

SOMETHING *Revisited* **MORE**



Amanda Young

Something More – Revisited Copyright © 2007 Amanda Young

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part without permission.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. They are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

WARNING:

The following material contains graphic sexual content, explicit language, hot manlove, and is meant for mature readers.

Something More Revisited

Amanda Young

Emma laid baby Liam in the crib beside his brother, Dalton, and breathed a sigh of relief. She rubbed her aching lower back, worn out from rocking the boys to sleep for what felt like eons. Both her boys were teething, and as such, they fought sleep and were cranky as could be. She loved the little boogers -- so much she almost made herself nauseous at times with all the fawning over them -- but taking care of six month old, twin boys was exhausting.

Footsteps sounded in the hall. Emma glanced over her shoulder and saw Paul enter the room. She lifted a finger to her lips, in a bid for him to stay quiet, before turning back to the boys and pulling the lightweight blanket up around their chubby bellies.

The heat from Paul's bare chest pressed up against her back and leeches through the long, cotton t-shirt she'd thrown on after her shower. He wrapped his arms around her waist and nuzzled the curve of her neck, kissing her throat beneath the ear. "Finally got them down for the night, huh?"

"Mm hmm," Emma murmured, leaning back against Paul.

He nipped the lobe of her ear and soothed it with his tongue. "I'm starting to think we're raising little night owls. It's almost midnight."

She smiled and hugged Paul's arms against her chest. "You and me both, but they should be out for the night now." She grabbed one of Paul's hands and dragged him from the room before they accidentally woke up the kids.

Paul waited until they were out in the hall before he pushed her up against the wall and slammed their mouths together. Emma parted her lips and moaned, as Paul's tongue slid over her teeth and surged into her mouth, rubbing and caressing her own with a slick glide that set her aflame.

Emma raised her arms and clung to Paul's shoulders, the skin under her palms warm and silken to the touch. She kneaded the firm muscles, working them loose and swallowed the resulting groan that spilled from Paul's mouth. The sound was low and needy, reminding her that it had been days since they'd last made love. Somehow, with the kids and work, things always managed to get in the way. Not now though; now it was just the two of them and...

Emma tore her lips from Paul's and stared up at her blinking lover. "Where's Will?" "Shower." Paul hugged her and buried his face in her hair, his chest expanding as he breathed her in. "I finished first and planned to come help you get the boys settled." He bent and brushed his lips over hers. "Unfortunately, you'd already gotten them to sleep. After going in early to help Will with inventory and staying late to close, I feel like I haven't gotten to see the rascals all day. I was looking forward to a little cuddle time."

Emma's heart filled to bursting at how sweet Paul was. He never failed to tell her how precious she and the twins were everyday. Will was the same, though he showed how much he cared more through actions than words -- always bringing home new toys or flowers, doing little things everyday to remind her of how much she was loved. Separate, either of her husbands would make a woman feel lucky. Together, they were a force to be reckoned with. She didn't know what she'd done to deserve being on the receiving end of all that love and affection, but damned if they didn't make her feel like the luckiest woman alive.

"Well, tomorrow is Sunday, so we all have the day off. You and Will can spend time with the boys, while I run errands. That also means no one has to get up and leave for work in the morning." Emma smiled. "What do you say we go tackle Will and have a little quality time of our own?"

"I think you read my mind." Paul grabbed her hand and took off at a fast clip. Emma laughed as she was summarily dragged down the hall, through their bedroom and into the connected master bathroom. Steam filled the room, the glass panel in the shower fogged, but still translucent enough to reveal Will's tan and muscular body, where he stood beneath the spray of water, rinsing off. The rugged planes of his form were muted, but Emma didn't need to see them to know every ridge and muscle, every flat plane and

smooth valley. Will's body was a work of art, all strength and manly beauty that she'd had ample time to explore with hands and mouth. The very thing she wanted to do now.

Paul scooted around her and slid back the shower door. Steam billowed from the opening. "You gonna stay in there all night, babe? Me and Emma have plans for your fine ass that don't include it being all pruned up."

"Oh you do, do you?" Will peered around Paul's shoulder and winked at Emma. He flicked a handful of water at Paul, which had Paul laughing and scurrying back to stand behind Emma.

She laughed as he rubbed his wet face over the back of her neck. "We do. So get your cute rump out of there and come play, before we start without you."

"You heard that, didn't you, Will?" Paul laughed. "The boss has spoken."

Emma swatted at Paul, behind her, and missed as he danced backward into the bedroom. Will cut off the faucet and stepped out of the shower, grinning at her. "Hey."

"Hey yourself," she replied, eyeing her man. His short brown hair was almost black with moisture, dark locks of it hanging over his forehead and curling up at the back of his neck. Beads of water clung to the hair between his pecs, the thinning trail that led to the curls wreathing his full cock and heavy balls, catching the light like and reflecting it little prisms.

Will grabbed a towel off the heated rack and dried off, the muscles in his biceps flexed, his abdomen rippling as ran the cloth over his skin. As she looked her fill, making no attempt to hide her admiration, Will's penis began to fill and rise, the heavy sac beneath wrinkling and pulling up closer to the case of his thick shaft. It was enough to make Emma's mouth water.

"The boys asleep?"

"Huh?" Emma looked up, almost embarrassed that she'd been caught gawking and practically drooling, like she hadn't already seen and felt up every inch of his hot body. "Oh, yeah. Liam put up a pretty good fight, but he didn't last long after Dalton dropped off."

"Well, that's good. I'm looking forward to spending some time with them tomorrow though. I fell like I've been working round the clock lately." He dropped the towel over

the shower rail to dry and advanced toward her, a predatory gleam in his deep brown eyes.

Emma backed up, wanting to play, and made a mad dash into the bedroom. Paul was already on the bed, lying on his side, watching them and naked as a babe. He started laughing at just about the same time she felt the air around her change, Will pushing into her and tackling her to the mattress.

He tickled her, his finger moving over her skin with stealthy cunning, until she was a wiggling ball of giggles. It only took a minute before Paul joined in, pouncing them both and adding his own mayhem to the mix. Her lungs hurt from laughing so hard and her bladder was starting shout for attention.

“Jesus,” she gasped. “Quit it. I can’t breathe.”

Will worked his fingers over the back of her knees and the inside of her thighs, finding ever sensitive spot she had. “Nope. You wouldn’t be able to talk if you couldn’t breathe.”

“Besides, we like hearing your laugh too much to stop,” Paul chimed in, his hands holding her legs down to keep her from kicking at them.

“I’m going to pee. I swear I will, if you don’t stop.” Okay, so that was a little bit of an exaggeration, but they were cheating too. After all, it was two on one.

Will sat back on his calves, as Paul let go of her arms. He held his hands out in front of him, in surrender. “Okay, okay, truce. No more tickling. I swear. I’m not into golden showers.”

Lord, if that didn’t cause another round of laughter. Paul fell down on the bed beside her, laughing so hard he was holding his stomach. Emma rested on her back, staring up at the ceiling, while fighting to keep that picture from forming in her mind. Her men could talk her into just about anything, and had on more than one occasion, but...yuck. That was one thing that was never going to happen in her bedroom. Just... *No*.

God, it felt good to let loose and be silly once in a while.

Grinning like a loon, Emma tried to catch her breath and figure out what she could do to pay back Will for being so evil.

A thought with potential crossed her mind and she glanced over at Paul, knowing he would go right along with her plan and love every minute of it. Will was such a control

freak sometimes, it was going to be fun to take him down a peg or two and blow his mind in the process. Nothing accomplished that faster than taking away all his power, tying him down, and double teaming him until his eyes rolled like dice.

She couldn't remember the last time she and Paul had ganged up on Will. It was usually them ganging up on her, truth be told – not that she was going to complain about it. Who in their right mind would?

This was going to be so much damn fun.

Emma rolled onto her side and threw an arm over Paul. She nuzzled his neck, pretending to kiss him, while she whispered two little words into his ear. Paul kissed her and grinned, wordlessly letting know he was game for making a 'Lucky Pierre' out of their stubborn mate.

Together, they sat up and looked at Will. Will's eyes widened seconds before they pounced on him, Paul grabbing his arms while Emma straddled his chest and leaned over him to get the padded restraints connected to the bed's headboard. It was dumb good luck that they were still attached from the last time the men had tied her down, mainly because she'd kept forgetting to put them away.

Will growled and tried to buck them off. "Quit it. I don't want to be tied down."

Will wiggled and fought, jiggling her around on top of him as she secured the cuffs around his wrists, though she could tell he wasn't putting all his effort into it. If he had, she probably would have landed somewhere on the other side, instead of just getting bounced around on top of him like as if she were riding a bull. The fact that she could feel his dick poking her in the ass every time she leaned back didn't help his cause any. Whether he wanted to admit it or not, he liked what they were doing. And they hadn't even started playing with him yet.

Emma grinned and sat back, watching as Paul jerked on the bindings, making sure they were secure. He leaned down and attempted to kiss Will, who turned his face away like a recalcitrant child.

Paul laughed and grabbed Will's chin, forcing his face around. "Come on now, don't be that way. We know you're getting off on this, else your dick wouldn't be hard enough to hammer wood."

"You know I don't like being tied up, both of you do."

Emma scooted down between Will's legs and ran the back of her fingers over his ball sac, grinning up at him as they drew taut and wrinkled. "Part of you must like it."

"Yeah, well, my dick doesn't know what's good for me and what isn't."

"Oh, come on, Will." Emma wrapped her fist around his thick shaft and pumped up and down loosely. "If you really don't want this, we'll untie you, but just think about all the things we could do to you this way."

Will opened his mouth, ready to interrupt her and demand to be released, but Paul cut him off, speaking before Will could get anything out. "Emma's right. Just think about having all of our attention focused on you -- four hands, two mouths and tongues, every bit of it only for you. Doing all the things you like, just the way you like them. Doesn't that sound like something you'd enjoy?" Paul leaned down and held Will's face still for a kiss. "We only want to make you feel good, bear. Just like you always do for us. Is that really so much to ask?"

"Oh, that was dirty, you little jerk." Will gasped and rocked his hips upward as Emma squeezed the swollen head of his cock. "You're two aren't playing fair."

Emma loosened her hold and leaned in to lick the single tear of moisture off the tip of Will's cock. "It's working though, isn't it?" She glanced up and realized that Will's mouth was too busy to answer her. Paul had taken advantage of Will's momentary lapse of fight to kiss him senseless, their lips moving together in concert, pink tongues darting in and out of each other's mouth. Paul had one hand on Will's chest that alternated from one taut pink nipple to the other, pinching and twisting them the way Will liked.

Emma moaned and squeezed her thighs together. Damn, seeing them kiss -- even more than watching them make love -- never failed to get her juices flowing. There was just something so loving and intimate about the way they kissed. Not that they couldn't be tender with each other during sex, but it usually started out sweet and ended up rough and tumble, their dominant sides fighting to reach orgasm, while trying to make the other come first.

She tore her gaze away from the pretty picture they made and turned her attention to the delicate, throbbing organ in her hand. With the flat of her tongue, she laved the crown, working the heart shaped ridge around the crown and the small indentation

underneath the head. When tiny drop of bitter precome appeared, she pressed her tongue into the slit and lapped it up.

Will groaned around Paul's tongue and bucked his hips, wordlessly begging for more. Happy to oblige, she leaned closer and pulled Will's thick shaft deeper into her mouth, paying particular attention to the swollen vein running down from crown to base along the bottom. She bobbed her head and sucked, moving up and down over Will's turgid flesh.

Emma moved down to Will's tightly drawn balls and ran her tongue over the tender wrinkles, loosening his sac. She glanced up over the length of his hard dick and rippling, washboard abs to watch Paul feed his long dick into Will's wide open mouth. Will's lips closed around the tip, his eyes falling shut and his cheeks caving in as he pulled the first few inches of Paul's shaft into his mouth and began to suck. Garbled noises spilled from Paul's throat as he pitched his hips back and forth, fucking Will's mouth at a slow and steady pace. The muscles in Will's chest and arms tensed, flexing every few seconds as if he was fighting the urge to tug at his bonds.

Poor man. She knew he didn't like giving up his control. They'd just have to make damn sure he didn't regret it.

With that thought in mind, she sat up. "Come down here, Paul, and help me out with something."

Paul pulled out of Will's mouth with a loud squelch and a groan. He moved to Emma's side and nodded down at Will's groin. "Top or bottom?"

Emma pretended to consider for a moment. "Top."

Paul nodded and pushed at the bottom of Will's thighs. Will caught on to what Paul was after and lifted his legs, opening himself to their touch. Paul laid down on his stomach and scooted forward. He tilted Will's pelvis up and spread his ass open, his thumbs to either side of Will's hole, and buried his face between Will's cheeks.

Emma sat to the side and watched Paul eat Will's ass for a moment, until it got to be too much for her. Her nipples ached, tight and puckered against the soft fabric of her nightshirt, and her pussy clenched emptily, ready to be filled. She wasn't sure how much more teasing she could take, and she hadn't even been touched yet. Her lover's had that effect on her. They didn't even have to try to turn her on. She was always ready, willing

and able to make love to them. All they had to do was be in the same room. Of course, it didn't hurt for them to be naked and loving on each other, like they were at the moment.

Emma stripped off her shirt and dropped it over her shoulder. The cool air from the a/c unit in the window made her nipples peak even tighter, though she wouldn't have thought that possible. She shoved her panties down over her hips -- her attention momentarily diverted by Will's shout of bliss because of whatever Paul was doing to his ass -- and finished removing them, squirming from one leg to the other.

She crawled up to Will's side and ran her fingers over his stomach, feeling the tense and shift of his muscles under her touch. Will moaned, staring up at her with dilated eyes. "Come here."

Scurrying to do just that, she bent and brushed her lips over his, softly at first and then harder, overcome by the vast desire to have some part of him inside her right that second. They kissed, tongues dueling. Will ate at her mouth, almost as desperate for the contact as she was. She swallowed his every whimper and groan, wanting more, wanting to be the one who made those sounds spill from her lover's mouth.

She pulled away, her breath coming fast and choppy. "Now."

Will's chest heaved, his face flushed. "Please. Jesus, I can't take much more. Untie me."

Emma nodded and turned to Paul. "What do you want to do?"

"Untie him. He's been good."

Emma snickered at Will's scowl and muttered, "asshole." She leaned over him, unhooking one of the restraints, and felt the tip of one breast swallowed by hot, suckling heat. She mewled, frozen for a second by the sheer startling bliss of having Will's mouth on her nipple, his tongue doing wicked things to the swollen bud. Paul's heat moved up behind her, his hand working the other bond free, as Will released her with a wet, sucking pop that had her crying out for more.

Before she had time to blink, she found herself flat on her back and staring up at her men. One moved to each side of her and lowered their mouths to her breasts. Emma slammed her eyes closed, the feel of their lips closing over her nipples too much sensation to take in all at once. Will sucked, hot wet pressure making her womb clench. Paul licked and nibbled, his tongue warm and soft as it lapped at her nipple. The sharp

edge of teeth raked over her and made her breast feel like it was going to burst from the excruciating sensitivity.

“Jesus. Stop! If one of you don’t fuck me right now, there’s going to be hell to pay.”

Will chuckled, the vibration against her breast almost more than she could bear.

“What happened to your plan to torture me all night?”

“Don’t care,” Emma gasped, as Paul bit down gently on her nipple. “I’m dying here. We can torture you tomorrow.”

“No, no, that’s okay. I’m perfectly happy not to be tortured any more. Thank you very much.”

She would have laughed at the relieved tone of Will’s voice if she’d had the wherewithal to do it. As things stood, her entire universe was reduced to the maddening ache of her breasts and the incessant throb of her clit, hard and swollen amid the slick folds of her sex.

Paul pulled off her breast and blew on it, the cool air inflaming the tender skin. “I don’t know. You seemed pretty set on us double-teaming Will. Are you absolutely *sure* you want to give up now?”

“Paul,” Emma groaned in exasperation.

A look passed between Paul and Will; one she couldn’t decipher. Then she was manhandled upward and rolled over on top Will, who wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, sliding his tongue in and out of her mouth, until she couldn’t care less about where she was or who was doing what to whom. His hard cock brushed against her pelvis, smearing wetness over her skin. She wiggled, desperate for the feel of him inside her. Finally, she felt the blunt head of his dick glide through her bare folds and glide into position, poised at the gateway into her body.

Bearing down, she forced the thick crown inside her and moaned at the sense of fullness that accompanied it. Oh yeah, that was what she needed. Will’s hands grabbed her ass and tilted her hips as he shoved up from below, impaling her with every inch of his thick shaft in one long lunge. Emma screamed, the noise muffled by Will’s chest. “Oh God, so good. More.”

Paul moved up to the head of the bed and straddled Will’s head. His long, wet tipped cock appeared before her, primed and ready, and she couldn’t have asked for anything

sweeter. With a jerk of her head, she ushered him forward and parted her lips, her tongue curling around the swollen crown as he brought it within range.

Will chose that exact second to snap his hips up, ramming inside her. She gasped, her mouth flying open, and Paul took that as permission to fill it. The spongy cap of his cock rubbed over her tongue, all the way to the back, as he sank half his length inside her mouth.

Paul wrapped his hand around the base, marking off her limit so as not to choke her, and began to thrust. “Fuck yeah, suck me.”

They shared, all three giving themselves freely to the others, connected in some way to each other. Will’s cock inside her. Paul’s dick in her mouth. Will’s mouth around Paul’s balls.

The scent of musk and sex filled the room, growing stronger with every passing breath. Paul’s cock thickened, damn near throbbing on her tongue, before the first blast of salty, bittersweet semen burst over her palate. She swallowed, gulping to catch it all, as Paul’s shout of completion rang out loud and clear. He dropped down on the bed beside them, fingers laced behind his head and a goofy grin on his face, as he watched them with heavy lidded, green eyes.

Leaning down, Emma shared Paul’s taste with Will, kissing him, while Will picked up the speed of his thrusts, slamming into her with everything he had. She shoved back against him, rocking their bodies together at just the right angle to nudge her sweet spot, over and again. The divine friction of his shaft gliding through the slick, clinging walls of her cunt set off a ricochet of tiny tremors inside her.

She threw her head back, lost in the vortex of heat and need spun around her and let herself break apart under the ever-tightening coil of pleasure that burst free inside her. The spasms ebbed and then grew stronger -- propelled ever higher by the feel of Will swelling inside her, his hoarse shout of release as he came inside her -- and then finally crashed over her like the tide at sunset. As the maelstrom subsided, and her muscles grew weak, Emma collapsed against Will’s chest and rediscovered herself in his reverent gaze.

“Jesus,” Will whispered. “I think you killed me.”

Paul pulled her off Will and snuggled into her side, his arm slung across her, the tips of his fingers just barely long enough to graze Will's side. "Oh, I somehow think you'll live."

Will snorted. "Smart ass."

"Yep, smartest ass this side of the Mason-Dixon. You sure seem to like it."

Emma giggled and nestled up against Will, throwing one of her legs over his, as Paul spooned her from behind. "Mmm...that was good."

"Damn right," Paul murmured and kissed her shoulder. "Night loves."

"Love you," Will mumbled, his voice heavy with exhaustion. It didn't matter that he didn't direct it to either one of them in particular. They both knew he was talking to them. A chorus of "I love you's" followed, none with a specific name attached.

Emma snuggled up between her men, surrounded by the scent of leftover passion and their individual musk. The sound of Paul's deep, even breathing behind her and Will's gentle snoring lulled her toward sleep, making her eyelids grow heavy. Down the hall, her precious bundles of joy slept soundly, cuddled together in their crib. Emma sighed and closed her eyes. Life couldn't get much better than this.