



LOVE  
UNCONDITIONAL  
BL MORTICIA

## **Table of Contents**

Love is an Open Road.....	3
Love, Unconditional – Information .....	6
Love, Unconditional .....	8
Chapter One .....	9
Chapter Two.....	21
Chapter Three.....	30
Chapter Four .....	40
Chapter Five.....	54
Chapter Six.....	61
Chapter Seven.....	67
Epilogue .....	78
Author Bio .....	81

# Love is an Open Road

*An M/M Romance series*

## LOVE, UNCONDITIONAL

By BLMorticia

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love is an Open Road* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

### What Is Love is an Open Road?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love is an Open Road*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

Each year, a dedicated group of Volunteers from the M/M Romance Group work hard behind the scenes to bring these stories to you. Our Editors, Formatters, Proofreaders, and those working on Quality Assurance, spend many long hours over a course of several months so that each Event is a success. As

each and every author also gives freely of their time and talent, it was decided that all edits suggested may be accepted or rejected by the author at any given time. For this reason, some stories will appear to be more tightly edited than others, depending on the choice of the author.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the Goodreads M/M Romance Group. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Love, Unconditional, Copyright © 2015 BLMorticia

Cover Design by Sara York

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

# LOVE, UNCONDITIONAL

By BLMorticia

## Photo Description

Two men, sitting sideways in a bathtub. One has his arm over the other and they look extremely happy to be with one another.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*I'm a true romantic. There is only one person out there for me and I've found him.*

*When he and I make love, that is special. Like nothing else I have experienced. But having sex with others can be fun, too. Whether someone watches us make love, adding a third to make things more interesting, playing around with friends or having a solo adventure and telling the other about it.*

*It's a fun game. Attraction, seduction, pleasure.*

*We just love having fun, trying out things and are very open about sex. It does not in any way make our love less real or solid. We belong together. ONLY the two of us. That doesn't mean there will always just be two people in our bed. We are equal partners in this relationship, we love and respect each other. Our life may not be what society has in mind for us, but we are happy this way.*

**BONUS:** One MC's thoughts...

*When I met him I may have been shy, though I knew I wanted him. Finding out he is a gay porn star didn't bother me. Actually, I love to watch his scenes. He is incredibly sexy and deserves to be called a star.*

*He doesn't have to stop being a porn star for us to get our HEA. I don't mind him fucking or getting fucked by other guys. I think he would still be hot-as-hell as a silver fox.*

*I know his heart will always belong to me.*

*Sincerely,*

*Marc*

## Story Info

**Genre:** contemporary

**Tags:** established couple, open relationship, age gap, geek, porn star, ménage

**Word Count:** 25,942

**LOVE, UNCONDITIONAL**  
**By BLMorticia**



## Chapter One

*August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2012 – 6:15 p.m.*

*Parker*

Work was a pain; okay more than that, it was a drag. The artistic directors for this new game I worked on hated my new design, and consequently I was reamed by my boss. I'm actually a user-interface artist, but I'd stepped out of my job duty to give them an idea I'd hoped they would love. Since they didn't, it meant staying within my job boundaries and keeping my mouth shut.

*Such is the life in corporate America, working for a huge video-game company that pays well to work at home.* Still, it didn't make it that much easier.

Sure, there were days I could work in my pajamas until late at night, but when the proverbial ah, crap hit the fan, I did not come out unscathed. In fact, it was worse. They assumed because I didn't go into the office every day that it was less pressure, which meant every idea should've been brilliant and automatically be what the big bosses wanted.

*Well, I thought it was sensational,* but they disagreed. *So, back to the mundane for me to do what was expected and nothing more.*

There went my plans for the night; nothing but Chinese leftovers and *Call of Duty* with other gaming nerds from all sides of the globe. It was the story of my life in which I had no one special to lean on or take up my time.

*Just another reason to be stark raving mad.*

So, needless to say, I was looking forward to letting out some steam and protesting the bigots that owned the Chick-Fil-A franchise.

Why?

*Well, they support anti-gay groups with my hard-earned American dollars is why.* You'd never have to worry about me eating from that place ever again. And because today was one of the worst days of my rather young life, I was taking the opportunity to let off steam and stand up for what I believe in.

Only one problem: this was a same-sex kiss-in, and I had no one to kiss. I guess I should've thought about that before coming, right? I mean, two of my closest friends who just so happen to be a couple already had come, and because these two are like my brothers, I refused to kiss either one of them. So,

here I was getting off the train, heading to New York University with no one to protest with.

*Dang.*

*For someone so smart I can be a total idiot sometimes.*

*Ah well, maybe I'll luck up and meet some hot stud to share a moment of triumph with.*

Yeah, fat chance on that happening. Who was *I* going to pick up here? Getting here, it looks like everyone came with a person or two to kiss on. And besides, it wasn't like I was *that* great of a catch. I was pretty average, real lanky, with brown hair and glasses. Only my PFLAG momma thought I was hot, and as much as I loved her I wouldn't have brought her to the kiss-in.

It's okay, though. *I'll just stand here, wave my rainbow flag, then go back to my hole in the wall outside Manhattan.* I had come a long way to get here, but I'd rather say I went and supported instead of staying at home because I didn't have a partner.

After all, I went to my high school prom alone and I ended up having a great time.

I was used to this type of setup, so why on earth should this be an enormous deal now?

\*\*\*\*

*Hudson*

"Hey, man, good to see you here." I slapped hands with an old friend I used to run into around the Village back in the day; and I do mean only *run into*, because almost all my good pals are gone.

Just thinking about it made me shed a tear, but that was part of the reason I was here at this protest.

*I'm going to stand up against these bigots to tell them how wrong they are about denying me, an openly gay man, my right to marry in the United States.*

What happened to the land of the free and home of the brave? *These shitheads are a bunch of cowards!* That asshole was hiding behind the guise of his business to support the anti-gay agenda. I ain't with that, and by coming here I'd show them exactly how I felt.

As I was coming up on the campus, I was prepared for some kind of fight with the people supporting this right-wing establishment. I was dressed in my

*Forever Queer* black wifebeater and black baggy jeans, daring someone to come at me.

On the other hand, I was at a loss because I hadn't come to this thing prepared. I just thought about supporting, not kissing anyone, but when everyone else was, wouldn't I look like a total idiot?

*Shit.*

Why the hell hadn't I thought of this earlier? I knew it would be kind of lonely but I didn't think it would be that big of a deal. Now, I saw droves of people hugged up with their rainbow flags, their signs reading *I want my chicken served with no hate*, I felt like a complete moron.

*Why the hell is Hudson Danvers going to a same-sex kiss-in with no date?*

Hey, it's not like I didn't try. A lot of my fellow actors didn't want to be bothered with this, saying they were too busy or didn't believe in gay marriage.

*What the flying fuck?*

How could you not believe in giving our community its own basic right? Hey, I may not want to ever walk down the aisle with anyone, but wait...

*Who is that?*

I stopped dead in my tracks when I ogled this little hottie standing all by his lonesome and playing with his smart phone. You gotta understand, I like *lots* of men, but I go for the nerdy business type.

I know; I know what you're thinking: Hudson Danvers, porn star, over six feet tall, weighing about two-fifty, spends a load of time in the home gym and I liked 'em nerdy?

Who would've thunk it, but a man who looks like he has a big brain is a total turn-on to me.

That crisp white long-sleeved shirt with a black tie and matching pants, carrying a backpack, told me all I needed to know. Glasses, dark-brown hair cut short and slicked back. He didn't look much over one-sixty but I didn't care. He screamed *sexy as fuck* to me and I needed to find out his deal.

As I made my way over, I wondered—did he just get off work or did he come from class? That would be a load of fun, because I usually didn't go below age twenty-five. I ain't into the daddy/son shit in real life, but I'd do it if this man wouldn't be too intimidated to try.

*Only one way to find out.*

Ready for anything, I cleared my throat and checked my reflection in my sunglasses before slipping them back on. I took a deep breath and headed over to see if this cutie was here alone or waiting for someone. I hoped he'd be all alone so we could help each other out for this kiss-in.

Yes, I'm adventurous, people.

I like kissing, and more, with total strangers.

Hell, I do it every damn day in front of the camera; and at times, I do it behind the scenes, too.

\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

"Hi there. Excuse me?"

I looked up to see whose face matched that deep, heavy New York accent.

*Holy smokes!*

Only the hottest gray-haired specimen I'd ever laid eyes on. To make sure he was talking to me, I turned my head, left to right then pointed to myself. "Me?"

"Yeah, you. You're the only one in front of me."

"Yeah, uh, I guess I am." I flashed this gorgeous hunk a wide smile and put away my cell. "Nice day, isn't it?" I had no idea what else to say to this good-looking man. I was pretty positive he wasn't here to pick me up.

"Yep, great day for a protest, huh? My name's Hudson, Hudson Danvers."

Hearing that name, I stopped for a minute.

*Hudson Danvers?*

*Okay, just knock me over with a feather and call me crazy, but I'm almost sure this hot man said Hudson Danvers, only one of the biggest names in gay porn.*

Yes, I'm somewhat of a pervert, or really a big one. I'd watched many of this man's movies and I was trying my best not to act like a freaking fan boy. I quickly wiped my clammy hand on my slacks.

"Um, hi, I'm Parker Radcliffe. Nice to meet you. I..." I looked away a minute because I couldn't help the way my stomach turned in knots talking to a

man who helped me come out to my parents at age fifteen. He'd fueled every male fantasy I'd had for the last ten-plus years and he was talking to me?

I took a deep breath and put out my hand.

"Ahem, I hope I'm not embarrassing you by saying how big of a fan I am."

"Not at all, Parker, and I hope I don't sound like a conceited fuck by saying I get it all the time." He laughed and accepted my gesture.

Hearing that chuckle and seeing his wide smile made me all gooey inside. I'd heard he was a really nice guy but I'd never met him in person. "Of course you do," I agreed. "I mean, you're only one of the biggest porn stars of all time."

Hudson released my hand. "Ah, naw, not at all, Parker. I put my pants on like every other guy. Listen um, are you here alone or waiting for someone?"

*Huh?*

*Is Hudson Danvers asking me something? He can't be.* No freaking way. I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I hoped to God he wouldn't notice because that would make me look even more ridiculous.

"Me, uh, no, I'm here by myself. I just wanted to support the community, you know?"

"Me too and since we're both here alone, how about we support *together*?" Hudson removed his glasses and winked.

When his sea-blue eyes met mine, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. My heart thumped in my chest, knocking the wind out of me.

*Did Hudson just say support together?*

I tried my best not to look too dumbfounded at his question, but I was. *Why on earth does this hot man want anything to do with me?*

"Um, you wanna kiss me?"

"Yes, unless you have someone *else* in mind."

"No, no, I'm alone and it would be an honor to kiss you. I could go home a really happy man."

Hudson chuckled and grabbed my hand, bringing it to his lips. "And I'd be even *happier* if you went home with me."

\*\*\*\*

*Hudson*

From the expression on Parker's face, I could tell he was stunned. I gripped his hand a little tighter and pulled him in close. I'm hoping he doesn't take my being forward the wrong way but I can't help it. "Parker?"

"Yes, um, sorry, I'm just a little taken aback by what you said. I..." He dropped his chin to his chest, shy, and shook his head. Parker shrugged his shoulders and cleared his throat. "Sorry, I'm not used to guys asking me out. I mean, you can tell that, right?"

"No, I can't. I think you're really attractive, Parker, and I want more than just a kiss. If my forwardness is throwing you off, I'm sorry, but I'm one of those men that goes after who I want." And I was, but I'm not even sure how far I want it to go. I just wanted it to start.

Parker smiled sweetly and returned the firm grasp. His hand fit perfectly inside mine, soft and warm. I wanted to feel more of him against me. "I'm sorry, I'm still stuck on the fact you want me, so forgive me for looking weird." He chuckled.

"Stop apologizing, will ya? You've got nothing to be sorry about."

Parker nodded in agreement. "Okay, I'll be happy to support this cause with you and maybe do something afterward."

"Good, let's do this—"

The moment I spoke, the announcer's greeting interrupted me. He spoke through his megaphone about being here and how important it was that we supported the cause. Really, it all sounded like a bunch of garbled shit because, duh, it was a megaphone, and people were busy talking. Or it might've been that I was too excited to listen to anything the man said because this gorgeous guy standing next to me would join me in a kiss.

*Shit.*

Not sure what the hell was happening, but my old heart's doing flip-flops right now. I can barely breathe. Never in my life have I been so into someone so soon, and I mean, right away where I felt the sparks between us go off like the Fourth of July.

*That shit's scary.*

*It's real, and I'm not sure where the hell it's coming from.*

Truthfully, I was kind of tired of the random fucks from other people in the industry and the old standbys I'd picked up at some of the gay hot spots in New York. I did that for the cameras, and now that I was in my fifties, maybe it was time to settle down and let go of my fears.

For whatever reason, I was thinking Parker would be the guy to take me down that new path and make me a more honest man.

And this was just the place to start it off.

As soon as the man gave us the word.

\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

While I listened to the speaker talk about how the President of Chick-Fil-A makes food with a dash of hate, I can't help but think about the man clutching my hand.

*Hudson Danvers?*

I wanted to smack myself to make sure it was real, but I focused on the speaker as well as Hudson's huge hand engulfing mine.

When I stepped off the train, I came here to make my feelings known about this country's bigotry. No way would I have thought I'd be walking out with Hudson Danvers on my arm.

And don't think it was just because I wasn't really one of those people that followed celebrities, gay or straight. In truth I was floored by being picked up by such a handsome man.

Sure it was only the first day. Heck, I'd only known the man for five minutes, but we were about to share a kiss and I couldn't help but worry if I'd do something to mess this up.

After all, in my twenty-five years of being on this earth, I'd never had a steady boyfriend and actually, I hadn't been with another guy since I'd graduated college three years ago. Hey, the only person I'd planted my lips on in recent memory was a drunken kiss with some stranger at a New Year's Eve party on a dare, and by the way, it didn't feel right.

So, who knows what would happen when I kissed this gorgeous man? I hoped he'd like it because I already knew I'd be happy as a pig in mud.

*This bad day will indeed turn into one of the best of my life.*

“All right, everyone, show these ignoramuses that we matter too.”

When the man finished, I turned to face Hudson and my heart immediately traveled up into my throat. I pursed my lips so nothing stupid would fall out, waiting for him to take the lead.

Although clearly bigger than me, we were about the same height. Those bulges in his arms, chest, and legs would suffocate me, which was perfectly fine because I'd die a very happy man.

Ready for him, I placed my hands on his shoulders and stepped in closer. I fought the instinct to close my eyes because I wanted to catch his reaction to the kiss. Just before I could blink, his big, rough hands pulled me in and his mouth collapsed on top of mine.

*Wow!*

That minute, everything around us stood still and I heard no one speaking nor the smacking of other lips touching one another. His mustache tickled the bottom of my nostrils, and though it was really uncomfortable, I didn't want to let him go.

*Whoa!*

After a few seconds, I finally closed my eyes. Stars exploded behind my eyelids and my breath caught in my chest.

I knew it was time to stop but dang it, everything about this moment was so perfect, and by the way his possessive hold on me increased, he was thinking the same thing.

“Damn, Parker!”

Hearing that, I pulled away because I thought something went wrong. I ran one hand through my hair and with the other adjusted my glasses. “Oh, I... I'm sorry, Hudson, did I...”

Hudson wrapped his arms around my waist and yanked me in again. A huge smile framed his perfectly sculpted face.

“You're an amazing kisser, babe. I need a repeat.”

“Really?” I rubbed his shoulders and returned the smile.

*I'm guessing I'm not such a bad kisser after all.*

“So do I, Hudson, so do I.”

\*\*\*\*\*



*Hudson*

When we finally got detangled from one another, I walked Parker to a popular gay-owned restaurant in Greenwich Village called Blue Terrace. Though we'd just met at the protest, I definitely wanted to make a good first impression. So, my favorite place where we'd be comfortable and not stressed out because of people's homophobia was an easy choice. Who wanted to dine somewhere people stare at you because you're two dudes on a date?

*Not me.*

*Not when I'm trying to show Parker a good time.*

Although every part of me wanted to take him home to my condo, I refrained so I wouldn't scare him. I couldn't treat a guy I was seriously interested in like a one-night stand.

"Thanks."

When the host showed us to our seats, I instantly picked up the menu to check it out. Blue Terrace made everything fresh, and they didn't buy a lot so by this time of night they were usually low on some of the best of their dishes.

Fortunately for us, that wasn't the case tonight. Their cuisine was one of a kind, and I'd always enjoyed the restaurant's variety.

"Wow, I live in the city, and I've never been here." Parker eyed the place as if he was a tourist.

"Yeah, it's pretty special, and it's owned by a gay couple too. You really need to get out more, my man." I winked. "With me."

Parker pinked at my comment and eyed me from across the table. "I'd like that a lot. I work from home and stay there afterward. I really don't get out a lot."

"Well, we have to change that." I turned the page and nodded at my selection. The ricotta gnocchi would be my choice. "Just a suggestion, their pasta is really good."

"Oh yeah? What are you having?"

"The ricotta gnocchi but the farro risotto is good too. You can tell I'm into Italian food, hmm?"

"Yep. Okay, I'll do the risotto." He grinned and set the menu down. "So, tell me what's a good-looking man like you doing coming to the kiss-in alone?"

I smiled and rubbed my beard. “Well, I can ask the same for you, Parker.”

“Oh, please. You’re the guy just about every gay man has ever fantasized over.”

“Like I said, I eat, sleep, and shit like everyone else. I’ve always been a real busy man. Between the movies, appearances, and all that, I haven’t had time to settle down.” And I didn’t; but then again, I hadn’t really tried.

“I get it. I know all about being busy.”

“What do you do?”

“I work for a video-game company as a senior UI artist.”

“A what?”

“User-interface artist. I basically make things easy and efficient as possible.”

“Okay, I get it now, so dummies like me can use shit.”

Parker chuckled. “You’re no dummy, Hudson. Yeah, I do that for a big video-gaming company. I plan out things years before people see the product in stores, and since I’m a gamer, it’s a lot of fun.”

“Well, that’s good. At least you’re doing something you enjoy.”

“Yeah, but it’s stressful. When they don’t like something they give me a lot of grief. They make me feel small and unintelligent. I’m really sensitive, especially when it comes to my work.”

Hearing his confession, I wanted to reach across the table and pull him in for another kiss. Besides being horny, I really was starting to feel something for this man.

Why, I don’t know, because we just met like less than an hour ago. It didn’t matter though, because we had the rest of the night to get acquainted.

“Sounds like they don’t appreciate you, Parker. How long you been dealing with that shit?”

“Too long, but it’s what I love doing. Not only that, I went into debt to get a job that’s comfy so I’ll be stuck there for a while.”

“Yeah, I hear ya. I never finished college but I paid my share of student loans. Didn’t get rid of them until I’d been in the industry about ten years. It was the happiest day of my life to tell those people to kiss my ass.”

Parker laughed. “That sounded like it was great. I’ll be *really* happy when I can do the same.”

\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

Seemingly, from the looks Hudson was giving me from across the table, our minds were on the same thing, but it wouldn’t be me to make the move. Although I wanted him to kiss me again, I’m not really into public displays of affection in restaurants or bars.

Truthfully, this place, the Blue Terrace, wouldn’t be a bad place to do it. Being that it was in Greenwich Village and owned by a gay couple did give me ease. Perhaps after we had dinner, I’d peck him just once to remind him how interested I was.

“Hey, Parker, you okay?” Hudson reached across the table and stroked my hand with two of his fingers.

“Oh yeah, um...” I shivered from the touch and couldn’t help but squeeze my thighs tightly together. My time between dates and sexual encounters had been so long, I’m not sure I’d know how to react if we did anything afterward.

*If anything, I’d probably climax the minute Hudson put his hands on me.*

“I’m fine, uh...” The heat rushed to my cheeks and I crossed my legs. I looked left to right to check if anyone had been staring. “You touched me and I’m so turned on.”

*I could slap myself! That sounded so darn desperate.*

Hudson chuckled. “Me too, man, believe me. I’ve been hyped up ever since we left the protest.”

“Yeah.” I added a laugh of my own and re-crossed my legs in the opposite direction.

Hudson toyed with my fingers and those deep-blue eyes met mine. “I know I’ve been forward all evening so I might as well not stop now. Do you wanna go home with me tonight? I’m not gonna lie to ya and say I don’t wanna sleep with you.”

My eyes bulged, and I nearly choked on my spittle. I inhaled deeply and removed my glasses. “Oh, um, Hudson, that would be amazing but, I...”

*How the heck am I gonna turn down the hottest porn star on the planet?*

Yeah, I knew this was asinine to think I'd do this, but I wasn't the "sleep on the first date" type. No question, I could've used it because my whole body had been in knots for weeks and like I mentioned, I hadn't had any sex in years.

"I uh..." I pulled my hand away from his and closed my eyes a minute. When I finally gathered the right words, I put my glasses back on and eyed him again. I had to get ready for him to curse me and walk out.

*My dang morals.*

*What the heck?*

Why would someone who looks like me turn down a hunk like Hudson?

"Uh, Hudson, I wanna get to know you better, you know, get acquainted before we get to that point. Is that okay, or are you not looking for that?"

Hudson paused a minute and showed that pearly white smile. "I am, Parker, but I want you something fierce. I get what you're saying though, and I'm more than willing to wait until you're ready to join me in bed."

I sighed in relief and grabbed his hand again, nodding at him in agreement. "Thanks, Hudson. I really appreciate that you understand."

"Oh yeah, babe, I do. I'm disappointed, believe me I am. But hey, this is only the first date of many, right?"

"Yes it is, Hudson, and I can't wait to enjoy more of them with you."

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Two

*Sixteen months later...*

*Hudson*

“Yep, that last file I sent you should be the right one. Sorry, I had a kind of long night.” I smirked thinking about what me and Parker brought home for our entertainment: hot twins who wanted to do us *and* each other. Kinky but fun as hell. Those two didn’t wanna leave.

“Oh yeah? Hey, are you still seeing the nerd?”

My smile turned down at hearing that comment. “Yeah, I am. What’s it to ya, hmm? And why are you calling him that? He’s a geek. So what? He’s mine.”

“Okay, calm down, don’t get your jockstrap all in a bunch. I just can’t believe you’re still with him. I mean, damn, Hudson, you could have *any* man you want and obviously, you’re so-called relationship ain’t that solid since the two of you have other men in your bed.”

I stopped and leaned back in my chair a moment to choose my words carefully. After all, he was a friend of Rod’s, who was my trusted friend and business partner. Both of them would be helping me to get my new porn venture off the ground. “Listen, man, I love him. By us being open doesn’t mean we’re not a real couple. We love and respect one another a lot. We just love playing.”

“That’s not *true* love, Hudson.”

“Yeah it is, and really I don’t care what you think. No offense, but what I do with my man is my own business. Parker and I are very happy. End of story.”

“Well, maybe you should stop telling everyone about your sexual exploits then.”

“It’s not me. Just some people in this industry got big fucking mouths.” I bit my lip to stop talking when I thought about Cal, our mutual friend. “Yeah, you know what, you’re right. I won’t be saying anything to anyone because people like being gossipy little queens!”

“All right, Hudson, I’m sorry, okay? I wish you and the little man all the best, but let me know when you want a *real* relationship. I’m available.”

“Well that’s a nice offer, but no thanks. I am in a real relationship with a very hot man I happen to love with all my heart. Speaking of...” I peeked at my watch because I still wore ’em even though I own a cell phone. “He should be coming in any minute now. Just look at the last file I sent ya and let me know what you think. Gotta go check on dinner. I’ll chat with you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, okay, Hudson Danvers. Bye.”

The phone clicked before I could respond. I shook my head, chuckling because from what I’d heard, top porn producer Micah Stern didn’t like being refused and I just did without batting an eyelash.

Lucky for him it wasn’t worse because I was poised to give him the tongue lashing of his life and not one he would like. No one talks about my man badly without reaping the consequences, but because I wanted him in on this deal, I had to be professional.

*Talks about my man?*

Even months later it sounded funny to me because I’d been saying from the first friend lost to AIDS down to the last, I was more than okay to die alone, but when I met him all that changed. And yeah, it was the same guy, just like Micah mentioned.

Parker Radcliffe.

Yes, my man, Parker Radcliffe. The one I kissed at the Chick-Fil-A protest almost two years ago. We went from friends with benefits to lovers real quick when we figured out what the other one liked. *And after our first date, we made love for the first time on the rooftop of my building and the rest is history.*

“A good history.” I eyed the door and slapped my laptop down because work was over for the day. When Parker came over, work for both of us was officially done. I turned my phone off, had dinner ready, and the condoms placed in multiple locations around the condo. My man was a total freak, and I didn’t know until the second time we made love. Despite this, we were totally committed to one another. Nothing or no one could ever take me away from Parker.

“*My guy...*” Thinking about him, I started to sing and hum that song in my head.

Even a headbanger like me can appreciate Motown. Some of the best songs ever made came from Detroit in the sixties and early seventies.

When the lock clicked, I ogled my gorgeous man coming through the door with a bottle of wine in hand and his carryall bag, which meant he was staying for the night. We only lived separately right now to get work done. I was either editing or shooting two or more hunky males fucking in the spare bedroom, and he was programming the next big video game to hit the streets the following year. If we lived together we'd never get anything done. As long as I got to see him every day, I wasn't going to complain.

"Hello there, handsome." Parker slid his suit jacket off and hung it on the hook. The look on his face said he was ready for action.

The minute he dropped the bag at the door, I was on him like white on rice. I lifted him off the floor and swung him around like I hadn't seen him in years. "Hey, sexy, I missed you."

Our lips met and my legs turned to instant Jell-O. Excited to see him, I forced my tongue inside his mouth and sucked on his like I would his dick.

"Missed you too, as always. How was the shoot today?"

"Naw, no shoot, but I did send the edited version on *My Stepbrother's Mindfuck* to Micah. He was surprised the two of us were still together and even went so far as to offer to be my man when I wanted a quote, unquote 'real relationship.'"

"Oh really? Humph. Well, if you want, we could have him over a couple of times. I was a big fan of his when he was still in front of the camera."

Remembering the hot Eastern Indian with a huge schlong, I couldn't help but think of that possibility. But he disrespected Parker, so he didn't deserve to be in my bed. *That and other things.*

"Nope, no way, and not because I'm afraid of him. This is big business I'm asking him to partner in on. The last thing I need is to drag him into our bedroom and complicate things. I wanna keep it strictly professional."

"Okay, suit yourself. It could make for some interesting negotiations." He winked and reached down between us, squeezing my bulge.

*Told ya he was a freak!*

With that hand cupping my dick, I forgot about Micah and everything else that had to do with business. I planted a wet one on Parker's lips and smacked his buttocks through his khaki pants. "Sure it could, but I ain't interested in his kind of business in the bedroom. I'm only into yours."

“Same here, even though one of the twins called to see if we’d be available for a repeat performance tonight. And Derek, you know, our good friend on the DL, he wants to come by later on too.”

Thinking about the prospects, I stroked my beard and kissed his lips quickly. “Nah, just you and me tonight. Besides, I fixed your favorite, chicken tortellini. I thought you’d love that after dealing with those fucks face-to-face.”

“Yeah, I agree with you. Just us, tonight for a dinner, relaxation, and some hot loving afterward?”

“Yeah, babe, and really it don’t have to be in that order.”

\*\*\*\*

### *Parker*

Once I heard that last sentence, I planted a wet kiss on Hudson’s lips and squeezed his shaft through his tight jeans again. As per usual, he looked hot in his perfectly fit denims and white T-shirt that read “Eat Cock” in the same script as the old “Drink Coke” slogan. My man was such a card and he didn’t mince words about sex or anything else at any time. Just another reason it was so dang easy for me to fall in love with Hudson Danvers.

“Ready for dinner or loving, babe?”

I removed my glasses and slid them into my shirt pocket. These days I could see better without them. Plus, it saved them from getting broken when Hudson manhandled me in the bed.

“Loving first, I’m not that hungry for food right now. And, I’m thinking something other than my ass needs loosening up. Is there something you can do about that?”

“Oh I know I can, love. Let’s head on over to the master bath.”

I grinned and rubbed his gray beard with the tips of my fingers. “Yeah, let’s do that because other than you, warm water surrounding me is my idea of heaven right now.”

The trek from Hudson’s living room to his bathroom took a little longer than expected because we kept stopping to strip and kiss.

Since we’d become a couple, he’d turned me into an even bigger freak, if possible. Dating a hunky porn star will do that to you.

“Mhmm, baby... your body feels so good against mine.” Hudson turned to face me once he got the bath started.



Wanting my lover, I leaned into Hudson and kissed him hard, agreeing with that sentiment. His big strong chest and paws practically engulfed me, but look at it this way, as long as we were together I'd never be cold.

"It's just about ready to be filled. Buying this whirlpool tub was the best investment I've ever made. I can't wait until you move in so we can take *full* advantage."

"Yeah, me neither." We'd already decided that I'd be giving up my computer gig and working with him in his porn company. We'll be partners in love *and* business. What could be more perfect than that?

"I'm glad, babe. When are you telling those asses good-bye again?" Hudson dipped his big toe into the water.

"Only three more months, Hudson, and believe me I'm counting down the days. *Now* they act like they appreciate me after slaving for them for the last three or so years. They're even trying to convince me to stay."

"Fuck 'em! They should've treated you better. You had some great ideas, Parker. I've been saying if you wanted to do your own thing, I'd support ya, wholeheartedly."

I took his outstretched hand and grasped it tight. "No, I don't want that. We're working on this porn site together, which means there'll be no more excuses for us to be apart." I stepped in the tub and instantly the muscles in my legs loosened up.

"True, but you can do both if you wanted to, babe."

I watched Hudson's body move into the tub along with me. The rippling abs, the strong hairy chest; the man was a beast and I loved it. His biceps had biceps and his legs... God, I loved when he tangled them around me while we had sex in bed or in the bath.

"Nope, I'm tired of sucking up to corporate America. Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful to them for giving me—a nerdy little skinny kid—the chance to be senior user-interface artist at such a young age, but it doesn't really make me happy anymore. Working with you on *Web Studs* will."

"It'll make me happy too, Parker. I just wanna make sure you're totally satisfied with your decision."

"I will be." I slid downward until my buttocks hit the porcelain. Every knot there was in my body loosened up with the feeling of that warm soapy water. I

had to agree with Hudson about looking forward to being in this whirlpool every day.

Not to mention the showers; golden or not, we just loved being wet!

Hudson moved closer and ran his soapy paws over my head. “Good. Now, enough talking about business. We’re not supposed to discuss work when we’re together.”

I tossed some water his way. “Hey, you started it!”

“And you let me keep going!” Hudson did the same and chuckled.

I had to confess. I did let him talk about work. One of the rules of our relationship was to leave work out of our romantic time. “Okay, okay, true. Let’s forget about it all. I’m more than ready for you to take me right now.”

“With pleasure, babe.” He grabbed me by the face and planted his thick lips on top of mine while he pushed my back against the other side of the tub. When my body was flush on the surface, I opened my legs wide, resting both ankles there, allowing my lover some space.

Immediately, Hudson took the hint and slid in between my legs. With no effort, he lifted up my buttocks until my swollen cock rose over the water. “Wanna taste you now, Parker.” Hudson took my erection into his mouth, not worried about wetness or the soap surrounding my shaft and balls. He slurped it all down with my precum as if it was a refreshing drink on a hot summer day.

“Oh God, Hudson. When you do that!” I clenched the sides of the tub, balancing myself as much as I could even though the man had no problem keeping me there. I clenched my teeth together and contracted my ass muscles while he sucked. The man had so much power in that mouth, just like a freaking Hoover vacuum.

“You want me inside you now, babe?”

“Heck yeah.”

Hudson laughed. “You really don’t like cursing all that much do ya, sweetheart? In the nearly two years I’ve known ya, you haven’t said the four-letter swear words until we’re in bed.”

“Yeah, you know why?”

Hudson put me down and nestled in between my thighs. “Remind me again.” His blue eyes met mine and he sucked my bottom lip into his mouth.

“Mhmm, because when I was eleven, the lady who birthed me forced me to eat liverwurst when I swore. So my natural instinct is to keep the curse words for the bedroom because I know she isn’t there.”

“Well, she ain’t here either, babe. I’m not gonna give you no nasty liverwurst when you curse. I’m only feeding you my cock.” He winked.

“True but, it brings back some bad memories. Other than the day she threw me out for being gay.” I cringed at the thought, but that disappeared completely when Hudson pushed a lubed finger past the tight rings of muscle down below. I inhaled deeply and opened myself up so I’d be ready for his dick to penetrate me.

“All right then, but when you do wanna let those words out, feel free. I think you’ll sound cute as fuck saying them.” Once he finished the preparation, Hudson slowly slid his dick inside my hole. “Fu...ddggckkk.” When the last ring was broken again, the burn surged from my ass straight to my cock. Again, I breathed in deep and rested my hands on his shoulders, waiting for him begin the rhythm.

“Shit, babe. No matter how many times we do it with other people, you’re so fucking tight.” Hudson kissed my lips and trailed kisses down my chin all the way to my collarbone.

Quickly the burning sensation subsided, turning into adrenaline. “Ugh, oh yeah. Keep that up, babe, and you’ll hear more swear words than you’ll ever hear me say in life.”

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

“Oh damn, Parker.” I sucked in a breath when I hit the wall of my man’s prostate. Just like I said, even after all we’d done, the man was still locked tight down there. I steadied myself with my arms on either side of his body, pushing deep inside his ass with a slow, methodic motion. With every thrust, the pain and pressure in my groin increased.

“Jesus.”

“Oh God, Hudson, harder please!” Parker joined me in the motion, squeezing his thighs together for an even tighter fit if that were possible.

I pulled out a little before shoving it back in as he wanted. With each one of my moves, Parker’s grip tightened on my shoulders. Though it hurt a little to feel his nails dig into my skin, it only turned me on more.

“So close, oh, Hudson!” Parker brought my face up to his and forced his tongue inside my mouth.

I responded with more passionate kisses to go along with powerful thrusts mirroring a jackhammer.

Though I was reluctant to stop, I pulled off to set his long legs atop my shoulders. I needed a better angle to shoot my hot load inside his tight ass and him being completely immersed wouldn't help with what I wanted.

“Hudson, holy shit!”

There it was.

I'd broken him and his nails dragging over my biceps told me he was ready to spurt too.

Getting prepared, I kneeled and lifted him from the floor of the tub. Then I slid back in, continuing to thrust inside his canal. Ready to fill him with my hot seed, I clenched my teeth and buttocks in quick succession, breathing quickly, getting ready to explode. As much I wanted to keep it in I just couldn't. Being this deep inside Parker, I wasn't going to last very long.

“God, Hudson, oh God!” Parker trembled. His chest rose and fell repeatedly in the right rhythm to match my movements. Though my knees and thighs hurt from my position, I'd endure it just so we could climax together in water.

As I penetrated him, Parker looked to be floating atop the bathwater. He cursed and shook wildly causing water to splash onto the floor. Within moments, his cock spurted long strings onto his belly and hips while my dick pulsed inside of him.

“Fuck!” I threw my head back, closed my eyes, seeing the stars burst behind my eyelids. Heat swirled around my head, causing beads of sweat to run down the sides of my face.

One more push and I completely lost all sense of control. Warm strings shot from my cock into my lover's ass like a gun full of bullets. I sucked in a breath, waiting for it to end, but it continued to release and I loved every minute of it.

“Hudson...”

The sound of Parker's voice woke me from my lusted haze and instantly, my lips met his in a crushing kiss.

There was nothing better than making love in the bath or shower before a hearty dinner.

Although I loved playing with others, there was no question where my allegiance was.

I was in love with this man, head over heels, crazy in love, and shit, I didn't care who knew it.

Call me whipped or whatever you want.

Parker Radcliffe was my man and once everything around us was settled, he would be taking my last name.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Three

*Parker*

“Parker, Parker?” My friend Alberto’s whiny voice woke me out of my sex-filled haze.

“Oh, um, sorry,” I answered sheepishly and removed my glasses to rub my eyes. My mind drifted back to Hudson on all fours, taking me deep on this very table then allowing me to shoot all over his face. It was the hottest thing on the planet.

“I didn’t get much sleep last night.”

Alberto shot me a Cheshire cat grin. “Yeah, of *course* you didn’t, Parker. You and that man of yours go at it a lot, don’t you?”

“Actually, my man was out with one of our favorite partners. I had to work late, so I let him go.” I lied because I didn’t want to share my story with Alberto.

He looked up with widened eyes. “You two still play around? Geez. You know I love you, Parker, but I still can’t believe you fucking lucked out on dating Hudson Danvers. When are you gonna let me—”

“What? No way, Alberto. Besides, you and Lance are practically married.” We had one rule in our relationship, and that was we didn’t bring close friends into the bedroom. We preferred our thirds to be total strangers at first, and if we became chummy afterward then that was cool. “And, you know my rules. Both you guys are like my kid brothers.”

“That could be kinda hot, you know. I told Lance and he’s onboard with it.”

“No, no, no!” I got up quickly, wanting to get the scene of Alberto and Lance sharing my man out of my head. “No way, Alberto. You’re my friend and we don’t do friends.”

“Yeah, yeah, okay. Come back to finish your lunch. You know I always gotta check in to make sure you haven’t changed your mind. I mean, can you blame me? I loved watching his movies back in the day.”

“Yeah, so did I.” I went back over and sat across from him again. I eyed the stacked corned beef on rye and slid it back in his direction.

Thinking about my best friend and my man having sex made me queasy.

“I don’t have an appetite anymore, Alberto. You can finish that, if you want.”

“Oh stop it, Parker! I brought that for you because I was worried you’d work without eating.”

“Yeah well, I’m done with this project *and* with lunch. Thanks for it. Maybe I’ll save it for Hudson when he comes by later on.”

“Oh he’s coming by?” Alberto flashed me a smile and leaned back in the chair.

“Yeah, and you’re not staying.” I laughed, throwing a potato chip at him. “We’re having a *Walking Dead* marathon and Chinese for dinner.”

Alberto frowned. “Ew, how can you watch that show? It’s gross.”

“Yep, but it’s dramatic and I love zombies.” I chuckled and eyed my cell phone. “Thanks again, Alberto, but I need a nap. He’ll be coming in about an hour and I don’t wanna be sleepy when he’s here.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Hey, listen, all kidding aside, I’m really happy for the both of you.”

“Thanks, Alberto. I’m happy for you and Lance too. When’s the wedding?” I got up again, hopefully giving him the hint that he should be leaving.

Alberto rose and grabbed his garbage, tossing it in the bag on the table. “Don’t know. We’ve been engaged for almost four years now and haven’t set a date. You know how long it took for us to get to this point, Parker.”

“Yeah I do, and I thought he was ready to take the plunge.” I walked him to the front door.

“Me too, but I don’t push him. We will eventually. Really, it doesn’t matter, does it? We live together, we both have rings, we have great sex, that’s all we need, right?”

“Yeah, but you’ve been wanting to say I do for a while, Alberto. You came crying on my shoulder when he said he didn’t really want to get married.” I unlocked the door. “I mean, we can *legally* marry here in New York now. Hudson and I have been talking about it too.”

“Really? Does that mean the two of you won’t be having others in your bed anymore?”

I stopped for a minute and looked at my feet. “I dunno. We haven’t discussed that part of it. We love one another. That’s all that matters.”

“Yeah, but—”

“But, we’ll cross that bridge when we come to it. Thanks again for the lunch, Alberto.” I patted him on the back and playfully shoved him out the door. “I need you to leave so I can get some rest.”

“All right, all right, man, and tell Hudson I said hello.” Alberto turned on his heel and harrumphed on the way out.

“Yeah, I will, and ’bye to you too.”

*Freaking queen!*

\*\*\*\*

*Hudson*

“I have no problems with this scene being longer than expected, but I’m still waiting for the cum shot.” I eyed the film in front of me, and then my star of the movie *Brotherly Fuck*, Philip Giacotti.

“Hey, Hudson, maybe if my co-star was more into it, then I’d shoot my load a lot quicker.”

“Hey, man, fuck you!” The co-star flipped both of us off and stalked to my bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

I grimaced and narrowed my eyes at Philip. “I take it you guys didn’t get along before today?”

“No, no, we did. He’s just mad because I wouldn’t rim him during sex last night. You know I’m not into eating ass, Hudson.”

“Well, I always told you that might be a problem, Philip. I won’t say all, but a lot of gay men love rimming as part of foreplay. I love doing it to my man, and he to me.”

“That’s cool, for you, Hudson, but not for me. We still had a good time last night, or at least I thought we did.”

“You did, but Princess Lairah,” I said playfully, “likes his ass licked after dinner.”

“That’s too bad ’cause he’ll be waiting a while before I get on my knees and eat out of a asshole. That just isn’t my thing.”

“Yeah, yeah, every pornstar has things they don’t do. Some don’t like rimming, bottoming, others aren’t fans of sucking cock or snowballing, but a



lot of people do want it, Philip. How else are you gonna get more fans online, huh?"

Interrupting my sermon, my cell buzzed in my shorts pocket. "This is Hudson."

"Hey there, babe." A deep voice, much like my own, sounded through the headset. It was the only tone other than my man's that got me all hyped.

Excited, I shooed Philip away and turned my back so I could have a private conversation with our favorite third. Parker and I didn't have many of them, but Derek was on the top of our list.

"Hey, D, what's happening, and how's the wife?"

"She's fine, Hudson and nothing much going on other than my practice and the wife spending all my money on her mani-pedis. Hey listen, I wanna come by and spend some time with you and Parker tonight. Are you game?"

Hearing that, my cock instantly hardened in my cargo shorts. I gave my erection a quick tug and moistened my lips, thinking about the last time we had a threesome.

"Did you check with Parker first?"

"I tried calling him but the phone keeps going straight to voice mail."

"Oh? Well, maybe my man's busy on the computer. His bosses are bogging him down with work since he's about to quit, you know. Let me make sure it's cool with him and I'll text you back, okay? I got a scene to wrap up here before I go to Parker's tonight."

I heard a sigh in the background. Doc Derek was used to getting what he wanted when he wanted it, but I liked keeping him on a long leash.

Besides, he was starting to become a little too dependent on us and because we had a few partners, we liked the variety.

"Uh, all right, Hudson. Just don't keep me waiting too long, huh? Need to see both of you tonight. It's been a while."

"It's only been a week."

"Seems like fucking longer than that." He laughed.

"Nah, you're just a horny bastard. I keep telling you to leave that woman and go get your own man."

“You know I can’t do that, Hudson. I’m chief of staff at a major hospital. I can’t come out gay, man. Just can’t.”

“Uh huh.” I spun on my heel and watched Philip and Lair get back in bed together. “I’ll catch up with you later, D. Gotta finish this quick. Almost quitting time.”

“Okay, Hudson. Don’t leave me hanging for too long.”

“Oh I won’t, man, no worries there. Talk to ya in a bit.” I quickly pushed the disconnect button to get my head back on straight. If I kept thinking about Doc D on his knees, taking both of us at the same time, I won’t be able to get any work done.

No question, the man was hot. He was so damn sexy he’d make a fine-ass boyfriend or husband to anyone, but he didn’t want to come out. I got it, but at the same time, I saw him to be kind of condescending. He was fucking me and Parker while still going home to his wife.

*And remember, boys and girls, this is the kind of marriage everyone figures to be more wholesome than any union between same genders.*

*One man, one woman equals real marriage they say.*

*Well, what about when that one man likes to fuck other men on the down low?*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

The phone rattled on the nightstand, waking me from a deep sleep. Because my eyelids were still glued shut, I couldn’t look at the screen. “Hey, this is Parker.”

“Hey, lover. You sleeping?”

“Mhmm. You tired me out last night, what can I say?”

Hudson chuckled in my ear. “Yeah, well. I’m looking forward to doing more of that tonight too, sweetheart. Listen, Doc called. He’d like to come by and join us for the evening. Are you cool with that?”

Although I adored Doc D, or Derek, his given name, I wasn’t really up for company tonight either. “Um, I know it’s been a minute with the three of us but, honestly, Hudson, I was looking forward to watching television and falling asleep on the couch. Then maybe waking up and having morning sex,” I added

a chuckle. “They’ve been working my fingers to the bone when I’m not with you, babe. I’m tired as hell.”

“Yes, you said hell!” Hudson sounded excited by my response.

My eyes bulged open and I joined him in the giggle. “Okay, okay, fine, I cursed *outside* of the bedroom. I’m really exhausted though, babe. I’m not really in the mood to be putting on a show for the Doc tonight.”

From the silence and the wind coming through the phone, Hudson seemed disappointed.

If I didn’t want my man here with me I would’ve told him to meet Doc and spend the night with him, but this wasn’t that time. Tonight, I wanted to be selfish and have his big burly arms curled around me.

“I hear ya, sweets. I’ll tell him we’ll meet another time. Besides, we got some catching up to do on the *Walking Dead* right?”

“If I don’t fall asleep.” I chuckled and rolled my neck around. “I could use a massage when you get here, Hudson. Your big hands on me, gripping my body and getting all the kinks out. I want that bad, babe.”

“Aw, sweets, I love when you beg me. I’ll be over within the hour.”

“All right, Hudson. See you then. Yeah, I love you, too. ’Bye.” I hung up and tossed the phone on the other side of me. I shucked my pants off then yanked my shirt over my head.

The way I was feeling, I wanted Hudson a lot more than seeing the last six episodes of our favorite zombie show.

After all, that’s what DVRs are for, right?

*God bless modern technology!*

\*\*\*\*

*Hudson*

It took longer than I would’ve liked, but at last I was at Parker’s place with Chinese takeout in one hand and a six-pack along with a bottle of whiskey in the other. Parker actually didn’t like beer too much so if he wasn’t in the mood for that, I figured he’d like some liquor to wind down with while we watched television.

“Parker? Hey, babe, are you still lying down?”

No answer.

“Parker?” I walked everything into the kitchen then made a turn to his bedroom. “Babe? Hey, you’re still asleep?”

When I waltzed in, Parker’s lean body was sprawled out on top of the bed, wearing nothing but his boxer briefs.

*Damn.*

What did I say about watching some television?

I gave my cock a quick jerk and slapped one of his legs.

“Ugh, Hudson?”

“Yeah, sweets, I’m right here.” I sat on the side and rubbed his thighs. “Babe, are you that tired? I mean I know we were up pretty late.”

“Uh, yeah, but I’m mostly tired from the work before that.” Parker sat up straight and planted a kiss on my cheek. “I don’t think I’m up for watching anything, Hudson. Before you came over I worked like thirteen hours straight trying to get that last project done for my boss.”

“Babe, what did I tell you about working so hard, hmm? You need to go on and walk out of that place.”

Parker made a face. “Aw, Hudson, you know I can’t do that. As much as I want to flip them the bird, I gave them until May to find my replacement.”

“And while they’re looking for that person they’re killing you in the process, babe!” I glared at him and caressed the small of his back.

I willed myself to calm down because we’d never really had a true disagreement. I took a deep breath, choosing my words carefully.

“Parker, you’ve been slaving for that place a lot harder than usual. You need to quit, right now.”

Seemingly unhappy with my demand, Parker shot me an angry scowl of his own. “Look, babe, I can’t do that! My position requires the perfect professional to step in. I can’t just up and leave simply because I’m tired.”

“Bullshit, Parker, you fucking can, okay? Don’t be a pussy. Just tell those jags you quit!” I hated raising my voice at him, but I’d had enough of him allowing those douchebags to run him over.

“I can’t, Hudson! That’s *not* professional. I don’t wanna burn my bridges with one of the most important gaming companies in the world. That doesn’t

look good on my resume.” Parker shoved me and got out of the bed. He quickly walked to the window, not facing me.

Disgusted, I eyed him from the distance and shook my head. I wondered if he meant to say that for my benefit or did he talk out of turn.

“You’ll be working with me, Parker. Why do you even *need* a resume?”

“I... you never know, Hudson.” Parker hesitated and still didn’t turn around.

That told me he didn’t really have faith in my idea, *our* company.

Did he have the same amount in our future together?

“I mean, regardless if your business fails or not, I still shouldn’t—”

“Is that what you think, Parker? I’m gonna fail?” I waited with bated breath for the answer.

“No, I just wanna be prepared just in case. Regardless, Hudson, I can’t just up and leave this company with little notice.”

“You already gave them your resignation.” I spoke through gritted teeth.

Never mind that Parker didn’t think my business would survive. The douches working him like a slave was what mattered now.

“For *May*,” he snarled over his shoulder.

“Doesn’t fucking matter, Parker. Tell the assholes you quit!”

Parker spun around and stomped across the room, staring so hard, daggers were coming from those beautiful brown eyes.

“Who the fuck do you think you are telling me to quit! We’re equals in this relationship, which means you can’t tell me when to quit this rotten-ass job!”

“Yeah, but I know these fools are running you into the ground!”

“It’s my job until May, Hudson. I. Can’t. Quit!”

I grabbed his arms and pulled him close. “You can’t, or you won’t, because you’re scared?”

Parker huffed and wrestled out of my grip. He slapped my chest hard, snarling like a rabid dog. “I’m not fucking scared of anyone, Hudson! Not even you! I’m a grown-ass man that needs to handle his responsibilities, and I’ll be damned if I let my ol’ man tell me what to do!”

Seeing Parker red and cursing made me want to fuck him six ways to Sunday. I loved when he got all worked up. My frown turned into a smile while I rubbed my chin.

“You cursed, Parker Radcliffe.”

Parker used all his might to push me backward. “So fucking what! I did because you’re making me mad, Hudson. You’re not my daddy or my Dom, you don’t fucking own me! I will quit this fucking job when I damn well please. Got me?”

“Oh, I got you all right.” Hard as a rock, I yanked my T-shirt over my head and tossed it aside. Forget the fucking television series, I needed my man and I needed him now. “Damn, baby, fucking take me! I need that long cock in my ass!”

Parker grabbed me by my shoulders and pulled me in close. One of his hands dropped to my cock and he squeezed my balls through my jeans. In seconds, he’d pushed my pants along with my underwear down to my ankles. Through narrowed eyes, he glared at me, massaging my hard erection in his palm. “Is that what you really want, Hudson? You wanna be fucked?”

“Hell yeah, baby. Take me, Parker!”

“Oh I will.” Parker shoved me on the bed with ease and yanked my clothes from my body in one swoop. He crawled up my body with a look of hunger in his eyes. Like a tiger or lion stalking his prey. I didn’t mind, not one bit, because I adored this man more than anything. Despite his appearance, he was a strong man, and he had every right to call me out.

With his eyes still on me, he reached into the nightstand, grabbing our favorite lube. He placed my legs on his shoulders and went to work, driving four fingers into my ass, wiggling them around to make some space. In truth, I rarely bottomed until me and Parker hooked up. I’d never enjoyed being fucked so much ever in my life.

“Damn, Parker, want that cock in my ass now, babe!”

“Good, because *someone* needs to be reminded about our rules,” he snarled, shoving his fingers in until they could go no further.

“Ugh!” I grimaced from the burn and moistened my lips. I jerked my dick a couple of times, knowing I wouldn’t last all that long. I’d be lucky if I made it through his first thrust.

“Ready for me, ’cause I am for you, lover.” He kissed my ankles and slid in, thrusting his body into mine, joining us together. Two, three thrusts in, each one got more powerful than the last, causing my ass cheeks to ache, but I loved every minute of it.

I sucked in a breath and moved my hands to his shoulders, bracing myself for what was to come. I rose up just enough to clamp my mouth over his while I forced my tongue into his mouth.

Hot damn, it felt amazing for him to ride my ass raw after we argued.

Maybe I should start a little fight with him more often.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Four

*Parker*

“This is Parker.”

“Hello, sexy man, what’s going on?”

I leaned back in my office chair and checked the clock. I’d finished the latest project from work with time to spare and I thought quitting time should come a little early. “Hey, Doc.”

“Hey, yourself, Parker. Why have the two of you been ignoring me?”

“We haven’t been ignoring you, D. I know you called the other night but... well, I was worn out. Honestly, me and Hudson watched *Walking Dead* until dawn and ate our dinner for breakfast.” I lied about the order of our rendezvous the other night. The television stayed off all night and yes, we did have our dinner for breakfast...

*After we fucked.*

I smiled at the thought of reaming Hudson’s butt with my dick, not just once but twice. Very rarely do I ever get so pissed like that, and having sex with my man was the best way to work the stress off.

“Sure you did. Anyway, I miss the two of you, a lot. Can I come by tonight?”

“I suppose you can, D.” I shut down my computer and spun in my chair to face the window. Listening to Doctor Love, as I liked to call him, got me instantly hard.

“Meet me at Hudson’s tonight, and we’ll have dinner then some fun. Cool with you?”

“Yes, sir. I’ve been looking forward to time alone with you guys. You like to keep a man like me hungry, don’t you?”

I chuckled. “This would all be solved if you came out the closet, Doc.”

“Parker, you know I—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know the answer already. You’re a good-looking man, D. Men would kill to be with you one on one.”

“Yeah, but I can’t leave my wife.”



“And why is that again?”

“Because of my position at the hospital and my father-in-law being a politician. If anyone knew I was fucking other men, the press would have a field day!”

Though I hated his explanation of “fucking other men,” I understood.

Bottom line was this guy didn’t believe he was gay.

I shook my head in disgust. Doc D really did have it bad but in a way I couldn’t feel sorry for him. Why should anyone hide from being what they are because of the in-laws, and I’m thinking the hospital would be fine with him being gay. It was the other issue that made his decision difficult.

“Okay, I get it. So, what time are you coming, and are you bringing dessert?”

“What would you like?” D’s voice dropped an octave.

Upon hearing his sexy tone in my ears my cock jumped in my trousers. Yeah, I loved Hudson very much, but I really enjoyed having Doc as a close friend. “How about something *all* of us could enjoy in bed.” I removed my glasses and slipped part of them in my mouth.

*Something with whipped cream.*

“How about pie or cake, preferably with whipped cream.”

“Oh yeah? Why cream?”

I grinned at his question and squeezed my thighs tightly to relieve the pressure in my groin. “It could be part of the foreplay, maybe when we suck each other off?”

“Ohh, Parker, you know I love when we do that. All right, I think lemon meringue would be good. It has some cream on it and um, I can bring an extra can if you like.”

“Good idea, D. We’ll see you around...?”

“Nine-ish. Gotta make sure the wife’s situated beforehand. You know the drill.”

*The wife.*

D treated her like property, nothing like a person he cared about. This in itself was sad, and for his and her sake, I wished he would end it.

“Yeah I do.” I sighed and crossed one leg over the other. Every time we invited Derek over to join us, we contributed to his fornicating ways. No question, the man did wonderful things for my libido and I’d be sad if he left us, but I’d willingly trade that for him to come out and be himself in a heartbeat.

At the same time, I was grateful for being in love with a man who loved me the same and more in return. I could be stuck in a loveless relationship like what D and his wife had. That would truly be a horrible way to live.

I’d always wondered if she knew her man was having sex, and yes it was protected, with two other men. If she did, would she go squeal on him and make his life miserable? Or would she enjoy the ride and all the money he was making as a chief of staff?

Something told me she’d live with it because some people felt being miserable with wealth was better than love with barely enough to get by.

In this case, I suppose, money did indeed buy happiness.

\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

“So he’s bringing whipped cream, huh?”

“And some lemon meringue pie,” Parker added with a boyish grin.

“Doesn’t lemon sting a little?”

“Er, no, not that I know of, unless you’re planning on putting it somewhere it shouldn’t be.”

I quickly gripped his buttocks and pecked his lips. “Yeah, I was thinking...”

“There? Oh Hudson, that actually sounds—”

“Fun?” I grabbed one of the apples off the counter and bit into it. “You know how much I love bringing food into the bedroom, Parker.”

Parker took a bite too and eyed me through his black-rimmed glasses. “Oh yeah, I do. I’m just excited about trying something new with D and you know he loves when we’re extra adventurous.”

“Yep, and that’s why I suggested it.” I laughed and rubbed his ass through his corduroy trousers. Parker loved the things even when it was mid-April and in the sixties. I did too because they hugged his lanky frame perfectly. Even more fun to slide them off of him.

“You come up with some good ones, babe. Hey, um, listen. I been thinking about our argument the other night.”

“*What* argument?” I licked another part of the apple before sinking my teeth into it again.

Parker laughed. “The one we had about my job.”

“Oh you mean, the argument you won before fucking my ass raw?”

“Yeah, uh, that one.” He pinked and rubbed the back of his neck. “I’m thinking your assumptions were right. I do need to quit that place a lot sooner rather than later.”

“Oh yeah? What made you change your mind, sweets?”

“Because of the way they’re treating me. Now that it’s only three or so weeks away, they’re giving me these menial jobs. They found my replacement, by the way.”

“Good, so tell ’em to kiss your ass, in a nice way.” I winked and pulled him in close. “Then you can move in and we’ll start working on whatever you need to do to get that site going.”

Parker smiled. “I think that’s a good idea, but I won’t be telling them to kiss my... butt.”

“Ass?” I nuzzled the spot under his ear.

“But...” Parker struggled to get the word out. “Cursing at them still isn’t a good idea, regardless of what we’re doing with the website.”

“Why not? I think they deserve it after how they’ve treated you for the last few weeks. They worked you to death and now they wanna give you some sorry-ass tasks just to say you’re still working?”

“Yeah, nothing challenging. I’m just glad they didn’t ask me to train the new guy. He’s not gonna be a telecommuter though. He’ll be in the office.”

“Oh I feel sorry for him then.” I laughed and hugged him tight. “You want me to do it, Parker? I’ll let ’em have it. I’ll say everything you’ve been wanting to say for the last couple years and then some.”

“Uh, no, I love you, but that isn’t a good idea—to have my lover calling my job in my defense. They already tease me about being gay. I can be grateful they don’t bring my sexuality into my job performance. Having my man call them would only make things more difficult.”

“All right, Parker, if you say so. And when are you saying ’bye?”

“I think Monday will be good. That’s when we usually get our projects for the week.” He looked at me before dropping his gaze.

I hated seeing him in this predicament. I really wanted to do more than what he was allowing me to, but to keep the peace I’d go along with whatever he wanted.

To show my support, I grabbed one of his hands and brought it to my lips. “Good. Tell them in a nice way to fuck off. It’ll make you feel so much better.”

Parker flashed me a smile and kissed me. “Mhm. Now, enough about work. Our guest should be here any minute.”

“He’s not bringing dinner, is he? I’ve got my signature lasagna in the oven.”

“I told him dessert, though I did mention dinner. He never does that, Hudson. You should know already.”

“Yeah, I should. D’s only interest is fucking, nothing else.”

“As it should be, I guess, since we’re just part-time lovers for him.”

I yanked him in close and rubbed the top of his head. “We ain’t his lovers, Parker. We’re his *providers*. We’re giving him something he can’t get on his own.”

“Yeah, well, he could if he’d forget about his in-laws or what other people would think.”

I nodded in agreement and placed a small kiss on his lips again. Parker cared a lot for D, a lot more than I would’ve liked, but that’s mostly because he was so sensitive.

My man was one of those people who stopped to feed stray animals or give money to beggars on the street. He always put other people’s needs before his own, and that was an endearing quality.

On the other hand, I took D for what he was; a man on the down low who didn’t want to deal with the flak that would come with outing himself.

In a way, I kind of got it, considering the position he was in, but then again I’d never allow someone else to dictate the way I lived or who I loved.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

“Coming!” I quickly strode to the door to let Doc in. Excited, I nearly yanked the doorknob off when I opened it. “Hey there.”

“*Hello, sexy man.*” Doc walked in, his big arms outstretched to greet me with a hug. Much like Hudson, Doc was on the bigger side, with broad shoulders and thick legs. Honey-colored skin, blue eyes, and a pearly white smile that would make you melt the minute you saw him. Doc was beautiful. A freaking guy *and* girl magnet, intelligent, wealthy, and...

*Married and don't forget, closeted.*

In my mind, those were his only faults. He only got married to shut his parents up, and then having a wife whose father was a state's attorney didn't help matters.

“How ya doing, man?” I planted a kiss on those thick lips, and I instantly felt the jolt of electricity in my trousers. Doc was gorgeous and if I wasn't with Hudson, I'd definitely be with Derek.

“Good, Parker.” He looked relaxed as always and handed me the bags. “Where's your bigger half?”

“In the kitchen, finishing up the lasagna.” I backed up and walked toward the kitchen.

“Oh, my favorite.”

Derek's footsteps were close behind, and before I knew it, he draped his body over mine, lining his cock up with my buttocks.

This man was sex on a stick and he often used it to his advantage.

If only he'd come out and make some gay or bisexual man happy.

When he breathed on my ear, I instantly stopped moving. Both arms circled my waist, holding me in that same spot.

“Uh huh, he knew you'd like that.” My breath hitched in my chest and I closed my eyes, willing myself not to explode. This man would be the death of me if I wasn't careful.

“I do.” Doc turned me around and ran his fingers under my shirt. “Been missing the both of you, Parker. *Especially* you.”

His alto tone made my nipples harden under my shirt. “You're such a smooth talker, D.”

“I know, and you like it that way don’t you?” Derek watched me with hungry eyes, running his tongue over those plump lips.

*Dang.*

“I... I do.” I hesitated, feeling every part of my body hyped to be with both men. With Doc, I liked it slow and lengthy to savor every moment with the two of them together.

“Hey, man, get your hands off my lover,” Hudson yelled and backed it up with a laugh. “Hiya, dude.”

“Hey, Hudson.” Doc released me and pulled Hudson in for a long hug. “Thanks for making my favorite tonight.”

“Oh, I figured you’d enjoy that, Doc. How’s life treating ya, man?”

“Can’t complain.” He sighed then turned back to me. “I’ve been waiting for this night for almost two weeks. You guys have me feeling most times.”

“On purpose,” Hudson added with a chuckle.

“Um, not really, just been real busy.” I left them both to put the dessert and whipped cream in the fridge. I couldn’t believe Hudson said that out loud even though in a way it was kind of true.

Doc had become almost a permanent fixture in our lives over the year we’d known him. Neither one of us were worried he’d come between us, but let’s just say he’d become a little too needy of late.

“Well, either way, I missed the two of you and we have to make up for lost time.”

His voice sounded very even-keeled. I hoped that statement didn’t hurt his feelings, but Hudson had no problem saying exactly what was on his mind. Still, I didn’t want Doc to think we resented his presence because if that were the case we would’ve just called everything off.

Trying to relax, I sucked in a deep breath and grabbed two bottles of beer for them and water for me. I didn’t like beer all that much and though I probably could’ve used something to mellow out with, I didn’t want anything of the liquor variety.

“Parker, you okay in there, babes?”

“Mhmm, here I come.” Hudson’s voice interrupted my thoughts, and I waltzed back into the living room.

Hudson eyed me and accepted the beer with a subtle nod. “You sure you’re okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, fine.” I wanted to tell him off for saying that to Doc, but he didn’t appear to be all that concerned about Hudson’s comment.

“You sure, Park?” Derek reached for me with one hand while the other grabbed the bottle. “You appear tense.”

When Doc Derek did that, my body relaxed a little, but the thought still rang loud in my head.

*That’s because I am.*

I wanted to say it aloud but I didn’t want to make things more uncomfortable in here than they already were. We made the plan to be together as a threesome tonight and I wanted to have fun. Nothing like some jealousy to make things more complicated, and unlike any gay romance novel I’d ever read, in this instance I *wasn’t* thrilled with this development.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

I could tell Parker was on edge, but what I said had to come out. No question, I took pleasure in having Doc with us but I wanted to make sure he knew his boundaries.

When we brought Doc into our lives, we did it with the understanding that he wouldn’t overstay his welcome, and for the last six months he’d been doing exactly that.

Honestly, I didn’t really see it as a big deal until the time for Parker to quit his job had drawn near. The argument we had the other night told me two things: not to tell him what to do unless I wanted a battle, but also, Parker’s feelings about big changes.

Obviously, he didn’t adapt to change that well. He’d been stuck in a routine and got complacent. Anything different would have him reeling, and I was trying to make it easier on him.

Moving and working with me would be a huge change which also meant we’d spend more time together, leading to less time for the others in our lives. I was thinking the other five we’d made friends with—the twins, the businessman we liked to play with every so often, and the young model—would understand the need for space. I wasn’t so sure Derek got that and me making that statement was my way of telling him to back off just a little.

“Is dinner ready, Hudson?” Parker asked me in a shaky voice.

“Almost babe. Just a few more minutes.” I took a swig of my beer and eyed the two of them together. A part of me wanted to grab Parker’s hand and yell *mine*, but the picture of their skin so close made my dick painfully hard.

Despite my thoughts of our sexual adventures, I had to clear the air here.

It was obvious Parker didn’t like what I’d said and as per usual, he didn’t want to just come right out and say it.

“Listen um, Doc. You do get that me and Parker are your part-time providers, right? We both care about you, but soon we’ll be moving in *and* working together. We won’t always be available on your beck and call.”

“I get that.” He nodded and released Parker’s hand. “I work a lot, Hudson. Despite what you think, I don’t have a lot of hours to fuck around every day.”

“I know you don’t, but lately—”

“I’ve missed you two, a lot. And there’s no need to pussyfoot around it, Hudson. I know this is only sex between us but I’m not gonna lie and say I don’t care about you two. You’re friends *and* lovers. I don’t have a lot of them and besides you’re the only people I can be myself with.”

Parker gasped and grabbed Doc’s hand again.

Hearing what he said I felt like a total asshole but I needed to clarify what this was. We were like drugs to the doctor; something detrimental that he had to have. And sure, I liked him, a lot, but I didn’t want that emotional attachment with him, damn it.

*More emotional shit causing problems!*

“Look, Hudson, I really like the both of you. The last thing I want is to come in between the two of you. If…” He dropped his head, looking sorrowful. “If it’s not working out then I’ll walk away but just give me this one last night, okay?”

Parker eyed me. “Hudson, we don’t want that, do we?”

“No, no, I don’t. We want you, Doc. Just let us breathe, that’s all.” I laughed to add some humor to this difficult situation. “You been with us a lot over the past few months, almost every week, sometimes two. We see you more than all the rest. And that’s not counting the times you have quick hookups with Parker.”



“Yeah, I suppose I have gotten a little needy. Can’t help it. I like the feeling of being accepted by someone. It almost feels, dare I say, like being in love.”

Both of us eyed him then but I know what he meant. I wish this man would just come out so he could be fully happy too.

“Shit, dude, you know how to lay it on thick, you know?” The tightness in my chest signaled how much I felt for this man substituting real love with our threesomes and tricking himself into thinking they were more than just hookups.

“Naw, not that.” He chuckled and took my hand into his. “Just telling the truth, Hudson, and yeah, don’t worry. I understand that I need to be a little less needy. You two make me happy and I don’t wanna destroy that trust between us.”

Both of them squeezed my hands, and I nodded in agreement. Having Derek with us meant a lot more than I thought, but still not enough to bring him in permanently. In truth, that wouldn’t work anyway because I wouldn’t want him in the closet. No man of mine is gonna hide who he is for the simple fact of saving face.

“Thanks, Doc, we appreciate you, man. Don’t ever think we don’t because you do add a lot to our lives.”

And he did, perhaps a lot more than I’d thought at first.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

Once we dispelled the tension, Hudson left us to turn off the lasagna. The last thirty or so minutes had been too gut-wrenching to even think about eating, so we decided to save his dinner for breakfast.

Doc and I moved to the bedroom, clumsily stripping each other while sharing a fury of kisses. Within less than two minutes, we were fully naked, staring at one another to see who would make the next move.

“Park, I swear you...” he responded breathlessly.

I ambled to him and put my finger to his lips before pressing my mouth on top of his. “Shhh...” Once the word cleared my lips, I tangled my tongue with his while I reached for his rigid shaft. I jerked it once, eliciting precum from the slit. My chest tightened when his hand curved around my waist, pulling me closer into him.

*Dang.*

I fell into his touch, moaning, and rubbing our bodies together to create friction. With our lips still locked, I fisted both our shafts at once while I caressed the tips. At that moment, my breaths became ragged and my mouth dry as the desert. I was desperate for him to fuck me, but I wouldn't until my man came in to join us.

“Damn, Park.”

I loved when he shortened my name. Not even Hudson did that because his pet names were babe, baby, sweets, sugar... and all the sappy ones. When he first heard Derek call me Park, he left that for him, saying he'd never use that name since Doc came up with it. That made me happy because I wanted things to be special just for him. After all, he'd just said he used this setup with us as his only means of happiness.

“Mhmm. Just wait, Doc. He'll be here in a minute.” I slowed my hand and rubbed underneath his balls while trailing kisses from his mouth to the bottom of his ear.

“I...” Doc tightened his hold on my waist and thrust into my hand. “Can't wait, Park. I need you in me,” he breathed.

“Damn, you two! I wish I could get you both on camera! Have you ever considered doing porn, Doc?” Hudson's voice was followed by the door closing in the background. I heard his footsteps cross the room to the bed.

“No way, Hudson. I can't be on camera!” Doc tugged at my chin, pulling me in for a deep kiss. “Want you in me, Park. I know you like to bottom when I'm here but tonight I need you to be the boss.”

“Yeah, babe, do him like you did me a few nights ago. Fuck his ass raw,” Hudson cheered.

The way he was acting I would've thought he was watching a sporting event. I pulled away from Doc's lip-lock and eyed him a moment. “Okay, I will but I want you out of your clothes, Hudson. Strip down for us and jerk off while we do it.” I wanted my man to be ready to take or be taken while I gave Doc what he desired.

“Oh you don't have to tell me twice.” Hudson rose, yanking his black wifebeater printed with *Cockwhore* from over his head. He shoved his jeans down to his ankles, and when he plopped back down he toed his shoes and clothes aside.

Doc and I were still intertwined, staring as Hudson took his cock in one hand while he pinched his nipples. With his blue eyes set on us, he spat in his hand, getting himself ready for our time together.

“Jesus, you’re so beautiful!” I managed to get that out while I furiously worked up a lather from both of our swollen cocks. My breaths quickened and with all my might, I pushed Doc backward on the bed. “Spread ’em for me, D.”

Without hesitation, he did, raising his legs up high for me to take my place in between.

“Damn, that looks good. Later I wanna enjoy a little with and without the cream.” I laughed while reaching into the nightstand for the supplies. I squeezed the lube onto my fingers and tugged one of his legs onto my shoulders.

“Yes, Park, oh shit, babe!”

With one hand, I fisted his cock while the other busied itself inside his tight ass, and because I knew he wasn’t seeing anyone else on the regular, I expected him to be snug.

“Oh shit, you two. Damn, you’re killing me here!” Hudson sounded desperate. His breathing was sporadic and the chair squealed under his weight.

“Be patient, Hudson.” I admonished him while I continued to loosen the rings of muscle in Doc’s ass. I sucked in a breath, fully enjoying my exploration of his tight hole. My hand motion sped up on his dick as I worked both simultaneously, bringing him to his brink. “Fuck, Doc.” I couldn’t help but curse because I desired this man so bad right now. And then, I was greedy because I wanted Hudson plowing me from behind. This was usually the other way around, with Hudson in the middle, but tonight I’d be on the giving *and* receiving end. If I weren’t so terrified, I might’ve asked for both of them to do me but I hadn’t gotten to that point of doing the double penetration just yet.

“Jesus, Park, fuck me!” Doc howled, yanking on my shoulders to pull me in.

I nodded, knowing I couldn’t hold it in any longer. Quickly, I tore the foil with my teeth and rolled the latex onto my erect cock. I moved in closer and pressed my head inside of him, moving slowly in order to make him as comfortable as possible.

“Agh, uhh, yes, Park!” Doc screamed out and dug his fingers into my shoulders.

I eyed him and braced myself with both hands on either side of his body. When my cock hit the wall between his legs, I started to move in and out of his ass in slow motion. My body tensed, fending off the climax that was sure to rock us both.

“Oh fuck yeah, babes.” I heard the tremble in Hudson’s voice and then his feet moving from across the room.

In less than a minute, the cold liquid hit my ass and his fingers slid inside of me, opening me up for his penetration.

“Damn, baby! You two look amazing!” He turned my head slightly and kissed me hard while tapping his dick on my buttocks. After two or three taps, he slid his cock between my ass cheeks, rubbing the head against my crack.

“Oh, Hudson, yes. Get in me, baby. I want you!” I continued to rock Doc back and forth. I reached for Hudson, hoping he’d stop watching and participate as I wanted him to.

In moments, he did just that, pushing his dick deep inside my ass until it could go no further.

“Ugh!”

We all let out a collective groan, feeling the pressure of Hudson’s body on the both of us. I barely moved, feeling Doc under me pushing his body upward while Hudson thrust inside repeatedly.

“Fuck!” My nipples tingled under the sensation and I waited for Hudson to let go and explode inside my ass. His chest hair tickled my back, making me giggle a little, but I was so lost in the feeling I couldn’t let out a hearty laugh.

“Oh, Park, Hudson, I’m coming!” Doc trembled under me and pulled on my shoulders to bring me in for a kiss.

Hudson grunted, shaking over me while he let go. Warm fluids filled my asshole when I also succumbed to the shakes from my climax.

“Mmhm, Doc, yes, come for me!”

I reached down for him, yanking at his cock while increasing my thrusts into his ass. Harder, faster, I moved until he finally yelled at the top of his lungs, writhing underneath me.

“Ugh!” I growled and sucked in a breath, filling the condom with my seed. A part of me wished I could shoot my load into Doc, but we didn’t do those

things with our thirds. So the latex got the benefit and I gulped hard, completely spent from our three-way copulation.

“Jesus, Parker, you sure know how to fuck!” Doc kissed me on my lips.

Hudson brought me in for a kiss and lay on my shoulder. “Damn...”

*Damn is right for this moment between us, and once we recover, I want it to happen again.*

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Five

*Hudson*

“Yep, Micah, we’re about ready to move forward with this thing, mmmm. *Web Studs* is gonna be big. I mean, you know how internet porn has taken off. People like their kink fast and easy to access.” I turned around in my chair and grabbed the proposal Parker helped me to prepare for him and other investors. Though I had money, I still needed more financial backing to get this thing off the ground.

“I know, Hudson. I’m already with you. We just need to convince a couple of others. There’s only a few out there, but with the internet boom, they’re springing up fast.”

“Yeah, I know and mine will be the best. I assure you, we’ll be popular in no time. I’m even doing things with a couple of old friends to bring some traffic in.”

“Yeah? Any chance of us hooking up? I mean, we did do it once and...”

I grimaced at the thought and shook my head. “Um, no offense, Micah but I’ve already got my crew booked. Three men—Darren Light, Jake Sporrigo, and Dustin Haynes—we were a team back in the days of underground leather bars and glory holes in public bathrooms. Bringing back that fantasy will get a lot of older gay men back onboard. Not only that, we’re recruiting some young’uns so we can get the females all riled up too. You know how much women love gay porn!”

“Uh huh. All right, suit yourself, Hudson Danvers. It’s a good thing I like you so much or I would take your refusals personally.”

I cocked an eyebrow and pursed my lips not to tell him what I really thought. I had to have him in my corner if I was going to make this work. Trying to keep my cool, I stroked my beard and propped my feet up on the desk in front of me. Micah sure knew how to push buttons but I wouldn’t let him get me all riled up. I reserved that for my man to do and I wouldn’t allow this douchebag to get under my skin.

“Uh huh, well, listen, I appreciate all the help, Micah, I just want to keep our relationship professional. No hard feelings,” I added to make sure he understood.

“Yes, none taken, Hudson. I’ve already said, my door is always open,” he responded in his thick New York accent.

“Yes, I know. Gotta go, man. I’ll be in touch.” I tapped the disconnect button and exhaled. The man did his best to get to me and because I really wanted this deal to work, I didn’t falter. This was, however, the eleventh hour of the preparation. The last thing we needed was some tension between us because his ass was jealous I’d found Mr. Right.

“Shi...” I waved my hands and got up from the chair to check on Parker. He was working on a couple of programming things; something about SEO or some BS I didn’t care to know anything about.

*Good thing I have a computer whiz for a boyfriend.*

Yeah, because I’m not skilled with blogging, programming, or anything like that. If he weren’t around I’d probably have to pay a hefty penny to have someone else do it, and with the money situation still up in the air, spending additional cash wasn’t a real good idea.

“Parker?” I walked from my desk to the spare bedroom he was using as an office. He’d be working in there when we were shooting so he wouldn’t be disturbed.

“Yeah, I know. It’s a long shot, this porno company... but I love him and... oh, you stop. You’d do it for your man too, Alberto. You’d jump off a bridge for him and in a way this is doing the same thing.”

Overhearing my man talking about my business this way pissed me off. I thought we’d settled it during the argument but obviously he still didn’t believe in *Web Studs*.

“Alberto, yeah, man. I left the job but my boss claimed he understood. Doesn’t matter though because I have some work lined up just in case. He’s not poor, yeah, and neither am I, but he’s pouring a lot of money into this venture. I might have to pull the weight for a bit until he recovers. Going back? There is no going back to porn. He never left.” Parker laughed. “No, I don’t mind, but he really believes in this thing, and even if I don’t I gotta stand by him no matter what.”

At that point I’d heard enough and I had to inhale deeply before I stomped into the room and started another fight. “Parker, hey, um...” I bit my lip and cursed under my breath to keep the anger to a minimum.

“Hey, Alberto, gotta go. ’Bye. Hey, babe, c’mon in. How long you been standing there?”

“Long enough to hear your comments about my company,” I answered quickly. “I mean, Parker, this is huge for me. Why do you think it will fail?”

“Hudson, I didn’t say it would fail. I just don’t think it’s gonna be the big sensation you think it’s gonna be, that’s all. Because people illegally download content on the internet, lots of viewers don’t pay a dime for their smut. Plenty of porn companies try their best to combat this, but they can’t stop everyone. It’s kind of like books or music that get pirated. All those people who do a search on places like *Redtube* can find the same scenes you’re charging twenty-five a month for.”

“And that’s supposed to stop me from doing this?”

“No, Hudson, but I want you to keep a realistic view on this. It probably won’t make you a millionaire, okay? Just don’t walk into it thinking you’ll be an overnight success.”

“I’m not, Parker!” I lost it then.

“Hey, calm down, babe.” Parker reached out for me and I shrugged him off.

“Don’t babe me!” I turned around and folded my arms over my chest, huffing like a bull.

“Hudson, c’mon, I just don’t want you to get your hopes up and it fails. And besides, when you do things like this, you gotta have a back-up plan.”

“It’s gonna work, Parker, I’m sure of it. I’m not expecting to make a mint but plenty of people want something to jack off too, all right?”

“Yeah, yeah, but...”

“But nothing, man! Regardless of how you personally feel about the deal, you’re supposed to encourage me, not discourage!”

“Oh, Hudson, whatever! I’m trying to help you keep your feet on the ground. Don’t go into this thing with any preconceived notions about the money it makes without knowing the facts.” Parker’s voice was higher, almost a squeak.

“I do, so don’t treat me like some dumb-ass kid. Don’t ruin my dream, Parker. They’ll be plenty of people that will, but my man has to stick behind me.”



“By blowing smoke up your ass? Shh... Hudson, I think I’m being a good boyfriend by telling you to keep on an even keel and be realistic.”

“Oh yeah? I wonder did anyone tell that to the Microsoft dude, or the guy that started Dell. They had big ideas and nothing stopped them. Surely you, the computer geek, would understand that!”

I heard Parker gasp.

“Oh you can’t really compare this to that, Hudson. Computers and porno are two different animals. You’ll get porn for free faster than a computer or any program!”

“So you will but that don’t mean there won’t be some dudes or women ready to shell out the cash. If I believed everybody would steal it, I might as well not even do this.”

“Yeah, and that’s just it. Maybe for the first couple of months or even a year, people will pay, and then when somebody figures out how to download the content and upload it in a torrent, the site will falter.” Parker placed his hand on my shoulder. “Listen, babe, I believe in you, and that’s the most important thing, right?”

“Yeah, but that means you should also believe in what I want to do.”

“I do, I’m just not going to sugarcoat it for you, that’s all. You should get that.”

I pulled away from him again. “Being positive ain’t sugarcoating, Parker. It’s supporting the man you love. And if you ain’t gonna be all in with this, I think I should hire someone to do the job who does.”

“W-what? Are you kidding me? Hudson!”

I turned to face him, knowing this was gonna sting. “No, no, I mean it, babe. If you’re gonna work on my team I need you to be onboard with this completely. If you’re not, you won’t do a good job. You might half-ass it or...”

Parker laughed and ran his fingers through his hair. He removed his glasses a moment then placed them back on.

“What the flying fuck... are you serious? You think I’d purposely not work hard because I don’t totally believe you can make more than a decent living off an online porn site?”

I nibbled on my bottom lip and sighed inwardly. I didn’t want to fight but I hated he wasn’t buying into this company being a success. I didn’t want to drop

any additional money, but if he wasn't fully into it, perhaps it was for the best. "Listen, Parker, I mean—"

"Oh you do, huh? Well then you go on and find a programmer who's asinine enough to believe you'll become a millionaire with a bunch of over-sterilized old muscle men fucking young twinks. See if I care! If you've got the cash to spend on it, then fine."

"All right, I will. Now that it's settled..." I stepped forward with my arms open, thinking we were done. Instead my man surprised me.

Parker removed his frames and slipped them in his pocket. Those brown eyes looked like daggers coming my way and I swear if they were real I'd be a dead man right now. "Yeah, it's settled, sure it is. While you're finding that new programmer, I think I'm gonna take some time off. I'm jobless right now, so I think I need some time alone to figure out my next move."

"What? Wait, Parker..."

Parker pushed me back. "No, no, don't Parker me! You want someone else to help you with this web deal so you don't need me around at all."

"That ain't true, babe. I still want you by my side..."

"No! Fuck no. You want someone to blow smoke up your ass literally and figuratively. I'll do the literal but not the other. Not when I can see problems a mile away!"

"Parker..."

Without another word, he put his hand up and stomped out of the room. I thought I was doing him a favor by taking him off a project he wasn't fully into. This was my professional life right now, and I needed complete support from my man. I'm not sure why that was so hard for him to understand.

"Parker!"

"When you're ready to get your head out of your ass, call me. Until then, don't bother!"

"Hey, wait, Parker!" I ran into the living room and tried pulling him back into my arms, but he shrugged me off and stormed out the door, slamming it behind him.

"Parker!" I opened it, calling after him but he kept going. "Babe, c'mon, don't leave me, all right? Let's work this out!"

All my cries fell on deaf ears because the next thing I heard was the sound of the elevator. I wasn't sure what the hell to do now.

Maybe I did overreact but I thought I was doing the right thing.

Seems it was exactly the opposite, and now I needed to figure out a way to make amends.

\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

I didn't bother turning back around because my anger had risen to high levels. The man I loved, the very first, wanted to hire someone else because I told the truth.

Okay, let's be real here; he fired me before the damn thing even got off the ground.

*Really?*

I couldn't believe this crap! All I did was tell him to stay positive but don't think you'll be an instant success. No question, people love porn, but if they can figure out a way to get it without paying then they will.

Be realistic is all I was saying. What was the harm in that?

And then he made that crack about me being a computer geek knowing of Bill Gates and Michael Dell. That really hurt my feelings, but he has his big head so far up his ass he doesn't realize it.

Like the last disagreement we had, I'd completely lost my cool and even more so when he basically gave me the pink slip. Nobody, especially my man, should be questioning my work ethic just because of my feelings on the deal. In my book, that was grounds for automatic dismissal.

I mean, don't get me wrong, I still love him. Maybe we did need to work apart from one another so our relationship would last. We were nearing two years and this was the first true test for us. Good thing we hadn't moved in together just yet.

With that last thought, the elevator reached the ground level and I stepped off, making the turn to go outside. My stomach was in knots, head pounding as I walked. All I wanted was to lie down somewhere and curl up into a ball. In the time we've been together, I didn't think we'd ever get to this point, but here we were.

Weary from the argument, I weakly put out my hand and to hail a taxi.

“Parker!”

Hudson’s voice and footsteps sounded behind me, but I ignored him and got in the cab. “Please go, drive as fast as you can! Go,” I yelled to the driver who was trying his best to be friendly.

As he pulled off the curb, I rattled off my address and leaned back against the seat, digging my nails into the fabric. I stared blankly out the window, wondering what would come of us. Would our relationship get through this tough patch, or would it suffer because we were two very stubborn individuals?

Honestly I didn’t know and it hurt my heart to say it. If it were meant to be, which I thought it was, it would pass.

When the taxi arrived at my small apartment, I paid the driver and closed the door just as he pulled away. I know he probably thought I was rude when I didn’t really answer his questions but I just wasn’t into his conversation.

Upset, I wiped the moisture from under my eyes. When I made it to my elevator, I leaned against the back panel, using it as support. Every part of my body ached from the tension. The words we’d exchanged felt like someone had been hitting me over the head with a mallet.

“Damn it, Hudson!” The swear words had been flowing quite a bit over the past hour but the last thing on my mind was Mom’s liverwurst sandwich. Bottom line, I was hurt and angry about my man’s words and actions. And if he couldn’t see that what he’d done was a mistake, then perhaps this wasn’t true love.

In only a minute or so, I arrived on my floor and I took my time walking to my apartment. I unlocked my door, ambling in with Hudson heavy on my mind.

The phone rang in my pocket and I guessed it was Hudson calling to tell me to come back. I ignored it, because right now, he was the very last person I wanted to see.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Six

### *Hudson*

Late afternoon changed to night, then this morning, and I still hadn't heard anything from Parker. I'd called at least thirty times in the last twenty or so hours, left voice mails as well as texts. I even tried to go by there, but he'd told his doorman, who knows me well, not to let me upstairs.

*What the fuck?*

I didn't think Parker would take it so hard, but he did.

Obviously, he had and I wanted to tell him how sorry I was so we could move on with our lives.

With this situation, I hadn't been able to work on much of anything. Micah called about our meeting with the other investors but other than that, I couldn't really focus on shit. Thank God my partner and close friend, Rod was already clued in to the business side of things so he could take over. I couldn't focus on company matters with my man pissed off at me and he seemed to understand that quite well.

"Parker, c'mon, man!" I picked up the phone to dial his number for about the fifth time today and it continued to ring until the voice mail picked up.

"Hey this is Parker, leave me a message."

*Beep*

I shook my head and sighed, knowing I'd truly fucked up. Still, he could've answered the phone just to hear me out. "Look, babe, I'm sorry, okay? Please answer the phone, will ya? I... can't do this without you. Let's talk it out and come up with a better solution, please. I love ya..." I stopped talking, hoping he'd pick up the phone before I hung up.

"If you are satisfied with your mess..."

The recording came on and I pushed the pound button like I'd already done several times before. When I finished, I slammed the phone on the top of the desk. I grimaced when I heard the cracking sound. I lifted it again just to see how bad I'd damaged it.

"Fuck!"

Two or three lines crossed my iPhone's screen, making this an even worse day than it already was. I knew it could be fixed but the phone was less than three months old. I hadn't meant to ruin it so damn soon.

Seething, I placed it down gently and it rang the minute it touched the desk again. I picked it back up, not bothering to read. "This is Hudson."

"Hudson, it's me, Doc. How's things..."

"Listen, Doc, I'm not in the mood right now, okay? Parker and I had a disagreement." I stared at the picture on the desk of me and Parker during happier times. I'd give both my arms to have that back again.

"Oh, well, I'm sorry to hear that, babe. I was calling to ask what's going on with Parker. He hasn't answered his phone calls."

"Well, since he won't answer mine either I'm not sure what to tell you, Doc. Perhaps if you get through, tell him I love him and I want to make amends."

"Can I ask what you did?"

I pondered Doc's question for a minute, knowing I didn't want to discuss it at length. "You can, but I'm not talking about it. Nothing personal, D, I just don't feel like it now."

"Um, okay, well, I'll let you go then. I'll try contacting him to get the details."

"Why do you need them?"

"Hey, Hudson, I just wanna know, okay? Perhaps I can help you guys come up with a solution, you know?"

I doubted that but stranger things have happened. "Yeah, sure, Doc. I gotta go. Later." I didn't even stay on the phone long enough to hear his reaction. I tossed the phone on the desk and heard the screen crack a little more.

"Damn it!"

Just that quickly I'd forgotten about the damage.

In truth, if I didn't need it I would've thrown it against the wall some time ago.

\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

*"Maybe I need to get someone else to work on this project... someone who believes in it..."*

Hudson's words played like a digital recording in my brain, but I shrugged it off. Perhaps it was a good move but I couldn't get over the wisecrack or the suggestion, because both seemed like a slap across the face. My own man, my lover, calling me a geek and essentially firing me from a company he hadn't even gotten off the ground yet.

*Damn.*

Ever since I'd left his place I'd been in bed sleeping it off then waking up in stupid crying fits. I should've been tough enough to talk it out with him and not let it get to me but I just couldn't help it. If this wasn't my first real relationship or if I'd been through this before, maybe I would've stayed and argued it out, but his words stung. Hell, they were like a kick to my groin.

How we would get back to normal from this I wasn't sure.

I'd give anything to turn back the clock and erase everything that happened to make it right.

Like I said, time away from one another might be just what we needed. If it were meant to be, then we'd come to a compromise once cooler heads prevailed.

Continuously waking then going back to sleep, I hadn't realized the time of day. I turned over and glanced at my alarm clock: after four in the afternoon, and I'd yet to eat anything or shower. The smell of sweat and my stomach growling could attest to that fact.

My phone rang nonstop but I hadn't bothered to look at the screen. Surely it was Hudson, and I wasn't ready to speak to him just yet. Nothing but hurtful words would come out of my mouth right now, and in my mind I was pretty sure that would do more harm to our relationship than good.

"Might as well get myself together." I struggled to sit up straight and stretched my arms up over my head. Perhaps water on my body and face then a late lunch was what I needed. A burger from the greasy spoon two blocks down sounded great, but I wasn't sure I had the energy to make the trip.

*Lazy ass.*

While I continued to fight with my body, my cellular vibrated on the nightstand. I supposed I could at least have a look at it, but I wouldn't answer if Hudson was calling.

I leaned over and grabbed it, squinting at the screen.

*Derek Chalmers.*

Seeing Doc's name relieved me. I didn't want to fight with myself over ignoring Hudson's call.

"Hey, Doc."

"Parker, how are you, man? Been trying to call you all day."

I checked the missed calls, noticing over twenty from Hudson and about five from Derek. "Yeah, um, I've been sleeping in. I'm just now getting out of bed actually."

"What happened between you and Hudson? I talked with him and he wouldn't even discuss it. Besides that he seems more ornery than usual." He chuckled.

I rubbed my hand over my head and closed my eyes a minute. I really didn't want to go over this on the phone. "Hey, Doc, are you busy today?"

"Not at all, Parker. That's why I was calling."

"Good. Why don't you come over and we'll talk about it. I could use a good listener, and I know you more than fit the bill."

"Sure, I'd love to. They forced me to take a little time off because I've been filling in for a couple of medics on vacation, so I have three days in a row before I get back to the grind."

"That's great, Doc. Um, can you come by then, and bring your toothbrush," I added. I really needed a friend right now and Doc was my closest other than Alberto.

"Oh, all right, Park. Want me to bring you something?"

"Yes. There's a place not too far away from here that has the best burgers in town. Do you mind stopping by there and maybe get some snacks, sweet things from the store? I... I haven't eaten since yesterday afternoon and actually I lost it all when I returned home."

"Oh, Jesus. All right, I'll bring you some food and ginger ale, maybe some crackers. Whatever's going on with you and Hudson must be pretty bad, huh?"

I sighed inwardly and played with the frays on the covers. "No, not really bad but we did have a big argument. Just some words exchanged and... oh, Doc, just get over here. I don't wanna get all worked up again." I rubbed my eyes, feeling the tears blazing hot down my cheeks. My stomach was empty but for some reason I still felt the bile rising in my throat.



“Okay, okay, I’ll be there, babe. You want everything on that burger?”

“Maybe no onions or mustard. Just plain with the salad.”

“Got it, sweetheart. I’ll be there in about an hour.”

“Okay, thanks, Doc. See you in a bit.” I disconnected the call and Hudson Danvers’ name popped up on-screen. I shook my head and tossed it on the side. In haste, I untangled myself from the sheets, hopping out of bed to make it to the toilet in time. When I reached the bathroom, I dropped to my knees and nothing came out. I breathed heavily and rubbed the perspiration from my forehead, staring at the water in the bowl.

Minutes passed and nothing.

My stomach still churned like I’d been on a roller coaster. Chills ran up my spine, and I shivered from the vented air on my neck.

“Oh God, Doc, get here soon.” I wiped my mouth and rose slowly to lean over the sink. Water on my face and body was what I needed right now before Doc arrived. Besides that, I needed to clean up my room and change my sheets. Although Doc and I were close, I’d never invite him into my home without tidying up first.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

“Hudson, everything okay, man? You been zoning out all damn evening.”

“Sorry, man.” I leaned back in my chair and eyed Rod from across the table. “Just deep in thought, that’s all.”

“Did you call him?”

“Yeah, I did.” I sighed and tossed the folder on the table in front of me. “He’s ignored all my calls and...”

“Well, after what you said, I think I’d ignore you too. And here’s a scoop for ya, man. You can’t really afford to hire someone else to do the networking and website work. Not until Micah works his magic with those friends of his.”

“I know, man, shit!” I ran my hand through my hair, grumbled under my breath. “Look, Rod, I know I fucked up, but I just wanted my man to believe in what I’m trying to do.”

“You douche. He believed in you, and that’s what mattered, right? He was willing to come onboard and help you out. He quit a good gig for you, Hudson. I think that’s saying something.”

“Whose side are you on, anyway?” I slapped the arms of the chair then got up quickly. “You don’t think your man should be one hundred percent behind the company ideas?”

“Just because he was stating facts didn’t mean he wasn’t behind it. What he said was correct, Hudson. Sounded like he was only trying to keep you grounded.”

“I am grounded! I never thought I’d be a billionaire with this but I know it’s gonna work, Rod.”

“I do too but there’s nothing wrong with anything Parker said. You need to do some groveling before you lose him. You ran that man away and didn’t need to. I can tell he’s the best for you too. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so happy until you got with him.”

I nodded in agreement, knowing Rod was speaking the truth, but I still thought Parker shouldn’t have been so negative right off the bat. “I have been *real* happy. He’s my life, Rod. I’d give up everything to make things right between us again.”

“Well you better get to gettin’ before it’s too late, Hudson.” Rod got up and picked up the folder I’d tossed earlier. “I’ll work on this proposal some more for you while you get your head together. Be ready by next Wednesday, man. You gotta be on your best to get this deal done.”

“Yeah, I’ll be ready. I promise ya.” I knew I would be, but would it be with Parker at my side?

I hoped so because despite his thoughts on the company, I didn’t think I’d have much confidence without him.

\*\*\*\*

## Chapter Seven

*Parker*

“I’ve never seen you put away a burger so damn fast, Park.” Doc picked up the wrappers and tossed them in the bag.

“Well, I was famished.” I gulped down some more ginger ale and wiped my mouth with the napkin. “What’s for dessert?”

“Oh, I got your favorite—some strawberry cheesecake—but since you’re feeling kind of queasy, you could save it for another day. I got ice cream though. Plain vanilla and rocky road.”

I grimaced and rubbed the back of my neck. “You always know what I need, Doc. I’ll just do the ice cream for now.”

“You got it, sweets.” Doc patted my hand and leaned in, kissing the top of my head. After picking up the trash, he strolled out the room toward the kitchen.

“I really wanna know what happened, but if you’re not ready to...”

“We had a fight, Doc. Long story short, he fired me because I wasn’t totally onboard with his *Web Studs* company.” I managed to get that out, hoping that would suffice as an explanation.

“Oh. Well, you guys might need some time away from one another to figure it all out. You stood behind him, right?”

“Of course but he wanted me to kiss his ass and I refused.” Talking about it caused the recording of Hudson’s voice to go off again. I shuddered and got up from the table, ambling into the kitchen with Doc. I really needed to be held right now. It was only part of the reason I’d asked Derek over in the first place. “D.”

“Yeah?” He turned around, looking surprised that I’d followed him into the room. He set the tub of ice cream on the counter, staring at me apologetically. “Come here. I can tell you need something.”

I walked around the counter and met him halfway. When he came near, I fell into him and allowed Derek to wrap both arms around me. Instantly, my body responded. The shivering stopped and my heart rate slowed after rapidly thumping against my ribs. I returned the embrace and leaned on his shoulder.

“Oh, D. I love him, I really do but...” I started getting choked up again, tears welling up in my eyes.

Had I truly messed up the only relationship I ever had because of my mouth?

“Yeah, you do, and he loves you. I’m sure whatever he said, he only said it out of anger. He didn’t mean it.”

“He called me a geek, he fired me because I wanted to warn him about getting too high about this web porn deal. I just wanted to keep it all in perspective. I’m a pessimist at heart but, I didn’t think it would cost me so much.” I spilled it all out and the sobs wrecked my body, making me tremble.

“Oh, babe, he just couldn’t handle it, that’s all,” D answered and held me tighter against his body. “Shh, just relax, Parker. Time heals all wounds, you know? The two of you will see how important you are to one another and you’ll be fine. Trust in that.”

“Will we?” I faced him but quickly dropped my head to avoid his wild brown gaze. I didn’t want him to see me crying like a baby.

Doc raised my head and softly kissed my lips. “Yeah, Park. You guys will be fine. You’re meant to be together.”

I nodded in agreement, happy to hear him say that. It probably would’ve been the total opposite coming from Alberto, so I was glad I’d chosen Doc over him. “I hope you’re right.”

“Of course I am. Now...” Doc gripped my shoulders and smiled at me. “What do you say we share some of this rocky road? I got two spoons ready.”

I straightened up and caressed his face softly with my fingers. “You’re a good friend, you know that? You always know exactly what I need. I’m so glad to have you here with me.”

“I wouldn’t wanna be anywhere else.” Doc pulled my hand in and kissed it gently. “Why don’t you call him, Parker. Just let him know you understand but...”

“No, not yet, Doc. I’m not ready. Maybe after you leave in a couple of days but right now, I wanna have some dessert with you,” I winked, “in the bedroom.”

Sex is always the best stress reliever and what better way to forget about my issues than to have some fun with Doc?

Doc's smile widened and he passed me the spoons. "Are you sure that's a good idea right now, Park? I don't wanna start thinking something more than what it actually is."

"What do you mean?"

"Park, you know how I feel about you. I feel for Hudson too, but you..."

"Yeah, I know, Doc but I *need* you." I was playing dumb. I understood what he was saying but my cock was talking louder than my brain right now. Selfish, I know, but I didn't care at the moment. He was my special friend with benefits.

"I *need* you too." Doc pulled me in and gripped my hand tightly inside his.

"Then let's take care of one another then." I picked up the tub, and we left the kitchen. Ice cream in bed was better than in the kitchen anyway. The floor just didn't hold the same appeal as a soft mattress and fluffy pillows.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

After Rod left, I couldn't focus anymore on work and decided it best to do something to get my mind off the deal. I still had like five days before the presentation so the best thing to do was try to relax and not overwork myself because of my foul mood.

First, I turned on the television. I flipped through the channels until I stopped on the sport channel to watch the Yankees play Boston. Though I was a big fan of the Yanks, not even ten minutes had passed before I changed the channel.

Basketball playoffs were next and since I wasn't the biggest NBA fan, that stayed on the TV about three minutes before I hit the remote.

Hockey? Nah.

Golf? Double nah!

Then I turned on the DVR, thinking I could catch up with the *Walking Dead*, but that only made me think of Parker. We were still three episodes behind, and because we'd been working so hard the last couple of weeks after he quit his job, we hadn't had the energy to squeeze it in between sex and work.

"Fuck!" I pressed the off button and tossed the remote on the floor. "This is stupid, damn it. I need my man. He's gotta pick up the phone on the forty-sixth call!" I grabbed my phone out of my pocket and grimaced at the cracks in the screen. I pushed speed-dial seven and waited for Parker to pick up.

“C’mon, baby. Please.”

“Hello?”

“Parker, please, listen to me, man. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have made that wisecrack about you being a geek and yeah, I know you were trying to be real. You were right. I shouldn’t have flown off the handle at you, babe. I’m sorry, please forgive me!”

“Hudson, whoa, whoa, hey, man. Slow down.”

Hearing that voice and chuckle interrupt me, I stopped talking immediately. “D?”

“Yeah, man.”

Doc sounded really tired, like he’d been sleeping or...

*Fucking?*

Though we shared Doc as a friend, and I was well aware of the two of them having alone time without me, I couldn’t help but get jealous. “What are you doing there, Doc? He let you in?”

“He called me over, Hudson. Hey now, don’t get all upset, okay? I’ve done my best to keep things in perspective and even though he wants me to stay for the duration of my time off, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Oh yeah? Why not?” I cocked an eyebrow and dug my fingernails into the recliner.

“Because, my feelings are all out of whack. I know he still cares for you a lot, and for him us being together is just sex between close friends, but my heart is betraying me, Hudson. It can’t tell the difference. You need to get over here right now.”

“I can’t come over unless Parker tells his doorman to let me in, Doc. And what do you mean? You’ve always known how this works.”

“I know, and my emotions are out of order, Hudson. That’s why you need to come here and make things right. Just come over, and I’ll let you in through the back way of the building if the same guard is here.”

Though a little upset, I was grateful to hear Doc being supportive of my and Parker’s relationship by letting his own desires go. He was a real good guy, and we were lucky to have him as a friend. “All right, I’m on my way.”

“Good, and hurry it up, okay, before he wakes up. I’ll slip out when you come in and, uh, another thing, Hudson. Don’t fuck up again, or I swear I’ll swoop in and try taking his heart next time.”

Hearing those words, I quickly got up and sprinted across the room to grab my keys. “You ain’t gotta worry about that, Doc. I won’t ever mess up this bad again.”

\*\*\*\*\*

*Parker*

Feeling the air on my toes, my eyes flung open from the chill. “D?” I turned over to my right and he wasn’t there. The sheets hung half off the bed and felt cold to my touch. “Doc? Where are you, man?” I rose up slowly and swung my feet over the side. The minute my feet touched the floor, I hissed from the feel of the cold hardwood. I skipped across the room quickly and slid into my slippers while grabbing my robe. “Doc? Where are you, baby? I’m sorry I fell asleep but I’m ready for round two.” I chuckled.

I shifted around and grabbed my glasses before heading out the door. Visions of Doc splayed out in front of me crossed my mind, as did the others of me doing the same. We had a marathon sex session and my body ached because of it. Damn did the man know how to fuck, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

“Doc?” I walked out into the living room and I noticed all his clothes weren’t a trail on the floor as they were yesterday evening. “D, are you in the kitchen?”

“No, he’s not here.”

I stopped dead in my tracks when I heard Hudson’s voice. “Hudson, how did you get in here?”

Hudson walked out of the kitchen, dressed in tight blue jeans and *Bottoms Love Me* sweatshirt, looking real dapper. “Babe...”

“How... did... *you*... get... in... *here*,” I repeated again with malice in my voice. I wanted him to know how hurt I was from his comments.

“Doc let me in. He’s a good guy, he really is.” Hudson sounded a little intimidated.

“Oh yeah? Well, hmmm. I need to speak to him about that. Now, please leave. I’m not ready for this right now.” I turned on my heel and tried to walk away, but Hudson’s footsteps caught up with me and he grasped my arm.

“Baby, please. I’m sorry, all right? I fucked up, I shouldn’t have said any of that shit and you were right. You were standing behind me and that’s what matters. I never should’ve questioned how good you work just because you may not be fully onboard. I get it now, baby. I can’t do this or anything else without you. Please...”

I wanted to believe him but I was still peeved about what he’d said. “You said some pretty rotten shit, Hudson. You called me a geek, even though I know I am but when you said it, well, it just sounded like such a put-down! You fired me before the first day. I mean, what the fuck! Just because I told you the damn truth?”

“I know, baby. I know, please look at me. I’m begging you to give me another chance. Hell, if it will make you feel better, slap me, punch me, anything to show that you care. Then you can ream my fucking ass afterward, lover. Been missing you something fierce this past day or so.”

Hearing those words made me chuckle, but I needed to get a couple of things straight first. I shifted around and folded my arms over my chest.

“Yeah, Hudson, you did fuck up. You had me questioning if this relationship was real, all because of a porn site. Do you realize how crazy that is? I get it, I can be a pessimistic asshole sometimes, but that’s because I never had anything good in my life until I had you. I just didn’t want to see the most important man in my life get all his hopes up if it didn’t go well. I love you and I support everything you’re doing regardless, but I gotta keep the clear head even when you’re not. It was a miracle that you picked me over so many other guys, and I’m so happy you did. I’ve never been this happy, ever... I...” My eyes welled up with tears. I knew I was babbling but I couldn’t help it.

“Oh baby, sh...” Hudson grabbed me and hugged me tight to his body.

I wrapped my arms around him and took the opportunity to punch his back hard as we embraced. I removed my specs and slid them into my pocket. They weren’t doing me a damn bit of good right now anyway. “Damn you, Hudson Danvers. Don’t you know I love you, no matter what? I fucking love you and I only—”

“I know, baby, I know. I’m so glad you forgive me, Parker. So damn glad. And by the way, you’re cursing again.”

I only smiled at that last comment. I moved slightly to stare at him. “Uh huh, well, I’m thinking you deserve an ass pounding for being such a



knucklehead, right?" I was still a little ticked so I'd take out all that anger on him.

"Yes, sir. Come on with it. Then can I return the favor just to make it even?"

"Of course, but me first. I got some pent-up aggression that needs releasing, right now." And I did. This might take a while, but believe you me I was up for the challenge.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *Hudson*

"C'mon, babe. Let's not waste any time. You wanna do me in the shower?"

"Sure. Makes it more fun then." Parker grinned, leading me through the kitchen and into his bedroom. Damn, I missed this place. More than that, I missed him being in my arms.

These last few days had been hell without my man around.

Once we arrived in the room, I attacked his mouth as if it were my last meal. Our tongues tangled, and I sucked on his as if it was his dick. Fuck, what this man did to me was more than lethal. If he hadn't forgiven me, I would've been lost without him.

Wanting Parker, I slowly opened his robe, admiring the wiry body I'd come to love. Although he'd toned up just a tad, he still kept his basic form: slender with definition. I traced the lines around his pecs with my fingers and dragged them down the thin strip of hair leading to his crotch. "Damn, baby, I wanna taste you." I shoved his robe off his shoulders and tossed it on the floor. Eyeing that long cock nestled within brown curly hairs, my mouth watered. I wanted to bury my face in between his legs and suffocate myself with his scent. "Damn, Parker, I missed you so fucking much!"

Parker's brown eyes met mine, and he slapped my chest. "Hey now, I'm in control here! Strip for me, big boy, and shut up!" He shoved me back, watching me like a predator getting ready to devour his prey.

Fuck, he looked sexy as hell, and all I could do was obey his command.

Without hesitating, I did as he asked, shoving my jeans down to my knees in one fell swoop. I kicked off my loafers along with the pants, then slid my underwear to the floor.

Parker's eyes drifted down to my cock while he palmed his own. He rubbed the tip of his dick with his thumb, smoothing precum into his flesh. "Wow, Hudson, you have missed me, haven't you? You didn't do any playing these past couple of days?"

"Nope. It didn't even cross my mind," I answered breathlessly while I copied his every movement with my own cock. No other man would've satisfied me in the rotten mood I'd been in.

Watching him, I had to stop myself from drooling. Parker with the heated stare, holding his own dick and balls in his hand was instant come material for me.

"Yeah, but I need you in me first, babe. Ream me like you said you would."

"Oh I will, Hudson. No worries there." Parker winked and waved his finger for me to follow him.

I obeyed and walked into the bathroom. "Fuck, Parker, I ain't gonna last that long if you keep teasing me!" My dick throbbed, begging for release.

Parker didn't answer. He bent slightly, showing off his butt. "Getting the water ready now, lover! Then I'm gonna split you in two!"

"Oh yeah!" I loved when he talked dirty, but I had to have something before we got into the main act. Desiring him, I ran over and scooped him up into my arms. "Damn I'm hot, Parker. Not gonna last!" I thrust my tongue into his mouth, trading spit with him while we waited for the shower to heat up.

Seemingly he felt the same and he responded to my kiss with the same intensity. "Oh God, Hudson. Fuck, I love you! I can't be without you!"

"Me neither, babe!" I crushed my lips against his while I forced his back onto the tile wall.

Parker wrapped his arms around my shoulders, meeting my kisses with his own.

Then all of a sudden, he pulled away and dragged his fingers across my forehead. "Should be ready now."

I only nodded and we stepped under the hot spray, more than ready for our early evening shower. The minute we both got in, he roughly pushed me backward and went for my mouth again. He sucked on my bottom lip while he ran his fingers down the crack of my ass. When he found it, he slowly pushed one finger inside at the same speed as his tongue in my mouth.

“Mmph, oh damn, Parker! Want your cock, babe. Now, c’mon.”

“What? I don’t think you’re begging properly, Hudson Danvers!” Parker grabbed my shaft and jiggled my balls while still pressing that finger into my ass.

I moaned into his mouth and pulled away, opening my legs for him to get a better angle. Suddenly, my dick leaked onto my thighs, throbbing harder, causing me pain.

*Damn, the man was talented!*

Seriously, I was so close to blowing my load at any moment. I forced my lips on top of his, hoping he was done with the torture and ready to fuck my ass raw. “Parker, please, sir!”

“Turn around,” he barked and kissed me quick.

I shifted, pushing my ass out for him to get at me as he needed. Anticipation ran through my veins like a bad drug. I couldn’t wait to have my man inside of me.

“Jesus, Hudson. Look at your ass. So fucking beautiful!”

While the hot water ran over my head and shoulders, soft hands rubbed both of my butt cheeks in succession. Parker’s long slender fingers made circles on my skin, driving me fucking nuts. He followed that up with small pecks on both sides.

*Hot damn!*

My cock was hard as bricks right now. If he didn’t hurry, I’d be climaxing real soon.

“Been hurting... waiting for this. Doc is good but he ain’t you, Hudson!”

I had to smile then. Not that I didn’t already know I was number one in his heart and mind, but with me acting an ass lately I needed to hear that from him. I reached for his hand, but he swatted it away and pushed me forward.

“No touching until I’m inside you.”

The snick of the lube was music to my ears, and I braced myself for the cold liquid on my ass crack. Once it landed, I shivered from the feeling while I clawed the wall in front of me. Nothing like something cold along with the hot to get your juices flowing, and right now they were headed straight to my erection.

“Nice and lubed, I think.” He slapped both cheeks, and in moments the burn occurred.

I hissed from the sensation and grabbed my shaft in the same motion as Parker’s thrusts.

He held my hips and sank into me, slowly, methodically, driving me crazy with lust.

“Fuck, Hudson! What you do to me!” His voice echoed off his bathroom walls. If his neighbor was at home he’d be getting an earful, but Parker never cared. I’m sure both our neighbors had been entertained and annoyed by all of our lovemaking noises.

“Parker, ah shit, yes. Harder, baby. Ream me!”

“Getting there,” he managed and pulled out for a split second, only to slam back into me full force.

“Ugh, oh shit, Parker.” It drove me forward, and I braced my one palm on the wall while the other furiously worked my dick.

Parker repeated the action then sped up, each thrust harder than the last. One, two, three... I lost count after that, feeling my resolve slipping away by the second. I wanted to hold out and come with him while he filled me but I didn’t think that would happen. My groin was aching right now from the blue balls I’d been suffering from the last twenty-four-plus hours.

Parker aligned his body with mine, and he laid his head on my back. He planted two kisses on my shoulder blades while he held onto them. “I love you, Hudson Danvers. I fucking... *love*... you... and don’t you *ever* forget it!”

“I won’t, baby! Fuck yeah, baby! Work my ass.”

Parker continued pushing, and a string of expletives left his mouth.

I tightened my thighs around his dick, returning the motions thrust for thrust. My balls drew up against my body, tensing, trembling, and now the water was turning lukewarm. Surely more than my hands were wrinkling at this moment, but I wouldn’t be telling my man to stop anything. The rough palms weren’t enough to stop my climax.

I closed my eyes for a second and slowed my hand movements, allowing my body to relax. “Agh shit, Parker!” My orgasm was at its peak moment; warm strings of cum shot out my cock, splashing the wall in front of me as well as my legs and feet.

“Shit, Hudson, oh God, I’m there!” Parker yelled out behind me, shooting his load into my ass. He still thrust into me, slow, kissing my back while the cum dripped from my asshole. “Oh shit, baby. That was…”

“Fucking amazing,” I finished for him while I tried catching my breath. I was too tired to return that favor now, but I’d be taking him up on the offer after we rested. I shook a little then attempted to rise up, but Parker placed his hand on my back.

“No babe don’t move. I wanna slurp this out of you!”

I smiled and leaned back down, knowing I loved a good tongue bath. Nothing better after getting fucked by the man you love.

\*\*\*\*

## Epilogue

*Four months later...*

*Parker*

“We’re here, we’re queer, get used to us! Woohoo!” Sounds of gay New Yorkers protesting rang in my ears on the streets near Greenwich Village. Signs held high saying *We Fags Matter*, *Equality For Life*, and *Queer Forever* were touted by men dressed in everything from tight shorts and wifebeaters with combats, to jeans, cargo shorts, and dresses. Gay pride had come and gone but with the alderman looking to close down our favorite restaurant, it came back in full force.

The Blue Terrace; the one Hudson and I had our first official date almost two years ago...

*Today.*

Yes, it had been that long. We’d been through a move—actually two since we bought a house outside of town—my career change, and then the opening of his *Web Studs* company which broke all kinds of records in its first couple of months on the internet; almost one hundred thousand subscribers in its first month, thanks to Hudson’s brilliant plan of getting together some of the old vets with the new boys of porn.

Hudson Danvers and Jake LaChriste for one: my man’s gorgeous body mixed with the Brazilian’s tanned skin made me hard just thinking of it. Me and Doc watched that scene together while it happened and after dinner.

*God, you’re talking about sexy!*

Doc and me were overly hot and bothered for Hudson once they wrapped up, and I can assure you, all of us reaped those benefits.

Back to the present: everything was on the up and up. I continued to be the web specialist and computer extraordinaire for this company that had surpassed everyone’s expectations. Hudson could’ve been a douche and said “I told you so,” but he was such a good man. Perhaps he didn’t want to piss me off anymore after those last two fights we had.

Or maybe not, because my mother’s liverwurst scares were completely forgotten, and I cursed almost as much as Hudson did on occasion. Hey, I live with the man, so of course I would pick up some of his interesting habits.

Hudson says he likes when I use swear words because it makes me sexier. Who would've thought that? Not me in a million years.

"Parker, hey, babe!" Hudson ran into me, lifting me from the ground with very little effort. As per usual, the man looked amazing in his snug blue denim and shirt that read *Don't fuck with this fag*, on the front.

"Hey yourself, lover. So, what's the deal? When are Jules and Danio gonna come out of there?" I yelled into his ear for him to hear me over the noise.

"Dunno, sweets, I guess when they finally get an answer from the so-called powers that be. Those bible-thumping assholes have been putting more money into the campaign pot, just like the asses at Chick-Fil-A."

"Yep." I grabbed him around the neck and kissed him quick. "You know it's our day, right? The two-year anniversary of the day we met?"

Hudson's face lit up, and the crinkles around his eyes increased. "Fuck yeah, babe. I thought about going by there and kissing in front of that building again, just like we did last year for the first one."

I nodded in agreement and stroked his chest through the cotton fabric. "That's a great idea, babe, and maybe we should do one more."

"Oh yeah?"

"We could go by there later on after dark and..."

"Ooh fuck, Parker, I love when you get these naughty ideas. You mean have sex in front of the place?"

"Uh, no, sweets, not that far, but I thought we could do handjobs for each other while we made out," I teased and dragged my hand down to his cock.

"Oh yeah, love! Sounds good to me. Let's do that before we go home this evening." Hudson pecked my lips.

"Good idea," I responded with a kiss of my own but with more fervor and passion—so much more than what anyone should see, but after being with the same man now two years, I no longer gave a rat's ass about who saw.

Bottom line, I had the man I'd always wanted.

I had him, Hudson Danvers, in my life.

Forever and ever, no matter what or who attempted to stand in our way.

We loved one another...

Unconditionally.

**The End**



## **Author Bio**

*BLMorticia is currently a published writer who entertains her readers with hot and smexy sex, humor, and lots of swear words. She attempts to incorporate metal music or the military in most of her works. Nothin' sexier than metalheads or military servicemen and women! For more info, please visit, [Erotica With Snark](#)*

## **Contact & Media Info**

[Email](#) | [Blog](#) | [Facebook Fan Page](#)