of Dayton’s cock with his middle finger.

Dayton moaned as Simon slid the digit back and forth across the crest. More moans as he leaked drops of pre-cum. He knew Simon would quickly feel the proof of his desire as his strokes forced the liquid to soak into the fabric.

“I’ve been waiting for you,” Simon said softly.

Simon’s long hair softly brushed his face as he turned toward Dayton. Dayton’s knees grew weak as Simon licked his cheek—once, twice, three times.

"I saw you drive up and wondered how long before you checked your messages and got your luscious ass over here."

Now the tongue traced his jawline.

"How do you manage to smell so good after being at work all day? I love that about you. It makes me want to stand close to you—behind you, in front of you, it doesn't matter. I just want to inhale your scent. I love it."

Dayton rubbed up into Simon as he nuzzled his hair, first with his nose then with his lips.

"You're a delightful man and I'm so glad you're here," Simon whispered.

"There is no package, is there?" Dayton asked, laughing.

Simon's answer was to stop his petting and pull Dayton's wrist to trap his arm between them. "I definitely have a package and it's all for you."

Dayton realized that whatever his friend was wearing, the cloth was very soft and very thin. As Simon placed his fingers atop Dayton's and guided him, Dayton relished the feel of that long, hard dick beneath his questing hand.

He put his mouth to Simon's neck and sucked at the skin, feeling the shadow of the man's beard against his lips and tongue. He broke away, almost panting. "Your cock feels so good under my hand. God, you're fucking huge."

"An apt choice of vocabulary, since fucking's exactly what I plan to do with it."

Dayton clenched the cheeks of his ass at the words. He couldn't wait to feel Simon's shaft pressing against him, forcing his opening to yield so Simon could shove his way inside.

Simon's voice was a gentle undertone against his ear. "You're thinking about that right now, aren't you? Me pushing my way inside you, making your ass open wide to let me in so I can fuck you nice and hard. Can you imagine me inside you?"

A quick tremor zapped the length of Dayton's spine. "Shit, yeah."

"Then let's get to it. Stand there and don't move."

Out of the corner of his eye, Dayton saw him pull something from the curved end of the banister. Then Simon was reaching over his head and tying a black cloth over his eyes.

"I wouldn't want you to peek. That would spoil my little surprise."

Another spine tingling shiver at the thought of what kind of surprise Simon might have planned for him. He felt a soft rush of air as his friend moved to stand in front of him.

"Give me your hand," Simon said.

Dayton readily complied. Despite his temporary loss of sight, he suspected the layout of Simon's house was similar to his own, so as they began to walk, the sense of setting off into the unknown was lessened. He was aware that Simon was leading him down the hall and when they went off to the right, he guessed they were moving into the back parlor. His supposition was confirmed when he recognized the unique sound of the pocket doors being drawn from the walls and pulled shut. As they came together with a pronounced clap, Dayton started.

"Seems like you're a bit nervous," Simon said.

"It startled me, that's all," Dayton replied.

"So you're not feeling nervous at all?"

The voice was closer now.

Dayton shrugged.

When the next words were spoken from right beside him, Dayton assumed there was a carpet on the floor muffling Simon's approach.

"I'm glad you're not nervous."

His friend smoothed the backs of his fingers down one cheek. Dayton leaned into Simon's hand like a cat marking territory.

"Take off your shirt and tie for me."

“Okay.” Dayton tugged at the Windsor knot until it was loose enough to pull the tie over his head and throw it aside.

“Careful with that blindfold, Dayton. I don’t want you peeking.”

Dayton’s fingers were clumsy as he tried to undo the buttons. Pushing each little disc through the corresponding hole required concentration, the task made more difficult by the thought of Simon so near, the thought of Simon studying his every move.

“Need some help with that?” the voice whispered from right in front of him.

Dayton’s cock flexed in response.

“I think I’m fine,” he replied, hands now more unsteady.

“Oh, you’re definitely very fine, but I want to know if you need help taking off your shirt.”

“I can manage,” Dayton said. His statement was met with a loud sigh.

“I’ll just watch then,” Simon said.

If he hadn’t been so turned-on, Dayton would have laughed at the mock frustration in Simon’s voice. In his mind, he could see his neighbor pouting, an incongruous image to be sure.

With his eyes covered, Dayton took a deep breath and let his others senses take over. He could smell the subtle scent that was so uniquely Simon, hear the soft rasp of his breath while he waited close at hand, feel the heat of Simon’s body warming his chest as the buttons gave, one by one.

Finally, he shrugged out of his shirt. Simon snatched it from his hand before he could drop it and Dayton could tell from the noise Simon made that he was holding it to his nose and sniffing it.

He wasn’t sure why, but the idea of Simon smelling the garment made his dick as stiff as an iron bar. It became stiffer when Simon added an offhand comment.

“I might just keep this so I can smell you even when you’re not here.”

Holy shit. This guy is going to drive me to my knees... I hope.

"For now I'll just leave it here on a chair."

Dayton waited in silence, wondering what Simon was going to do next. The only sound was that of their rough breathing. Finally one finger trailed down his breastbone and came to rest above his belt buckle.

"You're very beautiful, you know."

The lone digit began a leisurely journey back up and he inhaled deeply at the slow caress on his skin. After what seemed like forever, that digit flicked a nipple, then two fingers flicked, one on each nipple. Simon's lips and tongue came into play, moving between the hard nubs to nibble and tease. Dayton heard Simon give a rough sigh and after that there was the muted thump of his friend's knees hitting the floor and his mouth was moving across Dayton's stomach, licking and sucking so hard that Dayton knew he must be leaving love marks. Now he knew why they were called love marks—because he loved the feel of Simon's mouth on him as much as he loved the idea of being marked, being claimed.

"These pants need to come off...right now." All the while Simon was talking, his hands were busy undoing the belt and wrenching open the button of the trousers.

"Simon, wait," Dayton ordered. He felt Simon's fingers freeze at his waist.

"Wait? I'm at the point of stripping you of your pants and underwear to see if your cock is as thick and hard and delicious as I've imagined, and you're telling me to wait?"

Dayton had to laugh at his friend's tone of utter frustration. "Well, unless you're going to rip the pants right off my body, I think I should take my shoes and socks off first."

"Rip the pants off your hot body? Mmm, I definitely like that idea. Yes, yes, that sounds like a wonderful idea."

This time the tone was contemplative and when Simon tucked his fingers into Dayton's waistband, he was afraid Simon might just follow through on his threat.

"No, don't ruin them. The suit was hideously expensive and I really like it."

Simon nipped his belly as one hand slipped between Dalton's legs and cupped his balls through the material. "And you should like it, because you look so fuckin' sexy in it. But I bet you look even sexier out of it, so take off the damn socks and shoes."

"You're going to have to let go of my balls."

"Oh, all right." Reluctance laced Simon's voice as his hand fell away.

Dayton tore off his socks and shoes and kicked them to the side. He straightened, waiting for what seemed far too long, until finally Simon's hands resumed their position, unzipping his fly, pulling down pants and underwear together. As he lifted each foot in turn, his friend dragged the trousers off him, leaving him naked and blindfolded. He felt exhilarated, drunk on anticipation.

As Simon's fist encircled his erection, his tongue licked up the weeping drops and the tip poked into his slit.

"Holy shit, that feels so good," Dayton moaned. He thrust his pelvis forward, encouraging Simon to take more, to do more.

Simon traced the underside of the heavy crown then back to the head, licking and lashing across the slick skin. The strokes changed to long, languid laps up the thick rod. Dayton sobbed when Simon grabbed the very edge of his ball sac with his lips and gently pulled. Those lips crept up, Simon's mouth engulfing one of his nuts, playing it with his tongue. Dayton reached out and laced his fingers in the short, wavy hair as his cock was swallowed whole. Cheeks applied pressure as Simon's head dipped up and down and Dayton flexed his hips to match the rhythm.

But something nagged at his brain. Something wasn't right.

The hair, the hair's wrong.

When hands started swirling patterns across his shoulder blades while lips teased his dick, he tried to understand what was happening. Fingers spread his ass cheeks and a mouth noisily licked at his puckered hole as someone else pleased his throbbing

shaft. Hungrier and hungrier were the avid strokes to his anus, wrenching a groan from him as the tip of the tongue breached the ridged entry only to retreat and lick a path up the knobs of his spine.

"I invited Mateo to join us." Simon whispered his confession as he bit the tendon in Dayton's neck. "He and I have been lovers for years and when I told him about my new neighbor, he was very interested in meeting you. You don't mind if he joins us, do you? Because he's been very interested in being fucked by you since you met."

If Dalton's brain had been capable of any coherent thought, he would have elaborated on how delighted he was to have Mateo there and how very talented he was with his mouth. He thought he might have moaned in assent.

"Now that my little surprise has been revealed, would you like me to take off the blindfold?" Simon asked.

"I want to see everything," Dayton finally managed to say.

And the blindfold was removed.

He looked down into the beautiful, smiling face of Mateo, kneeling at his feet.

The smile was glowing. "I've wanted this since the moment Simon introduced us. I really want to be with both of you," Mateo said.

Dayton thought he heard a hint of uncertainty in the man's voice. He gently ran his hand over the crown of Mateo's head as he offered words of reassurance. "Oh, yeah, this is perfect. I'm so glad you're here."

Simon stepped from behind Dayton's back and ran his fingers down Dayton's arm. "I was pretty sure the sparks I felt when I introduced you to Mateo were the same ones that shocked me when you turned and looked down at me from the ladder. I hadn't even met you, but the shiver that shot through me was positively electric."

Dayton shook his head. "So if we all felt it, why'd we wait so long to get together?"

Simon continued his gentle caressing. "Mateo hasn't been around. He does a lot of traveling for his job and he only got back last night."

Dayton tried to squelch the sudden spurt of jealousy at the thought of Simon and Mateo being together, probably making love, the night before.

Simon laughed. "Oh, what was that little body tension about? Were you thinking about us being together last night while you were next door, all alone? You needn't worry. He went straight home from the airport and, besides, he and I had already decided that we could wait until we were with you. Hence my little ruse. So are you ready?"

Dayton had every intention of answering, but the unexpected slide of Mateo's tongue up his inner thigh made it very difficult to remember those good intentions.

"Oh, cat got your tongue?" Simon asked.

Dayton moaned as Simon pulled his head around to him and kissed him, flicking tongue against tongue.

"Ah, I see the cat wasn't entirely successful. I can definitely feel your tongue. Yum." He let go of Dayton and looked down at Mateo. "As for the tongue of that beautiful *gato*, I've felt it on my body many a time and I love it."

Dayton took a deep breath and slowly released it as Mateo gently pressed Dayton's cock back against his belly. The next inhalation was sharp as Mateo lapped at his exposed sac, then it grew into a prolonged groan as Mateo used his talented tongue to flip one ball into his mouth so he could lap at it and shift it around in his mouth, sometimes pressing it firmly against his palate, sometimes stroking the underside of the globe as he pleased Dayton.

Simon joined the pleasuring, skimming his hand down Dayton's spine and sending shivers all the way to his toes. The gentle pressure of fingertips was replaced by Simon's tongue as he licked his way up, catching each bump of bone in the journey. Simon's hands were making the same upward journey, only they were slicking over his belly and chest.

Dayton gasped when Mateo's cheeks came into play, sucking the ball even deeper. There was a loud pop as those lips released their treasure, but before Dayton had time to protest, the other ball was taken in, receiving the same attention.

He couldn't remember the last time someone had paid so much attention to his scrotum. He loved the feel of lips and tongue on his flesh, loved the tugging, laving sensations on the crinkly skin. It was such an ultra-sensitive area that he couldn't figure out why more guys didn't realize that and give it the homage it was due. Or demand the attention it deserved.

Thankfully, Mateo didn't seem to be having any trouble with the concept and, judging by the sounds of approval and enjoyment he was making, Dayton was quite certain Mateo was loving the act of adoration as much as he was.

Simon rose to his feet and kissed a line along Dayton's shoulder. His next words, whispered against Dayton's ear, almost made Dayton believe Simon could read his mind. "I've never met anyone who loves to suck my balls as much as Mateo. I love having my dick sucked, but I find most guys don't know what they're missing by ignoring the balls. It's good for me and if more guys spent time sucking and licking their partner's sac, I know they'd love it too."

"He's very good at it." Dayton hoped his words made sense, for he was panting like a racehorse as Mateo fondled the ball in his mouth. His breath came in quick gasps until Mateo suddenly liberated the globe. Again, no time to react because Mateo used his hands to help take in the whole sac and Dayton was afraid the top was going to blow off his head as Mateo tongued between the balls, separating them, pushing them into the curve of the roof of his mouth with the flat of his tongue.

He grabbed Mateo's head, the silky hair tickling his fingers, and flexed his cock into Mateo's mouth, encouraging him to take him deeper. But Mateo broke free, Dayton's balls pulling from his grasp.

Dayton shivered as Simon ran his fingers over his stomach and down through his pubic hair.

"I have a particular spot I really like to have fondled," Simon said as he spat in his hand and took hold of Dayton's cock. "Maybe Mateo will show you."

Dayton's eyes fell shut with the rhythmic rise and fall of Simon's hand on his erection. Every few strokes, Simon's thumb smoothed over the head of his dick, slicking his pre-cum over the taut surface.

Mateo gave his balls a teasing flick then he began to lap at the supple skin at the base of his shaft. Dayton loved the way Mateo's chin kept brushing the spheres as he plied his tongue up and down and across the delicate flesh.

"Holy shit, that feels so good." The words were torn from him.

"Ahh, he must be demonstrating my favorite spot," Simon said.

As Mateo's mouth grew more voracious, Simon's hand gripped tighter, rising and falling more quickly. Dayton opened his eyes and looked down at the dual pleasuring, watched as Mateo dropped back on his haunches and smiled up at him. He grinned as Mateo sat up and pushed Simon's hand out of the way to replace it with his mouth, to replace the tight grip with long, languid caresses of his tongue.

Dayton had never before had a man spend so much time on foreplay. Most of the guys he'd been with had done a bit of cock sucking, but were much more interested in fucking or being fucked. He realized that this wasn't just about having sex. There was more here than someone wanting to shove their dick into a ready hole and get off or offering their body to someone else's dick.

And he decided he really liked the whole concept.

"I'm going to grab some lube while Mateo keeps you busy there," Simon said.

Dayton followed him with his eyes as Simon slid open the pocket doors just enough to step through and disappear. His gaze dropped to Mateo as he traced under the crown of his cock with the very tip of his tongue.

"Oh God, that feels so good," he sighed.

"It's supposed to," Mateo said, drawing back and flashing him a sweet grin. Then he frowned. "Hasn't anyone ever spend time playing with you?"

Dayton supposed the look on his face was answer enough for Mateo.

"They haven't, have they?" Mateo snorted in obvious disgust. "It's not all about fucking. It's about pleasure and anticipation and discovery."

"I'd be delighted to have one or even two of those three," Dayton said honestly.

"Sorry, it will have to be three for three. I won't settle for anything less," Mateo said and he resumed his task.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Dayton ticked off the things on Mateo's list that had already been accomplished. Pleasure—definitely. Discovery—like never before. Anticipation—getting stronger. Looked like they were pretty close to achieving them all.

Dayton fisted his hands at his sides as Mateo blew across the head of his dick. The taut skin felt so hot that the cool puff of air made it seem almost fevered. Mateo thumbed Dayton's pre-cum and spread the lube down his cock. Swiveled strokes with one hand drove Dayton higher while Mateo curled the fingers of his other hand beneath Dayton's sac.

Simon stepped into the parlor, sliding the pocket doors into place behind him. He stood there for a moment, smiling while Dayton looked his fill.

"I hope you're enjoying all this?" Simon said, the grin widening.

"What's not to like? I'm naked, you're wearing nothing but a pair of low-slung pajama pants and Mateo's at my feet," Dayton replied.

Simon moved into the room and Dayton's breath gave a little hitch at the snick of the tube of lubricant being flipped open.

Mateo's eager mouth took him inside as Simon drizzled lube across his fingers. He thought about anticipation, wondering what use Simon had in mind for the lube and

whether he or Mateo would be the one reaping the benefits. He didn't have long to wait to find out as Simon slipped behind him and set his hand at the small of his back.

"This is another of my favorite spots," Simon explained. "I love this dip at the small of a man's back, how it leads to the curve of his ass, and I've gotta say that your ass is particularly gorgeous."

His hand slid into place and Dayton knew what was coming. One long finger pushed past his puckered opening and slid inside. Simon's free hand snaked around to his chest and pulled his nipple. It was delightful. It was glorious. Mateo's mouth taking him deep, one of Simon's fingers nudging his prostate with every passing, the hand twisting his nipple. He shoved his cock to the back of Mateo's throat, flexing his hips to piston hard, crying out from the many sensations bombarding him simultaneously.

Simon's hand left its nipple play and moved lower and lower. Somehow Simon got to his knees, finger still carefully tucked inside Dayton's body. As Dayton wondered what Simon's plan entailed, another cry was wrung from him as a solid grip encircled the flesh above his balls and Simon tugged. That first pull was gentle and deceptively lulling, because the next one showed Simon's real intention as he drew Dayton's balls down much more forcefully, at the same time renewing the motion of his finger along Dayton's anal channel.

Dayton realized he'd stopped moving, Mateo's whimpers telegraphing his displeasure at being so neglected. Dayton took up mouth-fucking Mateo while Simon worked the magic with his hands. For a split second before Dayton climaxed, he wondered if the two men had felt his body's preparations for detonation. He knew Mateo must have known by the way his cock completely filled Mateo's mouth. And the manner in which his balls had shifted, tight and heavy, against his body would have warned Simon. He exploded in mind-numbing bliss, taking perverse pleasure at seeing Mateo's inability to contain the load—it dribbled out the side of his mouth as he unsuccessfully tried to swallow it all. He felt his asshole pulsing around Simon's finger

in tandem with the rhythm of his release, felt Simon's hand leave his sac and come to rest on his hip.

Finally Mateo sat back, wiping the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand. Dayton was sure there was one final quiver as Mateo licked the remnant of his release from his finger, his eyes catching Dayton's and holding them.

Simon broke the silence, slowly climbing to his feet. "Now that at least one of us has had the edge taken off, Mateo and I would like to take you to the basement and introduce you to our special space down there."

Dayton slowly closed his eyes, then took a deep breath before opening them. "You have a special space in the basement? What kind of special space?"

"I don't know about your house, but mine still has the original basement with the poured concrete floor and the old stone walls. The moment I saw it, I knew exactly what I wanted to do with it, so over the years I've amassed quite an array of devices and apparatus to fit with that plan."

He was stunned. Dayton's head began to whirl at the thought of what was hidden right here in the house next door to his own. His heart raced as he considered what might happen if he went downstairs.

"Would you like to see what's down there?" Simon asked.

Dayton had been looking for ways to become more sexually adventurous but, at the same time, had been reluctant to put himself into the hands of strangers. He'd been to Seduction, the largest gay spa in Toronto, many times and had taken part in group sessions there, but he'd always balked at being put into a sling or tethered facedown over a bench. To him, that kind of play seemed more like what he'd want to do with someone who meant something to him. That kind of play involved trust, not just fucking. It was private pleasure, not public pleasure.

But lately he'd become more curious about pushing himself past his comfort zone. Or being pushed past his comfort zone. And Simon's offer seemed to provide the perfect way to stoke that curiosity.

When Dayton moved to the pocket doors and slid them open, Simon's face broke out in a broad grin.

"Looks like we're heading to the playroom, Mateo," Simon said as he held out his hand and hauled Mateo to his feet.

Dayton stood back and bowed in a mock courtly gesture as Simon passed. "After you. I'll let you lead the way since it's your house."

Simon nodded regally in acknowledgement then crossed the hall and opened the door opposite.

As Dayton fell into step behind Simon, and Mateo behind him, Mateo's hand fell on his shoulder and stopped him. When Mateo slid his grip down to seize one of his naked ass cheeks, Dayton pushed his butt back into the cupped palm. After that the other man seized his chin and Dayton swung his head to accept a deep kiss.

Mateo drew back. "Fuck, that was amazing. You're amazing."

"Oh, there's definitely some chemistry between you and me, between the three of us, and I want to see what else we can do together," Dayton said.

Simon called from below. "Hey, what's keeping you two? I want to play."

Dayton reached out and gave Mateo's hand a squeeze. "Let's not keep the man waiting," he said as he led the way down the steep stairs.

Chapter Three

Simon looked up and breathed a sigh of relief as Dayton's feet appeared on the narrow basement steps. *Shit, even his feet are beautiful.* Finally after weeks of anticipation, his gorgeous neighbor was going to be here in his playroom. Since the moment he'd spied Dayton hoisting the ladder up against the wall, he'd hungered for him. He'd never told Dayton that he'd gotten quite an unexpected eyeful that day as Dayton had worked high above. From where he lay on the lounge chair, Simon had enjoyed a perfect view up the leg of Dayton's cut-off shorts. His binoculars, which he normally kept on hand for bird-watching, had been very useful for some unanticipated summer-day cock-watching.

He suspected it was the heat that had encouraged Dayton to eschew underwear, preferring to go commando instead. He'd probably not even realized that the legs of his shorts gaped enough to allow glimpses, from below, of his cock and balls. Simon blessed the day he'd invested in the powerful field glasses. Dayton had been so immersed in his chores that Simon had been able to look at his leisure and had discovered that, even with his dick at rest, Dayton Stewart was a big man.

As the man in question descended the stairs, Simon stared at that glorious dick. Even spent, it was no lightweight. Just as he had suspected, his friend was well endowed and Simon couldn't wait to feel that hard flesh sliding into him. Although being the top was his usual preference, he was an adaptable lover. His belly contracted as he imagined himself bottoming to accept that impressive specimen. There were so many devices down here that he found himself wondering exactly how, and where, he'd like to be taken.

Perhaps they could use the medical examination table that was bolted to the floor in the corner near the slings. If Dayton lay supine, Simon could climb up and straddle his

legs. Splaying his hands on Dayton's belly would give him the leverage to be in control, allowing a slow, leisurely descent that would let Simon savor every second of the delicious pressure on his anus before the inevitable plunge inside. That thick erection would stretch his passage, every stroke pushing against the inner walls, caressing the prostate within as it moved in and out. His balls tightened as he imagined exactly how that would feel. *Oh, yeah, sex on the table would be fucking amazing.*

He pondered how Dayton would like to be fucked. That presented more decisions. Should he put him in the sling? Or possibly in the stock? The options were many and varied. He was so busy planning their pleasure that he didn't realize Dayton was now standing on the carpet runner at the bottom of the steps, looking around.

"Holy shit, this is incredible," he said, scanning the array of equipment positioned throughout the space.

Simon was delighted to see the evidence of Dayton's curiosity and desire while he surveyed his surroundings because despite his recent climax, when Dayton's hand fell to his cock, with a few long, languid strokes, he began to harden again. His thumb smoothed over the thick head and Simon could see how it left the tight skin of the crown shiny with his pre-cum. *Enough waiting.*

"Time to play, Mateo," Simon said as he yanked Mateo's tank top over his head and threw it aside. He couldn't get his own pajama bottoms off fast enough. When Mateo's clothes had joined the small heap on the floor, Simon kicked everything out of the way. Naked, he strode over to Dayton and shoved Dayton's hand aside, seizing his cock in a grip rough enough to make his sexy neighbor groan.

Simon stroked his thumb back and forth on its heavy vein. "Thoughts of this gorgeous beast have filled my dreams for weeks now. Thank God you're finally here."

Dayton's engorged shaft sat heavy in his grasp. Like a living entity, it throbbed in his fist, the flesh hot and smooth. He let go only long enough to spit in his palm, then took hold again, using the saliva to ease the passage of his hand from the fat crown to

the base. The coarse pubic hair tickled his hand with every descent, his fingers butting against the marked circular ridge of the head with every upstroke.

Dayton groaned again and Simon leaned forward and nipped teasingly at his bottom lip, taking advantage of his sigh of delight to slip his tongue inside. Tongue and hand moved in tandem and they both knew that was the rhythm, the motion of what their cocks would be doing in the very near future. Dayton moaned and frowned when Simon stepped away, but it was quickly replaced by a wide grin when Simon pulled him forward for a deep kiss.

"I don't know why I put off showing you all this." Simon made a sweeping gesture. "I guess I needed to be sure you were interested—in me, in us and in a little exploring outside the box before I took that step."

"Thank God you took the initiative. I have great interest on all counts. Being the new kid on the block, I was trying to be circumspect, but now that you've taken the first step and I'm on your turf, I'm definitely curious to try out some of the stuff you have down here."

Simon turned to the third man who'd been standing watching, his cock hard and weeping. "Mateo, what do you think we should start with for Dayton?"

Mateo's face grew thoughtful, as if he were pondering an incredibly weighty decision. "Would your guest like to fuck or be fucked? Wouldn't that be a good place to start?"

"Excellent," Simon said. "So Dayton, what's your choice—to fuck or be fucked, that is the question—to very roughly paraphrase the most famous of the bards."

"Before I make my decision, why don't you show me around?"

"Of course! I've been most remiss in my duties as host."

Taking Dayton's hand, Simon took him toward the far corner of the basement, talking as they walked. "I'm very proud of the gear I have down here. I always keep my eyes open for medical equipment auctions and friends give me tips when they find stuff or hear about bits and pieces they think might interest me."

He turned to make sure Mateo was close behind. "I've also become an aficionado of Home Depot. It's amazing how the most innocuous of materials can be turned into something naughty and restraining. And the internet has proven to be a remarkable resource. Anything you want to design or pull together, chances are someone has already done it and, in their eagerness to share, has posted the necessary plans."

"Simon and I have had some amazing adventures building and refining some of the devices he's found plans for." They turned to face Mateo as he chimed in, the look in his eyes hot and promising. "Experience has shown that not everything works out the first time, so we've had to keep trying and trying until we got it right. Most of the stuff down here was well christened in the putting-together stages, wasn't it, Simon? In fact, I sometimes wonder if Simon misconstrued things on purpose so we had to keep experimenting."

Simon shrugged and chuckled. "This kind of thing isn't an exact science, you know. I always allow for a margin of error. I like to make sure everything is working perfectly and sometimes that takes just one more fuck to get it right."

The three men laughed.

"This space is absolutely amazing," Dayton said, as Simon stopped at an apparatus tethered to the wall. "I gotta say that having it in a basement rather than a room upstairs certainly adds an eerie, sort of otherworldly tone to all the stuff you've got. Like this thing here." He ran his hand down one section of what appeared to be a giant spider web.

"When the realtor showed me the house about ten years ago, I nearly came in my pants when she brought me down here. The old stone walls and concrete floor cried out to me to do something special. Bit by bit, I brought in the pieces as I acquired them, adding carpet runners to keep your feet off the cold floor and nailing camouflage netting to hide the pipes and ductwork above our heads. The ceiling is much higher than in many old houses, which is great since everyone who comes to play is male, and

I don't want them having to duck to keep from knocking themselves out on low-hanging equipment."

He paused and looked at Dayton's engorged cock. "Unless it's equipment like that. That's definitely worth knocking yourself out on."

Dayton couldn't wait until he got a chance to try out his equipment on Simon. His friend had such a hot ass, just made for licking and fucking. But he was also very curious about the playroom. "So tell me about this great big spider web."

Simon grinned. "This is one of my favorite things down here. Whoever is bound to it becomes the fly to my spider. So once he's all nicely secured in a giant X on my web, I can then use this array of devices to pleasure him, however, and with whatever I decide." Simon swung open the doors of a huge cupboard to show him row upon row of floggers, small whips, canes, chains and dildos. He ran his hand along one line of equipment, setting the objects swinging on their hooks. Then he swiveled to face Dayton.

"Would you like a little taste of my web? I promise to be gentle."

Dayton studied Simon's face and the look of uncertainty coupled with desire he saw there made the decision for him. He wanted to please this man so much.

"Okay."

Simon sighed in obvious pleasure. "Mateo will help me get you tethered."

Mateo and Simon carefully maneuvered him so he was flat against the web, facing the stone wall. First one wrist then the other was pulled up and strapped to the top corners of the device. He groaned when Simon ran his hands down the underside of his arms, skimming his torso and the length of his legs.

"Spread 'em," Simon said as he slid his hands between Dayton's knees and smacked them apart.

Two sets of hands bound his feet to the bottom corners of the web. Two sets of hands ran up his legs. Two hands set into the crease at the top of his leg and repeatedly bumped his balls. He knew there was no way the touch was accidental.

"How does that feel?" Simon asked, getting to his feet.

"Uncomfortable. There's no give. I can't move at all."

Mateo whispered in his ear. "That's the way it should be. We just need to do one more thing before we start."

"One more thing?" Dayton had trouble keeping the trepidation from his voice and no luck hiding the gasp of surprise as Mateo reached over his head and put the blindfold in place.

"I promise you'll like it," Mateo said. "It'll drive your focus inward and heighten the pleasure. Relax, don't move and you'll understand what I mean."

Dayton did as Mateo suggested, certain he would pick up nothing more than the sound of their breathing in the room. He took a few deep breaths to calm himself and, after a minute or so, realized there was so much at the edge of his awareness. He could actually smell the different and very unique scents of Simon and Mateo. He smiled to think that in a roomful of people he would be able to pick out the two of them with his eyes closed.

He centered his mind on what was happening to his body. The leather straps snugly cinched around his wrists and ankles, the metal chains of the web as they bumped his hands and legs. The chains were icy cold against his heated skin, the links smooth and hard. The webbing pressed against his skin, everywhere – arms, legs, torso, penis.

A soft sound and he turned his head toward the cupboard wondering who was at the gear and what were they lifting off a hook. A hand ran down the inside of his right arm from wrist to elbow to armpit to his waist. Even though it was following the same path Simon's hand had taken when he'd first put him to the web, it evoked very

different feelings in his newly aware world. Then someone was stroking up the outside of his left leg. Who was it? Simon? Mateo? Did it matter?

Hands on his ass, along his neck, down his back—he lost track of time and place and person. It was all about those hands. Then they stopped. He was hard as a rock, eager to come.

“Lean your head back,” he was ordered.

A new touch. *What’s that? What are they doing?*

Someone was gently circling his head with a piece of equipment. He felt the strips of leather tickling his ears, his nose, his lips. *A flogger!* Along his shoulders, down his back, over his ass, down his legs. He moaned at the subtle caresses. His mind raced in anticipation. *Will they strike me with it? Do I want them to?*

He clenched his teeth at the few light strokes across his shoulder blades. Then he took a deep breath and turned his mind to the rhythm. From the left, from the right, from the left, from the right.

Across his thighs.

He hadn’t expected the changeover. Where would it fall next? He thought he should want to flex out of range, tell whoever it was to stop, but he couldn’t. The flogger snapped across his ass in a series of quicker, heavier blows. Another changeover. He hadn’t expected that or the shift in intensity. He did what Mateo had told him to do—shifted his focus inward so that, in his thoughts, he saw the rise and fall of the flogger, pictured his cheeks red and flaming.

He heard the flogger hit the floor in the corner, knew the wielder had thrown it there. Fingers pulled apart his buttocks and a hot, avid tongue laved his puckered hole. The sounds were that of a voracious animal, the actions that of a man at the edge of his patience. Suddenly the head drew back, the man groaned and he knew it was Simon kneeling there.

“What’s going on? What’s happening?” Dayton cried.

"You're not to speak," Simon said, his voice rough and labored. "But I will tell you so you can envision it in your mind as I rim you. I have my mouth on the crack of your ass, licking your butthole, and while I'm trying to concentrate on that, Mateo is fucking *my* ass. He's on his knees behind me, shoving his rock-hard cock into me. That's what you can think about."

Simon's tongue pressed against the constricted opening and Dayton cried out in ecstasy as it forced its way inside. The tongue pulled back, then started a series of ravenous strokes that made Dayton squeeze his eyes shut so tightly that all he saw was red and black behind the lids. He shot off like a geyser, imagining his cum splattering the wall behind the web, running in rivulets down the old stone.

"Fuck me, Mateo. Fuck me hard," he heard Simon say. The licking had stopped, Simon obviously too caught up in his own pleasure to remember.

Dayton loved that sound, male flesh against male flesh, man fucking man. Slapping, grunting, moaning. Simon shouted as he climaxed. Dayton imagined their combined releases slowly trickling down the wall, painting the stones with their commingled ejaculate.

"God, Simon, your ass is so tight," Mateo said.

Dayton envisioned Mateo's face as he plowed Simon's hole. The scarlet slashes across his cheeks, his lips pulled back, the taut veins in his neck. He heard the acceleration of the thrusts, then nothing. Mateo's moans filled the vast chamber and Dayton knew Simon was being filled with Mateo's cum.

There was the sound of labored breathing then utter silence. It went on so long that Dayton began to worry that he'd been left alone, hanging on the web. Finally hands fumbled with the wrist and ankle straps and the blindfold was gently removed. Still, he kept his eyes closed and faced the wall. A gentle stroke of fingers down his back and he opened his eyes and turned.

Mateo and Simon were standing there watching him.

"Are you okay?" Mateo asked, blindfold dangling from his fingers.

“That was fucking incredible and incredible fucking,” Dayton said, wondering if his legs would continue to support him.

“Ready to see more of the equipment?” Simon inquired.

Chapter Four

There was no hesitation. With these two men, Dayton had found what he'd been looking for. He could push beyond his level of comfort or let someone else do the pushing. Private setting, men he trusted and equipment to explore. It didn't get much better than that. His reply was confident and immediate. "After that, I'm game for anything. That was amazing. I've had sex with a lot of men, but that was far more intense than anything I've ever experienced before. I felt like I was out of my body at one point."

Mateo set his hand on Dayton's arm. "I was right about the focusing, wasn't I? Everything becomes heightened, so much more powerful," he said.

"Definitely. It was like every part of my body was supercharged, granted greater power. I loved it."

"Sounds like you're ready to see what else this room has to offer," Simon said.

"Lead the way," Dayton replied.

He followed Simon to another piece of equipment that looked like a medieval stock.

"Feel like being imprisoned in this?" Simon asked as he smoothed his hand along the top of it.

Dayton shook his head. "Looks too uncomfortable, but that's what I said about the web and it was unbelievable. Anyway, I think I'll pass on that—for now. What else is there?"

Simon looked around the room, stopping when something caught his eye. "Sorry, Dayton, I think our tour is about to be interrupted yet again."

A naughty light appeared on Simon's face just before he pushed his way behind one of the slings that were hanging from the ceiling.

"Oh my God, he knows how much I love that," Mateo whispered, his tone making it very evident that he was well acquainted with whatever Simon was retrieving.

Dayton watched as Simon grabbed something from where it lay against the wall and carried it back.

"This simple piece of equipment is actually another of my favorites and it's a great one for threeplay," Simon said.

"Don't let Simon kid you," Mateo said. "Everything down here is one of his favorites."

Simon grinned. "You might be right."

Dayton frowned as Simon took the thing, pulled it apart and set it down on the carpet so there was space all around.

"It's a folding step stool," Dayton observed.

Simon smiled. "Don't knock it. Remember how I told you Home Depot is our very good friend?"

Dayton drew his eyebrows together and nodded.

Simon tapped the top bar of the stool. "Well, this came from there. It's lightweight, strong and fabulous for play."

Dayton followed as Simon moved to a small wall-mounted cupboard. "What kind of nefarious gear have you got tucked away in there?"

Simon and Mateo laughed at what Dayton supposed was an inside joke.

"Why don't you see for yourself?" Simon encouraged as he yanked open the doors.

Dayton peered over Simon's shoulder to see that it housed a pile of towels, plastic containers filled with tubes of lube and condoms packets, and a stack of small wicker baskets. He also recognized cleansers for the tools and equipment and spotted a few good-sized cans of Crisco shortening.

Simon chuckled. "Maybe not nefarious, but certainly necessary," he said, taking a basket from the pile and dropping some lube and condoms into it. "Can you grab one of those folded towels and bring it with you, Mateo?"

"I'm on it," Mateo said as he reached in and lifted the top one.

Dayton looked on as Simon set the basket down on a hospital gurney, took the proffered towel from Mateo and put it on the broad top step of the collapsible stool.

"While Mateo gets in place, I'll just get you ready."

Not quite sure what Simon would do to "get him ready", Dayton was delighted to see it involved Simon dropping to his knees before him and licking the crown of his cock. He was so eager that drops of fluid slicked the head, drops that Simon eagerly swallowed. Dayton could feel the rough calluses on Simon's hand as the heavy column was pressed back to touch his belly, giving Simon free access to lick the underside with long, leisurely laps. He sucked the balls one at a time, first pressuring them against the roof of his mouth to fondle and suckle at them with his tongue, then popping them out.

Dayton fisted his hands in Simon's long, silky hair as he went back to paying homage to his dick, running the tip to and fro under the ridge and flicking at the frenulum, that most sensitive part above the tight coil of skin. He felt hot breath an instant before Simon's wet mouth took him inside, making him shiver as his erection slid along Simon's tongue and bumped the rear of his throat. There were very few men who could take all of him like that. He was so glad to know his gorgeous neighbor happened to be one of them. Man, he couldn't believe how lucky he was to have bought a house next door to Simon.

"Shit, Simon, I'm dying here. Have you forgotten about me?" Mateo's voice was harsh, his obvious need close to the surface. "Can I get in on the action too?"

As Simon drew back, Dayton wanted to grab his head and hold him in place, but he also wanted to know what the three of them were going to do with the step stool. Curiosity warred with need and, for the moment, curiosity won. He put out his hand and pulled Simon to his feet.

Simon straightened, took him by the shoulders and swung him around. Dayton stared at Mateo perched on the seat formed by the wide top rung of the small kitchen step stool. His feet were planted flat on the floor, his eyes closed as his hand roughly shifted up and down his swollen shaft.

"Look at him. He really needs to be fucked," Simon said.

Mateo's eyes drifted open and he smiled when he saw Dayton watching him.

"I can tell by the look in Mateo's eyes that he's hoping you'll put him out of his misery and fuck him with that world-class dick of yours."

"Gimme one of those rubbers," Dayton said. He put out a hand and Simon slapped a condom pack down onto his palm. It only took a moment for him to rip it open and sheathe himself. He snatched a tube of lube from the basket.

The two of them strode over to where Mateo sat. Mateo grinned and arched back to allow his head to pass beneath the handle of the waist-high stool.

"Fuck, that looks uncomfortable," Dayton observed.

"Don't worry. Once you slide that luscious dick into me, I won't give a shit about comfort or lack of it. I'll be too busy hoping I don't pass out when I feel the size of that beast stuck up my ass," Mateo said, his nostrils flared in desire.

As Dayton took up position in the "V" of Mateo's thighs, Mateo lifted his feet off the floor and set his legs flat against Dayton's torso. Dayton flipped the cap and squirted a blob onto his fingers. First he worked the slick lube over his own cock, swiveling his fist to coat it well, then he squeezed out another dollop and used two fingers to smear it liberally over Mateo's puckered hole.

"You ready?" he asked Mateo.

"You call that foreplay?" Mateo teased.

"Hell no, you can have foreplay next time. This is called need. Or perhaps lust." Setting the thick crown at the opening, he pressed gently. "Man, your hole's so nice and tight. I really like that." He pushed again, shoving against Mateo's anus, but not forcing

his way inside. Mateo flexed back, trying to coerce him into sliding in, but Dayton made him wait.

Once more he applied a light pressure and when Mateo groaned in annoyance at his failure to enter, Dayton slammed in, grabbing Mateo's ankles and forcing his legs forward so he could wrap his arms around them and get some leverage. Mateo's head fell back as Dayton took up a deep, pounding rhythm, thrusting in and out of Mateo's ass.

"My turn to get in on the action," said Simon and he went to Mateo's head. "Open your mouth, Mateo. From this angle you should be able to take me nice and deep."

At Simon's words, Dayton deliberately tempered his thrusts. It was all about relishing the dual pleasure presented by the feel of the slow slide of his cock gliding back and forth in Mateo's tight channel combined with the sight of Simon's hard-on forcing Mateo's mouth wide open just to let his dick enter. He heard Mateo gag as the head bumped the back of his throat, but he must have relaxed because the next minute he was moaning and Simon was pumping for all he was worth. Dayton started hammering Mateo's ass again.

With his arms tightly gripping Mateo's legs, he looked down and watched the motion of his dick pistoning Mateo's snug passage. He drew back and let his shaft slip free. Mateo gave a deep groan. Dayton knew it was in disapproval. Using his thumb and forefinger, he repositioned himself against the breach and surged in. After a few hard strokes, out again. Mateo's hole stayed open and inviting this time and took him back in easily. He felt Mateo's body take the rhythm, pushing toward him every time he pulled fully out and swinging back on each reentry.

Dayton loved it. He loved the way Mateo's ridged hole grabbed him each and every time he thrust back in. He loved the way Mateo's body followed his, demanding his reclaiming, silently demanding more fucking.

And that mouth of his! Mateo had such a talented mouth. Dayton watched him take that long, thick erection as far as he could, time and time again. He never seemed to tire

of Simon's relentless pace. There was no finesse. No gently sucking and licking. No words of encouragement or tenderness. Only the slap of flesh against flesh and the sounds of hungry, eager men.

Dayton wondered what it must be like for Mateo. He was literally being fucked by two cocks at once. One battering his ass and one pummeling his mouth. Mateo's cock lay rock hard against his belly. Dayton stopped moving and reached down, seizing the heavy dick with one hand. It pulsed in his grasp, the crown so taut and swollen that he knew Mateo was on the verge of exploding. He tightened his grip and gave him a few hard strokes.

Simon saw what Dayton was doing and smiled.

He also must have realized how imminent was Mateo's detonation for he said harshly, "Don't come yet, Mateo. I can see you're ready, but I want you to wait."

This time Mateo's groan was deep and frustrated.

"Let's see if we can get off at the same time," Simon said to Dayton.

Dayton picked up the pace again, watching Simon's mouth as it drew tight and his breathing changed to sharp pants, like a racing greyhound. Dayton's body drew taut and he felt himself go off in a million bursts of light as he jabbed into Mateo's body with his own.

Simon pumped furiously, yelling as his orgasm overtook him, rivulets of his milky cum streaming from the corners of Mateo's mouth. Dayton saw Mateo frantically attempting to swallow the load, but it was futile. Simon Tate was obviously a very potent man.

Dayton let Simon pull out first, enjoying the sight of his softened cock shiny with his own juices. His hopes that Simon might let him clean him up were dashed when he spoke.

"Look at the mess you've made of me, Mateo. You need to fix that right away." His eyes met Dayton's. "You're going to have to let him up, Dayton."

Dayton took his sweet time tormenting Mateo, drawing back little by little until his cock slipped free. Simon's voice stopped him as he went to remove the condom.

"Why don't you let Mateo do that for you once he's done with me?"

Dayton was more than happy to wait. And to watch while he waited.

As Mateo moved to sit up, Dayton offered him his hand and helped him to his feet. Mateo's stiff cock looked almost painful, the head purple and drum-tight. Dayton reached out to offer some relief, blessed release, but again it was Simon's voice that stayed his hand.

"Not yet, Dayton. I like to make him wait."

Simon picked up Dayton's look of concern. "Don't worry. That's part of Mateo's thing. He likes to be made to wait. Don't you, Mateo?"

The man in question nodded. It was obvious he was eager to climax, but more eager to please.

Simon joined them, his look enough to make Mateo drop to his knees at his feet.

"Tell him what to do, Dayton. That way he'll know what you like when it's your turn."

Dayton was taken aback. He'd never participated in such controlled sex before. He had little experience with equipment beyond dildos, vibrators and the occasional cock ring, and most of his sexual encounters had been pretty free and easy. His partners had always been like-minded so the play was loose, everyone doing what felt good, no one trying to be in charge of what happened. Yet he found he liked what Simon did. He liked the way Simon ordered them around and he definitely wanted to take it further. *Maybe next time.*

"The head of his cock looks like it needs a good cleaning, Mateo. I want you to lick it and make sure you pay particular notice to that little slit. I bet Simon likes it when you poke the tip of your tongue in there, doesn't he?"

Mateo looked up and nodded, but the glazed look in his eyes said he was somewhere else, somewhere that included big dicks and the special attention they deserved.

Dayton fisted his hands at his sides as Mateo took hold of Simon's cock and clutched it in his fist. He lapped across the head with the flat of his tongue using long, leisurely strokes to brush Simon's cum from the glossy surface as he bathed it with his saliva.

Somehow Dayton managed to pull out the words to give Mateo instructions. "Don't forget that little hole. Stick the tip of your tongue in there and lightly flick at it. I'm sure that's what he'd like." What he really meant was "that's what I'd like" and he certainly hoped Mateo remembered when it was his turn to get cleaned up.

"Leave that for the time being and suck his balls."

"But—" Mateo began.

"I know they weren't in your mouth, but I'm positive he'd like to make sure they're clean too. Now suck them." Dayton wasn't quite certain where this authoritative persona was coming from, but he decided he quite liked this Commander Dayton who seemed to relish giving orders.

Dayton set his hands to his own chest and flicked his nipples with his thumbs. They were so sensitive that his touch quickly drew them to stiff points. His handling grew rougher, more urgent as he watched Mateo pull at the loose skin of Simon's balls with his lips, dragging it away from the sac and tugging gently. For a few moments he ignored Mateo's lack of compliance. He was enjoying the show too much to care about his tardiness in obeying. Then he remembered his role as commander.

"You're not following orders very well, Mateo." He issued a sharp command to bring him back in line. "Put them in your mouth and suck them like I told you." When Mateo was still unhurried in responding, Dayton mused aloud. "I wonder what piece of equipment Simon uses to punish you when you don't obey?" The quiver he saw pass through Mateo's body was enough to let Dayton know he was right. The quiver that

passed through *his* body let him know he'd like to be part of that. As an onlooker—or maybe as a participant.

He gave his head a quick shake. *Commander Dayton, I need to be Commander Dayton. But, oh how I love to watch.* It was so easy to get sidetracked with thoughts of what the three of them might do with more of the equipment in Simon's basement, or what Simon might do to punish him and what he might do to deserve that punishment.

There was no way he could wait to have Mateo slip off the condom—he wanted to feel his slick skin, not latex, as he masturbated, so he slid it off and dropped it. His fingertips roved over his belly, skimming his heated flesh, finally moving to seize his cock at the erotic picture of Mateo doing as he was told and taking one ball into his mouth. Dayton could see the prominent bulge in his cheek from the heavy orb. He could see the motion of Mateo's tongue shifting it, playing with it. There was a soft pop as he released the globe, only to reclaim it then release once more. Mateo moved his head to access the twin, gobbling at it, subjecting it to the same repeated draw and discharge to the accompaniment of Simon's deep growls of approval.

Dayton's grip on his dick grew firmer, the strokes long and urgent as he covered the length of the shaft, around the slick head and back. Again and again his hand made the journey as Mateo took one ball and then the other into his mouth to suckle and set free.

"His dick...lick it," Dayton managed to say.

Mateo let Simon's sac slide from his mouth and grinned. It was obvious that was the order he'd been waiting for. Setting the back of one hand against Simon's neatly trimmed pubic pelt, he gently pushed down on Simon's hard-on and kept it down until his other hand took over, coming from underneath and taking hold of the thick erection with thumb and fingertips. A bolt of lust shot up Dayton's spine as Mateo licked at the crown as if slurping melting ice cream from a cone. Using a slow lapping motion, he slicked his tongue over and over the crest, lifting and lowering his head each time like a cat at a bowl of cream.

“Lick the shaft now,” Dayton commanded.

Mateo stroked the whole length of the hard pillar of flesh with the flat of his tongue, each sweep taking in the span from the engorged head, along the thick stalk to the base that lay nestled in the carefully groomed hair. Dayton marveled at how the motion was another symphony of repeated licking and lifting the same as Mateo had done at the crest. He saw how Simon’s belly contracted with every fervent pass of Mateo’s tongue and he couldn’t be an observer any longer. Dayton muscled his way in beside a startled Simon, standing so the two rods were within easy reach of Mateo’s talented mouth.

Mateo immediately swung his head to begin his torture, to subject Dayton’s cock and balls to the same erotic routine. Dayton grabbed Simon’s now-neglected dick in his fist, at the same time as Mateo’s lips tugged at the skin of Dayton’s sensitive sac. Simon moaned as Dayton squeezed, his grasp too tight, but he couldn’t help it, the reaction was automatic. It was as if a current flared from his scrotum to his hand, every motion of Mateo’s prompting an answering response in his grip. It was delicious.

Dayton arched his pelvis right into Mateo’s face when he took one ball at a time into his mouth, smoothing each with his tongue before popping it out to alternate between the twin orbs. He gently flexed at him when Mateo licked the underside of his penis, dropping his chin to press the tip at the base of Dayton’s cock to the sensitive spot between his testes. Dayton palmed the fat head of Simon’s dick, slicking the moisture over the taut skin before using it to smooth his hand up and down the heavy erection.

With Simon’s hard-on in his grasp, he could feel Simon’s orgasm drawing closer. The telltale signs were right there beneath his fingers. It was hot as molten steel and rock hard. He let Simon push his hand out of the way and it was Dayton who moaned as Simon pumped his release on Mateo’s chest and Dayton’s thigh. Ribbons of white cum splattered Mateo’s smooth skin, painting him in streaks of creamy semen while a few thin streams trickled down the outside of Dayton’s leg.

"Fuck, that was so damn sexy," Dayton said an instant before he threw back his head and he closed his eyes in rapture as Mateo's mouth returned to center all its undivided attention on him.

One hand played with his balls, shifting them tenderly within the pouch. The other formed an "O" with thumb and fingers and pleased his shaft with quick, rough strokes. And that mouth. That glorious mouth encircled the plump crest, massaging with lips and tongue. The juggling hand continued to play, but the other fell away, allowing Mateo to take Dayton's cock to the back of his throat. A few lifts and lowers of Mateo's head and Dayton shot his release, pumping that avid mouth as Mateo swallowed the load.

Dayton opened his eyes, drew Mateo to his feet and kissed him. It was a gentle acknowledgement of the pleasure he'd given.

"Now it's your turn, Mateo. Right, Simon?" He turned to Simon for the go-ahead.

"Make him come. I want to watch."

Dayton began to drop to his knees, but Mateo grabbed his arm.

"I want us to get me off together," he said with a tight smile.

Dayton didn't really care how they accomplished it as long as he got to return the favor. Mateo moaned as he put Dayton's hand to his engorged cock, the sound changing to a growl as Dayton gripped him hard and ran his closed fist up and down the length.

"Harder, tighter. That's not enough," Mateo said, putting his hand on top of Dayton's to show him what he wanted.

The strokes became rough and the rhythm uneven. Mateo trapped their hands between them as he moved closer and licked Dayton's lips. Then, with a soft moan, he put his forehead against Dayton's and Dayton felt his release pour over their hands.

Dayton felt so good, so relaxed, like he could melt into a puddle on the floor. He smiled at Simon. "That was fucking incredible. This whole thing has been really fucking incredible," Dayton avowed. "I'm so glad I bought the house next door."

"What can I say?" Now it was Simon who smiled—a broad, happy grin. "I'm just being neighborly."

About the Author

Although born in Ireland, Kaenar Langford lives north of Toronto in rural Ontario but that doesn't stop her from traveling the world in her mind and in her books. The love of romance and the exotic as well as a sense of humor are all entwined to produce stories that will seduce you and make you laugh.

Her husband and two sons have grown used to seeing only the back of her head as she is transported to wherever the writing takes her. She has become immune to the teasing of her colleagues, who were delighted with the publication of *Lucifer's Angel*, her first novel.

Kaenar enjoys playing music and reading and has taken up the Scottish small pipes in the last few years. Of course, Irish music is what she loves to play. Being asked to publish with Ellora's Cave ranks right up there with the best things to ever happen to her.

Kaenar welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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