



Sample Chapters for

**MORE THAN MOST (MORE BOOK 2)**

**by Sloan Parker**

Genre: Romantic Suspense / Gay Erotic Romance (M/M/M)

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**This book contains adult material and sexual situations not suitable for reading by minors. Please keep your electronic books safe from underage readers.**

## Book Description

Richard, Luke, and Matthew return in this sequel to [MORE](#), a Rainbow Award winner for Best Gay Contemporary Romance.

Investment manager and always-in-control Richard Marshall has just landed a historic estate he's waited years to acquire. Gone a lot for his work, he's seriously craving his men. Yet it's more than just the sex he's missing. Emotionally-traumatized Luke is still dealing with the aftereffects of his father's attempt to kill him, and Matthew's trying to find his way as part of a menage relationship.

When Luke and Matthew come clean with Richard about what they've been feeling, he knows there's only one way to solve all his problems: keep them close by accepting their help to investigate why someone wants to destroy the mansion he's trying to save. When it becomes clear he's put his family in danger, Richard has to choose between giving up control and pushing away the men he loves right when they've started to heal and have rekindled the explosive chemistry that brought them all together.

A menage relationship is hard enough. Add in danger, intrigue, a haunted mansion, and three sexually frustrated men, and it's not a typical love story. It's much more.

*This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and an all-male menage relationship.*

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## Prologue

*Fifteen years ago...*

"Don't do it, Richard." Joe Mason shook his head, his shocked expression laced with concern. He had offered his warning loud enough for several of the men and women seated nearby to hear, even over the drone of music from the twelve-piece orchestra.

I laughed as I leaned forward, my elbows resting on the linen-covered tablecloth. "Why? What's he going to do to me?"

Despite my playful tone, my friend shot me another warning look, whispering this time as he said, "I don't want to know what *he's* capable of. He's one mean old bastard." Joe swirled the Chivas Regal in his glass and watched the amber liquid for a moment. Then he lifted his gaze and studied me. He ditched the glass on the table with a *clink* as if he just realized I really did have every intention of talking to the old man.

Leaning forward Joe jabbed a finger my way. "Richard Marshall, you be careful. You get on his bad side, and he'll fuck with you for the fun of it. Men that wealthy get bored easily."

That they did.

I met Joe's concerned stare. "Don't worry, Mom." I gave him a wink and stood. "I'll be careful."

He shook his head again in exasperation and threw me a grin. "Good luck. Although I doubt you ever need that."

Sure I did. I'd never gone after a property owned by someone of Edward Harrison's stature. I gave Joe a nod and headed across the crowded ballroom of the exquisite Harrison Estate.

The worst thing Old Man Harrison could do that night was make a scene. That didn't scare me. Regretting that I didn't take the chance at all would bother me a hell of a lot more. I lived with worse regret every day of my life. It was the kind that forever changed a man—and the person he hurt most. I wasn't about to add to that regret because of my work.

As I wove in and out of the tables in the ballroom, I gave Joe's words more thought. Was he right? Should I be doing this?

I owed Joe a lot. Not only had he taken me under his wing when I first joined the real estate investment firm where we both worked, he and his wife had also invited me into their family, giving me a home to go to when I couldn't make it back to New York for the holidays. I didn't want to let him down by taking a chance he thought was too risky.

But I also didn't want to disappoint myself. I'd been dreaming of this project since I first got a look at the Harrison Estate two years earlier. The historic stone house, with its tall, elaborate chimneys and gothic arches over the doors and windows, along with its famous, mysterious history, had captivated me. And very few properties, or people, completely captured my attention like that. If the Harrisons no longer planned to own the estate, I wanted to be involved in preserving the house and its beauty.

I glanced across the ballroom at Edward Harrison, the white-haired old man who'd loaned his family's home to the hospital for their Annual Children's Charity Ball—and the man Joe had been warning me about all night.

Harrison wore a perfectly tailored five-thousand-dollar tux and leaned on a carved wooden cane. At his side was a woman at least forty years younger. She hung on his arm, and his every word, while he looked as disinterested in her as if she wasn't there at all.

I'd seen Harrison around at other functions, but I'd never had an opportunity to talk with him. I was pretty sure he had no clue who I was.

That was all about to change.

I wasn't missing my chance. I'd already started thinking through the plans, knowing exactly how far back in the home's history I wanted to go with the restorations.

Landing the famous Harrison property – either as my personal investment or one for the firm – would be a career-defining acquisition.

Time for me to make my move.

The woman who'd been hanging on Harrison had finally given up and was off on her next millionaire conquest. I smoothed the front of my tux jacket and approached before anyone else could engage him.

When I was two steps away, he spoke.

"Back off, boy."

Boy? I had at least fifty pounds of muscle on him and stood almost a foot taller, even if he got rid of the hunch that came with old age. He looked like a stodgy businessman who spent his days watching his investments from behind a desk. I looked like a pro football player who hung out in a weight room. That usually worked to my advantage when it came to my business.

"You might as well not even try," Harrison added. He waved his hand in the air, flashing an ostentatious diamond cuff link, dismissing me as he leaned on the cane at his other side for support. "I have no interest in doing business with the likes of you."

Too bad. I wouldn't be dismissed by anyone.

Without another moment's hesitation, I covered the last steps separating us.

The old man reached for a glass on the tray the server standing at his side held out for him. He swallowed a mouthful, discarded the glass, and then lit a cigar. "Let me guess." Still without looking my way, he blew a puff of smoke directly into my face. "You've heard I'm leaving the estate after tonight, that I'm considering selling, and you want to get your hands on my family's home."

So maybe he had heard of me. Had I or my reputation impressed him? Not likely with the way he was speaking to me.

He didn't wait long enough for me to say a single word in response.

“If I decide to sell, it’ll be to someone much more respectable.” He paused and examined the second-floor ballroom around us as if to emphasize that point. “Someone who would live here. Raise their children in this house. Make it into a home again.” He huffed on the cigar once more and took his time exhaling the plume of smoke. “You are so far beneath worthy of this property, it’s a joke. And a sign of how bored I am at this function that we’re even talking.”

Talking? Hadn’t he noticed he’d been the only one doing that? Maybe he spent his days conversing with himself, surrounded by servants who never said a word.

I wasn’t one of his servants.

I stood taller, folded my arms across my chest. “You have no idea what I would do with this place.”

“I don’t want to think about it. The disgusting things a *faggot* like you could do in my family’s home... Generations of Harrisons buried in the family cemetery out back would turn over in their graves if I so much as considered you.”

My jaw clenched. Every muscle in my body went tight. There wasn’t a man in the world who called me a faggot to my face and got away with it.

I wanted to lunge for him.

My business sense kept that instinct in check. This wasn’t the time or the place. Not when I hoped to someday leave the firm to start my own company. I’d need a slew of wealthy investors like the men and women seated nearby.

The party had grown quiet around us, most people pretending they weren’t listening, but they’d likely caught every word. Even the orchestra had softened its tune.

A skittish, miserable-looking young man wearing an ear piece that indicated he wasn’t a guest approached. “Is there a problem, Mr. Harrison?”

I’d seen the ear-piece man at various functions. He was Edward Harrison’s personal assistant. He usually spent his time completely invisible until Harrison required something. Then he was there without a word or a look his way.

Harrison motioned to me with the cigar. “This boy here was just leaving, and I think he needs someone to show him the door.”

The assistant gestured across the room, indicating the way for me.

When I didn't move, Harrison glared at the assistant as though he'd run down his favorite prized hunting beagle instead of merely failing to get me out of the house.

I held still for a moment more. "You're right." I took a step and halted in front of the old man. "I do want this property, and someday it'll be mine."

Harrison laughed, an unnerving malevolent sound that gave credence to Joe's warnings. Then he looked me in the eye for the first time. "Over my cold. Dead. Body."

I grinned at him through my own laugh, letting my humor last long enough to clearly irritate him. "Well, you're what? A hundred and five?" More like seventy-five, but despite his vast wealth and resources, he looked a hell of a lot older. "Shouldn't be too long until you're pushing up daisies in that family cemetery out back and I'm signing the paperwork on this place."

I didn't give him a chance to get in a last word. I turned my back on him and sauntered toward the exit, grabbing a bottle of champagne as I passed by the bar. I stopped and faced Harrison. He still had that steely gaze locked on me. I tipped the bottle his way and downed a long chug. With a smirk, I slammed the bottle on the nearest table and walked off.

When I was certain I was out of Harrison's line of sight, I paused at the top of the staircase leading to the main foyer and glanced back into the open doorway of the ballroom, then to the house's entranceway below. The white marble flooring in the grand foyer was the original that had been installed when the house was first built. So was the hand-carved woodworking of the arched doorway leading into the dining room. Every facet of the house illustrated the great attention to detail that had gone into its construction. I wasn't easily impressed by wealth or extravagance, but it was that painstaking thoughtfulness that had first drawn me to the estate.

Despite what I'd said to Harrison, I wondered if I was getting my last look at the place.

I sighed and started down the steps. When I reached the middle of the staircase, someone approached behind me. I kept going, and the assistant scrambled to my side. Apparently I was getting an escort out of the house.

At the front door I asked the valet to call a cab. As I waited, I faced the assistant, removed one of my business cards from my wallet, and held it out for him. "If you ever want to work for a boss who'll actually respect you, give me a call."

He stared at the card but stopped short of taking it. Slowly he met my gaze and searched my face as if he didn't know if he could trust my words. Like a wounded dog that had been kicked around too much to know there was a better life out there if he could just summon the courage to take off.

"I'm serious," I offered. "A person with your attention to detail would make a great assistant. If I don't have a position for you, I can find someone who does."

The assistant glanced at the card again, then accepted it and quickly pocketed it in the tux he wore. "Thank you," he whispered.

I gave him a nod and headed out the front door to wait on the cab.

A half hour later my ride dropped me off at the Haven, a membership-only gay sex club.

I didn't hesitate once inside the club. I went straight for the bar. Sitting on a stool was a young man in a dark sleeveless shirt with black tribal tattoos circling his biceps. He leisurely raised a beer to his lips as he watched me cross the room. I almost approached him and asked if he wanted to go for a drive, crash a fancy party, and fuck someplace where we'd be able to hear the boring, stuffy chatter in the ballroom, but I held back.

The first time I spent the night with someone inside the Harrison Estate, it wasn't going to be with a one-night stand.

It would be with someone special.

And the next time I walked into that house, this *faggot* was going to own the place.

## Chapter One

I shifted the car into park and glanced at our town house through the falling snow. Three weeks of nonstop meetings all over the country – Seattle, New York, Atlanta, San Francisco – and I was finally home.

I couldn't wait to see my men. Occasional text messages and rushed phone calls before bed – with hardly time for more than *hello, how are you, talk to you tomorrow* – hadn't been enough.

Nowhere near enough.

I grabbed my keys, my bag, and threw open the car door. The whirling gusts of snow smacked me in the face, knocking the breath from my chest. We were in the middle of the worst series of winter storms in decades, and the snowfall amounts were approaching record levels, even this early in the season.

Raising the collar on my coat, I rushed to get inside, then shoved the door closed behind me before the heavy flakes of snow pelted the entire foyer floor. No matter how much I loved our house – loved living there with Luke and Matthew – it wasn't the first time that winter I'd wished I'd bought a place with a garage so I could park inside.

Not that it mattered. The snow. The cold. Nothing could dampen my good mood. I was home.

Leaning back against the door, I stared off down the hall toward the doorway that led to our kitchen. A lone light was on inside. That – along with the news I couldn't wait to share – had the tension I'd been sporting for weeks fading away.

Before this latest business trip, I hadn't been home for dinner in far too long.

Hell, forget dinner. More often than not, with all the networking and meetings, I hadn't gotten home before they went to bed. The three of us hadn't even had sex in...

I wasn't sure how long.

Which meant I had some serious making up to do.

Yet it wasn't just the sex I'd been missing. I needed them. In a way I'd never let

myself need anyone before them. I wanted nothing more than to head toward that light and lose myself in my two lovers—in the peaceful bliss of what I had hoped our lives would become after Luke’s father had pleaded guilty to the charges the feds had brought against him eight months earlier.

My chest tightened as I thought about it once again. It wasn’t the money his father had stolen from my business in an attempt to coerce Luke to leave us that still got my blood boiling. It was his threat to kill Luke and Matthew—it was the loaded gun he pointed at Luke, and the knife his henchmen had pressed against Matthew’s throat—that had me wishing the former senator’s sentence had been longer than the few years he’d gotten.

I pushed aside the anger. I wouldn’t let anything that man had done to us taint our lives. Or the night I was about to spend with Luke and Matthew.

I shrugged off my overcoat and suit jacket, then set the house alarm I’d had installed a few months back. Working my tie open, I headed for the kitchen, ready to get back to enjoying my nightly ritual of watching them make dinner together—or more precisely watching Matthew make dinner and Luke do his best not to get in the way as he groped and teased.

Several scenarios of what I wanted with them flashed through my mind. Luke’s hands and mouth all over me. Slowly, teasingly using his tongue to stroke the skin of my chest and abs, those serious blue eyes looking up at me, never glancing away as he loved on every part of me.

Added to that were Matthew’s lips and tongue on my neck as he caressed my body with his. I’d push him to the bed, straddle him, and sink into that beautiful mouth, all the while feeling Luke at my back, burying his cock inside me.

I gave a good rub to the back of my neck.

It had been far, far too long.

Which gave me a thought.

The Haven.

A night out at the club where we all met would be the perfect way to show them how much I'd missed them.

If only it weren't snowing like a beast outside.

I sighed and stepped into the kitchen, but the room was empty, the stove top and kitchen table bare. I checked the living room and the rooms upstairs. Nothing. Every other room in the house was dark and quiet. Too quiet.

I returned to the kitchen. The empty space mocked my earlier thoughts of how I wanted to spend the night with them.

They knew what time my plane landed, and it wasn't like them to come home late without at least sending a text. Even Luke had gotten pretty good about letting us know what he was doing and when he'd be home.

Maybe they'd decided to head to the store to stock up on essentials before the storm got any worse. Or maybe Luke had gone to the library with Matthew to keep him company while he studied. Matthew's finals had to be getting close. Or had I already missed those? Which had me feeling like an even bigger ass about my recent work schedule.

Then I heard them.

Or more specifically, I heard Luke. His laughter eased the last of my tension.

I ditched my tie on the kitchen counter and followed the laughter down the back staircase toward the basement, my anticipation increasing with each step.

Luke's laughter grew louder, and he said, "It's not going to stay in there."

"Yes, it will." That was Matthew, the frustration evident in those three words.

"No, it's too big."

"It's not."

Their voices carried through the closed door of the makeshift bedroom I'd set up as a playroom—complete with a spanking bench and metal loops on the walls and floor for bondage play—when they'd first moved in. The loops were gone, and we didn't use the ropes or cuffs any longer, not after Luke had confessed he'd been asking us to tie

him up as some kind of punishment he felt he deserved. But we still liked to mix things up and spend time in the basement when the mood struck any one of us.

Although that was another thing we hadn't done in a long time.

I slowly pushed open the bedroom door, so damn curious at what I'd find them up to.

Luke lay on his stomach across the width of the bed, his chin propped on his folded arms as he stared down over the edge of the mattress. His brown hair was a little longer than he normally wore it, and the snug black T-shirt and faded jeans perfectly showcased his lean runner's build and long legs. A gap was visible between the bunched-up T-shirt and the jeans, exposing his lower back. I wanted to run my hands over that skin, over every inch of him.

I held back. For now.

I couldn't see the best part of him. His eyes. Ever since that first night when I'd caught him staring at me from across the dining room at the Haven, those expressive blue eyes always told me what he was feeling or thinking—even when the rest of him was lying his ass off.

Now he lay there watching Matthew, who sat on the floor beside a giant cardboard box. Matthew held a squirming puppy in each hand. Both were mutts, some kind of German shepherd/Labrador mix from the look of them. One pup was black and brown. The other was the same but smaller with white at the tips of its paws and a white stripe along its belly. Matthew set the pups into the box right as two more popped their heads over the side, claws digging into the cardboard. They hung there, wiggling and whining, trying to get their plump little bodies over the edge.

"See." Luke pointed at the escaping puppies. "They're too old for a box."

Matthew stood and flopped onto his back on the bed, letting out an exasperated sigh as if he'd given up.

Luke got on all fours and turned to straddle him. "Admit it." Leaning over him, he tickled Matthew along his sides. "I was right."

Matthew laughed and squirmed under Luke's teasing, but despite Matthew's firm

build, he was shorter and smaller than Luke and had no hope of getting the upper hand.

Then, as if Luke couldn't stand tormenting him any longer, he stopped and swept two fingertips across Matthew's forehead, wiping aside his dark hair. Then he traced an invisible path down the side of Matthew's face.

I was still as amazed as ever at how tenderly Luke touched either of us. It reminded me yet again how lucky we were that he hadn't run. He had fought himself and every fear he had to be with us.

There wasn't much I wouldn't do to be worthy of that.

Luke leaned down and planted a kiss on Matthew. He ran a hand through the back of Matthew's wavy dark hair, and lifted him off the bed, tugging him closer. The kiss deepened, their limbs mingling as their bodies came together.

Leaning against the doorjamb, I slowly unbuttoned the cuffs of my dress shirt and rolled up my sleeves. Then I froze, my breath hitching as I caught sight of Matthew's tongue pressing into the kiss. I wanted to be a part of that. I wanted to feel both of them against me, reach out and sink into their warm embrace, into that kiss, but I was enjoying the sight of them too much to interrupt. They were as beautiful together as that night the three of us first met.

My body started to respond.

It felt good to let the desire build. Not to rush to stroke myself in the shower so I could get off fast before I had to leave for work, or before collapsing into bed at night where they lay already asleep.

Their kiss ended, Matthew breathless. He raised his head farther off the bed and parted his lips for more.

"Hey!" With urgency Luke rolled off him and onto his side. "Don't slobber on my hair." A pup had managed to crawl up the blanket and was on the bed with them.

I pushed away from the doorway and approached. "Guess you need a bigger box."

Matthew bolted upright, a huge smile on his face. "Richard. You're home." Then

his mouth dropped open, and his gaze swung to the box beside the bed. Before I could say anything, he spoke again. "It's just temporary."

I rescued Luke from the pup, carried the wiggling ball of fur to the box, and settled it inside. I returned to stand beside the bed and placed a hand under Matthew's chin. "It's cute."

"Yeah," he said around a delighted sigh that I knew had more to do with me touching him than anything about the dog. "She is, isn't she?"

I shook my head. "Not her. That look on your face." I leaned in, and he released another breathy exhale right before our lips met.

I took my time, enjoying the slow, sensual press of our mouths, the little whimper he let out as the kiss deepened and our tongues met. I grabbed him by the waist and heaved him up onto his knees, needing to be closer, needing to feel all of him against me.

He wound his arms around my neck and whimpered into the kiss again. I wasn't the only one who'd missed this connection.

Another minute of that amazing contact, and Matthew drew back. "My friend from school, Erika... She just needs someone to watch them for a few weeks. Her dad died, and she had to take time off from school to head back east."

That he wanted to help a friend with the puppies wasn't a big surprise. That was pure Matthew. He was a full-time student in a veterinary technology program, worked part-time cleaning kennels at a nearby clinic, and also volunteered at the Clark County Humane Society, lugging homeless cats and dogs to every Pet Place Palace and Artie's Animal Shop all over the city for adoption days.

"Uh-huh," I said as I gripped the bottom of his T-shirt and drew it over his head, then tossed it aside.

Luke laughed from where he still lay sprawled across the bed.

Matthew continued. "She said they weren't able to get out of the box at her apartment."

"Sure they weren't." I brushed my lips along the base of his throat, then up the

side of his neck, taking in the faint scent of him—and Luke’s cologne—on his skin, breathing in the combined aroma of my two lovers.

Matthew rested his hand at the back of my neck and tilted his head to give my mouth more room. Breathlessly he said, “I figured...” A slight moan escaped him as I added my tongue to the explorations. “I figured they wouldn’t get into too much trouble down here in the basement.”

“Uh-huh.” I traced another line up the side of his neck to his ear and let my hands wander down his back to his ass.

“I’m thinking—” He stopped for a moment as if he needed to catch his breath. “I can put up some kind of barrier and keep them confined by the washing machine.”

I gripped his jean-covered ass cheeks and forced him tighter against me.

That had him quiet. His lips met mine again, and he kissed me deeper, harder. Then he tugged me down to the bed so I was on top of him, the two of us lying beside Luke.

Matthew clutched my arms, my shoulders, my upper back, anywhere he could reach as he kissed me over and over. “God, I’ve missed you. That trip was way too long.”

“Tell me about it.” I pulled back and took in the sight of him lying there before me, those wide dark eyes watching me in return, that hungry, trusting look he always gave me when we were in bed together.

I had missed that look, missed him, missed them both beyond words.

I met Luke’s stare. He searched my eyes and threw me a slow grin that told me he felt the same. Then he watched as I ran my hand down Matthew’s bare chest and stomach, tracing the thin dark line of hair that disappeared into his jeans. I followed that same path with my lips and tongue, breathing in his scent, all while I stared up at Luke. His grin faded and desire overtook him. Fuck, how I’d missed this.

I sat up and planted my knees on either side of Matthew’s hips. “What have you two been doing without me?” I popped open the top button on his jeans.

Matthew licked his lips. “Huh?”

I knew they hadn't fucked without me there. We still kept that one rule, but I wanted to hear every single thing they'd been doing together while I spent all my time working.

"What did you do last night?" Without undoing the zipper, I slid my hand into his jeans and stroked him through his underwear.

His lips parted, and he gasped. He was already hard. Had probably been that way from Luke's kisses. I knew just how amazing it felt to kiss them individually. Put them together, and it was explosive.

"Did you suck Luke off? Did he do that whimper thing right before he came?" I moved my hand faster, and Matthew arched into it. Moisture was gathering at the tip of his cock, wetting the fabric of his underwear. Without moving the briefs out of the way, I spread his precum around the head of his dick with my thumb. "Did he lick your ass and jack you off at the same time?" Matthew loved that one.

He didn't answer. He rolled us and pushed me onto my back so we were closer to Luke. Then he kissed me again, his tongue seeking out mine while Luke spoke.

"I found him on the couch, rubbing himself through his sweatpants, watching that video we made of our trip to New York. He'd just gotten to that part in the hotel room where he was testing the video settings on his new phone and you teased him with all that dirty talk."

That was the best night of our trip east.

We'd gone to New York to visit my parents not long after Luke confronted his father—the night his father had threatened to kill him.

When we'd first gotten to the hotel, Matthew had been a nervous wreck, anxious about meeting my parents, and Luke had been stressed for his own reasons, not the least of which were the constant calls from the press wanting to talk to the son of the recently incarcerated US senator. There had been a lot of attention paid to the fact that we were three people in a relationship. That night in the hotel room when we'd captured the video using Matthew's phone had us all feeling relaxed like we hadn't since before the trouble with Luke's dad.

“Did you like listening to me tell you how I was going to lick and finger and fuck that sweet ass of yours all night long?”

Matthew nodded and leaned down to kiss me again. The soft, wet, sensual slide of that tongue on mine was exquisite.

“Yeah,” Luke said. “He came down my throat as soon as he heard you say that part on the video.”

At that, I jerked my hips off the bed, wanting the friction of Matthew’s body rubbing against my dick. I was more turned on than I had been in a very long time from just Luke’s words and Matthew’s kisses.

Matthew straddled me, pressing his ass against my erection. Then abruptly he stilled and held my face in both hands, looking at me like he was drinking in the sight of me, like he couldn’t believe I was there. “God, I’ve missed you.” He stroked my lower lip with his thumbs. “How was the trip?”

I sucked in a deep breath and found my voice. “It was very productive. In fact...”

His eyes widened. “You got the estate?”

“I did.”

“Oh my God.” He lunged forward and hugged me. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks.” I returned the embrace, equally relishing his excited touch and his elation at my news.

He sat up again. “I can’t believe it.”

Neither could I, really. After fifteen years, Edward Harrison had finally decided to sell me the property, and then he’d gone and died shortly after that. Fortunately, his grandson had agreed to honor the deal after Edward’s passing.

“While I was still in California,” I said, “I got the last of the funding I needed and signed the paperwork. Since everything was prearranged, I was able to officially take possession of the house yesterday.”

“So it’s a done deal?” Luke asked as he propped himself on his arm beside us.

“Yeah. I stopped to get the keys on my way home. Even called yesterday to get the security company on board so they can at least keep an eye on the place until I can have an alarm system installed.”

Matthew stared down at me. His excited expression had faded, and he once again sported the lust-filled look he’d had a moment ago.

“And,” I said as I cupped his cheek. “I know just how I want to celebrate.”

Matthew bit his lower lip and worked on getting my shirt unbuttoned. He only made it halfway before he was tugging on me. “Sit up.” He pulled my dress shirt over my head in a fluid motion. With a hand to my chest, he pushed me back down to the bed and rubbed us together in a blatant, passionate slide of body against body. No one moved like him. He pressed his lips to the base of my throat and whispered, “Please say you don’t have to work tonight.”

“Not tonight.”

I needed to talk to Joe. He’d offered to give me a hand and was contacting the people who’d expressed interest in investing in my plans for the estate, but I had no intention of worrying about that until later.

Much later.

Matthew sat up and shifted to my side opposite Luke. He reached across me and encouraged Luke forward so I was pinned between them.

Luke made like he was going to kiss me, and then he leaned into Matthew instead. The two kissed over top of me, and I was once again captivated.

That sweet, slow way Matthew swept his lips over Luke’s. The way Luke kept the contact going, holding Matthew by the back of the head as if he was afraid he’d lose him forever if he let go, like they were in a boat at sea and there was a chance Matthew might tumble over the edge into the dark, stormy waters below.

Over the years I’d witnessed countless men together at the Haven, but I’d never seen anyone display as much passion in a single moment as the two of them did every time they touched.

Without breaking the kiss, Luke slid a hand over the front of my dress pants,

cupping my cock. The fabric of my underwear brushed the sensitive skin below the head of my dick, and I hissed.

Luke chuckled into the kiss.

“Come here,” I said. Despite the erotic thrill of watching them, I was done being an observer. It had been too long since I had Luke in my arms. I drew him down to me.

But the fucker still wouldn't kiss me. He ran his lips across my chest, right below the scar I got years ago. He was as fascinated by that scar as ever.

That one touch had me ready to go off, and he wasn't even using his tongue yet. He was loving on me, reveling in the contact as I caressed him everywhere I could reach.

Needing to feel all of him, I forced him up my body so we were plastered together. Only, he still had his clothes on and I still wore my damn pants.

The clothes would have to wait.

“Kiss me.” I sounded even more desperate than a minute ago.

His eyebrows rose, and I knew my Luke was about to tease.

Maybe he wanted me to know how frustrated he'd been with my recent work schedule. Normally I would've encouraged him to tell me what he felt. But we both needed something else first.

“Luke, just kiss me already.”

He smirked as he came forward, but that grin vanished when his lips met mine. Our tongues slid into the kiss, and Luke slowly made love to my mouth like there was nowhere else he'd rather be, no reason to hurry on to anything more. So different from the Luke I'd first met over a year ago.

I wrapped an arm around Matthew and drew him to us. Another long, deep kiss from Luke, and then Matthew's mouth was in the mix, all of us kissing as one. Three mouths, three tongues, their hands all over me, mine on them, their bodies coming in closer.

They felt so damn good in my arms. Like I was really home for the first time in months—as opposed to the three weeks I'd actually been gone.

They took turns next, one of them on my lips, then the other, trading places as if they shared an oxygen tank underwater and kissing me was all that was keeping them alive.

I wanted to savor every single moment, every touch and caress and —

A chime on my phone brought it all to a halt.

“Seriously?” Luke dropped back to the bed beside me. “If that’s about your work, I’m gonna fuck up that phone.”

I slipped a hand into my pocket with the intention of shutting off the phone and tossing it aside. Then I read the text.

“Shit.” I sat up with a start, nearly smacking foreheads with Matthew in the process.

“What is it?” he asked.

“The security company found a trespasser at the estate.” I’d officially owned the place less than forty-eight hours, and someone had tried to break in. “Sounds like they have it under control, but...”

“But what?” Luke scrutinized me with an angry intensity I hadn’t seen directed at me in a long time.

“I need to head over there and check it out. The security guards are supposed to wait until they can give me a report.”

He didn’t seem pleased with that answer. Quite the opposite.

“You guys want to go with me?” I asked.

“Yeah?” Matthew bounded up and sat next to me, tucking his legs under him. “Definitely.” He cocked his head to the side and watched me for a moment, his expression shifting from excitement to unease as if he was embarrassed about something. He looked to Luke.

Luke lifted up onto his elbows. “Matthew’s been dying to see the place.”

Matthew reached across me and smacked Luke on the arm. “You have too.”

I wasn't surprised the abandoned mansion interested them. There weren't many people who didn't know about the place and its famous history, but I was disappointed I hadn't noticed how excited they were about it before then.

Matthew focused on me again. "We want to see what you've been working so hard on." He shrugged. "You're not usually so personally involved with all your properties."

He was right about that. "This one's..." I searched for the right word.

"Special," he said.

It meant a lot that he'd picked up on that. I gave a nod. "I'm glad you want to see it. We'll all go, then." I could hear the nervousness in my voice. I had no idea what they were going to think about my plans for the estate—or the other detail about the purchase that I hadn't told them yet.

Matthew was already off the bed, his T-shirt back on. He was gathering the pups that had managed to escape the box again. "I'll rig something up for these guys in the other room until we get home."

Luke fell onto the bed with a loud sigh. "We're seriously going right now?"

I rolled to my side and leaned over him. "I've got to go see what the security company found."

He stared up at me. It had been a while since I'd seen him looking so... frustrated, so disappointed.

I moved in and kissed the base of his throat, working my way up to his lips, inch by inch, one kiss at a time. "I'm sorry I've been gone so much lately." Sorry wasn't a word I said unless I meant it, and we both knew it.

When I pulled back, he gave me a nod of understanding. The way he watched me with those intense blue eyes... I wanted to say fuck checking with security, fuck taking them to see the estate, and instead stay right there in that bed with them.

Then something crawled across my left shin. Two of the pups were on the bed. One lay over my leg, biting the ear of the other. "You definitely need a bigger box. How many are there?"

“Seven.” Matthew stood beside the cardboard box, staring down at two more puppies that were attempting to get out. “I swear it’s only until Erika gets back. She’s trying to find them all homes.”

I extricated my leg from the dogs and turned toward him. “Did you actually think I’d be mad about it?”

“I don’t know.” He darted a look to the bed, where the pups were now climbing over Luke’s legs. “Maybe.”

That one word slammed into me like someone had taken the heel of his boot to my chest. I glanced at Luke.

“Well,” he said, “you do like your house neat and orderly. Dogs aren’t the neatest things.”

Sure I did, but I wasn’t a nut about stuff like that. I just preferred when—

“Wait. *My* house?”

Luke stretched with his arms over his head but said nothing.

I slid to the edge of the bed, reached for my shirt, and slipped it on as I got up. “I thought we established this place was *our* home. Do you still think of it as mine?”

“No.” Luke tucked his arms behind his head. “Well, technically, I guess. You were the one who bought it. If we moved or something, you’d get all the money from this place.”

I looked to Matthew. He stood beside the box, not making eye contact, not saying anything, which told me all I needed to know.

I crossed the room but stopped at the door, my back to them. The tension from earlier that week was returning, working its way down my body.

“Richard.” Luke paused until I faced them. He still casually lay there on his back. “It’s *our* home. Don’t overanalyze it.”

“I suppose you think I do that too much?”

“Yeah, and you’re always talking instead of fucking. It’s annoying.” He threw me that cocky smile I had loved about him from day one. Because it wasn’t cocky at all. It was Luke letting down his guard and trying to keep it up at the same time. Only, now

there were less of the steel-reinforced walls he'd built around himself. There was more of the man underneath in that one smile.

I didn't want to ruin the moment or the rest of the night. There'd been too much distance between us lately.

I sauntered toward them as I gave Luke my best *you're totally fucked* look.

Matthew laughed, that uncontrollable giggle I'd grown addicted to.

I kept my movements slow and measured and stopped at the edge of the bed. With that confident expression plastered on Luke's face, I knew he thought he had me all figured out. So I waited, let my gaze wander to Matthew, and then I pounced. I had Luke pinned to the mattress in an instant. He squirmed and kicked, struggling to flip us, to get the upper hand. No matter how fit and toned he was, he was no match for me.

Matthew got in on the act, laughing as he yanked on my arm. Then he flung his weight at me, trying to roll me the other way.

I gave in, slackened my body, and let them have their victory.

"You know it!" Luke straddled my hips and braced himself with his hands on either side of my head. "We got you, old man."

I was about to remind him I was only five years older than him when Matthew got off the bed and tugged on Luke's arm. "Come on. Let's go."

Luke groaned again, but he rolled off me and got up. He never could resist giving Matthew what he wanted. Just like I couldn't.

Which I knew meant, in the end, we'd be keeping one of those pups.

I wanted to ask Matthew about it right then, but a part of me also understood it was time for me to let him share his wants and needs on his own when he was ready. He knew he could talk to us about anything.

Or did he? It wasn't like I'd been looking for the signs that he'd been holding back lately. Not with how little I'd been home.

"And when we get back," Matthew whispered as he encouraged me off the bed, "Luke's learned a new trick with his mouth. You gotta feel it."

Luke scoffed as he headed into the other room. "It was your idea."

“Yeah, but you were the one who perfected it.”

At their words, my chest went tight. I really had missed a lot.

What else had I missed that had nothing to do with sex? Had they needed me, and I hadn't even noticed while I was busy working? It killed me to think I might've let them down in some way.

Continued in [More Than Most \(More Book 2\)](#) by Sloan Parker

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