

LOVE Has NO Boundaries



Don't Read in the Closet Event 2013

OFF SIDES

Dianne Hartsock

OFF SIDES

Luke Parsons has been denying who he is all his life despite his loneliness, to please his homophobic father. After all, he graduates in eighteen months and can love anyone he desires after that. But when Austin and Riley join his soccer team, the dark beauties quickly steal Luke's heart and peace of mind. Suddenly, his father's approval seems less important. Now Luke has to decide to keep his father's goodwill or throw everything away on a chance at happiness.

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Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

OFF SIDES

By Dianne Hartsock

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

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 they 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 Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, 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.

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.

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OFF SIDES

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Photo Description

The picture is a close-up of three men in a grass field, the leanly muscled blond leaning back into the arms of a brunet who is kissing his neck and running his hands over his naked chest. The second brunet kneels at his feet, lowering the blond's boxers while his lips trail kisses down his body. Their eyes are closed, passion on their faces. The blond is gasping, anticipating those burning lips reaching their destination.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Austin and Riley have been together since high school. They've always loved each other and knew they'd spend the rest of their lives together. But when they started playing soccer in college they met a sexy blond named Luke who, as far as they know, is the stereotypical conservative rich kid with the perfect GPA (aka the stuck-up straight guy).

Please tell us their story and how this perfect couple became three.

Sincerely,

Kaylee

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: athlete, college, first time, bullying, homophobia, m/m/m, masturbation

Word count: 10,824

OFF SIDES

By Dianne Hartsock

CHAPTER ONE

Luke pushed through the locker room doors, letting them slam shut behind him with a satisfying *thunk* that echoed off the tiled showers. Goddamn Gabe. Two weeks until playoffs, and his forward and supposed ace-in-the-hole player was letting his game slip. It was already Wednesday and Gabe probably hadn't stepped foot on a soccer field all week.

His gaze shot across the room at a burst of jeering laughter from the group gathered at the showers. Shit. The toughness that made Gabe a killer on the field also made him dangerous to cross and a fucking bully to the less skillful players on the team. In Gabe's mind, that pretty much included everyone.

Luke couldn't see who the target was this time, and skirted the upright lockers. Riley, his new left back, stood under a shower rinsing shampoo from his hair as if he couldn't hear the vicious remarks being aimed at him. Luke groaned, not only for the harassment but also at the way his dick jumped as he watched the white suds slide down a slim back towards a sweet little ass.

He jerked his head up at Gabe's words. "And the little faggot can't kick a ball more than ten feet. Don't know why Ackley let him on the team in the first place."

What the *hell*? Luke clenched his hands and stepped up to the group, glaring at Gabe. "Shut your mouth."

Gabe gave him a startled look, a slow sneer crossing his ruddy face. "Or what? You know his playing sucks. As captain, I'd think you'd be happy to be rid of the queer and his equally pathetic boyfriend."

"Jesus, Gabe. Shut that hole in your face already," a voice called from the sink area.

“Yeah, McKenzie? You want to come over here and make me, you queer-lover?”

Luke made a lunge for Gabe just as a bellow swivelled all eyes to the door. “What’s going on here? Gabe, get your sorry ass to my office. The rest of you, five minutes to clear the locker room or I’ll suspend the lot of you.”

“Sorry Coach,” Luke called, breathing hard while he fought the urge to kick Gabe’s ass anyway.

Gabe scowled. “This isn’t over, Parsons,” he hissed to Luke as he brushed past him. Luke watched his retreating back, then looked at the guys milling around him, trying to gauge their reaction. Tim McKenzie nodded his red head but no one else met his gaze. Some stripped and quickly showered, but most simply threw on their clothes and left. Luke sighed. He’d worked all season to bring them together as a team, but he wasn’t sure how to deal with this new hurdle.

He chewed his lips, working on the puzzle as he removed his sweat-drenched uniform and stepped under the shower. God, the water felt fantastic on his aching shoulders. He listened to the quiet murmurs behind him and the closing of the locker room doors. Thinking himself alone, he turned under the hot spray, surprised to see his new teammates sitting on the bench by their locker.

For just an instant he allowed his hungry gaze to travel over them. Riley’s brown hair clung damply to his head, already curling on the ends. He’d dressed and was holding his socks while Austin spoke quietly to him. Riley’s shoulders slumped at something he said, and Austin touched his back, drew Riley against his shoulder. Luke held his breath, wondering if they’d kiss. God, he wanted to see them kiss. He’d caught them making out the other day behind the gym and had almost come at the erotic sight of touching tongues and lips and roving hands.

Stifling a groan, he faced the green-tiled walls again, wondering how to hide his fat erection from their eyes. He couldn’t stay there forever. Maybe they’d leave soon. He remembered their kiss and suddenly ached to have those plump lips on him, on his mouth and dick.

Pain twisted through him and he put a fist against the wall, rested his head on his arm to let the hot shower spray run down his back. He couldn't be attracted to those gorgeous guys. His parents wouldn't accept it. His father sure as hell wouldn't accept a gay son. A little more than a year of school to go. He had to hang on and graduate. After that, well, he could fuck anyone he wanted. But until then, his old man held the purse strings and Luke had to dance to the straight-as-an-arrow path expected of him.

The silence stretched out in the locker room. Had they left? He glanced over his shoulder and lost his breath. They stood with their arms around each other, both sets of pretty eyes on him. Tension built between them, thick and heavy in the humid air. His cock throbbed in sympathy. Could they tell? Did they sense how hot he was for them?

He faced the tiled wall again. "Go away," he muttered, and hoped they took the gruffness in his voice for anger and not the aching lust that pulsed through him. He winced at Riley's small gasp. Damn, he hadn't meant to hurt him, not after Gabe's cruelty.

An apology was on the tip of his tongue, but the two guys were already heading across the locker room when he turned around. Austin opened the door for Riley and they strolled out without a backward glance. Probably for the best. He looked down at his thick cock pointing toward the door they'd left by.

"You and me both," he murmured, and ran a finger down the thick vein on the underside of his dick. He'd dated a few girls, for appearances, but it was a guy's mouth he wanted on him, fantasized about for as long as he could remember. Which one would it be, though? He shivered suddenly. Could he have both of them?

Shit. He wanted to grip his cock, work out his frustration in a furious hand fuck. But at a rattle and the sound of voices at the door, he quickly turned off the water and wrapped a towel around his slim waist. Time to get to physics class anyway.

Nodding to the guys he knew as the JV soccer team crowded in for practice, Luke dressed, not feeling safe until his inconvenient erection was

tucked into faded jeans. Slinging his backpack over a shoulder, he checked his reflection in the small mirror he kept in his locker. Short blond hair, blue eyes, red tank top over a muscular chest. No body art. The clean-cut American boy. Sometimes he felt the image was strangling him.

He shoved open the heavy locker room doors and stepped outside, squinting in the sudden sunlight. The weather had grown warm for spring and he puzzled out how to keep the team hydrated during the grueling playoff games. Water, for sure. Sunscreen. Maybe healthy snacks...

The library clock chimed and Luke picked up his pace, cutting across the oak grove to save time. It was cool in the science building and Luke shivered at the change in temperature. The hallway was nearly deserted, but at least the door to the lecture hall hadn't been locked. He carefully closed the heavy door behind him when he entered the room and took the nearest chair. His heart jumped when he realized he sat next to Riley. The pretty brunet glanced at him and smiled shyly, blushing when Luke impulsively smiled back.

Luke sighed and opened his book, flipping through the pages to find the chapter the professor was covering that day. Riley had a sweetness to him that Luke found almost irresistible. How was he going to maintain his image as a straight shooter when all he wanted to do was pull Riley onto his lap and kiss those very kissable lips? He glanced up at a slight cough and caught Austin's startling blue gaze on him as the guy leaned around Riley. Austin's grin caught him off guard, a punch in the stomach. He lost his breath as the blue eyes warmed.

Luke tore his gaze back to his book and groaned silently, dick hard as a rock. Why now? He'd gotten through nearly twenty-one years of life without falling in love. What was so special about these two? Sure, they were lovely, but there were a lot of attractive people on campus.

He bit his lip when Riley leaned toward him, breath warm on his cheek. "We're on page a hundred ten. Second example. Take notes. Professor says it will be on the quiz."

"Thanks." Luke flipped to the desired page, pretending Riley's hand on his arm wasn't making the blood pound through his veins. Riley's hold tightened

and Luke turned his head. His reluctance must have been obvious because Riley snatched his hand back, confusion sweeping his face.

Austin put an arm across his shoulder. "Never mind, honey," he said, loud enough for Luke to hear. "Guess he's not interested in a couple of queers like us."

"But you said..."

Austin met Luke's gaze, questioning. Luke let his mask fall into place. Much as he ached to haul Austin from his chair, pin him to the wall and ravage that hot mouth, he couldn't risk it.

His heart twisted at the hurt in Austin's eyes and the slight tremor in his voice when he spoke, "Guess I was wrong, baby."

Luke stared at his text book until the numbers blurred. It wasn't fair! For an instant he was ready to throw it all away, his school career, his future dreams, everything, to snatch at the happiness the lovers offered him. But cold reality reminded him that without his father's support it would be years before he could graduate. And without Father's backing he would be hard pressed to get the position he wanted as a Civil Engineer in the city. Shit.

Smothering a sigh, Luke set his lips in a firm line. He'd sacrificed a lot to get this far, a few more years of loneliness wouldn't kill him. He picked up his pencil and tried to focus on the professor's droning voice rather than Riley's tempting presence at his side.

CHAPTER TWO

Luke adjusted the heavy backpack on his shoulder as he crossed the oak grove toward the campus coffee shop. It had been a grueling couple of hours in Physics and he looked forward to something cool and sweet and full of caffeine. He supposed he should be grateful Austin and Riley had left the crowded room immediately after class, but it stung that they hadn't said anything to him when they skirted his chair. All for the best. *Yeah, right.*

He slowed as he approached the crowded shop. Small groups gathered on the patio, chatting, while a line wound its way inside the popular coffee spot. He winced slightly at the young couple pressed into the corner of the building, hands and tongues exploring each other. He couldn't remember the last passionate kiss he'd shared with anyone.

Disheartened, he found an empty table under an oak tree and flung his pack down. Sitting on the bench, he folded his arms on the table and rested his chin on his forearm. The late afternoon sun was losing its warmth and the dirt under his feet was still damp from last night's rain. He longed for summer's heat and a few weeks of vacation where he could get the hell away for a while.

He thought of going somewhere with miles of white sand and blue ocean. A grin curled his lips as he imagined his pale boyfriends lying next to him. His smile widened. He'd have to invest in a large beach umbrella. Especially for Riley. It would be a sin to mar that lovely porcelain complexion.

He groaned into his arms, imagining Austin's sleek limbs in nothing but a skimpy Speedo, his silky skin turning golden in the sunshine, and a light sheen of sweat covering his leanly muscled chest. Luke ached to run his tongue between Austin's pecs, circle each dark nub with his lips. In his mind, he glanced down Austin's body and was jolted with lust at the bulge under the red swimsuit. *Oh god!* He wanted that cock in his mouth, shoving between his lips. He'd never done that, though it was front and center in every one of his fantasies.

He jumped and quickly raised his head when someone sat on the bench opposite him. He blinked stupidly at Austin, and sat up, yawning to hide his

confusion. “Must have dozed off,” he mumbled, blinking away the image of Austin’s face in ecstasy as Luke sucked his dick. His own cock pushed painfully against his zipper. Thank god the table hid the obvious from Austin’s view.

Austin laughed, and the friendly sound sent a pleasant shiver along Luke’s spine. He quirked a brow when Austin placed a cold drink at his elbow. “I saw you sitting over here and thought I’d bring you something. Riley told me how you stood up for him in the locker room earlier. Thank you.”

Luke nodded, distracted by the thickness of Austin’s lashes around the bluest eyes he’d ever seen. He gathered his scattered thoughts with an effort and took a sip from the plastic cup. “Peppermint! You remembered.”

“With extra chocolate and a shot of espresso. You buy the same thing every time you come in, love.”

“I’m still surprised you remember, with all the customers you get.”

Something flickered in Austin’s eyes and he held Luke’s gaze, lips parting as if he were about to say something. A shout behind them calling Luke’s name shattered the moment. Luke glanced over his shoulder and groaned under his breath. They *would* have to pick that moment to walk by. And fuck almighty, Patricia Sloan was with them. Awesome.

“Hey Luke.” Tim McKenzie stopped at the table, an arm around a willowy blonde. He nodded at Austin, who smiled back. There were a few other guys from the soccer team and also a couple from Luke’s Calculus class, who nodded as they walked by with a mix of girls. Tim waved them on. “We’re heading to the Wrap Shack for a bite. Want to come?”

“Can’t. Still have a chapter to read for ecology tonight.”

“You have to eat, don’t you?” Patricia had lingered and the tall brunette now put a hand on Luke’s shoulder. The warmth of her body spiced with a musky perfume teased his senses into remembering their one night together. He wrinkled his nose, wishing he could scrub the incident from his mind.

“Hey Patricia. What’s up?” he asked, to be polite.

“Hopefully you.” She bent and nuzzled his ear. “Can I help with that?”

He jerked his head away. “Fighting with Bobby again?”

“Don’t be a prick.” Her full lips drooped into a pout. “You never called me.”

Luke swallowed a scathing remark. “You didn’t bother to tell me you had a boyfriend, Patricia. I think we’re even.”

“Call me anyway. I know you miss this.” She grabbed his chin, turning his head to crush their mouths together in a hard kiss. “I’m free tonight.”

“Jesus, Pat. Come on.” Tim gripped her elbow and tugged her after the others who were waiting some distance away. “Sorry,” he mouthed to Luke, rolling his eyes when Patricia whined to be let go.

Luke rubbed his face after they’d left, embarrassed to meet Austin’s keen glance. Sure, he’d been lonely and she’d been willing, but he’d felt like shit afterwards. At least he’d had enough sense to use a condom. He’d found out the hard way that sex without love wasn’t for him. Better to be celibate than go through that again.

“Is that who everyone says you’re dating?”

Luke’s head shot up at the laughter in Austin’s voice. A grin tugged his mouth at the merriment sparkling in his blue eyes. “We went out one time! I realized it was a mistake, but Patricia acts like we were in love or something.” His smile slipped. “Got myself tested afterwards. Who knows where she’s been? Still squeaky clean. But now I can’t figure out how to get rid of her.”

“I know how.” Austin leaned toward him as if to tell a secret. Luke flushed, warmth spreading through him as Austin’s breath fanned his face. “Want me to tell you?”

Suddenly, Luke wasn’t sure. A shiver ran through him. Austin’s plump lips were mere inches from his own. He only had to move his head slightly to reach them. *Oh god.* He wanted this, needed Austin in his arms, wrapped around him. Fuck the future. There was only here and now...

A frantic shout brought them both to their feet. Tim McKenzie stood by the coffee shop waving wildly. “Hurry!”

Without a question Luke grabbed up his pack and sprinted after Austin. The urgency in Tim’s voice had his heart thumping. Something was definitely wrong. Tim never lost his cool, even in the heat of a fierce soccer match.

“It’s Gabe. He’s completely lost it...” Tim fell into step beside them and led them around the corner of the building. Luke slowed, unable to believe the scene before him. Gabe had Riley pinned to the brick wall by a hand to his throat. Blood trickled from Riley’s cut lip and a hand print shown bright red on his white face.

Gabe raised his fist again and Austin launched at him, tackling the larger guy to the ground. He rolled, but Gabe was quick, his knee catching Austin in the side. Something inside Luke snapped at Austin’s grunt of pain. He strode over to where Gabe struggled to his knees and swung his heavy pack at his head. The blow smashed Gabe to the cement, but with a roar he started to his feet again.

Luke kicked him in the back then knelt and wrapped an arm around Gabe’s neck, restricting his air. Gabe fought him and Luke tightened his hold. “Stop struggling or I swear to God I’ll snap your neck.”

Gabe must have sensed his cold fury and stilled, breath wheezing. Luke heard Riley’s muffled sobs behind him and for just an instant cut off Gabe’s air. He instantly loosened his arm, frightened by his blind rage.

“Tim, has Campus Security been called?” he asked, voice shaky.

“They’re on their way.”

At that moment two uniformed men trotted up. Luke left Tim to explain what had happened; refusing to let Gabe up until one of the guards had him by the arm. As he let him go Luke put his mouth to Gabe’s ear. He wrinkled his nose at the scent of sweat and fear rolling off him. “Touch either of them again and next time I won’t stop,” he promised. Gabe grunted, hanging his head as the security team led him through the group of people that had gathered.

“Show’s over,” Tim called dryly, and made shooing motions until the crowd broke up.

Luke held out his hand. “Thanks, Tim. What set Gabe off?”

“He was bitching about the trouble he got into with coach earlier. Riley had the misfortune to walk by just then and Gabe didn’t even speak to him, just backhanded him in the face. That’s when I ran for you guys.”

Luke nodded, his attention on Austin where he knelt with Riley. Riley’s face was buried against his shoulder while Austin whispered in his ear. As if feeling his gaze, Austin glanced up at him.

“Is he all right?” Luke asked, concerned.

“I’ll take him to the cafeteria for ice.”

Luke knelt beside them and put a gentle finger under Riley’s chin, turning his face. Tears glimmered in Riley’s beautiful hazel eyes and the swollen cheek was already beginning to bruise. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Riley whispered, and stood up with Austin’s help. He absently brushed at the blood on his chin, tonguing the cut on the corner of his lip. He glanced down and horror jumped on his face. “Oh God, Austin.”

“What is it?” Luke saw Austin’s hold tighten protectively around Riley.

“This is Mom’s jacket. She’s gonna kill me.”

“We can try to rinse it out...” Austin suggested, voice bleak.

Luke eyed the smear of blood on the denim jacket hugging Riley’s slim chest. “Blood’s hard to get out, but surely she’ll understand—”

Austin turned on him, eyes blazing. “You don’t know anything about it! Shut up and let me think.”

“She’s home early today, Austin.”

Austin’s shoulders slumped and he put his cheek against Riley’s. “Jesus. I’m sorry, honey. I wish you didn’t have to go home.”

Luke looked at them, totally confused, worried. “I don’t understand. I thought Riley lived with you.”

Anguish twisted Austin's features. "Don't you think I want to take care of him? Keep him safe? But his mom hates me and I only make things worse. But I can't afford—" A sob choked off his words. "God, Luke! Go away. Go back to your fancy dorm and girlfriends and Daddy's money. You can't begin to imagine what our life is like."

Luke sucked in his breath, feeling like he'd been slapped in the face. Austin turned his back and urged Riley towards the cafeteria. Luke watched them walk away, heart aching as if he'd lost something precious he hadn't even known he'd had.

He jumped a little at a touch on his arm and glanced into Tim's discerning eyes. "Want to tell me what's going on?"

Luke groaned. "I'm in so much trouble here I can't begin to tell you."

"Come on. I'll buy you a sandwich and you can tell me all about it before class."

"Okay." Luke sighed and picked up his backpack.

They walked in silence for a moment until Tim made a thoughtful sound. "Riley should have that contusion on his face looked at. Make sure his eye wasn't damaged."

Luke chuckled despite the gnawing worry in his gut. Tim was a pre-med student and saw danger in every cut and scrape. "I got a close look. He'll be fine. Now stop being the doctor and come play psychologist and tell me how crazy I am."

"With pleasure." Tim slung an encouraging arm around his shoulders as they approached the crowded Wrap Shack on the corner.

CHAPTER THREE

Luke paced his room, wired, anxious. It had been hard sitting through his Ecology class and it was torture now, wanting to call Austin but not sure how he'd be received. *Damn*. Riley had sounded so frightened about that damned coat. He paused at a window and stared at the lawn two stories down. There was still about an hour of sunlight. Maybe he should look Riley's address up on the soccer roster and head over there...

He sighed and crossed the room, throwing himself down on the bed. God, how many times in the last couple years had he stared at those same damn cracks in the ceiling? Too many fucking lonely times, that's what. He thought of Riley's scared eyes and wanted him here, tucked safely in his arms. He wanted to feel Riley's heartbeat against his own. He'd kiss his full lips, daring gentle, deep probes of his tongue into Riley's sweet mouth.

Austin would be there, pushed against Riley's back, trapping him securely between them. Austin would nuzzle Riley's neck, making him giggle into Luke's mouth. Riley could roll into Austin's arms so Luke could see them kiss, see Austin's tongue circle Riley's lips before plunging into his honeyed depths.

Luke moaned, feeling that tongue all the way to his swelling cock. He continued the fantasy, burrowing between the lovers to bite and lick at the tiny nubs on Riley's chest, loving his soft gasps and the way he squirmed in obvious pleasure. Austin's fingers skimmed down Riley's body and Luke's lips followed, kissing a trail down Riley's flat stomach. Luke's cock ached as he imagined the length and taste of Riley's dick in his mouth.

His phone buzzed, startling Luke from the dream, and he scrambled from the bed to snatch it off the dresser. His heart jumped when he saw Austin's name. "Hello?"

Austin sounded distraught, his voice choked with tears. "Luke, can you come? Please? We need you."

"I'll be right there. Where are you?"

"By the river, south corner of the park. *Hurry.*"

“On my way.”

Shoving the phone in his jeans, Luke snatched up his keys and wallet and dashed from his room. He took the stairs two at a time, ignoring the shouts from his roommates as he slammed out the front door and sprinted for his car. Austin’s words from earlier stung. His mother had bought Luke the hybrid the day he started college. He’d never had to do without in his life. Maybe it was time to start.

It took only minutes to circle the campus and reach the large park by the lake. Parking in the first empty spot he came to, Luke jumped from the car and loped across the parking lot to the grassy field. Crossing at a quick jog, Luke slowed as he reached the tree line. The evening light was dimmer under the evergreen limbs, forcing him to slow to a walk, though his heart pounded at the delay.

He reached the lake and squinted in the brilliant light glinting off the surface as the sun lowered on the horizon.

“Luke.”

His gaze jerked to the left and found Austin several yards away, looking defeated. Riley perched on a rock beside him, knees drawn up under his chin as he faced the water. Luke hurried to them, a twist of fear in his chest when he saw Austin’s tearstained face.

“What?”

Austin swallowed as if finding it difficult to speak. “Riley’s hurt and I... I don’t know what to do. I had no one else to call...” His voice broke and his face scrunched with pain, looking suddenly very young and scared.

Luke put a hand on his shoulder, gave it a gentle squeeze. “I’m here, honey. Let’s see what we can do.” His face heated, realizing he’d said the endearment out loud. But that was how he’d begun to think of them.

He took a step closer to Riley and bit back a cry, shocked. Blood oozed from cuts on his forearms, long thin lines in the pale skin. Panic surged through him. “He needs an ambulance!”

“No,” Austin said at his side, voice tired, sad. “He does that sometimes.”

For the first time Luke noticed the web of fine scars running the length of Riley’s slender arms. His heart ached but also stirred with anger, all his protective instincts coming to the forefront.

“Look at his back,” Austin begged.

Luke winced, feeling Austin’s agony as his own. He leaned over Riley and touched the hem of his shirt. “May I?”

Riley made no answer, his face a sleepy mask, heavy lidded, lined with pain. Luke swallowed his tears and gently raised Riley’s shirt. *Christ!* Perfectly round bruises, the size of fists, ran his back, and his whole right side was purple with ugly contusions. Kicked, maybe...

Fury swamped Luke’s senses for a second, but he shoved it away. Only Riley mattered.

“What happened?” he growled, and clenched his teeth.

“His fucking mother drinks, and when we couldn’t get the bloodstains out of her coat... Oh, god, Luke! What do I do? I can’t protect him.”

Austin covered his face, hiding his anguish, and Luke’s chaotic thoughts suddenly stilled, knowing what he had to do.

“I’ll take Riley home with me for now. No way in hell will he go back to that bitch.”

Austin shot him a startled look, and then nodded at whatever he saw in Luke’s face. Luke gently lowered Riley’s shirt and without a word scooped him up into his arms. Riley gasped and flung arms around his neck, blinking his pretty eyes, bewildered. Luke chuckled, hefting him a little higher against his chest.

“You’re heavier than you look,” he said fondly, and despite the circumstances, enjoyed Riley’s soft blush. He nodded to Austin. “My car’s right up front.”

Luke’s arms were straining by the time they reached the parking lot, but he wouldn’t have traded this moment with his boys for anything. Riley smelled

wonderful, clean sweat and apricot shampoo. “Keys are in my left front pocket,” he told Austin, voice muffled against Riley’s neck. He couldn’t help a soft moan at the touch on his back and the fingers slipping down the front of his jeans.

Austin slid into the back seat and Luke handed Riley in to him. “We’ll be at my place in a minute,” he said, and closed the door. He took his place behind the wheel and glanced over his shoulder at them. A smile tugged at his lips. Riley had his head in Austin’s lap, and was smiling up at him. Austin brushed the hair from Riley’s eyes with a face so full of love Luke’s heart ached at the beauty of it. The ache spread to longing. Would Austin ever look at him that way? He hoped to God yes.

He drove with extreme caution to the house he rented with five other guys. The old Victorian home boasted five bedrooms and two guest baths, though Luke paid extra for the master bedroom with its own private bath. He pulled his Civic Hybrid to the curb and quickly climbed out.

Riley had fallen asleep on the short drive, and Luke lifted him once again into his arms.

“Go right in. Bedroom’s at the top of the stairs, first door on the left,” he instructed Austin as he followed him to the front door, its stained glass window sparkling in the last of the sunlight. They crossed the hardwood foyer and began climbing the oak steps just as someone came out of the living room.

Tim McKenzie gaped on seeing them. “Oh my God, Luke. What happened now?”

“Tell you in a minute. Can you grab the first aid kit for me?”

“Sure thing.”

Tim disappeared through another doorway and Luke hurried up the stairs as his arms tired, relieved to let Riley down on his bed. He sat on the edge of the mattress to catch his breath. Austin’s fingers felt wonderful as they threaded through his damp hair and Luke raised his face, warmth spreading through him at the humor and admiration in Austin’s blue eyes.

“My hero,” Austin murmured, and Luke’s heart jolted at his wicked smile. He leaned in for a kiss, biting his lip in disappointment when Tim burst into the room.

“So what do we have?” Tim asked in a no-nonsense tone, placing the plastic kit on Luke’s dresser and opening the many compartments.

“There are washcloths in the bathroom,” Luke said. He touched Austin’s arm, leaned close. “Can you ask Riley to undress? I’d like Tim to look him over. If he suspects any internal injuries we’ll call the emergency services.”

Austin nodded, and Luke left them to help Tim gather the wet washcloths and a towel. Tim looked at him expectantly when they entered the small bathroom.

“There’s a few cuts on his arms that will need to be cleaned,” Luke told him, and suddenly fought down the urge to be sick. “Tim, his mother beat him black and blue. Not for the first time, I gather. Christ, please see if he’s okay.”

“Hey, I’m sure he’s fine. You wouldn’t have been able to carry him without causing a lot of pain if there’d been any serious damage done. Let me check him over, then take him to the campus clinic in the morning, just to be sure.”

Luke rubbed a hand over his face. “I’m so angry! And worried. I can’t think straight.”

Tim squeezed his shoulder. “Totally understandable. Come on, let’s see what I can do.”

“Thanks, Tim.” Luke swallowed the tightness in his throat and followed Tim into the bedroom. Austin rose from where he’d been sitting on the bed holding Riley’s hand. Luke’s gaze raked over Riley and he caught back an angry cry. The purple and black contusions on his left side wrapped around to the front, discoloring his ribs and the sleek muscles of his chest. Luke glanced over black boxer briefs and sighed in relief when he didn’t see any marks on his slim legs.

He looked into Riley's face, noting the dark circles under his eyes. "Can you sit up?" he asked gently, and slipped an arm behind Riley's back when he nodded. Luke raised him carefully and Austin slid a pillow behind him.

"Thank you," Riley whispered against his cheek. Luke nodded, lingering with Riley's naked body against him, taking a moment to breathe in the heady scent of his skin. He had to force his gaze away from the sweet bulge in Riley's underwear and felt the heat rush to his face when he glanced up and caught Austin's smirk. He stepped back and let Tim take his place.

Tim sat on the edge of the bed. "How are you feeling?" he asked as he touched along the dark bruises on Riley's chest and side, lingering on the spots that brought a hiss from Riley's pale lips.

"I'm okay. Tired."

"Lack of blood will do that," Tim said dryly, and dabbed at the injured forearms with a wet washcloth. "This might sting," he cautioned and spread a healing lotion over the angry lines in the pale skin. Riley bit his lip and Luke watched a trickle of sweat drip from his forehead to his trembling chin.

"Are you done?" he asked, hurting for Riley's pain.

"Almost. I want to check his lungs, then he can sleep."

Luke waited in agony while Tim pulled his stethoscope from a pocket and listened to Riley's chest, front and back. He'd never tease his friend again for carrying the thing around.

"Sounds clear, but Riley, you should really have a doctor look at you in the morning. There might be something I missed."

"He'll go. Thanks, Tim." Luke pretended not to notice the three sets of eyes that swiveled to him in surprise. Maybe he was going all dominant male on them, but right then he really didn't give a shit. His friends needed help and he'd see they got it. They could be mad if they wanted...

Austin put a hand on the small of Luke's back, calming the chaos of emotions churning in his stomach. He realized he must have been scowling

when Austin peered into his face and smiled. “Hey. Riley’s going to be okay. Aren’t you, babe?”

“Yeah. I’m just tired,” Riley assured them. His large yawn proved it.

“I’m going then.” Tim gathered the first aid kit.

“Thanks, man,” Luke said, and the others echoed him. He sat on the edge of the bed after Tim left and picked up Riley’s hand, suddenly self-conscious. He gently ran a finger beside one of the ragged cuts on his arm, then lifted his hand and pressed a kiss to his warm palm. “You scared me,” he murmured, not meeting Riley’s gaze.

“I’m sorry.”

Luke looked up and almost drowned in the warmth in Riley’s hazel eyes.

“Promise me you won’t go back to that house.”

“But...”

“You’ll stay here for a few days until we figure something out.” He wasn’t going to argue about this.

Riley blinked, and a soft flush colored his cheeks. “If that’s what you want.”

“It is.” He stood up and pulled back the blankets. “Climb in,” he said with a grin. He liked having Riley in his bed, and took his time tucking the blankets snug around his slim body. He kissed his forehead, his heart swelling when Riley’s eyelids fluttered closed. He caressed his cheek with a finger, then sighed under his breath and joined Austin where he leaned against the dresser watching them.

“Do you want to stay with him? The bed’s big enough. I have a sleeping bag in the closet I can use tonight.” He bit his lip, heart pounding when Austin didn’t answer. He couldn’t read the expression in his blue eyes and wondered if he’d crossed a line somewhere.

“I just want to help,” he started to explain; beginning to wish he’d kept his mouth shut.

Austin straightened and stepped closer to him, lightly brushing Luke's lips with his own. "I know. Thank you." He coughed slightly, clearing his throat. "You don't know how many times I had to watch him enter that house when I wanted to keep him somewhere safe. You're a good friend."

Luke frowned at a thought. "Is there anyone else to worry about? Brothers or sisters?"

"No. It's always just been him and his mom. Have no idea where the father is. Left them a long time ago."

Luke nodded. "What's your schedule tomorrow? We can borrow Riley's house key and get his stuff when his mom's at work."

A slow smile spread across Austin's face. "Shit, Luke. No one's wanted to help us before. I owe you. How about after soccer practice?"

"Sounds good."

Luke went to the closet for his sleeping bag and tried not to listen to the rustle of the bed sheets and Austin and Riley's intimate whispers behind him.

CHAPTER FOUR

Luke stretched a kink from his back. What time was it? He glanced over his shoulder at the clock on the dresser and scowled. Only six o'clock? He didn't have to get up for another couple hours. Why was he awake...

His heart jolted at a breathy sigh, barely discernible in the darkness. *Riley*. He couldn't imagine Austin making a sound even when he came, if he didn't want to. He rolled to his side, away from the bed and scrunched down into the sleeping bag. They were so quiet! He had to give them that. But sometimes bodies made sounds of their own, the whisper of a kiss, the rasp of skin over skin, an involuntary moan.

A breath caught in the quiet room, and then Riley's groan, full of ecstasy and love, betrayed his orgasm. Luke squeezed his eyes shut. *Oh God!* He wanted to climb into bed with them. He wanted Riley's moans of pleasure in his own mouth.

He jumped at a low grunt and sigh from Austin. Shit, that did it. Luke plunged a hand into his boxers and pulled on his aching cock. What would it be like to be in bed with them, tangled limbs, sweat and spit and cum slicking their skin? He wanted to fuck Riley. Shit yes! He'd wrap that firm, sleek body in his arms, Riley's strong legs hugging his hips, Luke's hard cock slathered with lube pushing slowly into his hot hole. What would that be like? Heat and tightness and Riley's moans of pleasure when he struck his prostate, feeling his own orgasm building as he plunged into Riley again and again.

Luke smiled wickedly into his pillow, knowing as he fucked Riley that Austin, watching, would want to join them. He was pretty sure Austin wanted to top him. Did Luke want to be fucked? He wasn't sure. He'd never had anything bigger than his own fingers in there. There'd be pain, but if he'd been stretched...

Oh God! He knew how Austin's fingers would feel circling his hole, pushing at the tight muscles. One would slip in, another. He knew Austin would take his time, maybe kissing him while he stretched Luke one direction

then the opposite, opening him up. Maybe Riley would lick his dick, suck the pre-cum. Riley's fingers would slip inside him with Austin's...

Christ! He was close to coming, his balls hard and achy. Austin would position him, ass in the air, and ever so slowly inch into him...

Luke smothered a groan in his pillow; almost weeping he wanted it so much. He needed Austin to fill him up, push the loneliness from his heart. He longed for Riley's kisses to take away the pain of living a lie. He'd been alone so many damn years.

He pictured Riley's lush mouth on his dick and he clamped his teeth shut on a groan as his orgasm burned through him, spewing out in thick globs into his hand. The fantasy came to an end with Riley turning his head and sharing Luke's spunk in a kiss with Austin.

After wiggling out of his boxers and wiping up, Luke rolled to his stomach and wrapped his arms around his pillow, imagined the weight of the sleeping bag was his lovers' arms around him. He must have dozed because the next thing he knew, sunlight streamed into the room and the shower was running. A glance at the clock confirmed the time, a little past eight. Time to get up, but he lay still a moment, imagining his lovers' sleek bodies soaped and slippery under the steamy shower spray.

A twitch in his cock reminded him of his nakedness and he climbed out of the bag. The water turned off and he nabbed a pair of boxers from his dresser, tugging them over his overeager dick as the bathroom door rattled, then opened.

"Hey," he said, and couldn't stop the slow smile on his face as he took in Austin's damp hair, flushed skin, and the sparse curls on his chest traveling downwards to disappear under the towel around his hips. Austin returned his smile and crossed the room to the bed, sitting and pulling his clothes closer.

"Riley had an early class," he informed Luke, rightly interpreting his glance towards the bathroom. "He told me to make sure to thank you for taking us in last night."

“I’m glad I could help.” Luke leaned back against the dresser. He liked Austin on his bed, a strong thigh exposed where the towel parted. Austin’s appreciative glance raked over him as well, and he licked his lips. They both knew nothing would happen without Riley’s presence, but Luke was thankful not to have to hide his interest any more.

Tingling head to toe, Luke brought his thoughts back to more important matters. “Are we picking up Riley’s things this afternoon?”

“If that’s still okay? Um...” Austin nibbled a lip as he glanced around the small room. “What do you have in mind? We can’t stay here forever.”

Luke straightened from the dresser, heart plummeting at a twinge of doubt. Didn’t they want to be with him? He knew Austin would sleep with him, but he’d thought... Didn’t matter. Riley still needed a safe home. He ignored the small pain in his heart. “Let’s just get his things here. I have a couple of ideas, but need to do some checking first, if you don’t mind.”

“Sure.”

Austin lifted his foot to slip on a sock, giving Luke a tantalizing glimpse under the towel. He hastily cleared his throat. “I’d better shower. Class is in half an hour.”

“See you at practice.” Austin waved his sock, and Luke beat a hasty retreat to the bathroom before he gave in to temptation and pinned Austin to the bed, minus the towel. He sighed as he closed the door and peeled off his underwear.

“What do you want?” He scowled at his heavy erection, tired of having to get himself off when he only felt hollow afterwards. He lingered under the shower spray, dejected. He’d gone to bed full of hope, excited for a future with the boys he loved. Now he wasn’t sure about anything. His father...

Fuck. No more hiding. Last night he’d felt alive! He wouldn’t go back to that dark little room his father wanted to keep in him, tied by his outdated rules.

He smiled crookedly. “If he doesn’t want to help with tuition, once he knows, I can always make coffees with Austin.” He pushed his concerns aside and lathered up. He wondered if Austin and Riley would enjoy touching him.

He was muscular enough and the constant running on the soccer field kept him fit. But they were two dark beauties while he looked like every other blond on campus.

The thought made him laugh out loud. “Jesus, man, you’re a fag not a drama queen. Now finish and get your ass to class.”

Humor restored, he hummed as he finished his shower and toweled off. Pulling on jeans and sweatshirt, he slipped on socks and sneakers and headed downstairs. The morning air was cool as he climbed into his car, but the sun promised warmth later. Perfect. He had a couple of lectures in philosophy that morning, but then two hours on the soccer field. The team had several plays they still needed to work on.

Thoughts of Gabe Anderson sobered him as he drove the short distance to the college. What was the guy’s problem? Gabe now had a warning from the college about his behavior, but Luke hoped he wouldn’t have to remove him from the team anyway. As captain, he couldn’t let the bastard bully the other players. Then again, they needed Gabe if they hoped to have a chance in the playoffs. Of course, Coach had the final say, but Luke’s opinion went a long way with him.

Luke continued to worry the problem over during the two hours of lectures on logic. It surprised him when people got up to leave around him. He hadn’t heard a word the professor had said. He’d have to ask someone for notes later.

Approaching the gym, he spotted Tim McKenzie waiting outside the doors and hurried over. This couldn’t be good.

“Trouble,” Tim confirmed when Luke got within earshot.

“Gabe?”

“And Riley. Gabe was harassing him and Coach Ackley overheard. He wants to see you.”

Goddamn! He pushed through the doors and blinked in the dim light of the locker room. His heart lurched when he spotted Austin leaning against the wall outside the coach’s closed door. Ignoring the stares of his teammates, he quickly went up to him. “Austin?”

Fury sparked in Austin's eyes when he raised his face. "*I hate this shit!* They're going to push Riley right over the edge..." His voice broke and Luke caught the glimmer of frustrated tears. Without thinking, he opened his arms and Austin stepped into his embrace, dropped his head on Luke's shoulder.

"I won't let that happen," Luke vowed fiercely against Austin's wet cheek, throat choked with his own tears. No way in hell would he let his sweet Riley suffer one more day, even if he had to kick the ass of every bully on the planet. He laughed painfully, knowing he couldn't fight violence with violence. But at the moment he was afraid to face Gabe, ready to pound him into a bloody mess on the floor.

He stepped back, smiling grimly at the buzz of voices and a catcall behind them as he brushed Austin's damp hair from his eyes and kissed his forehead. "Be strong. I'll fix this." He flashed a look at their gawking teammates. "Practice in ten minutes," he snapped.

Luke rapped on the coach's door and went in at the gruff response. His gaze quickly took in Gabe's angry pacing and Riley's defiant stance in the middle of the room. He looked scared but determined. Luke's heart leaped, wishing Austin could see Riley now. He was stronger than they both gave him credit for.

"You wanted to see me, Coach?" he asked, as he closed the door.

"Yeah. What the hell's going on with these two?"

Ackley was a large man, fit, and sometimes intimidating. But he'd been Luke's coach for the past two years and they'd developed a mutual respect based on their love of the game. Luke returned his scowl with a lifted brow. "What happened this time?"

Ackley jutted his chin toward Gabe. "Big Mouth here was taunting Riley and I saw the bruises on the boy's back. Have any an idea what happened?"

"What does Riley say?"

"Said he had an accident on his roller blades. I don't believe him. More likely he's covering up for someone. What do you say?"

“You can take my word Gabe had nothing to do with his bruises...this time.”

The coach let out an exasperated breath. “Nice caveat. Very well. Gabe, you’re on the bench until you learn to keep your bigoted mouth shut. Riley, I want you on the opposite end of the field practicing goal kicks. Don’t want you seriously injured before Playoffs. Well, get going.”

“Right, Coach.” Luke held the door for the other two to precede him. He glanced at Ackley but the man was scowling at the roster on his desk and Luke followed the others into the locker room.

Gabe confronted him as soon as he closed the door. “What the hell, Parsons? You should have told Coach you need me on that field. Why you sticking up for that pansy ass—”

“Shut up.” Luke shook his head, disgusted. “Gabe, you’re a coward and bully and if you say one more word I’ll throw you off the team myself.”

Gabe’s eyes narrowed, an unpleasant smile curling his lips. “So that’s how it is. Got yourself a little girlfriend, do you? Tell me, does Riley squeal when you fuck him?”

Luke clenched his hand, heart beating furiously when Tim’s shout froze him in place. It took all his effort not to punch Gabe in the face. He envied his friend’s cool tones when he stepped between them and spoke to Gabe.

“You know, we had a little team meeting while you were in the office.” Tim motioned to the other players, who stopped what they were doing and gathered around. Gabe’s eyes widened and Luke glanced over his shoulder. Not all the players were present, but almost twenty of them stood at his back, strong, athletic. He could understand why Gabe would feel intimidated.

Tim continued, “Gabe, you’ve pretty much harassed every guy on the team, at one time or another. We’re done. We’ve reached the verdict that you’re a bully and a homophobic asshole. If you bother any member of this team in the future, *any* member, you’ll have to answer to all of us.” Tim’s voice turned to silk. “And believe me, you don’t want to know what we’ll do to you.”

Luke caught the flicker of fear in Gabe's eyes. He was clearly shaken. Then Gabe hid behind a sneer. "Fuck off, McKenzie," he grumbled, and shoved through the crowd to his locker. Luke thought Gabe might just grab his stuff and leave, relieved when Gabe tore off his shirt and started putting on his uniform.

Luke let out a held breath. "Thanks guys. I'll change and meet you on the field."

The team dispersed, several members giving Luke a nod. They had his back. Luke glanced across the locker room but Austin and Riley had already gone out with the others. Gabe ignored him, refusing to meet his stare as he exited to the field. Luke felt a little dazed as he changed, pulling the jersey signifying he was the team captain over his head. He'd wanted to unite the team. Who'd have guessed it would be Gabe who accomplished it?

CHAPTER FIVE

Luke pulled his car to the curb and climbed out, taking a deep breath of the warm air fragrant with apple blossoms from the tree in the yard. The afternoon sunlight felt wonderful. As the saying went, thank God it's Friday. Yesterday had been tough. First the drama at soccer practice, then getting Riley's stuff from his house before his mom got home. He and Austin hadn't said a word between them, simply put everything from Riley's room in a few boxes and left. It hurt him how little the young man had, when he had boxes of shit stored in his parents' garage along with a bedroom crammed with more for when he visited.

He trotted up the walkway and hurried inside the house, climbing the steps two at a time to his room. He'd gotten it! It had taken some persuading and every ounce of charm he possessed, not to mention a big chunk of his savings, but it was all theirs.

"Hey, I've got a surprise..."

His words trailed off and the smile slipped from his face. The room was empty. *Damn*. He closed the door behind him and went to the window, stifling a sigh. The doubts he'd woken up with returned full force. He pulled the ring holding three keys from his pocket and stared at them.

"Maybe they don't..."

Pain tightened his throat. He'd spent the last two nights on the floor while Austin and Riley shared his bed. He'd ached in the darkness, listening to their whispers and soft kisses, longing to be included. Had he misunderstood them? Had they played with him? A game between lovers he could only watch from the outside?

He sat on the edge of the bed while the joy left his heart. He'd spent his whole life hiding who he was, being what everyone expected of him. He'd fallen in love for the first time despite that, but now it looked like they didn't want him. He smoothed a pillow, then with a groan picked it up and pressed his face into the soft down. It smelled like apricots. *Riley*.

Stretching out on the bed, he pushed his face into Austin's pillow and breathed in the scent of Axe cologne and clean sweat. His heart sped up and he rolled to his side, clutching Riley's pillow to his chest. He rubbed his cheek against the cotton pillow case, pretending it was Riley's satin skin he caressed. Falling deeper into the daydream, Luke outlined Riley's full lips with his tongue, teasing them open. He slipped his tongue into the warm depths of spun sugar and moaned with pleasure while his dick swelled. Austin would spoon up against Riley and they'd take turns stretching him with slick fingers, Luke pushing deep into his hot hole until Riley begged for release. Only then would Austin fuck him from behind while Luke stroked their sweet lover into coming.

He jumped when his phone went off, climbing reluctantly from the erotic fantasy to pull it from his pocket. "Hello?" He cleared the gruffness from his voice. "Austin?"

"Hey. We're practicing down at the park. Wanna join us?"

"Hell yes! Be right there."

He knew he blushed at Austin's laugh before he hung up but didn't care. They wanted him with them. They were thinking of him. His chest swelled, loving them. He loved Austin's intelligence and humor, adored Riley's kindness and sweet temper. And if he didn't get those hot bodies tangled around his own soon he'd go mad!

Grabbing up his car keys, Luke practically ran to his car and shot over to the park. Austin said they were at the southern corner again by the river, and Luke's heart pounded as he trotted across the mowed grass field. There they were, lazily kicking a soccer ball back and forth. His heart tripped when they waved him over. God, if they were playing with him he'd have to fucking kill them!

"Hi," he said, suddenly nervous as hell.

"Hey," Austin said, smiling brightly as he kicked the ball to him. They passed it back and forth in silence for a couple of minutes until Luke thought he would scream. What were the secret glances they exchanged and Riley's

giggles all about? Austin had the ball and seemed to purposefully kick it into the trees.

“I’ll get it!” Riley volunteered, then covered his mouth to hide a mischievous smile and laughing eyes. *Adorable!*

“Wait,” Luke said before he ran off. “Come here a second.”

Riley gave him a questioning look and went to him. “What is it?”

Luke picked up his hand, rubbed a thumb over his palm. He eyed the angry red lines and scars running down Riley’s white forearm and struggled to express himself. “You must have been hurting badly to do this. I’m sorry. You don’t deserve it. No one does.” He looked earnestly into Riley’s pretty hazel eyes. “Promise me, if you ever feel like cutting again, you’ll talk to me or Austin first. Please?”

Riley blushed, and nodded shyly. “I will.”

Luke passionately kissed his palm, aching for his pain, and Riley sucked in a breath when Luke placed feather-light kisses up his arm. Luke stared at Riley’s plump lips, wanting to taste them, and groaned with need when Riley nibbled a corner of his mouth with his small white teeth.

“I’d better retrieve that ball,” Riley said suddenly, and dashed into the trees.

“I’ll help him.” Austin trotted after his lover. Luke blinked, frowning. What were they up to? A thought came to him while he waited and he caught his breath, cock twitching awake. No way...

Glancing over his shoulder, he followed the path the others had taken, and stopped in his tracks as he came to a small open area in the trees, pulse leaping to life. Austin and Riley were locked in each other’s arms, bodies pressed tightly together as they kissed. Luke wondered if he were supposed to leave them alone, but Riley’s sigh of pleasure drew him like a moth to a flame.

Austin had both his hands holding Riley’s dark head in place while he thoroughly kissed him, Riley’s arms clutching his back as if holding on for dear life. *So fucking hot!* They must have heard his whimper because suddenly

Austin's hand snaked out and yanked him closer. Luke shook, desire licking clear to his balls when two tongues vied for his mouth with wet, sloppy kisses. He tentatively tasted Riley's lips, sweeter than he remembered, and then Austin captured his mouth, thrusting a possessive tongue deep inside.

Shit yeah! He shivered as if that hot tongue ran the length of his swelling dick. He wanted them to strip him right there, teach him how to love another man.

"Should we go home?" he asked with effort when Austin let him breathe, though hands touched him everywhere. He groaned when one slipped under his shirt and pinched a nipple.

"And risk offending your roomies?" Riley's whisper tickled his ear, as did the tongue he ran over the edge and wiggled inside.

He scrunched up his shoulder with a laugh. "Stop! And no, I have a surprise for you guys. In my right pocket."

Austin chuckled. "I bet you do!" he said and rubbed a palm over the bulge of Luke's erection through his pants. Luke groaned, unconsciously thrusting out his hips when Riley reached around and undid his belt and lowered the zipper. Riley's fingers teased upwards, lifting Luke's shirt.

"Put your hands up," he murmured against Luke's neck, and the lust coating his voice melted Luke's heart. He caught fire when Riley pulled Luke's shirt the rest of the way off and ran his hands up and down his chest, teasing his nipples. He nearly came when Riley bit his earlobe.

"Pocket," he gasped, trying to hold on to the thought while his pulse ran riot. A hand thrust into his pants, scraping along his cock and making him shudder.

"I feel keys... And what's this?" Austin squeezed him through the thin material.

Luke gasped and leaned his head back on Riley's shoulder, raising his chin when Riley nuzzled against his neck. "For us," he managed to say. "An apartment. King-size bed—oh!" Austin jerked Luke's pants off his hips. "We could go there..."

“We will. Later.”

Luke looked down as Austin knelt in front of him, blue eyes flashing with desire and laughter. “I love you,” he said before he knew he was going to say anything, and felt the blush that rose up his skin and flooded his face.

“I love you too,” Austin said and placed a kiss below his bellybutton. Austin gripped Luke’s boxers and nudged them lower, lips following with tantalizing slowness. Luke moaned, wild to have Austin’s mouth on him. He closed his eyes and Riley touched his chin, turning his face to brush their lips together.

“I love you,” Luke murmured into his mouth.

“Me too,” Riley whispered, and seized Luke’s lips in a devastating kiss just as Austin’s hot mouth swallowed Luke’s cock, drowning him in bliss.

THE END

Author Bio

Dianne Hartsock is the author of m/m erotic romance, both contemporary and fantasy, the psychological thriller, and anything else that comes to mind. Oh, and a floral designer. She says if she can't be writing, at least she can create with the beauty of flowers and foliage and bring a smile to someone's face. Currently Dianne lives in the Willamette Valley of Oregon with her husband, and both her children have chosen to attend colleges close to home, for which she is forever thankful.

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