

Three Day Passes



by
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Chapter 1

The day was fucking perfect.

George Strait on the stereo, brisket on the grill, can of Ranch Style beans on the counter (thank you, Momma) just waiting to be heated up. There was a case of beer in the fridge, a fifth of tequila in the freezer, and a three-day weekend looking him in the face. He'd thrown a batch of scrubs into the washer, thrown on his jeans and one of Rock's old t-shirts. He'd been gone for a few days, quick trip down to Panama to do some training and back. No injuries, no emergencies—just flying down, some fake fucking blood and assholes getting out of duty pretending to be injured, and flying home. Bing, bang, boom.

He wandered out to the backyard, gave Grim some fresh water, checked the brisket, threw a rock at the fence in hopes of shutting up that yapping fucking beast from next door, then headed back in. He grabbed a beer and settled on the couch, flipping past Jeopardy and Jenny Jones and stopping on Emergency Vets. Oooh ... the innards of a turtle. Pretty fucking cool.

Front door banged open, Rock's voice calling out. "Honey, I'm home!"

Before he could reply, Rock's head popped around the wall. "I brought company—you decent?"

"The body if not in spirit, Rocketman." He grinned at his own personal marine. Shit, but the man looked good in BDUs. "Who came to play? Reed? Wendling? Gonzales?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Nope, new meat." Rock came around the corner, dragging a kid, not quite as tall as Rock, looking as green as this morning. "Come on, Dick-head."

"Name's not Dick-head," muttered the kid.

He nodded over, looking at Rock with one raised eyebrow. This didn't look like something Rock usually dragged home.

"Hey kid, name's Rigger."

He didn't move, just watched, taking a swig of his beer.

"Richard Main." The kid held out his hand and Rock smacked it.

"Grab a seat, Cherry-Pie." Rock flung himself down on the couch next to Rigger and grabbed his beer, helping himself to a long swig. "Friggin' barracks are full-up and the CO's got us teaming up with newbies straight out of basic. Dickie-boy here is my cherry and I get to keep him until something opens up. Supposed to be fast-tracking them up to speed or something. I don't know, I just do as I'm told."

"Pushy asshole. There's a case of longnecks in the friggin' icebox." He grinned and snatched his beer back. "So, you're set to abusing the young'uns again. You'd think they'd learned after what happened to the last set."

Fuck, but he loved teasing the cherries.

"Last time?" The kid's voice squeaked.

"Mm-hmm." He stretched lazily, making sure Rock got a look at his crotch. "Was classified, of course, but I'm a medic on base, so I heard everything. Poor sweet kids."

The kid was looking from him to Rock and back again, mouth hanging open. Rock was just looking at his crotch.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Either sit down or go fetch yourself a beer." He arched an eyebrow, shifting his hips. "You are legal, right kid?"

"I won't tell anyone if you don't. I mean—if he's gonna fuck me up the least you can do is give me a beer, right?" The kid looked at him a moment. "Fridge?"

He pointed through the arched doorway. "Kitchen. Watch for Grim. He's likely to be sleeping in there."

"Grim?" The kid was squeaking again.

"Yup. Mastiff. 110 pounds. White teeth, black nose and ears. Sleeps by the back door. You can't miss him." He'd kick Rock's ass if the asshole laughed now. Grim was quite possibly the biggest wuss in the state, but he looked like a killer—at least until his tail started wagging.

"Is he gonna think I'm stealing the fucking beer?"

"I hope not. They say you shouldn't act scared—it just pisses 'em off worse."

Dick snorted. "Gee thanks."

"Get me one, too, Dickweed." The kid flipped Rock off and headed toward the kitchen.

Rigger chuckled, "Damn, Rock. Could you have gotten a greener one?"

"They were all pretty fucking green." Rock let his hand slide down Rigger's thigh. "This one though..." Rock shrugged. "He felt right, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, Rock, I got it." He hummed, stretching beneath Rock's big hands. "He's got a nice little body, too. You're damned good at picking 'em."

"Years of practice." Rock gave him a grin, hand sliding to tease his cock for just a moment. "So how was Panama?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Hot, wet, fucking mosquitoes everywhere." He pouted dramatically when Rock's hand fell to rest below his knee. "Did you have to bring company today, Rock? How long's he staying?"

"What? You don't like your present?"

He grinned. "You're sure he'll play, Blue?"

Rock shrugged and stole his beer. "Like you said, I'm damned good at picking 'em. I'm betting he's pure cherry and will jump at a chance at that mouth of yours."

The cherry walked in, two beers in hand, Grim bouncing along happily behind him. "I met your killer."

"Ooooh ... they do have sarcasm where you come from. Impressive." Rigger grinned and held his hand out for Grim who came to slobber and snuggle and irritate the fuck out of Rock, which was his real job in life.

"Oh, no, I meant it. Nearly drowned to death in dog drool."

Rock laughed even as he shifted away, handing Rig back his half-drunk beer and snagging one of the new ones off the kid. The kid sat down in the easy chair, looking a little more at ease.

"So, Rocketman, you get a three-day, too, or are you gonna have to blow the kid up on Monday?" He finished his beer and grimaced. It was warm. He should have gotten the kid to get him a bottle too.

"Nah, three days all around, the kid's safe until Tuesday." Dick flipped them both off, the experience with Grim obviously making him doubt Rigger's dire warnings about Rock.

Rigger chuckled and leaned back, looking backwards at the kid. "So, spill. Where're you from? Why the fuck did you sign up? All that shit."

The kid sighed and took a long swig of his beer. "Indiana and the marines was the lesser of several evils."

"Ain't nothing wrong with being a marine," Rock informed them both with his and-anyone-who-tells-me-different-will-hear-from-my-fists look.

"Yes, Rock. The marines are stunning and fabulous and the only career choice for a real man. Semper fi, the few the proud, etc., etc." He grinned at Rock, possibly the only man alive confident and foolhardy enough to push the old bastard on this point.

"Fuck you, asshole."

"Time and place, Marine."

"Anytime, anyplace—a Marine is always ready."

A glance at Dick confirmed the kid was watching them with quiet fascination.

"You forget we have company, smartass?" He grinned at Rock. "You're gonna scare the cherry into apoplexy."

"If he's got a problem I know where I can get his ass blown to shit on Tuesday."

"Hey!"

"Oh, relax, Dickwad—nobody dies on my watch. I'm fucking good at what I do."

"And just think, kid, the Rock here does blow you up, I'll just patch your ass back up. I'm a flight medic. Patching Marines's what I do."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Dick was looking back and forth between the two of them, putting two and two together and coming up with a hundred and four. "So you two..."

"Drink beer and fight over the comfy spot on the fucking couch?" Rigger looked the kid square in the eyes. "Yeah, all the damned time."

The kid nodded and took another sip of his beer.

"So if you don't mind the wrestling or the fucking dog drool, you can bunk here this weekend," Rock offered. "Well as long as you don't mind, Rig. It's his house," Rock finished, patting Rigger on the thigh.

Rigger looked at Rock, eyebrow raised. Rock must be sure of the kid, or he'd have never offered. "Sure, kid. Any friend of Rock's and all that."

"Thanks." The kid's eyes were glued to where Rock's hand rested on his thigh and fuck if the cherry didn't pull his lower lip in between his teeth.

"There's a spare bedroom down the hall, past the bathroom. Only one of those, sorry." Rigger stretched again, humming softly before he stood. "Got a brisket on the grill, Rock. You hungry?"

"Oh, yeah." Rock's voice made it clear he wasn't talking about food, but he left it at that.

Dick stood and put his beer down. "I guess I should get my gear out of your hall then."

"Make yourself at home. Get the big guy to help, if you need it. Supper'll be ready in two shakes." He walked to the kitchen, giving his walk a little extra oomph just for Rock.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Hell, he figured if the kid didn't play, their days of Monday night football fucks were over. The old bastard deserved to suffer.

He was lying on the couch, his head on Rock's lap, Grim doing his damndest to crawl up onto the sofa with them, the kid laughing his ass off.. They'd polished off a couple of beers and three-quarters of the brisket before heading back into the front room to watch some George Carlin special.

Dick was having a ball, laughing like he'd never seen a fucking comedian before. He was amusing himself by alternately teasing Rock and playing with Grim. Right now it was Grim's turn.

"That damn dog actually gets up here and I'm locking the two of you in the backyard for the night," Rock informed him.

"Bitch." He imbued the term with affection.

"Grim wishes."

The kid broke up into laughter again and Rigger couldn't be sure if it was at something on the TV or Rock.

"Nah, Grim's been fixed, unlike you, dickwad." He stretched, letting the back of his hand trail against Rock's balls, rubbing gently. Rock rumbled happily for him, legs shifting beneath his head, opening.

"Still hungry, Rocketman?" Actually, the question was—was he still hungry? The answer, of course, was fuck, yes.

"Fuck, yes." Rock's quiet words echoed his thoughts. A big hand slid over his head, wrapping around the back of his skull and turning him to face the bulge in Rock's pants. He opened his mouth to ask if this was smart, if Rock really wanted to do this in front of the kid. But when his lips parted, they brushed

against the hard cock just encased in thin grey workout pants and he forgot to say anything. Rock moaned and shifted again, pushing closer.

Dick cleared his throat. "You guys.. uh, want me to disappear?"

Rig looked up at Rock as his tongue swiped out, pushing against the hot flesh inside soft cotton.

Rock moaned again, eyes hot and never leaving his face. "If you want, but you don't have to."

"Oh." The small sound was a little shocked and a lot aroused. "I can ... I can watch?"

He took another lick, pushing harder at the fabric, smiling as Rock moaned. "You can play."

"Oh." It was more of a gasp this time.

"You don't have to," Rock's eyes flicked away from his for a moment, looking over at the kid. "Go, stay, play, it's all up to you."

He reached for the elastic waistband, hungry now, almost unconcerned about what the kid decided. He wanted the feel and flavor of Rock's fat cock, it had been days.

"I'll play, if you guys really don't mind."

Rock laughed. "Whatever you want, kid—whatever you're comfortable with." His lover's laughter faded into a groan, the hand on his head tugging. "Don't tease, Rig—'s been too long."

"Yeah, Rock." With that he'd lifted up enough to swallow Rock down, pulling hard and fast, tongue sliding over the tip. He gave Rock all he had, fingers rolling the tight balls.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Fuck, yes!" Rock started thrusting up into his mouth, hand holding him in place as the thick cock went deep.

He groaned, hand pushing inside his jeans to wrap around his cock. Fucking shit, this was good ... better than good. Fucking amazing. He sucked harder, pulling Rock deep into his throat.

"Oh yeah, Rig. Fuck, your mouth..." Rock was pushing hard and fast into his mouth—it wouldn't be long before he shot his load. His free hand slid around Rock's nuts, tugging gently, one finger pushing behind to stroke the silk-soft skin. Rock grunted and shoved up hard, coming down his throat in long pulses.

Rigger swallowed, humping the couch and shuddering, the combination of his hand and Rock's come sending him over the edge.

"Oh, fuck, Rigger, that was nice." Rock chuckled and the hand on his head slid almost tenderly through his hair.

"Missed your mouth."

"Missed your cock." He licked the deflating prick, nibbling and lapping gently. Rock huffed happily, his cock taking a sudden interest in not deflating. He could hear the kid breathing heavy and saw Rock look up and grin.

Turning to look for himself, he could see what was making Rock grin. The kid had his hand down his pants and his gaze was glued to them.

"So kid, you coming to play?" Fuck, but the kid looked good enough to eat. He grinned, two or three times tonight if they played it right. The kid's eyes closed and he made a soft noise, hips jerking as he came.

"Well, he's coming..." Rigger grinned and slid off the couch, slinking across the floor towards the kid, giving Rock a show. He smiled as he moved between the kid's legs, pulling Dick's hand from his shorts and wiping it clean. He couldn't wait until the kid was cleared, taste his come, compare him to Rock's dark spice. He grabbed Dick's other hand and began to lick and suck, pulling salt and something sweet that was Dick off the kid's skin.

Oh ... nice. Almost as nice as the long, thin cock hiding in the kid's pants. "Mm ... he tastes good, Rocketman. Looks good, too. Can I keep him?"

Rock chuckled. "He's all yours Rig, as long as you share."

The kid moaned and his eyes popped open, looking dazedly down at Rigger. "You guys are real..." It sounded kind of like a question, like the kid didn't quite believe it.

"You'd better believe it, Dickie-boy." Rigger finished licking the kid's hand and then leaned in for a kiss. "Wanna taste how real, kid?"

"Fuck yes." The kid's eyes fluttered closed and he moved forward, lips tentatively moving against Rigger's.

Rigger grinned, wrapped his hand around the kid's head and kissed him hard and deep, intent on convincing the kid that, one, they were real and, two, to stay and play. The kid froze for half a second and then groaned into his mouth, kissing him back hungrily. Strong hands grabbed his arms, holding on tight.

"Fuck, the two of you are hot together." Rock sounded like he was ready for round two. Rig spread his thighs, sighing into the kid's mouth. His hands stayed still—he didn't want to

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

frighten the kid—frightened cherries were not fuckable cherries. Rock came and knelt behind him, hard prick poking at the small of his back where his jeans and t-shirt went their separate ways. Rock started sucking his neck, hands tugging down his jeans. “You gonna let Rigger have all of the sugar, kid?”

The kid stopped kissing him, eyes popping open and looking beyond his shoulder. The kid licked his lips and shook his head and leaned in to meet Rock's mouth. The slutty, happy, porn star sounds happened at soon as Rigger ducked his head to suck on the kid's neck. Oh, those were fucking priceless—their own little porno right here in the front room—nice.

The hands on his arms started kneading and then slid up, one cupping his head, the other sliding down along his back, stuttering when it hit skin and then sliding back up under his t-shirt. Rock's hands joined the kid's, pushing his t-shirt up to his pits and then exploring the exposed flesh. He could feel that fucking thick cock sliding against his crease, tip leaving a wet trail.

Rigger moaned into the kiss, hot and hard and ... well, kind of fucking sticky, but there'd be time for shower sex later. His free hand started in on the kid's clothes, searching for skin. That made the porno noises louder. Rock broke the kiss with the kid and pulled Rigger's t-shirt right off and helped him lose the jeans entirely.

“You ever done anything like this, Cherry?” Rock asked.

The kid shook his head, eyes fucking huge.

"You wanna do something like this, Dick?" He stole another kiss, just because those lips were temptation themselves.

The kid followed his mouth as the kiss ended, hungry, eager. "Yeah."

"Cool, 'cause you're fucking edible, kid, and I'm hungry." He bent his head to the salt-smooth skin, heading toward a little nipplage. The kid shuddered for him, stomach muscles rolling nicely.

"You're such an impatient fuck," Rock complained, working to get the kid's shirt off completely and then tugging off his pants around Rigger.

"Suck my ass, Rock. I waited for dessert until after supper." Then his lips found the tight nipple and fastened on, sucking happily.

The porno noises were back, the kid whimpering and moaning to beat the band. And he had to admit that when the kid's hips pushed up out of the chair against him, it was a better fucking feeling 'cause they were both naked. Not that he was going to let Rock know he appreciated the fucker's efforts, Rock had a big enough head already. And Hello! It was sliding along his crack with intent.

He groaned, biting down on the kid's nipple just hard enough to send a shock through the shuddering body. His hips pushed back, welcoming the solid, stiff heat of Rock's prick, before sliding away, teasing.

Rock grunted and grabbed his hips, sliding that hard cock along his crack again. "You want it or not, Rigger?"

"Always, Rocketman." He lifted his head, grinning wolfishly at Dick. "Fuck me, man."

The kid's eyes nearly rolled back in his head, a soft moan coming from him.

Rock's lips attached themselves to Rigger's shoulder, biting as the solid cock found a home inside him, pushing until he could feel Rock's hips snug against his butt. He kept looking at the kid, lips open, tongue sliding out to wet his lips. Fuck, Rock felt huge, thick and hot and ... "Oh, fuck, Rock ... good. So fucking good."

"He's fucking you," the kid breathed, eyes glittering. Then the kid leaned forward and took his mouth, all tongue and teeth and more hunger than expertise.

Later, when Rock wasn't reaming his ass like the man was drilling a goddamned well, he'd teach the kid about kissing. Right now, he'd just ride with it, rocking between cock and tongue with happy abandon.

The kids' hips were pushing up, sliding that long sweet cock against his belly every time Rock pushed into him.

"Fucking sweet cherry," Rock grunted.

He pulled his lips from Dick's for a second, chuckles full of a bit of desperate passion. "No, dickcheese, you're fucking the tall Texan. The sweet cherry's waiting his turn." Then Rigger dropped his lips back down onto the kids, tongue thrusting deep.

Rock laughed, hips snapping harder and one hand slid around to pull on his cock. Rigger groaned into Dick's mouth, breath coming faster as he moved. Good. Fucking good. The kid's hands started to slide over his skin, tentative fingertips turning into long, slow strokes over his chest and down to his belly.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Oh, yeah. This was good. He owed Rock big for this find.

"Here, kid, take over." Rock's hand encouraged the kid's to wrap around his prick. The kid's fingers were long and thin and held him too loosely, but Rock was showing the kid what he liked and in a moment Dick had it just about right, leaving Rock to concentrate on fucking him but good.

"Oh, fuck. Yeah, Dick. Yes." He murmured against the kid's lips, eyes closing as they drove him to the fucking moon. Rock's lips fastened around the skin on the side of his neck, pulling in time with the hard thrusts. His body jerked, his orgasm starting down in his toes and moving through his fucking body like electricity.

Rock slammed hard into him, filling him with hot spunk as he shot all over the kid. Dick's hand slowed but didn't stop and the kid was murmuring. "Wow. Holy fucking shit. Wow."

Rigger gasped, licking periodically at the kid's lips, Rock's weight heavy against his back. "Yeah. Wow."

Rock chuckled. "Cherry hasn't even done anything yet and we've blown his mind."

"Just think what he'll do when I suck him off while you fuck him."

"Oh fuck," Dick whispered as his body jerked, hard cock sliding against Rigger's stomach. Rock just laughed and bit Rigger's earlobe, sucking away the hurt as he slipped out of Rigger's body.

He groaned, body clenching around the empty space Rock left. The kid pushed up against him again, hard as a fucking rock. Well, sort of harder than Rock, given that the old man

had just blown his load for the second time this evening. "You wanna fuck me, Dick?"

"Oh fuck!" Dick's hips started to roll against him and he held them down and repeated his question. "For real?" Dick asked, eyes kind of wild.

Oh, Christ on a crutch, this kid was sweet. Rock snorted and Rigger just ignored the big asshole, smiling at Dick. He didn't answer, just shifted his ass closer, straddling the kid's crotch. "Hand me a rubber, Rock. There should be some in the desk drawer."

He let Rock slide the condom on and then loaded himself on with a happy sigh, Dick's cock sliding in easy as anything.

"Oh fuck! Fuck, it's tight." Dick's hands slid to his hips. "So fucking tight."

"Yeah. That's right, kid." Rigger looked back, blinking over at Rock, muscles rippling around Dick's prick. "Fuck, Rock. He's long, pushing deep."

"You're a fucking cockhound, Rig."

He grinned, nodding. "What's your fucking point, Rock?"

Rock just shook his head. "Slut."

"Yep. Yours."

Meanwhile the kid's hips were jerking beneath his thighs, trembling as the kid sat as still as he could, eyes big, breath coming in soft, gasping pants.

"Don't mind the big asshole, kid. He's just jealous." He stuck his tongue out at Rock and then focused on Dick again. "C'mon now. Fuck me hard. Take my ass like you mean it."

The kid jerked at that and then pulled his hips back, snapping them forward again, shoving the long cock deep.

Sensation shot through Rig's body and his head fell back.
"Oh, fuck! Yeah, kid. Yeah!"

Encouraged, Dick did it again, hands tightening on his hips and pulling him down into the thrust this time. Oh, yeah. The kid was a fucking natural, cock sliding up inside him like it fucking belonged there. He forced his head up, looking at Dick with a tickled grin. "That's it, Dick. Fuck me."

"Feels so fucking good," Dick told him with a wide grin. "So fucking good."

"Oh, yeah." He leaned in for a kiss. "It just gets better."

"Better?" the kid whispered, all wide-eyed again, just before their mouths closed together. He tightened his body around the kid's cock, tongue pushing deep. Oh, yeah, it got better. And fuck if this wasn't going to be more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Dick made one of those porno noises into his mouth and began to fuck him with slow, deep movements. He wrapped his arms around Dick's neck, holding on tight. He licked and sucked, humming happily as he rode the hard prick. Rock's fingers ran over his back, adding that strong touch to his pleasure.

The kid was moaning into his mouth now, slamming into him wildly. He nipped Dick's bottom lip, grinding down hard with each thrust. Fuck, the kid was hungry.

Dick shouted, eyes going wide as he came, body shaking. Rigger kept the kiss going, enjoying the flavor of fresh cherry on his tongue. Rock's hand slid around to find his cock, pumping roughly, thumb sliding over his slit.

"Oh, fuck. Rock!" He leaned back into Rock's strength, body tightening again.

The kid jerked and moaned, hips pushing restlessly, the flesh inside him sliding against his prostate. His breath caught in his throat, electricity shooting up his spine. His cock throbbed in Rock's hand, hard again, wanting more. Rock's other hand slid up along Dick's side to the kid's nipples, flicking across them. "Come on, kid, keep it up. You want to leave Rigger with a lasting impression don't you?"

Dick jerked again as Rock's hand moved over him, long cock buried deep.

"Oh, he's doing a fair job so far. Give the kid an 'A' for effort." He put his hands on Rock's thighs, levering himself happily between hard cock and harder hand.

"Fucking shit..." Dick's eyes were locked on his cock and Rock's hand wrapped around it. The kid's hips were working with him again, meeting his movements instead of just reacting.

Rock chuckled, hand pulling harder.

"No..." Rigger fought to catch his breath. It was almost too good for snarky comebacks. "You're fuck ... fucking Rig."

Dick just stared at him for a moment and then the kid started laughing, the sound morphing into a long moan. Rock's hand knew just what it was doing and Dick's cock, well, there were some areas for improvement, but all-in-all Rigger was a happy goddamned chicken. He just closed his eyes and moved, enjoying the feeling of being caught right where he was.

Rock's breathing was suddenly loud in his ear. "When you're done, Rig, we'll one two the kid. Can't you just see him, taking your cock down his throat and mine up his ass at the same time?"

"Oh, sweet fuck!" He turned his face for Rock's kiss, cock spilling at the first press of that tongue in his mouth, the image of Dick rocking between their pricks hot as fuck. The clenching of his ass around the kid's cock was enough to have Dick shouting again, shaking and coming.

He slumped back against Rock with a moan, their kiss easing, but continuing. Fuck, but this was fun.

Dick moaned softly, slipping out of him. The kid's hands were stroking his hips randomly, Dick's eyes half closed, head lolling back against the chair.

Rigger grinned at the kid and pulled off the condom, tying it off and tossing it toward the wastebasket under the desk. He tapped the kid's cheek. "All right, Dickie-boy, you ready for round two?"

Round two? Dick just lay back in the chair and stared as Rigger's laughter was swallowed by Rock's mouth. Holy fucking mother of god, he'd died and gone to fucking heaven. Two guys who were fucking hot and fucked liked bunnies and asked him to stay and play?

He couldn't have dreamed this up.

Shit, he couldn't have imagined how good this would feel, Rigger's ass was so much tighter than Cindy's cunt had been...

"Shower-time!" Rigger pushed himself up, all bright eyed and bushy tailed. Christ! Didn't he ever get tired?

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock was grinning and grabbing at Rigger's ass and Dick watched them head out, trying to be grateful with what he'd gotten and not wish for more. Rigger's head popped around the corner, all grins. "You coming, kid?"

He was out of his chair like a shot. "Not just at the moment."

"Give it a sec, you'll recover." Rigger's laugh drew him down the hall, towards the already steam-filled bathroom. "Rocketman likes it hot and hard, kid. You'll learn that soon enough."

"What about you?" he asked. "How do you like it?"

Rig's eyes grinned at him, almost twinkling. "Any way I can get it, Dickie-boy."

He couldn't help grinning back, Rigger's good humor was infectious. "Are you sure you want me in the shower? 's gonna be pretty cramped."

"We'll just have to get up close and personal, kid." Rig winked and shoved him toward the tub. The shower curtain was a cow print with a pair of cowboy boots in one corner. He looked at Rigger, who shrugged. "Momma sent it to me. Hop in."

He did, coming face to face with Rock, who was all wet and already hard again. It made Dick's cock twitch, made him gasp a little at the way his balls started to ache. Rock grinned at him and wrapped one large hand around his waist, tugging him nearer and closing their lips together in a hard kiss.

The smell of soap filled the air and then Rigger's hands moved over his back, slick and hot and pushing against his muscles in a way that was going to fucking dissolve him. He

wrapped his arms around Rock's neck, holding on so he didn't fall down. Rock's hands were hard on his hips, pulling him tight against the rock-hard body. The water was hot and slick around them and shit, it was so fucking good.

Rig sank to his knees, hands massaging his lower back, his ass, his thighs.

He'd always imagined fucking was just going to be well ... fucking. Oh, he'd seen a few interesting things in the odd porno, but he hadn't seen that many of them and nobody ever kissed and nobody ever did the things Rigger was doing to him.

How the fuck was he supposed to have known how fucking good it would be just to rub up against a body like Rock's?

Rigger's mouth brushed against the small of his back, then hot, soapy fingers slid into his crease, rubbing against his hole.

Oh, fuck! He shuddered, wanting to push back and pull away at the same time. Rock's hand slid around his cock, sliding over his flesh with a quick rhythm, distracting him. Rigger stood, snuggling close to him, tongue licking at his ear.

"C'mon kid, let me in. We'll make you fucking fly." He pushed back against Rig's finger, shuddering again as it pressed deep. Rigger shivered, gasping. "Oh, fuck, Rock! He's so tight. Fuck..."

"You're gonna feel amazing around my cock, kid." Rock was grinning at him, still pulling on his cock. His prick jerked. "You like the sound of that kid? Like thinking about the Rocketman's cock up your cherry hole?"

Fuck, he was gonna come again just from this, Rigger's finger sliding in and out, Rock's hand pulling his cock, Rock's words painting a fucking amazing picture.

Rig pushed a second finger inside him, stretching him further than he'd imagined. He couldn't figure out how the fuck Rock's cock was gonna make it up there, but at the same time he could still see Rigger's face, blissed out and coming. He grunted and tried to stay relaxed, tried not to let it freak him out.

"Take deep breaths, Dick. Deep and easy." Rigger's voice was comforting and incredibly fucking sexy with that slow southern drawl. The two men kept him held close, one fucking hard body and one long and lanky. "Nobody's gonna ask you for anything you're not wanting, kid. Just ride my fingers, deep and easy."

He was still hard, Rock pulling away at his cock, the hand on his hip encouraging him to move into that grasp. So he did. He pushed forward into Rock's hand, the fingers inside him slipping almost out and when he moved back, he took the fingers in again. A couple more times and suddenly it wasn't about how fucking wide those fingers were stretching, but about how fucking good they felt going in and out.

Holding tight to Rock's neck, he moved faster. He fucking screamed when Rigger's fingers hit something inside that made a shock climb up his ass and run along his spine.

"Oh yeah, kid. That's it. You think that's sweet?" Sharp teeth nipped at his earlobe. "Imagine Rock's cock, sliding over that spot with the fat, hard head. spreading you, taking you. And the whole time with my hands on you."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He shuddered, pleasure jerking through him and Rigger's fingers slid across that spot again and he called out again, his balls tightening. "Oh shit, I'm gonna..."

"s'okay, kid. Three day weekend. We've got nothing but time, yeah, Rock?" Those fingers circled again and then again, offering him no relief.

"Oh yeah, I think three days is more than enough time to blow your fucking little mind, Dickie-boy, not to mention introduce you to just about every position known to man..."

He whimpered and moaned and when Rock's mouth closed over his, hard and insistent, tongue fucking him as surely as Rigger's fingers, he came, his shout filling Rock's mouth. The long fingers slid out of him, Rigger's mouth nipping and sucking at his skin. "Oh, you're doing just fine, Dick. Just fine."

He laughed, breathless and shaky. "I don't think I can even stand on my fucking own."

"Lucky you've got two guys to point you to our bed—king sized, lots of pillows." A sharp nip flared on his neck. "Unless you want to sleep in the guest room, of course."

Christ, they were going to let him sleep with them. He had died and gone to heaven. "What if I hog the covers?"

"I'll make you sleep with Grim tomorrow and he farts." Rigger blew a raspberry against his wet shoulder. "Not as bad as Rock, you know, but at least the big guy points them away from you."

Dick laughed. Rock aimed a swat at Rigger and didn't seem too upset when it caught Dick across the shoulder

instead. "If the two of you are done thinking you're funny, I've got a little something to share with you."

The big guy pressed him back against Rigger, cock hard as nails. "You think you're ready for some Rock, kid?"

Rigger's arms wrapped around him, fingers reaching for Rock's prick, wrapping and pumping. He let his own hands drop to Rock's hard-on, tangling with Rigger's as he explored the hard, wide cock. Fuck, it felt huge. "Gonna make me fly, right?"

"Rock's the best, kid. Nobody fucks like him, nobody ever has."

He nodded. They hadn't steered him wrong yet and so far the evening had been more than he could ever have hoped for.

"Come on, the bed's better for popping cherries," Rock told him before taking a hard kiss.

"Good old Rock, he's so romantic." Rig's voice was dry and filled with fond sarcasm. He was laughing into Rock's mouth at that, floating on a cross between satiation and anticipation.

Rock turned off the water and Rigger guided him back out of the shower, drying him off. He wanted to tell Rigger he could do that himself, but as he stared at Rock's hard body, he wasn't so sure he could and he wasn't so sure he cared—if Rigger wanted to take care of him, he wasn't going to stop him.

Rigger and Rock dried each other next—the sight incredibly fucking sexy, those two moving against each other so easy—and then Rigger grabbed his hand and tugged him across the hall into the bedroom.

"You need some time, kid? I can do Rigger again first."

He shook his head. No, he didn't want to watch Rigger getting fucked again, at least not yet. First he wanted to know what Rigger was feeling when he was making those oh-fuck-I'm-melting faces.

"Me first," he said, just to make sure they knew he meant it.

"Attaboy." Rigger popped him on the ass and then hopped on the bed, patting the black and grey striped comforter with a shit-eating grin. "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty."

Rock snorted. "And he calls me the romantic."

Dick laughed and Rock came up behind him. He could feel the hard cock slide along the small of his back, his crack, leaving a wet trail. Rock's mouth slid along the back of his neck up to his ear. "Why don't you climb onto the bed, kid, hands and knees, and let Rigger give you a kiss."

"Okay." He crawled onto the bed next to Rigger, hands and knees like he'd been told, feeling exposed with Rock behind him.

Rigger smiled at him. "Just relax, Dick. You're gonna fly, kid. I promise." Then those lips covered his and began to move, tongue pushing deep and steady, dissolving any worries or self-consciousness. Nobody had ever kissed him like Rigger did and he lost himself in the stroke of the man's tongue.

He almost jumped when the bed shifted behind him, one of Rock's hands sliding over his back. "My fingers are bigger than Rigger's kid, and this'll be a little cold."

He was ready, but he still started when a single thick finger slid inside. Rigger's hands began to move over his shoulders, his chest. The kiss deepened, stole his breath, made him dizzy. Rigger licked, sucked, nibbled—and eased him back on Rock's finger.

He started rocking back onto Rock's finger, letting Rigger's movements guide him. One finger became two and he groaned into Rigger's mouth as that explosion of pleasure went through him again.

Rig's mouth slid over his cheek, drawling voice whispering into his ear. "That's it. So fucking sexy, riding those fingers. Just think how you'll look, that hard cock sliding into you."

A shudder went through him, followed by another as Rock's fingers scissored, stretching him. Rock's free hand was solid and still against the small of his back, a sharp contrast to the sliding movement of Rigger's hands.

"So much fun with three, you know. I can slide down beneath you, suck your cock as Rock fucks you, pull the come right out of you. Or I can slide inside your lips, fuck your mouth. Or I could just kiss you while you come."

"Oh, fuck." He jerked, cock hard and aching. Shit, it all sounded so fucking good.

"I'm sure we'll give you a chance to enjoy all three." Rock chuckled as his fingers disappeared. Dick tensed as he felt the thick, blunt heat press against his hole.

"Deep breath, kid. Relax." Rigger licked back over to his lips, eyes meeting his with warmth. "Just let him inside."

He opened his mouth for Rigger's kiss, still holding the grey-eyed gaze when Rock started to push into him. Shit,

Rock felt like he was fucking huge and he could feel that big cock stretching him. It burned and ached. Rigger's hands were everywhere, tongue pushing deep—he was being touched all over.

Rock just kept sliding into him and he didn't think it was ever going to end and then all of a sudden lightning lit up his spine and he shuddered again.

Oh. That was pretty fucking good. The stretching didn't seem so bad now either that Rock had stopped pushing in. He could feel Rock's body, hot and solid, against the backs of his thighs, his ass, and the big hands were stroking the small of his back and shit, but that was making him shudder again.

Rigger's mouth left his, grinning up at Rock. "Told you he was tight, didn't I?" Then soft kisses trailed over his face, smoothing against his forehead and cheeks. "You doing okay, Dick? Think you can handle this?"

He just nodded, not sure he could actually manage to say anything. Rock's hand stroked along the small of his back again and he whimpered, arching his spine up into the sweet sensation.

"You like that, Cherry?" Rock's hand stroked again and he moaned.

"Oh, yeah, Rock. He likes it." Quick, teasing fingers slid over his nipples, his collarbones, his shoulders as Rigger gave him another fucking bone-melting kiss—where the hell did that guy learn how to do that?

"Ready, Dickie-boy?" Rock's hands slid to his hips, curling tight around them.

He would have answered, but his mouth was full of Rigger.

Rigger's hands slid down his back at the same moment that Rock began to move, almost as if they were connected—Rigger pushing Rock out and then pulling him back inside.

It hurt some, but it felt good, too and as that spark lit up along his spine again, he forgot all about the pain and pressed back into the next thrust. It was amazing, Rock and Rigger were in him and around him and it felt like there wasn't any part of him they weren't touching.

The motions were slow, steady—Rock's cock pushing in, Rigger's tongue answering the rhythm. Four hands petted and pulled and stroked and held and—oh, fuck! When somebody's hand circled his cock and tugged, it was just fucking perfect.

He gave himself over to the sensations, stopped trying to feel everything and just felt everything. He didn't know if he was rocking or it was them rocking into him, and it didn't matter, nothing fucking mattered but the way the pleasure was zinging from his ass to his mouth to his cock, hitting every point in between.

Rock groaned above him as Rigger's moan vibrated in his mouth—he wasn't alone in this. He wasn't being fucked with or set up. They were fucking—all three of them. It was the best fucking thing he'd ever, ever felt.

Then Rigger's tongue started pushing harder and someone's hands were spreading his asscheeks wider and his cock was being pulled faster and firmer. And that was the best fucking thing he'd ever felt and he was pushing sounds down Rigger's throat and coming. It was the best fucking come he'd ever had, felt like it was going to last forever, making him shudder and shake and fuck it was good.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He felt himself fall forward into Rig's body, felt the random jerking and heat of Rock inside him and then beside him, as Rock pulled out. Rig's voice was low, teasing. "I think you broke his brain, Rocketman."

Rock's chuckle was smug.

Someone's hand slid along his back and he jerked hard against Rigger's body, the touch shooting sparks all over his skin.

"Relax, kid. I don't think even you are up for five orgasms in an evening." Rigger began to massage his shoulders, touch relaxing and easy. "And you, big guy, he's gonna wear your old ass out."

"Are you fucking saying that I can't keep up with the fucking kid?"

Dick let himself relax against Rigger, surrounded by warm skin, listening to their banter.

"No, I'm saying there's twenty fucking years between you and the kid and there's a hell of a lot of difference between damned near twenty and damned near forty and I don't want to lose you over your motherfucking ego."

"You really know how to make a guy feel fucking special, Rig."

"Anything for you, asshole."

"Dickcheese."

Dick tensed up a little, wondering if he should offer to go sleep in the other room. Then Rigger stretched against him and the sound of a slow kiss filled the air. When it ended, Rigger chuckled and pulled the blankets over them, snuggling

close. The light went off and Rock's weight settled on the other side of him.

"Night, kid."

"Night," he murmured, relaxing again, surrounded by warmth.

Rock's snores followed him into sleep.

He dreamed he was being fucked by two hot guys, not just fucked, but fucking and kissing and touching and watching and it all seemed so real.

Then he woke up and it was.

He was laying half on top of Rigger, the man's legs all tangled up with his, arms holding him close. He could feel each of Rigger's breaths against his neck.

Something heavy lay across his back and he realized it was Rock's arm. The hand attached to it was wrapped tight around Rigger's hip. He could hear feel Rock's breath against the back of his neck, the big guy almost, but not quite, still snoring.

He was harder than nails, and two pricks were drilling into him, one against his belly and one against the back of his thigh.

Fucking shit, he could get used to this.

Rigger hummed softly, wiggling, rubbing against him. Those lips started traveling along his neck, lazy and warm. Oh, he could definitely get used to this.

One of his hands was half-asleep, buried under him, but the other was wrapped around Rigger, so he stroked lightly along the warm spine.

"Mm ... morning." Rig's lips suckled on his jaw for just a second, not marking, but teasing..

He made a soft noise, more and more awake by the second. "Morning, Rigger."

Too awake for morning eyes twinkled at him. "Any regrets, Dick? Still gonna play?"

"Just one," he managed to keep a straight face for all of a second or two. "I didn't get that blow job while Rock was fucking me."

"Oh, you needed to save something for today." Rigger leaned forward and gave him a teasing kiss and then backed out of the bed. "Okay, I'm gonna let Grim out and make coffee. If I were you, I'd let Rock sleep."

He groaned, his prick pushing hard against the mattress. "You're going?"

"Yep, Grimmy needs to go out, I'm up late. I'll be right back to take care of that, though." Rigger reached out and pumped his cock gently. "If you save it for me, that is."

He murmured happily at the touch. "I'll save it."

He blinked sleepily as Rigger bounded out. Shit, what kind of person was that awake this early in the morning?

He ignored his wood, letting Rock's breathing send him back into a doze. The next thing he felt was heat and tightness carefully sliding down the shaft of his prick. His eyes flashed open and—oh, fuck—there was Rig, pushing the rubber on with that mouth.

He moaned loudly, almost as turned on by the sight as the feeling of it. Rigger took him down—all of him, without a fucking hiccup or a gag, and he wasn't short at all—and then

the sucking started, pulls of tongue and lips and throat that threatened to blow his mind. He was making all sorts of embarrassing noises, but he just couldn't stop himself. It felt like absolute fucking heaven.

Rock grunted and shifted away and he tried to quiet down, but it didn't last long before Rigger's mouth had him making noises again. Rigger's fingers pushed into his mouth and he thought Rig was shutting him up, but the fingers disappeared in just a moment, one spit-wet finger pushing into his ass as Rig sucked.

"Oh, fuck!" He came hard, hips pushing between the two sensations.

Rigger's finger slid out and those warm lips took his in a fucking breath-stealing kiss. "Good morning, Dick."

"Yeah, I'd say it's good." He slid his arms around Rigger's shoulders, pressing close as he brought their mouths together again. Shit, but he could spend the rest of the day doing nothing more but kissing Rigger. And it felt like Rigger was willing, rubbing against his stomach and groaning.

He slid one hand down over Rigger's chest, hand stuttering as he got close to Rigger's cock and then moving again with more confidence; if he did something Rigger didn't want him to, he'd be told. Rigger moaned into his lips, long muscles rolling beneath his hands, trying to get that hard cock closer to his hand.

Shit, he could maybe do anything he wanted, tease Rigger until he was begging. Maybe later. He wrapped his hand around the solid cock and started to pump the way he liked it when he did it to himself.

Fuck, it felt weird holding another guy's prick. Weird but good. Pretty fucking good.

"Work his tip, kid. Drives Rig absolutely fucking batshit." A huge hand covered his, Rock peering over his shoulder. The advice was good—Rigger gasped, pushed harder, shuddering against him.

He grinned back at Rock and opened his mouth to say thanks, but his words were swallowed up by Rock's mouth. He would have lost the rhythm, but Rock's hand stayed on his, guiding him through jerking Rigger off.

Rigger grabbed his shoulders, fingers gripping as Rig rode his thigh, back and forth and, fuck! but the man was randy and wanting it.

"You want to fuck him, kid?"

He nodded wildly. He heard the crinkle of the rubber opening before he finished nodding, Rig working it on him.

Rigger was getting up onto hands and knees and Rock was guiding him up behind Rigger, one of the big fingers sliding into the sweet ass. "Oh, he's ready for you, kid."

"Always ready for a nice good morning fuck." Rigger was working his ass upon Rock's finger, pushing hard.

Rock took his finger out and was guiding Dick into the tight hole. "Come on, kid, get in—I'm going to go collect on my morning blow job."

"I already ... oh, fuck! Yeah ... I already gave a morning blowjob."

Dick started to thrust slowly, letting Rigger's body dictate speed and depth, the man rocking back onto him.

Rock moved to kneel in front of Rigger, pumping his cock lazily. "Not to me you didn't."

Rigger's body rippled around his cock. Fuck! He didn't know he would be able to feel Rigger's need on his prick.

Rigger's head dipped for a second, then lifted up to look at Rock. "You think you deserve one, Rocketman?"

"I'm letting the kid fuck you, aren't I?"

"That was a glorious idea, old man." Rigger's voice was low, that drawl thick, hungry.

He kept pushing into Rigger's needy body, watching as Rock's hand cupped Rigger's face, tilting it up, pushing that thick cock against Rigger's lips.

"C'mon, Rig, open up, you know you want it in both ends."

"Oh yeah." Rock pushed his cock into Rig's mouth, slow and easy. Holy fucking shit he was gonna come right now just from watching two cocks disappearing into Rigger's body. Holy fuck. Rock was matching him stroke for stroke, in and out and back in again and Rigger was riding them both like there wasn't anything better in the whole fucking world than getting fucked in both ends.

Rigger was moaning and clenching and rocking and doing something to Rock's cock with his tongue that was making the big guy's eyes roll up in his head.

There was a part of him that still couldn't quite believe this, couldn't quite accept that he was here, fucking with two very, very hot guys. That part was not his cock, it knew what the fuck was really happening.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He thrust a few more times and came. Rig held him tight, muscles tight and hot, almost pumping him. Shit it felt like he was coming forever, the sensations just going on and on.

Rock was fucking Rigger's mouth like the man didn't need to breathe and it was fucking amazing to watch, and even more amazing to feel Rigger's body jolting with each thrust, almost pushing back on his cock every time Rock pumped into him. Rigger groaned low, the sound harsh and loud and vibrating all through the long body.

Shit, it was sweet.

Rock's hand cupped Rigger's head, hips pushing hard. Rigger shuddered and Rock gave a short, sharp cry. He could see Rigger swallowing it all down. Rock's hips continued to make small movements, pressing slowly in and out. "Kid—his cock. Pump him."

Sliding his hand around Rigger's hips, he found the hard prick and started pumping. Rigger gave another groan, hands grabbing Rock's hips as he sucked. Dick's own cock was being pulled, Rig's ass still moving.

Shit, he couldn't still be hard, there was no fucking way. But he was, and Rigger's ass was pulling sensations out of him that were making him moan and whimper.

Rock looked down, groaning. "Got a mouth like a fucking whore, Rig. Perfect."

Rigger shuddered, cock pumping hot seed in his hand.

He watched as Rock pulled out, Rig's red, swollen lips sliding along the thick cock. The big guy collapsed onto the bed, Rigger following him down, taking Dick with him.

As he watched them kissing, he couldn't help but think that he was the luckiest shit in the world.

One shower, three cups of coffee, six pancakes and three hours of fishing shows and Rigger was feeling fucking mellow. He was thinking pizza and beer for dinner—it was Rock's turn to pay.

He was sitting on the floor between Rock's legs playing with Grim, watching the kid try to figure out what the fuck he was supposed to do. Dick kept fiddling like that, Rock was gonna have to take him out back and beat him.

Or football.

Either one worked.

"Shit kid, if you can't sit still go run around the block or something."

"Sorry, Rock." The kid sat on his hands and Rock grunted and started changing channels, muttering something about 'fucking fishing is not a god-damned fucking sport'.

"Fish fucking sounds sort of blah, Rocketman." He grinned at Dick, throwing the rope over to the kid, laughing as Grim bounded after it. "Especially since you've got a kid right here, hot and ready."

Dick's cheeks reddened, but he looked a lot more interested than he had a couple of minutes ago.

Rigger leaned his head back, grinning up at Rock. "So, sport fucking, Rock? What're the categories? Butt fucking? Shower sex? Creative uses of Lube?"

"Don't forget blow jobs, Rig—not with a mouth as talented as yours is at sucking. Of course that would probably give you an unfair advantage."

"That's only because the kid hasn't trained properly. He's got a nice mouth." He winked, licking his lips. Dick blushed all the harder and smiled shyly at him, the look unconsciously come-hither, which made it fucking sexier.

"Well at least he'll be learning from the best."

He grinned, turning to nuzzle into Rock's crotch. "Flattery will get you sucked off."

Rock answered immediately. "The very fucking best I have ever had."

He grinned up, hands pulling down the loose sweats, pulling out the heavy, dark, sweet fucking cock that was waiting for him. "C'mere kid. Watch and learn."

Dick made one of those sweet little sounds that was almost a squeak this time and then he crawled on over, biting his lip as he tried to figure out exactly where and how he was supposed to sit.

Rigger held one arm out. "Come here, kid. Rock's got a great fucking cock, you have to be close to appreciate it."

Dick shifted over until he had a lapful of kid, Rock's legs bracketing both of them.

"I think I could fucking get used to this," Rock said, practically purring.

Rigger gave the kid a long, hungry kiss. "Yeah, like the way you fit, Dick."

Then he turned and nuzzled Rock's balls, mouthing them, tonguing the wrinkled skin. Rock grunted happily and shifted his ass a little further off the chair. He could feel Dick's breath against his cheek, the kid making soft noises as if he were the one getting the blowjob. He lapped the soft sacs until the nuts

were hanging low from the heat. Then, when he knew the kid was watching, he pulled one ball into his mouth and sucked carefully.

Dick moan was low and sweet. "How's that feel?"

"Like a fucking wet dream." Rock's voice was hoarse.

He spent time on both balls, letting the kid watch. Then when Rock was moaning steadily, rocking into him, he began to lick long lines up the thick cock. His eyes were closed, a soft, steady hum sounding as he reached the tip and gathered the sweet, clear drops of pre-come on his tongue.

"You like doing it, giving blowjobs I mean?" The kid's voice was hushed, as if he were in the library or something.

"Fucking love it, kid." He grinned over the head of Rock's prick. "Come kiss me."

The kid leaned forward, chin bumping against Rock's cock, mouth already open for the kiss. He held Rock's cock between them, letting their tongues press together over the swollen head. He moaned at the taste of Dick and Rock together, reaching up to cup Dick's cheek. Fuck, yes. Yes.

Dick and Rock moaned in concert.

Dick's hands slid around him and the kid's tongue played against his own, occasionally diving for Rock's cock. Dick still had a lot to learn, but he couldn't fault the kid's enthusiasm. He lapped around the crown, drawing Dick's tongue along with him. They played, licking and nibbling the ridge, making Rock arch and call out. Fucking beautiful.

The kid was still making noises, muted by his mouth and Rock's cock, but vibrating against them as well. The hands

around his back were opening and closing, fingernails scraping gently.

He scooted up, taking Rock's cock full into his mouth and sucking, then backing off. "Your turn, kid."

"All of it?" Dick was eyeing Rock's cock dubiously.

"Just what feels good. It's a practice thing." Rig took another kiss, distracting the kid again. "It's about what feels good."

The kid nodded. "I want to, it's just so big."

Rock laughed and slid his hand along the fuzz on the kid's head. "Oh, he can definitely stay."

Rigger chuckled, lapping at the tip of Rock's prick. "Come on, we'll take turns, kid. Take a taste."

Dick turned back to Rock's cock and licked his lips. Leaning forward the kid licked at the tip of Rock's cock. "Oh ... tastes ... tastes..."

"Fucking good, kid." Rigger grinned up at Rock, tongue flicking at the sensitive ridge. "Really fucking good."

"Less talk more suck." Rock didn't really sound like he was complaining.

Rigger slid his hand over Dick's stomach, petting slow and easy, waiting for the kid to make a move. Cock sucking was an art—whether Dick was going to enjoy it would be decided here and now.

Dick looked over at him and grinned and then wrapped his lips around the head of Rock's cock, cheeks hollowing as he began to suck. Rigger started licking Rock's shaft, fingers beginning to work behind the heavy sacs. All the time he petted Dick's belly, letting the kid know he was okay.

Rock was making appreciative noises, a hand grabbing hold of Rigger's head and holding him close. Dick pulled off of the tip, licking it with his tongue like it was a fucking ice-cream and Rock's other hand cupped the back of Dick's head, pulling him back toward the wet tip.

"Easy, Rock. He's new at this." Rig traveled back up Rock's shaft, taking his turn at sucking, tongue gently fucking the slit as his lips pulled. Rock groaned happily and pushed up into his mouth.

He could feel the kid watching, eyes a heavy touch, but he wasn't expecting the sweet tongue that slid along the side of his mouth, tracing where he and Rock joined.

He hummed, head turning to kiss Dick, their tongues sliding over one another and the tip of Rock's prick over and over. Fuck, this was good. The kid obviously thought so too, those sweet sounds were vibrating into his mouth and Dick was pressing closer, trying to rub up against him.

Rigger reached for the kid's cock, fingertips trailing along it, teasing as their tongues worked together. Dick whimpered and pushed closer still, tongue chasing his around Rock's cock. The big guy was moaning appreciatively, fingers stroking over his and the kid's scalps.

He pushed harder, tongue sliding over the sensitive spots with more force, hand grasping now, pumping.

Making enthusiastic, sweet as fuck noises, Dick began to rock, pushing up into his hand, lips pulling hard on Rock's cock, on his tongue. Oh, the kid was going to be good at this.

He gave the kid a moan of his own, rubbing the tip of the kid's cock with his thumb, letting the kid know how fucking hot he was. How fucking sexy this all was.

Dick's mouth grew sloppy and the kid whimpered and jerked, hot spunk spraying over Rigger's hand.

He groaned, mouth moving to pull hard on Rock's prick, lesson given way to sheer fucking hunger.

The kid rested his head against Rigger's, tongue coming out to slide along his mouth or Rock's cock in these fucking lazy little licks that said the kid still wanted to be a part of it but was too fucking sated to do much about it.

Rigger began to work on making Rock insane, make the marine fucking fill his mouth. Fingers and lips and tongue pulled and pressed and squeezed, giving the big man exactly what he needed.

Rock's hips were moving, pushing that thick cock to the back of his throat. Both of Rock's hands were holding his head now as the big guy fucked his mouth. Dick was panting in his ear, and making those soft fucking porno noises, their very own fucking soundtrack.

He relaxed, opening his throat, sucking Rock all the way in. The kid had one hand on his throat, feeling as Rock filled him.

"Wow," Dick murmured softly.

"Oh yeah, fucking wow." Rock was close, he could tell by the way the big guy almost squeaked the words out. Rigger swallowed two or three times and then, giving a low-toned, vibrating hum, stroked the skin behind Rock's balls firmly, jostling his prostate.

That did it. With a low groan, Rock slammed into his mouth and come poured down his throat. He held on, drinking it all down, sucking Rock dry. "Oh yeah, Rig, take it all."

Dick was stroking his neck and cheek gently.

Oh, he could get used to this—the petting, the touching, those unbelievable fucking noises.

Rigger hummed, holding Rock's softening cock on his tongue.

One of the kid's hands started to knead the front of his shorts. And then the kid nuzzled his ear. "Can I practice on you?"

"Mmmm..." Rigger damned near purred around Rock's cock, body jerking. Oh, yes. Absolutely. Absofuckinglutely.

Rock chuckled, the sound husky, sated and yet aroused. "Shit if he's half as good as you are, Rig..."

Rigger lifted his head with a bright laugh. "Fuck, if he's a quarter as good as I am..."

Then he tugged Dick over for a long, deep kiss. Dick's arms wrapped around his neck and every time their lips parted the kid came back for more. "I can taste him in your mouth."

He nodded, grinning as they kissed again. Oh, this kid had potential. God bless Rock and his ability to pick a hungry cherry out of a line.

The kid's hands slid back down to his shorts, fingers only trembling slightly as they pulled open the button and started working on his fly. Rigger moved up beside Rock on the couch, hands pushing his clothes away. "Mm ... touch me, kid."

Dick knelt between his legs, eyes fastened on the prize, fingers trailing along the inside of his thighs from knees to groin. Dick leaned forward and glance up for a moment, smiling warmly at him, the look part eagerness, part cockiness, part gratitude, and then licked at the very tip of his cock.

Rigger leaned his head back, relaxing and tensing up all at once. Oh, yeah, this could be a plus. Rock wasn't big on giving blowjobs, and he didn't mind, but if kid enjoyed them...

The kid was exploring him, licking at him, from bottom to top and back down again, fingertips sliding over his hot flesh. He hummed softly, grinning over at Rock, pleasure sliding under his skin. "Feels good."

Rock grinned back and looked down, shifting close, one hand coming to sit on his thigh. "Kid's good, is he?"

"Yeah. Sweet ... real sweet." He reached down and stroked Dick's scalp, not pushing, just petting. Dick nuzzled into the touch and gave him a shy smile and then took in the tip of his cock, sucking gently.

"Oh, yeah, kid. Just like that." He spread his thighs, scooted down towards Dick and that hot mouth.

Dick continued to suck enthusiastically, tongue sliding across his slit again and again, lips firmly wrapped around the crown of his cock. One of the kid's long-fingered hands slid around the base of his cock, starting to pump lightly.

He began to rock just slightly, encouraging the sensations. Oh, fuck, no wonder Rock liked waking up to these.

The kid started making those soft, needy noises again, the sounds vibrating over his skin. And if that wasn't enough, Dick started bobbing his head up and down, slowly taking more and more of him into the sucking heat.

"Oh, fuck. Nice, Dick. Really good." His toes were fucking curled and Rock's hand started moving, stroking him. As if the encouragement was all he'd been waiting for, Dick pulled him in even further, taking him over halfway in, the eager sucking increasing. The kid proved he'd been paying attention, free hand sliding to stroke over his balls and the sensitive patch of skin behind them.

He forced himself to breathe slowly, to take it slow and easy, enjoy it—but fuck the kid was good, sweet and hungry and a fucking fabulous learner.

Dick kept bobbing and sucking, one hand wrapped tight around the bottom of his cock, the other playing with his balls and the soft skin behind them. It wasn't long before the kid grew bold, fingers pressing further back, searching and then finding and pushing into his hole.

"Oh, fucking shit!" He looked at Rock for a second before his eyes rolled back in his head, body starting to ride that finger.

Rock chuckled. "Slut."

Dick just kept sucking, kept fucking him with that finger up his ass.

"Dick, kid, careful. 'm gonna come soon." He looked down, wishing he'd remembered the fucking rubber. He knew he was clean, but the kid hadn't asked, didn't know and he didn't ... oh, good lord and butter! "Fuck, Dick. Gonna come."

Dick kind of half nodded and made a noise that might have been a yes, or an okay, or even fucking do it already, but it didn't matter what he'd actually said around his mouthful, only that the saying sent sweet vibrations all along his cock and into his ass.

Rigger threw his head back and arched up, coming hard, shooting into the kid's mouth with a grunt. The kid swallowed his come down with hardly any gagging, though there was plenty of spill out the corners of the kid's mouth. Drops of his own come glistened next to the red, swollen lips and Dick looked expectantly up at him.

Rig smiled, tugged the kid up for a deep, thank you kiss, licking his own come from the corners of Dick's mouth. "Excellent."

"Do I get a sticker, teach? Or, you know, the sexual equivalent?"

He chuckled. "Well, smartass, I can bite your butt hard enough to leave a mark. Will that work?"

"I was kind of hoping for another object lesson," Dick admitted. "So I can improve my technique."

"Mm ... I could handle that." Rigger grinned and took another kiss. "Get a rubber, kid, and I'll show you object lesson."

The kid looked suddenly stricken. "Oh ... I didn't..."

"Hey, deep breath, kid. I have a hard and fast rule about knowing there's no bugs waiting for me to share. They tested you in Basic and you'll be tested again next week. You come out sweet and clean, and you keep your dick clean, we can do away with the latex."

"I didn't even ask if you were ... you know, clean." The kid bit his lip. "Pretty stupid, wasn't it?" Dick was withdrawing. "Guess I'm still the fucking cherry."

Rigger grabbed the back of Dick's neck, thrusting his tongue down the kid's throat. Best way he knew to prevent upset was to start fucking again. Fucking was always better than talking. The kid was stiff for a moment before slowly starting to relax again.

"We're both clean, kid. And once you come back clean, Rigger here'll suck you down every day just to taste your come and compare it to mine—he's a real cockhound, our Rigger."

"And you wouldn't have me any other way, jackass." Rigger licked at the kid's lips, grinning. "Pizza or Chinese for dinner, kid?"

Dick blinked at him. "What about Texan?"

Rigger grinned up at Rock, sprawling out on the couch. "Oh yeah, Rocketman. We're so keeping him."

Chapter 2

Rig wandered in, mail in hand. Cable bill, electricity, vet reminder, gas, letter from Momma, NRA shit for Rock, something for Dick. He wandered through the front room, dropping off letters, tossing junk, opening bills and muttering.

He'd managed to almost add up the bills and split them 40-40-20 when Dick's happy crow filled the room. "Fucking A!"

"What's up, kid? You win a new car?"

Dick held up a sheaf of papers. "Doctor's results. Clean as a fucking whistle!"

"Even better!" Rigger grinned over at Rock. "Guess the kid won't be spending his allowance on Trojans anymore, will he?"

Rock grinned and grabbed the papers from Dick's hands, skimming them quickly. "Looks good, kid," he said, passing them over to Rigger. "So what are you buying me with the money you save?"

Dick gave Rock the finger, grinning over at him and shit, if the kid wasn't fucking bouncing in place he'd be a monkey's uncle. He was pretty fucking bouncy himself. He'd wanted a taste of that long cock since Rock'd brought the kid home.

"Who wants the first piece of fresh, unadulterated Dick?"

"That would be me, Rocketman." Rig cackled, pouncing on the kid with a huge grin. "I've been very patient."

Dick grabbed his head and brought their mouths together, kissing him hard. Fuck, yes. Rigger dove into the kiss, hands

tugging at Dick's t-shirt. Rock's hands were at his waist, pulling his shirt out of his shorts.

The kid was still pretty wet around his ears and it wasn't long before he broke the kiss and started pushing Rigger down, hips humping up against him.

"You want something, Dick?" He worked the kid's jeans open, tugging out that sweet, long fucking cock.

"Yeah, Rigger. Please." Dick arched up into his touch. "Oh fuck, please—I want to feel you on me without anything..."

Rock chuckled. "It's like cherry night, all over again."

Rigger grinned and slid his mouth down over Dick's cock. Pulling hard, he didn't waste any time teasing. He'd get the kid off, then they'd play once the edge was off. Dick was making those porno noises for him—loud and needy right off the bat. And shit, but the kid was hot, like fire in his mouth, hips pushing that long cock deep.

He was humming, swallowing around the hard cock, loving the taste and salt and musk of real skin, real Dick. Dick's hands were hard on his head, the kid pushing up into his mouth, breathing heavy.

"Oh fucking shit, Rig—so fucking hot. Oh fuck. Oh yes. Oh..."

Rigger took the kid down to the root, one hand rolling Dick's balls, hungry to taste all of him. Dick wailed, the sound hungry and happy and pure Dick. Just like the spunk that shot into his mouth.

He swallowed hard, licking and sucking, pulling each pulse of come out. Dick's pleasure tasted salty but with a hint of

sweet and was colored by the amazing sounds that continued to pour down around him.

Oh, yeah. He could get used to this. Without a doubt. He lifted his head, moving up to take Dick's mouth, kissing him deep.

Dick hadn't even gotten soft and the kid's hips were pushing up against him as they kissed. "Shit I can taste myself in your mouth."

"Yeah. Oh, shit. Want you to fuck me, Dick." He leaned back, offering Rock a kiss and a taste, hips working.

"Oh, fuck yes!" The kid was moving against him like he was going to shoot again, but Rock put one big hand over Dick's hip, holding the kid down.

Rock kept his mouth busy for a long moment and then grinned down at the kid. "Patience—you don't have to do it all in one night, you know."

Rigger arched an eyebrow. "But he can do me tonight, right Dick?"

Rock laughed at him and slapped his butt. Dick was still trying to push up against him. "You're just a pair of sluts, the two of you."

"You're just worried we're going to wear you out, Rocketman."

"Not going to happen, boys." Rock gave him another slap and hauled first him and then Dick up. "Bedroom—I want to be comfortable while I watch you take the kid up your ass without a glove."

Rigger chuckled, squeezing Rock's ass. "Sure, old man. Anything for you. Last one in sleeps in the wet spot!"

He took off running like a bat out of hell. He heard a couple of thumps and swearing behind him and by the time Dick and Rock made it to the bedroom, they were wrestling pretty good.

He sat in the middle of the bed, chuckling. "Don't fucking break him, Rock. We're just getting to play with him!"

"You're just worried I'm gonna get him before you do."

"Damned straight. Hand him over."

Rock started laughing, losing his hold on Dick. "Straight? Did you say straight, Rigger? There isn't one thing straight in this room and you know it."

Rigger threw himself back on the bed, laughing so hard it hurt. Fuck, but he loved when Rock hit something funny. Fucking loved it.

Dick took advantage of their laughter and got away from Rock, climbing all over him. "I'm gonna do Rigger first—as a thank you for the blow-job, and then I'll do you, funny man."

"Mm ... my kind of boy. Do me, do me!" That set them all to laughing again, Rock landing beside them on the bed.

Dick started to kiss him, making it long and hard and good. It was Rock's fingers, thick and slick, that pushed into his body. He groaned into Dick's mouth, pushing back onto Rock's fingers.

Fuck. Good.

Then Rock's fingers disappeared and it was the kid's turn to moan into his mouth, and he knew those big fucking hands were getting Dick all slicked up for him.

Oh, shit. He lifted his head, catching Rock's eyes. "Gonna fuck him while he fucks me, Rock?"

"Smart man." Rock grinned as Dick's moans got louder.

Rigger bent to nuzzle Dick's ear. "You like that? Rock's cock filling you while you fuck me through the mattress?"

"Oh Fuck! Yes."

"How do you want me?" He moved onto his hands and knees, spreading his thighs. "This work for you, Dickie-boy?"

"No."

Rock laughed. "No? What's your problem, kid? You need an engraved invitation?"

Rigger looked back at the kid. "Face to face, then? Standing? Your choice, Dick. My ass is yours, however you want it."

"I want to see your face."

Rigger nodded. He could understand that. Hell, he could go so far as appreciating it. He rolled over onto his back, tugging Dick's arm until the kid came close enough to kiss him. He smiled up into Dick's stunned gaze. "Hey."

"Hey," Dick said back, smiling softly at him. Then Dick's eyes were closing and they were kissing and the kid was heavy and breathless and eager. Oh, there was something to be said for the sheer fucking enthusiasm of eighteen.

Rigger spread his legs, groaning into the kiss as Dick's cock started sliding against his.

"Come on, boys, we've got a plan here and you aren't sticking to it." Rock's hands slid along his hips and then Dick's, raising the kid away and repositioning him. "You're supposed to fucking him, kid, not rubbing up against him."

"Good old Rock—can always count on him keeping a plan on-track." Rig's quip lost a little as Dick's cock slid inside him, pushing deep and making his toes curl.

"You don't seem to be complaining," Rock noted as Dick started moving in him.

Without a condom the kid's cock was hot and slick and deep and just fucking perfect.

"No. No complaint here." He lifted his head for a kiss, moaning as the angle changed and Dick slid deeper.

"Oh, he likes that, Dickie-boy, right there." Rock grinned and then leaned in for a kiss as Dick continued to thrust long and deep. The kid was making those wonderful noises he loved so much, the porno soundtrack loud and constant.

He was fucking flying, gasping and arching into each thrust, balls getting tight as Dick worked his ass. The kid was good, fucking sweet.

Rock kissed him for a while and then pulled away. "Okay, kid, stop for a minute and let me in your tight ass."

Dick groaned and dropped his head to Rigger's shoulder, but he stopped. Sweet shudders moved through the kid's body and his breath was coming in loud gasps.

"He feels good, Rock. You don't know what you're missing." Rigger grinned up at Rock and tightened around the kid's cock, biting his bottom lip hard as the kid jerked. "Yet."

Dick groaned suddenly and pushed back. "He feels good from this end, too, Rig."

Rock continued to slide in, pushing Dick deeper into Rigger as he slid all the way in.

"Oh, fuck." He looked up at Dick, hands reaching to slide over the kid's shaking shoulders. "You gonna make it, Dick?"

"So fucking good," murmured Dick. "Shit, too good."

"Hold up, Rock. Let him catch his breath." Rigger pushed deep against Dick's tight muscles, relaxing him, bringing him away from the edge so they could play.

"Just a taste of the Rocketman's enough to make him shoot."

Rigger rolled his eyes and Dick chuckled. "That's it, asshole. The kid's riding bareback for the first time and it's your cock driving him out of his fucking mind."

"Yep."

Dick's chuckles got louder, his body shifting against Rigger, cock moving just slightly inside him.

"Oh." Rigger shifted, stretching, moving himself on that long cock. "Fuck, you're deep. Feels good."

Dick smiled at him, eyes bright with happiness and pleasure. "You like it?" the kid asked.

"Shit, yeah." He leaned up and took Dick's mouth, expressing his pleasure the best way he knew how. Fucking was always better than talking. The kid made one of those sweet noises into his mouth, kissing back for all his was worth.

"Oh, good," said Rock. "Does this mean we can start fucking now?"

Rigger moaned, pushing up against Dick, encouraging the kid to move, to fuck him.

"That would be a yes, Dickie-boy. You just follow my lead." With that the big guy started moving and Dick pulled out of him and then pushed back in, moaning at the dual sensations.

Oh, fuck. Rig rocked up, meeting the thrust with one of his own, shuddering as pleasure shot up his spine.

Dick got noisy. Oh, he always made noises, but now they were louder, almost non-stop as the three of them found the rhythm that brought them all the most pleasure. Dick was slamming into him a little harder than he had in the past, no doubt thanks to Rock's deep thrusts.

"Oh, yeah. Fuck, good. Good." He reached up for Dick's shoulders, tilting his hips and crying out as the kid's cock pegged his gland. "Shit!"

"Oh, fuck!" The kid half sobbed and their movements sped, Rock's low grunts of pleasure a counterpoint to Dick's higher pitched, almost sobbing noises.

His orgasm hit him quick, ass clamping down, balls drawing up as his spunk sprayed over his belly.

"Fuck!" Dick was practically screaming, the kid jerking and filling him with heat. Dick's mouth found his, the kiss sloppy and warm and just right. Rock was still working the kid's ass, each thrust rocking Dick inside him. He rode with it, moaning and sucking Dick's tongue in time with Rock's thrusts. The kid was taking deep, sobbing breaths. "Shit, Rig. I'm gonna come again."

"Mm..." He grinned, tightening his muscles and nipping Dick's bottom lip. "Come on, then. Shoot in my ass, Dick. Let me feel you."

"Oh ... oh, fuck." Dick whimpered as Rock just kept pounding into him and then the kid's mouth opened wide on a low wail and more come filled him up. Dick collapsed onto him.

Rigger groaned, looking up into bright blue eyes. "Think we broke him, Rock."

Rock grinned wolfishly down at him. "You'll fix him up again."

The words ended on a groan and Rock only thrust a couple more times before he was coming, shuddering above them.

He watched, prick twitching at the pleasure on Blue's face. Then Rig chuckled. "Don't you dare fall, big guy. I'm working to breathe under here as it is."

Rock's eyes twinkled down at him and then the big guy dropped a kiss on Dick's shoulder, the kid groaning as Rock pulled out and shifted to the side. Rock pulled the kid off with him.

Dick blinked dazedly at him, a soft, sleepy smile on the kid's face. "Thanks guys, that was really ... the best."

Rigger chuckled. "No, Dick. That was just the beginning."

Dick's eyes widened and the smile grew. "Gonna need my vitamins."

"Yep, Rigger here will keep you on a strict regimen so you can keep up." Rock winked at him over Dick's shoulder and one of the big hands slid past Dick's hip to rest possessively around his.

"Oh, yeah. Give him something to spend his rubber fund on." Rigger brushed Rock's hand with his own, relaxed down to his bones.

Dick chuckled and wriggled a little, settling happily against him. "And here I was all set to start paying my share of the beer."

"You can do that too, Marine." Rigger yawned. "That reminds me, bills are in. When we get up and around, I'll come hunting cash from you two."

Rock chuckled. "You see kid—he just keeps us around to help pay the bills."

"That and the sex."

Dick's higher pitched chuckles joined Rock's laughter.

Oh, yeah. Rigger nuzzled against Dick with a grin. The laughter was damned good too. Dick nuzzled back, eyes already closed—the kid was half asleep. He didn't blame him, being in the middle was a pretty great spot to sleep. Rock's hand squeezed his hip, Rock's low rumbling snores filling the air.

This thing with Dick was turning out pretty good.

He grinned over at Rock as the big guy gave a particularly loud snore. He'd even forgive Rock his snoring tonight.

He closed his eyes with a happy sigh. But only if he got first dibs on the shower.

Chapter 3

Rigger was a morning person.

Unashamedly, happily, without the slightest guilt—he woke up at 5 am every goddamned morning (well, okay, 6:30 when he was off and 8:30 when they'd been up drinking or fucking) popped his butt out of bed and let Grim out. He made coffee, watched the news, showered—did those normal morning things.

Then, at 5:35, he popped in to wake Rock and Dick up.

“Morning, Marines! Time for PT!” He stood far enough away from the bed so Rock couldn't hit him, yanking the comforter off his fuckbuddies.

Dick turned onto his side, curling up into a ball and burying his face in the pillows. Rock was more vocal. “Fuck off, asshole.”

“Watch it, jerkoff. You aren't nice, you won't get a good morning blowjob.” He chuckled and pulled some scrubs out of his chest of drawers.

“Unless the blowjob is the PT you're still an asshole.”

“Nope, it's Friday. You've got to be at formation in an hour. I've got the coffee going and everything.” He grinned over. Dick was sporting morning wood and being quiet, and now that he'd rolled back over onto his back, was in the perfect oh-suck-me-now position. Ladies and gentlemen, he had a winner.

He walked over to the side of the bed and crawled up onto the mattress. He lifted the long, thin cock and licked a line up

one side, grinning at the throb the hard flesh gave. "Good morning to you, too."

"Hey, that's my blow job!"

"He warned you," murmured Dick, hips shifting, pushing toward Rigger's mouth. He slid his lips over the tip of Dick's prick, sucking steadily, eyes teasing Rock mercilessly. Rock was exceedingly fond of his morning blowjobs. Dick was playing it up for all it was worth, too. The kid was moaning and writhing, one hand clutching his hair, the other wrapped in the sheets. "Oh yeah, Rigger baby, suck me. Suck me!"

Rigger chuckled and swallowed the kid deep, sucking hard, fingers working the sensitive skin behind Dick's balls. The tenor of the kid's moans changed, growing deeper as they became real, the hand in his hair opening and closing.

Rock swore softly and then Rigger made out the unmistakable sound of flesh on flesh, Rock working his cock as Rigger and Dick performed in his very own private porno.

He closed his eyes, just enjoying the slide of flesh on his tongue, the almost-sweet flavor of Dick, so different from the dark, wild taste of Rock. They found a rhythm—steady and solid, not too slow, not too fast, just enough to get Dick off and make it enjoyable—and they went with it, giving Rock a show.

The noises Dick made were the ones he always made, enthusiastic and happy, the play-acting over. It made the show even better, made it real and Rock was moaning just from watching and beating his own wood.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

His hand slid down, pumping himself in time with the cock that pushed into his mouth. He relaxed his throat, taking Dick deep, letting the kid in.

"Oh, shit, yeah, Rig!" Dick was panting and thrusting hard now, getting closer, that little hitch in his breathing giving him away.

He tugged his cock hard, close to blowing his wad, sucking furiously on the flesh in his mouth. Rock and Dick came together, Rock's groan low and deep, Dick's cry sharp, high. His mouth was filled by Dick's spunk as Rock's caught him in the face, hot and smelling strongly of Rock.

He sprayed into his hand, moaning around the cock in his mouth as he came.

He swallowed, enjoying the strangled little moans as he cleaned Dick with tongue. When Dick was soft, he stood with a grin, just barely shaky. "Coffee's ready boys. I'm gonna jump in the shower."

"Thanks, Rig." The kid stretched and grinned up at him.

"Anytime, kid." He winked and looked over at Rock.

"Assuming the big guy's willing to give up his daily wake up call, of course."

"Don't get used to it, Dickie-boy—tomorrow that mouth is mine." Rock gave Rig a fond glare and groaned as he noticed the clock. "Shit, we've gotta hustle, Dick."

He grinned and sauntered towards the door—he didn't have to be at the hospital until eight and a nice hot shower was sounding good. "See you guys at Pete's for pizza and pool tonight?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He could see Rock trying to come up with something appropriately foul-mouthed and witty at the same time, but between the sex and the early hour, Rock was at a distinct disadvantage.

Dick must have seen it too, 'cause the kid laughed and it was his voice that chased Rigger down the hall. "Last guy there bottoms!"

The little fucker knew he didn't get off shift for twelve hours. Rigger chuckled as he turned the water on. See if the kid got another blowjob from him.

He soaped himself up, taking his time, letting the flavor of the kid in his mouth mingle with the taste of Rock as he licked his lips. His cock started filling again and he leaned against the tiles with a grin. There wasn't a damn thing wrong with being a morning person.

Chapter 4

Dick thought the best thing about living with two guys was the distinct lack of make-up and hairspray and perfume and “feminine products” in the bathroom. Or maybe it was the fact that nobody yelled at him for leaving his underwear on the doorknob—well, Rig didn't yell much. Or the way cold pizza was not only allowed for breakfast, it was expected.

Of course all of that paled in comparison to the really very best thing about living with two guys.

Sex.

Whenever and wherever he wanted it, odds were, he wouldn't have to indulge alone. Whether he wanted to fuck or get fucked, suck or get sucked, or just rub off on the nearest warm body, either Rock or Rig, and often both, were right there, warm and willing and enthusiastic. Living with Rock and Rig made the circle jerks of his high school years look like amateur hour.

Dick looked over at the couch, where the two guys were sitting, watching the same lame game he was, looking for all the world like they were enjoying watching the home team take a beating.

They needed a little distraction. Hell, he needed a little distraction. And speaking of circle jerks, he had just the distraction in mind.

Going over to the couch, he dropped down on it, between them. Rock flicked his head with sharp fingers and Rigger grunted at him, but they both shifted. Dick grabbed their

crotches, rubbing their cocks through their shorts, grinning as they both hardened up just as quick as anything in his hands.

"Mm ... bored, kid, or just hungry?" Rigger's hand slid over his stomach, hips pushing the hard cock up towards his hand.

"A little of both."

"Some of us are watching the game," Rock informed him. He'd have bought the complaint if Rock hadn't been pushing up into his hand even harder than Rigger was.

"Yeah, Dick. Rock's watching the game. I, on the other hand, am watching your hand on my prick." Rigger grinned, hand finally reaching his cock and stroking.

His breath hitched a little and he sighed happily as Rigger's hand made him hard. "You think I should stop, let him watch the game in peace?"

"Oh, don't stop." Rigger gave him a fucking hilarious fluttering eyelashes look and southern belle voice before blinking. "Oh, you meant stop touching Rock. Eh, that's fine with me."

"I can watch and fuck at the same time," Rock informed them.

Dick laughed and worked on zippers. Rock's slid down nice and easy, but Rigger had on a pair of beat up cut-offs that were tight as anything. They looked fucking great on him, but they were a bear to undo.

Rigger's hand left Dick's crotch for a minute while the zipper was yanked down, thick cock springing free. "You were looking for this?"

"Fuck, yeah. That's much better." Dick sat back and started pumping the cocks in his hands. Rock was thicker and

a tiny bit longer, but Rig's wasn't little by any stretch of the imagination. They were both so fucking hot and hard and it just felt great to be holding them. Much better than watching the game.

Rigger was very enthusiastically sliding that hot palm over the head of his cock, sending bursts of electricity through his balls. Rigger's free hand was sliding over the tight, naked sac between his own legs.

"Fuck it," grunted Rock and suddenly Rigger's hand was joined by Rock's on Dick's cock. He nearly arched off the couch at the one two combo, moaning at the sensations. His head fell back and his eyes closed and it was all he could do to keep his hands moving, sliding heat along his palms.

He heard a wet pop and then Rigger shifted, wet fingers sliding behind his balls and pressing inside him. "We're going make him come, Rocketman."

"You're fucking right, Rigger." Rock's spare hand pushed up Dick's shirt, finding his nipple and tweaking none too gently.

Dick just made some random sound of pleasure, not a whimper though, he didn't whimper, and moved into the touches. He was pretty sure he was still pulling on the cocks in his hands, but he wouldn't give sworn testimony to that effect. All he really knew was that he felt fucking incredible.

"Oh, fuck, Rock. Push it up higher." Rigger shifted and Rock tugged and then lips and teeth and tongue found his other nipple. The fingers in his ass curled, scraping across his prostate.

Oh yeah, the circle jerks in high school had never ever been like this. He whimpered this time, a fucking whimper, but he didn't care, he just wanted the touches to continue, 'cause he was so fucking close, he just needed ... just another second, another tug, another push of fingers, another bite like that...

Rigger bit down and pushed deep, Rock's hand pulled and then he was flying, fucking coming and arching and groaning to beat the band. There was nothing like it and he screamed, letting it out, letting the feelings flow from his cock and his mouth and shit, but he would do this all the fucking time if he could.

He came slowly back down, the guys' hands and mouths still hot and hard on him, in him and his own hands wrapped tight around their hot pricks.

Rigger's face filled his vision, eyes hot. "Fuck but you look good." Then Rig took his mouth in a deep, hot, all tongue and teeth kiss.

He jerked in Rock's hand, still hard and wanting and Rock's laugh was hot in his ear, along with Rock's tongue and fuck, but they were going to kill him and he was going to enjoy every damn second of it.

Rigger wiggled against him and damn but that horny son a bitch had managed to get naked.

"You want some of this cock, Rig? He's still hard." Rock's voice was loud in his ear, breath sharp. When Rigger straddled him and Rock's hand lined him up with that tight hole, he heard another low chuckle. "Fuck, yeah."

Then Rigger's kiss deepened as his cock was pressed into Rigger's body, hot and tight and fucking amazing. He brought his arms around Rigger, holding onto the trim hips and helping Rig come down hard onto his cock, the tight body grasping him every time Rig came down.

"Lose the lip-lock, boys." Rock's hands pulled them apart and then fuck if he wasn't shoving his cock down Dick's throat. Shit it was hard and hot and tasted like a fucking dream and Dick just lay back and let them ride him. Rock and Rig were moaning, grunting, moving together harder and faster. Rig's ass was tight and hot, Rock's cock insistent and thick and oh, fuck, it felt good.

Harder and harder they rode him and he needed to come, needed to scream, to burst at the seams because no one could be so full of anything so fucking good. Then Rock was coming, spunk hot and thick and salty as it sprayed down his throat, and Rig was coming, splashing hot against his stomach.

They both kept moving, kept pushing until he screamed around Rock's cock and shot his load inside Rigger.

Rigger groaned, sliding off him. "Fuck, I'm glad we scotch-guarded the sofa, or you'd be reupholstering, kid."

Rock pulled out and collapsed next to him with a grunt and Dick managed to flip Rigger off. "Like this was the first time anyone ever fucked on this couch."

"You mean my poor, dear virgin sofa?" Rigger chuckled and stood, heading down the hall. Dick could fucking see the shine of his come against Rig's thighs. Fuck, but it made him want to do it all over again.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock laughed and his hand landed in Dick's lap, teasing over his slit. "Even you need a few minutes to recover after that, kid."

Rigger's laugh echoed from the hallway. "You're getting old, Rocketman. If anyone wants to share the hot water, you'd better hurry the fuck up."

Dick would have been off the couch first if Rock hadn't used him to push himself up. And even though he flipped Rock off and called him an asshole, he couldn't help but think that the best thing about living with two guys, these two guys, were the guys themselves.

Chapter 5

Most Sundays, he let his marines sleep in. He woke up at 5, took a long, lazy shower, grabbed some clothes and the Sunday paper and headed to the pancake house for coffee and chatter and pecan pancakes. Then he did the grocery shopping, washed his Jeep and headed home to drop off the food and pick up the dog so he could have a nice run at the park. Then he'd pick up donuts for the marines, head home, and spent the rest of the morning in the garage, puttering.

Of course, some Sunday mornings, 5 am came way too close to whatever screwed up hour they'd gone to bed.

Some Sunday mornings, Dick would be up in time to head out with him and Grimmy.

Some Sunday mornings, like this Sunday morning, he woke up eye-to-eye with a delicious, hard prick just begging for a nice, long, slow suck. Mmm ... good morning, world.

Rig grinned and slid his mouth over the waiting flesh, tongue sliding and tasting and touching. A solid hand landed on his head, caressing, holding and Rock's deep, rumbling moan broke the silence. He hummed, licking slow and easy, enjoying the weight and taste and scent of his Blue. Rock shifted, giving him a warm thigh to rest against and he settled in for the duration. There was nowhere he had to be, nothing he'd rather do, and so he took his own sweet time.

"Fuck, that's nice." Rock's voice was barely awake, every corner of it filled with pleasure.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rig nodded, head bobbing slightly as he sucked. Dick's heat pressed against his back, arms wrapping around him, and he moaned, pulling a bit harder. Yeah, it was nice. Warm. Good. Easy.

Dick's mouth nuzzled his neck, the kid's prick waking up and nuzzling his ass.

Rock laughed. "Kid can smell sex in his sleep."

Rig chuckled, tongue sliding over the slit in one prick, ass sliding against another. He got twin groans in response, Dick's almost as low as Rock's, the kid still half asleep. He slid one hand around Rock's waist, the other back to stroke Dick's skin.

His marines were warm in that still-sleepy way that just went with Sunday mornings.

They all rocked and moved, six hands, three cocks, three voices and nothing but time and want. Sliding together like this—Dick's hands on his belly, on Rock's thighs, Rock's hands in his hair—it was good, better than good.

One of the kid's hands moved lower, finding his cock and sliding over it, pumping lazily in time. He moaned, lips tightening on Rock's prick, pulling in time with Dick's hand. Rock grunted, hips starting to get into the action. They moved a little faster, Dick's cock leaking, slicking his ass, the salt of Rock starting to drip into his mouth.

Dick was making those noises that gave them their own porno track, kid rubbing enthusiastically against him now. He pushed back, swallowing Rock down to the root before sliding up to fuck the sweet slit with his tongue.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Oh fuck!" Rock curled that built body around his head, stomach muscles pressing against him. Yeah. Fuck, yeah. He pressed harder, sucking the thick head for all he was worth, moaning and moving and oh, fucking shit, it was good.

Dick's hand tightened on his cock, sliding faster as Dick rubbed hard against him.

Wet noises drifted down to him and he looked up to see Rock and the kid sharing a wide-mouthed fucking hot kiss. He whimpered, burying his nose in Rock's curls, swallowing hard as he shot, coming on Dick's hand.

It triggered his lovers, Rock filling his throat while Dick shot up his back.

Yeah. Oh, yeah. He held on, sucking and shaking and riding out the aftershocks.

Rock collapsed back down and Dick relaxed around him, soft sounds of pleasure echoing around them.

He snuggled against Rock's belly, humming soft and low. Better than coffee, better than pecan pancakes. Better than anything.

He fucking loved Sunday mornings.

Chapter 6

He was stretched out on the sofa—ice-cold beer in one hand, greasy burger in the other, ballgame on the tube, house all to himself, Grim sitting on the floor next to him, licking up crumbs.

Oh, yeah, life was good.

Not that the house would be his for long. Rumor was the 313th was coming in off maneuvers today, which meant houseguests and an empty fridge and fucking pizza boxes stacked every damned where and having to share the sofa.

‘Course, it also meant nights of fucking and being fucked and walking like a goddamned cowboy and having Dick and Rock's cocks sliding down his throat and getting off again and again.

He really needed to buy another couch, though. He was damned comfortable.

He finished the burger and the beer and the game and had called for a couple of sausage and pepperonis when Rock's truck roared into the driveway. Grim was at the door, tail wagging happily, when the screen door slammed open.

“Hey honey, we're home!” Rock's voice floated in seconds before the man himself swaggered in, duffel hanging off his shoulder, Dick right at his heels like a puppy. Both guys still wore their BDUs and shit-kickers, complete with shit, or at the very least a ton of mud.

“You bring the entire fucking field back with you?” Rigger asked, grinning up at Rock. “How's it hanging, marines?”

"It's hanging like it needs a fucking shower—this is the first we've been off our bellies in a god-damned week." Rock let his bag fall in the middle of the floor and eyed the easy chair.

"Don't even think about it, asshole. You two know where the shower is. The pizzas will be here when you're done." Rigger shook his head and smiled over at Dick, winking. "And get your goddamned shit out of the middle of the floor before I let Grim eat it."

"Asshole." Rock made a face at him and headed for the latrine. "Haul my gear, Runt and I'll let you suck me off in the shower."

"Oh, Rock, how can I ever repay you for such an honor? Please, let me hump your gear for the rest of my life." Despite his snarking, Dick grabbed the duffel and headed off after Rock.

Rigger chuckled, watching the two fine asses head down the hall. "Leave some for me, boys."

A grunt and a laugh answered him before the bathroom door shut. He flipped channels, hand working over the bulge in his jeans until the doorbell rang. The little, redheaded pizza boy was wide-eyed and shivery as always and Rigger made sure to lounge against the door, unbuttoned shirt and tight jeans framing his cock nicely.

Five years and that kid might be worth seducing.

Hands came around him, grabbing the pizza boxes, Rock's hand rubbing across his head for a moment. "Make sure you give the puppy a nice tip, Rig."

"I'm a great tipper, right, Josh?" He grinned at the kid, handing over three tens. "It is Josh, isn't it?"

"Uh ... yeah. Yes. Josh. Yeah. You ... you need change?" The kid was adorable, all stammers and blushes. Sort of like a troll doll with acne.

"Keep the change, kid." He turned back to the room with a grin, letting the door close. "Love that kid. Such a cherry."

"We could have fixed that in a hurry—you should have invited him in." Half the pizza was already gone, Rock and Dick both working on their third pieces, eating like they hadn't in at least a week. "Dickie-boy here would love to have someone else be the new guy, wouldn't you?"

Dick only grunted around his pizza, flipping Rock off.

"Fuck that shit. I'm not looking to be in jail playing bitch to Bubba the Axe Murderer because I popped some seventeen year old kid's cherry." He grabbed a piece of pizza and settled on the sofa beside Rock.

Rock craned his neck, trying to look out the window. "You think he's that old? I'd have said fifteen." Rock ducked Rigger's half-hearted punch, chortling and nearly choking on his pizza.

"Jackass." He snatched the remote from Rock and started flipping channels, looking for something better than Ron Popeil selling hair in a can.

"Oh, come on, man—he makes the best background noise for fucking!" Rock thumped his arm and made a grab for the remote.

"No way! Just because you get your rocks off over one old guy spray-painting another old bald guy doesn't mean Dick

and I have to fuck over it." He stretched away from Rock's hand, tossing the remote to Dick.

"Butthead." Rock offered him the endearment and then turned on Dick. "Gimme the remote, Runt."

Dick just shook his head and started slowly clicking through the channels. Rigger sniggered. Rock hated the way Dick channel surfed, fucking hated it. Dick would leave the channel on each station anywhere from thirty seconds to five minutes. He'd wait through a dozen ads to see what program was on only to click to the next channel thirty seconds into it. And you never could tell if he'd settled on a show or was still testing it out.

It made Rock batshit every single time. Rigger was pretty sure the kid did it on purpose, though you'd never know it from the innocent look in those big blue eyes.

Rigger patted his lap, encouraging Grim to hop up and stretch across him and Rock. Now Rock was stuck watching while Dick surfed. Rigger grinned, stretching out along the sofa. A batshit Rock made for a fucking horny Rock.

He could feel the tension increasing in Rock with every click of the television. When Rock didn't swoop down and snatch the last piece of pizza from his fingers, he knew it wouldn't be long.

Rock's fingers began to drum restlessly against Grim's haunches and Rigger would have sworn he saw Dick's lips twitch.

He finished the last piece and settled back, shrugged his shirt off. It was like waiting for a storm to break, waiting for the bird to land. It made him hard, hungry. Rock was making

barely audible growling sounds now and Dick shifted, legs spreading. The kid was shirtless and his soft grey sweats were no match for the hard on he was sporting. Out of the corner of his eye, Rigger saw Rock twitch.

Dick clicked the remote again and again. Grim yawned and jumped off the couch, heading to the kitchen, nails clicking on the wood floor.

Rock broke.

"Fucking shit!" Rock leapt across the coffee table, landing square on Dick, knocking the remote from the kid's hand, one arm across Dick's neck, forcing his head up. "Can't you fucking watch television like a normal person?"

Rigger was impressed that the chair held—almost as impressed as the view of Rock's ass and open thighs framing Dick's taut belly and hard cock.

"I am the normal person here, Rock." Dick almost sounded like he didn't give a shit, like they were still just a bunch of guys sitting around eating pizza and watching TV, but his hips gave him away and he started grinding up against Rock.

They were hot together, Rock's hard body against Dick's more slender form, pushing and humping. Rigger slid down on the sofa, hand working open the buttons on his jeans. He stroked his cock in time with the flex of Rock's ass.

They would have taken the hard edge off in the shower, but they'd been out in the boonies for ages and would both be hard as nails and ready to go all night. Rock grabbed onto the back of the chair for leverage and shoved his tongue down Dick's throat. Meanwhile the kid wrapped his arms and legs around Rock's solid body, matching each thrust. It would

have been the perfect if they'd both managed to get their sweats off first.

Rigger groaned, head falling back, eyes never leaving the muscles of Rock's back, the clench of Dick's fingers. He'd get up and help out, if he wasn't too fucking hard to move.

Well, that and there was no way that chair'd hold three of them.

Rock moaned suddenly, head going back on a howl as he shuddered. Dick continued to grind up against him for a few minutes, gasping and groaning until he too came, knuckles going white against the tanned skin of Rock's back.

He gripped the base of his cock, letting his urgency ease. Then he began to slowly stroke again, base to tip, hips pushing steadily, easily. "Feel better, Rock? Working out a little frustration?"

Rock pushed himself off Dick, rubbing the kid's head fondly. "Just getting started," he said, stripping off his sweats and using them wipe off his come.

"Being frustrated or working it out?" His hand didn't stop, just kept jacking away at his cock, pulling steadily. Fuck, but Rock was built like a brick shithouse.

"Fucking working it out, cocksucker." Rock's hand was on his own cock, stroking it back to hardness. "You want some of this, Rig?"

Dick made a soft, appreciative noise and out of the corner of his eye, Rigger could see the kid stripping down to skin, hand finding the long cock. Dick wasn't thick like him and Rock, but the kid had them both beat in length.

"Have I ever left you high and dry, Rock?" Rock could call him a cocksucker all fucking day. The fact was, he was damned good at it and could have Rock begging to be buried balls deep in his throat. That visual made his toes curl and his hand sped, thighs spreading wider.

"Once, but I suppose I gotta let you off the hook for answering the call of duty and all." Rock laughed and came closer and Rigger could smell Rock's come now, the musk lingering.

"You know what they say, duty before hard cocks." He inhaled deeply, head falling back, lips parting. "Not on call this weekend, though."

Rock didn't say a word, just stepped across him, kneeling over him and pushed that thick, full cock into his mouth. Dick's moan was loud, as if he were the one with his cock in Rigger's mouth. Rigger closed his eyes, lips wrapping around the hot, stiff flesh and pulling for all he was worth. His tongue swirled and circled, pushing into the slit, teasing along the ridged head.

"Fuck, yes." Rock began to fuck his mouth enthusiastically, grunting and moaning. Rock was making so much noise, Rigger didn't hear Dick move and he nearly bit off Rock's cock as his own was suddenly engulfed in sucking heat.

Oh, shit, it was good. Fucking good—cock in his mouth, his cock being eaten like Dick was a starving man just offered a banquet. His hands found Rock's hips, holding on, pulling on Rock's cock for all he was worth.

"Oh yeah, Rig, just like fucking that." Rock's thrusts grew faster, jerky and the big hands found his head, wrapped

around his scalp and held him in place. As if he was going anywhere.

That was when Dick started to hum.

He took Rock in deep, swallowing hard around the thick cock as he came, jerking wildly into Dick's mouth.

Rock's hips slammed against him again and again, the only thing saving his head from the arm of the couch were Rocks hands. Then Rock came, flooding his mouth with strong, bitter fluid. He drank Rock's come down, continuing the suction, knowing that Rock's cock would be sensitive now—three orgasms so close, pleasure becoming a sweet, raw ache. The muscles under his hands twitched and the hands in his hair twisted, the motions accompanied by a groan.

It was Dick's voice that broke into his reverie of pleasure. "So which one of you wants to get fucked first?"

Rigger grinned around Rock's shaft, chuckling. The kid was learning. Pretty fucking cool.

Chapter 7

The sun hadn't even come up yet when the phone rang. Dick was the first to hear it, but he knew it wouldn't be for him so he poked Rigger until the blond growled and took the call. Dick also let Rigger be the one to wake up Rock when it turned out it was for him—Rock was downright ugly first thing.

Rock cursed and swore and got out of bed and threw on some clothes and stomped out. Rigger had already been asleep by the time the front door slammed on Rock and Dick curled up against the warm back and drifted off himself.

The sun was up when he woke up again, sprawled on his back, something tickling over his belly. As he blinked into awareness, that tickle turned into a weight, Rigger's head pressing against his abs while hot lips teased the head of his cock.

"Oh..." Now this was the way to wake up. He rolled his hips, trying to get his cock into Rigger's mouth. Rigger moved with him, continuing to tease. The suction was focused only on the tip of his cock, those fucking lips driving him crazy. "Shit, you really are an asshole, you know that?"

"Mm-hmm." Rigger's tongue began to slowly fuck the slit of his cock, the tip of the wet muscle trying to push inside. It burned a little, but the heat and pleasure negated any discomfort.

"Oh, God!" He curled up around Rigger's head, hands sliding through the short curls.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rigger hummed, the sound teasing and warm. Then that talented mouth took him in, suction fierce and strong around him.

Rock always said Rigger was the best cocksucker he'd ever known, and Rock meant it as compliment. Rock was right, too. Not that he himself had so much experience to compare, but Rigger made him feel things he'd never felt before.

Lips and tongue moving on his flesh furiously, Rigger was trying to melt his bones. One hand slid behind his balls, rubbing against the sensitive skin there, pushing him higher and higher. His hands fisted into the sheets and someone was making these funny little wailing sounds and he didn't even care if it was him, 'cause it felt so fucking good. He just held onto that, onto the pleasure, onto the sheets, onto the sound of his own scream as he came, pleasure moving through him like a shot.

Rigger was still pulling on his cock when his brain decided to return to the upright and locked position, suction easing, tongue sliding over his skin.

It occurred to him that maybe the reason Rigger was so good at it was because he liked it. It wasn't something he did just to get the other guy off. He kind of liked that thought 'cause he kind of liked sucking guys off himself. At least he liked doing it with Rock and Rigger. "Hey, Rig?"

"Yeah, Dick?" Rigger's head landed back on his stomach, blond curls tickling his skin.

"You like doing that?" He didn't breathe after he'd asked the question. They didn't talk about stuff like that—sex—they

just did it, and if Rock had been there he never would have said anything.

"Oh, fuck yeah. Feels good." Stretching out sideways on the bed, Rigger yawned, scratching his belly. "Always makes me hot."

"I thought so. I mean I was thinking maybe that's why you're so good at it, 'cause you know, you are. And I was thinking that if you liked it so much, well it was okay to, you know? Like it, I mean. I mean..." His face was red, he could tell and he'd probably just insulted the hell out of Rigger and he didn't know why he couldn't just keep his mouth shut sometimes and maybe, if he was really lucky, the bed would just swallow him up whole.

"Relax, kiddo. Man, if you don't like it, you shouldn't be doing it, you know?" A chuckle sounded, the noise friendly in his ear, not laughing at him, not completely anyway. "I'm not going to have to give you the talk about good touches and bad touches, am I?"

He laughed, relief going through him. "No, no, I'm good. It's just ... well sometimes you do it just because of turn around, you know? Like Rock—I don't think he likes doing it so much, but he doesn't hate it or anything and we do it for him so..." He shrugged and laughed again. "And most of the time Rock's got it right anyway, doesn't he? Like 'less talk, more action'." He reached over and tugged at Rigger's leg, still feeling a little too bonelessly good to move on down himself, but more than ready to reciprocate.

"Well, no one's ever accused Rock of being a stellar conversationalist, Dick." Rigger turned, lanky body moving

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

with the weird, living through pudding way that Rigger did everything. Nothing rushed or rattled the man—not blood, pain, hunger, anger, orgasm. Rigger had his own pace and he was going to follow it, no matter what.

As he licked at the tip of Rigger's cock the way Rigger had licked at his, Dick wondered if he worked at it hard enough, if he couldn't make Rigger rush just a little.

Chapter 8

Friday nights without Dick were rare since he'd brought the kid home. Not that he was complaining—Dick was fun to have around and great to fuck. Still, he was looking forward to a couple of hours of Rigger to himself. He had beer in the fridge, a pizza in the oven and a chocolate cake from the bakery.

Rock chuckled as he heard Rigger's jeep pulling up. Who was he kidding? He was looking forward to fucking Rigger through the floor.

Rig came through the door, two grocery sacks in hand, looking sexy as fuck in a little tank top and his scrub bottoms. "Evenin' all. I stopped and picked up toilet paper, hot sauce and ding-dongs. The chick at the checkout looked at me like I was friggin' insane. Mmm ... who's making pizza?"

"Sarento's—it's just keeping warm in the oven." He counted to ten before tackling Rigger where he stood. Well, he meant to count to ten but he got to three and snapped. Rigger made a satisfying thump as Rock slammed him up against the wall, fusing their mouths together.

Rig wrapped around him, sun-hot and ready, lips parting immediately, letting him in deep. Oh yeah, this was what he wanted.

He pushed one of his hands up Rigger's top until he found those sensitive little titties and he shoved the other one down Rigger's scrubs, wrapping around the hot prick that was just waiting for him.

Rigger groaned, body moving underneath his touch in hungry waves. Hands were pushing down into his sweats, fingers pulling his cock free of the material, out where he could rub against the naked patch of Rig's belly. "Fuck, yeah."

He needed Rigger naked, needed Rigger now, hot and tight around his cock. He pushed Rigger's legs apart, hands on either side of the scrubs to tear them apart.

"Clothing budget, Blue." Grabbing his hands, Rig wiggled out of the scrubs in a heartbeat, losing the tank top a second later and moving to press back against him, all heat and salt and sunshine—his Rig. "All yours."

"I like the sound of that." He pulled off his sweats and pressed Rigger back into the wall. "Gonna fuck you into the wall."

"Promises, promises." One of Rig's legs was already hooked around his waist, Rig's lips sliding over his jaw. "You know what I need."

He let his hands speak for him, sliding behind Rigger and grabbing his ass. He pushed his middle fingers into Rigger's hole as he held the sweet cheeks apart. Rig's moan felt fucking fabulous, almost as good as that tight, hungry hole squeezing and tightening on his fingers. He pushed his index fingers in as well, Rigger's body swallowing them up.

"Oh, fuck! Blue!" Rigger's head fell back against the wall, grey eyes blinking at him as that long body rode his fingers. Rigger brought his other leg up onto his hip, using the wall and his strength to stay upright and moving.

Letting his fingers slide out of Rigger, he moved forward, hips pressing until his cock was teasing at that hot, eager little hole.

Rigger struggled against his hands, trying to impale that sweet body on his cock, whimpering as Rock kept them just touching. "Blue. Want you."

He nuzzled at Rigger's neck and then licked up to bite at the soft earlobe. "How bad?"

"How bad do I want that gorgeous fucking cock buried in my ass balls deep?" Rig chuckled, the sound merry, but shot clear through with need. "Pretty fucking bad, Rock."

"Oh yeah?" He nibbled his way around Rigger's ear and then over across one high cheekbone, licked Rigger's nose and worked his way across the other cheekbone.

He could feel Rig's hole, pulsing and pushing at the head of his cock, Rig straining to take him in. "What do you want, Blue, an invitation? Yes. Need you. Fuck me."

He pushed just the head of his cock in and started rocking, just enough to open Rigger up and slide out again, teasing them both over and over.

"Oh, fuck..." Rig licked his lips, eyes wide and dazed. "Love your cock."

"I know." He chuckled into Rigger's ear and let his cock slip in a little deeper.

"L ... love when you fuck me."

"I know." He pushed a little deeper now, sliding about halfway in before pulling out again, keeping up the shallow rhythm as he half-fucked Rigger.

Rig rode there for a while, moaning and sighing and riding his prick. Rock waited his horny little slut out, waited for those eyes to go dark, for teeth to sink into that bottom lip. "Oh, Blue ... love ... lover, please!"

"Please what, Rabbit?" He pushed almost all the way in and then went back to half-fucking. "What do you need from the Rocketman?"

A soft, hungry whimper sounded. "Need you to fuck me and let me come on your cock, Blue. Need you to take me like you want to."

"Fuck yes!" He shoved in, moaning as Rigger's body swallowed him up eagerly.

"Rock! Shit, yeah! Yes!" Rigger sobbed, body clenching hard around his cock.

He shifted, wrapping his arms around Rigger's waist and holding him tight. He slid his mouth around one of Rigger's nipples, pulling hard as he started to fuck his lover. So fucking tight—how could anyone still be tight after getting fucked so well and so regular for so long?

Rigger rode him furiously, lips sliding over the top of his head, hungry little moans pouring between them. He fucked Rigger hard and fast and long, that fucking sweet ass taking him again and again.

"Gonna come, Blue. Just a little more, let me come. Fuck!" Rig's body was tightening on him, shaking and clutching. Raising his head he took Rigger's mouth, shoving Rigger hard against the wall as he pounded into that tight hole. A sharp cry pushed into his mouth along with a hot tongue, Rig shooting spunk between them like a fucking fountain.

Tight muscles squeezed around his cock, making him roar, making him come.

"Yeah. Yeah, Blue." Rig's lips were soft, hot. "God."

"Fuck, but you're something else, Rabbit."

They kept kissing, Rigger's mouth so fucking hot beneath his lips. It was good, the relaxed weight of Rig in his arms and the long, lazy swipes of Rig's tongue, the slow squeezing of Rig's ass keeping him in, keeping him hard.

He pulled Rigger in tight and headed for the sofa. A soft hum sounded, Rig licking along his neck. "Fuck you taste good, Blue."

"Oh shit, the pizza!"

Rigger started chuckling. "Distracted you more than food, Rock?"

"Yeah, I know it seems impossible." He nuzzled into Rigger's neck and lowered them both to the couch.

"Mm ... I'll buy us another one. Or take you for steak later."

"Oh yeah, I could go for a steak." He nipped at Rigger's shoulder. "After I go for you."

"Like how you think, Blue. Always have." Rig's tongue slid into his ear, teasing him.

He chuckled at the sensation. "I don't think with that head, Rigger."

"Then why don't we work out exactly what you do with that head, Rocketman?"

"You got something in mind?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"How about we fuck again. Go shower. Go eat. I'll blow you when we get back home and then you fuck me one more time?"

"Fuck, wet, eat, blow, fuck. Sounds like a plan." He shifted, moving to lie Rigger back on the couch. Rig was smiling at him, hands sliding over his skin, eyes bright and happy. As he started to fuck Rigger again, he mentally changed the plan.

They didn't need to eat.

Chapter 9

Rock stood under the hot spray and reminded himself that taking a shower by himself was a luxury. He wasn't tripping over anyone, no one was hogging the spray ... no one was sucking him off...

He turned off the taps and got out, drying himself off and then throwing the towel at the general direction of the rack. Taking a shower by himself might be a luxury, but it was a luxury he could do without.

He wandered around the house and finally settled on the couch, clicker in his hand. Someone somewhere was playing a game of something and watching it would be better than watching the clock, waiting for Rigger and the kid to get back. Stupid kid, wanting to learn how to surf. Stupid Rig, wanting to show him. And why the fuck did it always have to be at fucking dawn?

And what he really couldn't figure out was why either Rigger or Dick would rather be down at the beach trying to drown themselves when they could be here, sucking his cock. It just wasn't a good day if it didn't start out with a blowjob.

Well they owed him one now. Two. They owed him two. Beach volleyball. Nope. Click. Swimming. Nope. Click. Bicycling. Nope. Click.

Lumberjack competition. All right, it would do, in the absence of football. He settled back against the cushions, trying to decide if it was too early to go dig out a brew.

He'd just finished watching Angus McSomebody pull down a tree with his teeth when Grim's bark sounded at the door and the smell of fresh donuts and coffee wafted in through the screen door.

"Morning, sunshine." Rigger's voice sounded and then the long body appeared, dressed in nothing but an unbuttoned white shirt with the sleeves cut off, a pair of tiny swim trunks, and sea salt. Two dozen donuts were balanced in his hands. "Brought breakfast. The kid's got our coffee."

"'Bout fucking time. Thought I was gonna have to forage for leftover pizza." He nodded at Dick. "So you managed not to drown the kid after all."

"Not for the lack of tryin', Rocketman." Rig winked and plopped down beside him. The kid handed them each a cup of coffee before settling in the lazy-boy—and where did he get that tight wetsuit/shorts thing that zipped all the way down the front? Damn!—orange juice in hand. "And Dick ate the pizza before we headed out. The kid's got a fucking hollow leg, I tell you what."

"He usually fills up on Rock." He grabbed his cock, pumping it to life. Rigger rolled his eyes and the kid flipped him off.

Rig pulled a cruller out of one of the boxes and grinned over at Dick. "Hey, kid. Wanna play ring toss? Rock's offering us a target."

"You're gonna need a much bigger hole, Rig my man."

Rig's tongue poked through the center of the donut, wiggling obscenely for a second. "Nah, the kid's tighter than

this and I've seen what you've reamed him with. This'll work just fine."

His cock throbbed in his hand at the thought of Dick's tight little hole. But first, he wanted his blowjob, damn it. He grabbed the cruller out of Rig's hand and shoved it down around his cock, only breaking it a bit. "You know, Rig, you're right. Come eat your prize."

Dick crowed and Rig gave him one of those 'I'd kick your ass if I didn't want it and you weren't three times my size' looks. Then Rig finished the coffee and leaned forward, flattening that fucking hot tongue against the tip of his cock, the feeling almost a burn, but incredibly fucking sweet.

He groaned appreciatively and spread his legs wide. "Now that's more like it."

"Spoiled brat." Rigger's tongue slid down his cock before Rig started eating the donut away in tiny careful bites, eyes teasing as that sweet mouth avoided even brushing against his prick.

"You son of a bitch!" he complained, impressed and annoyed at the same time. Rigger just laughed, finishing the cruller with a wicked, shit-eating grin. Then, before Rock could make a complaint, that hot tongue started lapping up the fallen flakes of sugar from his balls. That earned Rig another moan.

Dick took his coffee from his hand, which was probably just well—he'd forgotten he still had it—except the little fucker was drinking it, a 'what are you gonna do about it' look on his face. He'd have cared more if Rigger hadn't chose that

moment to slink onto the floor between his legs and pull one nut into the heat of that mouth. "Shit, yeah."

His head dropped back against the cushions and he shifted until his butt was at the edge of the couch. He wouldn't want Rig to have trouble reaching anything.

He felt Rig moan around his sac and opened his eyes to see Dick, already stripped out of his suit, pulling the open shirt off Rig's arms. The kids' cock was already full, long and thin, reaching up for the cut abs. He reached out half-heartedly, looking for a handful of skin but not willing to lose the touch of Rig's talented mouth. Dick just grinned at him and started to work on Rig's shorts.

Rig's hands slid beneath his ass, tilting his hips. As he watched Dick expose the tight curve of Rig's ass, the blazing heat of Rig's tongue pressed against his asshole. He groaned out his pleasure. The only thing better than a morning blowjob was a morning tongue fucking and Rig had the market cornered on both.

Rig set up a sweet rhythm, alternating long, lazy licks with insistent thrusts, tongue pushing deep inside him. He was so involved with the magic Rig was working that Dick's lips slipping over the length of his throbbing prick came as an utter surprise. "Fuck!"

And shit he was wrong. The only thing better than a morning blowjob was a morning tongue fucking and blowjob, courtesy of the two best mouths in the entire Marine Corps. And for that mouth, Rock was more than willing to make Rig an official jarhead.

The guys began to work in concert—Rig's tongue pushing in deep every time Dick's mouth sank down. It was mind-blowing—fucking Dick's mouth, being fucked by Rig's tongue. He was seriously considering forgiving them for heading off this morning.

Not that he was going to let them know that, not if there was the slightest chance he could con them into more of the same for the rest of the fucking day.

He slid one hand over Dick's head, hand resting against the back of the kid's skull, the other one found Rig's short hair and grabbed on tight.

The tempo sped, the boys pushing him faster and higher and farther, both of them insistent and hungry. He rode the sensations, let them take him to bliss. He came with a shout, squeezing tight around Rig's tongue as he shot his load down the kid's throat.

When he managed to open his eyes again, he was treated to the sight of Rigger and Dick frenching over the head of his cock, tongues fighting over the still-swollen flesh.

"There's enough of that for everyone, boys, but if you insist on fighting over it, I'm not going to stop you."

Rig laughed, breath huffing over his cock. Then both mouths disappeared as Rigger tackled Dick, pushing the kid over to take his mouth in a hard, hungry kiss.

"Hey!" It wasn't really a complaint though, he was still feeling good from the one two tongue fucking cock sucking punch they'd just given him, making him happy to watch for awhile.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rigger was grinding down into Dick, the kid arching and pushing up against him, hands holding tight to Rigger's ass. Rigger was holding the kid's head still, giving him one of those bone-dissolving kisses that made the goddamned universe go black. Lucky little shit.

He decided they'd had enough fun without him and he knelt down between their legs, holding Rigger's ass open and letting their motions rub the tip of his cock along the hot crease. The sound Rigger made was right off a fucking stag film, the long body shuddering and pressing back toward him while never breaking the kiss. It was one of the things he loved best about Rig—the man was always ready for a good, hard fuck.

He pushed in slowly, taking his time as he stretched Rigger open. Dick's hands slid over his ass as he buried himself inside Rigger to the hilt. Rigger was fucking hot and tight, muscles rippling over his cock like they were dancing. He gave Rigger a few moments to get used to the bulk inside him and then started to fuck the sweet ass. Dick moaned as each of his thrusts pushed Rig tight against the kid.

Fucking amazing—the grunts and moans and heat and pressure and smell of ocean water and sex and sweat. It all added together to make something stunning, fucking turned into something kickass and mind-blowing.

Rig's mouth was still locked onto Dick's and he watched as he fucked Rig, watched as Rig blew the kid's fucking mind with nothing more than his mouth. Dick came first, wailing and writhing beneath his and Rig's combined weight. He just kept fucking and Rig kept kissing. Fucking incredible.

Rigger's mouth finally tore away from Dick's and he heard the demand of 'more' and 'harder' and 'take me like you mean it, Rocketman, I need to come.' Grabbing onto Rig's shoulders he began slamming into Rigger for all he was worth. That tight hole was so fucking good, he wasn't going to last long.

One of Dick's hands disappeared off his ass and Rig shouted suddenly. He grinned down at Dick, he had to give the little shit credit, Dick always knew just when to lend a hand. Rig tightened around Rock suddenly, body convulsing as he shot his load with a scream.

He thrust a couple more times, jerking and grunting as he shot his own load deep inside Rigger's body. They stayed there, panting and recovering, hot and close and comfortable, until Rigger's voice sounded. "I swear to God, Grim, you so much as touch one goddamned donut and I'll skin your fuzzy ass."

His laughter had him slipping out of Rig's ass and he crawled over to the couch, shooing the dog away from box and snagging himself a jelly donut. "Donuts and fucking—the breakfast of champions!"

Rigger snorted and crawled off Dick after giving the kid another kiss. He stood, snagged another cruller and then headed down the hall. "Time for a shower, dickheads. Leave me a glazed one."

Dick grabbed a donut and joined Rock on the couch, sliding close. "You don't suppose he meant a glazed donut do you?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Nope," said Rock, grabbing another donut and calculating how quickly he and Dick could polish them off. "I'm pretty sure he meant one of us."

He slid his hand into Dick's lap, laughing as the kid's cock jerked to attention.

Donuts and fucking. Life didn't get much better than this.

Chapter 10

"I'm bored, Rig."

Rigger groaned, looking up from his laptop where some dingbat in Louisiana was trying to convince him she had boobs the size of melons and nipples that tasted like 'honee'. "Dick got some games for the Playstation. Beat the hell out of him a few times. Or hell, run down to the store and get some coke, we're damned near out."

Dick had been playing video games for a couple of hours and he'd just settled into his search for entertaining 'net sex after a pleasant afternoon of Frisbee with Grim. He was relaxed, lazy, and just a bit sunburned. The perfect position for a Saturday night.

"Get your own damn coke—there's plenty of brews in the fridge and I'm not about to try and beat the heat getting you a non-alcoholic six pack."

"Lazy bastard." He grinned over, slid down further in his chair. "Man, this chick's a nutcase. Says her name's 'Monique' and she's a stripper. Her personal info says she's a 40 year old hairdresser from Baton Rouge named Linda."

"What's your personal info say about you, Rig?" Dick asked, though his attention never wavered from the television screen where he was blasting someone into oblivion.

"The truth—28, grey eyes, blond haired, flight medic, Rigger, Fayetteville. I figure there's no sense lying. Never gonna meet these people." He rubbed Grim's belly with his foot, typing in some boring shit about rubbing this chick's

pussy and getting her off. Blah, blah, blah—maybe he could go play ballz, that was a pretty good game...

"I got my cherry popped by a Linda," Dick informed them.

"Fuck off." Rock added a thwack to the back of Dick's head.

"You fuck off. Okay, so not Rig's Linda, but she was pushing forty and a cashier at the drugstore. Took one look at my face as I was buying condoms and invited me out into the back for a private demonstration on how to use 'em."

"Bullshit." Rock gave him another shot upside the back of his head.

"You keep hitting that kid you're gonna knock his marbles loose." He picked up a cheese doodle and tossed it, popping Rock on the forehead.

Rock grabbed the doodle and ate it, washing it down with a grin and a swig of beer. "You're presuming the kid's got marbles to start with."

Dick saluted him with a single finger. "Go fuck yourself, Rock."

"So like, what was that, Dickie-boy—the day before you joined up? 'Cause I've got to tell you, you seemed pretty damn cherry the day I brought you home."

Rock was egging the kid on and it was working, Dick was paying less and less attention to the game. "We used four condoms, all right? She said I was sweet and offered to have me back even."

Rock snorted. "Did you?"

Dick shook his head and shrugged. "She was Joey Riccippio's mother, it would have been weird. We weren't

friends or nothin', but we had a couple of classes together. It's one thing if just happens, but to plan to bang the mother of someone you're in high school with, that's just wrong."

Rigger chuckled. "One thing we can say about you, Dick, you've got principles." He grabbed Rock's beer and took a drink. "You mean to tell us you fucked an old broad and not some sweet young thing from school? Christ, by the time I graduated high school, I was playing hide the salami with the entire damned cheerleading squad and half the wrestling team, to boot."

"Bullshit." Dick and Rock spoke in concert, Rock grabbing his beer back and making a show of rubbing the top of the bottle clean with his shirt.

"I said she was my first not my only."

"And I repeat-"

"In case you missed it the first time," Rig inserted dryly, earning himself a thump on the arm.

"-You seemed pretty damn cherry when I brought you home that first day."

"Like you've fucked all that many people, like either of us believe Rig was a stud in high school. The only difference between you guys and me is that I'm honest about it."

"Hey! I'm ... well, okay, it wasn't the whole team, but I did suck Joe Deluco under the bleachers on a dare." He shrugged and grinned, turning off his laptop and setting it aside.

Rock was rolling his eyes. "It took a fucking dare to get you to have sex? Jesus, the kid's starting to look like the other stud around here."

Rigger chuckled. "Yeah, Dickie and me, we're definitely studs, Rock baby. I don't hear any proof of your conquests."

"I meant the kid and me you big doofus! And I'll have you know I was doing the football coach in ninth grade. When it comes to fucking, I was a fucking prodigy."

"Bullshit. In the ninth grade you hadn't even figured out how to shave your fucking back."

"At least I didn't need to be dared into getting any!"

Dick was rolling on the floor laughing and Rigger was fighting the chuckles for all he was worth. Even Rock was grinning now, all boredom gone.

"So, Rock baby, truth or dare."

"Like I'd tell either of you two clowns the truth! Dare."

Rigger stretched out in his chair, thinking. "I dare you to eat a piece of the jalapeno pizza without guzzling a beer for at least ten minutes." He figured he should start slow, build up to lighting a fart on Rock's commanding officer's front porch.

"What about water?" Rock was never afraid to wade on in, but he always hedged his bets if he could.

"No way. Take it like a man, asshole."

"Just making sure I understood all the parameter of the dare, jerk off." Rock reached across to the coffee table and grabbed a piece of cold pizza out of the box. He waited pointedly for Rig to look at his watch and then folded the pizza in half and ate it in two bites. "No fucking problem. Your turn. Truth or Dare, Rigger?"

He grinned. He was so fucked. "Dare, Rocketman."

"Kiss Grim. Twenty seconds—tongue contact and you can't drink anything for ten minutes either." Rock's smug look would have gone over better if he hadn't started going red in the face and coughing a little.

"Ewww, that's disgusting!" Dick had shut down his game and was paying rapt attention at this point. "You gonna do that, Rig?"

Rig arched an eyebrow. "I've fucking kissed Rock, haven't I? I, at least, brush Grim's teeth." He was gonna hang Rock up by his fucking balls on the goddamned front porch.

"C'mere Grimmy. Come to Daddy." He made kissy noises and Grim looked up with a grin, bounding onto the chair, tongue hanging down to his fucking knees. The kid was right, it was disgusting, but a dare was a dare and he'd be damned if Rock got the best of him. Grim slobbered and licked and he managed not to gag and then he shoved the big lug back onto the floor. "Okay, asswipe. Truth or dare."

"It's the kid's turn," Rock pointed out calmly.

"Nope. I get to pick. I know how the rules go. Truth or dare."

"Fucker. Dare."

He almost laughed. "Kiss me, big boy. Tongue and all."

Rock made a face and Dick was laughing his ass off. Rock wasn't about to back down though and the big lug straddled his lap and kissed him long and hard, tongue invading like the fucking marines. He was hard by the time Rock was done, looking damn smug for a man who'd just kissed a man who'd had his mouth on a dog's.

He blinked for second, eyes focused on Rock's mouth, mind focused on his own hard prick. "Fuck."

"Fuck yourself. And I get to drink a fucking beer in just under two minutes, you've got almost five to go." Rock settled back on the couch like the smug bastard he was. "All right, kid—Truth or Dare."

"I think I'll go with truth." Rig wasn't really surprised, they'd gotten pretty gross pretty quickly.

"Spoilsport, truth is no fun."

Dick shrugged. "I'm not kissing the fucking dog and I'm not kissing either of you before you've brushed your teeth and gargled with alcohol. Truth."

He grinned and hopped up, "You, Dick, are a fucking genius. I'm going to brush my goddamned teeth. No drinking, Rock, I swear."

"No fucking way—that's cheating!" Rock tackled him to the ground, pinning him down, hands like armbands around his wrists.

"Uh-uh! S'not either. You said..." He tugged at Rock's grip. Fuck, but the lousy bastard was strong as an ox. "You said no drinking."

"Fine. If you can get up, you can brush your teeth," Rock told him, settling more heavily.

Dick was giggling, grinning at him over Rock's shoulder. "Come on, Rig. Can't you get ... up?"

"Fuck off, dickless. You don't have three hundred pounds of sprung steel trying to mash you into the floor. Besides, you're supposed to be spilling your guts, remember?"

Besides, as Rock could tell, there wasn't a bit of trouble with him getting it up. Not one iota.

"I would be, but the two of you seem to prefer to play snog the dog, so..." Dick shrugged and grinned, leaning back against the couch, hands behind his head.

"Shit, Rigger, you're better at this sort of thing—ask him something that'll make him suffer." Rock sort of rolled against him, sliding down just enough that their cocks rubbed through two layers of jeans.

"When was the first time you knew you wanted to take it up the ass, Dick? Not the first time you did, we were all there for that, but the first time you wanted." Rigger winked up at Rock, his own hips adding to the friction, letting his arms pull against the steel bands holding him down, knowing it got Rock off, feeling the struggle a little bit. Macho prick.

Dick'd gone red in the face, but he was squirming like he was getting a hard-on, whether from the question or watching him and Rock play caveman, Rig couldn't tell. "A couple of days later ... Rock was doing you and ... fuck but your face was like you were blissed out and I wanted to feel how you looked. I mean, really wanted."

He grinned up at Rock. "Our Rock knows how to use what he's packing, assuming the old man can get it up." He winked up at Rock and looked over at Dick. "Good boy, Dickie. Your turn."

Dick was chewing on his bottom lip, tongue dragging over it every now and then. "Rock. Truth or Dare?"

Rock grinned down at Rig. "None of that pansy-assed truth stuff for me. Dare, kid."

"I want ... you to suck me off. After you go brush your teeth." Fuck, but the kid was straightforward and ballsy. Rig grinned, pushing up against Rock harder. This would be fucking hot to watch.

"You'd sure as hell had better be picking dare next time, kid." Rock gave Rig one last roll and then got up and sauntered out toward the bathroom. Dick was watching him go, eyes hungry, tongue sweeping out over his lips.

Rig stood up and plugged in the laptop to charge, grinning at Dick. "Better hope he doesn't decide to bite. Rock's got a strong fucking jaw." He winked, heading toward the bathroom to scrub the flavor of mutt spit out of his mouth.

"Bite? He wouldn't..." Dick's voice, rather faint, followed him out.

Rock was brushing like crazy when he got to the bathroom, mouthwash out on the counter beside him. "Move over, asshole. We wouldn't have to be sand blasting our goddamned mouths if you hadn't been a prick."

He grabbed his toothbrush and generously applied the toothpaste, brushing teeth and tongue and palate.

"First fucking thing I thought of—you were the asshole who thought Truth or Dare would be a good idea." Rock swigged a good mouthful of the mouthwash, gargling noisily.

He spit. "Man, use your imagination. We've got the kid out there. We can play a few rounds, take it to the bed and have a fucking blast. Turn his head inside out."

"Which is why I'm the one giving him a fucking blow job?" Rock gargled again and then gave him a speculative look. "What've you got in mind?"

Rigger grabbed the mouthwash and contemplated. There was lots of shit they'd tried with the kid and he didn't think there was much he and Rock hadn't just fucking done ... "You remember when you had your hand in me and I fucking passed out coming so hard? Can you imagine the kid screaming and shooting on our bed? I'll give you a fucking blowjob every morning for a week, if you can convince the kid to clean himself out and do it."

"You already give me a blow job every morning, asshole." Rock bumped shoulders with him and then adjusted himself. "Yeah, okay, you've got me convinced."

He reached for the mouthwash and washed and rinsed, then turned and gave Rock a hard, deep kiss, grinding their cocks together. "Mm ... much better."

"Fuck yeah." Rock took another kiss, bending him back over the counter.

"You guys get los—Hey! I'm the one who's supposed to be getting the action here!" Dick's indignant voice broke their kiss.

"Oops. Sorry, Dick. Just making sure our mouths were clean." Rigger took one more kiss before shoving Rock away with a wink. "Come on, let's take this party into the bedroom."

"I was kind of envisioning you on your hands and knees in front of me."

Rock pushed the kid into the bedroom and snorted. "You're getting the blow-job, kid. Don't push it. Get naked and get on the bed."

"Okay, no hands and knees, but no biting either!"

"Why the fuck would I bite you?"

Rigger burst out laughing. "I was fucking with the boy. Warning him about your sharp teeth, you know?"

"Asshole."

Dick had his clothes off and was sitting cross-legged on the bed, hands in his lap. "How come I'm the only one naked?"

"Cause you're the who wants the blow-job, dickhead." Rigger bounced up onto the bed, stretching out alongside Dick. When Rock and Dick gave him a look, he shrugged. "Good seat."

It was a rare thing to get to watch Rock suck somebody off, he'd be damned if he wasn't going to watch, up close and personal.

Rock rolled his eyes and climbed up onto the bed between Dick's legs. "Well, lay down, kid—neither of us are going to enjoy it very much if you're curled up over yourself like that."

Dick chuckled a little nervously and lay back.

Rigger scooted up, leaning over Dick with a grin. "Relax, kid. It's not like you've never had your dick sucked. Rock knows what he's doing."

Then he bent down and took Dick's mouth in a deep kiss, distracting the kid long enough to let Rock's mouth start the relaxation process. He knew the second Rock had his mouth on the kid's prick 'cause Dick pushed a soft noise into his mouth and then broke the kiss.

"I wanna watch," Dick said softly, propping himself up on his elbows.

"Good boy." Rigger settled back, grabbing a pillow and tucking it under his arm. He groaned as his eyes traveled

down the planes of Dick's stomach to the sweet sight of Rock's lips wrapped around the long, thin cock. Rock was teasing Dick, holding just the head in his mouth and sucking and then letting it go and running his tongue up and down along the sides, occasionally licking at Dick's balls.

Rigger's hand slid down, cupping his cock as he moaned.

Dick glanced over at him and grinned. "Being naked's not looking so bad now, is it?"

Rock glanced up at him, blue eyes hot, mouth working the head of Dick's cock.

Rigger sat up, turned until he could bite Rock's ear, whispering low as his hand trailed over Rock's rock-hard ass. "You think you're hot now, Rocketman? Just wait. The night's still young and you still have a bet to win." He pressed his tongue into Rock's ear, teasing and licking.

Rock made a noise and nearly swallowed all of Dick down, sucking strongly. The kid whimpered, hips jerking up, shoving himself the rest of the way into Rock's mouth. Rock's hands found Dick's hips and pressed them down onto the bed, holding them there as he began to bob up and down on Dick's cock.

"Oh yeah, Rock. Yeah." Rig watched those lips slide, wet and tight over that hard cock. Fuck, it was hot. He glanced up at Dick. The kid's eyes were mostly glazed, teeth sunk deep into his lower lip, his hands curled into fists. Oh yeah, didn't want to come too soon, 'cause then it would be over. Rig knew exactly how the kid felt.

He reached up, trailing along the kid's hot skin to find a nipple, tweaking it, pulling and stretching the little nub of

flesh. Dick jerked, shoving deep into Rock's throat again and wailing as he came, a ripple passing through the trim body.

Rock swallowed Dick's come down, but he didn't look particularly happy about it. Rig hid his smile. You could lead a marine to a blowjob, but you couldn't make him a cockhound.

He gave Rock a quick, fierce kiss, tasting the more sweet than bitter flavor of Dick in the hot mouth. "Your turn, Rock."

Rock grinned evilly up at Dick. "Truth or Dare, kid?"

Dick swallowed. "I don't suppose Truth's an option?"

Rock just raised an eyebrow and looked pointedly at Dick's cock. "All right, all right, Dare."

Giving Rigger a triumphant look, Rock slid one hand beneath Dick's ass, cupping it. "You ever have an enema, Dick?"

The look on Dick's face was absolutely fucking priceless.

Rigger forced himself not to laugh, not to say one goddamned word. It was too good to pass up, watching Rock try to seduce the kid in his rough-handed, he-man, Neanderthal way. It was fucking effective, as a rule, but Dick still had soft edges that showed.

"An enema?" Dick squeaked, looking over at Rig like he was a lifeline.

"Yeah, you know, warm water up your ass. Cleans you out, makes you a little shaky, a lot relaxed after. An enema." Rig looked over at Rock, arching an eyebrow. That's all the help the sexy bastard was going to get.

"Um ... no?"

Rig watched as Rock bit the inside of his mouth hard. Rock cleared his throat. "We'll help you, do everything for you but

the holding and releasing—you're on your own with that. It's the kind of thing you don't want to do on your own the first time. Friends don't let friends enema solo." Rock wagged his eyebrows, drawing a nervous chuckle out of Dick.

"Friends don't let..." Rigger shook his head, snorting softly. "Jesus, Rock, you are a funny man. Fucked up and weird, but damned funny." He leaned up, kissed Dick's nipple. "So, what do you say, Dickie boy? You gonna take Rock's dare?"

Dick caught his breath and his bottom lip between his teeth again, looking from one of them to the other. Then he nodded. "But only if you two get naked, too—it feels kind of weird, being the only one without their pants on."

"I don't remember negotiating being in the rules," Rock noted, "but my jeans are getting pretty fucking tight and I guess I won't say no to losing them."

Rigger grinned and wriggled out of his jeans without a word, tossing them into a corner. He sprawled next to Dick on the bed, cock bobbing, tapping on his stomach. Rock lost his own jeans just as quick and he lay down next to Dick's other side, pressing his cock up tight against Dick's side.

"So what do I do?" asked Dick, the mixture of bravado and nerves in his voice endearing.

"This first." Rigger turned the kid's head and took another kiss, sliding his tongue deep into Dick's mouth, thrusting with a lazy, steady rhythm. Dick's mouth opened wide, the kid eager for the contact. He kept the kiss going until he felt Dick relax, the kid starting to kiss back. Oh, the kid would let you do damned near anything, you kept that sweet mouth busy and that so nervous little head swimming.

Good thing to know.

"Relax. Doesn't hurt, I promise. I know what I'm doing, remember? And I taught Rock well."

Dick nodded, eyes more than a little glazed, the kid's cock already hard again from their kiss. "So we gotta do this in the bathroom, right?"

"Yeah, makes it easier." He gave the kid another kiss and then slid off the bed and looked at Rock. "I'll set things up, you get Dick all nice and slick. Gimme five minutes and things'll be ready for you."

"Slick?" It wasn't quite a squeak.

"Relax, kid, this part you're used to," he heard Rock tease. Rock said something else he didn't catch, but the kid's laughter made it down the hall as he got to the bathroom.

Rig pulled out their equipment and started the water in the shower running to warm up while he pulled out some thick towels and put them on the floor, leaving two out. A squirt of liquid ivory in the bag, the tubing and nozzle attached and he was filling the bag with warm water when Rock led Dick in.

"Perfect timing. Hands and knees on the towels, Dick. You bring the lube for the nozzle, Rocketman?"

Rock flipped the tube at him as Dick got down on his hands and knees. The kid looked back over his shoulder at them and Rock slid his hand along the kid's spine, stroking gently. "This is only hard 'cause you've never done it before. Once you have you know what to expect. It's good kid, we won't hurt you."

He lubed up the nozzle and looked over at Rock, eyebrow arched. "You doing the honors or are you gonna keep him loose and relaxed for me? It's your bet."

"You're the expert." Rock got down on his haunches in front of Dick and gave him a kiss, big hands sliding over his shoulder, fingers digging in. "Rig does this all the time, you're in good hands, kid."

Dick nodded and turned to look at Rig and the stuff and then turned back to Rock. Rig saw his chest expand on a deep breath. "Okay, just do it already."

"Aye, aye, soldier." He bent forward and pressed an open-mouthed kiss against the top of Dick's crease, sliding two fingers deep inside the slick body, finding the sweet gland and working it gently to relax and arouse.

"Fuck!" Dick's back rippled and he pressed up into his mouth and back onto his fingers. Rock chuckled, hands sliding over Dick's back in random patterns. Rig looked up at Rock with a grin. Old fucker should chuckle, the first time Rock was in this position you'd have thought the goddamned world was ending and, by the time all was said and done, he'd had a well-fucked, well-melted marine.

He winked, playing with Dick's ass a bit longer before sliding the warmed nozzle in deep between his fingers. Dick barely noticed the new invasion except to push back harder.

"So is this how you prep all your patients?" Rock asked with another chuckle.

"If I did, I'd be damned popular, now, wouldn't I?" He slid his fingers out, letting Dick's body close around the nozzle. "Okay, here we go."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He let the warm soapy water start to flow, slow and easy, one hand moving to rub Dick's stomach, stopping any real cramps before they started. Dick gasped and then moaned softly, his head dropping against Rock's chest.

"That's right, Dick. Just relax." He smiled over at Rock, who was stroking the kid's head and shoulders. After a few minutes, the muscles beneath his fingers began to bulge slightly, Dick filling with water and he slowed the flow, massaging gently. "You okay?"

"F-full." Dick's breath was starting to shorten, the kid panicking a little.

"Yeah, easy. Easy. There's no more you need to take. Breathe easy and hold it." He cinched off the water altogether, starting to alternate his touches between stomach and cock. Dick relaxed a little and Rock tilted the kid's head up, kissing him. He heard Dick moan into Rock's mouth, felt the kid's cock jump in his hand just a bit.

Rock's eyes met his and he nodded, encouraging the kiss to continue as he kept up the random touches for a few minutes. Then he grabbed one of the extra towels, holding it ready as he grabbed the tubing. Dick shivered and moaned softly as it jostled. "Okay, I'm gonna take the tubing out. Hold tight for me, Dick."

Dick broke the kiss and pressed his head against Rock's chest, muttering a soft "shit." Then the kid's entire body clenched, muscles in his back standing out sharply.

Rig slid the tubing out into the towel, no stress, no mess. He grinned over at Rock. "You survived, Dick. When you're ready, Rock'll help you stand and then hop on the pot." He

gathered the equipment up and stood. "I'm going to clean up my stuff. There's a clean towel here, Dick, if you want a shower once you're done."

Dick nodded against Rock's chest. "Not on my own."

"Yeah, no worries, Dickie-boy—I'm not going anywhere. A nice hot shower'll feel good, I'll even wash your back."

Rigger nodded. "I'll meet you back in the bedroom, boys. You did good, Dick."

He headed out and washed and dried everything up, taking his time, making sure everything was right as rain before he put it away. He let Grim out for the night, turned off the lights, all the normal things, before he heard the shower turn off. Then he poured a big glass of water and headed back to the bedroom to continue their fun.

Rock had the kid lying back in the bed, leaning over him and giving him long, slow kisses that Rig knew from personal experience were pretty fucking good. Sure enough, the kid was sporting a hard on, as was Rock. They both looked up as he came in, Rock with a mother-fucking grin and Dick just a little dazed. The kid wasn't gonna know what hit him.

"Mm ... am I interrupting?" He sat the glass of water down before sliding across the mattress sharing a quick kiss with Rock before turning to take a lengthy taste of Dick's mouth. Dick's kiss was relaxed and lazy, but there was a hunger beneath it. He grinned at Dick, nipping at the kid's bottom lip. "How you feeling? You survive okay?"

"Wasn't that bad."

"See, what'd I tell 'ya?" Rock grinned and slapped the kid on the ass. "Worst part is the not knowing and now you do. Truth or Dare—it's not a game, it's an education."

Dick just rolled his eyes and gave Rock a lazy smack back.

Rigger snorted, rolling over to nudge Rock with one foot. "Speaking of truth or dare, I believe it's Private Dickie's turn."

Dick got a speculative look in his eyes and looked between them and Rig could see the kid's wheels turning. "I suppose technically it's Rigger's turn to get asked, but my choice, right? Rock—truth or dare?"

Rock groaned and gave Rig a dirty look.

"Better go for truth, Rocketman, I'm not up to another enema tonight." He grinned, utterly unrepentant. Surely Rock didn't think he was going to make everything easy? By the disappointed look on the kid's face as Rock answered "Truth", he'd hit the nail on the head. Rigger chuckled, stretching out on his back. Oh, this should be interesting. Not that there was much about the old shithead he didn't know.

"You ever been in love?"

Rock rolled his eyes. "What kind of stupid fuck question is that?"

"It's my question—I can ask what the fuck I want and I want to know if you've ever been in love."

Rock rolled his eyes again and answered with a short, clipped, "yes."

"Who with?"

"That's another question, dickwad, and it's my turn. Truth or dare, kid?"

Rigger watched with interest, admiring the interesting things tension did to Rock's back and ass muscles. Dick was pouting, obviously feeling both cheated and picked on. And he was chewing his lip again. If they started another round of Truth, it was going to take them all night to get to the fisting.

He rolled his eyes, sitting up and getting right into Rock's face. Stupid assholes, they really needed to focus on the fucking and less on the competing.

"Don't lose sight of the goal, man." He bent, lips trailing over the hard belly, lapping a soft line down to suckle for a few heartbeats on the head of Rock's prick. Rock's hand fisted in his hair, holding him there for a heartbeat, until the kid started talking.

"Goal? What goal?"

"Relax, kid—Truth or Dare is all about the fucking, you start small and build—shit, haven't you ever played before? No, never mind—just answer the question before I decide to ask Rig instead."

The kid was watching Rock's lap so Rig took another suck of Rock's cock. "Okay, Dare."

Rock's fingers tightened, so he kept going, letting his tongue drag over the thick rod. He made sure that Dick could see his lips sliding up and down, throat swallowing every now and again. "You ever sucked off two guys at once, Dickie-boy?"

Rig glanced up and caught Dick's expression as he shook his head. Oh, score one for Rock—the kid was into that.

"All right then, a night for firsts. Both of us at the same time—you don't have to deep throat anybody, but you've got

to at least take our heads in together until we both shoot our loads."

Dick nodded. "Yeah, I can do that."

Rigger took Rock in deep once, just as a thank you, and then sat up. "Where do you want us? Kneeling, standing, laying down?"

"Um..." the kid was licking his lips, practically drooling in anticipation. "I guess you can get closer together if you're standing."

Rigger scooted off the bed, standing at the end with Rock. He moved in, straddling Rock's thigh just a little, bringing their cocks together. This worked because he could hold Rock's shoulders, tongue fuck that hard-lipped mouth while Dick was working them over.

Dick crawled down to them, eyes big like some kid in a toy store. He couldn't blame the kid, it was a veritable feast if you were a cockhound like him and Dick were. He was going to have to try this himself some other time. Dick started slowly, licking and sucking bits of flesh in, first Rock and then him and then Rock again.

He groaned, body turning to press against Rock's. "Fuck, 's good."

He turned his gaze up, Rock looking down at him. He opened his mouth to say something else when Rock's lips slammed down against him, tongue pressing deep. Rock fucked his mouth with his tongue while the kid worked on their cocks. Dick continued the teasing lick and sucks for a while, letting the pleasure build slowly and then suddenly he was sucking them both in.

Fuck it was good. The kid had sucked their heads in and he could feel his cock squished against Rock's, feel the suction as Dick's lips wrapped tightly around them. He groaned into Rock's mouth, fighting not to move, fingers clenching and opening on Rock's shoulders.

Fuck, the kid would give him a run for his money on the cocksucking title in five or six years.

The kid's tongue was busy, flicking across their tips, pressing in and then disappearing. When Dick started to go down on them, getting them almost halfway in before pulling back and doing it again, Rock's mouth broke away from his.

"Gotta fucking see this," Rock said, voice rough, husky.

The sight of Dick's lips stretched wide over their cocks squeezed tight together was enough to make him jerk, to make him cry out in a short, sharp bark.

The suction around them increased, Dick's head bobbing faster. Rigger could see that the kid was fisting himself, getting off on it as much as they were. Rock was swearing under his breath, hands squeezing Rig's shoulders tight.

He reached down, stroking over the top of Dick's head, eyes almost closed as pleasure shot through him. "Good. Fuck, it's good."

Dick started humming happily, the sound vibrating along his flesh. Rock's mouth closed over his shoulder, biting to muffle a shout and Rig could feel the heat of Rock's come surround him.

"Oh, fuck! Yes!" He threw his head back, screaming low as he lost it, pumping his load into Dick's hot mouth.

Dick kept sucking for a moment or two longer and then slowly let them slide from his mouth. The kid grinned up at them, proud as fuck of himself, lips swollen and red. Shit but he was fuckable.

Rock fell onto the bed as Rig went to his knees, hand cupping Dick's head and pulling the kid in for a long, hot kiss. If he hadn't just come, he'd have shot again at the heat and flavor of them all together.

Dick licked at his lips and then collapsed back onto the bed next to Rock. "All right, now I'm starting to see the advantages to this game."

Rock laughed. "You're going to give Rig a run for his money, kid. Not bad at all."

Rig settled on the floor, head leaning back on the mattress, grinning like a fool. "Fuck off, jackass. You don't be nice to this old boy your days of morning blowjobs are gonna be a fond fucking memory."

"You saying the kid didn't just blow your fucking mind? Doing two of us at once? Pretty damn good for a guy who was a fucking cherry not that long ago. Besides, you give up morning blow job duty and I know just the person to take over."

"Fuck off, Rock." Dick didn't sound like he meant it though, he sounded happy and sated and just about ready for the next round.

"Dick's got a gift, I won't deny it." He grinned over at Rock, who just gave him a shit-eating grin back and knocked his head gently with a bent knee. There wasn't any question

what the first thing that man's dick wanted in the a.m. He stretched, letting his neck and spine pop. "Whose turn is it?"

"Mine." Dick didn't hesitate this time. "Truth or Dare, Rigger?"

"Dare." He figured he hadn't done a damned thing to piss Dick off and everybody was getting close and hungry. Surely he'd be safe.

"Rock's said more'n once that you've got such a talented mouth you could make a man come just from kissing him. Prove it." Dick held up his hand before either of them could comment. "And I mean on me—not Rock."

The kid was learning.

He lifted up onto his knees, leaning forward on his elbows and grinning at Dick. "This I can do. Scoot over."

When Dick was settled, he crawled up onto the bed, making sure their bodies weren't touching, and began the process of blowing Dick's mind (and, if he was lucky, blowing Rock's in the process. Rock knew how good this felt). He began with soft, easy kisses, not even using his tongue. Intimate, intense, the touches tingled and sparked. Dick shuddered and sighed beneath him, relaxing into the mattress. The kid let him set the pace, but wasn't lying there passive, was kissing him back.

Rigger deepened the kisses slowly, tongue sliding over the kid's lips, lips almost sucking as they kissed. Dick tasted good, the remnants of him and Rock still hidden inside. Slowly, as he worked Dick's mouth, he forgot the game, just enjoying the way the kid moaned, the feel of it all.

One of Dick's hands came up, sliding around his neck and then dropping away again. "Sorry, I forgot," the kid whispered into his mouth.

"Forgot?" Rigger smiled—Christ, but he loved fucking—and dropped a sucking kiss on the corner of Dick's mouth before diving back in, tongue sliding deep and steady. He fucked Dick's mouth like he hadn't come in years, moaning and grunting and loving every minute of it.

Dick was making noises too and Rigger could feel the kid's body start to move, hips humping the air with each slide of his tongue. The sounds they were making together were punctuated by the occasional moan from Rock.

Fuck, oh, yeah. The word echoed in his head as he fastened his lips around Dick's tongue, pulling in time with those sweet, fucking hips. Faster, harder, he pulled each moan, each thrust, everything right out of the kid's body. The kid was whimpering, soft little noises that were almost broken, hands grabbing at the sheets as the lean body writhed and humped, not a single touch to him anywhere but his mouth.

Rigger eased the kiss for just a second, let the kid almost catch his breath, and then returned with a vengeance, pushing hard, determined to tug the kid right over the edge. He could almost hear the snap of the kid's hips as Dick thrust up and froze, jerking a moment later. The smell of sex and come filled the air and Dick fed soft, broken noises into his mouth.

He gentled the kisses, easing the kid down, just like his would if he'd just sucked Dick's cock. This was the sweet part, the coming off the high.

"Fucking hell that was almost more fun to watch than to experience." Rock's voice was soft, that just-come drawl evident in the words.

Dick just made another noise and slid his hands up into Rigger's hair, stroking over his head and holding on. Rigger pushed close, tongue sliding slowly in and out of the relaxed heat of Dick's lips, moaning as Rock's hands slid up the backs of his thighs.

The rest of Rock followed, the solid weight of his lover pushing him into the mattress. Rock nibbled at his ear. "Fuck but the two of you look so hot together."

He pushed back against Rock, ass rocking gently, sliding against heat, front and back. Rigger turned slightly, mouth searching for Rock's kiss. Rock's mouth was there, pressing open against his. Dick's tongue slid along their sealed mouths and they both shifted slightly, letting the kid in.

He was hard, but not desperate, just floating and warm and feeling not too fucking bad at all.

The three-way kiss continued, it was amazing how well three mouths could move together, and both Dick and Rock were touching, each other, him, nobody was left out.

He had one hand stroking Dick's stomach, the other cupping Rock's ass. Someone was touching his neck, there were fingers tweaking at his nipple. "Oh. Good."

Rock chuckled. "You're so fucking easy, Rig."

"Just the way you like me, Rock."

Rock just laughed. That got Dick chuckling and before long they were all laughing uproariously—arms and legs all sprawled out on the mattress, cackling to beat the band.

"Man, I feel amazing, like I could do fucking anything right now," said Dick when he finally stopped chortling. "It's like sex is the best fucking drug ever."

"Shit, yeah. Fucking endorphin rushes are mind-blowing." Rig grinned. "Better than damned near anything."

Rock looked down at them both from over Rigger's shoulder. "I don't know, there's something to be said for the rush of blowing shit up."

Rigger looked up and snorted, giggles starting all over again.

"What's the best high you've ever had from sex?" Dick asked when they'd finally battled the second round of laughter down.

"Oh, god..." Rigger thought about it for a second, looking over at Rock with a smile. "I've had some good times with Rocketman—he can fuck a guy right through the wall and keep you there. One time, when we were feeling pretty loose, Rock had his hand in me and I thought I was never gonna come down."

Dick couldn't have handed him a better opening, all he'd needed to do was tell the truth. And bless Dick's little heart, or more probably his cock, but it looked like the kid was interested.

"No shit, Rock's whole hand up your ass?"

"No shit. Took a while and a shitload of lube, but, fuck, it was intense, yeah, Rocketman?"

"Fuck yeah, I've never seen you pass out from sex before."

Dick was pressed close, eyes intent on their faces. "I've heard of that—always kind of thought it was made up, see how bad I can be kind of thing, you know?"

Rock shook his head. "Nope, it's the real deal. I'd seen it once or twice before I did it to Rig. I didn't think he was ever going to stop coming."

Rig chuckled. "Fuck that. I didn't think I was ever gonna fucking come down. Man, the fucking world disappeared and all there was feeling and coming and screaming and..." He shook his head and laughed a little. "It was something else. Not a daily goddamned activity, but something else, I tell you what."

Oh, but Dick was a slut, a fucking whore for it. The kid was interested all right, he'd gotten restless and his prick was trying to drill a hole in Rigger's thigh and you could read it in his eyes, as he tried to figure out how to ask if Rock would do it to him.

Rigger tilted his head for Rock's kiss, grinning up with a wink. "'Course I wasn't the only one who got off on it, was I?" He rubbed his leg against Dick's cock, just sort of warming it up a bit, keeping the engine revving, so to speak. Dick was one of the most fabulous little surprises Rock'd tempted home for them.

"Yeah? You got off on doing it, Rock?"

"Oh yeah. Just imagine it—my hand up his fucking ass. We went at it all fucking night after that. Most fucking intense thing I've ever done." Rock gave Rigger another kiss, a little heat in this one.

Dick had started rocking, just slightly against him. "So you only ever did it the once?"

"Yeah." Rigger shrugged. "Like I said, it takes time, patience, relaxation. Seems like lots of times you just wanna nice, hard fuck and, well, you know me, I have an oral thing."

Rock's hand smoothed over his shoulder, where Dick could see it. He pressed into each little thrust, letting his thigh slide just enough to tug at the skin of the kid's cock.

"We're all on a three day," said Dick, eyes riveted to Rock's hand. "Nobody's got to be anywhere before Tuesday..."

"This is true. We got nothing but time." He turned his head and nibbled at Rock's fingers. "You wanting Rock to send you flying?"

The kid went absolutely still and swallowed hard and then his face heated up, but he looked straight at Rock. "Yeah. Yeah, I do."

Rigger felt Rock push against him, hard and hot, groaning and biting down hard on his shoulder. He grinned over at Dick. "That felt like a yes to me."

Dick's eyes were hot, gaze fastened on Rock's hand again. As they watched, the kid leaned forward and sucked Rock's thumb into his mouth. He let it go slowly and then looked back up at them. "So what do I do?"

"Your part in this is simple. Lay back and let us send you flying." Rigger pushed Dick onto his back, bending to kiss his shoulder. "Trust us?"

"Hey I let you fill me up with water—this is a walk in the park." Dick grinned cockily up at him and then the kid grew serious. "I do, you know? Trust you guys."

"Yeah." Rigger nodded and bent down to take a kiss, settling beside Dick, getting comfortable for the long haul.

"You two assholes are going to let me do all the work I see," Rock complained. "Well get nice and comfy, I'll be back in a sec with supplies."

Rigger rolled his eyes and grinned at Dick. "Lazy old bastard. Didn't hear me complaining about having to get shit together earlier, did you?"

"I didn't hear you complain..."

He chuckled and leaned over to take a drink of water. "You weren't in a position to do much more than feel, if I recall."

"Seems to be a lot of that going around tonight."

Rigger nodded, smiling up as Rock wandered back in. "Take it while you can, kid."

"Towels and lube and we're all set." Rock got on the bed and climbed up over Dick. "You about ready for take off?"

Dick nodded up at Rock, mouth opening as Rock's came down. Rigger slid his hand along Rock's arm, feeling him up, squeezing the hard muscles. If he was really lucky, after Dick was blacked out, he could ride that sweet ass into morning. Or that thick fucking cock. He was easy.

Rock turned and laughed at him. "Wait your fucking turn." Then Rock kissed him hard and moved down to the end of the bed.

Dick wriggled, moving restlessly as Rock put a couple of towels under him and opened up the lube.

"What do you want me to do? Kiss you, touch you, talk to you?" He waggled his eyebrows, tickling along Dick's belly.

"All of the above?"

His hand slid down past the kid's cock and balls and curled around one muscled thigh, easing it outwards.

"Just ... yeah." Dick smiled at him, letting both legs fall open. Funny enough, the kid seemed calmer about this than he had with the enema.

He leaned over and licked a long line from Dick's neck to his ear. "You're gonna fucking fly, Dick. It's gonna be so hot."

Dick turned his head and brought their mouths together, tongue invading Rigger's mouth. "Tell me what it looks like, okay?"

"It looks like the Rocketman has his hand up your ass. Only it'll be awhile before we get there. This is something even I don't plan on rushing."

"Ah, Rocketman, my paragon of romance." He grinned over at Rock, who reached up and slapped his ass.

"You're the romantic asshole. I'm action man. Speaking of which, are you ready for finger number one, Dickie-boy? Or you want a bit of nipple, nipple, cock, balls, nipple, cock, balls action first?"

Dick started laughing, body open and relaxed. Rigger chuckled against Dick's collarbone, lips headed for a taut nipple. "I'll take care of the nipple part."

"Shit, what a mouth on you. You're going to be a fucking distraction, Rig. "

He licked the tip of the dark flesh, moving it back and forth, grinning down at Rock. "That's my job, isn't it?"

Rock snorted. "For the kid."

"It's working," murmured Dick, one hand finding Rigger's hair and sliding through it.

"Good." He fastened his lips around the hard nipple and began to pull rhythmically, hand echoing the caress against his head in the dark curls above the long cock.

"First finger."

"It's only gonna be weird after three," Dick said. "I mean, you usually stretch me first when you fuck me, so..." His words faded into a gasp and then a moan, body undulating and pressing down. Fuck, but the kid made the kinkiest goddamned noises.

He waited until Rock started up a rhythm and then began nipping and sucking with the motions of the thick finger. Dick was riding the sensations like the little hedonist he was, soft noises letting them know he was enjoying the fuck out of himself.

"We should sell fucking tickets, Rig," Rock said quietly.

"Mmm ... he's sex on a stick, isn't he, Rocketman? Just gives everything up." He licked his way up towards Dick's neck. "So fucking hot."

Dick's hand slid around Rigger's head, tugging him up. The kid was hungry, tongue sliding into his mouth and taking the kiss deep.

"Ready for two, kid?"

Dick nodded and then broke from the kiss long enough to say "oh, yeah," before going back to devouring Rigger's mouth. His hand curled over Dick's head, sliding around the bristly high and tight to cup the back of the hot skull. Dick's

lips were hot as vinyl car seats in August, tongue pushing into his mouth hard.

He could tell the moment Rock's second finger slid home, Dick arching up, mouth going slack for just a second before the kiss got even harder. He was getting breathless, head swimming, prick hard enough a cat couldn't scratch it. Oh yeah, give the kid a few years and people would sell their souls for a bit of that mouth.

Rock was taking his time with the kid, fucking him with just the two fingers until Dick ripped his mouth away to complain. "Would you fucking get on with it!"

"Pushy little bastard, isn't he Rock?" Rigger bit Dick's earlobe, chuckling as the kid jumped and moaned.

"Lets see how pushy he gets later on down the road."

Dick moaned again as Rock slid three fingers into him.

"Watch," Rock said quietly, nodding at the kid. Rock didn't move his fingers and pretty soon Dick was moaning, rocking down on them, fucking himself.

"Damn." The kid ... Christ on a crutch, Dick was fucking stunning, so hungry for it, every part of his goddamned body focused and open and wanting it. If he'd looked even a little bit as needy ... No wonder Rock had been willing to do it again.

Rock wrapped his free hand around Dick's cock, making the kid jerk, and then he just sat there, still and watching as Dick pushed down onto his fingers and back up into his hand.

"Fuck, Dick. A guy could come just from watching that." He licked along the edge of Dick's ear, tongue sliding inside,

tickling and playing. Dick made a desperate little noise and his body jerked.

"Whoa!" Rock slid his fingers out and wrapped his other hand tight around the base of Dick's cock. "No getting off before the main event. Unless you've changed your mind."

Dick's eyes popped open and he shook his head. "No, no. I want it. Please, Rock."

Oh, sweet fucking god, the kid was begging and it was so hot. So fucking hot. He looked up, met Rock's eyes, damned close to coming himself.

Rock was grinning, lubing his hand up. "I knew I liked you the moment I saw you, Dickie-boy."

Rock slid his free hand over Dick's stomach, big fingers stroking along the kid's muscles. "Now's when the real fun starts, okay?"

Dick nodded, eyes large in his face as he watched Rock's hand on his skin and Rigger knew what he was thinking—Rock suddenly had the biggest goddamned hands he'd ever seen.

"Relax, you're gonna fucking fly. It's like nothing you've ever felt before." Rigger kept licking and nibbling the kid's ear, hands sliding over the heated skin. "So fucking hot, Dick."

"Just do it," Dick told Rock, voice low and needy.

He reached down and tugged on one of Dick's thighs, pulling the trembling legs farther apart, exposing the kid more completely to Rock's touch and sight. "He's all yours, Rocketman. Make him fly."

"Here we go, kid." Rock curled his fingers together, tucking his thumb inside them and started to push his way in.

The thigh in his hand tightened, Dick going stiff and tense, and he started talking, low and easy right into Dick's ear.

"Breathe. So fucking sexy, those fingers spreading your hole. You're hungry for it, too, never seen you so goddamned hard."

Dick took a deep breath, arching up for a moment and then forcing himself to relax. Bringing his hand up, Dick wrapped it around Rigger's shoulders, holding on.

He pressed close, tongue sliding out in a long caress. "Not going anywhere, gonna ride this with you to the very end."

Dick nodded and turned, blindly searching for his mouth.

"You're doing great, man. So fucking hot, watching my fingers disappear into your hungry hole." Rock's free hand was still stroking circles over Dick's stomach.

Rigger moaned, lips covering Dick's, tongue pushing inside. God, this was so goddamned kinky, so fucking hot and he was so horny, so hungry. Dick's tongue played with his and then the kid's breath suddenly hitched, the arm around his shoulder turning into a steel band, the thigh muscles in his hand going tight.

"Sh. Just relax, just a little bit further Dick and you're there. Just relax though, I need you to loosen up. Rig..."

"I got him, Rock." Rigger leaned over Dick, catching the kid's thigh with his own leg and bringing both hands up and cupping Dick's face. He looked into Dick's wide and worried eyes, taking soft easy kisses. "I've got you, Dick. Rock and me, we're gonna make you fly, make you so hot. Come on,

breathe and let him in. Let us in, Dick, we'll take care of you. Let go."

He never broke Dick's gaze, each few words punctuated with a kiss. Dick took one shaky breath after another, tension slowly relaxing under Rigger's attention.

"That's it, that's it, kid, almost there." Rock's voice was strained, but Rig could still hear how fucking turned on he was by what he was seeing.

"Deep breath, Dick. Let us in." He bent and took a hard, passionate kiss, tilting Dick's head so that his tongue could press deep.

Dick gasped up into his mouth, hands sliding up into his hair. He made a soft, small noise at the same time as Rock grunted. "I'm in. Fucking shit, I'm in."

Rigger eased the kiss, let Dick focus on the sweet sensations that had to be fucking setting the kid on fire. Dick's eyes were open, but it didn't look like the kid was actually seeing very much. He was breathing heavily, arms sliding away to fist into the sheets. Every now and then his whole body would ripple, muscles bunching up in groups and going slack again.

"Rig, man—you have got to see this."

He slowly backed away, Dick so fucking lost in sensation he didn't even notice, eyes falling to the sight of the impossible sight of Dick's asshole clamped tight around Rock's wrist. "Fuck." He looked up at Rock. "Fuck."

Rock grinned, the look wild. "Yeah. Okay, Dickie-boy, gonna start moving now."

Dick just made another of those broken noises; kid looked like he was gonna lose his load any second, all spread out, impaled on Rock's wrist.

Rigger reached out, stroked the stretched skin with a trembling finger. "'m gonna suck him off, Rock. While your hand's inside him." He was so hard, fucking breathless at the heat pouring off Dick.

"Shit yeah, go for it."

He leaned up and took a quick kiss from Rock and then bent to swallow the kid down to the root.

Dick screamed like he was being murdered, spunk filling Rigger's mouth and going down his throat. He swallowed and swallowed, the kid's cock jerking and throbbing and coming over and over for what seemed like hours. Dick was sobbing, hands twisting in the sheets.

"You want me to take it out?"

"No! No, please, fuck me with it Rock, fuck me with your hand." Dick's voice was soft and raspy, like he'd been screaming all night long and his whole body shuddered when Rock started moving his hand.

Dick didn't even fucking get soft in his mouth and he could fucking see everything and it was so fucking good, the way Dick's body moved with Rock's hand, the so-stretched muscles pulsing and holding and squeezing. Shudder after shudder moved through the kid's body and Dick was making noises pretty much non-stop, moaning and groaning, sobbing and shouting, limbs twisting and muscles going nuts.

"Fuck, Rig, are you watching this?"

He nodded, sucking firm and steady, eyes fastened to the join of arm and ass.

Dick started to move into Rock's motions, fucking himself onto Rock's hand and then back up into Rigger's mouth.

"Holy fucking shit." Rock sounded like he was at church, voice part fucking awe, all arousal.

Rigger could feel the tension, the need in the body beneath him. He let Dick deep in his throat, pulling hard as his fingers cupped and rolled the kid's nuts, squeezing just slightly. Dick's whole body bucked, almost throwing him off, the kid screaming and coming and coming and then all of a sudden falling silent and boneless back to the bed.

He eased himself up and away, looking over at Dick, who seemed to be breathing and alive and quite literally fucked into oblivion. He looked over at Rock. "Impressive. Fucking impressive."

Rock grinned. "What can I say, I'm good."

He reached out, slid his finger through the come on Rock's thigh and then popped the finger into his mouth. "Looks like you're not the only one who's good, Rocketman."

Rock chuckled. "Yeah, well the kid was kind of inspirational." He nodded toward Dick's ass. "You wanna spot me here, I'm in pretty fucking deep."

He grinned and nodded. He reached for the lube, easing it around Dick's stretched asshole. Then he held Dick's legs open, nodding. "Ease out, now."

Rock did, moving slowly. He wiped his arm off, shaking his head. "Kid should be a fucking porn star."

"No shit." He wiped Rock's belly and thighs clean and then moved into the muscled arms, cock rubbing against Rock's belly. "You weren't lookin' half-bad yourself, Rocketman"

"Couldn'ta done it without your magic touch calming him down either, Rig. I don't know which was hotter—my hand up his ass or your mouth on his cock." Rock's hand dropped down along his chest and circled his cock, pumping lightly. "You wantin' something, Roberts?"

"Yeah. You." He leaned forward and kissed Rock gently. His own lips felt swollen and tender, well used.

Rock chuckled and pushed him back down next to Dick. "You think I can get it up again for you?" The question was moot, Rock's cock already growing hard against him.

"Yeah. I think your cock wants to fuck me just as bad as I want you." He arched up, grinding gently against the filling prick.

Rock's eyes closed, a soft groan leaving him as he pressed back against Rig. Shit, but Rock was the sexiest fucker he'd never seen. He held Rock close, rocking and undulating beneath him, nice and easy.

Rock's mouth found his, the kiss soft, tongue sliding into his mouth in the same slow rhythm their hips had found. Oh, yeah. It was sweet and slow and fucking good and he just flowed with it, drowning in it. One of Rock's hands slid beneath his ass, pulling him closer, tighter against the rocking hips.

He murmured against Rock's lips and Rock's hand tightened. They came, not together, but close enough and the

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

fucking heat between them was good. Rock collapsed against him, heavy but good.

The kid rolled over, eyes fluttering open, smiling lazily at them before pressing close along his side. He'd have reached for the blankets, but that would've meant moving and that wasn't fucking gonna happen. Dick and Rock were soon snoring in concert, twin breaths sliding over his skin.

Not bad for a Saturday night and, given it was a fucking three-day weekend, tomorrow was gonna be a fucking blast.

Chapter 11

Rig was gone for three days. Some conference on the coast or special training or whatever the fuck it was he was gone. It didn't matter where or what or why, just that Rig wasn't there, for the first time since Dick had moved in.

The bed that Dick'd only just started to think of as not cramped was suddenly enormous. Rigger's octopus cling missing, the bed also seemed cold. Oh, Rock was warm, hot even, but the big guy's sprawl didn't exactly encourage cuddling.

After hours of staring at the ceiling, blinking, he'd finally gotten to sleep. The 5:30am alarm nearly killed him and suddenly the detailed sheet of instructions Rig had left him didn't seem so fucking hilarious as they had when Rig handed them over the day before.

He fumbled off the alarm and grabbed the sheet of paper, rubbing his eyes and blinking, trying to focus.

Wake up, Dick. No, I mean it, kid—you've just turned off the alarm and there is nothing now between you and God that's gonna wake Rock up except time or a blow job. Go get a shower and then wake the man up. DO NOT GO BACK TO SLEEP, DICK

Groaning, he stumbled out of bed and made his way to the shower. He wasn't quite sure how Rig managed this everyday when they were up late fucking most of the night before. He'd only been lying there and staring and he was exhausted.

Hot water pounding down on him did wonders though, and he took care of a little business while he was there, hand slicked with soap, hips pushing his cock through the tunnel formed by his hand.

He felt more awake now. Time to tackle Rock.

The big guy had flipped, was on his back now, morning wood standing at attention like a good little soldier and Dick licked his lips, his own prick perking up again. He considered that when Rig gave Rock his morning blowjob, Dick missed out on getting one, and on giving one to Rock. The big guy's prick was something special: thick, hard beneath softest silk, hot and tasty.

Rock murmured and shifted, one knee curling, spreading his legs a little, giving Dick access to those big balls. He decided to start there.

On his hands and knees on the bed, Dick began to give Rock the best blowjob he could. He might not have Rigger's mouth, but he'd learned everything he knew about blowjobs from Rig. He started at the sensitive balls, licking and pulling them into his mouth, sucking gently and then with a little more force until Rock started murmuring a little louder, pushing up into his mouth. He licked his way up Rock's cock like it was a candy stick, making sure he didn't miss a single spot. By the time he got to the tip, Rock's prick was drooling and his own was hard as nails.

Groaning, he settled down with his cock pressed tight up against Rock's leg. His hips were moving, sliding his heat along the inside of Rock's leg while he licked at the tip and then sucked the whole head into his mouth. Hard and salty

and sweet, the flavors that filled his mouth were pure Rock and he moaned, sucking harder, working to take it all in.

Rock was awake now, hands sliding down over his head, caressing at first and then holding, keeping him still. He knew from experience—especially from watching Rig, that this was when Rock would start humping his mouth so he relaxed his throat as best he could and moaned loudly as Rock's prick pushed back hard.

He picked up the rhythm, sucking harder as Rock pushed in, hips sliding his own erection against Rock's leg. When Rock's spunk spilled into his mouth and down his throat, he came, too, shuddering and moaning and just fucking enjoying it.

He sucked on Rock's cock until no more aftershocks shook the big body and then he slowly kissed his way up until their mouths were attached.

"Morning," he murmured.

Rock just grunted and Dick checked the clock. Just shy of 6 am, surely they had a bit of time to just lie together. He grabbed the sheet of paper and grinned—that was exactly what Rig had scheduled in.

Chapter 12

There was lots of shit Rigger liked.

He liked barbeque and 'tater salad and corn bread.

He liked water-skiing and surfing and beer and ice cold coca-cola in a glass bottle.

He liked porn and Stephen King books and playing checkers and Garth Brooks and Randy Travis and Alan Jackson. He liked hot showers and the way Grim grinned and that wasn't even touching the shit that he loved.

Right now he was loving torturing their evil, bitchy, yappy-dog-owning, dried apple core faced, snarly, stinky, old whore of a neighbor lady by hanging out in the hammock in the backyard in a freshly made pair of cut-offs and no underwear.

Show her to fuss to Dick about him not wearing a shirt when he mowed.

Bitch.

"Fucking shit, you are nothing but a god-damned tease, sitting there all sexy as fuck." Rock's voice was low and close and he could tell by the husky tone that the fucker was turned on as hell. "Poor Dick's back inside, glued to the fucking kitchen window, rubbing himself against the counter."

Rigger grinned and stretched, letting his legs splay and his shorts slip down, exposing a line of white blond curls. "Just taunting Mrs. Murray. She was complaining about my mowing attire. Thought I'd give her something to really bitch about."

"You keep lying like that and me and Dick will come out here and really give her something to bitch about." Rock

nodded back toward the house. "Come on, before you give the kid a heart attack or he gets come all over the kitchen counters."

"And you, Rock?" He sat up with a stretch, butt balanced on the hammock, balls cupped by the soft, sun-warmed denim.

Rock's eyes were not meeting his own, nope, the big guy was definitely experiencing a lack of being able to look any higher than his crotch. "Get the fuck inside, Rigger, the hammock ain't strong enough for what I'm going to do to your ass."

Oh, fuck yes! As much as he liked fucking with Mrs. Murray's brain, it was nothing on how much he loved what Rock could do with that thick fucking cock. He hit the screen door before the hammock realized he wasn't sitting on it anymore.

Dick was waiting for him. "If you don't want to get fucked on the kitchen floor, you've got about 2.5 seconds to get your ass somewhere more comfortable."

He didn't even slow down, just headed for their bedroom. "I think Rock called my ass first, kid."

Fuck, these shorts were going into the regular rotation.

"You've still got a mouth, don't you?" Dick was shoving him down onto the bed and Rock's hands were working the button on his shorts, pulling them off.

"You know it, kid." He wriggled against the blankets, unsure exactly what had set the boys off. After all, he hadn't even started touching himself out there yet. Regardless, he wasn't one to look a gift orgasm in the...

A gift cock in the...

A gift lover in...

Oh, fuck it. He wasn't one to say no.

Dick's mouth covered his, the kid rubbing that long body against him, prick hard along his thigh as one of Rock's fingers slid into him. At least Rock was using lube today.

He groaned, tongue pushing into Dick's mouth as he ground down onto Rock's finger. Oh, very fucking nice.

One of Dick's hands started playing with his nipples as Rock's finger disappeared to be replaced with that thick, slick cock. One long slide and Rock was buried balls deep inside him.

Rigger reached down, stroked Rock's thighs while his body tightened, tongue pushing deep. Shudders shook him, fuck he was hungry for this.

Dick pulled out of the kiss and started nipping at his lips.
"Want you up my ass, Rig."

He jerked so hard he almost bucked off Rock's cock.
"Yeah, Dick. Fuck, yes."

Rock chuckled. "Fucking slut."

"Yep. Yours."

Dick straddled him, teeth still worrying his lips. "Pass up the lube, Rock."

"I got you covered, kid." Dick's eyes nearly rolled back into his head and his mouth dropped open, fucking sweet porno noises coming out of him.

"Gotta love those fingers, don't you kid?"

"Uh-huh."

Then Rig himself was treated to them, slick and solid around his cock, lubing him up with easy pumps. He would've arched into Rock's touch, but then threatened to pull him off that thick prick. Rock did this shit to him on purpose. Asshole.

He didn't have too long to moan about it though, Dick was soon pressing down, taking him in deep into that tight heat. Shit, the kid was still the tightest fucking thing.

And the sons of bitches had him now, too. He couldn't really move, or he'd lose one of the amazing sensations. He could only lay there and let them fuck him blind.

God, he was a lucky, fucking man.

Rock's arms came around Dick's middle, holding the kid, guiding the rhythm. Rock would shove into him and that motion would push him up deep into the kid. It wasn't long before Dick was moving, too, coming down hard every time he moved into the kid's heat.

"Oh, fuck. Fuck." He would normally have been more eloquent, but Rock was carving his fucking name into his prostate and Dick's ass was rhythmically working his cock like a \$50 whore in a \$10 whorehouse. "Yeah!"

The boys kept moving into him and onto him and Dick was making those fucking sweet sounds that could make you hard just from hearing them. Kid shouted out all of a sudden as one of Rock's big hands wrapped around Dick's cock. They started moving faster, Rock pushing him harder, the kid coming down like his life depended on it. He added his hand to Rock's, pulling the kid off, sure and steady.

The kid went off first, spraying spunk all up his chest, squeezing tight around his cock. That's when Rock really

started to pound into him. He was making loud, harsh noises that were meant to be words, but didn't manage it, the universe shattering as he shot his load deep into Dick's ass.

Rock kept thrusting into him, pulling every last fucking bit of pleasure out of him and then came with a roar, filling him with hot spunk.

Rock collapsed forward, pushing Dick down as well and the two of them lay on top of him, panting and gasping.

"Fuck, that was ... fuck, boys."

Rock laughed. "Check it out, Dick, we broke him."

"Suck my ass, dickhead. That was a compliment." He stretched out his legs, humming happily.

Rock laughed and rolled off him, Dick stretching out and settling more or less on him.

"Fuck, Rigger—you're one hot fucker," Dick murmured against his skin.

"Thank you, kid. I live to serve." He chuckled. Oh yeah, one lucky son of a bitch.

"Careful, Dickie-boy, you'll give him a swelled head. Again." Rock's leg slid over his hips, rubbing against his cock. Dick's groan vibrated along his collarbone.

"Mm ... still hungry, kid?" He slid his arms down Dick's sides, holding tight.

"I could eat." He could hear the grin in the kid's voice, could feel it against his skin.

"Fuck, and the kid gives me shit for my sense of humor." The laughter held off for one or two breathes and then the whole goddamned room was filled.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

There was a lot of shit that he liked and a lot of shit that he loved, but fucking and laughter, Rock and Dick, those were at the top of his list every day of the week.

Chapter 13

It was his turn to cook and Dick was sorry, but he was making hotdogs. In buns. With the standard condiments and chips on the side and cokes. Good, old-fashioned, junk food.

Rock could bitch all he wanted and Rig could roll his eyes and add chili and cheese, but he was making hotdogs.

Sure enough there was Rock. "Shit, kid. Not hotdogs. What's wrong with burgers."

"I like hotdogs."

"Then we'll eat hotdogs." Rig wandered in, looking in the pantry for a little can of chili. "You cook, you pick."

Rock grabbed the two cans of chili that were left and put them behind his back. "So how about you have just hot dogs, Rig?"

Rig gave Rock a look. "Now I know you're not trying to come between a Texan and his chili. Hot dogs are supposed to come with chili and cheese and I'm not asking Dick to warm it up."

Rock grumbled. "No one better complain if I have a dozen of those teeny little dogs."

He chuckled and gave Rig a wink, stage-whispering, "size queen."

Rig snorted, grinning over. "Just think of the nitrates, Rock. The fat. The cholesterol."

Rock grumbled, setting the cans down on the counter before sitting at the table. "The fucking taste. I want wiener dogs, I'll go eat at the mess."

"Well I like them. And I haven't made them for ages." He sat the plate full of hotdogs on the table.

Rig grabbed the can opener and opened the chili, popping it in the microwave with a whistle before grabbing some grated cheese from enchilada night and the mustard. "There's some leftover potato salad in here, y'all want to have that too?"

"Yes," answered Rock right away.

"I'm cool with the chips," Dick answered, grabbing himself a big handful of salted plain.

Rig handed Rock the potato salad, a bottle of pickles and a tub of ranch dip, before going to get his chili from the microwave.

Dick munched happily, eating one hotdog after another until he was full. "There's brownies and ice cream for dessert," he noted. "Even got some of the whip cream in a can for it."

Rock's eyes lit up. "Fuck, kid—that almost makes up for the hotdogs."

Rigger laughed, rolled those grey eyes. "You should have told him sooner. He'd have stopped bitching and saved room."

He chuckled. "I thought I'd make it a surprise."

Picking idly on his second hotdog, Rig nodded. "You get those iced ones from the grocery or the ones from the bakery on 8th?"

Not that Rig cared, of course. No ... Even though the ones from the bakery meant moans of pure delight and a melted

Rig, where the iced ones would get him a quick kiss of thanks between table and dishwasher.

"Bakery. They're nicer."

Rock nodded and grunted his agreement, getting up to clear his own plate, despite most of a hotdog still left uneaten. "Everyone else finished, too?"

He laughed and passed his plate to Rock. "I take it you're wanting dessert now and not later?"

"Why wait?"

"The Sergeant South personal motto." Rigger leaned over and gave him a kiss and a grope. "Thanks for supper."

"You're welcome," he replied, taking another kiss. "You want dessert now too, or after?" He waggled his eyebrows.

"Hmm ... What's better? Chocolate or Cock?" Rig slid onto his lap, squeezing between him and the table.

Rock snorted as he pulled out the box of brownies and started in on one. "Nothing's better than cock," he said with his mouth full. "Both are better."

Dick laughed and slid his hands down to Rig's ass, squeezing it.

"Pig. Only one at a time." Rig took another kiss, tongue sliding deep and stealing his breath.

"And I'll be right there once I've had a couple of chocolates. Let you and the kid warm each other up." Dick didn't care. He didn't care at all what Rock did, not when he had a mouthful of Rig. Nobody could kiss like that man. The kiss just kept getting longer, sweeter, Rig just barely rocking against him.

Better than any dessert he could think of.

He started to move his own hips, following Rig's lead and keeping it easy, slow and steady. Busy fingers stroked his face, his ears, his neck—teasing and tingling and just touching. Christ, how could Rig turn just touching into something so hot?

It felt so fucking good.

Then Rock pushed his tongue into their kiss, sweet and chocolate flavored along with the heavier taste of Rock himself.

God, the two of them were a one two punch that always knocked him for a loop.

Rig moaned, the hum vibrating between them all, hips moving faster, a little harder, a bit more sure. He whimpered, meeting Rig's movements. Shit, he was going to cream his shorts. Again.

Rock broke out of their kiss and a moment later that fat prick was nudging at their lips. Fuck, the man was a pig, but he was their pig.

"Greedy asshole." The words were moaned, Rig pulling him close and kissing him hard, trapping that sensitive cock head between their lips.

"Slut," said Rock, the word broken up by a groan. That tongue flicked over the ridge of Rock's tip. He could feel it in his mouth, imagine it around his own cock, hear the rumbles and taste the salt on his tongue. Then it stopped.

"Yours."

Rock growled, one hand on each of their heads, guiding their mouths to his cock.

He grinned at Rig past the thick, hot flesh. "Dessert."

Rig licked a long line over the shaft. "Mm-hmm. My favorite flavor. Stud."

He gave Rig a wink. "Oh, good. I'm glad I picked up the right kind."

"Hey!" Rock's protest would have been more effective without that sexy, husky, I want note in his voice.

"Mm ... 's a rare flavor." Rig sucked a little bit of skin up, marking Rock's prick. "Addictive."

Rock growled and jerked. He just smiled at Rig and added his own mouth to the thick cock, licking and sucking and nuzzling the hot flesh, all the while rolling with Rig. Together, they were working to drive Rock crazy, Rig just giving enough to keep the big guy growling and him fanning the flames.

He pulled Rig harder against him, moaning against Rock's prick as he got close. Humping against Rig, sucking on Rock—it didn't get much better than this. Well, unless they'd all been actually naked.

Rigger was working the slit now, fucking it with his tongue, lapping up the clear drops and purring.

"Fuck, yeah. Just like fucking that," groaned Rock, moving with small little motions of his hips. Rig nodded, not stopping, not fucking stopping anything—not the tongue-fucking, not the touching, not the rocking of those hips.

He watched those happy as fuck grey eyes as he shot, spunk pouring from his cock, trapped inside his briefs. One of Rig's hands dipped into his sweats, coming out shiny and slick. Rig rubbed his come over Rock's slit, the head of that dark, fat prick, and then sucked it off.

"Oh fuck." He jerked, cock not even soft before it was starting to fill again. Sexy motherfucker.

Rock obviously thought so, too, because he made a choked sound and came. Rig only missed the first pulse, lips pulling the rest into that working throat, moan audible. He moaned, too, licking Rock's spunk off Rig's face.

Rock just rumbled for them, hands stroking. When that thick cock pulled free, Rig took his mouth again, pushing hard, tongue sharing Rock's flavor. He moaned into Rig's mouth, fucking turned on again like he hadn't just come in his pants. Rig lifted up a bit, deepening the kiss, moaning into his lips.

"What do you want," he asked, licking Rig's lips. "My ass? My cock?" He pushed up, showing Rig how he was ready again, hard and wanting.

"And you called me a pig," Rock muttered around another mouthful of brownie.

"Want that sweet cock. Over the table."

"Fuck yeah. Rock—clear the table." His eyes never left Rig's.

Rock grumbled, but cleared. Even found him the lube.

Rig's eyes were shining, bright, focused. "I'm fucking aching for it."

"I'll give you what you need." He helped Rig up off his lap, fingers opening Rig's jeans, pulling them down. Rock was there to help get them right off.

Rig's cock was tight and hard, tip wet, balls drawn up. Fucking beautiful.

Moaning, he bent to take a taste, pulling the flavor into his mouth.

"Dick! Fuck! Careful or I'll shoot." Tight and needy, Rig shuddered for him, thighs parting.

Oh, it was tempting, but so was the thought of that sweet ass, tight and hot, clenched around his prick. With a moan, he let Rig's cock slide from his mouth and stood.

Rock bent Rig over the table and pushed two slick fingers into that hungry hole. "I'll just get him nice and ready for you."

Arching, Rig pushed back, riding Rock's fingers hard, soft moans filling the air. He made a soft noise, the sight just going straight to his cock. Just like Rock's free hand, slicking him up with long, slow sweeps of one big, hot hand.

"Now. Don't make me wait. Now. Fuck!" Rig shuddered, hips jerking as Rock's fingers pushed deep.

"Out of the way, Rock," he growled, pretty fucking desperate himself. Rock gave him a cocky, teasing grin, but moved aside for him. With a long moan, he slid in deep on a single thrust.

Oh, fucking God, Rig felt good.

Rig whimpered, grinding back against him with a low groan. "So frigging deep."

"Just like you like it," he murmured, starting to move, long, slow thrusts, letting Rig feel all of him.

"You want my cock, too?" Rock asked, walking around to the other side of the table, pumping his renewed erection.

"Yes." Rig nodded and Dick couldn't tell whether their redneck was answering him or Rock or both. As he watched,

Rock fed that fat prick into Rig's mouth and the heat around his own cock rippled, making him cry out and drive home just a little harder. They moved together, deep and hard, sandwiching Rig between them, hot as fuck and eager as anything.

His hands slid slowly up Rig's back, meeting Rock's partway. They stroked that hot, silky skin together as they fucked hard. Rig's hips were jerking, ass milking at him, soft, muffled cries sounding.

He freed up one hand, sliding it around Rig's hip, finding the hard prick and jacking Rig off in time with his thrusts. Rig went nuts, ass slamming back onto his prick, cock pushing into his hand.

"Oh fuck!" shouted Rock, picking up speed, humping Rig's face like a man possessed.

It was more than Dick could take and he came hard, spunk pushing deep into Rig's ass. Rig went stiff, cock pulsing in his hand, come hot and thick on his fingers. Rock's groan completed the circle and they were all breathing heavy and coming so slowly down.

Rig settled on the table, panting. "Fucking sweet."

"Yeah, kid. I take back my moaning—fucking awesome dinner."

Sliding out of Rig, he laughed as he flopped down on the chair. "Anytime."

Rig nodded, still spread out on the table. "Awesome. Oh, and Rock? You touch another frigging brownie and don't leave one for me and the kid, I will kick your ass."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock snorted. "I happen to be full, but if I wasn't I'd like to see you try."

Dick chuckled, the words comfortable, familiar, home.

"Yeah, well I'm pretty full myself, asshole." Rig grinned, stood. "Shower, then ice cream and chocolate."

"Then more sex," added Rock.

"I think I can get behind that," Dick told them. "Or, you know, in front, depending on who's doing who."

Rock groaned and rolled his eyes and Dick laughed, hot-footing it toward the shower to avoid Rock's smack.

Oh yeah. The hotdogs had gone down real well.

Chapter 14

Rock glared at the TV, wondering who the fuck watched this soap opera crap. That and talk shows, mindless, endless shit. They obviously put it on during the day so housewives would fucking clean instead of sit in front of the tube. He had a half a mind to start cleaning himself except he'd probably screw something up and it would take Rig months to set everything back to they way he wanted it.

Besides, he was supposed to be resting.

Fucking Doctor's orders. It was a god damned scratch. The bullet had barely grazed his right bicep. Stupid fucking green children shouldn't be let loose with live ammo until they'd been trained good and proper. Or at least until they had the general fucking concept of aim down.

Friendly fucking fire, his ass. There wasn't anything friendly about it and he suspected the CO and Doc had sent him home for the kids' sakes instead of his own.

He changed the channel. Fucking shit, not another paid advertisement for some loser weight loss program. He nearly shot the remote through the TV. Over-handed it into the arm chair instead.

"You tear those fucking stitches being a temperamental asshole and you'll be on profile for another week." Rig was lounging against the doorframe, eyebrow quirked, pizza in one hand, two longnecks in the other. "Want a beer?"

"You're gonna let me have beer? Why the fuck didn't you say so earlier—hell yes."

"Shit, Blue, the meds the little medic gave you are long gone and they other shit's just pumped up aspirin." Rig brought the beers over, popping the top of one for him. "They want you here and still so you don't tear any muscle, 'cause that'll mean surgery, is all."

He snorted and grabbed the beer, taking a nice long swig. "You not worried I'm going to strain something with this here longneck, are you?" he winked at Rig.

"Nope." Rig settled back on the couch with his own beer, stretching slow as he grinned. "'Course you know there'll be no fucking 'til that heals, right?"

He gave Rig a look. The one that said if Rig thought he was going to stop fucking, Rig had something wrong with his brain.

"You know how many one armed push ups I can do with my left arm?"

"Don't care. Doctor's orders. No upper body exercise. No lifting. No exertion for five days." Grey eyes looked at him, stubborn as hell. "No fucking."

"Then you sure as hell better be planning on giving a whole fucking lot of blow jobs and playing ride 'em cowboy, because I am not going without." He glared back. He could be just as damned stubborn as Rig. Well, mostly.

"That's still exertion."

He couldn't fucking believe this. Rig actually expected him to go five fucking days without fucking. He raised an eyebrow. "The kid'll suck me off."

He took another long drink of his beer.

"Will not. He's on maneuvers until next Wednesday. Left a message." Rig sounded about as put out as he was.

"Then I'll just have to find someone who will." That got him a slow, quiet blink and those thin lips set together, two hot spots flaring on Rig's cheeks. Rig didn't say a word, just finished the beer in two long swallows. "If you think I'm giving up sex for a fucking little chicken scratch on my god damned arm..." He growled. "For fuck's sake, Rig. Two fucking stitches. That's it."

"Don't growl at me, asshole. I didn't write the profile. If it was just two fucking stitches, what the fuck are you doing here? Why aren't you back at fucking work snarling at baby road bumps?"

"Because I've got fucking orders to stay away from the fucking baby road bumps." He glared some for good measure. "And you're the only one here—who the hell else do you expect me to growl at?"

Rig looked at him for a second and then started chuckling, shaking his head. "Oh fuck, Blue. You do tickle me. You tellin' me you got a fucking week off because you're scary?"

Rigger started laughing, hard and loud, holding that skinny fucking stomach.

Oh, that made him glare all the harder and he growled a little more too. "I might have been a tad overzealous in explaining to the piece of shit asshole who zinged me exactly what I was going to do to him if he ever did it again."

The laughter just got louder, Rig's legs drawing up as the asshole cackled. "Oh ... Oh, shit ... That's the funniest fucking ... Mean old Sergeant South ... Kicking the babies' asses."

"The only reason I'm not kicking your ass is because I'm still holding out a tiny spec of hope that you're going to let me fuck it."

He didn't know what was so fucking funny. First the CO and now Rig. He'd been fucking shot for fuck's sake. By one of his own fucking men.

Rig swallowed his laughter, grey eyes sparkling at him. "Sorry, Rock. You just ... You're the only man I know who can terrify his way into a week at home."

Rig scooted closer, hand lifting the edge of his t-shirt, fingers touching the bandage. "It was just an accident, yeah? No intent?"

"The way the baby handled his weapon? I probably would have been safer if there was intent." He spread his legs a little so his and Rig's thighs were touching. "You want to see?"

Rig nodded. "Yeah. Want to make sure it's good work."

He watched as Rig settled up on the couch, knees snuggled tight against his thigh, close enough that he could smell Rig, feel that heat. Rabbit wasn't careful, he was gonna get a whole lot of Rocketman slamming him down onto the couch.

Rig removed the tape, managing to ease it off without stinging—one of those nurse magic things. Then careful fingers stroked his skin, pressing and looking. "Looks damn good, Blue. It'll leave a sexy little scar. Need me to put anything on it?"

"I'm guessing answering 'your lips' would get me hit?" A soft, warm kiss stroked over his skin, giving him goose

bumps. "Oh ... that was nice." He smiled down at Rig, suddenly feeling a whole lot less growly.

"Yeah?" Another kiss slid over his triceps, Rig purring against his skin. "Doesn't pull?"

"I don't know—I can't feel much past your lips."

"Want me to stop?" Rig moved closer, almost in his lap. Slut.

"Like fucking hell."

"Oh, good." Grey eyes flashed up at him, warm and hungry. "You'll be careful and don't pull the stitches?"

He gave Rig a wicked grin. "I will sit here and let you do all the work, I promise."

"Good man." Rigger moved onto his lap, fingers pulling his t-shirt up and off.

He spread his legs a little further apart, rumbling happily. "Do I get a reward?"

"Mm ... maybe." Rig started licking and kissing—his throat, his shoulders, his collarbone, his nipples. Fuck, but his favorite slut was focused. Teeth grazed his nipple. Focused and a tease.

"You're cheating you know," he pointed out.

"Hmm? Cheating?" Rig's hands slid around his waist. "How so?"

"I'm not supposed to move."

"Yeah? Still not seeing the cheating, Blue."

"I can't retaliate or defend myself—you can do whatever the hell you want to me."

Rig chuckled. "I noticed that."

"So you know you're cheating."

"Not cheating. Exploring." Rigger grinned, licking down along his belly.

He groaned. "Cheating."

Not that he was complaining. He just got accused often enough that it was fun to turn the tables.

"I could stop here." Rig was nuzzling along his waistband, hands and lips warm.

"Don't tease, Rig. I reamed a man out for grazing me with a bullet. Trust me, that ain't nothing compared to what I do to teases."

"Promise?" Rig nipped his belly, eyes shining. He growled, smiling down at the sexiest fucking tease this side of the Atlantic.

"Gives me fucking goose bumps when you do that." Rig opened his jeans, freeing his cock and nuzzling the shaft with soft lips. He growled again though, putting a little purr into the sound, just for his Rabbit.

"Oh..." Rig's breath was hot, sliding down to brush his balls. Hot, but not as hot as watching the shivers that rocked Rig's body.

Well, who the fuck knew? Maybe it was a fair fight after all.

"Love your mouth," he said, rumbling each word.

"Blue..." The whisper was hungry, tongue licking the base of his cock, hands tugging at his pants. "Lift your hips."

"Well now, I don't know ... I promised someone I wouldn't move." He growled again. "Someone I definitely do not want to break promises to."

That got him a soft cry, Rig's lips parting, sliding up his cock toward the tip. Those grey eyes were dark, cheeks

flushed, hands sliding into his waistband to cup his ass. Fuck, but Rig was good at what he did. A fucking master. He put all that into his next rumble, eyes hot and hard on Rig's, all his pleasure leaking out through his voice.

Suddenly it wasn't about teasing, wasn't about playing, was just about feeling and tasting and them. "Rig ... I need to touch you."

He wouldn't though, not if Rig didn't release him from his word.

Rig lifted his head, tongue sliding along his slit, fucking it slowly. "Please."

He growled, hands moving immediately to stroke through Rig's hair, slide over that scalp and along Rig's face. He slid two fingers down to move over Rig's lips, touching where their bodies met.

Purrs tickled his fingertips, his shaft, Rig's head bobbing, mouth eager, eyes watching him.

His other hand slid as far down Rig's back as he could reach, fingers pressing along the bones of Rig's spine. Rig arched, eyes closing as the suction around his cock increased, grew needy, hungry. He growled again, not caring anymore if it turned Rig on, made him hot, just communicating his need, his hunger—how fucking good Rig made him feel.

Rig rolled his balls in one hand, deep-throating his cock like it was the most natural thing in the world.

It was the fucking sight of his prick in its entirety disappearing into that mouth that had him roaring, come shooting from his balls until he was dry.

Rig didn't lose a drop, mouth working over his flesh, slow and easy now, tongue almost petting his prick. He relaxed back against the couch, rumbling happily, hands sliding through Rig's hair, over his face, petting. Rig rested one smooth cheek against him, sucking softly, just making him feel like a fucking king. "You going to come up here and let me at least give you a hand job or something?"

Rig chuckled around his cock, then crawled up his body, pressing close, nuzzling his jaw. "Love the way you taste, Blue."

He wrapped his arms around Rig, rumbling again. "Love the way you taste me."

"Careful with your arm." Rig cuddled closer with a happy, needy sound, hard cock nudging his belly. "Works out well, doesn't it?"

He chuckled, slipping his good hand down between them to wrap around Rig's sweet prick. "That it does."

"Oh..." Rig moaned, lips brushing his jaw. "You don't have to, Rock. Know you're on the injured roster."

"Jeremy Alexander Roberts have I ever left you wanting?"

"Never, Jim. Not once." Rig's tongue slid into his ear.

"Fuck, I want you."

"That's right, not once." He shivered at that tongue. His Rabbit had a fucking talented mouth. "And I imagine you've got me."

"Oh, good." Rig started trying to drive him insane, tongue sliding around his ear, lips and teeth tugging and teasing.

"You don't stop that you're going to be back down there sucking me again," he growled, prick twitching hard as his hand worked Rig's cock.

"And that's a problem how exact ... oh ... exactly?"

"My arm doesn't reach that far." He squeezed Rig's cock as he said it.

"Gotta be careful with that arm, Blue." Rig shivered, hips starting to move. "Oh, fuck..."

"I'll stop if you want me to," he teased, thumb sliding across the wet slit.

Whimpering, Rig shook his head. "Don't stop, not now. Please, Blue."

"Whatever you want, Rabbit." He nuzzled Rig's cheek and then took his Rabbit's mouth, tongue sliding deep as he worked that hot prick. It didn't take any time before Rig was keening, kiss growing desperate and needy as the scent of Rig filled the air.

Breaking the kiss with a tug of Rig's lower lip, he brought his hand up and started to lick it clean.

Rig whimpered, tongue sliding against his own. "So fucking sexy."

"We are," he agreed, purring.

"Yes." Warm grey eyes met his, gleaming. "We are."

He growled, happy and at home and at peace.

Maybe the dipshit with the rifle and shit aim deserved an anonymous gift subscription to Guns 'n Ammo.

Chapter 15

Rock wandered out of the bathroom, freshly washed, shaved and tooth-brushed.

He glanced at his watch. 14:25 on a Saturday—he was up early.

He could smell coffee and cinnamon and his stomach growled, his nose leading him to the living room where Dick sat in the big chair, reading the sports page and Rig lay on the couch, reading the front page—or possibly dozing behind the cover of newsprint.

A plate of cinnamon rolls, the good, gooey, fully loaded kind from the bakery, sat on the coffee table.

"Hey," he muttered around his first bite. Fuck, these were good. "Shift," he ordered Rig, moving to sit at the end of the couch.

Dick grinned at him and snagged a bun for himself, a spot of brown sugar on the side of the kid's mouth testifying to it not being Dick's first of the day.

Rig's feet settled in his lap, a fond, muttered "pushy bastard" sounding.

"Lazy cowboy," he shot back, taking another large bite of the bun. Shit, these were nice. All he needed now was a coffee. Well fuck, they hadn't brought him one out and it was all the way in the kitchen.

"Mm-hmm. My coffee's still hot, if you're wanting." Grey eyes smiled over at him, toes sliding over his belly.

"Hey kid..."

Dick chuckled. "Oh, now who's the lazy one."

He grinned over at the kid, hand sliding along Rig's leg.

"I'll let you blow me, if you do."

Dick's chuckles grew into a full-blown laugh.

"What's he jonesing for? My coffee?" Rig stretched out and snagged the mug—one from Momma's last mailing with a huge Texas flag on it—handing it over. "Spoiled brat. Don't drink it all."

"Thanks," he murmured, taking a long sniff before having a nice, hot mouthful. "I don't suppose you can reach me another one of those cinnamon things, too?"

"You're pushing, asshole. Be good. I got the oil changed in your truck this morning. We need to change the plugs." Even as he spoke, Rigger handed over a roll, licking the icing off his fingers.

"I was thinking I'd give her a good cleaning tomorrow—supposed to be sunny." Fuck these were good. He finished his second one up, took another mouthful of coffee and then grabbed Rig's hand, using his tongue to search for more of the sticky icing.

Rig moaned, shifting, paper sliding onto the floor. "Is it?"

"Yep." He licked between each finger and tickled Rig's palm with his lips.

Dick's paper rustled, the kid putting it aside and coming to kneel on the floor, leaning against his leg.

"You're hungry this morning ... afternoon, whatever." Rig was purring, shifting on the sofa, biting those sweet lips.

He snorted. "When am I not?"

"When you're dead tired, hungry, sleepy, or sick." Rig tilted his head. "Maybe dead."

"If you think back, I do believe you'll find that I have managed to get it up and satisfy my man," Dick cleared his throat and Rock rolled his eyes. "My men under all those circumstances. Well, aside from the dead."

"Okay, okay—you can get it up sound asleep. I should know." Rig winked at Dick. "But sniffly? Wanting a burger? I don't know..."

He growled. "I know you're not suggesting there are times I can't get it up." He gave Rig a stern look. "When have I ever not satisfied my slut?"

Rig, just like he knew would his cowboy would, grinned, eyes twinkling. "Of course not. I mean, just because a guy gets older..."

He could feel those long muscles tensing, readying to jump.

He grinned back, waiting a moment and then made his move, grabbing Dick behind the neck and pulling the kid in for a long, hard one.

Rig chuckled, rescuing the coffee and the mug. "Show off."

He broke the kiss, leaving Dick breathless and stunned. "Showing off for you."

"Excellent. I'm definitely impressed." Rig arched an eyebrow. "Come show off some more. Closer. Where I can see."

Chuckling, he pushed and shifted and moved everyone until he was lying along the back of the couch, with Rig snuggled up against him, Dick still on the floor.

Leaning over Rig's face, he pulled the kid in for another kiss.

Rig hummed, the sound happy and horny. "Oh, yeah. That's fucking pretty."

"Feels fucking good, too," murmured Dick.

"Yeah, you've got a pretty good mouth, kid. Learning from the master, I'd say." Rig turned a little, lips finding his collarbone, fingers finding his belly. "Oh yeah. There's the master."

Dick grinned at him and pushed their mouths together again. Rigger snorted against his skin, teeth joining the play. He groaned, jerking, pushing his hard on into Rig's thigh.

Dick whimpered, hands coming up to stroke his face, his head. Rig shifted again, teeth teasing his nipple through his t-shirt, making him groan and shift. He nipped at Dick's lips, one hand holding his own head up, the other finding the bulge in Rig's jeans, fondling it.

His Rabbit hummed for him, the slut moving immediately into his hand, begging for it. Chuckling, he stroked gently, softly, barely touching. The hum grew louder, Rig's hand sliding around his waist.

Fingers slid against his own and then started to work Rig's jeans open. Kid's mouth never stopped working the kiss hard.

Rig's fingers started tugging his t-shirt up, searching for skin. He growled and then growled again as fingers slid over his skin, making his cock harder. "Mm ... fucking sexy old man." Rig nipped again, a little harder.

"I'll show you old," he murmured, breaking the kiss with Dick and rolling on top of his Rabbit. "I'll show you fucking old."

"Yeah? Promise? Bring it on." Rig arched under him, eyes hot. With yet another growl, he dove into Rig's mouth.

Rig opened wide, rubbing against him with a sweet cry. Fuck, yeah. Dick worked his jeans open as well, pushing both his and Rig's t-shirts out of the way. Hot and needy, Rig rocked under him, feeding him groans and whimpers.

Dick started to leave kisses on his skin, on Rig's, licking and tasting. Felt fucking good.

Those grey eyes watched him, pushed him, nobody wanted like his rabbit. Never.

"Get the lube, kid," he ordered. "I got me a nurse to fuck."

"Shit, yeah. Want you. Want that fat fucking cock."

"It's yours."

Dick was right there, pulling their pants off the rest of the way and slicking up his cock, working fingers into Rig's ass.

That blond head was thrown back, eyelids drooping as Rig's breath caught. "Fuck. Dick. Oh. Oh, yeah."

"You gonna suck him while I do him, kid? Make our cowboy come hard?" Oh, Rig liked that—cheeks flushing, little whimper sounding. He growled. "Enough, he's ready."

Dick nodded. "Yeah, I'd say he is."

Now." Rig leaned up for a hard, wild kiss. "Now, Blue."

"Whatever you want, Rig." He pushed into the most perfect place he knew.

"Oh." Grey eyes flashed up to him, giving him the look.

"Yeah. Oh." He gave Rig a cocky grin and started to thrust.

Rig leaned up, licked the corner of his mouth and started riding his cock, humming against his lips. He growled as Dick pushed between their bellies, forcing their lips apart.

Long fingers reached up, running over his face, Rig's ass clenching around him as Dick started sucking. He turned his head, biting at the tips of Rig's fingers and then sucking one in. Taste of cinnamon and sugar and pure Rig filling his mouth.

He could fucking feel how turned on his slut was in the ripples working his cock, the heat making him gasp. "That's it, Dick, he's liking that."

Rig nodded, eyes fastened on him, hot spots of heat on those thin cheeks. He watched those grey eyes, watched as he and Dick drove Rig right out of his fucking mind. Then those kiss-swollen lips whispered, 'Blue', thin body arching as his Rabbit gave it all up for them.

Too fucking sweet. That tight heat got tighter, fine ass milking him for all he was worth. He growled, long and low, coming deep inside Rig.

Rig slumped to the sofa, humming low. "Yeah. Okay. Not old."

He chuckled and waited for Dick to move out of the way before giving Rig a long kiss.

Then he settled back and started to stroke himself. "What about you, kid—you want a ride on the Rocketman?"

Dick's color picked up, just a touch. "Maybe in a few ... I kind of ... when you guys did."

"Aha!" he crowed. "You see that, Rig? That's two at the same time—so very much not old."

Rig nuzzled, nodded. "Mm-hmm. You're a stud. Very much not old. Spring chicken even."

Dick laughed. "You sure springy chicken's a compliment?"

"Yep. Spring chicken. A mere babe. Sweet young lad." Rig stretched, body clenching as he moved.

Rock snorted. "I was never a sweet lad. Ever."

"Not rosy cheeked? Not dew-lipped?" Oh, Rig was asking for it.

"Not ever once, cowboy. And unless I didn't do my job right, I do believe your legs are not up to out-running me just now, so I suggest you not try it."

Rigger's laugh was sweet, even sweeter when it pushed into his mouth. "Yes, sir. Anything for you."

He deepened the kiss and then looped an arm around Dick's neck, pulling the kid into the kiss.

Maybe he should start thinking about getting up early on Saturdays more often.

Nah.

Chapter 16

Rock worked on his abs and then on his biceps and then on his thighs. Then he moved over and worked on his calves and his shoulders and his glutes. The kid and Rigger had gotten together and bought him a home gym for his birthday. And they said love was dead.

Today he didn't even have to put up with Rigger's shit yowling cowboy music or even worse, Dick's techno bebop hip-hop alternative pop crap. He didn't know what it was, but a work out always felt better if it was accompanied by Aerosmith or AC/DC—something heavy and rocking. Not only that, he was having a great work out. He could feel the burn in his muscles and he was fucking high on the endorphins.

A hot tongue slid up his abs, lapping up his sweat until his nipple was snagged. Rigger's grin was ecstatic. "Oh, fuck, you taste good, Rock."

He grinned down at Rigger, his muscles clenching, cock springing eagerly into life. "And you taste me good, Rig."

"That's terrible, Rock." Rigger groaned and rolled his eyes. "You enjoying your present?"

"Yep. Especially the perks that come with it." He set the weights carefully back down and then slid his hands around to cup Rigger's butt. "Wanna see if I can bench press you?"

"Oh, yeah." Rigger's eyes were fastened on his pecs, hands sliding over his shoulders. "Yeah."

He flexed for Rigger, loving the way the fucker licked his lips, and then pushed Rigger down onto his back, following.

Hand planted on either side of Rig's face, he started to do push ups, letting their hips press together every time he came down.

Rigger hummed, pushing up. "Fuck, yeah, Blue." A tongue slid along his arm, tickling and hot.

"You want some of this, Rig?" he asked, working the push ups slowly.

"I want all of it, Rock." Rig's eyes were intent, tongue working on his skin.

He licked a line up the side of Rigger's face the next time he was down. "How do you want it?" He waited until he came down again. "Up your ass?" He went up. Down. "In your mouth?" He went up. Down. "Well?"

"I don't suppose yes is an answer here?"

He laughed, fuck but Rig was sexy when he was horny as hell. He did another push up. "You've gotten spoiled, having two cocks to play with at once."

Rigger snorted, body following his. "I've been spoiled for longer than that. Fuck me, Blue."

He held himself up with one hand and used the other to work off his shorts, the tight black spandex all he was wearing. He kicked it off his feet and started working on Rigger's scrubs. Rigger was, as always, helpful and enthusiastic, the scrubs almost melting away. He went back to doing push ups. "Spread 'em, cowboy."

"Yes, Sergeant. Right away." Rigger's—flexible fuck that he was—legs spread wide, offering it all up.

He did another push up, dipping his hips so his cock would drag along the bottom of Rigger's ass. "You ready for the

Rocketman, Rig?" Another push up. "Or you want a spit and polish first?"

Rigger sucked one his own fingers for a second and then, as Rock looked between them, two fingers pushed inside Rig's open, needy hole. Shit, but nothing turned him on the way Rigger did. "Oh, fuck, you are such a fucking slut."

"And you fucking love it." Rig moaned, fucking his hole steadily, lips open.

"Yep, every fucking second of it." He pushed down again until he could run his tongue around Rigger's lips.

Rigger's hand wrapped around his cock, placing it against the wrinkled hole. "Now, Rock. I want all of you."

"I thought you'd never fucking ask." He pushed in, groaning as he slid into the tight ring. Rigger's hole seemed to grasp at him, pulling him in deep.

"Oh, fuck. Yeah, Blue. Yeah." Rig arched, hands scrabbling against his shoulders.

"You want it hard, cowboy? Wanna ride my cock like it's the fucking bull at the rodeo?"

"These beautiful mother fucking muscles ought to be there for a goddamned reason, Rocketman." Rig stretched, challenging him directly. "You think you can make me walk like a cowboy?"

"Damn straight I can." He laughed and started to thrust, starting slow and easy, going deep each time.

Rig gave him deep, low, happy fucking sounds, arching into each motion. Shit, but it felt good. It would be so easy just to let Rigger's body pull him into oblivion, but he kept

part of his concentration on counting his thrusts, imagining he was doing repetitions. He'd last longer if he split his attention.

He slowly built his speed, the force of his thrusts increasing as well. He wanted to make Rigger scream. Rig held onto him, eyes glazed and happy, staring up at him. Soft, gasping noises filled the air, Rigger's voice harsh and hungry. Fuck, he loved the way Rig's face showed everything he was feeling, showed how good Rock was making him feel. He thrust harder.

"Oh, Blue ... fuck ... fucking good. So fucking good." Rigger was meeting each thrust, sobbing, body shuddering.

"You like it like that, Rig? Want it harder? Faster? Want me to fuck you right into the floor?"

"Yeah, Blue. Yes, please." Rigger's hand curled around his neck, pulling hard until their lips met in a fucking amazing goddamned kiss. Shit, no one kissed like his Rigger. He pushed harder, faster, tongue fucking Rig's mouth like his cock was fucking Rig's body. He grabbed Rig's hip and tilted him, slamming deeper.

Rigger screamed for him, the sound torn right out of the suddenly lax lips, and heat pulsed between them as Rigger's ass clamped down on him hard.

Oh, fuck, there was nothing like Rigger coming on his cock. Nothing. He thrust hard a few more times, jerky and graceless, and came. He collapsed onto Rigger, arm muscles finally giving out. Rigger held on tight, face against his shoulder, tongue coming out every now and again to taste.

Oh yeah, he was having a fucking incredible workout, high now on something more than endorphins. Or was it still called

endorphins with sex? Rigger would know. Maybe he'd ask him. Later. After he put that talented mouth to work on something other than talking.

He turned his head, capturing Rigger's mouth, tongue invading. Rigger fed him another kinky, low sound, and that soft, quick tongue slid against his, hot and ready for him. He groaned into that heat and worked on eating Rigger whole.

His cock was massaged, Rigger's body moving around it in time with the thrusts of his tongue. He had never in his life met anyone who loved sex as much as Rigger did.

Hot hands circled his skull, pulling him closer, Rig's tongue pushing into his mouth now, fucking him back.

He started to move his hips again, sliding, long and slow, into the grasping ass. Rigger whimpered and shivered and then began moving with him.

This was almost better than the fast, hard fuck they'd just shared; this felt like it could last for fucking ever. Almost rolling on his cock, Rigger's body was pulling steadily, hot and tight and fucking sweet. The man was born to it—talent and need and hunger. His favorite cockhound.

"Holy fuck that's hot! You guys got room for one more?" Speaking of cockhounds, there was the other one he was partial too.

He looked up, not breaking contact with Rigger's mouth. The kid was stripping, prick already fucking hard. One of Rig's arms reached out, hand sliding in a greeting gesture around Dick's calf. Dick was grinning down at them, that look like he'd just won the fucking lotto on his face.

Rock just kept fucking Rigger, long slow strokes that let Rigger feel every inch of him.

Rigger shivered, head rolling restlessly. "Fuck, Rock. So much. So much."

He winked up at Dick. "That's the Rocketman."

Dick rolled his eyes but knelt next to them and bent to take Rigger's mouth. The tight muscles around his cock rippled, Rigger's hands moving to touch Dick's head, cheeks. Dick started making those little noises almost immediately, muted as they were by Rigger's mouth. Fucking shit, he couldn't figure out how Rigger did that. Made them both feel like they were the goddamned center of his attention.

One of Rigger's hands slid over, found his abs, and began stroking, almost petting. He groaned and latched onto the nearest skin—Dick's neck. The kid jerked and got louder. Rigger chuckled, body shifting beneath him.

"I suppose you want to suck the kid while I finish this?" He shoved in hard, reminding Rigger exactly where he was and who was fucking him.

His answer was a gasp, a shudder, those eyes focused back on him, wide and hungry.

Dick chuckled, his hands sliding between their bodies to play with Rigger's nipples. "I can wait."

Rigger bit his lip, arching and crying out, his body tightening around Rock's prick. "Oh, fuck ... Rock. Dick..."

"That's right," Rock chuckled. "I'm fucking you, the kid's the one tugging at those sensitive little titties of yours." He grinned up at Dick. "Pinch 'em kid, you know that makes him wild."

"Rock!" Rigger's body clenched, eyes flashing up at him, then at Dick, then back to him. Groaning, he increased the force of his thrusts. It was time to send Rigger to the fucking moon.

Dick was working Rig's nipples, tweaking and pinching and pulling while he drove into that fucking hot hole. Rig was gasping and groaning and almost screaming. Twice in less than an hour. Not fucking bad for a guy pushing forty.

Rigger's ass was pumping his cock, working it like nothing going. The sounds were getting louder, longer—Dick was working Rig in time with his thrusts and then the kid's mouth slammed into his, kissing him deep.

Just like that, Rock lost his rhythm, jerking roughly into Rigger's ass. Just when had the two of them turned the tables on him?

A wail sounded, hot come splashing over his stomach, Rigger convulsing beneath him.

Oh, that was perfect, just so fucking good and he roared into Dick's mouth, coming as Rigger's body milked him.

Rig was silent and throbbing beneath him, breathing slow and deep, when he came back to Dick's kiss. Rig might be satisfied, but the kid was hungry, devouring his mouth like he hadn't had any in days instead of just this morning. Dick groaned, sound growing louder as Rigger moved slightly, one hand beginning to move, pumping Dick slow and steady.

Keeping himself from having all his weight on Rigger with one arm, Rock slid the other along Dick's side, slowly making his way to the kid's nipples. The kid shivered as they played with him, pushing between their touches.

He could feel Rigger's body ripple around his cock, the fucker excited by what they were doing. Fucked into the ground and still ready to take off again. The man was a fucking slut. And Rock loved him for it.

"Come on, kid. Come on my face, Dick. Want to taste you." Rig's drawl, sweeter than syrup and as perverted as a leather whore, filled the air. Shit, it would have made him come, if he hadn't already, twice, and the kid was no fucking saint. With a loud cry, Dick came, spraying Rigger in the face, just like he'd wanted.

Rigger shuddered again, tongue sliding out over the swollen lips. "Good. Really fucking good."

He eased out of Rigger, chuckling and settling down next to him. Shit, he was getting old—the fucking floor was killing his back already.

"Fuck, somebody tell me tomorrow's fucking Sunday..." Rigger's voice was rough and husky and sated—just perfect.

"Yep. Fucking all day long." He winked at the kid, Dick laughing as he collapsed on the other side of Rigger, head pillowed on one of Rig's thighs.

"Excellent."

Dick turned his head and nipped at Rigger's hip, teeth white against the golden tanned skin. Fuck they were enough to make a man hard again, despite the odds.

He didn't know why they'd bought him the fucking home gym; the two of them were a far better workout than any weight regime he'd ever indulged in. Still, it had been sweet and he really ought to make sure he'd thanked them properly. He'd start with Dick—the bench press chair was just

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

about the right height...

Chapter 17

Rock hated getting home in the middle of the fucking night. On the other hand, if he'd just stayed at the barracks, someone would have been sure to nab him first thing in the morning and hand some stupid fucking duty or another at him. And waking up just wasn't worth it if it didn't involve a Rigger blowjob.

So he was creeping in and down the hall like an idiot. Like he wasn't going to take one look at Rig octopussed around the kid and not fucking wake them both up for some goddamned, well-deserved fucking. If he was a better person he'd have hit the shower first.

He was, however, naked by the time he hit the bedroom door and sure enough, there they were—Rig wrapped around the kid, no doubt siphoning off every ounce of heat the kid had in him. Man really needed two bodies in bed with him to keep him warm. "All right, men. It's 02:00 hours and I am tired but awake and it has been four days since I so much as kissed one of you. Sleep time is over."

Rig's smile widened seconds before those bleary eyes blinked open, hands reaching for him. "Rock!"

He grinned and got into bed, pressing close to Rig. "Congratulations, you win first prize."

"Mm ... wonderful." Rig snuggled right up to him, face tilting for a kiss. "Oh, you're warm."

He chuckled. "Oh, I see why you were first now, you've sucked the kid cold."

Dick's hand swatted toward him, but he ducked his head, taking Rig's mouth. Rig hummed, body moving for him, slow and easy, all sleep-warm and willing. He rumbled into the kiss, the sound intensifying as Dick shifted and pushed into their mouths, all three of them kissing and licking. "So, you boys miss me?"

"Always." Rig's hand slid around his waist, holding tight. "You work hard out there?"

"Yep." He brought their mouths back together again, all three of them. Rig's mouth left his, sliding down his throat, over his collarbone. Warm hands cupped his ass, teasing and squeezing.

He growled, pushing into Rig. The slide of his cock over that warm skin felt fucking good. "You got something for me, Rig?"

"Whatever you want." Lips found his nipple, that hot tongue sliding over the tip again and again. "How do you want me to welcome your studly fucking self home?"

He moaned and pushed harder. "I haven't had a blow job in four days, what do you think, Rigger?"

"I think you want to fuck my mouth." Rig's chuckles slid down his abs, that fucking mouth heading south where it belonged.

"Smart. Fucking smart."

Dick's lips nibbled their way along his jaw and then the kid was grinning down at him. "No, you're fucking Rig."

Rigger's laughter tickled the tip of his cock, then wet heat swallowed him, tongue sliding down his shaft. He groaned, back bowing as he pushed up, trying to find Rig's mouth.

Dick's hands were solid, heavy and they landed on his shoulders and held him down. "Just let him do what he does so fucking well and enjoy it, Rock."

Oh, fuck, but there was nothing like that mouth. Nothing. Rig was moving, slow and steady, humming all along his prick, making him jerk and twitch.

The kid's mouth covered his, absorbing his moans. It had been too fucking long. He wrapped one arm around Dick's shoulders and the other around Rig's head, holding on. Long fingers wrapped around his balls, tugging in time with the pull of that sweet mouth, the slide of that cock.

It was almost worth being away to come back to this. Who the fuck was he fooling—if he didn't go, he got this all the time. There was no fucking way he wanted to be away from it.

Rigger groaned and then took him in, deep-throating him, nose buried in his pubes, throat so fucking tight. He roared into Dick's mouth, hips surging as he lost his load down Rig's throat. Rig just kept moving and bobbing and sucking and licking and drinking every fucking drop down.

He stroked across Rig's head and down along Dick's back, touching the men who made it worth coming home. Rig finally let his cock slide free, cheek resting against his belly.

Dick settled, too, head on his shoulder.

He rumbled, he felt fucking good and they should know that.

Rig's long fingers wrapped around his hip, eyelashes tickling his skin as those grey eyes closed. "Night, Blue. Welcome home."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Yeah. Night, Rig. Night Dick."

He let his own eyes close and settled in, warm and tired and just right.

All right, maybe getting home in the middle of the fucking night wasn't that bad.

Chapter 18

He pulled into the driveway, Grimmy immediately bounding out of the jeep, shaking fucking sand everywhere. The silly beast was ready to be home. Hell, after three miserable nights in the rain at the beach, sleeping in the jeep and eating nothing but beer and cigarettes and pork rinds, he was pretty fucking ready himself.

Rig crawled out, muttering as his back popped, body protesting. God, he hated wasting a whole fucking 3-day alone and grumpy. Hated fighting with his marines more. Hated not knowing for sure if he was going in to forgive and forget or just grab a change of clothes and his i.d. badge for work. He unlocked the door, let Grim in, then went in himself, braced for anything.

Rock grabbed him by the collar and hauled him up against the wall. His Blue's mouth slammed over his about as hard as his back slammed into the wall.

Okay, maybe he should have braced a little harder. Still, he opened immediately, hungry and needing, keys falling to the floor with a clatter.

The kiss seemed to go on and on and then abruptly it was over. Rock was still in his face though, looking angry and horny and like he couldn't decide whether to kiss him again or haul off and hit him.

"It's about fucking time you were back." The words were a growl.

"I thought so, too." He wasn't going to be an asshole about it—Rock hated when he stormed off and so did he, but he didn't like getting so pissed he'd say things he'd regret, so he took his temper and his mouth somewhere private.

"You'd better go talk to the kid before he figures out I cancelled that cab he called." Rock kicked a stuffed duffle bag that was waiting on the floor.

Rig rolled his eyes. "Christ. Didn't you talk to him?"

"Of course I fucking talked to him and he bought it when you left and every day you stayed away he became more fucking convinced if he fucking went back to the barracks you'd come back everything would go back to god damned normal." Rock kicked the duffle again, sending it into the front room until it hit the coffee table and came to an abrupt stop. "As if it would be normal if he left." Rock glared at him. "Fix it."

He snapped a salute, temper flaring. "Yes, sir, Gunny. Get right on it, sir." Rig pushed Rock aside and headed down the hall, heading for the bedroom.

"He's outside on the goddamned hammock," Rock called. "Won't fucking sleep in the bed."

"Fucking wonderful." He whistled for Grimmy and stormed into the kitchen, sparing a glare at Rock. God, he'd missed them both, even if one was an asshole and the other one wouldn't fucking settle down.

He opened the screen door and parked his ass on the back porch. "So, you're moving out?"

"You left." Dick was staring off at some point at the end of the backyard, very pointedly not looking at him.

"I told you I'd be back. I always come back. I needed a break, a chance to chill the fuck out." Fuck, he hated this, hated this whole thing.

"For three days?" Dick shook his head and got up, heading for the door, still not looking at him.

"Yeah. I was pissed off, didn't want to say something I'd regret later." He stood, meeting Dick face to face. "You're a fucking fool if you think I'm going to lose half my god damned family without a fight, marine. You want to move out, go ahead, but I'm not letting you go easy."

"We already had a fight remember?" Shit the kid looked miserable. "And you left."

"I left for a few days, took a breather. Rock knew it. You knew it. I told you. Hell, I didn't take cash or clothes or my fucking wallet. You're packed to go." He opened his hands. "It was a fight—a stupid fucking fight and I didn't want to lose it and make it worse. People fight sometimes, kid. All of us do. Doesn't mean we're broken."

"But you left. What if you leave for good next time?" Dick shook his head. "I've got a cab coming, I better not keep him waiting."

"I cancelled the fucking cab, kid." Rock stood in the doorway, glaring at both of them.

"You what? When? Why?"

"Two minutes after you called it and so you wouldn't fucking leave, dickwad."

"If you knew he was on his way home why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know."

"Well I just would have called another cab!"

"And I just would have fucking cancelled that one, too.

How many times you think we do that before they stop taking our calls?"

"I've got legs, I can walk out."

"Not if I sit on you."

"Jesus Fucking Christ!" Rig glared. "I am going to take a motherfucking shower. I stink. Y'all go ahead and hold your goddamned pissing contest out here and once you're done and you realize you're being idiots for each other, let me know!"

He slammed open the screen door, storming in.

"I'm going," said Dick, following him in.

"Nobody is fucking going anywhere." Rock's hand on his collar, hauled him and Dick up short, and then they were both pushed up against the wall. "You are both gonna stay put and either fucking goddamned talk about it or fuck like god damned bunnies until no one can move. I have fucking had enough of this."

"We can't just fuck this away," complained Dick.

"You want to make a fucking bet, kid? I can fuck this away or fucking well die trying."

Rig looked over at Dick, grabbed the kid's hand. "Shit, Dick, do you even remember what the fucking fight was about?"

Dick shook his head. "All I can remember is the sound of the door when you left and how quiet it suddenly was."

"It was a fucking fight. I'm sorry for my part. I'm sorry I worried you." He looked at Rock. "Y'all wanna talk? Fine. After

a shower and a nap, we can talk it all out. I want to come home now, Marines."

"Talk is overrated."

Dick looked like he wanted to argue, but Rock stared him down and finally Dick nodded. Grunting, Rock pulled them into a kiss.

Rig opened wide, moaning as his tongue met theirs, arms wrapping around his marines and holding on tight.

A shudder went through Dick's body and then the kid grew wild, pouring all his need and hunger and desperation into the kiss. It made his head swim, their hunger, their worry. Either alone was something, but together? Together they made him shake.

Rock was solid, arm like a band of steel around him, body keeping him upright, keeping them together as the kiss went on and on.

He groaned, curling into Rock's strength, the kid's heat. "Missed this. Need you."

"You didn't have to," said Dick. "You could have—"

Rock's mouth closed over the kid's in a long, hard kiss and when it was over Rock growled. "Shut the fuck up, kid."

Dick glared for a moment. "All I was trying to say is that someone needs a fucking shower."

Rig nodded. "I do. Come with me?" He knew he sounded hungry and needy; he didn't care. He wanted to be home now.

"Yeah," answered Dick, eager this time, no hesitation.

Rock grunted and nodded, heading down the hall with a hand on each of their arms, dragging them along in his wake.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Following eagerly, Rig was pulling off his clothes even before they hit the bathroom. He could smell himself, needed water and rest and his men over and over and over.

Rock started the water before getting undressed himself, but the body that pushed him into the shower stall was all naked heat. Dick turned him roughly, shoving him against the wall and kissing him like it was his last chance.

Pressing close, Rig moaned into the kisses, holding on tight. When Dick came up for air, he caught those worried fucking eyes. "Not letting you go."

Then he dove back into the kisses, lips hungry and hard.

"No one's going anywhere," rumbled Rock, stepping in behind Dick and pressing the kid between them.

He reached out for Rock's skin, holding on tight. No, he wasn't going anywhere. Dick was making sweet, wanting sounds that he'd missed hearing for three long days, the kid rubbing hard against him, all eagerness and need. Sweet, desperate need in the shape of a long, thin cock that pressed hot against his belly.

His free hand wrapped around Dick's cock, tugging strong and steady, searching for more sounds, more pleasure. Dick gave them to him, sound after sound of need and want and sweet pleasure.

"I'm going to come," whispered Dick, body moving hard.

He moaned and sank to his knees, mouth dropping over the kid's cock and pulling hard, wanting to taste, to feel. Dick screamed, hands dropping to his hair, holding him as the kid pushed in hard, deep. Sweet spunk filled his mouth, shot down his throat, Dick jerking against him.

He swallowed, not missing a drop, groaning at the flavor, the heat. Home ... missed this. Missed his men. The hands in his hair gentled, Dick stroking him gently.

"My turn when you're done, kid." Rock's voice was low, patient, waiting.

Rig shivered, mouth tightening around the kid's cock. He was almost purring beneath the touches and the water. Dick's fingers left his hair, the kid's cock sliding from his mouth.

"Thanks, Rig." Bending, Dick kissed him quickly and then moved to slide behind him, arms and legs wrapping around him from behind, Dick's head settling against his shoulders.

Leaving Rock right in front of him. His Blue's cock was hard and thick and red. His lips parted, body reaching for his Blue, wanting. Rig looked up until he met bright blue, letting Rock know how happy he was to be home, how much he hated fighting.

One big hand slid along his cheek, the touch gentle, tender. "Welcome home," Rock said quietly, thick cock nudging his lips.

He whimpered, lips parting as he took his Blue in deep. Rock growled, the sound low and hungry. Large hands wrapped around his head, holding him still as Rock's hips thrust, his Blue taking what they needed. Rig opened to him, purring low around the thick, hot cock, swallowing each time the head slid deep.

Dick held him tight, one hand sliding down his belly to circle his prick, tugging in time with Rock's thrusts. Everything else disappeared and there were only hands and mouths and cocks and the beating of three hearts.

He groaned, hands wrapping around Blue's hips, body shaking as he came, pulling convulsively on the sweet cock.

"Fuck yeah!" Rock thrust hard and deep, coming down his throat, the strong flavor of his Blue mingling with the taste of Dick in his mouth.

He held on, swallowing his Blue down, groaning, full, happy. Home. Rock's prick slid from his mouth, his Blue coming down to rest with them.

It was Rock's hands that soaped him up, sliding slickly over his skin and cleaning away the grit of sand and sweat.

He relaxed back against Dick, stretching under Rock's care. "Oh, good. So good."

"Stubborn jackass," muttered Rock.

"I didn't want to say something I'd regret, didn't want to be ugly." He moaned, purring. "You knew I'd be back. I always come home."

Dick squeezed him tighter.

"Which just goes to show what a stubborn jackass you are." Rock tilted his chin and took a hard kiss.

"I'm your stubborn jackass." He took another kiss from Rock, then tilted back to get one from Dick. "And yours."

Dick nodded, kissing him back fiercely.

Rock got up and stepped back, letting the water hit them full on, rinsing away the soap. "All right, enough fucking melodrama. I have exactly 14 hours before I have to report back to base and I want to spend 13.5 of them fucking."

"Only 13.5, Rocketman?" He stood, stumbling into Rock's arms, legs wobbly. He leaned close, whispering. "Take me to bed, Blue. I want you."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock tilted his head. "All right, 13.75—I can get to base in 15 minutes if I speed." Rock grabbed him and hoisted him over one wide shoulder in a fireman's carry. "Grab the extra tube of lube, kid. We're going to need it."

He held on, relaxing against his Blue. Dick's hands slid along his spine, settling in the small of his back. It was good to be home. So good.

Chapter 19

Rig grabbed the first marine through the door and slammed him against the living room wall for a hard, hungry, 'I'm already naked and have had a bad day don't wanna talk about just fuck me now' kiss. Mm ... Rock.

Big, warm hands wrapped around him, pulling him close as Rock's mouth opened for his tongue.

He was only peripherally aware of the sound of the door slamming and then a long, warm body pressed against his back, pushing him hard against Rock.

Rig moaned and dove into Rock's mouth, tongue pressing deep. His fingers were tugging at buttons and zippers and cloth, looking for skin. Looking for a hard fucking cock. All the while he rubbed his ass against Dick, thighs parted.

Dick's heat disappeared for a moment and then came back, naked against him, long cock sliding along his crack. "You needing something, Rig?" Dick asked, biting his earlobe.

He wouldn't give up his Blue's mouth for anything, just whimpered and pushed his ass against the sweet prick. Needed it. Needed them. He finally got Rock's pants open, that thick cock pushing out to slide against his own as Rock's hands slid down to hold open his ass.

Dick rubbed the tip of his cock along Rig's ass. "This what you're looking for?"

He pulled Rock's t-shirt off, growling as their lips parted. "Fuck me hard, Dick. Now."

Then he pushed back into Rock's lips, arms wrapping around the broad shoulders.

"Anything you want, Rig." Another bite nipped at his ear and then Dick was pushing in, not stopping until he was buried deep.

Rock was rumbling, hips moving against his own, their cocks rubbing together.

Oh, fuck yeah. Rig groaned and tightened his ass, holding Dick. So fucking good, just what he'd needed since first thing this morning—caught tight between his marines.

Dick's mouth moved to the back of his neck, sucking the skin right over his spine. Rock's hands slid away from his ass, back onto Dick's hips, encouraging the kid to move. Dick did, pulling out and pushing back in hard.

He cried out into Rock's mouth, hands tightening. So fucking good.

"Just like that?" Dick asked, repeating the movement. Rock led the rhythm, guiding Dick with his hands, pulling the kid back in every time Rock's hips pushed up into him.

Rig rode it, tongue-fucking Rock with all he was, whimpering and writhing on Dick's long cock. Just what he needed. What he wanted. His marines didn't talk or ask questions or tease or play. They just fucked him, hard and fast.

He reached down, wrapped his hand around Rock's prick and his, started pulling in time with Dick's thrusts, flying on the pure porn sounds pouring over his shoulder. Rock rumbled approval into his mouth every now and then, the sound a low, vibrating counterpoint to the kid's constant

noises. His orgasm started pushing through him, tension gathering along his spine, sparking. He shuddered, arching against Rock's chest.

Dick shifted, coming at him from different angles until he hit the right spot, and then the kid just started pounding into him, hitting that spot over and over again.

Rig threw his head back, screaming up towards the ceiling. "Yes! Fuck, there! God, right there!"

Rock chuckled and latched onto his neck, pulling hard on his skin. Dick bit the skin around his spine, moving faster, harder.

He came with a long, low wail, body convulsing hard between his lovers, balls aching as they shot.

Dick rode his orgasm, buried deep inside his body and then jerked into him a few more times, coming with a cry.

Rock growled low, giving him a hard kiss as his Blue manhandled them until Dick was up against the wall and he was turned and shoved up against the kid. "My turn."

Then that thick cock, coated with his own come, pushed in.

"Oh, fuck yes." Rig smiled wildly into Dick's eyes and then took those full lips while he parted his thighs wider, grinding down onto Rock's fat prick. Dick's hands slid around his head, holding him still as the kid took over the kiss, forcing his tongue back into his own mouth, the kid's following to plunder.

He moaned, opening wide for his Pretty, giving Dick anything. He wrapped his arms around Dick's body, pressing close and letting the hot muscles absorb Rock's thrusts. Rock filled him again and again, that wide cock sliding into him and

nailling his gland every single fucking time. The big hands were wrapped around his hips, pulling him into each thrust. Rig was fucking soaring, hard again, aching.

He opened his eyes, looking into Dick's eyes, passion-drunk and fascinated by the different colors, the swirls. Dick's prick was hard again, too, sliding alongside his own, painting his belly with hot streaks.

The kid broke the kiss, grinning at him and nipping at his lips. "You're so fucking hot, Rig."

He nodded. He was. Burning up, so needy and Rock kept hitting his gland and his nerves were blazing. "On fucking fire, Dick. So fucking good."

"Rock's gonna take care of you, make you burn up until there's nothing left but Rigger bits, scattered on the floor." The kid chuckled and dove back for another kiss.

He reached up, wrapped his arms around Dick's neck and head, cock rubbing furiously against his belly as their tongues slid and pressed and worked together. He could feel Blue's cock spreading him, the wiry curls against his ass, Rock's balls swinging against his own.

The kid let his head go, hands moving down to slide over his shoulders and back, the movements half massage, half caress.

Rock was kissing his back, his neck, Dick's hands, soft brushes of lips and swipes of tongue.

Oh, God. It was so fucking good and if they'd just let him come one more time he'd take them both to the shower and suck them blind. And order pizza for dinner. And fucking pay for it.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

One of Rock's hands slid around to wrap around his cock, pulling hard and rough. He jerked, eyes rolling back in his head as he came with a soft whimper, ass clenching tight around Rock's prick.

Rock growled in his ear, filling him with hot spunk.

Rig held onto Dick tight, legs rubbery, head spinning. "Oh, fuck. Welcome home, marines. Happy fucking weekend."

Dick's arms slid around his waist, supporting him as Rock slid out.

"Sure is starting out right," said Rock, turning his head around for a kiss.

"Yeah." He kissed his Blue long and slow, relaxed now and so fucking happy his lovers were home. Counselors could say what they wanted about self-realizations, fucking these men was the best-goddamned therapy ever. Dick's tongue slid past his lips, joining the kiss.

Oh, yeah. Eat your heart out, Dr. Phil, he'd take this sweet stress relief any fucking day of the week

Chapter 20

Dick's muscles ached.

He wasn't trembling yet, he could probably go another ten minutes before the trembling started and if he pushed another 10 minutes beyond that there was a good chance he'd collapse in an exhausted heap. That was one thing basic gave you an appreciation for, if nothing else. Push-ups could make you tired enough your brain would just shut right down.

He wanted that this afternoon. Wanted to stop thinking. Wanted to stop hearing her voice, loud and slurring and dripping with venom.

Fuck, he hated her. He hated the sound of her voice and the way she was always drinking and the way she looked at him as if he were something stuck to the bottom of her shoe.

He gave a half sob and started working double time. He bet he could do sixty push-ups a minute if he tried really hard, if he cleared his mind of everything and just pushed himself.

At least he didn't have to put up with that look anymore.

He didn't even know why he'd called her. Well ... that wasn't true. It was her birthday and he'd thought ... thinking never had been his strong suit. She was right about that anyway.

Push. Up. Push. Up. Come on, Dickie-boy, focus.

Hot hands landed on his shoulders, slick and hard, massaging.

Shit, that felt good. He kept doing push ups for another minute or so and then collapsed onto the floor, breathing heavily.

The silent massage continued, fingers pushing deep. Then a line of hot oil was poured over his back and another set of hands started working his neck. Oh shit, but he was going to start crying soon if they didn't stop being nice to him. He could feel the sobs starting to make his breath hitch and he fought them, concentrated on the way he could tell it was Rigger working his neck and Rock working his lower back and buttocks.

They were his family now, corny and sentimental as it might sound. And it didn't matter what the fuck his mother said, he had found somewhere to belong. He had.

Nothing was said, Rigger's hands moving to his head, thumbs pushing and circling. Rock pulled his shorts off and then started massaging his thighs.

Oh yeah. It felt good and it made him feel good and that's why they were doing it. He was a lucky guy. He was a horny guy now too, thanks to the way Rock's fingers were sliding in between his legs, occasionally brushing up against the skin just behind his balls.

"Mm ... there he goes, Rocketman." Rig's voice was warm and slick and he leaned over and kissed Dick's spine. "He's softening up for us."

Rock chuckled. "Oh, I don't think I'd have used the word softening, Rig."

"Me neither," Dick murmured. Shit, if his prick got too much harder, he'd be doing push ups again.

Rigger grinned against his back, hands sliding over his back. "No? These muscles here are feeling pretty loose, kid."

"Oh, those ones. Yeah, they're pretty loose."

Then Rigger scooted down, hands meeting Rock's on his ass. "And here?"

He made a soft sound and pushed his ass up into their touch. "Not so loose," he groaned.

"Mm ... no?" Hands parted his cheeks and a single, slick finger circled his asshole. "How about this muscle, Dickie-boy?"

There was no denying that the next sound that came out of his mouth was an honest to god whimper and he pushed back, wanting that finger. "I think it's still going to need a lot of work, Rig ... a whole lot of work."

Rock's chuckle sounded again. "I don't know which of you is the bigger slut."

"We'll figure that out later, Rocketman. Right now we've got a hungry Dick to play with—hold him open for me." Then that amazing fucking tongue slid over his hole, hotter than hell.

He pushed up, or at least he tried to, but Rock's hands were holding him down as well as open and there wasn't much he could do except take the tongue fucking the way Rigger was wanting to give it to him. Rigger teased and licked, pushed in again and again, then backed away to lick his asshole and make him shiver.

Rock was still holding him down so he ground his cock into the floor, pushing forward with tiny little snaps of his hips.

More whimpers came from him, along with groans and moans, because fuck, that tongue felt like fucking heaven.

The heat of Rigger's tongue moved away and his hips were tugged up, wet hole coming into immediate and up-close-and-personal contact with Rock's prick.

Rigger chuckled and those long fingers slid under his shoulders, getting his upper body up off the floor. "Can't suck you if you're lounging, kid."

Oh, shit, they were going to blow his fucking mind. There was nothing like getting sucked by Rigger while getting fucked by Rock. Nothing. Shit, but the world almost blacked out for a second as Rock slid into him deep, Rigger's mouth closing over his prick at the same time. Then it expanded again, but only far enough to include that cock and that mouth, shivers beginning to work their way up and down his spine.

They weren't playing with him, either, slamming him on both sides with sheer fucking pleasure. Rig took everything he had to give while Rock pushed hard and fast, thick fingers holding him tight.

He just rode them, letting them dictate the pace and his need. Rigger's cock was right there in front of him, hard, the tip glistening and he opened his mouth, but he just couldn't quite move and Rock's cock was hitting his prostate now with every fucking shove. He was babbling, whimpering and moaning about who the fuck knew what and it didn't matter, nothing mattered except for the sensations rocketing through him.

Rig started pumping that hard cock, right in front of his eyes, hand working furiously in time with the sucking pulls and the bone-rattling thrusts.

It was more than one man, even a marine, could be expected to take and with a shout, he came. His cock pumped into Rigger's mouth, ass tightening around Rock's hard prick. With an arch, Rigger sprayed on his chest, mouth tightening on his cock as Rig swallowed him down.

Rock kept thrusting, filling his ass with that thick cock, rattling his bones with each shove and then Rock grunted and sweet heat filled his ass.

With one of those 'I've lived with Rock for fucking ever' senses that kept Rigger from being smothered alive, Rigger slid his upper body from beneath Dick before Rock slumped forward. It worked nicely, too, giving Dick a warm, tanned thigh to rest his cheek on.

Rock's heavy breathing was loud in his ear, drowning out his own panting. They were both sweaty and warm and so was Rigger's skin beneath his cheek. He slid out his tongue, unable to resist the lure of Rigger's salt-sweet flesh.

He felt so relaxed and boneless and he had a hunch he was going to spend the rest of his day on the floor, right where he was.

Rigger reached out, stroking his side and then Rock's. "Yep. Nice and relaxed. Knew that class in massage wouldn't be wasted."

Dick chuckled. "Is there anything you can't do, Rig?"

Rock nodded against his back. "Yeah, the fucker doesn't know how to sleep in or how to throw a football like a man."

"Hey, these hands are valuable instruments, you lazy motherfucker." The fond complaint was made alongside a pinch to Rock's ass, if the jerk against him meant what he thought it did.

"Asshole." It made Dick grin—Rock always resorted to name calling when he was out of insults.

"Dickcheese."

"Buttwad."

"Jackass."

"Slut."

"You know it, big guy."

"Yep. I do."

Dick chuckled and then moaned as Rock's cock slid out of him. Rock kissed the back of his neck.

"Let's take this party to the shower? We time it right, we can get clean, take a nap and fuck before the game starts." Dick grinned against Rig's thigh. Seven minutes. Not bad.

He chuckled and pressed an open-mouthed kiss against Rigger's hip before hauling himself up with a groan.

Shit, his legs felt like jelly.

It reminded him why he'd been doing the push ups in the first place. "I think I'll just skip the shower and go for the nap. Don't have too much fun without me."

Rigger's too-sharp eyes met his and one eyebrow arched. "Come soak for a sec, kid. No acrobatics, you have my word."

He considered for a moment, but had the feeling Rigger was ready to push the issue, especially with Rock already gone down the hall so he nodded. "Yeah, all right."

Rig nodded and herded him into the bathroom, the steam beginning to fill the room.

Rock was already in the shower, the big guy starting to soap him up as soon as he stepped in. "Thought you two'd decided to go for round two without me."

"Dick here was threatening to let those muscles tighten up again, napping alone in a cold bed." Rigger grabbed the second bar of soap and added two more hands to the cleaning. "Told him it was massage, then hot water, then nap."

Rock shook his head. "Rig's a trained professional, kid—you're supposed to listen to him."

Half leaning against both of them, he enjoyed the slick slide of their hands, the touches comforting as much as arousing. It was nice.

"You mean like you do?" he teased Rock gently.

"Fuck off."

"Rock's one of my special patients, Dick." Rig chuckled and whispered in his ear. "You know, wrapping his vitamins in bacon, that sort of thing."

Dick laughed. "You mean like you have to do with Grim?" It earned him a swat across his thigh, but it was worth it.

"Yeah, but you?" Rigger pushed close, body sliding over his. "You, I can just tempt into following instructions."

It was Rock's turn to laugh. "I think what he's saying is you're easy."

"Fuck, yes. I'd hurt myself trying to get at that sweet cock otherwise."

"See, kid, that's all we are to the man, a pair of dicks." Rock was laughing at himself and Dick tried to join in, giving it a good effort. The words were too close to what his mother had said though, her voice sneering and snide, full of innuendo and disgust.

Rig's head dropped to his shoulder. "You gonna tell us what's got your knickers in a twist, kid?"

He tensed up. "'S stupid."

"Yeah, most shit is." Rigger's hands continued to rub. "Spill it and get it over with, otherwise I'll nag."

He sighed and leaned back against Rigger. Rock had dropped to his knees and was washing up Dick's legs, the shower washing away the soap on his chest. "It's my mother's birthday. Thought I'd give her a call."

"Sounds like a good neighborly thing to do." Rigger's hands found his belly and rubbed.

"Yeah, well if I'd been one of the neighbors she'd have been happier about the call." Rig made a rough sound against his back and those hands tightened, but didn't say a word, just let him talk. "I thought we could have a new start, you know? Now that I'm in the marines and doing good and..." He closed his eyes. She'd been drunk, shit when wasn't she, and he should have hung up the minute he heard it in her voice when she answered the phone, but he hadn't.

He wished her happy birthday and she'd asked who this was in that snotty tone she got and then she'd realized and that's when things had really gone south. "She didn't even know who I was at first."

"Doesn't sound like she knows our Dick at all."

He snorted. "She knows me well enough to know exactly what buttons to push," he said quietly. And push them she had.

At least he wasn't likely to do something stupid this time. Helped that he wasn't there pouring back her rum like it was water.

Rigger kissed his jaw. "Want me and Rock to go beat her up? Blow up her car? Rock's good at that."

That made him laugh and he turned his head to find Rigger's lips with his own, clinging to them blindly. Rigger hummed into his kiss, smiling and that hot fucking tongue slid over his bottom lip.

He moaned, melting into Rigger, trusting his lover to hold him up. His lover. And his other lover was still on his knees, nuzzling his skin. They cared about him. They were his family. What did he care what one drunk old bat said?

Well, he did care—she was his mother—but that didn't mean he couldn't push it way down and cover it up with lots of fucking and sucking and cuddling and spending time with two of the best guys he knew.

The kiss deepened, Rigger's hands sliding over his belly, holding him tight. He slid one hand over Rock's shoulder, the other one he raised up and around Rigger's neck, holding onto them both. Rigger's mouth swallowed up his gasp of surprise as Rock started to suck him off.

He just sort of melted, dissolved between two mouths and fucking let them hold him. And they did. Without comment or teasing or lecture or anything. They just held him between

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

them and made him come and then helped him to bed and curled up on either side of him.

He floated, giving up long, sweet kisses, first to one and then to the other and they didn't expect anything of him. He could have floated there all night long. It wasn't to be though, and that was all right, too.

Grimmy started whining and Rigger pointed out that Reed and Rushton were coming over to watch the game and bringing beer. Then Rock muttered something about needing clean towels and Dick remembered he needed to pick up his and Rock's uniforms from the cleaners.

He sat up and Rig tossed him the keys to the Jeep. "Pick up the pizzas, kid?"

He turned to Rock and whined. "Can't I take the new truck, Dad?"

Rock grumbled and complained and told him the keys were in his jeans which were in the work-out room and Dick could get them his own damn self.

They walked around each other, putting on socks and sweats and somehow not getting in each other's way and then he was heading out the door, knowing his family would be waiting for him when he got back.

Chapter 21

Rig pulled the jeep beside Rock's truck, taking a deep breath. Home, thank God for small favors. He'd survived the last three weeks, the causalities, the blood and shit and puke and bullshit. He'd survived it all and now he was home.

Fuck, he needed a hot shower. If those two goofballs had drained the water heater, he was going to ream them both new assholes.

With a fucking spatula.

A rusty, dull one.

He grabbed his gear and headed in, Grim barking happily as his boots hit the front porch steps.

Rock was sacked out on the couch, butt naked and snoring to beat the band. Dick sprawled in the easy chair looking like the cat that got the cream. The kid looked up as he came in, smile slowly fading. "You look like shit. No, I take that back, you make shit look good."

"Thanks ever so." Rigger grunted, the kid looked good and Rock—well, Rock looked fucking hot, 'cause he was Rock. "Need a shower."

He slumped down the hall, tossing his pack into his bedroom as he passed the door. Focused only on the tub with the adjustable showerhead and hot-hot water, his stripped off his stained filthy uniform, leaving a trail behind him. By the time he reached the bathroom, he was swinging in the breeze, boxer shorts hung on the doorknob of the linen closet. He'd fucking clean later. Shit.

The water was blessedly hot, but he barely had a moment to enjoy it when the glass door slid open and closed again.

"The kid said you looked pretty fucked up. He didn't have it half right." Rock leaned against the back of the shower, arms folded across his chest, looking for all he was worth like an immovable object.

"The kid needs to mind his own fucking business." The complaint was made without heat, Rigger turning to wet his head and face, rinsing away the scent of spray antibiotics and painkillers. "It's been a long few weeks."

"Almost four, man." Rock shrugged at his look. "You didn't think we'd notice your sweet ass was missing? Not to mention your mouth. We noticed."

"Good to know." He picked up the soap and began to lather up. "You heard about that aircraft carrier that got slammed by a bomb? There were some sailors trapped, lots of guys hurt and the ship sliding down. We had to drag them out in tiny groups. We lost a lot of sailors. Then as soon as we touched down, we got issued desert BDUs and shipped over to help with some Marines caught by a missile." He shook his head, the burns had been horrid, red and raw and blistered. "I didn't think we'd ever get home."

"Shit."

"Yeah."

Rock watched him as he finished scrubbing down, not interrupting or trying to do it for him, just watching. Just there.

He turned, rinsing off, turning the cold water down until the heat was almost painful, steam filling the air. The water

turned off abruptly, Rock spinning him and pushing him against the wall. The tiles were cold on his back, Rock's tongue hot in his mouth.

Oh, fuck yes. He pressed up against Rock's body, grinding into the solid heat. His mouth opened wide beneath the kiss, Rigger eager and ready for Rock to erase the memories of the last three weeks with that thick, hard cock. Rock took his mouth like his Blue owned it, the kiss hard and deep. The big, solid hands slid down to his ass, kneading his cheeks and spreading him for a pair of fingers that pressed into him without preamble. Rock wasn't seducing or teasing or pussyfooting around—he was fucking and it was going to be hard and fast.

Rigger pushed down onto the fingers, grunting into Rock's mouth as he rode the thick digits. Just what he needed, to be nailed into fucking oblivion. The fingers disappeared and Rock spun him again, pushing him against the wall and kicking his feet apart. His cheeks were parted again and Rock was shoving in, groaning. "Fuck, you're tight."

"Yeah, didn't feel like spreading it for Corporal Black. Sue me." He braced himself against the tile, rocking back onto Rock's heat, insisting on more.

Rock laughed and bit his shoulder. "Wasn't a fucking complaint, asshole." Grabbing onto his hips, Rock began to thrust into him.

Rigger groaned, head falling back as Rock took him, fucking him with a ferocity that assured that all he knew was pressure and need and the rhythmic slap of skin against skin.

Hard and fast, the rhythm only changed to become harder and faster.

His cries were echoing off the mostly-white tiles, growing louder as Rock turned him, bent him over to grip the lip of the tub. Rock slammed into him, dissolving his mind, his bones with every nerve-shattering stroke.

Rock was like a rock, solid and hard and he could go all fucking day if he needed to. He just kept pounding into Rigger like he was never going to stop.

"Oh, shit! Rock ... good. Fucking good." He wanted to reach for his cock, pump it, get himself off, but he lost his grip and Rock would put him through the fucking tile headfirst.

Something tickled between his legs and then his cock was suddenly pulled into sucking heat. Dick's mouth was fire around him, hot and tight and taking him deep with each of Rock's thrusts.

He screamed, body tightening impossibly as he shot his load, coming hard into Dick's mouth, Rock's cock hard and huge inside him.

Rock kept pounding into him and Dick started to lick at him, tongue lapping at his cock in long sweeps, not letting him get soft. Rigger just closed his eyes and went with it, let the sucking and fucking send him flying, floating. His cock and ass were burning, hot, aching, so fucking good.

Rock grunted. "Coming soon."

The heat around his cock faded for a moment. "Good. Save some for me." And then Dick was sucking him again,

pulling on his cock like Dick was going to swallow the whole thing right down.

He arched, tightening his body and grinding back against Rock, grunting as the thick cock rubbed over his prostate again and again. He couldn't see, couldn't hear, couldn't do anything but move and feel. Dick's fingers started to pull at his balls, the other hand sliding back to explore where Rock pushed into him.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, yeah ... Yes, good. Good!" He was babbling, pleasure and flame shooting up his spine, balls and cock throbbing.

Rock roared behind him, shoving in hard and flooding him with heat. That last slide inside him set the spark off that caught him on fire, the come that pulsed out of his cock feeling like it was flaming.

Dick swallowed him down again as Rock collapsed against his back, slick and hot. Their breathing was loud, all of them gasping, the sounds echoed by the tiles.

"Fuck..." He closed his eyes, body throbbing, arms shaking as he held his and Rock's combined weight. Dick was the first to recover, crawling out from beneath him. Probably wise given he was about ready to collapse any damn second.

Rock finally stood up and both Rock and Dick helped him up, holding him as Dick turned on the shower and rinsed him off. He floated, letting his lovers support his weight. The water felt good, Rock and Dick's bodies against him better.

Dick's mouth found his, tongue pushing in. The kid wasn't as aggressive as Rock, but he was hungry.

He opened up to Dick, lazy and sated. His stress and worry had faded, pounded out of him by Rock's cock, sucked out by Dick's lips, and now he was ready to play, to enjoy, to rest in the strong arms that touched him.

The water stopped again, Rock herding them out of the shower. "Bed, dickheads."

"Such a romantic, our Rock." Rigger rolled his eyes, grinned over at Dick. "He just melts my tender little heart."

"Fuck off." Rock thwacked him with a towel on his butt.

"Bitch."

Dick chuckled as they made it to the king-sized bed. The three of them tumbled into the sheets, skin against skin against skin.

Dick pushed him over onto his back and climbed onto him, cock hard as nails against his belly as the kid went back to shoving that sweet tongue down his throat. He bent his knees and wrapped his legs around Dick's waist, encouraging the kid to thrust and rub. He fastened his lips around Dick's tongue and sucked hard, pulling on the hot flesh.

Dick was moving against him, gasping into his mouth and making the hot little noises Dick made. The kid was noisy, moaning and crying out, shouting when he came—he always sounded like a porno, but you always knew when he was enjoying himself.

He reached up to stroke along Dick's back; it drove the kid crazy. His hand met Rock's mouth, lips fastened tight upon the kid's back. Ah, no wonder Dick was making those sounds. Rigger would bet his left nut that Dick's spine would be covered in dark hickeys by morning. Dick's movements

became frantic and then the kid wailed into Rigger's mouth, coming hot and hard against his stomach.

Rigger moaned when Dick relaxed against him, enjoying the heat and weight of sated man on him. Rock flopped back onto the bed beside him. Dick didn't even try to move.

"You on call?" Rock asked him.

"Four days furlough. Not even answering the fucking phone."

"Fucking great, man. I'm getting some shut eye." With that Rock rolled over onto his stomach and started to snore almost immediately.

Dick laughed. "This was where you came in."

Rigger nodded and stretched, rubbing Dick's come between them. "Yeah, 'cept I'm clean and naked and well-fucked and in a much nicer mood."

Dick chuckled. "Yeah, well, mostly clean anyway. 's good—having you back."

"Yeah. Good to be home." He sank back into the pillows, eyes closing. The scent of sex and men and home filled his nose and then his dreams, overtaking the memories of blood and fear.

Chapter 22

The pool table was in the basement. It was beat up and a second striped five doubled as the striped seven, but it did the job. Saturday night and pool just seemed to go together, along with beer and hanging out with your buds.

In the privacy of their basement, if a little competitive strip pool got out of hand and someone wound up with a cock up their ass, well there was no one around to be any the wiser.

They'd lured Dick downstairs with promises of taking it easy on him and the handicap of bare feet to his socks and boots. Which the little fucker was still wearing.

Dick'd totally conned them. Rigger was down to his bvd's and that stupid ass cowboy hat he always wore and Rock was wearing his t-shirt and shorts. Dick had played every game but the first and hadn't lost a single game or a single stitch of clothing. The kid was going to have to pay.

Unfortunately he'd had one too many beers to come up with anything other than turning the kid over the pool table and nailing his ass to it. Problem was, that wasn't much of a punishment, but Rock couldn't seem to make his brain work out any plan that didn't involve sex.

He'd have to have another beer and think on it awhile longer. Hopefully he'd come up with a solution before he and Rig were doing their naked jaybird imitation.

Rigger was standing over at the stereo, finding some twangy country and western shit on the radio. That was bad

enough, but then the stupid fuck started using his pool cue as a guitar and singing some shit about a broad named Adalida.

He had to admit the little hip thrusts at the end of each line were kinda cute, but Jesus, didn't the old redneck have any shame?

Meanwhile Dick was pocketing the eight ball in the corner right pocket and crowing at him. "Lose the t-shirt, Rock!"

The little shit really did have it coming. He stripped off the t-shirt and flung it at Rig. 'It' was going to have to wait until morning though, 'cause he didn't have a clue what it was.

"Watch it, asshole! I'm not the one who challenged Dicky-boy." Rig grinned at him, sarcastic fucker. "In fact, I was happy watching the fights and getting shit-faced."

Rigger draped his t-shirt over the broken down armchair and then toppled over into the seat, landing facedown, ass in the air.

"Hey, Dickie-boy. Double or nothing. First man into that—" he pointed at Rigger's ass, "takes all."

Dick gave him a shrewd look—damn but the kid hadn't had more than two beers, tops—and shook his head. "No way, you've got an advantage—you're barely dressed."

Rigger blinked over. "Nobody's gonna get near my ass with a fucking pool cue, Rock. Don't make me kick both your asses."

"You and what fucking army—you can't even sit in a chair without ending up ass over tea kettle."

Dick was giggling, and making another very damn fine shot, he wasn't going to even get a shot in this round, he

could tell. Wait a minute. He'd just lost the t-shirt, that meant it was Rig's turn. "Hey, asshole—it's your fucking turn."

Rigger looked up again and giggled—fucking giggled, goofy hick. "Eh, here, I forfeit. I'm comfortable where I'm at. Here's my hat, Dickie. Looks pretty good on you."

The kid took the hat and put it on his head with a grin. "Tell you what, Rigger, I'll take off all my clothes, if you forfeit your next game too and take off the bvds." Dick was positively leering.

"Hey, wait a minute," Rock complained.

Dick looked over at him with a grin. "Don't worry, Rock, I'll do you, next."

"That there sound's like a hell of a deal." Rig rolled out of the chair and onto the floor with a thump, giggling the entire time. He wriggled out of his briefs and then held his hand up to Rock. "Give a guy a hand, Rocketman? 's fucking cold down here. Oh, and tell the kid to strip. He promised."

"You're on your own, asshole. The kid conned us and you're just going to roll over and let him fuck you!"

A frown settled on Rig's face. "I never said he was gonna fuck me, Rock. I mean, I got nothin' against being fucked, but I didn't ask for it." Rig managed to get up onto his knees, breath close enough that Rock could feel it through what little clothing he still wore. "Did I ask for it, Rock?"

"Jesus, Rigger, you're fucking begging for it." He pushed close, groaning as Rig's face slid over his cock.

"Hey, guys—I'm the winner here, remember?" Dick whined and Rock grinned, suddenly knowing exactly how to pay the little shit back.

"I don't think so, Dickie-boy. After all, I'm the one with Rig's mouth in my crotch." Rig, cockhound that the lanky asshole was and a fucking talented one at that, was mouthing his shaft through the shorts, sliding those amazing goddamned lips over his cock head and sucking hard, trying to pull his pre-cum through the cloth.

One thing you had to give Rigger, the son of a bitch was focused. So long as someone didn't need patching up, his Rig was thinking about fucking. He pushed his skivvies out of the way, letting Rig have full access. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the kid sprawling out on the armchair, hand rubbing at the bulge in his jeans.

"Hey, Rig," he said quietly. "Kid's watching—lets make sure we give him a really good show."

"Anything for you, Rocketman." Rig gave him one of those amazing fucking smiles that promised the world, not to mention the attention of that sweet mouth. Then Rig began to work on his prick—long licks up the shaft ending with deep, sucking kisses to the tip that lasted only long enough to be unbearably good, then disappeared into the teasing licks again. Fingers were working his balls, pulling and stretching and cupping.

Fuck. He spread his legs, hands finding Rig's shoulders and holding on tight. Somebody whimpered. Musta been Dick, 'cause there was no fucking way he was making those little broken noises as one of Rigger's fingers teased at his hole, magic lips nibbling at the underside of his cock. Rigger licked him like he was an ice cream, the same look of enjoyment on

his face. All the time the fingers teased and played, never pushing inside, but always threatening to.

"Fucking prick-tease," he accused fondly.

Dick laughed at that and he glanced up, moaning. The kid had stripped out of his clothes so he was as naked as any of them and he was watching them, stroking his cock and licking his lips. Dick didn't like watching as much as he liked participating and Rock was pretty sure it wouldn't take much to get the kid to come over and help him make a Rigger sandwich.

Rigger grinned up at him, moving quick as a snake to swallow him down to the root and give him a couple hard, quick pulls before going back to the licking. Fuck, Rig could suck a golf ball through a garden hose.

He groaned theatrically and let his knees buckle, dropping to them. "Too much fucking beer," he said as Rigger was forced to drop to his hands and knees in order to keep up his teasing and licking and sucking.

He grinned as Dick moaned and sat up, eyes shifting between Rigger's ass and the action going on between Rigger's mouth and his cock.

He had to admit, the long line of Rigger's back, down-on-the-farm tan ending suddenly at that little tight ass, was a sight worth getting it up for, even before a guy found out about what that mouth could do. And speaking of that mouth...

Rigger was working his cock with determination, head bobbing as he was deep-throated, his prick sinking into that sucking heat again and again. Rig ever did this in public,

bastard'd be snapped up to make pornos in a fucking heartbeat.

Dick had dropped onto the floor and was crawling toward Rigger. Rock could just see the long cock swaying with the kid's movements. He had to grab his balls and pull on them as Dick's face connected with Rig's ass, long tongue coming out to lick along Rig's crack. He didn't want to blow his wad while the party was just getting started.

The effect on Rig was beautiful. Groaning, his cock popped right out of those lips and Rig stared up at him in this stunned, drunk, wide-eyed way, like he was fucking magic and was personally responsible for the tongue working the fine ass. Oh, yeah, a Rigger sandwich was just the thing to salvage an evening of losing at pool.

He and Rig groaned in concert as Dick's tongue disappeared right into Rigger's ass.

"Oh, fuck. Rock..." Rig's tongue was licking at the swollen lips, moving quick and random.

He chuckled. "You like that? Like getting your ass tongue-fucked?" And who the fuck had known the kid had it in him? Dick was really going at it now, pulling on his own cock as he fucked Rigger's ass with his tongue and Rock had a front seat ... or maybe that was back seat ... view.

"Yeah. Oh, yeah." Rigger's eyes dropped, fastening on his cock again as the long body began to rock upon Dick's tongue, back muscles shuddering. Rock laughed as that hungry mouth opened, tongue sliding out to flatten against his balls.

He laughed even harder as he realized that Rigger and Dick had the same expressions on their faces, both of them loving what they were doing, turned on by it. Shit it was fucking gorgeous to watch and even better to feel and if anyone called him mushy for thinking so he'd kick their asses all the way to HQ and back. Tomorrow. When the fucking and sucking and licking was done.

Rigger was working his way up Rock's shaft, stopping to suck little bits of skin into his mouth on the trip. When he reached the head, the sucking started in earnest again, Rig's tongue flicking into the tip, almost like he was trying to fuck the slit the way Dick was tonguing his ass.

"Fuck!" Shit, but one of these days Rigger was gonna fucking kill him with this.

That caused a hum to vibrate against him, Rigger almost buzzing with hungry groans. Dick had moved to sucking and biting the skin at the small of Rigger's back, two, no three fingers, sliding in and out, pushing deep into Rigger's hungry, tight hole. It made him hungry to be fucking too, but this would do for now, this watching and getting sucked.

He slid his hands into Rigger's short hair, fingers twisting through the blond, wavy curls. He resisted the urge to fuck Rig's mouth though—he wanted to save it for when Dick actually started fucking Rig's ass. They settled into a rhythm, Rigger sucking easily and then pulling hard and sudden every time Dick's fingers slid deep. It was fucking mind-blowing—sort of a yeah-yeah-yeah-FUCK-yeah-yeah-SHIT-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-RIG sort of thing.

He was making some of those noises, too. He could tell by the way Dick would grin up at him now and then. Shit, the kid was still fucking with them. 'Course this kind of fucking was one he could appreciate.

Dick bit down once more against Rig's hip, sucking hard and leaving a mark there on the white skin. Then he raised up, grinning at Rock. "Think he's ready for me? Think he's ready to be fucked, Rock?"

Rigger groaned around his prick as Dick's fingers pulled out. Rig's throat was relaxed, with every few strokes he was sinking down all the way into the long throat. "What do you say, Rigger? You ready to get fucked on both ends?"

Rig's mouth pulled off his cock, sweet grey eyes grinning up at him with a wild hunger. "Shit, yeah. Thought maybe y'all needed engraved invitations."

"I think he's ready, Dick."

He watched as Dick lined his cock up with Rigger's ass and pushed back deep into that fucking perfect mouth as Dick sank into Rig's ass. The sound Rig made and the way his body rippled was fucking perfect.

Rig's eyes closed and Rock almost lost it when the steady suction started again. Rig was stunning—pulling and licking and moaning and rocking back against Dick, look of sheer fucking bliss on his face.

He and Dick found the same rhythm and it was fucking amazing, like the three of them were all part of a fucking machine. In and out and out and in and groaning and moaning and it was so fucking good.

His hands were in Rig's hair and Dick's hands were pulling Rig's hips and he knew that Rig's body was pulling against Dick's cock as tight and hungry as the lips surrounding his own diamond-hard prick. He knew it, knew the way that Rig's body pulled and squeezed and reluctantly released, sliding over the hard flesh that was fucking it. He looked up and met Dick's glazed eyes, knowing exactly what the kid was feeling.

He let go of Rigger's hair with one hand, leaning forward and grabbing Dick's neck, pulling the kid far enough to meet him halfway so he could shove his tongue down Dick's throat, closing the fucking circle.

The kid made a harsh noise into his lips, body jerking wildly into Rigger's, slamming that mouth deeper onto his cock, Rig's nose buried in his pubes, and he could fucking taste Rig's ass in Dick's mouth.

Oh, fuck, yeah, it wasn't going to be long now. He thrust hard and fast, taking Rig's mouth with all he had, keeping Dick's mouth captive as he devoured the kid. Rig swallowed hard, throat closing and vibrating around the head of his cock, as Dick screamed, the sound sliding over his tongue.

Something like electric shocks went up and down his spine and buried themselves in his balls and he bit down on Dick's bottom lip as he came, pumping into Rig's mouth.

His head was spinning, lights dimming as Rig sucked every last bit of come from his balls, not letting up until he was soft and so sensitive that he was almost sore.

He pulled out and collapsed onto the floor with a moan. "Shit, boys, that wasn't a half bad way to spend a Saturday night."

Rig scooted over and rested his head on Rock's thigh, Dick already passed out on top of him. "Yeah, can't wait to see what you think up for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" He shook his head and laughed ruefully. "We're getting old, Rig. We used to be able to go all night."

"It's not the age, Rocketman." A soft kiss and a lick was given to his balls. "It's the mileage."

He shivered and laughed. "That would explain why Dick keeps passing out."

"Mm-hmm." Rig nuzzled close, lapping warm and easy on his skin, tongue moving his balls gently in their sacs. "He's still a kid—a well-hung kid with one hell of a tongue and a decent sense of humor, but a kid."

"Hey, Rig," muttered Dick. "Fuck off."

"Anytime, Dicky-boy. Just say the words." Rig's voice was slurred and sated, fond and warm and full of the lazy humor that was Rigger's trademark.

"Yeah, well rumor has it the old guys need to wait until morning."

"You little fucker!" Rock found that maybe he had a little more energy than he thought and he rolled up to grab Dick's head under his arm, giving the kid a good hard noogie.

Rig's head and tongue disappeared, the sweet ass rolling from beneath Dick and moving across the room as if he'd not just been fucking from here to Monday. "Need a shower. When you two WWF-wannabes get finished, I'll be in the bed. Fucking floor down here gets cold."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock let Dick up and the two of them looked from Rig's ass where it was disappearing up the stairs to each other and back at the stairs.

"Tag team!" they shouted together as they scrambled up after Rigger.

Chapter 23

Rig pulled into the driveway, grinning as Grim jumped out and bounded to the front door. They were both still covered in sand, they'd slept on the beach last night and both had a good swim before heading home.

Rock and the kid had done two weeks out in the field and the bars and pool halls were damned boring. So, he'd gone looking for fun at the beach. He did have one hell of a tan and the water was fine and he was hot and horny as hell and hoped the boys were home and just parked in the garage.

He grabbed the cooler and his pack and wandered in, stopping to shake some more sand out of his suit. The living room was deserted, but he could hear the water running in the shower. Which was perfect, 'cause it was right where he was headed.

He was stripped by the time he reached the bathroom, a trail of sand behind him.

There were days when he was extremely grateful that cute little Sears salesman had conned him into getting a non-fogging clear curtain for the shower. This was one of them.

The kid was on his knees, hands wrapped around Rock's ass, lips wrapped around Rock's amazing cock, sucking for all he was worth. Rock was arched back, water spraying his face and chest as he rocked into Dick's mouth. They both looked happy as hell.

He leaned back against the bathroom door, pumping his cock into hardness, watching his own private little porno. It

didn't get better than this. As his hand moved, he could hear the tinkling sound of sand falling onto the tile from his balls. Okay, so being sand-free would be better, but this was still pretty fucking cool.

Rock's hands slid over Dick's scalp, holding the kid in place as he began to increase the force of his thrusts. The kid just took it, hands spreading Rock's ass now, fingers disappearing between Rock's cheeks. Rock groaned and moved faster, hips snapping.

He moaned, biting his lip hard and forcing his hand to move slow. There was nothing like Rock about to shoot his load. Nothing. And the kid was born to fuck, took to it like a duck to water.

"Fuck!" Rock shouted and jerked hard into Dick's mouth. Rig could see the kid's throat working to swallow, knew Dick didn't want to miss a single drop.

He stepped forward, opened the shower door and took Rock's mouth, tongue thrusting deep without a word. Rock grunted into his mouth, one hand coming up to grab his head, keeping him in place.

He heard Dick laugh, heard the kid say "about time you showed up" and then his prick was swallowed deep down the kid's enthusiastic mouth. Oh, yeah. This was so much better than watching.

He pressed against Rock, tongue matching the thrust of his cock into wet heat. The water poured over their faces, making it hard to breathe, making the melding of their lips together more intense. One of Rock's fingers found their way to his ass, pressing into him. He knew it was Rock's 'cause it was

thicker than the long fingers that were holding his ass cheeks apart. Shit, they were a one two knockout combination.

He groaned into Rock's mouth, pushing back and forth, finger to mouth, wanting more. His hands were sliding over Rock's body, the bristly hair on Dick's head. So good. It was all so fucking good.

Without warning one finger became three and Dick's tongue was doing some freaky, twisty amazing shit around the head of his cock every time he shoved in.

"Shit! Yeah!" He arched back, mouth ripping away from Rock's lips, gasping as he pumped hot come into Dick's throat. The kid was born to it, eagerly swallowing everything he had to give.

Rock's hard hands pulled him back in for another kiss, tongue demanding and hard as the fully recovered flesh slid against his fingers.

He felt one of Dick's arms go around him as the kid slid up and pressed close, blocking off the spray of water. Dick's tongue played against his and Rock's mouths, pressing into the kiss. He pulled the kid in tight, turning to taste the mingled flavors of the three of them in Dick's mouth, groaning and shuddering as his tongue explored.

Dick was humping against them wildly, cock sliding between his thigh and Rock's. Rigger slid his hand down, squeezing Dick's hard ass, moaning as his fingers met Rock's. The kid was making noises into his mouth, rubbing and pushing forward and back, like an eel, all slippery and wet. He began to bite at Dick's lips, hand pulling him closer. Rock dipped his head and fastened his lips against Dick's shoulder,

pulling hard. Dick shouted, spraying them both with come and collapsing against them, arms wrapped around both their shoulders.

They stood together under the spray for a few minutes and then Rigger chuckled. "Hey guys, I'm home."

Rock whacked him in the arm. "Well, thank God we weren't fucking some stranger!"

He snorted and stretched, stomach rumbling. "I got a 12-pack in the cooler. Pizza or Chinese?"

"Pizza!"

"Chinese!"

Dick and Rock answered together.

Rock grabbed Dick in a headlock. "Pizza, Dick-wad!"

"So two orders of beef fried rice and two sausage and pepperonis? Got it. You're buying, Rocketman." He stepped out of the shower, stealing the last clean towel.

He heard the combined complaints as he headed down the hall. Oh, yeah, it was good to be home.

Chapter 24

On summer days like this when Rig was a kid, his daddy would take him and Bobby out on the bass boat, take them fishing on the stock pond. If they were lucky, they'd catch enough catfish and crappie for Mamma to fry up. If they weren't, well, Daddy always said a bad day of fishing was better than a good day of working.

He reached down for his bandana and wiped his forehead dry as he pushed the lawnmower along the grass. Of course, Daddy had two boys and a riding 'mower and no fucking nosy next-door neighbor to bitch if the goddamned grass got too high.

It wasn't too bad, though. Garth in the headphones, yard almost done, Grim lounging in the shade, sun making his naked torso feel loose and warm, Rock and Dick due back anytime—nothing there to shake a stick at.

Something cold and wet pressed up against his back and he whirled around to find Rock laughing at him, a cold one in each hand.

"Rocketman! How's it hanging, stranger?" He took the offered beer with a wide grin. "Ah, you're my hero, or at least one hell of a cabana boy."

"Well that puts us even 'cause I can't think of a better welcome home than a nice hot, sweaty man. You almost done? I've a mind to lick you from head to toe."

Oh. His cock popped right up to attention and he adjusted it in his jeans. He knew he was grinning wide enough to beat

the band, eyes trailing over the fine fucking body—only a tiny pair of grey pt shorts and a wife-beater keeping Rock from being naked as the day he was born. "I'm damned near done, yeah. Gimme five minutes and I'm all yours."

"All right, won't promise not to start without you though." Rock grabbed that fine package lewdly and leered at him.

He reached down and killed the mower. Rock was randy and offering; the fucking grass could wait. "I'll finish tomorrow."

His daddy didn't raise no fools.

Rock laughed. "Just couldn't resist the Rocketman, could you?"

He grinned and took a swig of his beer. Resist? Who did Rock think he was kidding? Rigger hadn't resisted once since the first time Rock had pushed him against a wall in his old apartment and told him to put up or shut up. "Didn't even try. Where's the kid?"

"Special maneuvers—they took all the newbies out. Three days of humping mud. Kind of feel sorry for the guy." Then Rock looked at him and laughed. "Nah."

Rig chuckled, one eyebrow arching. "Three days alone? Fuck, man, whatever will we do with ourselves?"

"Oh, I'm sure something will come up." Rock hightailed it through the backdoor, laughing his ass off.

He groaned and shoved the lawnmower up next to the house. Rock was so fucking funny. He hurried in, stripping off his jeans and briefs and throwing them in the washer before wiping the stray grass away with his bandana and adding that to the wash.

He wandered into the kitchen, naked as a jaybird, heading to the sink to wash off his hands and face. Rock was there, ready to press him up against the wall, mouth open and sliding over his collarbone. He groaned, head falling back to knock against the wall, hands finding Rock's shoulders. Shit, but this man could just dissolve his fucking world. "Rock..."

"Taste good." Rock spoke against his skin, lip and tongue moving over to his neck, licking him up as they went.

"Feels pretty fucking good, Blue." He gasped, grinning as Rock's teeth nipped at his skin. First night they met, Sinatra'd been playing at the bar and he'd made the mistake of teasing Rock about being old enough to know all the words to "My Way." Rock had quite directly and without fanfare threatened to shove one of those size 13 jungle boots up his ass.

Nothing like lust at first sight.

Rock grinned up at him, licking his right arm up to his shoulder. Then the blue eyes closed again and Rock made a happy sound as he licked right into Rig's pit.

His cock throbbed, balls tightening. He wasn't sure if the flare of pure need that flashed from his balls to his brain came from the feel of Rock's tongue or the happy, hungry noise Rock was making. He was pretty fucking sure it didn't really matter.

"Fucking shit, Rig, you're still one hot mother-fucker." Rock grabbed his arms and spun him around, shoving him face-first against the wall and licking long lines along his back. He parted his legs, balls hanging low, cock throbbing. His back muscles were jumping, hips pushing out and back, offering Rock anything he could take. Rock's hands slid down

his sides, touch firm, sure. And Rock just kept licking, all the way down to the small of his back and then along his crease. Thick fingers spread his cheeks and Rock's tongue was right there, licking his asshole.

"Oh ... Oh, fuck. Rock..." He was gasping, toes gripping the tile, muscles flexing. Every time Rock's wonderful fucking tongue moved the lights dimmed, his entire body shuddered.

Rock started alternating between pushing his pointed tongue against Rigger's hole and wrapping his lips tight against it in little sucking kisses. Rigger could hear the little barking cries he was making, hips pushing back in sheer fucking bliss. After a few minutes of the sweet torture, Rock settled in for tongue-fucking, face pressed tight against his ass, tongue pushing in again and again and again.

One hand slid down the wall, fisting his cock for all it was worth. "Fuck, Rock, gonna come all over the goddamned wall."

That got Rock's attention and he was turned again, Rock's hands hard on his hips and then Rock was taking him in, swallowing him down. He arched, wailing as he lost it, shooting hard into Rock's hot mouth, hips jerking reflexively. Rock sucked him 'til he was done and then the big guy just kept on going, teeth scraping through his pubes, tongue lapping at his balls like they were fucking candy.

He shuddered, hands stroking over Rock's head. "So hungry. God, you're making me fucking crazy."

Rock stood and stripped out of his shirt and shorts, grinning wolfishly. "Now you know how I felt watching your ass mow the lawn."

He reached out and cupped Rock's balls in one hand, enjoying the weight and heat. He leaned forward, licking Rock's lips "How do want me, Blue? You want to fuck me through the wall, want me to suck you blind?"

"What's the matter, Rig—you getting old?" Rock laughed and bit at his lower lip before the solid hands started pushing him down. "Suck and then fuck."

"God, yes." He sank to his knees, tongue sliding out to catch the clear drop already beading at the tip of Rock's thick, heavy cock.

"Wasting your fucking time patching guys up, Rig—that mouth would make you a mint..."

"Flatterer." He wrapped his lips around the head, pulling strong and steady, tongue flicking into the slit.

Rock moaned, hands coming down to find enough hair to twist through. "Just telling it like ... it is, man." Rock's words were interrupted by another moan and his hips began to slowly move.

He hummed, tongue pushing a bit harder, sucking a bit faster. Fuck, Rock's cock tasted good, hot and thick and rich and just fucking good.

Rock started thrusting, hands holding his head in place now as the thick cock was pushed down his throat again and again. Rigger spread his thighs, feeling the blood start to fill his prick, balls throbbing in time with the thrusts. His hands found Rock's hips, holding on as Rock fucked his face.

"Fuck, yes. Gonna-" Rock's voice broke off as he shot his load, hips still rocking. He sucked Rock down, swallowing the hot come with a groan, hands sliding up Rock's stomach to

find the hard little nipples and tease as he sucked his lover back to hardness. No way he was going to lose the chance to feel this thick cock slamming into him. "Oh yeah, Rig, just like that. Shit, I fucking love your mouth."

He looked up, mouth and lips and tongue working Rock's flesh. He loved this, loved the feel of Rock pulsing and focused and so fucking needy, sliding deep into him.

Rock's fingers let go of his hair, hands sliding to cup his head. "When you've got things to your liking down there I'm gonna fuck you into next week."

He pulled back and winked. "Promise?" Then he took the filling cock back in again, teasing and licking, keeping the suction light.

Rock laughed, grinning down at him. "Oh, you know it, Rig old man."

He grinned around Rock's flesh, thumbs rubbing the tight nipples. Yeah, he knew it. Fuck, he needed it.

Rock groaned and his head went back, nothing but acres of muscles leading up to that long neck. The sight made him moan, forgetting about teasing altogether. He just wanted more of those fucking sweet moans and to make Rock lose it and take him the way no one else could.

Had to fucking love marines.

Rock started to thrust into his mouth again, hips pushing close and then Rock took a step back. "Fuck, if you don't want to swallow another load, you'd better get off the fucking floor."

Rigger stood, swaying slightly. "Bed?"

"Fuck, no," said Rock, grabbing him by the arms and turning him, moving him back. "The kitchen table ought to be used for something."

"You mean besides leaving the mail on?" He grinned, letting Rock lead this little dance.

"Yeah, doing the male on." Rock laughed at his own joke and Rig felt the side of the table bite slightly against the top of his thighs. "It's gonna be hard and rough, Rig, you want it on your back or do you want to bend over for it?"

He groaned, biting his lips hard. "On my back, so I can see." Not to mention save the irritation of his balls whacking against the edge of the table.

"Anything you want, Rigger." Rock's hands cupped his ass and lifted him up to the table, bending him back. He pushed the flyers and bills and shit out of the way, draping his legs over Rock's shoulders.

"You know what I need, Rocketman."

"Don't you worry, I've got what you need, right here." Rock pushed into him, just like that, slow and deep on the first stroke. "Oh shit, yeah, Rig. Perfect."

"Yeah, Blue. Fuck. 's good." Rig's hands found his nipples and started pulling.

Rock moaned and leaned forward, forcing his legs back. "Ready, Rig?" Before he had a chance to answer, Rock started fucking him, hard and fast and so fucking good.

Oh, Rock was nailing him to the goddamned table. He felt every stroke all the way up his spine, exploding in the base of his brain. Rock's eyes were closed, face a study in pleasure,

hips slamming again and again into him. Rig gripped the edge of the table, holding on for all he was worth.

Rock's hands found his shoulders, pulling him tight against each thrust.

"Gonna come, soon. Blowing my fucking mind."

Rock's eyes opened and he grinned, eyes wild and dark with pleasure. "Do it, Rig, come on my fucking cock."

"Oh! Oh, fuck, yes!" He came hard, shooting hot spunk all over his belly and chest, muscles clenching hard on Rock's prick.

"Fuck yes!" Rock agreed, slamming into him a couple more times and then he was shooting too, filling Rig up with his come.

Rigger was breathing like he'd run a race, body still moving on Rock's dick, clenching and relaxing rhythmically. Rock bent and pressed a kiss to his breastbone and then carefully eased his legs off the broad shoulders, still buried balls deep. "Oh, fuck, Blue. Love your cock, love what you do."

Big hands slid beneath his shoulders, Rock lifting him up against the solid body.

"Fuck, I'm getting too old for this shit," Rock grumbled as he staggered into the living room.

He held on tight, head swimming. "You're feeling pretty good for an old man to me."

"Yeah, maybe you're just putting on weight." Rock got them into the living room in one piece and then just kind of stopped. "Shit this was a fucking stupid idea. I have no idea

how we're going to get into the chair without ripping my cock off."

Rigger chuckled. "You're gonna put me down, sit down, and then get really turned on when I straddle you and take it back up my ass?"

The cock inside him jerked. "Jesus, Rig, I nearly dropped you."

Rock shifted him, pulling out carefully and set him down. Before going to sit in the chair, Rock captured his mouth, the kiss long and deep. Oh, fuck, those kisses made him dizzy. He was a little off-balance when he straddled Rock's crotch, thighs stretching over the leather of the chair.

Rock's hands wrapped 'round his waist, guiding him back onto that thick cock that was already hard and ready for him again. There were times he was convinced Rock was a fucking machine. The burn made him catch his breath and his back arch, cock bobbing as he worked his ass down. "You make me so hot, Rig. Such a fucking tight ass."

"Oh, Rock, you are fucking hot." He stretched and groaned, grinding down to take the last inch in. He tightened his ass, grinning at Rock's gasp. He relaxed, waiting for Rock to lean back. Then he did it again.

"That, Rig, is what I would call a shit-eating grin." Rock reached up with one hand, trailing it lazily between his nipples, teasing him before taking one between thumb and forefinger and tugging.

"Mm..." His nipples were fucking sensitive, something Rock knew and took advantage of. He pushed down on the hard shaft inside him, hips starting to rock.

Rock's eyes grew heavy-lidded, the blue gaze becoming half-hidden. Thick fingers flicked at his nipples, a nail occasionally scratching across the tips. Rigger rode Rock's cock, rode the sweet fucking sensations in his ass and his nipples and his prick. One of Rock's hands slid around his cock, giving him a tight tunnel to fuck.

He looked at Rock, pleasure pouring over him. "Good. Fucking good, Blue."

Rock chuckled, adding some undulations, meeting him with a small thrust each time he came down. "You bring out my best."

He leaned in for a kiss, hands sliding over Rock's shoulders. He began to move faster when their lips met, tongues sliding together in a move as familiar as breathing. Rock hummed into his mouth, one hand moving over his cock, the other rubbing circles into his back and occasionally snaking around front to tweak his nipples. They moved together slow and easy, Rigger utterly relaxed except for the throbbing heat of his cock.

"Could do this the rest of my fucking life," Rock whispered against his lips.

He licked Rock's bottom lip, nibbling on it gently. "Promise?"

The blue eyes snapped open, Rock looking at him for a long, long moment as their bodies continued to move together. Then Rock nodded. "Promise."

He held Rock's gaze for a long moment, before smiling and giving Rock a quick nod. "Ditto, Blue."

Rock chuckled and pulled him in for another kiss, long and slow and full of that same promise. Their bodies rubbed together, rocking and pressing and so good. The only sounds were their breathing, the creak of leather as they moved together, and the slick slide of flesh on flesh.

"M'gonna come soon, Rock." He murmured the words against Rock's lips, balls warm and pulling up tight.

"Be my guest, Rigger." Rock's movements sped a little, giving him a little something more and Rock's thumb slid across the tip of his cock, teasing the slit for just a second. He gasped, body shuddering as he came, heat splashing up over Rock's hand.

"Oh yeah..." Rock groaned, jerking up into him, coming moments later.

He leaned forward, resting his forehead against Rock's shoulder as he caught his breath. Rock's hands slid up and down along his back in long, slow sweeps, the cock inside him ever so slowly growing soft and slipping out.

They didn't say anything, just relaxed together, close and silent, as the afternoon faded into dusk.

* * * *

Dick got out of the car and waved wearily at his ride before making his way in. Grim greeted him enthusiastically and he managed to pet the mutt before toeing off his boots. He let his bag drop in the hall, not really giving a shit.

He'd showered at the barracks when they'd gotten back, too fucking covered in mud to stand himself another second. He'd almost bunked there for the night as well, but one of the guys was going his way and so he'd hitched a ride.

The living room was deserted, a couple of pizza boxes and a party of beer bottles on the coffee table. He wondered where the guys were and then decided that it didn't really matter, they'd eventually find him when they came to bed.

The last thing he'd expected was to find them already there.

Rigger's feet were poking out from the side of the bed, one arm visible on Rock's belly. Rock's face was in that 'oh, fuck, that mouth' look that he always had right after Rigger sucked him off—which was like damned near every morning and every night, lucky bastard.

"So's this a private party or can anyone join in?" he asked as he began to strip, pulling of his BDUs and letting them drop.

He heard Rigger's laugh, muffled by the sheets. "Invitation only. Lucky for you, you've got a standing invite." The blond head popped out from beneath the sheets. "They bust your ass, kid? You look beat."

He sat heavily on the edge of the bed and bent to take off his socks. "I have crawled through every mud-hole from here to Mexico and back. I don't think I got more'n five minutes of sleep at a time. 'Special Training' my ass."

Rock snorted sympathetically and Rigger sat up, hands moving to dig into his shoulders. "I bet I can specially train your ass..."

Half moaning, half chuckling, he leaned into the massage, eyes dropping closed. "As long as there's no mud involved, you can do anything you want to my ass."

"No mud here, Dick." Rigger kept up the massage—fuck, was there anything they didn't teach in nursing school?—lanky body rubbing hot against his back.

"Plenty of other fluids though," Rock pointed out helpfully.

"Yeah, so I gathered. I suppose you two fucked 24/7 while I was off humping the mud."

"Nah." Rigger's voice was full of amusement. "I mowed the lawn."

"In this heat?" That got through his tiredness, his cock perking up at the idea of Rigger all hot and sweaty, taking off his t-shirt...

"Yeah. I like the sun, needed to work on my tan." A hot tongue licked up the side of his neck. "Gave the old bitch next door a bit of a show, just those old jeans with the holes in 'em, you know the ones?"

Oh yeah, he knew the ones. They were practically indecent. With a little imagination they were indecent. He had a pretty good imagination. He leaned back into Rigger, spreading his thighs to give his filling cock some room.

Rigger moaned, the sound erotic as fuck, and then Rock's hands joined the ones working his shoulders.

Oh, that was good. Easing his aching muscles and turning him on all in one. Somehow humping through the mud didn't seem nearly so bad if this was his reward. Rigger's hands slid down to his pecs, working them, fingers finding his nipples, lips nuzzling his ear. He let Rigger and Rock support him, head lolling back. He'd have closed his eyes, except it always gave him a thrill to see the large hands on his body, especially when Rig and Rock both went at it. There was a

thrill knowing he was with not just one guy but two. It seemed kinky as hell all on its own.

A purr sounded, low and soft. Rigger's tongue slipped into his ear, thrusting and hot. "Sexy as fuck, kid."

He moaned and arched into the hands moving over him, his own arms sliding up to curl around the guys. He'd never gotten the point of sweet talk until he'd had it directed at him; Rigger's mouth was talented in more ways than one.

Rigger made another noise, this one more porn than the first. The bodies against his back began to rock rhythmically, Rigger's hands dropping to his lap, fingers wrapping around his cock and pulling in time.

He couldn't see them, but he could feel them and hear them and he could imagine what they looked like, fucking each other, even while they included him. Fuck, it was incredible, three bodies all moving together toward the same goal.

"Glad you're home." Rigger's mouth started worked on his neck, hands pumping steadily. Rock's hands were squeezing his shoulders, tugging on him pulling them all together.

"Yeah..." He couldn't manage more than that, not with Rigger's mouth on him, not with that hand working him, not with Rock's hands kneading and sliding over his skin. His hips started pushing up into Rigger's hand, breath growing short. Fuck it was good.

"Oh, fuck, Rock. Right there ... Shit." Rigger's hands tightened, pulling hard, teeth fastening on his neck as a wail sounded. Heat hit his back, but it was the smell of it that sent

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

him over the edge, sex raw and pure. His hips jerked and he came with a sharp cry.

Rigger's hands rubbed his come into his belly, the hot body rubbing Rigger's come into his back. The three of them slowly leaned over, his head on Rock's arm, Rigger's leg wrapping over him. He groaned, warm and comfortable, surrounded by bodies, the memory of crawling on his belly through the mud fading quickly.

A blanket landed over them, Rigger's breath warm against him.

It was good to be home.

Chapter 25

He'd been letting his beard grow out, moustache too, and with his hair a bit long, the look was perfect. He'd found the blue roper shirt in the back of the closet and the leather duster had been in its place waiting the winter. His good hat came out of the box, his holster and rawhide whip dug out of storage. Painted on jeans, leather chaps, heavy silver buckle and his good ostrich-skin boots completed the show.

He tied one of his bandanas around his neck and grinned at himself in the mirror. He knew that guy. He'd left him behind in Emory about ten years ago, gone to hunt up his fortune in the wide world.

"Y'all all dressed for the party?" He fucking loved Halloween. He'd loved it when it meant Daddy riding them up to town to trick or treat. He'd loved it when it meant hitching a ride for more tricking than treating. He loved it now, when it meant parties and passing candy out at the door.

There was something about dressing up and playing and Tootsie Roll Pops that just did it for him.

Rock came out of the bathroom in a white tux, growling as he tried to get the bow tie right. "James fucking Bond is gonna look like Peewee Herman if I can't get this fucking thing tied."

Oh fuck, but his Blue looked good in a tux. He swallowed hard and stepped forward. "Lemme see if I can help. Wore one of these at Sissy's wedding."

"The cowboy outfit?" Rock asked, blue eyes twinkling. The big guy's hands slid around his waist, holding him loosely as he worked on the tie.

"You gotta admit, it fits. I mean, I could only pull off a gladiator costume 'til I opened my mouth." It only took him three or four false starts before he got the tie to work. "You haven't said anything about the beard and 'stache. Any opinion?"

Rock tilted his head one way and then the other and then leaned forward and kissed him. "Don't like the way it feels."

"No?" He'd shave after the party. He did think it made him look older, more sensible, though.

One of Rock's hands came up and cupped his cheeks, fingers sliding over his beard. "Doesn't feel like my Rig." The big guy shrugged.

Oh. Rig's flush started in his balls and crept all the way up to his cheeks. He leaned forward, taking a long, slow, hot kiss.

They were in grave danger of mussing up Rock's double o seven look when Dick interrupted them. The kid's voice held just a hint of panic beneath a hard certainty. "I am not wearing this."

Dick stomped into the bedroom wearing nothing more than the leather collar and skirt of a gladiator. "It's barely there for one thing and a skirt for another and shit, look at the two of you—dressed from head to toe and you expect me to wear this teensy skirt?" The kid shook his head. "I don't think so."

"Fuck." Rigger motioned him over, reaching out to pinch a sweet pink nipple. "You're a piece of work, kid. Between you and Rock I'm gonna bust through my jeans."

"Yeah?" Dick forgot about his upset for a moment and backed him up against the wall, hips pressing close. "How about we give the party a miss then and I'll model the outfit privately—for just you and Rock."

Fuck he was hard. Rig slid his hands over Dick's back, his hips rubbing in slow circles against Dick's. The leather of their costumes creaked and he was grinning when their lips met.

"Shit." That was Rock and then he was shoved hard against the wall, Dick's body plastered against his. "If you boys are gonna tease me, I won't be held responsible."

"Were we teasing?" Rigger slid his hand under Dick's costume, groaning as his fingers met bare ass. "Oh, fuck. Rock, feel..."

Rock's fingers found his under the leather. "I'd say he's teasing, Rigger."

Their fingers moved over Dick's ass, Rigger swallowing each needy sound Dick made with his lips.

"Shit, Rig, you are not going to believe this—and I thought you were the biggest slut in the house." Rock's fingers guided his own to the kid's asshole. The kid's very well lubricated asshole.

Rigger blinked and lifted his head, hips pushing hard against Dick. "Fuck!"

Rock's eyes twinkled, the look on his face hungry, and Rig nodded. He dropped his other hand to Dick's ass, holding him open for Rock. "He's all yours, Rocketman."

"Indeed he is."

Dick moaned and bit into his neck as Rock filled him. Rigger could feel the thick cock as it stretched Dick's asshole and the kid's arms came around him, holding him tight. Oh, fuck. So sexy, so fucking sexy. The feel of Rock's cock sliding past his fingers, into Dick's ass—oh, fuck, he was gonna cream his jeans.

"Shit, he's so fucking tight."

Dick moaned and whimpered softly, rubbing against him. "More, Rock. Come on, fuck me."

"Wait, Rock. Just a second." Rigger worked his way to his knees, lifting the front of Dick's costume, tongue licking the head of the swollen cock. "Now, Rocketman. Now."

Dick moaned and shuddered. "Oh, fuck, yes!"

He groaned around the kid's cock as Rock pushed in, fingers still holding Dick's ass open wide. The sweet porno noises started right about then, as Dick's cock slid into his mouth every time Rock thrust into the kid. He sucked nice and steady, pulling in time with Rock's prick, smell of sex and leather surrounding him. Rock's grunts joined Dick's sweet noises and soon all three of them were working in concert together, searching for that high.

He was going to cream his jeans. His cock was so hard, pushing against the denim, Dick's cock slamming into his throat.

"Fuck!" Dick shouted and came, filling his mouth with sweet-salty come.

Rig groaned, swallowing hard as he blew his wad. His hands were still gripping Dick's ass and he could feel Rock's

jerky thrusts against his fingertips. Rock shoved in hard and Rigger could feel the slight pulses in that thick cock as Rock shot into Dick's ass.

Oh, fuck. He'd have come again if he hadn't just emptied a load. As it was, his cock twitched hard.

His marines were both breathing hard, coming down slowly. He finally let Dick's cock slip free, resting his forehead on the kid's hot, sweaty belly.

One of Dick's hands slid through his hair and down to cup his cheek, stroking his beard. "Makes you look different. Older." He felt the kid shrug, heard the soft noise Rock made at the motion. "Doesn't look like you."

He rubbed his face against the kid's hand, heat filling his belly. "I'll shave before we get in the shower."

Dick chuckled. "Does this mean I don't have to wear this thing in public?"

"What do you say, Rock? We let him off the hook if his promises to clean the garage wearing this thing once or twice?"

"Fuck the garage, I want to watch him cleaning the bathroom in it. And the vacuuming. And Saturday night pool."

"Oh, I like how you think." Rigger stood, stretching and popping his back. "That's it. I'm fucking buying a Jacuzzi for the backyard."

Rock shouldered Dick out of the way and turned him unceremoniously against the wall. His coat was stripped away and then Rock's big, strong hands were working his back.

"A Jacuzzi? Oh man, cool!" Dick leaned against the wall next to him and gave him a kiss. Rigger moaned into Dick's

lips, eyes closing as Rock found every single knot and sore spot in his back. Dick's fingers pushed between him and the wall, slowly working his buttons open. "Bet you'd look pretty fucking sexy in nothing but the hat, the bandana and those boots."

The hands on his back stuttered a minute and then continued their massage.

"Not the chaps?" Rigger chuckled. He was easy. Hell, he'd agree to fucking anything so long as Rock didn't stop the magic he was working on his back.

"It'd be a shame to cover up those legs."

"Kid's right."

He sucked in his belly so Dick's fingers could get the bottom buttons of his shirt. The chaps slid down onto his hips, too heavy to stay up on their own.

"Fuck, you're just a walking demand for sex, you know that?" Rock's voice growled in his ear.

Dick chuckled, fingers moving over his skin now that his shirt was undone.

He gasped, leaning his head back, searching for Rock's mouth. Dick's fingers felt good, warm and sure and finding every bundle of nerves that set him off.

Rock gave him a kiss, mouth hot and wet and eager to swallow him whole. Dick's mouth latched onto his stretched neck, sucking hard. Rigger arched, groaning long and low into Rock's lips, hands reaching for Dick's head and holding him close.

Dick chuckled against his skin. "Hey Rock, I think he wants us to do him up against the wall."

"You sound pretty fucking smug for a guy in a skirt." He winked up into Rock's baby blues. As if he'd ever said, "Gee, guys, please. Don't fuck me, 'kay?"

Dick shrugged. "Well if you don't wanna..."

The kid started heading off, Rock's laughter full.

"Get back here, jackass." Rigger grabbed Dick and planted a long, hard kiss on him, letting him know exactly who wanted what.

Dick moaned into his mouth, pushing tight against him. Oh yeah, the kid wanted to fuck him up against the wall. He rubbed his ass back against Rock, looking to see who else wanted to play.

Rock's hips forced him back against the wall. "Not done with you yet, cowboy."

"No?" He moaned softly. "You sure about that, Rock?"

Rock chuckled and pushed harder. "What do you think, Rig? Does this feel like I'm done?"

"I fucking hope not." He pressed back. "Feels too fucking good to be done."

Rock laughed and pulled him back. "Get him down to his boots and bandana, kid."

Dick grinned and peeled off his shirt, hands going for his buckles next. All the while Rock was grinding that cock into his ass. The chaps hit the floor with a heavy thump, leaving him in his low-slung jeans and boots. Rig spread his thighs, hips moving with Rock. "You're gonna have to take off the boots, kid. The jeans won't come off over 'em."

"Will if you cut them," said Rock from behind him. "My jeans pocket has a pocket knife with a good blade."

"Hey! These are my good jeans!" Rig grabbed Dick's arm. "Don't you fucking do it, kid. I'll kick your ass."

Dick looked at Rigger and then behind him at Rock and then back to Rigger. "He's bigger'n you Rig. 'Sides, you've already creamed 'em—they'll never be the same."

"They'll wash. Besides, you ever hacked through good denim? You'll end up slicing me sure as shit." The kid looked up at Rock for guidance. Shit, his best jeans could be in deep shit. Rig rolled his eyes. Who the fuck was he kidding, his jeans were toast unless he could move or distract the kid. He wrapped his hands around Rock's fingers and leaned close to Dick's ear. "Just take the boots off. I'll keep the big guy distracted. Besides, if you're gonna fuck Rock, you're gonna need his clothes off too."

Dick jerked and his eyes glazed over.

Bingo.

"You're gonna need lube for him. He's so hot, a sweet fuck, kid." He really liked these jeans and Rock was a big boy—if he didn't want to take it up the ass, he wouldn't. Dick had his boots off in record time and then was making a beeline for the bedside table.

"Where the fuck is he going?" complained Rock.

"Who the fuck cares." He got his jeans unbuttoned, shimmying out of them, making sure Rock felt every single wiggle of his ass. "Thought you wanted a piece of this."

"Fuck, yeah." Rock groaned and pushed him back up against the wall, finger finding its way to his hole. "Not all ready for me, Rigger? Kid's definitely gonna steal your King Slut title."

He laughed and kissed Rock's jaw, grinding down onto the thick finger. "Bullshit. A true slut is always ready. Dick's still trying too hard."

Rock's laughter joined his and then turned into a groan as Rock pushed into him. "Fuck, you're tight like this, Rig."

"Oh, shit. Yeah, Rock. Yeah." He loved it like this, hot and hard and now. "Fuck me."

One thing to love about his Blue, you didn't have to ask the man twice. Rock pinned him to the wall, pushing hard and steady, fucking him like they'd not both just come and come hard.

"Hey!" Dick sounded less than pleased at having his plans derailed.

Rigger would have spoken up, but he was really fucking busy. Or busy being really fucked. Or something.

"You like it like this, Rigger? You like getting fucked up against the wall?" Rock's voice was a heavy growl in his ear, big hands holding him tight, one on his hip, the other pressing his shoulder to the wall.

"Fuck, yes. Don't stop." He was going to be fucking sore in the morning and fuck if it wouldn't be worth it.

Somewhere amid the groaning and moaning and slapping of flesh, he heard a sigh and then Dick's lips were on his, the kid's tongue playing acrobatics in his mouth. He threw himself into the kiss, sure he was supposed to be apologizing for something. Damned if he remembered what it was though.

Dick began to rub up against him. The kid was naked now, prick hard and hot and leaking against his skin.

Fuck, yes. Rigger was shaking, groaning into Dick's mouth, trapped in the edge of orgasm. It was Rock's hand that found his cock, wrapping around it and pulling in time with the hard thrusts that were rocking him against the wall.

"Fuck! Yes!" He shot into Rock's fist, eyes rolling back into his head.

Rock and Dick went off at about the same time, Rock filling him and Dick spraying him, the two of them groaning in his ears.

He sagged against the wall, fighting to catch his breath. Fuck. Good. Really good.

Rock kept moving, just little tiny pushes that kept them together, and Dick was kissing his face, soft, slow open-mouthed kisses that set the nerves in his face sparkling happily.

He wanted to open his eyes, wanted to move, but he felt too fucking good. He just rode it, rode Dick's tongue and Rock's prick and the hands and muscles all around him.

It went on for fucking ever until Rock's prick got soft enough he just kind of slid out and then the three of them were stumbling back to the bed.

They ended with his cheek on Rock's shoulder, Dick draped over him like a blanket. He knew he should get up and shower, pick up his chaps, get a beer. Wasn't gonna fucking happen, but he should.

Rock was already snoring and Dick was growing heavier by the second. He could set a clock by his marines. Ah well, there was nothing like a little post sex nap.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He snuggled down, more than half asleep already. Except for post-nap sex. That was even better. He could set a clock by his marines for that, too.

He looked at the clock and nodded. If he timed it right and only slept an hour, he could shave off the beard and give the boys something to celebrate when they woke up.

Fuck, he loved Halloween.

Chapter 26

Rock pulled into the driveway and stomped up the fucking stairs. He didn't slam the door open, he'd already had to repair one fucking hole in the wall from the last time he'd done that, but he glared at it pretty good.

He stomped through the house, heading straight for the weight room where he could take out some of his anger with a few reps.

Like maybe 2357 or so.

Of all the things he hated most, being stuck cleaning up after someone's else's fucking incompetence was right up there. He shucked his clothes off, down to his briefs, and got to work.

About twenty minutes into the workout, Rig showed up with a towel and a huge glass of ice water. "Bad day?"

"Yep." He kept doing reps, concentrating on the way the muscles in his arms were starting to burn.

Rig nodded and brought the water over. Rig had been sleeping outside, skin shining and pouring off heat and only broken by those obscene little cut-offs. Fuck, but the man looked good.

Rock could smell him, too, as Rig got closer, all sunshine and sweet sweat. He did one more rep and then stopped, taking the water from Rig, letting one hand slide over the hot skin of Rigger's stomach. "You're looking relaxed."

"Was napping. Taking advantage of the sun before the fall really sets in." Rig leaned down and licked the sweat off one

of his shoulders. "You're looking fucking hot, pumped. Pissed as hell, too."

His hand slid over Rig's shoulder, bringing his lover's head back down to his skin. "Just spent the day cleaning up someone else's fucking mess. Goddamned hate that. Could have been bad, too, if it hadn't been caught."

Rig made a sympathetic noise, lips and tongue busy moving toward his neck. Rig moved to straddle the bench in front of him, setting the water down beside them. The heated sun and salt smell of Rig surrounded him.

Their knees pressed together and Rock slid his hands down Rig's back. Oh, the man's skin was warm and smooth and just right.

He cupped Rig's ass and pulled him forward, sliding his legs under Rig's so their groins met, nothing but his skivvies and the thinnest fucking denim Rig owned.

The day was definitely picking up.

Rig's fingers slid up his thighs, one hand cooler than the other from holding the glass. Long licks and nuzzles were moving up his neck, fucking slow and sexy. Oh yeah. Most definitely up.

He bent his head, sliding his own tongue over Rig's collarbone. Rig moaned, hips shifting closer, tongue sliding beneath his ear. "Fuck, you're hot, Blue. All pumped and hard and built like a brick shithouse."

"All for you," he murmured, a soft shudder going through him from Rig's words and that sweet tongue playing over his skin.

His own explorations were leading him toward Rig's pit and the cache of pure Rig he knew he'd find there. A sweet, low noise sounded and Rig's belly moved against his, fingers finding his nipples, his triceps, his abs.

"You are the sexiest fucking thing." He murmured the words against Rig's armpit, nibbling at the skin there.

"All for you." Those fingers moved down farther, sliding into the waistband of his briefs. He groaned, pushing up into the touch.

"Yeah, Blue. Fuck, yeah." Rig's fingers slid over the head of his cock before sliding down over the shaft and stroking. Another groan and he bit playfully at Rig's skin, soothing with his tongue after, hips pushing into Rig's hand.

Rig chuckled, teasing and easy, and moaned, teeth scraping his neck. "Careful, or you'll get hickified and people will think you got some."

He laughed. "Oh, can't have that. They'd expect me to be in a good mood, then."

Rig snorted, answering Rock's laugh with one of his own. "Oh shit, your CO'd have you sent down for a psych eval if that happened."

Rig's head lifted, those grey eyes meeting his for a long grin before Rig leaned in to kiss him, slow and long and meant to blow his goddamned mind. It was working, too, Rig's mouth about the best thing he'd ever known. Rig's hand and hips were working in time with that tongue; Rig focused and happy and fucking offering him everything, just like always, just like from the get-go.

He was one fucking lucky marine.

He kissed back, touched back, rocked back, let everything but the taste and smell and feel of Rig go. Gave back as good as he got. Rig started moving faster, body jumping and rolling and fucking liquid sex against him. He got a hand between them, undid the button and zipper on Rig's short as sin cut-offs, and wrapped his hand around that fucking hot cock, mimicking Rig's hand movements.

Rig whimpered and shifted, hand wrapping around both cocks, groaning sharp as Rock did the same, fingers twining together and pumping. "Oh fuck!"

Yeah, that was it, that was all that he needed and with a low groan, he came, spunk spraying between them, over their hands.

"Blue!" Rig threw his head back, throat working as Rig shoot hard. Leaning forward, he attached his mouth to Rig's throat, licking at the sweetsalt flavor of Rig's skin. It was colored by the scent of their come now, sex all around them.

"Mm ... that feels good. I feel pretty fucking good." Another set of happy noises sounded as Rig sort of melted at the bone-level. "You feeling settled?"

"I'm feeling like I should toss you onto the bed and fuck you through the mattress."

There was a soft moan and then Rig lifted his head, eyes shining. "They say it's unhealthy to bottle up your feelings, you know."

He chuckled. "You advising me to act on my feelings, Nurse Roberts?"

"Yeah, Gunny. I am." Rig leaned in and nipped his bottom lip. "Or you could act on mine—I got lots of feelings, most of them involve you and fucking in one form or another."

"Oh yeah? Gonna tell me about these feelings of yours?" Rock asked, curious.

Rig chuckled and leaned in. "There's the 'it's not morning unless I suck my old man' feeling. There's a "yeah, Blue, right there' feeling and a 'fuck, this is why I left Texas' feeling and a 'mmm ... Rig!sandwich' feeling There's that 'sweet Jesus I'm fixing to come on your fat cock' feeling. And that 'thank god for my blessings' feeling."

"Oh, I think I can act on a few of those." Rock shifted, planting his feet as his arms went around Rig's ass. Standing, he headed for the bedroom, intent on fucking the sweet ass he held.

Rig twined around him, arms and legs, lips working on his jaw. "I'm fucking counting on it, Blue."

He nodded. "You can count on me, Rig. I always come through."

"Always have, Rocketman. Always will."

"You know it." The weight in his arms was solid, right. The confidence in him the same.

He might be responsible for cleaning up messes in the field, but at home, it was all about making them and cleaning them up together.

With that in mind, he made a detour at the shower.

Chapter 27

"..set me up 'nother row of lo-o-o-o-o-o-ongnecks..." He two-stepped happily around the front room, half-stupid, three-quarters drunk and 100% percent pleased as punch.

He had the best Momma.

This afternoon when he'd dragged his sorry ass home, there'd been a care package—church social cookies, Ranch style beans, Wolf brand chili, two big ole cans of jalapenos and, big as life, a twelve-pack of Shiners. Oh, he did love a nice long-necked Shiner just out of the fridge. And, if the boys got their asses in gear and came home, they could share in the glory that was fine Texas beer, fine Texas chili and fine Texas music.

If they didn't, well, more for him, thank you, Momma.

The screen door banged and Grim barked happily and he shook his head—how had he missed hearing the truck pull up?

"Oh, someone got a care package from his Momma! You better not have eaten all the lacy cookies!"

"Someone did!" Rig grinned, handing over the tin of cookies to Rock. "Momma sent 'em just for you. She knows you're partial."

Rock had the tin open in record time, eyes closing in bliss as he put an entire cookie in his mouth. Dick snagged one of the cookies, earning himself a swat on the butt and a glare from Rock. "Mine," the big guy said around a mouthful of cookie.

Rigger chuckled and tossed the kid some chocolate-covered pecans. "Momma said she didn't know what you'd like kid, but she figure'd everybody loves pecans. Oh, and we all got Longhorn t-shirts and ball caps, too." He wasn't even gonna mention the socks and underwear. He'd just put those in their drawers.

Dick looked like he'd just been handed his most favorite thing in the entire world. "Your Momma's sending me stuff now, too? Way cool."

"My Momma is amazing. I think she'd take care of the devil himself and convince him to install air conditioning while she was at it."

Rock laughed. "So are you casting me or Dick in the role of the devil?" Before he could answer Rock's eyes lit up more than they already were. "Are those longnecks? You trying to hold out on us, Rig?"

"Fridge, top shelf. Chili's on the stove." He sprawled out on the sofa as Rock and Dick fought to get through the door, grinning over at Grim who was working his way through a bag of pig's ears. "God bless Momma, eh boy?"

Grim looked up at him and barked. With his tongue lolling out like that, it looked like the dog was grinning at him.

Dick and Rock came back, the kid licking chili off his lips, Rock carrying three bottles. One was handed over to him, another chugged back and the third settled with Rock on the armchair. The kid sprawled out on the floor between them with a happy sigh.

Rock nodded at the kid. "Yep, it would be perfect if it weren't for the yowling cowboy shit."

"Don't make me kick your tasteless Yankee ass, Rock."

Rock snorted. "I'd like to see you try."

"Heh, I'll stomp a mud hole in your ass and walk it dry, big guy." The threat was accompanied by a warm, happy, hey-Blue-glad-you're-home-fuck-you're-a-sight-for-sore-eyes kiss, his hand reaching down to touch Dick's lips, getting a greeting nibble in return.

Rock laughed into his mouth, licking at his lips. "You and what army, Nurse Roberts?"

"Hey, I have my very own marine in my hip pocket!" He pulled away, licked at Dick's ear, chuckling low. "Wanna be in my hip pocket, Marine?"

"Shit, yeah." Dick rubbed his crotch. "Put your hip pocket right here, Rig."

"Mm ... what a thoughtful, supportive boy you are." He laughed and reached down to do a little rubbing of his own. Dick moaned happily, pressing up into his hand.

"He's not being supportive, he's just looking to get laid." Rock took another swig of his beer and popped another cookie in his mouth.

"No shit, Sherlock. What gave you the first goddamn clue?" Rig was feeling fine, mellow and loose as the elastic on dime-store panties.

Dick laughed and tugged him down for a kiss. The kid's mouth was warm and tasted like beer and chocolate and chili. He tumbled off the couch and landed in the kid's lap, which was just fine—he was comfortable and kissing and, mmm ... he was going to have to remember to give Rock yet another thank-you blowjob for his present.

"You boys make sure you save some of that for me."

Rig raised his head and grinned. "Come down here and get some, Rocketman."

"And risk spilling my beer?" Rock asked in an outraged tone.

Dick laughed again and rolled them over until Rigger was beneath the long body.

"Mm..." Rigger wrapped his hands around Dick's shoulders, hips playfully pressing up. "Hey there. Looking for something?"

Dick pressed back. "Yeah—think I found it, too."

"You sure? Maybe you should look harder, just to make sure..." Rigger chuckled, licking at Dick's lips.

"Oh, I'm not sure it gets that much harder," Dick drawled in a fairly good imitation. The laughter started and then Rigger couldn't stop, not after Dick and then Rock started the tickled and nibbling.

Cheats. Mean, lousy, sexy, adorable fucking cheats.

When the laughter finally faded to chuckles and then to happy sighs, they were all much less than dressed, draped over each other in a pile. Rig's head was on Rock's thigh, Dick's legs over his belly. Rock, lazy and still chuckling, spinning one of the empties in slow circles, trying to keep it from wobbling.

Dick giggled slightly. "Look, Rock wants to play spin the bottle."

"Can you play with only three people? There were always tons of giggling idiots when I was a kid." Rigger grinned when

Rock's hand stopped the bottle on him and he turned his head, dropping a kiss on Rock's thigh.

"You couldn't've been playing right then," Dick pointed out helpfully. "You're supposed to drink the beer first. Half the fun is stealing the bottle out of somebody's fridge."

"What's wrong with there only being three giggling idiots?" asked Rock. "Or at least—two giggling idiots and their love-god."

"Ooh ... love-god. The Love-god and his cadre of marines." Rigger grinned. "Oh, yeah. I could handle that."

"You think you can handle the love-god and the cadre of marines? I mean, I know you're a cockhound, Rigger, but that's a lot of cock."

He snorted. "I've got enough cock and bull to put up with my two jarheads, thank you, Mr. Love-God." That had both Dick and Rock tackling him again and he found himself stretched out, legs trapped beneath Rock's bulk, Dick holding his hands over his head as Rock tickled the living daylights out of him.

"Oh! Oh ... fuck!" He couldn't stop laughing, couldn't stop twitching, couldn't stop jerking. Hard as a fucking rock and breathless, he couldn't get loose, couldn't even make a decent try for it.

It just went on and on and then finally Dick tackled Rock off him, the two of them falling next to him in a lip-lock. They rolled over and over, fighting for dominance, finally stopping with Rock on top, the big guy devouring Dick's mouth.

Rigger sat up, crawling beneath two sets of thighs to lick at two sets of balls, snuggled together for his pleasure.

Muffled groans met his actions, Rock and Dick starting to move, hips pressing together and back down toward his mouth. Rigger chuckled and settled in, surrounded by the strength and musk and warm, salty taste of his marines. He licked and sucked, never staying in one place, just laving them both.

Rock and Dick's sounds became more urgent, bodies moving faster and faster together. He hummed, vibrating the soft, hot sacs, hands sliding over thighs and asses. Dick came first, the scent of the kid's come sweeter, the sounds loud and enthusiastic. Rock kept moving and came a couple of minutes later, adding a dark spice to the scent of come in the air and long, low groan.

He licked for a while longer and then rested his cheek on Rock's thigh.

It was a few moments later before Dick broke up the pile. "Okay, Rock, you're a heavy fucker. Get the fuck off."

"I just did, Dick."

Rigger snorted and lifted himself up, slapping Rock on the butt. "Come on, big guy, don't squish Dickie-boy."

Rock got up and held out his hand, giving Dick a pull up. The kid pressed up against Rock's body, taking his mouth in another kiss.

Rigger snorted and rolled his eyes, heading for another beer from the kitchen. "Oh, you two are getting no kisses from me, ungrateful jerks."

When he got back, the music had changed from honky tonk to an easy listening station that was about the only thing they all agreed on and the coffee table had been pushed to

the side of the room. The marines were lounging on the floor, looking up at him, all innocence.

He leaned against the doorframe. "Okay, 'fess up. What are y'all up to, sitting there like butter wouldn't melt in your mouths?"

"Well aren't you the suspicious one?" Rock shook his head while Dick made a funny choking sound that he just knew had to be swallowed laughter.

"Well, yeah. I live with you two ne'erdowells." He walked over to the couch, eyeing the moved table. "What's up?"

Rock grabbed his leg as he went by. "No, no, Rig—come join us on the floor."

Dick grinned and pet the carpet next to him. "Take a load off."

"Why do I suspect I should be scared..." He grinned and settled, grabbing a pillow from the sofa and taking a long swig of his beer.

"Because you know us too well." Rock pulled one of the empty longnecks from behind his back and put it on its side between the three of them, sending it spinning. "Tell him the rules, Dickie-boy."

"Whoever spins the bottle kisses the person it's pointing at. Two minutes, no more, no less and you can't kiss the same thing on the same person twice. Once you've been kissed it's your turn to spin the bottle. Last man to come, wins."

"Wins what? And y'all two have already gotten one each, so that's starting out fucking cheating."

"You've got that killer mouth on your side, Rig—that puts you ahead, even with us already coming. And since I'm going to win—you don't have to worry about what the winner gets."

Dick snorted. "You are such toast, Rock. Rig can make you come in thirty seconds with that mouth on your prick. The winner—and it's gonna be me—gets the knowledge that he is the winner and his fuckbuddies are not."

Rigger chuckled and finished his beer. "Okay, you two. I still say you're cheating, but I'll kick both your asses and then I want you both to make me come. Deal?"

Rock looked like he was ready to agree but Dick was shaking his head. "No way, if you get something concrete if you win, then so do Rock and I if we win."

"Well..." Rig made a show of pondering. "You can have that cinderblock out by the back steps, if you want."

Dick swatted him. Hard. Rock just shook his head and spun the bottle again. It stopped, pointing at Dick. Rock flipped Rig his watch. "Time me, Texas."

"Got it, Rocketman." Rigger chuckled and leaned back to watch the show. He still thought they had something else up their sleeves, but he'd wait to see about that.

Rock was starting off slow, no doubt waiting for Rigger to really blow the kid's socks off, and kissing Dick on the mouth. The kid wasn't just laying back letting Rock do all the work either, he was kissing back, which was not going to help Rock any. Out of the three of them, Rock was at a distinct disadvantage when it came to kissing.

Not that the big guy wasn't any good at it, but he just wasn't in the same league as him and Dick. Sure enough,

when the two minutes were up, Rock was breathing a hell of a lot heavier than Dick

Rig offered Rock a swig of his beer, admiring the heavy cock already filling between the firm thighs. Yummy. "C'mon kid, spin away."

Dick gave the bottle a good spin, grinning as it stopped on Rock. With a crow he pounced on the big guy and planted a kiss on his lips, working Rock's mouth for all he was worth. Rigger chuckled. These two kept at it and he'd only need a turn apiece—maybe not even two whole minutes with Rock.

Dick was grinning widely as he pulled back. Rock was wearing an oh-I-am-so-fucked-and-couldn't-be-happier-about-it look.

Rock grabbed Rig's beer and emptied it before setting the new empty down and spinning. He looked over at Rig and laughed as it landed squarely on Dick again. "I don't know how you've done it—but you've fixed this."

"Me? I didn't come up with the game, boys. I am an innocent bystander." He winked at Rock. "Two minutes, right?"

"Shit. Yeah." Rock crawled over to the kid and took the semi-erect prick into his mouth, sucking vigorously. Dick's eyes went wide, obviously surprised at Rock's choice—his Blue wasn't one to suck cock, made it kind of special when he did.

Rigger moaned softly, hand falling to stroke his own hard cock. Fuck they were a pretty pair. He was so wrapped up in watching Rock's shoulders and Dick's hips and listening to

those guttural sounds that he almost forgot the time limit. "T ... two minutes."

Dick lay back, panting as Rock pulled off, looking smug. "Want me to spin the bottle for you, Dickie-boy?"

Dick shook his head and spun, the bottle only spinning around a weak couple of times before stopping back in front of Rock.

Rigger whined, half-joking. "Oh, this is no fun at all. You didn't tell me that the timekeeper didn't get any kisses."

Dick shrugged unsympathetically before turning his attention onto Rock and grinning wickedly. "Spread your legs, Rock, old man."

Then Dick dove in and began to work on the old asshole's little asshole. Oh, now that was just not fucking right. He was right here, could see Rock's arousal, see that clear drops of come just waiting for him and because of some stupid game he couldn't play? Not right at all.

About the minute and a half mark, Rock started riding Dick's tongue, that thick cock pushing toward him over and over and over again.

"Two minutes."

"Oh, thank fuck." Rock moaned and grabbed his balls and sat there panting while Dick licked his lips and slunk back to his part of the circle.

Rock spun the bottle.

Hard.

It went round and round and round, slowing at a snail's pace and it looked for sure like it was gonna stop at Dick again and just as he was ready to throw up his hands and

accuse them of cheating so he wouldn't get any, it kept going and stopped in front of him.

Rock just grinned and crawled over to him. "Here, titty, titty."

Rigger shivered, grinning back, toes curling. "Don't you mean here kitty, kitty, Rocketman?"

"Oh, I don't think so, Rig." Rock's mouth closed over one of his nipples, sucking hard to start with and then tugging with teeth, alternating the hard and soft touches, playing him like a fucking piano.

He shuddered, hands running over the bristles of Rock's hair, encouraging each tug. "Oh, fucking shit. Good, Rock. Good."

It hardly seemed any time at all before the kid was calling out two minutes and insisting that Rock had to stop.

Rigger groaned when Rock pulled away, his nipple red and hard and aching and fuck, it felt good. He reached out and spun the bottle, which landed on him. He looked over at Rock with hopeful eyes. "Does that mean I get more?"

"And you accused us of cheating. Spin the fucking bottle again, Rig."

Pouting, he spun again, grinning widely as it landed on him again. "See! Sign from the gods!"

"Again, Nurse."

"Bitch." Rigger spun the bottle and watched as it spun. If it landed on him he was gonna ... Oh! He grinned over at Rock. "Your turn."

Rock groaned. The old man knew he was toast.

Dick was crowing happily.

"One question—if he comes, he still gets to play, right? I still get more kisses?"

"Slut."

"Yeah, Rock, but you keep getting kisses too—so I'd let him go for it," Dick suggested.

"Oh. Right. Wait a second—what makes you so sure you're going to make me come!"

That sent Dick into gales of laughter.

Rigger winked at Rock and picked up his hand, snuggling close. Looking Rock right in those baby blues, he started sucking the thick thumb, working it slow and steady and hard, just like the thick cock that was throbbing against his thigh.

"Oh, my god!" Dick's exclamation echoed the look in Rock's eyes.

Rig just kept working, pulling harder and harder, letting his lust show, letting Rock see how much he enjoyed this, loved making Rock come, loved the feel of his Blue in his mouth. Rock's eyes started rolling up and he knew he had him.

"Two minutes."

Rock jerked his hand away with a groan, body shaking.

Rigger leaned forward to whisper, "Say the word, Blue, and I'll suck you off. Just say the word."

Rock groaned. "You are a fucking cheating slut."

Dick thwacked his ass. "Back the fuck off, Rig and play the game right."

He pressed close once more before he backed away. He wasn't cheating as much as he was fucking hard and hungry, but he could play, he could. "Spin the bottle, Rocketman."

Rock's hand wasn't entirely steady and the bottle only spun a couple of times before it stopped in front of Rigger.

Dick groaned. "Now I see why you were complaining!"

Rigger nodded to Dick, almost sympathetically and then turned his attention to Rock. "I'm all yours, Rocketman."

Rock crooked his finger. "Come here, Rig."

He crawled over, ready, willing and able. "Yes, Rock?"

"Give me that other fucking tit, Rig." Oh, Rock was close. Close enough that just sucking on his tit was probably going to send the old man over the edge. Especially if he played his cards right.

He crawled up Rock's body, sliding low and slow. Finally he was in position, his cock nestled against Rock's abs, Rock's cock cradled, sweet and tight in the crack of his ass. "I'm ready."

"Oh you are so fucking cheating." Dick sounded impressed rather than upset.

Rock just groaned and closed his lips around Rig's nipple, sucking soft and slow. He didn't fake it with moans and shit, it would have just pissed Rock off and this felt too fucking good to fake. Rigger rocked in time with the suction, holding Rock's head with trembling fingers.

He had no idea how long they were moving together before Rock's teeth closed over his nipple, the big guy groaning and jerking against him, heat spraying up the back of his ass.

Rigger moaned softly, sliding down to take those hot, hungry, swollen lips, tongue thrusting deep. Rock's hands found the back of his head, kissing back with all he was. The

Rocketman might not have been the world's best kisser, but when he wanted to, his kisses could make you forget you even had a name.

The weight of Dick on his back was sweet and he moaned into Rock's mouth as long fingers worked Rock's come into his hole. Oh, yeah. He sank farther into the kiss, spreading his knees so Dick could fuck him. Dick's moan was loud in his ear as the kid pushed into him, stretching him, filling him. One of Rock's hands slid past him, grabbing Dick's ass and pulling the kid in tighter.

He whimpered his appreciation into Rock's mouth. Rock latching onto his tongue in answer and sucked, pulling in a delicious counterpoint to Dick's thrusts. Oh, fuck. Fuck this was good.

Every time Dick pushed into him, his cock rubbed against Rock's abs. Every single fucking time he slid against those fucking amazing muscles and Rock's mouth pulled on his tongue and shit, but someone was tugging on his tits too, maybe Dick, maybe Rock, maybe it was the fucking both of them.

He didn't know what set him off, what finally released him from this trap of fucking sensation they'd caught him in. Maybe Dick pressed harder, maybe somebody's fingernail caught his nipple, maybe he caught Rock's gaze and it was good.

It didn't fucking matter.

He came, sobbing into Rock's mouth, caught between them.

Dick stilled while his ass squeezed the kid's cock and then Dick was pounding into him, driving him against Rock, the big guy holding him. With a soft noise, Dick came, collapsing against him and Rock and they all lay there, panting and gasping and coming down together.

Rigger just closed his eyes, listening to Rock's heartbeat. Sounded good and strong, too. Not a sign of arrhythmia. He didn't know how long they lay there, didn't care either, he was warm and cozy, a Rigger/Marine sandwich.

It was Rock who broke the silence. "I don't mind playing mattress, but one of you assholes needs to get me a beer."

"Dick's closest and I can reach the cookies for you."

"I don't think Dick can move to save his life," Dick mumbled from his neck.

Rigger chuckled. "Maybe Grimmy can grab one..."

"I don't want fucking dog drool in my goddamned beer. Fuck it—there's chili to eat anyway. The living mattress is going vertical boys."

Amidst grumbles and protests, Rock stood, leaving him on the floor beneath a getting heavier-by-the-minute Dick.

"Bring me a beer, Rock? I'm sorta stuck down here?"

Rock went him one better, hauling Dick up with one hand and him with the other and plonking them down together on the couch. "I'll even bring out the bowls of chili—but only because I have lacy cookies from your Momma."

"Mm ... I'll have to send her a thank you note. Dear Momma, Your cookies saved my ass again. Love, Alex. What do y'all think?"

"I think I'm gonna have to kick your ass into next week you use language like that to your Momma!"

Rigger grinned and nodded. "Yeah, you'd have to stand in line. Momma don't care much for potty language."

"That's 'cause your Momma's a fine lady," Rock called back over his shoulder as he headed for the kitchen.

Dick curled up next to him, snuggling up close and nuzzling. "Has Rock met your Mom?" the kid asked, curiosity clear in his voice.

"Hell yeah. Momma loves Rock. He comes home with me every Christmas and in the summer too, if I get out there." He grinned, remembering the first time Momma came to visit and hugged Rock and fed him and talked with him and just mommed him into stunned goo. "I'm not real in the closet at home, you know? I mean, I don't flaunt it, but I wouldn't be feeling a girl up in the kitchen either, you know?"

"Must be nice." Dick sounded wistful.

Rigger tilted his head, curious. "What are your plans for the holidays, kid? You going home?"

Dick snorted. "Oh, I think we'll save everyone that trauma. 'm gonna volunteer for duty so I've a ready made excuse."

"Why don't you come with us?" Rigger snuggled closer. Momma'd love Dick, so young, so good-natured. She'd have a sweater knitted for him before they flew back.

Dick's fingers slid over his stomach, stroking softly. "It wouldn't freak her out? I mean it's one thing to bring your boyfriend home, it's another to bring a second guy along too."

Rigger chuckled and settled closer. Oh, he did like that Dick was a snuggler. "Dick, my Momma's a ... well ... she's a

momma. I'm a virgin. Rock's a virgin. It'll never even occur to her that you're not a virgin. Daddy's been gone for..." He looked up when Rock came back in. "What, Rock, four, maybe five years?"

"Four, Rig."

"Yeah." He closed his eyes a second in honor of the big, quiet man who had never approved, but always loved him anyway, and then looked over at Dick, unashamed of the tears in his eyes. "Momma gets lonely and Bubba and Sissy'll be there with the kids and she'll welcome the company."

"It sounds really nice. I just don't ... I don't wanna screw anything up for the two of you, you know?" The kid shrugged and met his eyes again. "I'd love to go, but I'm always around and I'd understand if you wanted some time when I wasn't."

He leaned forward, giving Dick a slow, lazy kiss, at the same time shifting so Rock could settle beside them. "Believe me, no one gets time alone at Momma's. Sissy's got five girls, Bubba's got three boys. There's no alone. Just family."

"And before you ask, kid, yeah, that means you're family." Rock's voice was gruff, like it always got when he'd wandered into emotional territory, and the big guy was never too happy about being there.

"Mm ... yeah." Rigger turned his head and got a kiss from his Blue. Kissing was always better than talking, especially where the Rocketman was concerned. Rock tasted like chili and beer and something very Rock-ish. The kid was still stroking his belly, making a happy little noise as he watched them kiss.

He hummed into Rock's lips, cock starting to take an interest. When Rock let his mouth go, he turned again, sharing Rock's flavor with Dick. The volume of Dick's noises increased, even more so when Rock's fingers tangled with the kid's over his belly, ten fingers stroking now instead of five.

Oh, yeah. Rigger just closed his eyes and wiggled, skin everywhere, happy with the world.

"Chili's still needing to sit," Rock murmured against his skin and then the big guy was nibbling on his neck and there were two hot, hard cocks rubbing against the outsides of his thighs.

"Oh yeah." Yeah, this was nice—sweet, slow, comfortable and easy. Games were nice, but this was real. Family.

He grinned against Dick's lips. Maybe not exactly his momma's idea of family, but it'd do.

It'd do just fine.

Chapter 28

Rock was a simple man.

Oh, he liked the way things had turned out, liked fucking two guys—his two guys. Liked the dynamic between them and the way they fit together. But he was a simple man with simple needs and sometimes...

Sometimes he just wanted a simple blowjob from his Rabbit.

This was one of those times. They were watching the game. A game none of them wanted to miss, so he just hooked his arm around Rig's neck and tugged the man right into his lap. Rig was a smart guy—he guessed it wouldn't take long for Rig to figure out what he wanted.

Rig turned, rubbing a warm cheek against the bulge in his jeans, kissing his balls, and then settling back to watch the game, one hand wrapped around his knee. The little slut was a tease, too.

He put his hand on the back of Rig's head and turned his lover's face into his lap. Rig chuckled, nuzzled his cock again, open lips moving over his shaft, blowing hot air over him while that pointed chin nudged his nuts.

Yeah, this was it. Just a nice simple blow job. One mouth, one cock, a pair of nuts and sweet, simple pleasure. He rumbled softly, spreading his legs.

Then the heat disappeared as Rig tried to unfasten belt and button and fly. He slid his free hand down his own body, popping the button and getting the belt to come out of its

loop at the same time. He heard Rig's rumble of thanks as the zipper slid down, freeing his cock for the touch of that sweet, hot tongue.

Oh yeah. Simple. Sweet. Fucking awesome.

One of Rig's arms slid around his waist, free hand holding his cock so that tongue could slide over the tip, sort of lapping, slow and easy. Holding him and tasting him. Then Rig started to slowly fuck his slit with that wicked fucking tongue.

Holding, tasting, and teasing him.

Groaning, he slid his hands in Rig's hair, holding him in place and pushing up with his hips. Then he stopped. He stretched his arms out along the back of the couch, widening his legs. He had nowhere to go and he was sitting here with the best fucking mouth in the fucking world, he figured he might as well let Rig do whatever the fuck he wanted.

By the time Rig actually wrapped hot lips around his cock, Rock was beginning to wonder if what Rig wanted was to drive him utterly mad. He could no more have stopped his hips bucking him deep into that heat than he could have stopped breathing. "Oh fuck!"

Rig let him thrust deep, then pushed his hips down, eyes closed, mouth moving slow and loose down along his cock and then pulling up with a fierce grip, sucking his spine out of his fucking body. He might have been whimpering. Rig did it again. Oh yeah, that was definitely a whimper.

Over and over Rig sucked, hands hard on his hips. Finally those hands moved, that mouth left his cock and Rig's head lifted, took one of his hands and put it in those almost-curls.

Oh fuck, there was nothing simpler than that.

He held Rig down right where he wanted him and started to fuck that sweet mouth. Rig took it all with a low, hungry, happy sound. Over and over again he pushed up into Rig's mouth, so fucking good. "Yeah, Rig. Just like that. Fuck. Good. So good."

Rig hummed, lips tightening, hands cupping his balls and squeezing just lightly.

He could keep this up all fucking night, just this simple fucking. Rig wouldn't complain, he'd just happily suck until they were both puddles.

"Oh fuck!" He cried out, shooting down Rig's throat. Rig moaned, swallowing hard, taking him all down. He kept his hand on Rig's head, just holding now, instead of holding down. So fucking good.

There was a soft sound from beside them and the sudden sharp smell of spunk. He glanced over at the kid, Dick breathing heavy, hand still in his sweats.

Grinning, he looked down at Rig, meeting those fucking grey eyes. "Your turn."

Chapter 29

He packed the Suburban with a happy whistle.

Suitcases.

Cooler.

Presents.

Snacks.

Laptop and CDs and Grimmy's stuff and...

"Damn it, Rock! Where is Grimmy's bowl? I'm not leaving him in a kennel. It's Christmas!"

"I'm not sitting in the back with that mutt," Rock complained, handing him the bowl and a forty pound bag of dog food—the good stuff that he distinctly remembered not buying.

"Thanks. I'll sit with him, or the kid can, when I'm driving. That's why I rented this gigantic fucking vehicle, so we'd all be comfortable." He stowed the dog food in the back, shifting stuff around until he was satisfied. "Don't forget to grab some pillows and a blanket or two."

"Kid's got 'em."

Sure enough, there was Dick with an armful of bedding, coming down the stairs. "Are you sure it's all right if I come along, Rig? I don't want to impose."

"Nobody's imposing on anybody, kid. Momma's expecting you." He put the bedding in where they could be reached. "Y'all have anything else you need packed?"

Dick shook his head.

"Anything we need we can buy on the fucking road, lets just go already, I want to get there before fucking Christmas Day," grouched Rock.

"Hush, you. We'll go to Mississippi tonight, be home by dinner tomorrow, and still have two days 'til Christmas." He gave Rock a grin. Not even grouching could piss him off. They hadn't been home for a year, hadn't seen Momma in months. Hadn't introduced Dick to the babies.

He was ready.

"I'll take the first leg." Rock planted himself firmly in the drivers seat and held his hand out for the keys.

Dick gave him a smile and climbed into the back.

He made sure Grimmy pissed again and got the mutt settled next to the kid. Then he locked the doors. Unlocked the door and made sure the coffeepot was off and the furnace down low. Locked the doors again. Checked the back gate.

Rock leaned out the window. "You've got god damned house insurance, get in the fucking car already."

"What is your god damned problem?" He frowned and walked across the yard. "I offered to fly us all home, damn it. Why are you being so fucking evil?"

"You know I hate this waiting around shit. I have to put up with enough of it every fucking day."

Rig looked at the ground and counted to ten. Twice. "Yeah. I know. Good thing we're on vacation, yeah?" He got in and got settled, hand reaching back automatically to settle Grimmy. "Just think, backseat blowjobs while the kid's driving."

"Hey, that's not fair," complained Dick. "He gets blowjobs from you and I get slobbered on by Grim. No offence meant, Grimmy, you're a good beast."

Rock grinned and started the car.

"I wouldn't do you wrong, kid." Rig turned, sitting so he could see Dick. "And I'll take my turns with the drool-monster, I promise."

He grinned wide, almost bouncing. "I can't wait to introduce you to Momma, kid. She's gonna love you."

Dick gave him a smile that had a little worry at the end of it. "You sure? I want to make a good impression."

"Oh, she'll adore you, trust me. I mean, hell, she loves Rock and he's grouchy."

Dick chuckled. "I can be grouchy if I have to be."

"One's enough." Rig winked back. "Okay, you got any questions? Momma's going to get Granny, so you'll meet her. Sissy is driving in with the girls tomorrow. Bobby lives in town—he'll show up Christmas day to be with his brood, but that bitch he's married to and I don't get along, so we won't see much of them."

"Someone you don't get along with, Rig? That's surprising."

"You haven't met Jodi. She's the single least attractive human being on earth." He wrinkled his nose, homophobic, smelly old whore.

"No offence, Rig, but your brother isn't exactly gonna win any awards on that front either," Rock put in.

"Yeah, no shit." Rig nodded and sighed. Rock had watched more than one argument between him and Bubba that had

gotten plumb nasty, even violent. The boy was an utter ass. "It's because he's Bobby. I mean, who wants to go through life as Robert Roberts?"

Dick laughed, relaxing back in his seat. "That does seem an awfully cruel thing to do to a kid."

"Yeah, well ... Bobby's Momma's boy from before Daddy. We don't mention it—hell, Bobby was only three when Momma and Daddy married, but he's just different." Rig shrugged. "He's a bit older than me, too. Damned near ten years."

"I never got on with my older brother either," Dick told him, blue eyes sympathetic.

"Well, this point we pretty much just agree to disagree—he's got three good boys that'll be at the farm most of the time and we'll just ignore each other. He and Sissy don't get on at all and she and I are real close."

"What are his boys like?"

"Robert is the oldest—he's thirteen, husky, football player. Jake is eight and a real quiet one, a reader. Little Louie is five and last I saw him was real sickly, but in love with the horses and wanting to ride the rodeo." Rig grinned, reaching out to stroke Rock's thigh. "Robert wants to be Rock when he grows up, you know what I mean."

Dick chuckled. "You mean a gay marine?"

Rock snorted and reached back to swat ineffectively at the kid. "He means a stud, Dickie-boy."

Rig laughed, grinning as Grimmy leaned over to lick Rock's hand. Rock groaned and that had the kid laughing too. "My very own knight in shining armor."

"He's more a knight in drool, isn't he?"

"He's a good boy. We'll let him run with Momma's dogs and he'll come back macho." Rig chuckled. "That or Sissy's girls will decorate him with pink ribbons and ride him around the front yard."

"You brought the camera right, Rig? I want pictures of that this year so I can blackmail that beast into behaving."

Dick was just about killing himself laughing in the back seat. It wasn't helping anything that Grim was curled up next to the kid, looking for all the world like he'd understood every word they'd said.

"I brought the camera, Rocketman." He winked at Dick. "I reckoned I'd need it. Little Lisa and Rachel are already asking after their Uncle Jimmy and Sissy says she can't wait to see if the new baby takes to you like the others did."

Rock growled. "You just remember that I know where you live and any pictures of me holding a baby had better not surface anywhere near the base."

Like he'd do that to his Blue. "No, I like to keep those safe and well-protected, just in case you throw me over for some young stud one day and I need to blackmail you."

Rock snorted. "Like anyone could ever compete with that mouth."

"Oh man, feel the love," murmured Dick, ducking another attempted swat from Rock.

They were all laughing now, Rock relaxing, the kid's grin losing that nervous edge. "Oh, that reminds me, I got good news for you, Rocketman. Momma's putting all of us in that little garage apartment that used to be Sissy's, then mine.

You know the one with one big bed and a pullout sofa? The one with a door that locks?"

He figured Rock's mood would bounce back considerably with the idea that he wasn't going to have to go ten days without a morning blowjob.

Rock grinned. "Yeah? That's mighty neighborly of her."

He grinned back. "I thought so." Rig looked back at the kid. "That work for you? Bunking with us? I mean ... I can get Momma to put you in with the grandkids..."

Dick blushed. "I can crawl in with you guys, right?"

Rig met Dick's eyes. "I was sort of counting on it, kid."

He got a warm smile. "Cool."

"Oh, I'd say the kid didn't want to sleep with the kiddies. Might make him eat at their table though—less competition at the big table that way."

"Now you have a point there..." Rig chuckled. "But with Granny and Momma and Sissy and me cooking, I don't think we'll go short. Hell, Momma told me she's bought two turkeys and a big ole ham already."

"You make sure you put your food on the kiddy table with me, Rig." Dick sounded dead serious.

"You'll get plenty, kid. I swear. Momma won't let you go hungry."

"Yeah, but I bet your food's the best."

Rock snorted. "Why don't you just crawl into the front seat and lick his ass properly, kid?"

Rig popped Rock on the arm. "Hush you! Just remember, Dick. I learned from Momma and Momma learned from

Granny and Granny's been making homemade biscuits for eighty years."

Still, it was good to know the kid liked his cooking.

"You saying your Momma and Granny's food tastes even better than yours?" Dick gave him a huge grin. "Oh man, I'm going to stuff myself sick."

Rock chuckled. "I've got to admit the food at these things are enough to make a man offer to do dishes."

"You do dishes?" Dick laughed. "Oh, this I have to see."

"I'm telling you, kid. Momma's got Rock's number. She adores him and he listens to her. It's a beautiful thing." Rig ducked Rock's hand. "Watch the road. Hell, even Daddy liked Rock, God rest his soul."

"Your father was a good man."

"What was he like?" Dick asked.

Rig shrugged, tilted his head. "Quiet. Strong. Worked damned hard, but he knew when to go fishing. He never once hollered at me about being queer or about being a nurse, even though he'd have liked something different. He liked Rock right off, too, right from that first Christmas."

He swallowed hard, unashamed of the tears in his eyes. "He'd have liked you too, Dick. It's not the same without him. He was good man."

Dick slid a hand along his thigh and squeezed gently. He offered Dick a smile, slid his hand in under the kid's and held on.

Rock turned on the radio and found a station playing classic rock and they hit the highway in companionable silence.

They drove on through to Mississippi, Rock preferring to get in a late night and not have to be up quite so early. Mornings came early enough without having a whole extra state to cross first thing.

They picked up a pizza and stopped at a Motel 6. He and the kid brought in their overnight bag and the pizza and cokes while Rig walked the dog. Then they all settled, watching the news as they ate.

Rig ended up curled on the bed, head on his thigh, picking vegetables off a piece of pizza and eating them. The man was weird.

'Course that gave him extra vegetableless pizza to eat.

Soon enough they were all done and Dick cleared up and started stripping. "You think we're all going to be able to fit on one of those beds?"

"We'll manage," he grunted.

Rig nodded, dropping a soft kiss on his leg. "We'll fit just fine."

"Good. I bet we fit better without clothes though."

He chuckled and pulled off his t-shirt, throwing it at Dick.

Rigger reached up, stroking his belly, petting. "Sexy bastard."

He purred, flexing, making his stomach muscles ripple.

"You both are. You make me hot." Sure enough, the kid was sporting an eager erection.

"Mmm ... is that all for us?" Rig tugged off the sweater he was wearing, toed off his boots.

"It is," said Dick. "I've been wanting to share it all day long."

"Sharing is good. I'm all about sharing." Rig scooted a little, cheek resting against his crotch, then opened those skinny arms. "Come share with me."

Dick laughed and lay in his lap, mouth fusing to Rig's. They looked fucking hot together and if his cock hadn't already been hard just from Rig being so near, it would have gotten that way real quick. Rig pulled Dick close, hands sliding over that long spine, rubbing them together, periodically reaching down to squeeze the kid's ass.

He rumbled, slid his own hands through Rig's hair and along the kid's scalp. Dick was freshly cut, no doubt wanting to make a good impression on Rig's Momma. That lady was going to eat the kid up with a spoon—they all were. They liked him well enough and Dick was just that much more likeable.

The slow kisses went on for a good while, then Rig lifted his head, smiled at him. "We're missing one. 'mere."

"I'm just letting you boys get warmed up." He gave Rig a wink and then shifted, stretching out on the bed and pulling the two of them up so they were face to face to face. The kiss was sweet and hot, three tongues sliding together.

Rig's hum just beat the sweet little porno noises and then two hands were sliding over his abs, opening up his jeans and stroking his cock.

He groaned, pushing with his hips. That was nice. Not as nice as a pair of mouths, but he wasn't going to tell them to stop. One hand cupped his balls, another worked the shaft, and all the time those two finest mouths on fucking earth were taking their kisses.

He reached down with both hands, grabbing himself a double handful of prick. Dick's was long and his hand wrapped easily around it. Rig's was shorter, a little harder to close his hand around. They were both hot, like brands in his hand.

It took them all a minute, but they found a rhythm, nice and steady, Rig rolling against him, Dick pushing hard. The hands on him were tight, hungry, fucking sweet, almost as good as the lips against his.

Dick kept feeding him those soft noises, filling his and Rig's mouths with the sound of the kid's pleasure. Rig was humming and licking, just eating them both up, grey eyes shining at him.

He stroked their pricks faster, hips moving, pushing into their hands, tongue fucking both their mouths. It was just the right speed after a day of driving. Nice and easy, one after the other, they came, leaving them all melted and relaxed, sticky and snuggled together.

The kid managed to get up and find a towel, wiping them off before grabbing the covers off the other bed and tucking them all in together. It was a tight fit, but Rig was already plastered against him, siphoning off his body heat.

He was tired enough to sleep like the dead anyway.

"Night," murmured Dick.

"Night, kid, Rig."

It wasn't long before he was out.

The car turned onto the laneway for Rig's momma's place and Dick felt his stomach drop out. Shit, he hadn't been this nervous even in basic when everything had seemed twisted and backwards.

He'd spoken to Momma on the phone and knew she was really nice, but this was in person and there was a whole bunch of other family as well and it just had him on edge. What if they didn't like him? What if Bobby liked him but nobody else did? What if he ate too much pie or not enough pie?

The yellow two-story was all lit up inside, the door opening before Rock even stopped the suburban. Kids tumbled out of the house and down the porch stairs, along with dogs and two women—one a thirty year younger carbon copy.

Mrs. Roberts was a solid woman, strong and bright-eyed, dressed in jeans and a Christmassy sweater, heading for Rig like Rock towards a buffet table. "Alex! Baby! Y'all made it! I was worried. Come here and let me love on you. Good lord and mercy, I'm missed y'all."

The younger version of Momma was holding a tiny baby, grinning ear to ear. "Hi. I'm Sissy. You must be Richard. 's nice to meet you. And Jim! Darlin'! How you been? Lisa's been talking 'bout nothing but you for days."

He just smiled and nodded and said "Hi, call me Dick" over and over again as Rig and Rock were hugged and climbed and loved on.

Then he came face to face with a pair of twinkling eyes. "And you must be Richard. Oh, son. Welcome home for Christmas! I'm so glad you could come." Then he was given a huge hug and a kiss and he was brought inside, Mrs. Roberts hollering back. "Jake! Robert! Y'all help your Uncle Jimmy unload that car. Alex, baby, get on in and say hi to your granny. Son, you just come with me and we'll get you a plate

fixed up. Tell me now. Alex didn't get rid of his little jeep for that beastly big critter out there, did he?"

It kept throwing him, to hear Rig referred to as Alex, but he sure couldn't fault Mrs. Roberts on making him feel at home, a part of the family. "No, ma'am, but it wasn't big enough for the three of us, the dog and all our stuff."

"Son, that mutt damned near needs a car all his own." She grinned and winked, bringing him into a big, open kitchen with food sitting everywhere. "You just fix what you need, there's plenty and we'll make more. You drinking milk or beer or coke?"

A plate was pressed into his hand, a lidded cup was scooped up off the floor and a tiny girl in pigtails was caught before she ran into Dick, full-throttle.

"Ma-maw! Uncle Jimmy's here! Ma-maw! Santa brought Uncle Alex and Uncle Jimmy!"

"Brought you an Uncle Richard, too, little bit." Rig was grinning ear-to-ear, leaning against the doorframe. "Damn, Momma, you expecting an army?"

He'd never been so happy to see Rig. Well, that wasn't exactly true now was it? But he was feeling a little shell-shocked, overwhelmed. This whole thing was so outside his experience and he couldn't help but compare this family gathering to the one in his imagination where Rock and Rig went home with him to meet his folks. "I don't know about the army, Rig, but she does have two marines and you know how Rock eats."

Rig and his momma both laughed, Mrs. Roberts handing the little girl over into Rig's arms. Rig took her without the

slightest awkwardness, smooching her soundly and tugging one pigtail. "You come say hi, now. Uncle Richard won't bite. I promise." Those grey eyes twinkled. "And if he does, I'll get Uncle Jimmy to bite him back, just for you." Rig met his eyes, winked. "This here's Lisa. Lisa, Uncle Richard."

Eyes that matched Rig's almost exactly blinked at him. "Hi. No biting. Ma-maw don't allow biting."

He bit his smile back and nodded seriously. "No biting, Lisa, I promise. Can I shake your hand though? Say 'hi, good to meet you' nice and proper?"

Lisa looked up at Rig, who nodded, then she stuck her hand out. "Hi."

He did smile now, taking her hand and shaking it. "Hi, Lisa, it's good to meet you."

She smiled brightly, eyes alight, and giggled. "Is Santa going to bring your Christmas here too?"

"He already did. Brought me this big warm family who just opened their arms and said welcome."

He gave Rig a bit of a misty smile and clutched his plate in both hands. "Now I think I'd better get something on my plate before I insult your Ma-maw."

"Eat up. Beers and sodas are in the big fridge on the back porch." Rig gave him a warm grin, then walked over to the sink, leaning down to give his mamma a kiss.

"What about the milk?" he asked Lisa. "Do you know where that is?"

"Uh-huh." Lisa took his hand and let him to the refrigerator, helping him open the door. "The milk is in the milk jug and the baby's milk is in the bottle and the orange

juice is in here and the tea is here, but it's icky. Can I have some juice?" She blinked and grinned and pointed to a cabinet filled with plastic cups. "Please?"

Just then a little boy—probably five or six—popped around the corner. "Can I have some, too? Hi. I'm Louie."

"Hi Louie, I'm Uncle Richard." He shook the little boy's hand before getting down a glass and two plastic cups. He put the juice in the plastic cups and the milk in his glass and gave the kids their drinks.

"Well now, next thing is figuring out what to eat. Do either of you have a favorite?"

"Ma-maw's chocolate pie!"

"Nu-uh. Granny Boulware's pea salad!"

Rig's voice sounded. "Momma's gravy on Granny's biscuits!"

"There's nothing better than chocolate pie," said Rock, coming in and grabbing a plate of his own. "Of course the fried chicken is my personal favorite, with biscuits and cheese potatoes. Chocolate pie's for after, Little Bit, and pea salad? Louie, who kidnapped your stomach and replaced it with an old lady's?"

"Now, Jim! Don't you go teasing that boy. Granny Boulware's pea salad won first prize at the county fair eight years in a row. And it's got cheese in it." Momma went over and grinned at Rock, gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Louie here takes after his Uncle Alex, loves him some vegetables."

Rig looked positively gleeful.

"That's unnatural Momma. If man were meant to eat vegetables they'd taste like chocolate."

Dick couldn't help his chuckle, thinking that Rock was going to have a lot less luck winning this argument with Rig's Momma than he did with Rig.

"Moderation in all things, young man. Now, have some green beans—and no garbage 'bout how you don't want 'em. I fixed them just for you, spiced 'em up nice." Momma bustled Rock over to the stovetop and put a serving of vegetables on Rock's plate.

Rigger was watching, grinning ear-to-ear, his sister close by. As Dick watched, Sissy handed Rig the baby and a bottle, kissed his cheek and started rounding children up for supper.

It was the disconcerted look on Rock's face that set him off and Dick leaned against the counter, laughing and not caring that Rock was going to pound the shit out of him for it later.

Momma's eyes lit on him and she smiled. "Oh, Alex! He does have a good laugh. Come on, son. You want some beans? There's corn, too."

He blushed hard and held out his plate. "I want some of everything."

"Suck up," murmured Rock, but he just shot the big guy an amused look. This was fun.

"He was raised right, Momma." Rigger settled beside Rock, rocking and feeding the baby, reaching over to steal bites off Rock's plate.

"I can see that." Momma filled his plate up and sent him to the table before grabbing the baby from Rig. "Go help your Granny to the table, baby."

Man, he could see where Rig got it from. This was the busiest family ... It felt good though, to be in the midst of it,

to be a part of the noise and the bustle and to be made to feel at home. He did wind up sitting at the kids' table, Lisa and Louie having saved him a spot between them.

He got up when Rig brought his Granny in, holding her chair out for her. He noted the pleased look he got from Rig's momma and sister, who was now sitting and chatting with Rock, the baby holding onto one big finger.

"Richard Main, ma'am," he said, having given up on trying to get anyone to call him Dick. He held out his hand. "You make a mighty fine pea salad."

He wondered if maybe he was sucking up, but the pea salad was really good and he wanted them to like him, this third wheel Rig had brought home.

His hand was taken by paper-skinned fingers and squeezed. "This ... this your boy, Alex? One of yours?"

Rig nodded, smiled. "Yes, ma'am. He's mine. He's come for Christmas, him and Jim."

He squeezed back. "It's a pleasure to meet you, ma'am."

He stepped back, holding his breath, waiting for her pronouncement. It felt almost like he was meeting Rig's father, like with him gone, she was filling the patriarchal role in the family and they would accept or reject him on her word.

"Get the boy some pea salad, Alex. He said he liked it." She gave him a smile. "Welcome and merry Christmas. You have all the pea salad you want, son."

"Thank you, ma'am." He gave her his best smile and went back to sit between Lisa and Louie.

By the time supper was over, his lap had been taken over by a set of curly headed 3-year old twins and Louie was sound asleep against his shoulder. Lisa was in Rock's lap, Rachel in Rig's, the two older boys playing Nintendo in the front room.

The conversation flowed around him, Momma, Granny and Sissy catching Rig up with all the doings and going on. Every now and then Rock would ask a question, verify who Uncle Sammy was or see if this was the same Randi that had a baby the year before.

It was nice and he was glad he'd come.

Hell, the happy look on Rig's face was enough to have come.

He helped Momma with the dishes, watching Rock and Dick help Sissy get the little ones settled for the night. It felt good, being here, being home. Felt comfortable. Felt right.

"I like your new friend, son." Momma was scrubbing out a big pot, sort of frowning. "You and Jim aren't having troubles are you?"

He blinked, looked over. "No, ma'am. Why? Rock say something to you?"

As soon as he said it, he knew better. His Blue would never do something like that.

"No, baby. I just ... Well, y'all bring a pretty young thing with you and I see how he smiles at you. I just worry, is all. You and Jim, you belong together and I'd hate it if y'all broke up."

Rig shook his head, chuckling. Oh, now. Leave it to Momma to only get a bit of the story right. "Momma, me and Rock are fine, I swear to God. Solid as..."

She arched an eyebrow. "A rock?"

They laughed together and then Momma hugged him tight. "I put blankets and sheets and pillows up in the apartment, turned the heater on too. Y'all should fit fine."

Rock came up behind Momma and gave her a hug. "Thank you, Momma, I'm sure we'll be good."

Then his Blue gave her his best smile. "Any chance there's a great big old southern style breakfast planned for tomorrow morning?"

"I was gonna chat with you about that, Jim." Momma grinned at him. "I can't decide whether to make biscuits and gravy or pancakes and bacon. You have a preference?"

Rock tilted his head. "I tell you what, Momma, you make the biscuit, gravy and bacon and I'll make my famous pancakes."

He could see Dick coming up behind Rock, a 'who's sucking up now' grin on the kid's face.

"Sounds like a deal to me, Jim. You know I'm terrible fond of those pancakes of yours." Momma settled right in under Rock's arm, smiling wide. "So, y'all going to run out to Dallas for shopping or did you bring Christmas in that monstrous beast out there?"

Rig chuckled, shook his head. "I'm going to have to run out for a few things, we'll most likely go tomorrow and be home all Christmas eve."

"You know Rig, he's been buying shit for the kids since last Christmas but he still hasn't got enough."

"Good thing the kids are in bed," teased Dick, joining their group, giving Rock a warm grin.

"Are you going to let these men bad-mouth me, Momma?" Rigger started laughing, jumping when Sissy's arms wound around his waist.

"Only when they're telling the truth, Bubba." She grinned. "Just talked to the husband, he'll be in around noon Christmas eve."

"Well good," chimed in Rock. "I need someone to match me beer for beer without falling over."

Sissy snorted. "If I remember correctly, Jim? The last time we all had a drinking contest, it was not a man who came out ahead."

"I thought you weren't letting Granny drink this year," shot back Rock.

Dick's jaw dropped just about to the floor.

"She still hasn't recovered from doing shots at Thanksgiving. You'll have to do with me." Sissy was giggling, Momma laughing near to bursting.

Poor Dick was still looking like he was about to die of shock.

"Breathe, kid," Rock instructed.

"Y'all are shocking this baby boy with your behavior!" Momma grinned over. "Don't let them talk you into truth or dare, sweet thing. You'll be in real trouble."

Rig damned near swallowed his tongue laughing. Poor Dick went about twenty shades of red.

"Okay, okay, now. There will be no truth or dare. Christmas Eve poker? Yes. Y'all don't scare him or he'll never come back." Rig rescued the kid with a smile. No reason to upset him this early.

"Oh, I saw how he was putting Momma's food away—he'll be back for more, just like every other man who's come into this house. You should open a restaurant, Momma, you'd make a fortune."

Rig smiled at Rock, watched Momma just blush with pleasure. Oh, good one, Blue!

Sissy whispered, "Somebody's getting Momma to make homemade fudge tomorrow."

"Now go on, Momma, you and Sissy take a load off, the boys and I finish the dishes." Rock held up a hand. "Before you start in on how great I am, I make no promises to repeat this offer the rest of the time we're here."

Momma grinned. "I think I'm going to take baby Olivia to bed with me, let Sissy get some sleep. I'll meet you in here for pancakes at nine, Jim?"

"Nine?" Rock didn't look overly happy. "You wouldn't be willing to make it ten on account of the dishes, would you, Momma?"

Momma tilted her head. "Y'all going to be here for supper tomorrow night, Baby?"

Rig shook his head. "No, Momma. We're going into Dallas. If we have brunch at 11, that'll work nice."

Rock owed him.

Momma nodded. "I'll make some oats early for the wee ones. You get hungry, Richard, you just help yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Yeah, thank you, Momma." Rock squeezed her in a bit of a hug. "You gonna let the kid ma'am you?"

"Not a chance." Momma moved over, hugging Dick tight. "Momma's just fine, son. Please. Consider yourself at home."

Dick hugged her back and blinked. "Thank you, ma— Momma. I really appreciate that."

"All right, men. The dishes aren't getting cleaner on their own and I want to be done before it's pancake making time. You have a good night, Momma."

"Goodnight, Jim. I love you." Rock got a kiss, so did Sissy and finally him. "Sleep well, Baby. See you in the morning."

He hugged her tight, "Love you, Momma, good night."

"Night ma'—Momma."

Rock grabbed Dick around the neck, and the two of them startled wrestling their way into the kitchen.

Sissy stopped him before he could follow. "Okay, fess up. Who's the pretty one?"

Rig gave her a look, eyebrow arching. "What do you mean? He's Dick."

She just stared. "You can bullshit Momma and fucking lie to Bobby, 'cause he's a prick, but me? Don't you fucking lie to me. I see how y'all look at each other."

He pulled Sissy over into the guest room. "Hush! Jesus, Sissy. My love life's none of your fucking business."

"Since when? I've been vetting guys for you for years." She leaned close. "Just tell me it's all three of you, that you and Rock are ... still you and Rock."

"Shit, you been talking to Momma too long." Rig shook his head. "There's not a bit of trouble between me and Rock and that's all I'm telling you."

Sissy grinned, pushing her long blonde hair back. "That's all I need to know. Perv."

"Bitch."

"Slut."

"Whore."

"Queer."

"Breeder."

"Jackass."

"No, that's Rock."

They both started laughing hard enough the kids muttered, shifting in the blankets.

"I'm going to help the boys, Sissy. You go rest, you're looking pooped." He leaned in and kissed her.

"Yeah. I'm taking advantage of Ma-maw while I can. Night, Bubba. Love you."

"Night."

He headed into the big, familiar kitchen, still chuckling, looking for his men.

Dick was washing dishes and Rock drying them, though they both looked a little damp, like they'd settled the argument with more than a little splashing. Still. There were his marines, washing dishes—having volunteered to do so at that. Made a man wish the damned camera wasn't in the bags that had gone to the garage apartment.

"Y'all are looking good." He smiled, eyes trailing over his men. "Damned fine."

They both turned around and smiled at him.

"Reinforcements are here," noted Rock.

"Oh, y'all are doing just fine without me."

Rock snorted. "Oh, I don't think so, Baby."

He arched an eyebrow. "Don't make me kick your ass, Rocketman."

Momma could call him Baby, but that was it.

"Then get your ass over here and start helping."

He grabbed a dishrag, shook his head. Spoiled brats. "Y'all want me to wash or dry?"

"Why don't you go visit with your sister, Rig?" Dick suggested. "Rock and I are doing fine."

"No we aren't. We're putting the dishes away in all the wrong places. Momma's gonna come down tomorrow and she's not going to be able to find anything."

"Sissy's gone to bed. She's exhausted. Her man works a ranch and her hands are full with the girls." Rig started putting dishes away, whistling "Away in a Manger."

Dick joined in, smiling at him as the kid washed.

"You having a good time, kid? Sure looked like wee Louie took right to you." He risked a quick, quiet kiss as he passed by.

The beam he got made the kiss worth it. "He's a cutie, fell asleep right on me. You've got a great family, Rig. You really do."

"I do." He grinned, rubbing against Rock as he put a plate away. "You get yourself a piece of chocolate pie, Rocketman?"

"You're Momma cut me a piece herself. Damn close to half the pie—I'd say I'm still in her good books."

"You seem to stay there pretty regular, yeah." He chuckled. "That reminds me, Momma wants us to hang the Christmas lights at some point tomorrow or the next day and Sissy says Momma's timing's off on the truck—I'll need to take it in to get looked at after Christmas."

Rock grunted. "More fucking lights. I swear they were invented to be the bane of a man's life."

Rig arched an eyebrow. "Well, I guess I can wait and let Bobby do it."

"Did I say I wouldn't do it? You ask a man to take on a job like that you've got to let him grouse about it."

Dick chuckled. "Is that so you know to admire him long and hard for doing it?"

Rock snapped his dishtowel at the kid's ass, making Dick yelp. The kid was still laughing, though.

They worked together well, laughing and playing, relaxed and easy as they cleaned. Finally the kitchen was done—even to Momma's standards. "C'mon. Let's go up to the apartment and get the bed ready."

This much play made Rig a horny Texan.

"I can get behind that," Rock replied.

Dick nodded. "And I'll happily get behind both of you!"

"That mutt of yours need anything before we go, Rig?"

"No, I put him in the barn with Rudy and Shelby. When I fed them, they were chasing each other and having a ball." Rig grabbed a few beers and a couple of sodas to put in the little dorm fridge. "Y'all need anything else?"

Dick shook his head. "All I need's right here."

Rock rolled his eyes. "'s not Christmas yet, kid—try and hold the sap until then."

Rig stuck his tongue out at Rock and grinned at Dick. "It's good to be here for the holidays, yeah? Let's go get naked."

Dick was laughing and giggling as they made their way to the garage apartment, looking half scandalized, half turned on.

The apartment was just like it had been since him and Daddy'd built it. One room, blue walls, blue carpet, one queen sized bed. There was a little pull-out sofa, a chest of drawers, and a little desk. The posters from when he was a teenager were gone, replaced with a couple of simple pictures. There were still comic books and Star Wars figures in the bookcase by the closet. "Welcome home, boys."

Rock turned and locked the door. Then his Blue opened his arms and took each of them in one, dragging them to the bed.

Rig chuckled all the way there, lust filling him. "You wanting something, Rocketman?"

"Every day and twice on Sundays."

"Just twice on Sundays?" asked Dick, the kid shedding his clothes, eager as always.

"That must not count blowjobs." He pulled off his shirt, then starting tugging at Rock's.

"Which reminds me." Rock pulled off his shirt. "You're going to give me my wake up call tomorrow in time to get to pancakes with Momma, right?"

"Of course. Wouldn't be a good morning without morning blowjobs." He tugged Dick over and took a hard kiss, hand

wrapped around Dick's cock. "'Course someone's looking for a late night suck, yeah?"

"Oh fuck, yeah." Dick shuddered and pushed closer, hips sliding that sweet cock along his palm.

"Mmm ... yeah." He leaned down, sliding his lips towards that long, sweet cock waiting for him.

Rock worked on finishing up the getting naked part. "What about a late night fuck, kid? You think that'll go nicely with the suck?"

Dick just made one of those sweet noises of his, body rocking eagerly as if he were already in the middle of a sandwich. Rig grinned, lapping, teasing the head of Dick's cock, lips tugging at the crown. Nothing like a little midnight sex to make a day perfect.

Their very own porno track got going, Dick just moaning and whimpering and carrying on like he hadn't had sex in days. You had to admire the kid's enjoyment of it.

Rig rolled them so they were on their sides, reached around to hold Dick open for Rock. All the while he sucked that long, hard, pretty cock, throwing himself into the pleasure of it.

Rock's fingers slid against his, caressing him before sliding into Dick. The kid cried out, body jerking, cock twitching in his mouth. He hummed, damned purring at the sweet sounds, the salt teasing his tongue. Rock got Dick ready and then it was that sweet, fat prick sliding against his fingers as Rock took Dick.

He reached back and stroked Blue's hips, mouth meeting Rock's thrusts, driving the kid higher and higher. Dick's hands

slid into his hair, fingers grasping, pulling, sweet cries and noises filling the room.

Oh, yeah. Fucking hot. He started deep-throating, taking Dick deep, burying his nose in the soft pubes.

"Oh fuck! Oh shit. Rig..." Then the kid cried out again, Rock nailing Dick's gland if the throbbing of the cock on his tongue was any indication. Dick wailed and came hard down his throat.

He swallowed, pulling each pulse of spunk in, making the pleasure last as long as it could.

Dick lay limp between them, murmuring happy thanks, hands stroking his head. Rock's hand joined Dick's, warm and solid on him.

"Your turn for a piece of the Rocketman, Rig."

"Mmm..." He nestled into the touches, nodding. "Hell, yes."

Dick shifted, lying on his back and tugging at him. "Lie on me while he does you."

He went easy, snuggling into Dick's warmth, happy and hungry all through. Dick's hands slid along his back, making his skin sing while Rock's fingers opened him up. He moved between the touches, humming low. He was relaxed and wanting, just fucking perfect.

When Rock was ready to slide in, started sliding in, stretching him further with that fat prick, Dick wrapped a hand around his cock, fingers sure and warm.

"Fucking sweet." Rig just closed his eyes and rode the sensations, loving the brush of skin, the pressure of that fat cock, the tug of Dick's hands on his prick. Oh, yeah. All good.

Dick's lips found his, the kiss lazy and deep. He purred into it, the desire exploding in fireworks along his spine, rippling through him. Dick fed him sweet, happy noises while Rock groaned and panted, fucking him good and hard.

Rig arched, pushing back onto his Blue, hips shifting until that cock slammed his gland and he screamed into Dick's mouth.

"There we go," muttered Rock, his Blue beginning to pound into him, hitting his gland with every thrust.

"Oh, fuck. Yes. Rock. So fucking good." He blinked into Dick's eyes as he came, shooting hard. Rock roared, heat filling him. Blue collapsed down onto him, pressing him into Dick, sandwiching him between them. He snuggled in, more than willing to stay right here for the duration.

"We didn't put the sheets on the bed," Dick murmured.

"Then they'll be clean tomorrow," grumbled Rock, pulling the coverlet up over them all.

Rig nodded, eyes already closed. He was just fine with his marine mattress anyway.

It was too early to be up on a holiday.

Of course, the fact that Rig's mouth was wrapped around his prick was kind of making up for that.

He groaned and dropped his hand to Rig's head, stroking the soft curls. Rigger hummed, the sound vibrating through his cock, into his balls. He growled, letting Rig know he was awake and it was fucking good.

That got an enthusiastic response, Rigger's mouth growing tighter, head bobbing on his prick and sucking hard. Dick's hand slid along his belly, stroking warmly before moving up

to tweak his nipples. Yeah. Fucking perfect. Even if it was morning.

Warm fingers stroked his balls, pushed behind, teasing his hole. He moaned, letting their fingers and Rig's mouth push him over the edge. The orgasm was long and slow, sucked out of him by Rig's mouth. That sweet fucking mouth gentled, licking and nuzzling his cock, Rig's hands stroking his inner thigh.

He was all but purring, just happy to be right where he was. Morning could wait a couple of minutes. Rigger finally let him go, started dropping soft, gentle kisses on his belly, his pubes. "Morning, marine."

"Morning, nurse."

Dick chuckled and gave him a kiss and then rolled over. "I can stay in bed for awhile, right?"

"Yeah, lazy." Rig chuckled, still kissing and cuddling. "I'm going to go down with Rock, though, so don't sleep through brunch."

"Should I come down? I can come down—I don't want to be rude."

Rock rolled his eyes. "You want to make the pancakes? Because I'd be happy to stay in bed."

"No, mine aren't half as good as yours."

"Momma's waiting on you, big guy. She's making biscuits as we speak."

Rock nodded. "I know, I know. I'm going."

Grey eyes grinned up at him. "I brought you some coffee. Oh, it's raining and cold as hell."

"Cold as hell compared to here or compared to home?" he asked suspiciously.

"Cold as hell compared to here. Pretty damned cold for home. It's raining and forty degrees." Rig shook his head. "The kid brought the bad weather with him."

"Hey! I didn't come alone." The look on Dick's face had him laughing, which was a pretty mean feat what with him getting out of bed.

Rig grinned, leaning over and kissing Dick's hip. "Well, I know it wasn't me."

Rock snorted. "Forty's not even that bad. It's way less than that back where I grew up. Bet there's even plenty of snow for Christmas." He got dressed quickly—it was cold enough—and knocked back the coffee Rig had brought. "I better go—wouldn't want to keep Momma waiting."

"Hold up and I'll go with." Rigger offered him a grin. "Little Lisa and Rachel are waiting for you and you'll never get pancakes made with the girls hanging on your knees."

He laughed. "You just want to play with the girls."

"Yep." Rig grinned. "And I like watching you play with Momma."

He gave Rig a look. "Weirdo."

"Yep. What's your point?"

"I haven't got one—you took care of it back in bed."

Rig laughed, groping him playfully. "I bet I could find your point if I went looking."

"Be good, Rig. I don't want to walk into your Momma's kitchen with any points."

Rigger stuck that pink tongue out at him, stopping him before they got to the door. "Kiss me good morning before we go."

Well, wasn't he just a jerk this morning? He growled and grabbed Rig, bringing their lips together and kissing hard. Rig melted against him, just snuggled close and warm, arms wrapped around his neck. He took that mouth and then pulled back. "If you don't want your mother coming up here to find out where the hell we are and walking in on fucking sex, we'd better go now."

"Oh." Rig blinked, bit at his bottom lip. "Yeah. Right. Damn."

He chuckled and slapped Rig on the ass. "Move, Roberts. I like your Momma."

"Shit, Momma's pretty damned fond of you." Rig headed down the stairs, whistling happily—some damned Christmas carol, of course. The man was incorrigible from Thanksgiving to fucking New Years.

Still, that was a mighty fine ass to follow.

He was whistling along by the time they hit the kitchen.

"Morning, Jim." Momma's eyes were smiling at him as he walked in. The kitchen smelled fabulous—bacon and sausage, butter and biscuits and coffee. "Y'all sleep okay?"

"I sure did, Momma. Nothing like a fine meal to give a man a good night's sleep." He gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Now where's my workspace?"

She beamed at him and pointed to the counter, bowls and measuring cups and spoons already waiting for him. "You need anything, you just ask."

"Thank you, Momma." He gave Rig a wink and went to work.

Rig and his Momma worked together seamlessly, even when Sissy got up and started working too, they just all morphed together. Kids were dealt with, bacon crisped, coffee poured and family stories told and the whole time, they laughed and joked.

Sissy came over and poured him some coffee, whispering low. "You know how we knew Alex was gay?"

He raised an eyebrow and whispered back. "His jubilee coffee cake?"

She snorted. "The fact that his scrambled eggs are always flawless and his coffee's always the perfect shade. No straight man could manage that."

"Hell Sissy, most straight women can't manage that."

Sissy giggled, eyes dancing. "I bet there's tons of things Rig does straight women can't manage."

He laughed good and hard at that. "I'd say you hit that one right on the head, Sissy."

Rig wandered over, giving Sissy a look. "You trying to ferret secrets, Sissy?"

Sissy snorted. "Nope. Not a one, right Jim?"

"More like giving them away, I'd say." He winked and went back to the last of his pancakes. If the kid didn't turn up soon he was going to miss breakfast and upset Momma. "You gonna go wake up the kid?" He asked Rig.

"Oh, hell. Dick's been playing with the kids for a while now. Last time I looked they were watching Tom and Jerry." Rig couldn't have looked more tickled.

He snorted. "Just like home, I'm in here slaving over pancakes and the kid's watching cartoons."

Momma chuckled. "It's hell being a grown-up, Jim."

Rigger snorted, damned near choking on his coffee.

"You've got that right, Momma." He gave Rig a glare, just daring that man to say one word. Rig smiled at him, biting hard on that full bottom lip, grey eyes just dancing.

Sissy just watched, grinning wide. "Good thing these boys don't have to practice too often, yeah?"

He was saved having to answer by Dick, the kid coming in with half the under ten set hanging off him. "The kids want to know if breakfast is ready yet because they're starving."

The kids all shrieked and started talking at once as to how they'd never said anything like that, all laughing and pulling Dick down.

Rigger started laughing and Momma started pulling plates down. "Uncle Jimmy made y'all pancakes, now. You'd best go kiss him thank you and then sit down."

That woman was evil.

The kids swarmed him and he handed the spatula over to Rig and got down on his knees and roared at them, sending them shrieking from the room. Growling, he crawled on out. "Come and give me my kisses," he demanded. "Or no one gets pancakes."

It was Rachel that tackled him first, barreling into his arms with a happy cry, bright red ringlets bobbing. "Uncle Jimmy!"

Lisa pushed her sister aside. "My turn!"

The little twins stood behind Jake, eyes wide, Louie waiting his turn.

"Oh, I think there's enough of me to go around, don't you, Louie?"

Louie grinned, nodded. "There's lots and lots of you, Uncle Jimmy. I bet you could even pick Uncle Alex up."

"I bet you're right." He winked at the boy and hauled him in for a hug before shooving them all to the table before Momma gave them what for.

Dick was watching him, little smile playing around the kid's lips. Word one of this got out on base and Dick was dead meat.

Right about then, little Lisa and one of the twins—he couldn't tell them apart—came to grab Dick with sticky fingers. "'mon Uncle Richie. Uncle Jimmy made us cakes with syrup."

Maybe he was safe after all.

They all got seated and the eating started. He had some of everything. All right, lots of everything and several cups of coffee.

By the time Rock was finished eating, Momma had Rigger up under the kitchen sink fixing a leak after he fixed two cabinet doors.

Sissy leaned over, "If y'all are going to Dallas today, you'd best extract Alex 'fore Momma's got him retiling the bathroom and fixing that broken stall door in the barn."

He nodded. They had time. Momma'd get everything done that needed fixing. "Hey kid, come on, lets get Rig and get on the road."

The little ones all made a fuss but he reminded them they'd be there until past Christmas. Momma actually frowned

a little, but Sissy—smart woman—sidetracked her long enough that Rig didn't get guilted and they got into the car.

"You got everything you need, Rig? I don't want to have to come back from halfway there because you decide you needed your other pair of boots."

"I think I can manage, Rocketman." Rig stretched, grinning. "What do you think of the family, kid?"

"There's a lot of them."

He laughed as they pulled out onto the road.

"Yep. The little ones seem to have taken you right in, though." They headed out onto highway 69, heading towards I-30.

"Yeah, but they think Rock's great, too, so I'm not sure if that's really a good indicator." Dick ducked as he swatted back toward the kid.

Rig chuckled, shook his head. "Where do y'all need to go and what are we getting Momma for Christmas?"

"You're the one who felt the need to get the kids more crap," he pointed out. "And I still say we should get your Momma that souped-up dishwasher."

"Momma says the kids need stocking stuffers. I can live with the dishwasher idea, unless you think she'd like a new recliner." Rig looked back at Dick. "What do you think, kid?"

"Does she ever sit down?" Dick asked. "Cause I don't think I've seen her do so yet."

Rig chuckled. "About as much as I do."

"Then I think a recliner is a waste of money unless you get her a nice TV and VCR or something to make her sit."

Rock chuckled. "Kid makes a point."

"Alright then, the dishwasher and a nice set of pots and pans to go in. The ones from way back are looking rough and I reckon Sissy'd enjoy them as a hand-me-down." Rig nodded. "So we shop, so have some good Mexican food and then go get a beer?"

"Sounds like a plan."

"Um..." Dick poked his head through the seats. "They gonna let me in the bar?"

Rig blinked. "Shit. I forgot! Well, we can get you in at the Cattlemen's. It's a steakhouse, too. Got a little dance floor. We'll just buy beer and share in a dark corner."

"We're not dancing," Rock growled.

"Did I ask you to dance?" Rig arched an eyebrow, cheeks heating. "There'll be somebody there who wants a dance or two and if not, I'll sit. Chill the fuck out."

"There's a gay steakhouse in Texas?" Dick asked.

"There's gay everything in Oak Cliff, kid. That's where we all congregate so the real men can point and kick our asses." Rig winked. "Cattlemen's is just a steakhouse. Not gay, but quiet and dark and nice. If you want gay steakhouses, we'll find one." Rig arched an eyebrow. "You gonna dance with me, kid?"

"I would, but I don't know how."

"That can be rectified."

Rock rolled his eyes. "I bet they've got a pool table, too, kid."

"I wanna dance with Rig."

Rig got them into the interstate in Greenville, then looked back at Dick. "If we run out of time tonight, we'll get Momma

and Sissy to dance with us, teach you. After all, we can always dance around the bed, yeah?"

"We already dance in the bed," Rock put in.

But Dick was laughing and grinning. "Sounds good, Rig."

The traffic wasn't terrible, even with the rain, and they made it into the mall in good time. Rigger pulled on his hat as they got out of the car and headed in. Rock grinned, noting that he wasn't going to be able to pick his redneck out by the hat here. They were going to have to keep an eye on Rig.

Not that that was a problem. That sweet little ass was easy on the eyes.

Rig and the kid had a blast finding stocking stuffers for the kids and neither of them said a word as he added chocolate Santas to the basket.

They stopped by a local candy store and Rig bought Longhorns and enough chocolate covered pretzels to play poker with. Dick got a ton of sweets.

"You're gonna have those kids up until next week with all that," he warned.

"Who said it was for the kids?"

Rigger cackled, "Enjoy it, Rock. This is the one time of the year all diets are off."

"Well shit, then I want a ton load of beer nuts and two of those longhorn thingies."

"Can we get some sour cherries, too?" Rig leaned close. "I love the way they taste in your mouth."

"Kid. Get some sour cherries." If Rig kept looking at him that way he was going to throw caution to the winds and kiss the man.

Rig beamed at him. "Merry almost Christmas."

"You slut. You want me to kiss you in front of God and all these little kids?"

Rig turned a bright red, eyes going wide. "You wouldn't."

"You don't get that cute butt out of my space just see if I don't."

"Blue!" Oh, fuck, that cowboy was fine. Could move quick, too, even if Rig did rub against him on the way to the other side of the store.

"You dog," accused Dick.

"He started it." Still, Rig was vibrating now, cheeks flushed, cock hard in those painted-on jeans, grey eyes sparkling. He might not dance, but he knew how to keep his cowboy coming back for more.

"Come on, let's pay for this and get Momma's dishwasher so we can go have some fun."

Nodding, Rig paid for the pile and then handed the bags to Dick. "Sears, Rock?"

"How the fuck should I know where you buy a dishwasher?"

"Because it was your idea, asshole." Rig grinned, ass wiggling as they moved through the crowds.

"Just because I have good ideas doesn't mean I know where to buy a dishwasher. You want to get her a weapon? I'm your man. Dishwasher? Tell me how much and where to sign."

"Sears. Bring your wallet, moneybags." Rigger was laughing. "Am I getting a rifle in my stocking, Santa?"

"Last I checked you had a good pair already. And I'm not telling what you've got for Christmas."

Dick was chuckling. "Who knows, Rig, maybe there's a dishwasher waiting for you back home."

"Oh, now, don't go ruining the surprise, kid."

Rigger snorted, rolling his eyes. "Nah, the dishwasher's pretty damned new. And he likes watching me fight the washing machine."

"I like watching you bend over to pick up my socks, too."

Rig rolled his eyes. "Damned good thing, too, given the amount of time I spend doing it."

He just grinned. He knew damn well where the laundry basket was. Just like that good old boy was more than capable of putting more blankets on the bed and quit octopussing him and the kid all damned night.

Wasn't going to happen though, was it?

And that was just fine by him. All Santa needed to bring him was more socks and a cold breeze.

The steak was the best Dick had ever had. The two beers he'd shared with Rig hadn't been half bad either. The music was all country, playing loud enough for folks to dance to, but not so loud you couldn't talk over it.

They were working on dessert now. Rock had a massive slice of chocolate pie and he had blackberry cobbler that he shared with Rig.

"Not bad. Not bad at all." Rig looked over at Rock and smiled. He felt Rig's leg shift and the big guy jumped a little. "The pie as good as Momma's?"

"Nope. But it's good and the portion's about right."

Dick grinned and took a swig of the milk he'd ordered and hadn't drunk yet. Went well with the berries though.

The waitress walked over, hair teased as tall as Rock. "Y'all got far to go yet?"

Rig nodded. "Forty-five minutes, give or take. We're headed on past Emory."

"Y'all best hustle. There's a blue norther blowin' through with ice all in it. They're saying ain't nobody going anywhere tomorrow."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Rock, pulling out his wallet and handing over a credit card.

Dick pouted as she left. "I was looking forward to that dance lesson."

Rig leaned in. "I'll need you to keep me warm around the bed, yeah?"

Rock rolled his eyes. "You get your lesson from Momma and Sissy this way."

He grinned over at Rock. "I bet Momma gets you up for a dance or two in that case."

"I bet Momma will play her Elvis records." Rig had a soft, sentimental look on his face.

"Is that how you learned to dance? To Elvis?"

Rig turned pink. "Yeah. Daddy would dance with Sissy and Bobby and I would take turns dancing with Momma."

"Yeah? In the front room?" Oh man, he could just see it, a teenaged Rig dancing with his Momma. "I bet you were adorable."

Rock chuckled. "I'll just bet he was."

Rig stuck his tongue out at Rock. "You hush."

Grinning, Rock nudged him under the table. "You ask Momma about Rig's baby pictures. Only do it early in the day—she's got about a hundred photo albums."

He felt Rig pop Rock's thigh under the table. "Don't bother. She's probably but them all up in the attic. Besides, no one wants to see ugly, skinny tow-headed kids anyway."

"Don't be shy, Rig."

He nodded in agreement with Rock. "From what I've seen of your Momma I'm betting I don't even have to ask before we go."

Rig rolled his eyes, then grinned. "Well, if nothing else you'll get to see Rock's first Christmas with us. There's a great one of him and Daddy, sitting in the recliners after supper, sound asleep."

He was still laughing when the waitress brought back the receipt and Rock's card.

Rock grunted and signed the receipt. "Come on, let's beat this storm home."

Rig nodded, handing Rock the keys. "We'll stop at the grocery store in Greenville, call Momma, see if she wants us to pick anything up, just in case, okay?"

"Yep, sounds about right. I know how a bit of bad weather shuts you Texans right down." Rock winked at him.

"That's because we have sense." Rigger grinned, eyes twinkling. "A white Christmas, Rock! Can you imagine?"

Rock laughed. "I grew up with white Christmases, cowboy. But I bet the kids are going to be over the moon. You up to leading a troop of little marines in a snowball fight or three, kid?"

He nodded. "Yeah. That would be cool."

Rig shook his head. "Shit, Rock. Y'all will kill each other throwing ice and pretending it's snow. Come on, let's get to going."

They were laughing as they left and Dick couldn't remember having a better Christmas. And it wasn't even Christmas yet.

Fuck, Rig was cold.

Freezing.

Fucking frigid.

He cracked an eye, looked at the ice covering the window and cuddled closer to Rock. Rock grumbled and then the snores started again as Dick spooned up behind him.

"G ... g ... g ... good m ... m ... m ... morning." He nestled back against Dick, shivering. Damned space heaters. Damned thin blankets. Damned cold.

Dick nuzzled his neck. "Hey, Rig. Cold?"

"Yes. God, yes." He turned, pushing into Dick's arms and snuggling. "Merry Christmas eve."

"Do we get early presents?" Dick asked.

He chuckled, nodded. "Anything if you warm me up. Hell, I'll let you win my ass at poker again."

"I was kind of hoping to get your ass now."

"Oh, yeah. I'm yours. Warm me up, kid. I'm fucking cold." He leaned in for a kiss, pulling the blankets over their heads as their lips met.

Dick pushed him onto his back, long, warm body covering his as they kissed. He wrapped his arms around Dick's neck,

diving into the kiss with a happy sound. Warm. The kid was warm. And hard.

Hungry.

Fuck, yes.

Dick was feeding him those soft noises he loved so much. Their own personal porno soundtrack, giving it all to him.

His hands started traveling—shoulders, spine, squeezing that pretty ass. All the while he was rubbing, cock sliding up against Dick's belly, hips tilting and offering the kid everything.

Dick's hand slid into the pillows under his head and then back down his body. A moment later one of Dick's long fingers pushed against him.

"Oh ... more." He whispered, licking along Dick's lips. "So good."

"You getting warmer yet?" Dick asked as that finger slid into his ass.

"Some." Rig grinned. "Oh, yeah. A little warmer."

Dick laughed, the sound happy, horny. Another finger pushed into him.

"Wanna make you hot. Not warm." That's when the kid found his gland.

"Fuck!" Rig jerked, biting his bottom lip hard. "Dick!"

That sweet laugh sounded again. "I do believe that's the idea."

Again and again Dick found his gland, fingertips pushing against it. He shook, hand on the back of Dick's neck, moaning and whimpering against those open lips. Oh, fuck. Yes. God. Please. More.

"You ready?" Dick asked, a whole lot of need in the kid's voice. Nodding, he drew his knees up, offering. Hell, begging. "Good."

Dick's fingers slid away and the kid guided that long prick to his hole.

"Yeah..." Rig pushed down, breath just sliding from him as he was filled. "So fucking deep."

"Oh, fuck. Oh. Tight. Fuck, Rig. Oh." Dick groaned and started moving. Long, slow thrusts filled him.

"Fuck, yes." Oh, he wasn't cold now, not at all, Dick's cock pushing so fucking deep, sending him flying. Dick moved faster, harder, gasping with each thrust. "Oh, shit. Harder." He shifted, crying out as Dick pegged his gland. "Oh..."

"There," grunted Dick, moving harder, but staying right there.

Rig nodded, no words left, nothing but cries and moans and heat and oh, fuck, yes! He shot hard, his entire body clenching, squeezing Dick's cock.

"Oh fuck!" Dick cried out and jerked into him, the kid's spunk heating him from the inside out.

Rig moaned and nuzzled, holding the kid against him. Keeping them both warm.

Dick made a happy noise and kissed him lazily. "So when do I get my present?"

Rig hummed, wiggling his ass. "Thought you had it already."

Dick giggled. "Fair enough. Wasn't nicely wrapped though—do I get a do over once you've got your Christmas duds on?"

"As many as you want." He licked that smiling mouth, happy and warm and ... "Never moving from right here."

"I bet your Momma won't like that. And the kids'll come looking for you and that'll make Rock growl."

Dick looked happy though, all wide smile and shining eyes.

"Shh ... no logic, kid. Just warming your cowboy up, yeah?" He took another kiss, squeezing his ass around Dick's cock.

Dick moaned softly. "'K."

"Good answer." For a reward, Dick got another kiss, long and deep and Merry fucking Christmas eve, lover.

"You're not careful I'm going to warm you up all over again," Dick whispered.

"Promise?"

"Fuck yes." Dick nodded. "Seriously, you're making me hard again. So fucking sexy."

Christ, Dick made him feel good. He grinned and leaned up for another kiss. "We got time. There's nothing else I'd rather do."

Dick fed him a soft noise and the kid started moving again, long, slow movements that said maybe this time Dick could do this until the end of time. It was good and he wrapped his arms around Dick's shoulders, holding on. Dick just kept moving, kept kissing him, kept watching him with those pretty eyes.

Slow and sweet, they moved together, heating them in their cocoon of blankets.

Dick bent, mouth moving over his nipples, licking and sucking.

"Oh ... Oh, shit. So good. So fucking good..." He arched, rocking harder, moaning, holding Dick's head against his chest. Dick worked one nipple and then the other, tongue sliding along his skin between them. His skin was on fire, tingling, nipples throbbing, body fucking rippling for Dick.

Dick was making those sweet noises, sending vibrations around his nipples.

"Making me fucking fly." He gasped, jerking, shuddering.

"Me too," whispered Dick, hips moving faster, one hand sliding between them to wrap around his prick.'

"Oh ... Oh, fuck. Fuck." He gasped, lifting Dick's head and pushing his tongue deep, feeding the kid his moans. Dick's hand tightened on his cock, the kid's hips starting to snap. Rig cried out, arching, spunk spraying between them, so hot. So fucking hot.

"Rig!" His name echoed as more heat filled him.

Oh. Oh, yeah. He moaned and just fucking melted, blinking and humming and so fucking happy.

Dick collapsed onto him. "Oh fuck ... Rig."

"Uh-huh."

"I'm never moving again. Ever."

"'kay. Works for me. Rock can fetch coffee. Later."

There was a growl from beside them. "I don't go anywhere without my fucking wake up call."

He grinned up at Dick. "It's too cold to expect you to do anything with that cock before I warm it up in my mouth, Rocketman."

Dick chuckled. "You let me warm mine up with your ass."

"You asked nicely." He licked Dick's lips.

"Are you two going to chatter all morning or take care of business?"

He started chuckling. "Rock, we're melted. If you think you can get me to move..."

"Is that your Momma I hear coming up the stairs?"

"Not funny." He looked over, took a quick, hard kiss from his grumbly lover.

"Wasn't being funny. Someone's coming." Rock looked too fucking serious for it to be a joke.

"Shit." He pushed Dick over into Rock's arms and padded out into the cold room, opening the door and peering out.

Sissy was just coming up the last stair. "Well you are alive. Momma was gonna come herself but I convinced her I could do it. Shame on you, sleeping in past eleven on Christmas Eve morning. I hope you don't think you're gonna get away with this tomorrow morning—I'm warning you now—I'll send Lisa to wake you."

"It's too fucking cold to come out, you nosy little bitch." He grinned. "Is your man here yet? And when's Bobby due in?"

"They'll both be here about the same time, which is probably a good thing as my Hank'll keep Rock and Bobby from noticing each other. I hope." She tried to peer past him.

"Keep your eyes in your head. They're sleeping." He shook his head. Sissy'd offered him twenty dollars to peek at Blue naked. He'd turned her down.

Rock was worth a lot more than that.

"Y'all are sleeping late. Best wake 'em up and bring 'em down before Momma decides the situation needs her touch. You came all this way she wants to see you."

"Yeah. I'm sorry. We'll be down in a minute, I promise."
Go away, Sissy.

She made one last effort to see past him and then sniffed. "You'd better be." Then she turned and headed back down the stairs.

"Go make some coffee, Sissy." He shut the door, locked it, shivering. "Damn. It's eleven. Eleven!"

Rock made a sound that was more grunt than anything and he turned back to find the kid giving Blue his morning wake up call.

"It was that all-night poker game," Dick said, pulling off Rock's cock. Growling, Rock pushed the kid's head back down.

He rolled his eyes and started running water in the little sink to clean up. By the time, he was cleaned up, Rock was growling and Dick humming.

He was freezing his fucking ass off.

"Oh Fuck!" Rock jerked and shuddered and a moment later Dick's head popped up, the kid looking proud of himself. Rock got a quick kiss and then Dick was out of bed and getting dressed.

He put on two pair of socks on. A t-shirt. Jeans. A long-sleeved sweater. A jacket. Boots.

Dick chuckled. "Your Momma has a fireplace, doesn't she?"

Rock stretched and got out of bed, wandering around naked as a jaybird, those sweet nipples raised and hard as pebbles. "You've got to learn, kid—Rig doesn't like the cold and to Rig cold means anything below seventy-five degrees."

"Cold is not my strong suit. Hell, I moved seven hours south as soon as I could." Rig grinned, straightening his hair with shaking fingers. He'd just wait until January to shave.

Rock wrapped thick arms around him from behind and pulled him up against that hard, hot body. "We'll keep you warm."

Dick gave him a grin. "Some of us already did."

He nodded, leaning into Rock's strength. "Oh, yeah. Fucking sweet. I think I'll keep you both."

Rock gave him a little growl. "Good."

Then his men got dressed, both of them looking fine in jeans and t-shirts with sweaters over them.

He got one more kiss apiece before they headed down, feeling warm and happy until he saw Bobby's Cadillac sitting next to Hank and Sissy's pickup. "Bobby and Hank are both here."

Rock put an arm around his waist and squeezed. "He's an ass—take him out back and clean his clock for him again if he tries to ruin your holiday."

That made him laugh, leaning into Rock's warm strength on the walk to the house, boots slipping on the ice. "Damned right. Nobody's fucking up our Christmas. Mornin' Momma! Merry Christmas Eve!"

Momma chuckled. "I thought y'all were going to sleep straight through! There's fresh biscuits and gravy. Bobby and Jodi are in there watching TV. Hank and Sissy are getting P-R-E-S-E-N-T-S out and up into back."

"Oh, I can help with that," said Dick.

Rock snorted. "You just want to shake the ones with your name on them and see what's in them."

He laughed, shook his head. "You're as bad as the girls. Where are the girls, anyway?"

"Presley and Tammy are watching with the boys. Maddie's napping. Rachel's in the shower. Lisa's..."

"Right here. Morning, Uncle Jimmy!" The little thing barreled right into Rock's arms.

Rock swung her up and over his head and then let her down again. "Hey there, Rachel, where's Lisa?"

Huge grey eyes blinked up at Rock. "Uncle Jimmy, I'm Lisa!" The little hand tugged him down, palm held to his cheek. "Ma-maw! I think he has a fever. He forgot me!"

Rig just looked away, biting his bottom lip hard.

"Are you sure you're Lisa? Lisa's just a little bit of a thing and you—you're huge!"

"That's 'cause I grewed." She rolled her eyes and looked over at Rig. "Uncle Alex, don't y'all know nothing 'bout little girls?"

He shook his head, fighting his laughter with all he was. "No, little bit. Your Uncle Jimmy and me? We don't know much."

"Not about little girls anyway," Rock told her with a wink.

"Do you think your Ma-maw has something left for me and your Uncle Alex to eat?"

"Yep. She said she was gonna make fudge today. And that we were all gonna make cookies for Santa. And we're gonna make Pappy's hot chocolate, right?" Lisa tugged Rock and Dick over to the counter while he went to give Momma a hug.

"Pappy's hot chocolate, huh?" He gave her a smile.

"Daddy's got a long arm. She can't even remember him."

"She doesn't have to, son. We're doing it for her." Momma patted his cheek. "Get yourself some breakfast and some coffee and then I have a few little odds and ends I need your help with."

"Is there anything I can help with?" Dick asked, munching on a piece of bacon.

"Oh, I do like him, son." Momma grinned. "There's cooking to be done. Wrapping. Stockings. The space heaters need to be brought down from the attic so the babies can sleep upstairs tonight. Oh..." She started bustling. "And I need to get Sissy to air out enough blankets. And firewood. We're gonna need some split..."

"Shit, Momma, can I get Bobby off his fat ass to help?"

Momma stopped and gave him a look. "Jeremy Alexander Roberts, you watch your mouth. There's young'uns and not only that, it's Christmas!"

He blushed and rolled his eyes. "Sorry, Momma."

"Wood splitting sounds like a job for the Rocketman," put in Rock. His Blue cuffed him off the back of his head. "You watch that mouth around your Momma."

Dick was biting his lip, eyes dancing.

Rig turned, arching an eyebrow. "Watch it or I'll get Bobby to come out and help you and y'all can bond."

Right on cue, Bobby came in, heavy and greasy and unpleasant as ever. "Well, well, look what the cat dragged in. I reckoned you'd hide all day and I wouldn't have to see you, Alex."

"Merry Christmas, Robert. It's been a while." Not near long enough, but a while. "I'd like to introduce you Richard Main. This is my older brother, Bobby."

Dick held out his hand and gave Bobby a smile. "Nice to meet you."

Bobby nodded, shook with him. "What did you do wrong to get stuck with traveling with Alex?"

Rock went stiff beside him, but his Blue stayed put.

"Obviously he hadn't met you yet and thought southerners had manners." Sissy's voice was icy cold, sharp as hell. Dick just blinked, looking like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Dick, this is my husband, Hank. Hank, this is the Uncle Richard that the girls have been falling in love with."

God bless Sissy, she was a stone-cold bitch and he loved her dearly.

Dick held out his hand to Hank. "Nice to meet you."

"Same here. Any friend of Alex's and all." Hank gave Dick a warm grin and a firm headshake before greeting him and Rock with a smile. Hank was good people—not the most ambitious man ever, but a good man, a decent man.

Dick smiled, obviously more at ease with Hank's response.

Rock relaxed, though Rig could feel the glower the man had directed at his dear brother.

Little Louie came in, paper and pencil in hand. "Uncle Richard, will you help me with my letter to Santa?"

Bobby opened his mouth, so did Dick, but Momma's the one who spoke. "Of course he will, y'all sit at the table."

As soon as Dick moved, taking both Louie and Lisa with him, Momma glared and whispered. "Y'all best stop it right

now. Robert, you be polite to Richard whether you want to or not. Now, either go sit with your wife and keep your mouth shut or you can go work in the attic. Alexander, you go and bring in some wood and then get Richard and wrap presents. Jim—chopping wood, then I need pecans shelled. Hank? You check the animals and then grab covers. Laurel Anne? You're helping me cook. Now. Move!"

"Yes, Momma." Rock grabbed a cup of coffee and took it with him, not sparing a single glance in Bobby's direction. Dick looked happy as a clam, taking dictation from Louie and Lisa.

They all scattered, Bobby's oldest boy following Rig outside to help. "I'm sorry, Uncle Alex. Dad's sort of ... Kind of a..."

"The word you're looking for in intolerant asshole, Deuce, but I won't hold it against you." He handed the kid his working gloves.

Rock snorted, but didn't say a word as he started to split wood, muscles rippling under his sweater.

"Uncle Alex ... Can I ask you a question?"

Oh, shit. "Sure, Deuce. Ask away."

"When did you ... I mean, how did you know?" Oh, sweet Jesus, tell him that Bobby did not have a gay son.

"Know what?"

Robert looked down, then back up. "That you were gay."

Rigger met Robert's eyes when he handed over some more wood. "I can't really remember when exactly—I was a teenager."

"Oh. Did ... Did Ma-maw and Pappy get mad?"

"Well, your Ma-maw had a bit of a cry and your Pappy wasn't happy, but no one got mad at me." They started carrying the wood up to the porch to stack it. God, this was a fucked up situation.

"Are you and Uncle Jimmy married?"

"No."

"If you could be, would you?"

He blinked. "It's never come up."

"Do you love him?"

He looked over at Robert and arched an eyebrow. "Now, I think that's between me and Jim and God, don't you?"

"Oh. Yeah. Sorry."

The boy blushed dark and Rig winked. "No sweat. Come on, we got more to carry. What're you getting for Christmas?"

"Rifle, I think, to go hunting."

"Cool."

"You already have a weapon, don't you, Robert?" Rock asked.

"Yes, sir. I have a .22 snake charmer, but I'm wantin' a 30-30 real bad." Robert grinned wide. "I want to try my hand at deer hunting next fall."

"You know how to take care of it? Break it down, clean it, care for it, put it back together again?" Rock gave Robert a serious look. "The habits you learn now are what'll take you through the rest of your life and how a man treats his piece says a lot about him."

"I remember all you showed me, Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Alex even sent me a gun case for my birthday so that Jake and Louie can't get hurt."

Rig loaded up slow, just listening, watching. Enjoying.

Rock rumbled and nodded. "Good for you, Robert. That shows maturity and responsibility. You're going to be a fine man. You decided what you're going to do when you grow up, yet?"

"Daddy wants me to sell cars, like him, but I'm thinking maybe I'll be a policeman, maybe a sheriff." Robert shrugged. "I like people and rules, but not math and I'm not so good at selling stuff."

"You thought about signing up at all? A few years with the marines would be a fine background for a sheriff."

"Yeah? I did, but..." He leaned forward, whispering. "Daddy says I'm too slow, too stupid to make it in."

Rig growled low, shook his head, but let Rock deal with it.

Rock snorted. "I know I don't know you that well, son, but from what I've seen you aren't slow or stupid. Takes a smart person to remember how to put a weapon back together again once they've gotten it apart." Rock leaned in a bit as well. "Besides, they let me in, didn't they?"

"Yeah, but, Uncle Jimmy, you're ... You're like nobody else ever. I'm just a guy. I mean, they didn't let Uncle Alex in, did they? He's not a real soldier, right?"

Rig snorted, chuckling softly as he picked up a couple more sticks of wood. Christ, the kid had the hero-worship thing bad. Still ... Rock was a damned fine man to pick.

God knew he'd picked easy enough.

"Your Uncle Alex is a nurse—he patches up guys like me. Takes a few more brains to be a nurse, lots of studying and stuff. I'll tell you a secret, Robert. I know I'm a study grade A

All American Marine now, but you know I wasn't always. I've work damned hard to be good enough to be a marine."

Rock straightened back up.

"You work hard enough, Robert, there isn't anything you can't do. The Marines expect you to be the best you can be. They expect you to push yourself further than even you think you can go. If you let a little thing like someone telling you you're too dumb or too slow to be a Marine? Then you are."

Robert blushed dark, nodded. "Yeah. Okay. Right."

Then the kid picked up an armful and followed Rig back to the porch, stacking it all neatly. Rig worked quiet for a bit, then looked over. "There's an extra axe and Rock could use some help chopping. I'm heading in to wrap presents. Y'all don't chop any toes off. I'm on vacation."

"Yeah, okay." Robert grinned and nodded, then took off back around the house. Served Rock right, recruiting at such a young age.

Rig finished up and headed into the kitchen where the fudge was cooking and Dick was still writing letter after letter, the kids coloring the edges for him.

"Will you color mine for me, too?" Dick was asking. "Because I don't want Santa to miss mine in the midst of all of these wonderful offerings. He'll think I don't really care as much as you do if I hand it in all plain."

There was a clamor over who got to color Uncle Richard's picture before Momma made them all stop and share. He was grinning ear to ear, grabbing a quick biscuit and popping a bite of sausage in it, just watching again.

"Now wait a minute, Lisa—if you put pink all over my page he's gonna think I'm a girl and leave me a doll or something."

"He's Santa. He'll know better." Rachel and Louie nodded, the twins watching, fascinated.

"What makes you so sure?"

Lisa frowned, little brow furrowing.

Rig came to her rescue. "'Cause the song says so, right? He sees you when you're sleeping; he knows when you're awake..."

Momma and Sissy were cackling by the time they all stopped singing.

Dick was grinning wide. "All right then, Lisa. You go ahead and use the pink."

He laughed, winking at Dick as Hank wandered through. "I got everything set up upstairs, Momma. Those clouds look bad—we might lose power. Let's get the candles out and the flashlights."

"Daddy, will Santa come if the lights go out?"

"Hey," Dick poked Lisa in the side. "Didn't we just get finished singing about how Santa knew everything saw everything did everything? He'll show—he might bring me a doll, but he'll show."

"Oh, right." Lisa beamed at Dick and nodded. "Uncle Richard is very smart, Daddy."

Dick beamed back at Lisa. "If I do get a doll—I'm going to give it to you."

Hank chuckled, the girls pouncing Dick with promises and kisses. Maddie started wailing from the back bedroom right

about then and Rig moved from the wall. "I'll get her. I've got to start W-R-A-P-P-I-N-G, Dick. So when you're done?"

Dick nodded. "I just need to make sure Lisa gets that border right and I'll come give you a hand."

"Cool." He moved through the front room, glaring at his brother and that woman, both sleeping sound.

Maddie was bright red, thoroughly pissed off. Thoroughly pissed off and on, apparently. Ick. He changed her right quick, praying to hell no one saw him. Rock'd ride his ass for days.

Dick wandered up just as he got her quieted down again. "Hey, Rig. I'm here to help—that was the what the hinting was about, right?"

"Nope. The hinting was about wrapping presents. I hate doing it. I'll baby-sit if you'll help." He took a quick kiss then found Maddie's bottle, settling on the bed.

"Good thing it was me and not Rock—he'd probably still be working out what W-R-A-P-P-I-N-G meant."

"I can fucking spell, kid."

"Oops." Dick didn't look very repentant though.

Rig cackled. "Hey, Rock. You come to help? Come in and lock the door. The presents are in the back of Momma's closet."

"Going back into the closet, Rock?" Dick was just grinning like mad.

"You're cruising, kid."

"Yeah? We got time. I'm a fast wrapper."

Rigger was laughing hard, Maddie chirping and cooing as she jiggled against him. "Oh, y'all'd best be good! Santa's watching."

"Oh, I'm good." Rock grabbed his crotch.

Dick laughed. "You've got to admit he is."

"One of the best." Rig nodded, in utter agreement.

"One of the best?" Rock gave him a growl.

Dick snickered.

"I'm holding our niece, Rocketman." Rig grinned, tickling Maddie as he used her as a shield.

"Dick, take the baby from Uncle Alex."

"Oh, that's so cheating. Dick, don't you dare." He shifted back, groaning as Maddie eagerly held up her hands for the kid.

Dick took the baby from his arms. "You say no to Rock with that look on his face." Dick headed for the door. "I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Rock snorted. "Are you questioning me now, too?"

"All right, a half hour."

Rig looked up at Rock, breath coming a little faster, tingles sliding along his skin. Oh, he was so fucked.

Lucky, lucky him.

"One of the best, Rig? One of the best?" Rock slowly stalked toward him. He nodded, eyes trailing over that hard fucking body as he licked his lips. "By the time the kid comes back you're going to be amending that statement."

Rock started stripping, not putting on a show, but taking his sweet time.

"We..." He cleared his throat, brain sort of hiccupping at the sight of his Blue, here, naked and hard for him.

"We what, Rabbit?" Those jeans came off, revealing that fucking fat prick.

"I ... Fuck, you're a beautiful man, Blue." His entire body felt flushed, hot, tight.

"Thank you. Now strip."

Rig nodded, hands pulling off his sweater. "The door?"

"Go lock it."

Rig pulled his t-shirt off on his way to throw the lock, then started on his jeans. Rock settled down on the bed, holding himself up on his elbows as he lay back and watched. That blue-eyed stare was like a touch.

Oh. He could feel the flush crawling up his belly—not embarrassment, fuck no. Pure grade-A lust. He wiggled as he worked the jeans off, sliding them down and off before standing before his Blue, proud and needy.

Rock rumbled for him, the sound half growl, half purr. One hand reached out for him, pulling him down onto that hot, hard body. He went willing, straddling Rock's body, mouth searching for his Blue's.

Rock opened up to him, inviting him in to play, hands wrapping around his waist, solid and warm.

He gave everything he had to that kiss. All the years of knowing his lover's body, his happiness, his need, his pleasure—Rig wrapped it all in his touch and fed it to Rock, determined to make them both fly.

Rock's hips bucked, sliding that cock beneath his ass. One of Rock's hands came up, moving slowly over his belly up

towards his titties. His nipples just tightened right up, ready, wanting, knowing full-well what those thick fucking fingers could do. Then there they were, rubbing and plucking and teasing and tugging, Rock's hips rolling the entire time, sliding that fat prick along his crack.

Whimpering into the kiss, Rig's hips shifted, rolled, toes curling as a line of pure fire flooded him, nipples to cock. Rock shifted, rolled them so he was beneath his Blue, those eyes boring into him, making him promises that Blue had always kept.

His hands found their places—one on Rock's neck, one on the trim waist—and he spread wide, hips tilting. "Now, Blue. Need you."

"Just like that?" Rock asked, voice rough, need clear.

"Now. I need you." He licked at Rock's lips, moaning softly. "Please."

"Anything you want, Rabbit." Rock shifted, pressing that thick cock against his hole, just holding there for a moment before sliding in, nice and easy.

"Oh..." He arched, lips parting on a gasp. So good. So fucking hot. "Yes..."

His Blue just kept pushing, fat prick stretching and filling him until Rock's hips were snug tight against his ass.

"Made for this." He leaned up, whispering the words against Rock's lips. "Made for you."

Rock just nodded and started moving, long slow glides of that big cock, out and in again and again like Rock could do this for fucking ever. Rig took long, slow kisses, tightening his

body around Rock every time that cock pulled away, holding on.

They moved together, the pace growing harder and faster at such small increments that it wasn't noticed. All he knew was after forever, but all of a sudden, their bodies were slamming together, hunger grown desperate.

"Gonna ... gonna come on your cock, Blue. Oh, fuck ... Make me fucking fly..."

"Do it," growled Rock. "Fucking do it now, Rabbit."

He muffled his cry on Rock's arm, entire soul turning inside out as he clenched down on Rock's prick and shot. Rock grunted, slamming into him hard, filling him with heat.

He fought to catch his breath, head swimming. "The best. The absolutely fucking best."

Rock gave him a grin and made a pleased noise. "I thought so."

He nodded, licked Rock's lips. "I know so."

Rock kissed him, tongue opening his mouth and sliding in for a long taste. Then his Blue was sliding away with a groan. "Kid's gonna be back any second and we need to get those presents wrapped quick so we don't embarrass your Momma."

"Yeah. With the three of us, we'll manage." He popped into the little washroom and cleaned up, dressing quick and quiet. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror—his cheeks were flushed, eyes twinkling.

"Man, I'll have to sit in here a bit." He walked back in, gave Rock a grin. "You make me look well-fucked."

"Truth in advertising." Rock winked at him, tucking t-shirt into jeans.

Just then there was a knock on the door. "You guys gonna let me in to help now?" asked Dick.

"Yep!" He unlocked the door and let the kid slip in. "Perfect timing."

Dick took one look at him and chuckled. "Looks like Rock made his point."

Rig grinned and pinked, nodding happily. "Oh, yeah."

"Come on, men. Everyone front and center. We've got a shit-load of presents to help Santa with." Rock sounded stern and no nonsense, but his Blue looked smug.

Oh, yeah. Merry Christmas. He wrapped his arm around Dick's waist and they headed over to play elves.

The kids were all in bed, sent early with admonitions to go to sleep so Santa could come.

The presents were all under the tree—and a bigger stack of stuff Rock couldn't remember ever seeing. The stockings were up along with several plates of cookies, glasses of milk and a myriad of letters to Santa.

Rock was still stuffed from supper, sitting on the old recliner and relaxing up for the cookie eating that would need doing before morning.

Bobby and Jodi had left the kids and gone home, the anti-social bastards. Actually, he wasn't going to complain, Bobby made Rig's life annoying and the kid could pick up the tension between them like that, which made Dick nervous.

He was pretty sure Momma and Sissy and Rig and Dick were still in there cooking. He was likely to explode before the

Christmas season was over and he couldn't think of a better way to go.

Hank was sitting in Rig's father's old chair, snoring up a storm, which was fine by him, he wasn't feeling much like conversation himself.

Soft laughter floated out of the kitchen, followed by a Christmas carol—three drawling voices and the kid, all sounding happy as fuck.

Merry fucking Christmas. It was almost enough to make him want to don the old Santa costume and play the old guy for the kids. Almost. He was pretty settled in his chair.

Eventually the four of them wandered in, Rig and Sissy both holding two coffee cups, laughter following them. Sissy propped herself in Hank's lap and Momma sat on the sofa. Rigger settled at his feet and, when Dick looked uncomfortable, patted the floor. "Come on, Dick. There's room and it's warm over here."

The kid grinned and sat at his feet next to Rig.

His coffee cup was passed up to him and he nodded at the cookies. "Want to pass me a few—I'll help Santa out with them."

The plate got passed up, Rig stealing a few sugar cookies, the kid taking a peanut butter.

Rig's Momma sighed, the sound melancholy and sad. Rigger looked over, "Momma? You okay?"

"Oh, yeah. I was just thinking about your daddy. About he'd just love the twins and Maddie. About how he'd ooh and aah over the boys and tease the girls." She grinned. "He was plumb fond of Christmas."

"Especially the cookie part." Rock winked at her as he took one of everything. "I never felt like I was overindulging with him around. He was a good man," he told her, suddenly serious.

Momma nodded. "He was." He got a soft, sweet smile. "You and my Jeremy? Y'all were cut from the same cloth."

He gave her a nod. "Thank you, ma'am."

Rig's hand wrapped around his ankle, hot from the coffee, just the barest touch in the dim room.

"So everything's set for tomorrow? Food ready to go. All the presents out? We can just all relax now?" He said we, but he meant Momma and his Rabbit who'd been going non-stop all day.

Momma nodded. "Nothing left but to sit and visit and enjoy the quiet, Jim. How's your work going? I never have asked. They keeping you busy?"

"They always do. And if we don't have anything legit to do, they make busy work for us. There's no sitting in the marines. Not during peacetime at any rate."

"You still reckon on retiring in the service, Jim?" Hank's dark eyes met his across the room. "'Cause there's always work down this way for a couple of good men."

"I'll put my twenty in for sure. Decide a little further on if I go another five after that. I like being a Marine. I figure I'm better suited to it than cowboy life anyway."

"What about you, Richard? You a lifer?"

"Oh, fuck no!" The kid squeaked and slapped his hand over his mouth. "I'm sorry, Momma."

They all started laughing, Momma hardest of all. "Well, we know would Richard feels, don't we? What are you planning then, after?"

"I honestly haven't thought that far. I mean it's four more years—that's a long time."

Rock chuckled. "Says the baby-green. You can tell he's still fresh behind the ears, can't you?"

Rig chuckled. "Christ, I can remember when four years felt like forever. Now it's just nothing."

"That's 'cause you're getting old, Bubba."

"You're still older, Sissy."

"Well you two sure act like you're still in pigtails and freckles." He gave Momma a wink. "You're not careful we're going to send you to bed too."

"Oh, good Lord. When Alex was a boy, Christmas Eve was a struggle. If I got him to sleep by midnight, it was a miracle and I'll be damned if he ever slept past 4 am Christmas day." Momma grinned, shook her head. "I tell you what, Jeremy used to have to run a string of jingle bells along the floor of his room, so we'd hear him get up. We finally started giving him his stocking early, so the rest of us could sleep."

Rock snorted. "He's still up at 4 am most mornings."

"How would you know?" Dick asked, eyes twinkling.

"Yeah, but does he still crash out, like all of a sudden?"

Sissy grinned. "I remember that. He'd be awake and awake and awake and one morning, you couldn't wake him up for anything."

"You had to come wake us this morning, didn't you?" Rock asked with a grin.

The whole room exploded in laughter again, Rig tossing a throw pillow over at Sissy. "It was too cold to wake up this morning anyway."

"You should spend winter in Iowa," Dick told Rig. "Then you wouldn't complain about the cold here."

Rig and Sissy gave Dick exactly the same raised-eyebrow-and-wide-eyed look. "Iowa?"

Dick nodded. "Lots of snow, lots of cold. There's never any question a white Christmas."

"Well, I can't guarantee you a white Christmas," Momma chuckled as the wind howled again. "Although it's seeming damned likely, but we're glad you came to spend the holidays with us."

"Thank you, Momma, I'm really happy to be here. I've never had a Christmas quite like this."

"Just think, we haven't even Christmassed yet, kid." Rig grinned and winked. "And then we have a while to just chill out."

"Sounds great."

Rock nodded. "Sure does. I tell you, Momma, a week of your food is enough to make a man not mind having to get up at 5 am with the kids on Christmas Day."

"Or at 4 am with Alex, even." Rig threw another pillow, beaming Sissy in the chest.

He winked at Sissy. "Oh, if he has me up at 4 am, he knows damned well to make it worth it."

It was Momma that tossed the next pillow, whapping his knee. "That's it. This old woman's heading to bed. Boys, y'all sleep in here if it gets too cold tonight in the garage."

"We'll be fine, Momma, but thank you." No way was he giving up his privacy, not for a little cold that snuggling could take care of.

Everybody got kisses and then Momma wandered off. Sissy and Hank moved to the sofa, cuddling close. Rig arched an eyebrow. "Y'all keep that up and we'll have a sixth girl..."

"We're going for a boy this time," Hank told them with a wink.

Rig chuckled, leaning against his leg. "Ew. You know girls have cooties, right Hank? Especially sisters."

"She's not my sister, Alex. And you should give girls a try."

Rock chuckled, hand dropping to Rig's head, fingers sliding through the short almost-curls.

"Thanks, but no. They're lacking in certain areas, you know."

Hank snorted. "In case you hadn't noticed so are guys."

"Oh, hell, Alex hasn't seen the business end of a girl since Regina Miller flashed him under the bleachers and scared him gay." Sissy was giggling, eyes dancing.

He put his head back and laughed. Sissy and Rig were always fun to watch going at each other; unlike with Bobby, the love there was clear.

"Shit, if you'd ever seen the business end of Rinky-Stinky Miller, you'd be ashamed to be a girl." Rig looked over at Sissy, one eyebrow arching. "You didn't ever see the business end of her, did you?"

"I'm not ashamed of being a girl am I?"

"Damn, y'all are getting me all het up now." Hank held back the grin just long enough to make Sissy squeal and the rest of them burst out laughing.

As they resettled, the kid leaned against his other leg and he couldn't help thinking it was like having a pair of dogs. Mind you he'd never wanted to fuck dogs.

"So are y'all a..." Sissy waved her hand. "A group?"

"Well, that was subtle, nosy." Rig looked over at Sissy.

"Why don't you just ask if we're all fucking?"

"Well, 'cause I already did and you wouldn't give details!"

Dick sat up a little, head ducked and he'd bet a year's wage that that blush they'd pretty much fucked out of him was back.

"That's because he likes to pretend he's a gentleman," Rock told Sissy.

"Gentleman, my left butt cheek. Rig's a skinny old redneck cowboy." The words were fond, warm, filled with giggles.

"A skinny old sexy as fuck redneck cowboy," he corrected. There was teasing and then there was leaving out the important details.

"Ew. Jim. Just ... ew." Hank hooted with laughter as Sissy wrinkled her nose. "Brothers aren't sexy."

"Well, half of your brothers aren't, that's for damned sure." Rig shuddered.

Rock snorted. "Fuck, Rig—you're going to make us lose our dinner."

Rig and Dick cackled, Sissy and Hank joining in. It felt damned good, just to sit and relax, not worry about offending anybody.

"So Hank, you work on a ranch?" Dick asked. "Like a real cowboy?"

"Yup. Me and Sissy are trying to save up enough to buy a bit of land of our own, but that takes a pretty penny." Hank nodded. "It'll come, though."

"You need some sons to help you with that," Rock teased.

Sissy groaned. "Not yet. Christ, Jim. Let me get Maddie out of diapers before I let him try again."

"Ouch, Hank. Cut off." He winced dramatically.

Hank grinned. "Nope. I'm thinking six is a fine number."

"Six weddings? Six prom dresses? Six cars?" Rig shook his head. "Y'all are nuts—cute as fuck, but nuts."

Sissy grinned. "You're just afraid y'all're going to start forgetting names."

"I just hope I got them all straight on the tags for the p-r-e-s-e-n-t-s," said Dick.

"Speaking for presents, what'd y'all get Momma?"

Sissy answered Rig. "Rocking chair. You?"

"Dishwasher."

"Cool!"

Rig nodded. "Yeah. I put a picture of it in an envelope. Sears is installing it next week."

"It's a nice one—got all sorts of bells and whistles and I bet you dollars to donuts she still hand washes most of the time."

Sissy nodded. "'course it's just her now. Unless Bobby leaves the boys here." Her eyes got dead serious. "Did y'all know Deuce asked to move in here? That's why Bobby and

the bitch aren't spending the night. Momma's planning on letting him have Bobby's old room and keeping him."

He gave Rig a look. Considering the conversation they'd had with the boy, it wasn't that much of a surprise.

"Momma hadn't mentioned it, but I reckon it'd be good for him. Momma, too." Rig stroked his ankle again, slow and easy. "Did Momma say what the problem was?"

"Just that Deuce was getting into trouble, that Bobby was riding him hard about being different." Sissy sighed. "I mean, Deuce might be different and God knows Jake's his daddy through and through, but little Louie? He's so delicate..."

Rock frowned at Sissy. "What are you getting at?"

Sissy shook her head. "Nothing. I mean, it's just ... Bubba, Momma said Robert was sporting some bruises when he came to ask her to stay and Louie? I mean Robert's a big boy—him and his daddy get into it? Well, Deuce can deal. But I don't know about Louie."

Rig was shaking his head. "Bobby's an asshole, but he's not going to hurt his boys. Christ, he swears by them. Both him and the bitch."

"Well he sure as hell better not or I'll give him someone his own size to fight with," Rock growled.

"I don't know, Jim. Momma's not pointing fingers, but she's letting Robert come live."

Rig's fingers were petting his leg, head still shaking. "Well, I'll talk to Momma about it. One way or the other, she'll fix it for the boy. Damn Bobby's sorry ass anyway."

"How do Robert and Jake get on?" Dick asked quietly.

Sissy shrugged. "Louie thinks Deuce hung the moon. Jake's at that video games are the world stage. All-in-all, though, Robert's one hell of a big brother. He's a solid kid."

Dick nodded. "There's just a lot of places a kid can get bruises." The kid's voice was still quiet and Rock had to fight not to growl. Dick never said much about his family but you didn't have to be a genius to read between some of the lines.

Rig gave Dick a look. "Robert's not even got a temper to speak of, Jake either. Hell, you want to talk tempers? You got to look to girl-children. Rachel can get damned pissy."

Hank nodded. "Hell, yes. She and Lisa are going to tear each other's hair out one day."

Sissy chuckled. "Yeah, if the twins don't do it for them."

"Well I guess if nobody asked the kid where the bruises came from it's all just speculation, isn't it?"

Rock made a note to himself to watch them real close though, while they were here. Whether or not the man was hitting his son, Bobby had a few things to answer for, telling the boy he wasn't good enough to be a marine.

As if Bobby knew what it took to be a marine.

Rig nodded. "That's right. Let it be 'til after Christmas and we'll have a sit down with Momma. Hell, the boy plays fucking football, yeah?"

"Did anybody get the kid the rifle he wants?"

Sissy nodded. "Momma did."

He nodded. "Good."

Rig grinned over at Rock. "We got him a case for it and a gift certificate for a sporting goods store."

"Mighty good of us." He winked down at his Rabbit.

Dick chuckled, leaning back against him again.

"I thought so, yeah." Rig gave him a warm, happy smile, those eyes twinkling.

"You're such a girl, Bubba." Oh, Sissy was cruising.

He snorted. "Trust me, Sissy. He's 100% pure American male."

"Yeah, right. He cooks, he cleans, he keeps in touch with his mother, he works in the yard..."

Hank tilted his head. "Uh, honey? Alex is gay."

Dick gasped and gave Rig a look. "You are?"

The kid bit his lip and then burst out laughing a second before the rest of them.

The baby started crying at the noise and Sissy sat up. "Shit. That's our cue. Come on, Hank. You may be the last straight man on Earth, I better keep you in my sights."

Rock chuckled. "Yeah, you'd better—after all we're a roomful of great looking men. If we can't turn him around, nothing will."

She snorted. "Your tits aren't big enough, Jim baby."

"Well I'll keep working on it for next year," he promised, still laughing as he flexed.

They were all laughing as Sissy and Hank headed up to bed. Rig stretched, rubbing against his leg. "Y'all don't want to sleep in here, do you?"

He snorted. "Not a fucking chance. The kid and I'll keep you warm."

"Mm ... perfect." Rig nodded, crawling up into his lap.

"You expecting me to carry you to the garage?"

"Hmm? No. It's slick. You'll fall and kill us both."

"Then you'd best get up before we start something we really shouldn't finish here where God and the kids and your Momma, not to mention Santa might just come across us."

Dick laughed softly. "I'll go put the heater on in there and get started on warming the sheets."

Rigger chuckled, licking at his lips. "Mmm ... Yeah. Better go."

He took a long kiss, keeping it light, just giving Dick a bit of time to get the heat on and get naked between the sheets. They'd be able to start fucking sooner if Rig wasn't bitching about being cold.

"Merry Christmas, Blue."

"Merry Christmas, Rabbit."

Dick figured he should have gone to bed earlier. Or maybe not stayed up and played hide the salami with Rock and Rig.

On the other hand, being half asleep with a cup of coffee, while the kids fussed and fidgeted and just plain whined for their presents was worth the orgasms he'd had the night before, so he supposed he shouldn't complain.

Poor Rock looked pretty dammed grumpy, having missed his traditional morning blowjob.

Rig looked happy though, torturing the kids by threatening not to open the gifts before Bobby and Joan got there.

Momma wandered in from the kitchen. "That was Bobby on the phone. They're on their way over. Jeremy Alexander Roberts, quit teasing those babies and give them their stockings."

Rig looked almost sheepish.

Almost.

"Yes, Momma."

Dick laughed and helped Rig hand out the stockings before getting his own from his lover. He felt like any of the kids as he tore into it. He found candies and a little pocketknife, a new comb, key chains. There was a gift certificate for a video store and another one for a video game store.

Like any of the other kids he started popping the candy in right away. And no one told him no. No one told any of them no, not until after Christmas dinner. It was pretty cool.

Rig was blowing up beach balls for the kids, Rock manfully avoiding making tacky comments, when Bobby and his wife came in, shivering from the cold. "Damn, the weather's evil."

Dick was kind of glad he was sitting out of the way next to Rock. Something about Bobby creeped him out. Maybe it was the cold look in the man's eyes. Maybe it was just that Bobby reminded him of his own older brother.

They all settled in and the presents started getting passed out, Rig and Hank doing the honors, both wearing Santa hats and fake beards.

Lisa got not one but two dolls, which she brought over to show him. "You see? Santa got it right!"

"Ah, but I haven't opened my presents yet—what if there's a doll in one of them?"

She settled in his lap, one doll in each arm. "Open 'em! Let's see!" Then she looked up, "Daddy, Uncle Alex? I want my other presents here, 'kay?"

Oh, that made him feel good and he was pretty sure he was beaming, but he didn't care how sappy it made him—this was the best present he could have.

"Sure, little bit." Rig was grinning ear-to-ear, humming along with the Christmas carols on the radio, moving and bustling until he walked too close to Rock and one big arm snagged him, pulling him down to sit.

Dick got a sweater from Momma, along with socks and a gift certificate from a music store. He got a new pair of leather gloves from Rock, along with gun oil and a subscription to Men's Fitness Magazine.

Sissy and Hank got him a nice leather belt and a wallet. The kids made him a bunch of clay ornaments that they'd cut out and painted. Then he got an envelope from Rig with a gift certificate for rock climbing lessons.

The stuff was all great—awesome in fact, but what put the grin on his face was being here. All the kids and the grown ups talking over each other, thank yous flying across the room, kids—and occasionally an adult—squealing happily over gifts, Lisa on his lap and little Louie, coming to sit quietly next to him, asking for his help with a puzzle.

Everyone was happy and having fun and enjoying themselves and each other. It was pretty fucking cool.

Momma was sitting with Rig, Maddie on her lap, looking over her family with a soft, nostalgic look. When her eyes fell on him, she smiled and winked, mouthing 'Merry Christmas, Richard.'

He smiled and mouthed it back to her then went back to helping Louie with his puzzle.

He couldn't remember ever having a better Christmas.

It was early and he and Momma were sitting in the kitchen, watching the sun come up. They'd all talked about it

last night and they were going to go ahead and leave today, drive on through and be home for new years, for the last bit of their leave.

Momma's hands were looking old, shaking just a little as she drank her coffee. "So, y'all heading out soon?"

"When Rock wakes up, yeah. He'll drive the night shift." He grinned over. "It's been a good visit."

She nodded. "It has. I like Richard. The kids have taken right to him. Does he have a big family?"

"A brother, I think. They're not close." Rig sighed. "Bothers me, Momma, how many folks will do bad by their own."

"Yeah, baby. Me too."

He met her eyes. "I hear you're taking Deuce in."

She nodded. "I am. The boy's unhappy and Bobby is ... Well, you know the man has a temper and doesn't like people telling him no."

Rig nodded, heart sinking a little. He'd thought better of Bobby, he really had. "You want me to speak to Bobby about it?"

"No, son. I'm dealing with it." Momma looked over at him. "'sides, it seems maybe you've got enough of your own to deal with."

"Don't, Momma."

She arched her eyebrow. "Don't what? Don't be concerned when my son is all of the sudden not satisfied with his lover of God knows how long and brings in another?"

"Who in the world said I wasn't satisfied with Rock? Christ, Momma! Don't make judgments about shit you don't know

about." He ran his hand through his hair. "I'm not leaving Rock. I'm not replacing Rock. Dick is ... well, he's Dick."

"Son, you can't love two people at once, not like you love Jim." She shook her head. "Somebody's going to get screwed, and don't you grin at me, young man, that's not how I meant it."

Rig chuckled, shook his head. "Momma, you're just gonna have to trust me. I know you don't like it. I know, but you've met Dick—he's a damned fine man. You know Rock. You love me. You're just going to have to believe in me."

He didn't look away, didn't give her a second to believe that he didn't know his own mind, his own heart. Christ, how many times in his life was he going to have this conversation at this goddamned table?

Rock came in on the last few words, big hands sliding over his shoulders. "Everything okay?"

Momma looked up, eyes shining. "I'm worried about you and Alex. You're like my son, Jim, and I don't understand this with y'all."

"Momma..."

"Me and Alex have never been happier, Momma."

Rig reached back, stroked Rock's leg. "We're okay, Momma. We wouldn't have brought Dick to meet the kids, to meet you, if we weren't."

She looked like she was going to say something, then just sighed and nodded. "I'm not trying to make troubles. I just worry. I'm the momma, it's my job."

"We're fine," Rock said, voice sure, solid, like his Blue himself.

Dick came in, face red with cold, a happy smile on his face. "Oh man, Rock, I could have used your help out there—I was annihilated."

Dick gave Rock a look that was part hero worship, part lust, pure happy.

Rigger chuckled. "Good lord and butter, kid, you want some coffee?"

Dick shook his head. "I'll take a glass of milk though." Dick turned his head and gave Momma a look. "Is there any of that pie left, Momma?"

Momma grinned, nodding. "You want pie for breakfast? You've been hanging around Jim too long."

Rigger chuckled. "It's in the fridge, kid."

Dick blushed. "It's just so good and it's our last day and all."

Dick helped himself to a large slice and an equally large glass of milk, sitting at the table with him and Momma.

Rig got up, poured himself a cup of coffee for him and one for Rock and a plate and a fork so Rock could have some pie too.

Rock grunted. "Thanks, Rig."

"I'm sorry," Dick looked sheepish. "I shoulda asked."

Rigger winked, nudging Dick with his shoulder. "No biggie. Give me a bite?"

Dick raised a forkful of pie toward his mouth.

He leaned over and took the bite, taking the opportunity to slide his hand up Dick's thigh. Dick bit his bottom lip, eyes going hungry.

"'s good." He leaned back, grinning. "You pretty much packed up?"

"Uh-huh." Dick cleared his throat and looked back at his plate.

Momma got up and started puttering, so he touched again, cupping the kid's balls. "I'm about ready to get back to normal, yeah?"

Dick nodded, fork clattering to the table.

"Behave," murmured Rock.

His cheeks heated and he nodded. "Sorry. I'm not so good with temptation."

"I'm a temptation?" Dick whispered. "Cool."

"Yeah." He looked over at Rock, smiled. "You about ready to go home, Rocketman?"

Rock grunted, nodded. "I haven't worked out in a week and I've eaten like a king. Need to get home."

Rig nodded, feeling the quiet little pang in his soul that he always got when it was time to start saying goodbye. "I hate this part."

Rock nodded. "We'll say a quick goodbye and meet you out front."

Dick nodded too and his marines went to say bye to Momma, each of them giving her a hug before going.

He went and wrapped his arms around her waist, chin leaning on Momma's shoulder as they watched the door shut. "You know I love you, right?"

Momma nodded, sniffing. "I do. You know I hate to see you go and miss you already?"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rig nodded. "Don't cry, Momma. You'd get tired of me if I was here all the time."

"I'm your momma, it's my job to cry." She turned around and pushed into his arms. "You be careful going home, Baby. I love you."

"Love you, Momma. Rock will get us home." She smelled like vanilla and coffee and cinnamon, and Christ, he loved her.

She nodded. "He always does. Y'all get on now."

The boys had Grimmy loaded up, things all ready when he got out. Dick slid into the drivers seat.

Rock put an arm around him and guided him to the back seat. "Come on. Home."

He nodded, looking into blue-blue eyes. "Yeah, Blue. Take me home."

Chapter 30

"Dick, you want some beans and rice?" He stirred the pot and turned off the stove, nudging Grimmy out of the way with his foot.

"Dick?" Rigger frowned and looked over at Rock, who had been hovering since the cornbread had popped out of the oven. "He still on the 'net, man? Fuck, he keeps this up we're making him buy another laptop."

"You're the one who got him hooked up on that shit." Rock reached past him and grabbed a hunk of cornbread, dodging his spoon with an ease born of practice.

Rig plopped a piece of cornbread in his bowl, pouring the beans over the top, grabbing the Tabasco and a beer. "Hey! There's fucking good porn out there."

"Yeah, well you might be sorrier yet—I heard the kid mumbling something about a fisting marathon." Rock grabbed himself a bowl and put in another big chunk of cornbread, holding it out expectantly for beans.

"Spoiled brat." He poured the beans, leaving out most of the pot liquor because Rock didn't like it. "Oh well, he'll just starve. His own loss. Tabasco?"

Rock nodded and Rig had to grin. When he'd first met Rock the man would yelp at anything hotter than a hamburger. He'd come a long way.

The kid wandered in, looking glassy-eyed, cock hard as fuck in his jeans. "Supper time?"

Rigger looked him up and down and licked his lips, completely derailed. "Yeah. Beans. Rice. Corn bread."

"Great." Dick looked around like he wasn't sure where quite anything was. The kid's mind was definitely back on whatever he'd found on the 'net.

"Bowl." He put one in Dick's hands.

"Bread."

"Beans."

"Sit and eat."

Rigger shoved him toward the table. The kid was definitely not ready for Tabasco.

Dick sat and picked up his spoon and managed a wide smile in Rig's direction. "Cool. Thanks."

Rock was already half way through his own bowlful. The man liked his beans and cornbread. "So Dick what's got you all hot and bothered and almost missing supper?"

"What? Oh." Dick's cheeks went pink, along with the tips of his ears. "'s nothing."

Rigger settled down and popped his beer. "Doesn't look like nothing."

Dick glanced up at him and the pink deepened. "Well I was cruising around, clicking from link to link—fuck but there's some weird shit out there, you know?"

Rock shared a grin with him.

"Well one thing led to another and suddenly I'm on this bondage site with all these pictures of guys tied up with these thick pieces of leather and ... well..." Dick got any redder and Rigger was gonna take him to the hospital and get his blood pressure checked. "One of the guys kind of looked like you,

Rig—I mean it almost could have been your body—couldn't see enough of the face 'cause of the blindfold and the gag, but it was definitely you I was imagining there."

You could have knocked him over with a feather. His mouth opened and nothing—just nothing—came out. He'd expected ... hell, he wasn't sure what he'd expected, but it wasn't that.

Rigger looked over at Rock, blinking.

That sure as shit didn't help anything. Rock was almost leering at him, spoon hanging halfway between bowl and mouth, 'I'm going to fuck you hard and fast' look in his eyes. He looked from one of them to another, both of them looking at him like he was about to be hunted.

Oh, fuck. It was really hard to run with a boner.

"Rock?" Dick asked, eyes still on Rigger's face.

"Yeah, kid?"

"You still got that gear from last week's exercises?"

"The ropes and shit? Yeah," Rock's face slowly grew a grin.

"I keep forgetting to take it back."

"You think?"

"Oh yeah. And one of them fancy handkerchiefs his Momma sent in that last care package." Neither of them had looked away yet.

"I'll get the gear," said Dick.

Rock nodded. "And I'll get the man."

Rigger broke for the back door before Rock's spoon hit the table. Not that he had a chance, not against Rock. The old man was slowing down though, 'cause he had his hand on the doorknob before Rock's arms locked around him.

Rock licked at the skin beneath his ear. "You going to fight me on this, Rig? Or you going to roll over and come with me like a good boy?"

Oh, fuck, he loved when Rock licked there ... "Which will get me fucked harder?"

Rock chuckled, the sound reverberating against his back. "That's my slut. Tell you what—you put on a good show of fighting it for the kid without tiring me out and I will fuck your brains out. I'm pretty sure that's Dick's plan either way."

"It's a deal. You don't tie my throat and you don't leave me alone in the ropes, Rock. Okay?" He pushed back into Rock's heat, head tilting.

"Wouldn't anyway, Rig—the kid and I just want to have some fun and you all tied down and wanting it—well that sounds like fun."

They could hear Dick coming up the stairs and Rock took a quick kiss before tightening his arms and heading him toward the back room where the exercise equipment was. Rigger fussed, pushing half-heartedly against Rock's arms—Christ, but the old boy was strong, arms like fucking sprung steel. Rock 'dragged' him all the way back and sat him down on one of the weight benches. It was the one that had a back at a 45 degree angle, which let them split his legs to either side of the bench, his ass tilted just so. They tied his hands behind the backbench and his legs beneath the seat.

Dick's eyes were glittering as he grabbed Rigger's scrubs and tore them open and then off. The kid was flushed and Rigger could smell him, smell how hard he was.

Rock stood to one side, watching and slowly taking off his clothes as the kid wound the rope three times around his chest, catching one of his nipples beneath the rough edge, and twice around his thighs.

He watched Rock's eyes turn bright, then he felt Dick's gaze slide over him again. Fuck, they were going to fuck him into the floor. He was one lucky fucking redneck.

Dick pulled out the kerchief and wrapped it around his eyes. "I'm not gonna gag you, Rig—we want to be able to fuck your mouth, want to hear you telling us how good it feels to get fucked by us while you're tied down."

He groaned, lips searching for Dick's, hands tugging on the ropes. Dick's mouth closed over his, the kid's tongue pushing in like it owned him. Dick was breathing hard, the kid obviously excited. Then Dick was moving down, mouth sliding over his skin.

Before he could panic, one of Rock's hands slid up along the inside of his legs, stopped now and then by the ropes where Rock's hand would play for a bit before continuing on.

"So, now you've got me. What are you marines going to do with me?" He wiggled, trying to get closer to Rock's hand, or Dick's—hell, he was pretty easy.

"We're gonna play with you." Dick told him with a laugh. "You know, torture you until you talk." Dick's fingertip scraped across the nipple that was bisected by the rope, nail catching just the tiniest bit across the tip.

Rigger jerked, cock reacting immediately, poking somebody in the ... something. "Oh, what the fuck do you want to know, kid? Anything. Just do that again."

Dick licked across his nipple instead and it was good, but it wasn't the scratching fingernail.

"You want it again?" Suddenly Dick was climbing up him, legs resting across his thighs, hard, hot cock pushing at his mouth. "Suck me off first."

Rock made a soft groaning sound and the hand on his thigh inside of his leg tightened, stilled completely.

"Twist my arm, Dick." He chuckled and opened wide, licking the leaking slit, fucking it with the tip of his tongue.

Dick groaned first, letting him fuck the slit for a moment or two before pushing his cock in deeper. Rock's moan came soon after that, the big hands tracing random, distracted patterns over his thighs. "Fuck but the two of you look hot together."

He pushed his head forward, taking Dick's cock in deeper, sucking harder. A shiver moved through his body, making him aware of the ropes. Dick's hands slid around his head and the kid began to fuck his mouth using long, easy thrusts. He relaxed back into Dick's touch, throat opening to let Dick in.

Dick was making those sweet porno noises again and fuck, but didn't they seem louder when he couldn't see. And Rock's voice seemed deeper, huskier as the man began to describe everything he was seeing. "You're all spread out for us, Rig. The rope bisecting you—shit it looks pretty. And there's Dick's ass, pushing into your face again and again. Holy fuck."

Oh, shit. Rock's voice was ... Fuck ... He shifted, hands pulling, automatically trying to reach for Rock, for Dick, his cock. "Oh yeah, Rigger. You want to touch don't you? Want to

hold the kid's ass and help him fuck your mouth. Not going to happen this time."

He whimpered around Dick's cock, jerking again. Oh, fuck. Blue kept talking, he was going to come like a fucking teenager. Dick was fucking him hard now, sliding in deep and moaning, just on the edge.

"Oh yeah, Rig, you like that, I can tell by the way your cock is spitting out those sweet little pearly drops." Rock's breath slid over his cock, but the fucker didn't touch him. "You going to come before he does, Rig? Gonna blow your load into my face while the kid fucks yours?"

Rigger keened around Dick's cock, pulling hard, sucking with all he had as he shot, balls emptying without so much as a touch.

Dick's porno noises went from 'oh fuck this is good' to 'oh fuck I'm going to come' and then the kid did, spraying sweet fucking come down his throat, almost distracting him from the fact that Rock was fucking cleaning his prick with a hot tongue.

Rigger's hands jerked again, wanting to wrap around the kid's body while he sucked and swallowed and rode out Dick's final happy little shudders. It made the seat he was on rattle and he heard Rock's low chuckle again, the sound hot on his cock. Dick's hands slid through his hair, petting him and then Dick was pulling out, replacing cock with mouth and kissing him using every single technique he'd taught the kid.

Meeting him tit for tat, Rigger dove into the kiss with a satisfied sigh. The kiss kept going, Dick dissolving him bone by bone while, by the sound of it, he was doing the same.

Shit ... between the kid's kisses and Rock licking his cock, he was going to get it up again. Already.

Dick's hands started to slide over his skin, the sensation of skin on skin stuttering over the ropes, pulling them against his skin. Every now and then the kid's fingertips would scrape nails across his nipples.

If that weren't enough to guarantee a man get it back up, Rock's mouth closed over the head of his cock.

He arched, groaning into Dick's mouth as the ropes bit into him a bit and kept him mostly still. Fuck, this ADHD-remember-the-ropes-you-stupid-redneck shit was going to leave him fucking sore and marked come morning, if he wasn't careful.

Dick must have been thinking the same thing, 'cause the kid was nibbling the skin around the ropes, murmuring softly. "You're going to look so pretty in the morning, Rigger—all criss-crossed with marks where the ropes dug in."

Then the kid was nibbling his ear and licking his neck. "You okay?"

"Yeah, kid." He nuzzled Dick with his chin, the tiniest bit unnerved by the thought of wearing his boys' marks and determined to get his footing back. "You taste fucking good, Dick."

Dick chuckled, hands beginning to slide over his skin again. "You're not so bad yourself, Rigger."

Rock's agreement came in the form of hard sucking, the big guy pulling his cock in deep and murmuring around it.

"Oh, fuck! Rock!" He tilted his hips, rocking into those pulling lips as well as he could.

"If I knew all it took to get a blow job from Rock was to let him tie me down, I'd have brought him the ropes myself." Dick's voice was husky, aroused and the kid's long cock slid along Rigger's side, leaving a wet trail. "Shit, the big guy looks good with your cock in his mouth, Rigger. Almost makes me want to take the blindfold off so you can see."

"Just almost?" He wasn't sure it would matter, his eyes were fucking rolled back into his head, muscles shuddering in steady, full-body motions. "Rock, come on, man. So fucking close..."

Rock's head lifted, his cock sliding from that hot mouth. "Huh? What?"

Dick laughed softly, breath wafting over Rigger's ear.

"Son of a bitch!" Rig tugged, hands and body trying to get to Rock's head—whether to encourage it back to where it was or fucking tear it off was still up for grabs. "Don't tease, Rocketman. Come on, you've got morning blow jobs to protect."

Rock chuckled, air caressing his cock teasingly and then heat surrounded him again, Rock's mouth closing over his prick and pulling hard. Dick's fingers found his nipples again, teasing unmercifully, and Rock's found his balls.

A shot of pure fucking lightning shot from his nipples to his cock and he arched again with a short cry, shooting into Rock's throat for what seemed like fucking forever.

"Oh, you're fucking gorgeous like this, Rigger. All sweaty and straining against the ropes, pleasure making your face do this ... I don't know—thing. Looks good, makes me hot."

Dick's voice was low and needy and that long cock was still rubbing against him.

Rock was still sucking his cock, pulling out every last shudder, and then Rock just lapped at him, nuzzling and licking his flesh. Shit, the big guy had been paying attention.

He relaxed back into the seat, panting and trying to catch his breath. His ass was sliding a little on the sweat-slick vinyl. He felt good—nipples tingling, cock and balls empty and pulsing, lips swollen. Yeah, pretty fucking good. Rock finally stopped licking at him and the kid bounced, at least that's what it felt like, the lean body moving against him.

"We gonna fuck him now, Rock?"

Rigger was suddenly reminded of a cartoon he'd seen as a kid—one big, mean ole bulldog walking down the street with a young floppy eared pup bouncing beside him, "What're we gonna do now, Champ?"—and he almost lost it. Lucky he was too relaxed to laugh, because there was no way in hell he was going to share.

Not without the car keys in hand and some run time between him and the marines.

Rock chuckled at the kid. "Yeah, Dick, we're gonna fuck him now. You can go first, get him loosened up for me." Rock's hand slid along his thigh and played with the ropes. "I'm going to be at it awhile."

"Oh..." His head fell forward, eyes open and searching for Rock, head tilting as he tried to work off the blindfold. Rock's words made him shiver, made his dead-to-the-world cock throb.

The two of them worked to tilt his ass, setting him up exactly how they wanted him and then Dick's slick fingers started to open him. Rock moved to stand behind him, hot, hard prick pressing against his tied hands as the big guys arms came around his chest, holding him, hands playing over his skin.

"You really do look hot, Rig. Never expected seeing you tied down would be such a fucking turn-on."

He groaned, nuzzling against Rock's cheek, lips moving restlessly. "Then there's you, talking me into creaming while our Dick fucked my ... oh, shit, yeah! Kid, right there! Fuck, do it again!"

His hands opened to grasp Rock's prick as his lower body strained, looking for another mind-blowing sensation.

"Yeah, that was pretty fucking hot, too," Rock agreed, voice husky with need.

Dick was teasing him, two fingers in him now, sometimes sliding deep and passing over his prostate, sometimes just barely pushing in before pulling back again.

"Going to kill the kid for teasing, Rocketman." His fingers squeezed and petted Rock's shaft, touching as best as they could under difficult circumstances. His gland was teased again, just barely touched. "Gonna fucking kill him."

Rock laughed—the big guy was just so sympathetic. "You love it and we all know it."

He managed to wiggle enough that his nipple rubbed against Rock's arm, shifting in time with Dick's fingers.

"You're such a slut," Rock murmured, face turning to nuzzle at his cheek, tongue licking along the side of his mouth.

"Yup. Wouldn't have it any other way, would you?" He opened his mouth, searching for Blue's even as he started to ride Dick's fingers in earnest. Rock's tongue was slick and wet and good, fucking his mouth in that slow, concentrated way Rock sometimes got—the way that said I'm going to fuck you for a week.

He almost missed it when Dick's fingers disappeared, but there was no way he could miss that blunt heat, teasing at his hole. He groaned into Rock's mouth, wrists jerking hard again as he instinctively tried to stretch, to circle Rock's neck as Dick slid into him.

Dick set up a hard, slow rhythm, taking his goddamned time. Rock was rocking against the back of the bench, hot cock sliding in his half-grip. He pushed down onto Dick as best he could, shuddering. Dick's mouth wrapped around one of his nipples and Rock started playing with the other one, the one that was half held down by the rope, Rock's fingers a tease as they couldn't completely move over his skin

Slow and steady, they moved over him and in him, Rock fucking his mouth with the same slow movements that Dick's cock was using to slide in and out of him. They were fucking doing it on purpose. Tie poor old Rigger down and make him come a couple dozen times just for the hell of it.

Oh, fuck. Oh ... His balls were tightening, stomach rippling as an orgasm started at the base of his neck, moving slow and steady and hot—so fucking hot—through his body.

"Shit, I can feel him on my prick, Rock—he's fucking coming again." Rock pulled hard on his nipple as Dick slammed into him, drawing his climax up out of his body.

Rigger just sort of floated, a drugged, dozy, too-many valiums sort of high, but sweeter. Nothing like that orgasm-from-hell high.

Dick was thrusting into him now, without finesse or care, looking for his own high, while Rock's fingers gentled against his skin, his lover's mouth working lazily against his own. He couldn't have said how long it was before Dick was calling out, cock pulsing inside him, the kid filling him with heat.

Utterly boneless, Rig figured here in a minute the ropes wouldn't be able to hold him and he'd just slither onto the floor—a big puddle of well-fucked goo. The boys were still working him, moving around his body, hands and mouths keeping him in a state of bliss.

"All right, Rigger, ole boy—Rocketman's turn to send you soaring." Then that hot, thick cock was pushing inside him. Rigger hummed happily, limp as a wet noodle and more than happy to ride his Blue's orgasm out.

The kid assumed Rock's position behind him, mouth working on his neck, fingers plucking at his nipples. Rock started fucking him, long and deep. The fucker kept shifting until he found Rigger's prostate and then he set up like he wasn't ever fixing to stop.

Oh, fuck, that was nice, but ... "Never gonna come again, Rock. Kid got the last one. Ever. May never ever even get it up again."

Rock chuckled and just kept moving. "I think you'll manage at some point, Rig. I mean—you're going to want a piece of his ass when we tie Dickie-boy here up next."

Dick's teeth nipped at his neck and then the kid's lips wrapped around his skin, pulling.

"I don't know," said Dick against his skin. "I think he's more likely to manage to get it up for you, Rock. I know I'd manage somehow, even if I was dead, if it was you all tied up."

"Mm ... we'll have to try both." Okay, so he might get it up again by tomorrow or the next day. Monday at the latest.

"Just think of the things we could do to the kid, Rig. We could record him, actually make a soundtrack with our own fucking porno boy."

"We could make Rock suck us one after the other over and over again," countered Dick.

He chuckled, nuzzling against Dick as Rock just nailed him, sending bright lights behind his eyes over and over. His balls were protesting, his cock beginning to show an interest and he tried to reach for it again, groaning as the ropes bit into his wrists.

"You need some help there, Rig?" Dick's hand wrapped around his cock, fingers sliding over the tip, pressing against the slit. "I wish we did have a video camera," the kid whispered against his skin. "Because you have no fucking clue how amazing you look like this."

"Fuck..." Another shiver moved through him and he gasped, cock leaping in the kid's hand, so-sensitive nerves screaming. "Oh shit."

"Shit, yeah. Just like that Rig, cock hard, skin criss-crossed with rope, Rock fucking going at you like he's gonna keep it up for a year."

Rock's mouth closed unexpectedly over his own, tongue pushing between his lips in a wild kiss. "Kid's right, you look fucking amazing like this. Next time we tie up your cock too though."

Next time...

He shook his head, trying to clear it. "My cock, Rocketman?"

"Yeah—I wanna see that pretty thing tied up like the rest of you, wanna hear you beg to come."

Dick's hand tightened around his cock, fingers hard. The mouth at his neck disappeared and he should have known it was coming, but didn't and it came as a total shock when Dick's lips wrapped around the head of his prick.

"Oh, fucking shit!" His body fought the ropes, convulsing as pleasure filled him, cock stiffening.

"That's it," whispered Rock. "Come on my cock, Rig. Just one more time for us, Rabbit."

"Oh, fuck, Blue." He turned his head, finding Rock's lips and began riding his Blue's cock with all he had. Rock fucked him hard, the kid sucked him hard, the two of them working with everything they had to make him come again. He could feel it fucking everywhere, making him shake and shudder, hands and feet twisting in the rope and he couldn't fucking breathe, couldn't see. "Gonna ... Oh ... Oh God ... Fuck ... Rock, gonna..."

"It's okay, Rig—we've got you." His Blue's cock felt huge as he clamped down on it, wailing into Rock's mouth. He fucking shattered—better than dope, better than booze, better than adrenaline. Sheer fucking bliss.

Rock rode out his orgasm and then just came, thick cock pulsing inside him, shooting hot come deep into his bowels. It kept him high, kept him up in the stratosphere for a few more minutes.

Then the world fucking tilted and he was in Rock's arms. He just relaxed, trusted Rock to take him where he needed to go.

Warmth and steam told him where they were even before Rock stepped into the flow of warm water. Dick's hands moved over him, slick with soap, working quickly to clean him and Rock. Every now and then the kid's mouth would drop a soft kiss on him, Dick murmuring some soft compliment or the other. Dick dried them off too and then Rock carried him into the bedroom, lying him down across the bed.

He nestled onto the pillows with a happy sigh, then reached out for his boys, hand open. "Want."

Dick laughed. "Haven't you had enough?"

"Slut," Rock accused, even as he and the kid slid in on either side of him, crowding him between them.

He didn't bother to argue, just snuggled close and did the happy melted redneck thing.

"Hey kid."

"Yeah, Rock?"

"I'll keep Rigger distracted tomorrow evening—you play on the 'net some more."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Dick chuckled sleepily. "Sounds like a plan, Rocketman."
He was gonna fucking feed the laptop to Grim.
Tomorrow.
Monday at the very latest.

Chapter 31

Dick went through the box of his stuff from Rig's Momma. He really was a part of the family now. Something colorful was at the bottom of the pile, underneath the pack of underwear—and he blushed, just how did Momma know what size he wore anyway? He pulled the rainbow colored ... socks out of the bottom. Were those toes on them? "Rig? Is this a joke?"

Rig looked over and arched an eyebrow. "Nah, Momma probably just thought they were cute and got all the young'uns some." He got a wicked grin and a devilish wink before Rig went back to reading the letter Momma'd sent.

"Or they could be like some political statement," suggested Rock. "Being rainbow colors and all. Go on and model them, kid. You'll look cute."

He went out of his way to thump Rock, not that it seemed to make any difference to the way the big guy was chuckling.

"Maybe ... You could wear them with your boots, kid. A little silent pick-me-up during your rucksack marches." Rig's voice was positively full of laughter.

"I'm going to steal all your socks and then you'll have to wear these and we'll see who's laughing then."

Rig laughed aloud, wiggling his toes that were trapped in bright red and peach striped, lumpy socks. "Hey, I got homemade ones. Little Lisa's learning to knit. These sons of bitches are hideous."

He chuckled and tilted his head. "You know, not even wearing them as a cock-warmer would improve them."

"Fuck, they'd chafe." Rig gave him a look of wide-eyed horror and then they both dissolved in laughter, Rig pulling him over for a quick, hard kiss.

"Momma's not going to expect me to wear these next time we go see her, is she?" He wormed his hands under Rig's sweater as he spoke, stroking the lean belly.

"Lisa will have you and Rock your own pair finished by then, kid. No worries."

He groaned.

"Over my dead body," rumbled Rock. "I'll tell her they didn't fit."

"Right. She'll turn those big brown eyes on her 'Uncle Jimmy' and you'll have them on in a heartbeat." Rig grinned. "And she'll love you for it."

Rock muttered something about not being that soft a touch and went back to his book on tactics. Dick winked at Rig and crawled across the floor. "Not a soft touch?"

He settled between Rock's legs and nuzzled the insides of the man's thighs.

Rig's soft little moan tickled at his ears. "Fuck, that looks good. You are two fine men."

He looked back with a grin. "I bet it looks even better with three."

"You think?" Rig rolled out of the chair, sliding up his back to nuzzle his neck. "Like this?"

"Mm..." He wriggled his ass back into Rig.

Rock snorted. "And you two accuse me of being a soft touch?"

Rig's hands were working open the tie on his workout pants, lips moving away to deliver little sucking kisses to the small of his back. He murmured appreciatively, arching back into Rig's kisses and then started to work on Rock's jeans. Rock shifted for him and spread his legs just a little bit further apart. His pants were pushed down, exposing his ass to Rig and Rig's fabulous fucking mouth. The sucking kisses moved to the top of his cleft, Rig stroking his balls and inner thighs. "Oh, fuck!"

He pulled out Rock's cock, getting his lips around it in a hurry, because once Rig's tongue got anywhere near his hole there was no way he was going to be thinking. Rig took his sweet time, licking and sucking along his crease, humming low. It made him whimper, made him moan and that made Rock jerk, hips pushing the thick cock against the back of his throat. He gagged and then took a deep breath and took it in, bobbing on Rock's cock for all he was worth.

When Rig's tongue found his hole, started licking with slow, hot motions, not pushing in, just licking and licking and fucking licking, he thought he would just short out. He gripped Rock's thighs with his hands and moaned and shook. Rock's hands slid over his head, fingers soothing, encouraging, connecting.

As Rock's flavor started sliding on his tongue, drop-by-drop, Rig began to push in, fucking him with that tongue. Mouth and ass full, he writhed between cock and tongue. Fuck, for this he'd wear the goddamned toe socks 24/7. Rig

pushed and licked, driving him higher and higher, hands pulling his nuts every time he got close, not letting him come.

He gave as good as he was getting, sucking on Rock's cock, head bobbing, tongue playing over the flared head and along the thick vein that ran along the back.

Suddenly, Rig's tongue disappeared, wide heat nudging his hole. "Need to fuck you."

Then Rig slid inside, hot and sure. He pulled off Rock's cock, shouting and pushing back against Rig's cock. Fuck that was good.

Rock growled and he grinned up into blue eyes. "Sorry 'bout that."

He licked his lips and then went back to work, letting Rig set the rhythm.

Rig leaned over his back, fucking with strong, steady strokes, driving into him, lips hot on his shoulder. Rock's hands held him still now, thick cock pushing up into his mouth and he just closed his eyes, let them fuck him, let them send him over the fucking moon.

"Gonna come, Dick. Love your ass—so tight, hot." Rig's hand found his cock, tugging at him in time with their fucking.

"Oh fuck, yeah," moaned Rock.

He pushed into Rig's hand and then back onto that curved prick, taking Rock's cock deep every time the thick thighs pushed up.

Rig groaned, lips fastening over his shoulder and pulling as those thin hips began to jerk furiously, Rig shooting deep inside him.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rock spurted a moment later and he came as he swallowed the bitter spunk.

Rig collapsed against him, breathing hard, lips brushing in soft, sated kisses.

Rock rumbled and pet him gently as he let the softening cock slide from his mouth. He placed a kiss on the tip and laid his head down on one of Rock's thighs.

Rig hummed happily, hand stroking his belly. Eventually, Rig cleaned them both up with discarded sweats and they crawled onto the sofa with Rock, Rig snuggling between them with a happy sound.

Oh yeah, he'd definitely wear fucking rainbow toe socks for this. He was just happy he didn't have to.

Chapter 32

"Pass the popcorn, kid?" A huge bowl of well-buttered and salted popcorn was handed over and he took a big old handful, munching away. The house was grey and dim, winter storm raging outside like it was trying to blow them to Wilmington. Dick had found some weird ghost story on cable and he was in his hand-knitted socks that fit (God bless you, Momma), a pair of Dick's sweatpants and one of Rock's sweaters. His legs were over Dick's lap, neck leaning against Rock, Grimmy sleeping right close.

Oh, fuck, this was nice.

Rock reached over him and grabbed himself a handful as well before Dick put the bowl firmly back in his own lap. Or at least on Rigger's shins.

The kid's eyes had never left the screen, watching with horrified, wide-eyed fascination.

"How high do you think he'd jump if I shouted 'boo'?" Rock asked quietly.

"Pretty fucking, but then we'd lose the popcorn and it's good." He grinned up at Rock. "Not as good as you, but good enough not to waste on the floor."

"Sh!" Dick spared them a second's attention to glare at them.

Rigger blinked over and then turned back to look at Rock. "He shushed us!"

"He did indeed. You know what that means."

Rigger chuckled. "The little asshole sleeps with Grim? Oh, wait ... That's the punishment for eating liverwurst and garlic pickle sandwiches..."

"You guys are ruining the fucking suspense!"

Rigger slid his legs from Dick's lap and rescued the popcorn bowl before Rock pounced the kid.

Dick didn't even see it coming. One minute he was trying to watch the movie, the next he was on his back on the couch, with a whole lot of Rock pressing him down. Rock was grinding his hips down into Dick. "This enough suspense for you, Dick-wad?"

Rig grabbed another handful of popcorn and looked over Rock's shoulder, nibbling away. "One day you're gonna learn, kid. I have faith in you."

He reached around and fed Rock a kernel of popcorn.

Dick glared up at the two of them and then relaxed, arms and legs coming around Rock. "Well if you two were gonna carry on like that through the whole fucking movie, I'd rather be where I am anyway."

Rigger chuckled and leaned down to feed Dick some popcorn. Maybe the sweet little shit had learned something after all.

Rock felt so good—warm and hard and strong beneath him. Rigger rubbed against Rock—just a bit, just enough to make them both feel good, not even to really get hard.

Dick giggled and pushed up with his hips, shifting both of them. "Hey, check it out, things that go bump in the night."

"Nah ... I've heard a lot of noises out of you in the night, Dickie-boy. Bump's not one of them."

Dick chuckled for him, while Rock groaned. "The two of you are a laugh a minute."

Rigger settled back on his knees, sliding his hands up along Rock's back. "Poor Rock, you're so abused."

"Don't you know—" The rest of his words were swallowed by Dick's mouth.

He worked Rock's flannel shirt up, licking along the flexed muscles of that back. The skin here was as hot as his tongue, salty and rich. Rock made a happy, groaning noise.

Oh, he liked that.

Rigger's hands slid around Rock's body, teasing and tugging at the hard little nipples as his tongue kept exploring, kept playing.

One of Dick's hands slid along his arm, following it up to his shoulder and then his neck, where Dick set to stroking his skin. He hummed, turning his head to nuzzle Dick's hand for a minute before returning to his explorations.

It was slow and easy and good. He could hear the soft sounds of Rock and Dick's mouths moving together, lips and tongues wet and stroking. Dick was adding sweet noises to the sounds, and someone on the TV screamed, bringing muffled chuckles out of Dick.

He snorted against Rock's back. "Were you scared, Dick? Enough suspense for you?"

"Oh yeah, it's terrifying—when you've got 10 inches of hard cock pressed up against you—you're only option is to scream."

"Ten ... well, luckily no one around here's in any fucking danger." Rigger tensed and readied to run. There were benefits to being on top, after all.

He counted, one ... two ... three ... and
"Hey!"

Rock was fast, but he wasn't fast enough. Of course just because Rock didn't get him first try, didn't mean the big guy was going to give up and they were soon racing through the house, Rock hard on his heels.

Bathroom, bedroom, bathroom, bedroom...

Bedroom. Mattresses were softer than linoleum. He rounded the corner to the bedroom, almost falling as his socks slipped on the floors and lost valuable seconds.

Rock, bless him, waited until he was in range of the bed before tackling him. He landed full on the mattress, Rock heavy and solid, not sparing him a pound. He hadn't expected the second weight that landed, even Rock oofing as Dick came down hard on them. "Fuck! You two weigh a ton! Get off before you squish me flatter than an armadillo on the interstate."

Dick laughed and he got kissed before he got relief. The kid was getting fucking good at that—he almost didn't mind getting squished. Then Dick rolled off them, stretching out next to him with a grin. "I think Rig's gonna get him some."

"You figure that out all by yourself, kid?" Rock asked before he started pulling Rigger's sweater up.

"Somebody gonna even ask if I'm interested?" He lifted his arms, wriggling back into the comforter that warmed to his skin.

Dick started laughing uncontrollably, curling up on himself.

"I think that says it all, Rigger-man." Rock pulled the sweater off and started on his pants, most of his weight still on Rigger, holding him down.

He rubbed against Rock, chuckling. Just on general principles, he worked out his arm and reached out to pinch Dick. Hard.

Dick yelped, rubbing his backside and glaring.

Rock laughed and tore his sweats down the middle.

"Hey! Those are mine!" Dick was starting to sound really indignant.

"You started it. Come here, I'll kiss it better." Rigger grinned, utterly and happily unrepentant.

"You can sew my damn sweats too—or better yet, buy me a new damn pair." Dick was pouting, but he was coming in for a kiss, regardless.

"Rock's good with a needle. Fine touch, our little bomberman." He reached out, tugged Dick closer. "Shut up and kiss me, asshole."

Dick did, putting that fine mouth to use.

He almost missed Rock's hands, sliding up his thighs, he was so caught up in Dick's mouth, on sucking on Dick's tongue. Almost. But not quite. Rock spread his legs, fingers stroking up the inside of his thighs.

Comfortable and warm, kissed and caressed—Rigger decided that being right here wasn't hard. One of Dick's fingers trailed over his nipple, making him shiver. No, not bad at all.

Rock wasn't pussyfooting around, not his Rocketman—two slick fingers slid inside him, curling to stroke across his gland.

"Oh, fuck!" He raised his head, eyes wide as he shuddered. Rock chuckled and took his mouth, fingers moving over his prostate again.

Dick didn't seem to be too upset about losing his mouth, the kid's lips attached to his nipple, full on suction. His toes curled, body arching into the touches. Fuck but these boys could bring him from relaxed and warm to hard and aching, ninety to nothing.

Rock still wasn't wasting any time and when he pushed that long, thick cock in, Dick lay back, watching as intently as he'd watched the movie, fingers sliding over Rig's nipples.

"Shit, you hungry Rock?" He tightened around Rock's prick, squeezing for all he was worth.

Rock groaned for him, the blue eyes looking down at him with the same intensity the kid was watching them with. "Fucking starving, Rig."

"Oh..." He tightened again, shivering, working his ass in tiny motions on Rock's cock.

"You know one of these days I'm not going to fuck you—I'm just going to let you dance on my prick until I come."

Dick moaned softly.

He bit his bottom lip, heat flaring in his belly, hips and ass working on Rock's heat. Fuck, Rock just... when he said shit like that... Fuck.

"Shit, Rig." Rock groaned again. "But not today." Then his Blue started to fuck him, hard and deep. He reached up,

grabbed the headboard for leverage and moved into each thrust, grinding down, giving as good as he got.

Rock had Dick on his side though, and the kid's fingers were busy, stroking and tugging and pinching his nipples, sliding down over his belly to tease his cock, and then... shit, if the kid didn't slid his hand down to explore the stretched skin around his asshole.

"Oh. Oh, fuck. Dick... damn." He was babbling, hands slipping against the slick wood as he babbled. Oh, so sensitive, every nerve screaming and begging and firing.

Rock's lips closed over his, putting an end to his witless words as Rock's tongue drove into his mouth. Dick's lips closed over his earlobe, tongue licking, teeth biting, imitating the way the kid's fingers were playing over his nipples. He groaned, body clenching hard as he ground into each thrust, riding that cock, those tongues, those fingers.

They gave him no quarter, ganged up on him two on one with not a single sign of remorse. You had to love a pair of guys who would do something like that... like this.

Rigger came with a sharp scream, arching, stiff and shaking as his come splashed on his stomach.

"Fuck yeah." Rock kept on fucking him, the big guy going for his own climax now, hips snapping powerfully.

Dick was rubbing against him, sliding that long cock along his thigh, the kid's breath heavy in his ear. He tightened his ass on Rock's prick and turned his head to capture Dick's lips. It was like lighting a rocket—both Rock and Dick going off together like it was the fucking Fourth of July.

Fuck, was there a happier hillbilly this side of the Red River? He sincerely doubted it and there certainly wasn't a luckier one.

Rock collapsed onto him and Dick pushed close, the two of them keeping him warmer than a tin roof in August. He took one long kiss after another, first Dick, then Rock, then Dick again. They lapped and sucked, finally all three of them sharing a long, breathless kiss.

There was nothing quite fucking like a three-way kiss. It was all lips and teeth and tongues and the sweet fucking blending of his two favorite flavors in the entire fucking world.

He wasn't even sure where his arms were, whose face they were stroking, whose fingers were twined with his. He was damned sure he didn't care.

Somebody managed to get a cover over them and somehow they sorted themselves out so that they were all curled together, skin on skin on skin. Rock's shoulder was under his cheek, Dick's thigh under his hand, skin warming him both sides.

He could just make out the sound of the television, still on in the living room. It made a nice counterpoint to the rain on the windows. Well, except the screeching. He wished someone'd hurry up and off that dark-headed bitch, her caterwauling was setting his teeth on edge. Somebody must have been listening because his wish was granted. Well, sort of.

Rock's deep snores pretty much drowned out everything else.

Dick groaned and shifted. "Elbow him in the ribs or something, Rig."

Rigger pushed Rock over onto his side, wrapping one arm around Rock's waist. "Better?"

"It'll do." Dick spooned up behind him, snuggling in close.

"Gotta train Grim to turn off the TV or something," Dick murmured.

"Mm... then Rock'd bitch about the teeth marks on the fucking 'off' button."

"'s always something." Dick sounded half asleep already, words slurred, body growing heavy. "He can sleep through anything..."

He nodded, sort of, nuzzling into Rock's back with a happy murmur. Sleeping was a good idea. Contrary to what Rock had said, the boy was sharper than a bag of wet mice. Pretty soon the kid's breath was sliding over his skin in soft, even waves that managed to match Rock's snores pretty much dead on.

The noise of the rain increased and the movie in the living room was over by the sounds of it—some mindless soft porn thing with cheesy soft music starting up.

Rigger listened for a minute, thinking, dozing. Mm... They needed to move Dick's extra gear out of the third room and into the attic. Hell, maybe not. Not like anyone was ever going to sleep there.

He'd have to talk to Dick about it.

Later.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Right now he was snuggled up between his two favorite men in the whole world and there wasn't anywhere else he wanted to be.

Well, he wouldn't complain if they both woke up and wanted to fuck again, but this was still a pretty fucking nice way to spend a rainy day. Dick sighed and pressed closer, pushing him tighter against Rock. Pretty damn fucking nice.

Chapter 33

Rock wasn't all that much of a planner. Neither was Rig really.

They just went at it like rabbits as often as possible. Not that Dick was complaining. Hell no, he wasn't complaining. Still, he liked cruising the net, finding interesting things that people did to each other in the name of sexual pleasure.

Just last week he'd appropriated Rig's credit card and ordered several plugs off the net. They'd come yesterday. Hiding the rest of them in his underwear drawer, he'd kept out the smallest one and snuck into the bathroom this morning to put it in.

It was making him absolutely bug-fuck crazy. He couldn't sit without jostling it. He couldn't fucking walk without jostling it. Even standing at parade rest he was aware of it inside him.

He'd thought he'd been clever, putting it in on a day they all had off. Only he'd out-clevered himself and instead of the guys taking him to bed and finding it while they fucked, Rig had suggested they had shopping to do. Two malls.

Every single store in two fucking malls and he was on fucking edge.

He whimpered as the jeep rounded yet another corner to get them out of the goddamned parking lot. If Rig suggested they head over to the grocery store, he was going to commit murder.

"Do y'all want to stop for pizza and a beer?" Rig sounded fucking perky, chipper, grey eyes twinkled.

"NO!"

Rock turned in his seat and looked at him. "What the fuck is your problem?"

"We have beer at home and we can always order pizza."

"We don't have draft on tap at home or those little nuts with the sweet coating." He groaned. O'Malley's was on the other side of town.

"You feeling sick, kid? You sound rough." Rig took another corner, hitting the speed bumps hard.

"Oh, fuck." Shit, he was going to come in his pants at this rate. He leaned his head against the window, the glass cool against his hot cheeks. "Look, I don't care what you do after, but can you please just take me home?"

"Yeah. Sure, kid. No sweat." But Rig pulled over, instead of heading home, giving Rock the driver's seat and crawling in back with him, one hand sliding over his face. "You're worrying me, Dick."

Rock gave them a look through the rear view mirror and then headed them home.

He felt his cheeks heat further and he ducked his head. Aw, fuck. It had seemed like a fun idea at the time, but now it felt stupid. "I'm fine."

"Yeah?" Rig's hand dropped to his thigh. "You're all tight and sweaty."

He shivered and looked up into Rig's eyes. "I'm horny."

"I can help that. Lean back a little." Rig looked at Rock in the rear view mirror. "Take the back way."

Then Rig settled in the floorboard, an old quilt covering them as long fingers opened his jeans.

"Oh... Oh, fuck." He spread his legs, lying back and letting his eyes close. His breath was coming in short gasps. He needed this so fucking badly, his whole body tight as a spring, almost shaking.

"I'll take care of you, Dick." He heard the whisper a second before Rig's mouth sucked him in, pulling hard and steady, suction fierce.

Moaning, he dropped his hand to Rig's head, stroking his lover through the quilt. They went over a bump as they turned onto the back road and he yelped, the tip of the plug just nudging his gland at this angle.

Rig's fingers cupped his balls, stroking behind, lips tugging the head of his cock. He jerked up into Rig's mouth. He wasn't going to last long, he needed this too badly. A vibrating purr surrounded him, Rig's fingers pushing farther behind, brushing against the bottom of the plug. He felt Rig's jerk, then the cry around his cock, Rig's mouth tightening and pulling harder.

Another touch against the bottom of the plug and he was flying, screaming as he came hard. Rig swallowed it all and then kept going, didn't let him catch his breath, didn't let him go soft, just insisted on more. He moaned, pushing into Rig's mouth, the rocking motion jostling the plug again and again, sending him quickly soaring once again.

His lover was insistent, suction strong enough for him to fucking feel it in the soles of his feet. "Oh fuck, Rig..." They went over another bump and he cried out, hips pushing his prick deep into Rig's mouth. "Shit, I'm going to come again. Like now!"

The last word was wailed as he emptied another load into Rig's mouth.

Grey eyes met his as they pulled up into the driveway. "In the garage, Rock. Inside." Then Rig's mouth started sucking again, making him dizzy.

Oh, fuck he was a dead man. Rig was going to absolutely kill him dead with that mouth. And what a way to go.

Rock grunted and glanced back at them again, he could see the blue eyes staring at him through the rear view. The jeep was parked in the garage, Rock pressing the automatic door closer. It grew dark as the garage door came down.

As soon as he was hard again, Rig lifted up, peeling off the tight jeans and straddling his cock. "He's got a plug in, Rocketman. He's been holding out on us."

"A fucking plug? Jesus, kid, where the hell did you get that?"

He groaned, hands finding Rig's hips and guiding him down. So fucking dead.

"Internet. But I didn't think we were going out!" The last word came out as a strangled scream as Rig's body opened up over the head of his prick.

"Serves you right for hiding." Rig arched, arms wrapped around the neck-rests of the front seats, grinding down hard. "Can you feel it inside when you're fucking me?"

"Fuck yeah." He whimpered, pushing up, groaning as he came back down and the plug was jostled. "Wasn't hiding, wanted to surprise you."

Rock snorted, climbing into the back with them. "Good job, kid."

"I was surprised. Now I'm fucking going to make you come in my ass until you can't come anymore." Rig bucked up, pushing back down hard.

Rock grinned and a big hand slid behind and below Rig's ass, searching for his hole. When Rock found it, he jostled the plug.

Dick shouted, bucking up hard. "You're going to fucking kill me."

"Just going to fuck you." Rig leaned to kiss Rock with a groan. "He's buying toys, Rock. We've created a... oh, yeah, kid. Good. Good."

Rock kept playing with the fucking plug and Rig just kept fucking him and he jerked between the sensations, half screaming, half sobbing, body on fucking overload.

"Oh, shit. Yeah." Rig was bouncing on his cock, muscles tense. "When I say, Blue, pull it out, make him come."

Rock growled. "As long as I get to fuck him after."

He just whimpered, riding the sensations. It was all he could do.

"Yeah. Yeah. Oh, fuck, Rock. Now. Do it now. Make him come!" Rig groaned, squeezing his cock tight as spunk sprayed. Rock yanked out the plug and he screamed, body shaking as he shot hard.

He and Rig were dripping with sweat, Rig leaning into him with a sigh, heavy and panting.

Rock tugged on Rig's arm. "Move over hotshot, it's my turn."

He just groaned, but he could feel his hole spasm, wanting to be filled, needing it.

Rig scooted up his body, sliding the head of that mostly-hard cock over his bottom lip. "Our turn, Dick?"

He opened his mouth, gasping as Rock pushed into his body. Whimpering, he took Rig in, sucking hard. Together they took him hard, making the jeep rock on its axles, making the shocks squeak and bounce. They moved in tandem, two cocks fucking him over and over. He just lay back and took it, he wanted this, needed it, craved it. So fucking hot, so fucking good and his cock was fucking hard again and if he came again he was going to pass out, he just knew it.

Rig was murmuring, whispering about how sexy he was, how hot, how hungry, how much they wanted him. All the while those cocks fucked him hard, shook him deep inside. It all spun together, the noises, the feelings, the smell. He would have been gasping, sobbing, if it weren't for Rig's cock pushing deep into his mouth. It was so good, too fucking good.

"Now, Rig," grunted Rock, one big hand circling his cock and making him scream around Rig's prick. Rig keened and his mouth was filled with Rig's spunk, cock jerking on his tongue as it spurted.

Rock filled him with heat, roaring as he came and his own pleasure shot out of his cock, spunk flying.

He collapsed against the seat, whimpering.

It was Rig that pulled away first, slowly moved into the front seats. "Come on. Showers. Then naps. Then pizza and beer."

"I've got three other plugs in my bottom drawer." He thought he'd let them know. Just in case they were interested because he wasn't moving. Not until tomorrow at the earliest. Maybe even Monday. Or next weekend.

Rig moaned. "Fine, then we'll order in pizza. Late."

He shook his head. "You guys do what you want. I'm settled for the duration."

"You'll get sore and get come all over my jeep. Rock, help me out here?"

That made him laugh. "Now you're worried about getting come on your jeep?"

Rock chuckled and hauled him out, throwing him up over his shoulders. "Fuck kid, you're going to have to stop working out."

Rig followed behind, hands filled with bags, boxes and a bright blue plug. "Attaboy, Rocketman. You're my stud."

"Hey, who just came like 40 million times?"

Rock snorted. "Doesn't count if you aren't still standing, kid."

"This is true, Dick. You've got to be standing at the end to be the stud." Rig's voice was pure laughter.

"Oh yeah—lets see how either of you are doing after a day with 'big bertha' and 'the terminator'."

"The terminator? Oh, fuck, kid. Tell me you hid them." Rig sounded just a little panicked.

"Yeah, in my underwear drawer. Hey!" he called out as Rock picked up the pace and then tossed him on the bed. "Watch the merchandise!"

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"That's what I'm looking for, kid. And I think you're right—I think we should see how well Rig's standing after a date with 'the terminator'." Rock pulled out the plug. "Heh. I'm bigger."

Rig chuckled, ass pressed against the wall. "Assuming that's not just Big Bertha, of course."

Rock turned to him. "Kid you've had your break, now get off your ass and help me hold him down."

Laughing, he lunged for Rig.

Chapter 34

Rock loved the weekends. He loved fucking long into the night and then sleeping in. There was only one problem with sleeping in—sometimes you woke up alone. Which was just wrong. Grumbling, he got out of bed and stumbled toward the kitchen, prick hard and bobbing gently, leading the way.

The smell of coffee, banana muffins and shampoo hit him before he rounded the corner, Rig perched in a chair, reading the newspaper stark-assed naked, hair still damp.

He grunted something that was supposed to be “you look good enough to eat” but that didn't quite make it as actual words. He'd just gotten up—he wasn't his best, Rig could sue him if he didn't like it.

“Mornin' Sunshine.” Rig gave him a slow, lazy smile and offered over a still mostly full cup of coffee. “You sleep good?”

He grunted and ignored the coffee, looking pointedly down at his needy cock.

Rig chuckled, reached out to stroke his prick with one hand. “You were sleeping sound this morning when I sucked off the kid, you know.”

That woke him up some and he stepped closer, frowning down at Rig. “You saying the kid stole my blow job?”

“Nope. Saying the kid got the warm up one.” Rig leaned forward, lips brushing over the head of his cock, giving him soft, sucking kisses.

He rumbled happily, hand sliding into Rig's hair, petting as the kisses sent warmth through his cock, to his balls.

Grey eyes smiled up at him, lips surrounding just the tip of his cock and pulling in a slow, seductive rhythm, playing with him, teasing. He rubbed his thumb along Rig's cheek. "You're feeling cocky."

The laughter vibrated all along his cock, Rig's tongue sliding along the slit. His own grin gave birth to a groan. Fuck, but Rig could suck cock like no one else. Slowly but surely, Rig swallowed him down, pulling him into fucking tight, throbbing heat and then pulling hard and then harder, lips and tongue working him just like he needed.

He lost his battle with his eyelids and they closed down over his eyes, leaving him just feeling. Fuck, it felt good. He moved his hips in short pulses, just enough to satisfy the urge without taking over the rhythm.

Rig's hands cupped his ass, thumbs rubbing in time with the slide of that hot tongue. A soft, hungry noise filled the air, Rig eager and hungry. Wanting.

He loved that almost more than he loved the blowjobs themselves—that Rig needed this, wanted it, as much as he did.

The long pulls started—excruciatingly slow motions of Rig's head, pulling the blood to the tip, sending fire through his balls. Moaning, he wrapped both hands in Rig's hair, still resisting the urge to take over, but it wouldn't be long, no man could be expected to withstand this.

Then the sorry son of a bitch started purring around his fucking cock. With a growl he held fast to Rig's head and started to fuck that amazing mouth.

There was nothing fucking like it. Nothing like pushing deep and then deeper and knowing that Rig wanted it, wanted more, wanted all he had over and over. He thrust harder, faster, moaning and groaning, giving Rig all he had.

Rig buried that thin nose in his pubes, hands holding him close as Rig swallowed hard, pulling the head of his cock into that grasping throat. He shouted, hips jerking as he shot his load deep.

His favorite slut drank him down, didn't lose a fucking drop, continuing to suck and lick even after his balls were empty. He opened his eyes, blinking down at shining grey. His grip loosened, hands sliding through the short hair.

"Nice..." he murmured softly.

Rig hummed around the tip of his cock, tongue licking lazily. "Mm... yeah, Blue."

"Now that we're both awake, you coming back to bed?"

His cock was released and his arms suddenly full of warm, clean, horny Texan. "Absolutely."

"Good." He took Rig's mouth, tasting himself there and a hint of Dick and lots of Rig.

Rig murmured happily into his mouth, pushing close, hot cock sliding against the hollow of his hip. Yeah, it was time to go to bed and fuck the best goddamned thing to happen to his mornings.

Chapter 35

"Yeah, Momma. I'm eating good. Jim's doing fine. Wants to know if you'll send him some more of them lace cookies you make for the potlucks up at the church." He grinned at the pleased response, swinging easy in the hammock, Grim curled up beside him. Momma asked him a question and he nodded. "Yes, ma'am. I'm hoping to come visit, need to talk to the old guy, but you know I'd not miss a chance to have some pie and Momma's cookin'."

They chattered and laughed, running up his phone bill and wasting the time before the boys got home. The phone call ended just as the weather got too chilly to stay out and by the time Jackass and Jackass Junior pulled up, his potentially embarrassing mushy goodbyes and I love yous and I miss yous to Momma were wrapped up, the phone resting on the hook and him sprawled out on the sofa.

"Hey boys. You bring dinner home or we orderin' in?"

Dick sauntered over to him, collapsing half on him, half on the floor. "Brought something dead and deep fried. You can have my share—I've got a hankering for a double order of come."

The kid's hands were already at his button popping it like a fucking pro.

"Oh, I like how you think, Dick." Rig turned toward the kid, half-wondering what had him so turned on, half-not really giving a shit. "I'm all yours."

"Cool." Dick kissed him first, hard and eager, pulling his tongue into the kid's hot mouth and sucking vigorously. All the while, the kid's hands were liberating him from his shorts, pumping him to hardness.

"You're welcome," chuckled Rock as he dumped a bucket of southern fried chicken on the table along with a six-pack and settled into the easy chair.

Rig's head was spinning and he held onto Dick's shoulders, letting himself be kissed for a moment before returning the favor and taking Dick's mouth for all it was worth. Dick fought him for dominance of the kiss, finally giving in with a gasp, body pushing close. He could feel that long hot cock against his thigh through the kid's BDUs.

He moaned, undulating against Dick as he cupped the nape of Dick's neck, pulling them closer together.

The sound of the TV came on, but he didn't even care what Rock was watching, or even if the old man ate all the drumsticks, for now he had everything he needed right here. Dick's hands were sliding over his skin, finding his nipples and pinching, tugging, scraping.

Oh, fucking A! Arching off the sofa, Rig gave a short, sharp cry, pushing it into Dick's mouth, thighs parting instinctively. Fuck, but he wasn't sure whether to thank God or curse the Devil that Rock had told the kid about his nipples. So good, almost too fucking good...

Dick's body shoved him back down onto the couch, Dick riding his thigh like he was a fucking horse. The kid finally let his mouth go and started a trip straight down to his cock, nibbling his skin along the way.

"Fuck, Rock!" He was fighting for breath, shuddering.
"D'y'all stop for a porno on the way home?"

Rock chuckled around his chicken. "I made the kid wait while I finished my workout and then I made him drive. You know how the truck's above the traffic, so if you get wandering hands, no one's the wiser?"

"Nearly made me drive off the fucking road," murmured Dick against the top of his pubes, chin sliding over his cock.

"Tsk-tsk-tsk. Not safe, Rocketman. Not safe at... oh, fuck, yes." His eyes rolled back into his head as Dick's lips dropped over his cock, sucking hard.

"It's not like I was giving him a fucking blow job or anything—just revving him up for you." If Rock had anything to say after that, he surely didn't hear it as Dick added finger fucking to the sucking. The kid was fucking serious about making him come.

He pushed down hard on Dick's fingers, felt them scrape insistently over his prostate and then lost it, shooting into Dick's mouth with a sobbing cry. Dick swallowed everything and then continued to suck him, tongue sliding along his cock just like Rigger had taught him.

"Mm... fucking nice to have you home, kid." Rig grinned, stretching and moaning softly, toes curling with pleasure.

"Mmhm." The sound vibrated around his cock, Dick sucking a few minutes more before finally letting him slip out.

"You're next, Rock." Dick grinned over at Blue, licking his lips.

Rig chuckled, shaking his head. "And you call me a cockhound, Rocketman."

"The kid's picked up everything he knows from you. I am one fucking lucky man." Rock grinned at Rigger and then wagged his eyes at the kid. "Come and see what I've got for you, Dickie-boy."

Dick just laughed and crawled over, taking a moment to rub up against Rock's legs before diving for the big guy's cock.

He settled in to watch the show, enjoying the pleasure in Rock's eyes, the motion of Dick's ass, and the chance to snag a piece of chicken undisturbed—all-in-all, not bad at all.

The kid was just as hungry with Rock, working him fast and hard and swallowing every bit of it when Rock came. With a happy sigh, Dick sprawled back out on the floor and began to tug his cock through his BDUs, not even trying to bring himself off by the looks of it, just enjoying the rubbing.

Rigger arched an eyebrow at Dick. "What's going on with you, bright eyes? What's got you so right and ready?"

The kid gave a half shrug, cheeks going a little pink. "Rock's been teasing me for hours."

Rock snorted. "Forty-five minutes, tops, kid. And you were already pumped."

Oh, intriguing, and, really, if the best thing the Rock had found on the tube during his blowjob was reruns of Temptation Island, the most interesting form of entertainment at hand. "Already pumped? Why was that, Dickie-boy? Some new recruit wetting your whistle? Afternoon watching "Debbie does Dallas" in that hidden TV at the motor pool?"

Dick shrugged again, hand sliding into his BDUs this time, pulling slowly. "I was just thinking about things."

Rigger moved onto the floor, slinking over to the sweet stud. He started working on Dick's boots, loosening and pulling them off. "What kind of things, kid?"

"Just things... you remember when you conned me into letting Rock fist me?"

He blinked up. "Conned you? Who conned you?"

Dick laughed. "Oh, I'm not upset about it—I didn't know anything could feel that fucking good. But you talked a good game, Rig—never would have done it if you hadn't put that mouth into play."

"I think I'm being accused of corrupting this young'un, Rock." He got the other boot off, noting his position might be a bit strong if he wasn't kneeling before the kid butt-ass naked.

Rock laughed. "I wouldn't be too upset, Rig, I'm betting he's fixing to send you a thank you card for your troubles."

Rig chuckled. "You want to go again, Dick? I'm more than willing to talk you into it again."

"Mmm..." Dick arched up into his own hand. The kid was fucking hot. "Not that that's not appealing—but that's not what's got me all hyped. No, it was something you said while you were busy helping Rock get his hand up my ass." Blue eyes glittered at him, teasing and horny.

Rigger worked at the kid's pants, wracking his brain. What the fuck had he said? He looked up at Rock, hoping for help. The big guy just shrugged at him.

Dick laughed. "I've been thinking about it all damn day, Rig. Made me fucking hot. Shit, I was carrying wood all damn day."

"Okay, I give. What did I say?" He got the pants off Dick and started licking his way up the kid's leg.

Dick moaned and shifted, legs spreading for him. "You really want to know what's got me so hot? I think maybe I should ask for something to tell you."

"Ask away, kid." His nose nudged Dick's balls.

"Oh, I can't think when you do that."

"Does that mean you want me to stop?"

"Shit no." The kid pushed toward his mouth. "Rig... I wanna watch him do it."

"Watch who do what?" Distracted, Rig sank his lips over Dick's meat, pulling hard, tongue licking and gathering up the kid's taste.

Dick moaned and pushed up into mouth. "Oh shit yeah, like that, Rig."

He grinned, sucking the long, thin cock deep into his throat and then moving to work the tip. Such an appreciative boy.

"Oh, yeah, Rig. Let me watch—fuck you're so hot. It would be so hot." The kid was murmuring, body twisting, eyes close tight.

He wasn't sure what the kid was going on about, but if it got this kind of reaction, he was all for it. He took Dick in all the way, throat working firm and steady on the tip of the throbbing flesh.

"Oh, fuck, yes. Rig..." Sweet little noises accompanied the words, Dick growing more enthusiastic every second. The

kid's hips were snapping up into his mouth, pushing that long cock even further in.

He pushed hard behind Dick's balls, sucking fiercely as he jostled the kid's gland. Dick shouted his name and came, spilling down his throat. He swallowed again and again, continuing to suck even after the bittersweet pulses faded away. He stroked the kid's inner thighs, humming and tickling and playing.

"Better'n porn." Rock rumbled appreciatively. Dick moaned softly and spread his legs even further for Rigger.

"Mmm..." So hungry. Rig settled against the kid's leg, intent on touching and tasting until someone came up with something that felt better.

"So are you gonna let him do it, Rig? Let me watch?" Dick's cock twitched and his legs shifted restlessly.

He lifted his head. "Let who do what, kid?"

"Let me watch."

He sat up, frowning over at Rock. "Did the marines install some new verbal shorthand in you grunts that civvies can't comprehend or something? What the fuck is the kid talking about?"

"I haven't got a fucking clue." Rock kicked Dick's leg. "Hey, kid. What do you want to watch?"

Dick rolled over onto his side, gracing them both with a sated, wicked, hungry smile. "You fisting Rigger."

Rig was pretty damned sure that the stunned look on Rock's face was matched on his own.

To give the kid his due, he didn't laugh himself sick at them. Instead, Dick just rolled down onto his back again, long

cock filling as he started to slide his hand over himself. "I was dreaming about it and it was still with me when I woke up. I remembered you saying that Rock had done you and the look on your face when you remembered it... that's what convinced me to go ahead and do it, you know?"

Rigger shivered, looked up at Rock and then back at Dick. "You were dreaming about it? About watching?"

He crawled up Dick's body, intent on taking a kiss, on tasting the hunger in Dick's face.

"Uh-huh. And I've been thinking 'bout it all fucking day. Couldn't get it out of my head." Their eyes met as he came up. "I want to watch, Rig."

"Fuck, you're a sexy thing." He leaned in and took his kiss, rubbing their bodies together. Shivers were running up and down his spine and his cock was filling.

Dick's hands looped around his shoulders. "Is that a yes?"

"You'd have to talk the Rocketman into it before I'd ever start thinking that direction, kid."

"You think he's gonna be a hard sell?" Dick asked him, wide smile on his face.

Rigger chuckled. "Our Rock? He's always hard."

Dick laughed and took his mouth, the sound tickling over his lips and along his tongue. Rig relaxed into the kiss. The kid was crazy, sweet and sexy as fuck, but crazy. Rig'd never met anyone who wanted to watch rather than fuck. Dick held him close, mouth moving with languor, but also an edge of want.

Straddling the kid, half-hard cocks and warm bellies snuggled close, sharing soft, almost-hungry kisses—oh, yeah.

This was some good shit. Rock's hands were suddenly there, sliding along his back and cupping his ass, fucking large and warm.

"Mm... yeah, Rock." The words are murmured into the kid's mouth, Rig's eyes closing as he relaxed deeper into Dick's body.

Rock stretched out over him, the big guy wasn't letting his whole weight rest on the two of them, but enough to let them know he was there. Solid. The large, warm hands kept traveling over his and the kid's skin, tickling and arousing.

Dick started laughing into their kisses and Rig turned to one side, letting Rock's mouth join them, the kisses very light, nipping, playful. Legs and arms and tongue stroking and petting.

He soon couldn't tell where any of them began or ended, they were just a single fucking pile of limbs and skin, wet tongues and soft lips sharing breath and pleasure.

The soft, lazy equilibrium lasted until Dick squeaked and jerked and Grim's head popped from beneath his arm. Rigger chuckled and leaned forward to nuzzle the big idiot. "Hey pretty. Were you lonely, huh? So many arms and no petting?"

"You spoil that beast," Rock informed him.

"He's a good boy. What's not to spoil?" He grinned and extricated a hand to scratch behind one of the dark ears. "He spent the afternoon napping with me, didn't even drool much."

"Then we definitely are taking a shower before we head for bed to give the kid the show he's been fucking dreaming about."

Dick's eyes lit up.

Rig looked over at Rock, curious and a bit hesitant. He'd play along if Rock wanted it, really wanted it, but not as some casual thing so Dick could see. His memory of the last time was huge, intense, fucking amazing, but still... he really wasn't in carnival freak show mode. "You think so, huh?"

Rock shrugged and shifted, lying casually on his side next to the pile he and the kid made, cock not quite full, almost casually hard. "It wouldn't be the same as last time. This would be..." Rock shrugged again, words were not his strong suit. "It would belong to the three of us."

The big guy got up suddenly. "Whatever. I'm taking a fucking shower."

Rigger watched Rock head out. Well, fuck, that was weird and grouchy and utterly Rock. He levered himself up and held his hand out to help Dick up. "Go on and join the big guy. I'm gonna lock up, put the chicken out of the way of our furry garbage disposal, and then I'll be in with a couple of cold ones."

"Did I screw up?" The kid had his lower lip between his teeth. Rig hadn't seen that expression since the first few weeks Dick had been with them.

Rigger smiled and shook his head. "Nope—think about it. No slamming doors, no stomping feet. Hell, he didn't even yell at Grim. The big guy is just wiggled. His hands talk lots better than his lips, you know?" He kissed Dick and then pushed him towards the hall. "He'll be waiting for us, kid. Don't keep him waiting."

"Okay, I won't." Dick pressed a quick kiss on him and took off. "Thanks, Rig!"

"Yeah." He chuckled and gathered up the chicken, throwing it in the fridge. Then he put the guys' clothes on hangers, let Grim out, dug three beers from the fridge. Grim came back in, doors were locked and he headed down the hall, following the wisps of steam.

"Here's Johnny!" He called, turning into the bathroom.

He got a garbled reply, Rock and Dick's mouths busy devouring each other. As he stepped in he could see the big guy's hands on Dick's ass, tanned against the patch of white skin. Fuck, but they were a treat to watch together. Okay, so maybe Dick wasn't that crazy.

He set the beers aside and pulled out three towels and set them on the toilet tank. Then he slid in close to Dick, licking the water off a hard shoulder.

Another welcoming noise was made, still muffled by the two mouths fused together. Rock's hands slid around to grab his butt, pulling him in tight against Dick's back.

He pushed close, murmuring against Dick's back. His hand slid around searching for cocks or bellies or nipples—he was easy. The boys parted only long enough for him to get his hands between them. Fuck, there was nothing like three bodies working together toward a fucking good time.

His hands explored, tracing Rock's shaft while tweaking Dick's tits, then comparing their stomachs—Rock's was harder, Dick's flatter.

Dick started moving between them, wriggling just enough to make this interesting. Rigger started to lick his way down

Dick's back, stroking and nipping and enjoying the fine body until him reached his knees and grabbed the soap.

He started lathering up the kid's legs, licking patterns over Dick's ass.

"I should be doing this for you," Dick protested, but his legs shifted, spreading for him.

His tongue slid along the dark crease, soapy hands moving up to hold the muscled cheeks apart. He played, tongue flicking over the puckered little hole, soap-slick hands massaging and squeezing. Dick moaned, legs spreading wider and Rock's hands went around the kid's waist, holding him up.

Fuck, yeah. Christ, the kid gave himself up like nobody else. Rigger groaned, spreading his own thighs, letting his balls hang free. He began to push inside, just enough for the kid to feel, just enough to tease.

Rock chuckled. "Whatever you're doing must be amazing—you're giving the kid fits."

Dick just made some vague don't-stop-now noises and tried to spread his legs further apart. Rig chuckled and began to melt the poor kid's mind. His hands found Dick's balls, wrapping around so his thumbs could work the skin behind. Once the rhythm of pushing and rolling was there, he pushed his tongue in, adding a counterpoint, guaranteed to dissolve Marines, sailors, and any other lover he'd ever had the chance to drive to insanity.

God, fucking was fun.

Dick was moaning and groaning, those lovely little porno noises raining down on him as he worked the kid's ass. The

kid tasted good—a mixture of salt and sweat and come and, well, Dick. That thought made him grin, make him push harder and deeper.

One of Rock's hands shifted and the kid's noises got louder, body starting to shake. He tongue-fucked the kid hard and steady, no more teasing, no more playing, just straightforward, come-for-me-baby fucking.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Dick cried out and came, the tight heat wrapping around Rig's tongue like it was never going to let go. He held on, easing Dick through the aftershocks, hands sliding over the wet skin. They met Rock's against the kid's back, the big guy chuckling and letting his hand slide over Rigger's before moving on. Dick just leaned against Rock, murmuring happily.

Rigger grabbed the soap again and began to soap up both his lovers, hands moving between their legs, over their balls, using Rock's hips to stand. Once he'd soaped up their backs and chests, Rock grabbed onto him and rubbed him against the muscled body, getting him all soapy too.

Dick laughed, eyes bright and happy.

"Mmm... new uses for marines." He grinned and winked at Rock. "Body loofha!"

Rock laughed and shoved him under the spray. "Asshole."

Dick was still laughing, stepping back out of the shower. "See you assholes in bed."

"You can still see after that?" Rigger shook his head, sighing dramatically. "I must be losing my touch Rocketman."

Dick's laughter faded away down the hall.

"Nah, he couldn't stand for awhile there. Your mouth is still the best in the fucking country."

"Mmm... flattery will get you anywhere, Rock." He smiled and turned his face up to the spray, rinsing the soap off.

The big hands slid over his skin. "It usually doesn't even take flattery," Rock teased, voice husky.

"No reason to play coy, Blue. Not when we both know what we want." He stretched, arching beneath that touch.

"What's that, Rigger?" The question was distracted, Rock's mouth finding the skin of his neck, working it hard.

"What's what... oh, fuck! That's nice." Rock kept worrying the spot, teeth and tongue and lips bringing the blood to the surface. It was going to leave one hell of a mark. All the while, Rock's hands slid over his skin, never settling, just roaming, touching him everywhere. The touches were making him melt, making his muscles tremble with the effort of keeping himself upright.

Rock leaned back against the tile, pulling him to lean against the big body as the big guy's mouth finally came off his skin. "Now you've got something to tease the girls with on Tuesday."

"Oh, cool." He snuggled close, finger tracing over the skin. "It tingles. Is it in the shape of your insignia, Rock?" The tease was fond and easy, nothing could make him bitchy with this hard body wet and pressed close.

"Nope, my prick's bigger." Rock rubbed against him to prove the point, grin wide.

"Mmm... yeah." His hand trailed down, rubbing over the flared head. Rock's face went slack and he pushed up into Rigger's hand.

"Fuck, Blue. So hot..." he brought their lips together, palm rubbing over the hot, stretched tip of Rock's cock in a circle.

One of Rock's hands grabbed the back of his neck, holding him in place as Rock's tongue dove in deep. The other hand held him tight against the rock-hard body. Rig pressed and rocked and kissed—just losing himself in the smell and feel and taste of Rock.

The kiss went on and on, Rock's hips moving faster, need starting to color the movements. He groaned, his own cock hard as nails, pushing against Rock's hip. Fuck, this was hot, good. Rock was growling into his mouth now, moving them urgently together. He just rode it, moaning and fucking Rock's mouth with his tongue for all he was worth.

"Rig..." Rock groaned and came, heat splashing over his hand, against his skin, washed away by the water as quickly as it came.

Rigger arched, his balls tight and aching and fuck, Rock's mouth was hard and... He came with a cry, shuddering against Rock's body. Rock held him, hands petting, mouth still fused with his, tongue lapping slowly. He melted, humming, holding onto Rock with all his might. The big man just held him, letting him come down at his own speed.

He would have just stayed there forever, except the water was getting cold and the beer was getting warm. He shifted. "s good, Rocketman."

"I know." Rock didn't sound smug, he wasn't bragging, just agreeing.

He leaned up and got another kiss. Fuck but he was a lucky man.

Rock grabbed his ass and squeezed. "Come on, Rigger man. Let's go make the kid's fucking fantasies come true."

"We've been doing that for months, Blue. Months."

Rock chuckled. "Are you saying you want to stop now?"

"I'm saying I'm right with you, just like always." He wagged his eyebrows. "Watching your back."

Rock laughed outright. "Oh, it's not my back you've got to worry about."

"No?" Rigger chuckled, leaning over to turn off the water. He grabbed a towel and threw it at Rock. "Brought you a beer, Rock."

"Ah, shit—why didn't you say so to start with? 's gonna be warm now."

"Bitch, bitch, bitch." He grinned, grabbing the neck and grinning as his hands hit cold glass. "Oh, the kid brought us fresh ones. What a good boy we have."

"Oh, he deserves a reward for this one." Rock took a long swig of his beer and then nodded his head. "Come on, Rig, quit stalling—your ass has an appointment with my hand."

"You know, you're pretty damned casual about this." He finished his own beer, wandering out into the hallway. "It's a pretty far out deal."

"You don't want to do it, just say the word, Rigger. This is supposed to be a good thing all around."

He looked over. "Oh, it's a good thing. A big thing, a fucking intense thing. But..." He looked down at Rock's hand. "It's a good thing."

Rock reached out with his hand and pulled him close, kissing him hard. "It's a good thing, Rig. So lets go fucking do it."

"Yeah, Blue." He hurried into the bedroom, bouncing beside Dick with a grin. "Hey Dickie-boy. Getting lonely?"

"Beginning to wonder if you two fell in."

"Nah, kid, I was just giving Rig a little Rocketman."

Rigger chuckled. "Mark this day, kid. He called it little. You heard him."

He snuggled his ass against Dick, protecting it from the slap he knew was coming. Rock got him in the belly instead, a good solid whomp. "Asshole."

Dick laughed, hands coming around to rub his belly.

Rock crawled onto the bed, his laughter joining Dick's, joining his own. "No, Rock. That was my stomach. Dick, I'm not sure this fisting thing's gonna work if the old man's forgotten where it is already..."

"Don't worry, Rig—I'll look out for you—make sure he puts his hand where it belongs."

"Oh thank you ever so." Rigger turned, taking a kiss, pushing close to the kid. Dick's mouth opened easily beneath his, the kid lying back. Rock's hands slid over his ass, rubbing his ass cheeks. He spread his legs, relaxing and rubbing against Dick, rocking gently between hands and body. "Oh, gonna make your dream come true, kid."

"Again." Dick chuckled, hands sliding over his arms.

Rock bent and touched his tongue to the mark left on his neck, hands continuing the intimate explorations.

"Oh. Oh, fuck, yes." Rigger straddled Dick's legs, arching up into Rock's heat.

"Slut," Rock whispered, voice hot in his ear.

"Yeah." He moaned, eyes closing. "And you love it."

Rock just chuckled and bit his ear, making him yelp and jerk—right back onto a wide, slick finger.

"What's this?" asked Dick, fingers stroking over the mark, making it ache just a little.

"The Rocketman w...was hungry, kid." He rocked on Rock's finger, toes curling as he was spread and touched.

"Wow. I don't think I've ever seen a hickey on you before. Little bites and marks, yeah, but this... wow."

One finger rather abruptly became two, Rock changing the fucking subject as surely as if he'd said so.

He spread his thighs a little wider, gasping just a bit. He tightened and then pushed back, humming happily. "Rock. Good. Yeah, fucking good."

Dick stroked the mark for another moment and then let his hand slide over Rigger's shoulder and down his back. The kid started kissing him, tongue fucking him. Rigger relaxed into the motion—being held between Rock and Dick was a familiar place, comfortable, warm. Really fucking sexy.

"Fucking hot, Rig." Rock's deep voice slid over him, working him just like those fingers that were curling, stroking across the gland inside.

"Oh..." He shuddered, head falling forward, forehead resting on Dick's chest as he gasped and fought to catch his

breath. Rigger could feel his body rippling around those two—damn, was it only two? Just two?—fingers, hole gripping Rock tight. “Oh, shit...”

Dick's hands slid along his sides, fingertips dancing over his skin. “Shit, Rigger, you have no idea how you look, all spread open for him like that, fingers up your ass. Fucking incredible.”

He scooted back just enough that he could relax his arms and bury his face in Dick's lower belly, chin stroking the long, hard cock. Oh, fuck, this was nice. Warm and soft and full of the salt and scent of Dick's sweat, Dick's come.

Dick's fingers moved over his head, the kid making soft noises.

They sank into the sensations, all three of them moving slowly together, riding the waves of pleasure So good. Slow and deep and strong—fucking on valium, but different, because this didn't make you sick and you could remember when you were finished.

Finally Rock's fingers slid away, the big, hard body pressing along his back. “It's put up or shut up time, Rig—this how you want it?”

“Your dream, kid. Your call.” Either way, Rock would make it good, make it right. Either way, Rock would be right there and given that, he was easy.

The kid's fingers were sliding over his face. “Whatever's going to feel best for you, Rigger. I just wanna be able to see the look on your face.” The kid grinned. “Well, and Rock's fucking arm up your ass.”

"Wanna turn over then, Rock. Wanna be able to see you both." Rock kissed the back of his neck and then moved away, giving him room to settle how he wanted. He ended up with his head on Dick's lap, legs splayed over the end of the bed, one on either side of Rock. Dick's hands were moving over his face and his neck.

Rock looked up at him, blue eyes fucking smiling as three fingers pushed into his body, solid and warm and good.

"Oh, fuck..." His legs parted, toes curling. Rigger rocked against Rock's fingers, moaning, eyes falling closed.

"Oh yeah... fucking sexy." Dick's voice was soft, like the fingers that slid over his skin.

"He is a sexy fucker, isn't he?"

He grinned, hands roaming over his body, touching nipples and belly and cock, fucking flying on sensation.

Rock's fingers disappeared, returning seconds later with more lube, slicking him up but good. He caught his breath—fuck, but Rock's hand was god damned huge.

Dick's hands were moving over him more quickly, stroking and sliding. "You're going to look so hot, it's going to feel so good. Shit, I can still feel his hand up my ass like it was just yesterday."

Rock kept him moving on just three fingers, every now and then pushing in more lube. Finally the big guy slid his hand along Rigger's thigh. "You about ready to fly, Rigger?"

"Yeah, Rock." He grinned, unable to avoid making the joke. "Flying's kind of my gig, you know, ground-pounder."

Dick just laughed and Rock shook his head. "Brave words for a man with my hand about to be shoved up his ass."

"Blessed are we who can laugh at ourselves, for we will never cease to be fucking amused, Rocketman."

"Amused isn't exactly what we're going for here, you know?" Rock looked exasperated but fond.

Dick's hands slid across his chest, teasing over his nipples, fingertips dragging. "I wouldn't worry about him, Rock. I think Rigger is gonna take your hand very seriously, he's just trying to stay loose for you."

He grinned up at Dick, humming his appreciation of the fingers sending electric shots through his nipples. Sometimes the kid was pretty sharp. Dick was smiling back down at him, fingers staying busy and then all of a sudden he was aware of Rock's fingers, all five of them pushing into him with care. He took a deep breath, hands reaching out and tangling in the sheets. "Oh."

Dick's fingers slid down and back up along his arms, leaving a tingling trail behind. "He's doing it, Rig, he's putting his fucking hand inside you."

The pressure was huge—fuck, it couldn't have been so big before. So fucking much. He focused on Rock, stomach clenching with his hands, body shivering. "Rock..."

Rock's free hand slid over his stomach, smoothing out his muscles, fingers solid, massaging. "I've got you covered, Rig."

"Yeah, Rock. Yeah." He took a deep breath, never losing sight of Rock's eyes while he reached up for Dick.

The kid's hands kept moving over his skin as Rock's hand on his stomach stilled, big and heavy and there.

"I've got you, Rig." Rock repeated the words, hand pushing gently but implacably in.

Oh, fucking shit. He could feel his body stretching, burning—and it just kept letting Rock's fucking hand in.

Dick started talking, voice low, words interrupted by those fucking porno noises, the moans and groans and little wee whimpers. "You're taking him, Rigger, taking him right up your ass, shit, you have no idea how hot you look. So fucking hot."

The burn became breathtaking, made him groan as he was stretched so wide, so god damned wide. "Oh... you got me, Rock?"

"Can't you feel it, Rig? I've got you in my hand." Rock placed a kiss on his thigh, lips warm, soft—almost tender. "I've got you, Rigger."

"Oh yeah, he's got you, Rig. Shit, you're fucking gorgeous like this." Dick's hands slid over him in random movements, soothing, arousing.

He groaned, the sound pushed out of him as Rock's hand pushed in. The burn became an incredible fullness, his body squeezing and moving, trying to find room for Rock deep inside.

Rock's free hand slid over his belly, slow and smooth, pressing and kneading. "Okay, Rig. I've got you right here in the palms of my hands. You're good. Just relax, Rig, you're good."

He took some slow, deep breaths, each one ending on a moan, legs beginning to move restlessly as he relaxed back into Dick's touches. "Oh, fuck, Rock. Yeah. Yeah, I'm good."

"You're not good, Rig, you're fucking amazing." The kid's touches became less random, stroking again and again over his nipples.

Meanwhile Rock had his hand flat on Rig's stomach, and it felt like Rock's two palms were pressing together, meeting in the middle of him. Oh, fuck... Blue was holding him. Holding him... Oh, fuck, yes. Rig opened his eyes again, looked down at Rock with a soft moan.

The blue eyes were smiling up at him, warm and right there and never leaving his. They stayed like that long time, Rock holding him in big hands, eyes meeting his full of things they'd never say aloud but both knew to be true.

The only one moving was Dick, hands soft, sure, almost making him shake and shudder around Rock's hand.

Then he grinned and the intensity relaxed, because Rock had him and he was holding Rock and fuck but Dick was driving him out of his mother-loving mind...

"Damn, Dick." He gasped. "Your fucking fingers... damn!" Rock and Dick both chuckled.

"No, Rig. My fingers are fucking."

He might have sassed Rock back except that his Blue started to move his fingers, the ones inside him, wriggling slightly.

"Oh, fuck!" He could feel the motions all through him. Then Dick's fingers pinched his nipples hard and he convulsed, jerking on Rock's hand. Rock's fingers slowly closed into a fist, Dick distracting him with hard pinches and soft flutters of fingertips over his nipples.

He grunted again, but this time it was more an 'oh, fuck yeah' than a 'Christ, I'm gonna split' sort of noise.

"Gonna fuck you with my hand now, Rigger. You ready for that? Ready for the Rocketman to send you to the moon?"

His only answer was to lift his knees, catching them and pulling them up and out.

Dick moaned loudly. "Oh, fuck, yeah."

Rock chuckled. "You like that, kid? Like him all eager to get fucked."

"Shit, yeah."

"Good." Then Rock's hand began to move.

Oh, sweet Mary, mother of God, the entire fucking world just moved. He gasped, threw his head back against Dick and just went with it, let the boys send him on a trip. Rock was fucking him slowly, moving that hand in tiny increments while Dick kept up the litany of how fucking hot he was, the kid's fingers working his nipples and skin like there was no tomorrow. He didn't know if he was talking or moaning or moving—he just knew that pressure inside him and that teasing and tweaking and touching outside.

Rock's movements slowly grew longer, sliding his hand down to the wrist and then up into him again and again and again, knuckles sliding over his prostate every damn time.

"Oh fuck... fuck. So fucking good. So fucking full..." He reached for Dick, turning his head, searching for the kid's cock with open lips.

"Oh, fuck, Rig!" Dick shifted carefully and then that long cock was sliding into his mouth, hot and hard and almost sweet, just like Dick.

Oh, fucking perfect. He closed his eyes and let them fuck him, slow and easy and deep and so fucking full. Dick was hot and hard in his mouth, Rock's hand was even hotter and harder inside his ass. They were both making noises, Dick moaning and groaning and making those sweet porno sounds, while Rock was talking, low murmurs and rumbles that he couldn't make out.

He sucked harder as his own need grew, as if sucking Dick would somehow transfer to his own prick, Dick's spunk in his mouth would relieve his own aching balls.

"Oh, Fuck! Coming soon." Dick's voice was shaky, breathless.

Rock's only response was to move faster, pushing across his prostate more firmly, more often. His entire body was shaking, cock dripping hot pre-come on his belly, the kid's flavor sharp on his tongue, Rock's hand—oh, fuck, Rock's goddamned hand in his ass.

"What do you need, Rig?" Rock's voice was low, intimate, sliding up along his spine. He felt Rock's lips fasten onto his skin, pulling hard, leaving another mark on his thigh. Another mark... He shuddered, coming hard, pulling on Rock's hand and Dick's cock for all he was worth.

Dick's sweet come filled his mouth, the kid's sharp cry warring with Rock's deep rumble. Swallowing, Rigger shivered and shook through the aftershocks of his orgasm or fuck, maybe it was another one, who the fuck knew.

Dick was still petting him, hands moving soft and random again and Rock's hand was sliding up and down along his stomach. The hand inside him was still, solid, there. He

looked down, blinking slow. "Still hard. Still fucking hard. Christ. Oh, shit, Rock."

"That's because you're a grade A prime American slut, Rigger, my man." Rock's mouth closed over his, tongue sliding into his mouth as that hand started to move again.

He moaned into Rock's lips, almost sobbing now, every fucking nerve alight. The hand on his belly turned, curled around his cock and started to pump. Rock was everywhere now, fucking him with tongue and hands, all moving with the same damn rhythm. Where Rock wasn't touching, Dick was, fingers working like magic.

He convulsed, screaming into Rock's mouth, coming with everything he was, coming again and again and... oh...

Oh, fuck yeah...

Rock's kiss gentled, the hand on his cock still working him as Rock pulled out of his ass while he was still loose, muscles lax and sated from his orgasms.

Dick's petting slowed, became long, slow touches. "So fucking hot. Both of you."

He groaned, legs relaxing, body curling up, searching for his lovers' warmth. Rock's body disappeared, but Dick was pulling him up, holding him against the kid's body, replacing Rock's mouth with Dick's.

It wasn't long before he could feel Rock cleaning him, a soft, damp towel sliding between his legs and around his cock and balls, over his stomach. Kisses that weren't Dick's dropped on his stomach and his thighs, the tip of his cock and then Rock's warmth was pressed up against his back.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Thank you," Dick murmured against his lips. The words were repeated as Dick's mouth left his and when he looked up, he saw his lovers kissing over him.

Fuck, they were beautiful.

He raised his head, adding his tongue, his taste, to theirs. The three-way kisses went on and on, his lovers holding him between them, keeping him warm and close, the center of their universe.

He just stayed there, in the arms of his family.

Chapter 36

Rigger shivered and ran in place, cursing as he mentally encouraged Grim to hurry. Fuck, it was cold and wet and horrid out there and the guys were in bed and warm and naked.

"Come on, Grim! I swear I'm putting in a fucking doggie door!" Grimmy actually looked over at him, big ears pointing. "Okay, okay. So I'm lucky to fit your huge butt through the back door. Quit looking at me and piss already or I'm leaving you outside in the fucking rain!"

His nuts were frozen and he was in danger of fucking penile frostbite. Probably 80 degrees back home. "Why the fuck did I leave Texas?"

Hot hands wrapped around his chest and pulled him back into warm skin. "Oh, yeah. That's why."

One hand slid down and into his sweatpants, circling his cock, even as Rock's boner dug into his ass. "Well, well, well, what have we here?" Rock started to pump him, nice and slow, big hand so fucking hot.

"Mmm... one fucking freezing and incredibly grateful for your gift of body heat Texan." He snuggled back, moaning, cock filling with amazing speed given it had been threatening frostbite only seconds before.

Rock's mouth dropped to his neck, hot against his skin. "Smell good, Rig."

"Feels good, Rock." He leaned his head back, hands reaching around to squeeze Rock's ass. Fuck it was good—

this was good, Rock's heat and lips and hands. This was why he'd left Texas.

Rock was nuzzling him, mouth soft and hot and good on his neck. Rock's free hand started to push his sweats down over his hips.

"You gonna keep me warm, Blue? 's awful dreary out there." Rig gasped when Rock's cock slid against his naked ass, hotter than a vinyl car seat in August.

"Warmer than July in Texas." Rock shifted his hips, pushing his cock against Rigger's crack, leaving a trail of heat behind and then pushing again. Rigger's hips moved against Rock, squeezing and rocking over that thick cock. His own prick was leaking now, Rock's hand working the tip just like he liked it. Rock kept them moving, slow and steady.

He just relaxed into the motions, letting Rock keep them warm, keep them together and hard and upright. "Fuck, Blue. So good."

"You better believe it." Rock's voice was still morning husky, but he could hear the need there as well, knew his Blue wanted him. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Rock's neck, fingers stroking over the short hairs on Rock's head. The motion stretched him, brought him closer and Rock moaned as they slid against each other.

"Fuck, yeah." Rock sped his movements, not enough to push them over the edge, just enough to up the arousal.

"Kiss me." He tilted his head back, searching for those fucking sweet lips. Rock's lips slowly traveled up his neck, dragging warm and wet over his skin until finally their mouths met. He pushed up into the kiss, tongue sliding deep into

Rock, tasting the rich warmth, earthy like Dick, but different, more... Blue.

A deep groan vibrated against his lips, against his tongue and Rock started to back them up.

He followed blindly, caught in the kiss. Fuck, it was good. Sweet. Hot. Right.

Next thing he knew, he was pressed up against the wall, Rock's feet pushing his apart. "Didn't think you wanted me to fuck you up against the screen." Rock's cock nudged at his hole.

"No, we'd fall through." He tilted his hips, pressing back against that hard prick. "Want you."

"Got me," whispered Rock, pushing his cock all the way in.

"Oh..." His head fell back upon Rock's shoulder, eyes flashing up to his Blue's. God, oh, God, it felt good. Hot and strong and, fuck, he needed this once or twice a day every day until he was too old to get it up.

Rock's hands were still curled around his prick, pulling in time with every push into his ass. "So fucking tight like this."

"Rock. Fuck, Blue. Yes." He moved in time with that thick prick, those big fucking hands. "Feel you fucking everywhere."

Rock just kept moving into him, thrusts slowly becoming harder, building. Rigger brought their lips together again, tongue fucking Rock's lips with the same rhythm that cock was pushing into him. Rock groaned, plowing into him, pushing him tight against the wall, hand working him hard and fast. His orgasm took him hard, jerking on Rock's prick like a prom queen in the backseat of the quarterback's Chevy.

"Fuck, yeah." Rock whispered the words into his mouth and shot a load into his ass.

They collapsed against the wall, Rock nuzzling at his neck, leaving soft, wet kisses on his skin.

"Mm." Fuck but he was warm and relaxed and happy. Now they just needed to be teleported into the goddamned bed where they could get a nap.

It was the fucking barking at the screen door that made them move. Rock groaned and pulled out, slowly backing away.

"Shut up, Grimmy." Rigger stretched out and pushed the screen door open, shivering from the loss of Rock's body heat.

"I vote we go back to bed and let the kid's body heat warm us back up," suggested Rock as he closed the back door shut, cutting off the breeze.

"Fuck yes." He shivered again and nodded. "Race you."

Rock's eyes narrowed. "What does the winner get?"

"To stay in bed while the other goes to get breakfast." He took off like a shot, sliding down the hall.

Rock's hands grabbed at his hips, their joint laughter filling the hall. Yeah, this was why he left Texas.

Chapter 37

He was pretty sure he'd forgotten how to get home from the base. Six wet, miserable fucking weeks in the Philippines working to help the people hurt and sick from Hurricane Belinda and the floods that resulted. Mosquitoes and mold and filth and broken sewer lines and hundreds of sick and bleeding kids. He'd never seen so much illness in one place, never lost so many patients, never worked where the smell of rotten flesh became commonplace.

He missed his dog. He missed good coffee and hot showers and dry feet. He missed cable and pizza and beer. He missed Dick.

He sighed, stopping at the Circle K for a twelve-pack and a snickers bar and coke. He needed to get home.

He needed Rock.

He felt a pull in his groin as he hopped into the jeep. There. That was one good thing about the trip. He and Chon and Reed had gotten shit-faced one night and gotten talked into traditional tattoos by one of the native nurses—big chick with an even bigger brother. He didn't remember much about it, but he sure as fuck remembered waking up the morning after.

His entire goddamned groin was covered in a spiky, fascinating pattern, crowning his cock like the blond curls that had been there just the day before. He'd spent the next few days sore as fuck and goddamned lucky he didn't get an infection.

Thank God for pharmacy keys and antibiotic cream.

But now he had a fabulous design, even if it was beginning to be hidden by the regrowing pubes. He pulled into the driveway and turned off the engine, looking up at the moon just rising over the roof of his house. He could hear Rock laughing, hear Dick's video games through the screen door.

He just sat and listened, tickled as shit to be home and too fucking tired to move. Grim came to the screen door and started barking.

"Shut up, mutt!" Rock called out. Grim just kept on barking, whining now, too, trying to get out.

"Dick, go see what's got him all worked up."

Rigger sighed and called out, "'s just me, Rock. No stress."

"Fucking shit, Dick, was that Rig?" The sound of the video game shut off abruptly and the screen door opened, Grim bounding over to him as Rock and Dick lounged in the doorway.

"You come back without legs or something?" Rock asked.

"Fuck off, asshole." He swung his legs out of jeep and grabbed the beer and his rucksack. "Just making sure this was my house. I'd forgotten what it looked like."

Rock was nodding his head. "Not surprising, the kid and I were just saying this morning how we couldn't remember what you looked like, it's been that long."

Dick met him halfway up the walk, grabbing his bag and the beer. "Welcome back, Rigger."

"Thanks, kid." Grim was nudging him hard with his big, flat head, growling and whining and making those unhappy, 'man, you left me here with Rock and he doesn't ever remember the

doggie treats and Dick hogs the couch' noises. He knelt down, giving the old mutt a hug and scratching him behind the ears until the unhappy sounds stopped. "Spoiled old thing. I missed you too. Good boy. Yeah, Grim's a good boy. Come on, I'll get you a treat. Get in the house, boy."

Grim pushed past Rock, tail wagging. He looked up with a grin and then, finally, he was in, home, with his lovers and his dog, where he belonged.

Rock grabbed him and wrestled him into a headlock, crowing about how long his hair had gotten, tugging none too gently on the blond curls. Before he could protest, Rock had him shoved up against the wall, tongue pushed down his throat, that big, buff body pressed up tight. He reached up and cupped Rock's cheeks, kissing him back for all he was worth. He head was swimming, hips thrusting steadily, grunting and moaning into Rock's lips.

Rock spent about two seconds trying to undo his buttons before grabbing his shirt with both hands and tearing it apart. Blunt fingertips found his nipples, pinching and tugging.

Oh, fuck, yes. Yes. Rigger pressed into the touches, balls throbbing hard. He sobbed into Rock's mouth, cock spurting into his scrubs.

Rock's mouth gentled, tongue stroking slowly in and out. Fingertips turned into palms, lying flat against his nipples. Someone—Dick—was undoing his scrubs, soft, warm tongue cleaning him up.

"What the fuck?" asked the kid.

Rock pulled away, looking down at Dick, at Rig's crotch. "Fucking shit, Rig—what the hell is that?"

"s my cock. How long have I been gone?" He sagged against Rock, nuzzling the warm, damp skin.

Rock elbowed him in the ribs. "Not that, asshole, the black shit around it—you catch something we don't wanna know about?"

Dick's fingers were soft, gentle as they explored. "It's a fucking tattoo!"

"No shit? On his fucking cock?" Rock suddenly bent and hoisted him up over his shoulder, tossing him on the couch and pulling off his scrubs before squatting next to his groin. "Yep, you're right, Dick. It's a fucking tattoo."

He chuckled, boneless and lazy. "Yeah, got it on the island. It's bigger than I thought it would be, but my pubes do a fair job of hiding it, yeah?"

"Not if you haven't got any," Rock said, grinning up at him. "Dick—go get your razor."

"Now hold on a minute!" He sat up, only to be pushed back onto the couch by a huge, heavy hand. "Come on, Rock. I just grew 'em back in, man. They've been itchy as fuck for three damned weeks." He looked down, the dark gold curls didn't hide the tattoo completely, but it softened the edges.

"I'm sure Dick'll scratch it for you, Rigger my man, but you cannot come home with that shit around your prick and expect us not to want to see. You are one crazy fucker, you know that?"

Dick was back with his razor, handing it and the shaving cream to Rock. "Did it hurt?" the kid asked.

"A little. I don't really remember much of it. Chon and Reed and me were pretty fucked up. Some big motherfucker

did the work." He looked up at Rock, his cock beginning to fill again. "You're not really gonna shave me, are you, Rocketman? They've just now come back nice and full. I swear, that chick took off a layer of skin along with the hair."

Rock sprayed his pubes with the shaving cream, back of the big hand rubbing against his cock as Rock spread the cream around. "Aw, poor baby—don't worry, I promise I'll just take the hair. No fucking way you're coming home with this and not letting us see."

Dick was standing by Rock's shoulder, looking down, just as fascinated as Rock, damp towel in his hand. Every now and then the kid bounced on the balls of his feet. Christ, if he'd known the boys would be so interested, he'd have had it done months ago.

He leaned back and relaxed. If he wasn't going to be able to avoid it, then he'd just have to enjoy it.

"Don't cut off his cock."

"Dickwad."

"Asshole."

"Just shut up, kid and let me do this so we can see what the fucker got done, okay?" Dick just chuckled and then the slide of the razor moved over his skin, Rock working with careful, even strokes.

"I don't think it goes down as far as his balls."

Rock snorted. "I don't care, kid, do you have any idea what he looks like completely fucking shaved? Sexy as fuck."

Rigger grinned, cock throbbing and bobbing against the top of Rock's hand. "You telling the kid our kinky little secrets, Rocketman?"

"I'm not the one who came home with a goddamned tattoo on my prick."

"Secrets?" asked Dick. "So what's a guy got to do to hear about the rest of them?"

"I was drunk, Rock. It was a hard trip, man. Blame Reed." He looked up over at Dick. "You have to con Rock into confessing, kid."

Dick snorted. "More fucking truth or dare. Good thing we've got a couple of days off."

Rock laughed and reached back. "Hand me the fucking towel, kid."

He looked down as Rock wiped the shaving cream and hair away. The tattoo was pretty fucking cool—swirls and spikes curling around the base of his cock and spreading up along his groin like a some living stain.

"Motherfucker." Rock's voice was awed and he bent, tracing the design with his tongue.

"Pretty fucking impressive, but ouch." Dick took the towel from Rock's hand and tossed it and the razor at the coffee table.

"Wasn't too bad. Needed something to think about while I was working." His response was distant, unfocused, the motion of Rock's tongue on his skin overwhelming and fucking hot.

"Bad?" asked Dick softly, the kid's tongue silencing any answer he might have given. He moaned and opened his mouth, letting Dick slide that talented fucking tongue deep. He was floating, arching between Dick's lips and Rock's tongue. Utter fucking magic.

One of Dick's hands slid over his chest, tweaking a nipple and fuck it if one of Rock's didn't slide up over his stomach and find the other. They didn't move their hands together, or their mouths, both finding their own rhythms, keeping him off-balance.

Fuck. Oh, fuck. He reached up and hugged Dick's neck, holding on. His toes were curling, his cock throbbing. Shudders rocked him as he twisted, fucking lost in sensation. Rock's other hand slid over his balls, stroking the bared skin and slipping beyond, a single finger pressing into him without teasing or ceremony. He pushed down, riding the thick finger only a few times before he came, screaming into Dick's mouth, spraying his freshly shaved skin with hot spunk.

Rock rubbed his come into his skin, shifting him and spreading his legs. "Need your ass, Rig."

"Mm... yeah, Rocketman. Haven't felt you in so long." He was completely boneless. At this rate, he could fuck all goddamned night.

It was the kid's hands that slid behind his knees and pulled them back, opening him for Rock. His lover slid in deep, taking advantage of his looseness to begin fucking him with long deep strokes.

He turned his head, saw Dick's cock right there and turned the kid slightly, mouth open and searching. He managed to suck the tip into his mouth, pulling firmly at the stiff prick. Dick moaned loudly and shifted, moving to straddle his head, knees pressing against his shoulders. The kid began to fuck his mouth, thrusts more tentative than Rock's into his ass.

He reached up and wrapped his hands around Dick's hips, encouraging the kid's thrusts to match Rock's, pulling him in deep. Dick's moan was cut off, by Rock's mouth he'd guess, if the muffled whimpers were anything to go by.

It wasn't long before they were working together, both cocks thrusting into him, filling him, allowing him nothing but the sensations of being fucked. He didn't know if he was hard, didn't really matter—he had his lover deep in his ass, their lover pressing into his throat. This was utter fucking perfect.

Dick came first, shooting come down his throat, hips thrusting wildly. He swallowed hard—fuck, it had been so long. He held Dick's hips, continuing to suckle, keeping the flesh in his mouth hard. Meanwhile, Rock's strokes grew stronger, deeper and then Rock came too.

Rigger closed his eyes, pulling gently at Dick's cock, rhythmically tightening and relaxing his ass upon Rock's sweet, thick prick.

Rock's groan was low and needy. "You want more, Rigger? Want more of this?" This time Rock's thrust was long and slow, pressing deep inside him.

He moaned around Dick's flesh, nodding and tightening his body around Rock's dick, holding his lover tight.

Fuck, yes, he wanted more.

Two hands found his cock, pumping lightly as Rock and Dick began to move together again, each thrusting into him. He hummed, mouth and ass moving together, so fucking hot he was going to burn himself alive. Rock and Dick were moving slowly, cocks sliding into him and pulling back out, so fucking hot and hard. He was grunting around Dick's flesh,

body arching and riding Rock, licking Dick—fuck! Nothing should be this good. Nothing.

But it was.

Dick was making those porno noises he made and even Rock was grunting and moaning like nobody's business. Dick's flavor was still fresh on his tongue, salt and sweet and just a little bitter and all male. Rock was stroking him, fingers brushing against his shaved skin, cock brushing against his prostate again and again.

Dick's hand was wrapped around his cock, pulling in time, thumb stroking across the tip on every third stroke or so. There was no room for anything except the pleasure, each sensation pushing away the last and all he could do was feel.

They rocked together, balancing on the edge of pleasure for as long as they could. Then Dick's thumb sparked his orgasm, tightening his mouth and body, pulling Dick and Rock along with him.

It was sheer fucking bliss.

They all collapsed in a heap, Rock on top of him, Dick sliding to the floor, head on Rigger's shoulder, one hand on his bared flesh, caught between his and Rock's bodies. Rigger let his eyes close, let himself relax completely. "Good to be home."

"Yeah, it's good to have you again," replied Rock.

Dick groaned. "You have no idea how glad I am you're back."

He chuckled, Rock's request of morning blowjobs must be getting to the kid. "Why's that, Dick?"

"The fucking puns don't seem so bad when you're around."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He heard Rock's palm connect with Dick's flesh and, before his laughter had truly started the boys were wrestling, Rock capturing Dick in a headlock and squeezing.

Oh yeah, good to be home.

Chapter 38

Rock looked out the window as the doorbell rang. There was a Fed Ex truck idling in front of the house. He smothered his grin.

"Rig. Doorbell," he called out to the kitchen.

Dick rolled his eyes and started to get up off the floor, but Rock shook his head. "He can get it."

Rig came out, shirt hanging open, drying his hands on the towel tucked in his waist, flour dotting his chest. "Y'all's legs broken?"

"Yep." The doorbell rang again. "Better get that before they go away."

Rig rolled his eyes and hurried to the door, frowning as he was handed a package and signed for it. He chatted up the guy for a second and then closed the door with a questioning look. "It's for me."

"Oh yeah? Who's it from?" He winked at Dick.

Rig turned the box over. "Just says it's from a company called 'Priape'. Weird."

"Maybe you've got a secret admirer," Rock suggested.

"Or a stalker," drawled Dick.

"You think? Probably something from Momma." Rig wandered over and settled next to him on the couch. "Gimme your pocketknife, Rock?"

Rock smothered his laugh at the image of Rig's Momma's face if she ever saw him wearing the contents of that box and handed over the knife, letting his hand linger on Rigger's.

Rig's eyes flashed up to his and his favorite slut leaned over for a quick, hard kiss before sitting up and opening the package.

Rig emptied the box onto his lap, pulling open the plastic wrap, eyebrows raised.

"Woah—is that leather?" Dick was on his knees next to them, as curious as Rigger.

"Sure smells like it," he added, craning his neck to see.

Rig turned the shorts over, blinking. "They're leather—what there is of 'em. Snaps all the way up the legs, too. Damn."

"Holy fuck..." Dick's voice was soft, hushed—almost reverent.

"Yeah," Rock agreed. Shit, they hadn't looked so fucking tiny in the picture. His cock was hard as fuck as he imagined Rigger wearing them, hard cock pushing at the leather of the crotch, making it stretch, a couple of the bottom buttons undone... He swallowed hard.

Rigger looked over at him. "They're tiny. Soft inside, though. Oh, shit! My biscuits! Hold these!" The shorts were thrown in his lap as Rig hightailed it for the kitchen to rescue dinner.

Dick sat up next to him. "What are you up to?"

He just grinned and held up the shorts. "You telling me you wouldn't give your left nut to see that good ole boy model these?"

"You've got a point."

Rig appeared, biscuits steaming in a bowl, shaking his head and grinning as he saw them looking at the leather shorts. "Y'all... Those things are obscene."

Rock shook them back and forth. "They are. You should try 'em on—see if your mystery gift giver knows your size."

"They... I'll be singing soprano, Rock. You'd be able to count my pubic hairs from a distance." Rig's cheeks were flushed, cock starting to fill in his jeans.

Dick laughed. "You'd better get them on before you're totally hard or you're never gonna get them done up over your prick."

Rock just grinned and held them out.

Rig took the shorts, handing him the bowl of biscuits. "Okay. I'll go take a quick shower and try them on. Y'all can see them if they fit."

"Don't be too long, or the kid and I'll be one up on you."

Dick snorted as Rock picked up one of the biscuits. "Or all the biscuits'll be eaten."

"There's some ham and green beans and macaroni and cheese on the stove, if y'all want some." Rig snatched a biscuit and then headed toward the hall. "Gonna go get unsticky."

Rock put the biscuits down as he watched Rigger's ass disappear down the hall.

He had a lapful of Dick the moment Rigger was out of sight, the kid eager and horny. "They are going to fit him, right?"

He chuckled. "You know it."

Dick kissed him, rubbing their cocks together.

The water started and so did Rig's humming. The kid snorted, laughing into his lips. "The only way to keep him from singing in the shower is to plug that mouth with a cock."

"And the only reason I'm not doing exactly that is because I want to see him in that skimpy little pair of shorts." He kissed the kid hard. "I vote we make him wear nothing but the shorts on weekends."

"Fuck, yeah. Can't you see him out back in the sun, mowing the lawn, slick and sweaty?" Dick pushed close. "Fucking edible."

"Smell of leather getting stronger as his body heats it up. Fuck." He grabbed Dick's ass and moved them together faster, harder.

"Yeah, or bent over the fucking table, wanting it, asking for it." Dick was gasping, making sweet, raw porno noises.

"Fuck, yeah." He slid his hands between them, letting Dick's rocking keep them moving while he worked on freeing their cocks. His own was easy, his sweats loose. Dick's jeans were harder, but he persevered and soon their pricks were rubbing together.

"Fuck, you're hot, man." Dick groaned, body humping eagerly. "Fucking on fire."

"That's why I'm the Rocketman." He grinned at Dick's groan and just pulled the kid even closer, letting Dick feel for himself. If they came now, they'd have more staying power when Rigger came out in that skimpy little snaps down the side outfit.

Dick covered his lips, tongue thrusting into his mouth, kissing him deep. The kid pushed one hand between them, wrapped around their cocks.

He groaned and moved them together faster, the image of Rigger in those tight leather pants enough to bring him off quickly.

Dick groaned, spunk spraying as he arched. "Shit, Rock!"

"Fuck yeah." He shot his own load between them.

Dick took another kiss, riding out their aftershocks.

"Maybe I should order a pair for you, too—what do you think?" He rumbled, happy and relaxed. "My two boys serving my every need in their tight little leather shorts..."

Dick's laughter bubbled over his lips. "Only if you get some too, Rock. That package was made to be shown off."

That made him laugh. "I don't think so kid—they'd make me look too fucking gay."

"And Rig won't?"

"Rig's just going to look hot."

"No shit." Dick looked up with a grin as the water stopped. "Want to clean up before he gets out?"

"Shit, no, I want to be naked when he gets here."

Dick laughed and stood, pulling off his shirt before going to close the blinds and lock the front door. "I can do naked."

Rock stood and stripped down, using his sweats to clean himself up. Shit, he hadn't been this excited about an outfit since Rigger'd worn those cutoffs.

The bathroom door opened and Rig's voice floated down the hall. "These things are obscene."

"We're counting on that, Rig."

Dick chuckled at him, the kid's arm wrapping around his middle and pressing up against his back. "You're fucking getting off on this."

"Damn straight."

The kid nearly fell over he was laughing so hard.

"Hell, I'm not even in there yet and you're laughing." Rig rounded the corner, tan skin all exposed barring the tiny, tight, sexy as fuck little shorts.

The kid's laughter stopped abruptly. "Holy fucking shit!"

Oh yeah, he could second that emotion, only he couldn't make his fucking voice work, he could only stare, prick so hard he hurt.

Rig was pure sex—legs from here to there, belly flat and tan, the first two snaps of the shorts already unfastened. Hair still damp and just curling, face freshly shaved, cheeks flushed and nipples hard as hell.

"Sex on a fucking stick."

"Uh-huh," Dick agreed. Hell, the kid was practically drooling all over all over his shoulder.

"You like?" Rig's eyes were gleaming, thumbs hooking in the waistband of the shorts, tugging them downward a bit. Rock's eyes followed the motion, mouth going dry as the very top of Rig's tattoo came into view.

"Shit, you shaved." Fucking shit he was too damn old to be standing there like a come-struck teenager. But it appeared that was exactly what he was doing.

"Yeah. All of it. Figured there wasn't enough room for hair and me in these." Rig grinned, turning so he could see that

sweet, tight ass. "Okay, you've seen them. I'm going to change."

"NO!" He and Dick shouted it out together and it galvanized him to action. "Shit, Rig—you can't. The kid closed the blinds and locked the door for you and everything."

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, you just pulled out the red carpet." Rig chuckled and wandered into the front room, settling into the recliner, long legs spread wide. "Did y'all eat?"

"Is that an invitation?" he asked, still standing there, staring. He could feel the kid behind him, breathing fast. Shit, they must look like a right pair of chimps.

"Fuck..." Rig stretched; the sound of snaps popping was sharp. "You make me hard when you look at me like that."

Oh, that made him laugh. "Shit, Rig—you make me hard when you look like that."

"Uh-huh."

"And I think you broke the kid."

"Uh-huh."

Rig stood and walked over to them, cock straining against the leather. He pressed close to Rock, leaning in for a kiss. Fuck, he could smell the leather combined with soap and Rig and shaving cream. His whole body just clenched. Fuck, he couldn't believe how much this was turning him on. He opened his mouth for Rig's tongue and slid his hands around to grab that leather-clad ass.

Rig groaned into his lips, one leg lifting to hook around his hip. The sweet ass ground into his hands, Rig hungry and devouring his mouth. He could feel Rig's heat through the

leather, as if the leather itself were alive and a part of Rig. He ground their cocks together, the black material soon slick from the drops that were leaking from him.

Rig's body rocked and arched, low moans pouring into his mouth. The kid's hands slid over his ass, tongue sliding along his shoulder.

"How do they feel?" he asked, rubbing harder.

"Tight." Rig gasped, hands gripping his shoulders. "Hot. Not as hot as you."

He brought one hand over and teased open a couple more of the snaps, the sound loud, making Dick gasp.

"You like them?" he asked.

Rig leaned in to his ear and hissed. "I like what they do to you, Blue. I like how they made you look at me. I fucking love them."

He groaned and pulled Rig tight. "Into drooling Neanderthals are you?"

"Want my drooling Neanderthal in me." Rig's tongue slid over his ear, breath coming quick and fast.

"Oh yeah, I can fucking do that."

"Bend him over the arm of the couch," suggested Dick, rubbing up against his ass.

Rig moaned in his ear, hips pushing against him more urgently. "Fuck..."

"That's the idea." He walked-shuffled them over to the couch, turning Rig when they got there and pushing his own personal slut over. The leather stretched tightly across Rig's ass and the last done up snap strained.

He ran his fingers over the sweet ass, feeling every tremor, every shiver, every tiny push back towards his hands. "You want me to take them off?"

"Fuck no, Rig. We'll manage something." He pushed the short pants up and over to the side. Dick nudged him, holding a tube of lube open and he held out his fingers, letting the kid get them good and slick before sliding them deep into Rig's ass.

Rig threw his head back, pushing back with a cry. "Fuck! Oh, shit, yeah! Again, Rock!"

He started to fuck Rig with his fingers, groaning at the way the tight heat rippled around his fingers, at the way the leather slid across his hand. He groaned again as Dick began to slick up his cock, getting him ready to slide it into Rig's hot hole.

Rig thrust back, hips working it, wanting him. The way that leather stretched over that ass made him ache. When he couldn't stand it anymore, he pulled his fingers out and slid his cock in, the leather rubbing against his skin.

"Rock! Yes! Fuck, yes!" Rig pushed back, ass pulling him in, so fucking hot and slick and tight.

Fuck it was good.

"Slut," he murmured, voice low and rumbling. Before Rig could respond, he began to fuck Rig with long, slow slides into that sweet body.

Dick moved around to slide in front of Rig, cock nudging between those open lips. Rig's ass rippled around him as Dick pushed in deep. "Our slut."

"Fuck yeah." He grinned up at Dick and started to move, the kid finding his rhythm just as quick as you please. With every thrust, the leather slid against him, clinging to him like the heat of Rigger's hole. He held on tight to Rigger's hips, the leather warm and supple and not quite skin beneath his fingers, and fucked his lover hard.

Dick's hands were hard in Rig's hair, eyes fastened to Rig's ass. Rig was moaning and sucking and shaking, thighs hot against him. He leaned over Rig's back and grabbed Dick around the back of his neck, pulling the kid in for a long kiss. He would do this for fucking ever, if he could: buried balls deep in his lover, tongue fucking his other lover, all of them moving and gasping and working toward pleasure.

He slid his hand around, found Rig's straining shaft, so thick and stiff in the leather. Rig gave a cry as he cupped that fucking heat, Rig's ass milking him, pulling him deep as that sweet cock throbbed.

He rode out Rig's orgasm and then started thrusting in again, changing his angle and making Rig cry out again. Rig was groaning, pulling hard on the kid's cock. The long body shuddered every time he thrust back in. Dick's eyes were glazed and he could tell from the soft noises, the kid was about to come. Rig did some shit with his mouth and oh yeah, the kid was coming, cries ringing out. Rig's body held him tight, muscles clenching and rippling. The tan skin was beaded with sweat, the scent of Rig and Dick and leather strong.

He just kept pumping into Rig's ass for all he was worth, the smells and sights and sounds making his balls start to ache.

Rig lifted his head, moaning loud and low. "Fuck, Rock. Just like that. Gonna make me come again. Just like that..."

The leather was teasing his cock something fierce, but he held on and kept moving into Rig's sweet ass. He groaned as he watched Dick rub his cock all over Rig's face.

"Oh! Oh shit! Please... oh, fuck. Coming, Rock. Coming on your cock." Rig's body tightened, head falling back with a scream. Rig's climax triggered his own and he shoved in once more, hard, the movement's of Rig's ass muscles milking his come from him.

Rig collapsed onto the couch, breathing hard, each breath moving him on Rock's prick.

He moaned low in his throat, hands sliding over the hot, slick leather. "I appreciate your stalker's taste."

"You did good, Rock. Real good." Rig's words came in gasps.

He chuckled, rubbing his face against Rig's back. "When did you know?"

"When you saw them and didn't want to know who the fuck sent them."

The kid laughed from where he'd collapsed on the couch. "Bingo!"

"I'm not the jealous type," he protested, even as something inside him growled at the thought of someone not himself sending Rig short little shorts like that.

"No, you're not. Just... this is a pretty damned personal, you know?" Rig's ass tightened around him, distracting.

"Fuck, I love your ass. Personally."

"Mm... good answer." Rig's body released and tightened, working his softening cock.

He groaned. "There's no way you're going to get me up again, Rig." He swatted the leather-clad hip. "Sexy as fuck shorts or not."

Rig chuckled and squeezed again. "How sexy is fuck, Rocketman?"

"Sexy as you."

"Oh." Rig's body pinked up for him, blush traveling all the way up the long spine. "Good answer."

He found a point along Rigger's spine where there was a freckle and he wrapped his lips around it, pulling gently.

Rig gave up a low hum and Rock saw Dick's hands sliding over the tan skin.

One of Dick's hands came up over Rig's back, finger sliding into his mouth. He sucked at it until the kid moaned and then went back to idly sucking at Rig's back.

Finally, he could feel a slight tremor in Rig's thighs and he pulled out, leaving one last kiss at the top of Rig's crease, where the leather first met skin.

"Mmm... So fucking good." Rig sounded dazed, sated, almost purring.

Between him and the kid they got Rig settled between them on the couch, all three of them warm and sated.

Those shorts had been a fucking good investment.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rig shifted, cuddling up against the kid, hips shifting and letting the top of that tattoo show above that shaved-clean cock.

Oh, yeah.

Damned good investment.

Chapter 39

Rock had told him it was chilly in the mountains at night. Chilly.

Bullshit. It was fucking cold.

Rigger shivered and scooted closer to the fire, hands held out to warm them. The flames were jumping, the smoke trailing up into the perfectly clear, star-filled sky.

A moment later he could hear Rock and Dick arguing amiably as they came back up to their campsite, Dick's arms full of firewood, Rock carrying a pail of water in each hand.

"Hey. I figured y'all got lost in the woods." He grinned up, shivers running through his body. "I was fixing to take the truck and go find a nice Motel 6."

"What's the matter, Rig? Ground not soft enough for you?" Rock filled the campfire kettle and set the buckets in the area he'd dug out for them.

"You okay?" Dick asked as he stacked the wood.

"Fucking freezing." He huddled into his coat. "Rock lied about how cold it was going to be."

"It's not that cold," Rock insisted, the fact that he still wasn't wearing a coat testifying to the veracity of his words.

"Yeah, well Rig looks pretty fucking cold." Dick came and sat behind him, legs on either side of him, hands worming their way beneath his jacket. "Shit, he's fucking freezing, Rock."

"Oh yeah, kid." Rig pushed back, humming as Dick's warmth covered his back. "How do you stay so fucking warm?"

Dick shrugged. "Just warm blooded, I guess."

Rock came and crouched in front of him, cutting off the heat from the fire.

"You're gonna set your butt on fire." He grinned up at Rock, another shiver rocking him.

Rock chuckled. "How about we just set yours on fire?"

Rock's hands landed on his shoulders and he was given a solid shove. Dick took Rock's hint and pulled him down, the kid staying snuggled up close against his back. He closed his eyes as he fell, relaxing into his marine mattress, waiting for Rock's heat to cover him.

There it was, solid and hot, all Rock, pressed up tight against him. "Do you not have a warm bone in your body, Rig? You're like a fucking popsicle."

"I've still got my pants on, Rocketman. There's no way either of you have a hot bone in my body."

Dick was laughing behind him, hands going for the zip on his pants. Rock just rolled his eyes and brought their mouths together, tongue so fucking hot as it pushed into his mouth.

Oh, yes. Nice. Hot. Much better than fucking fly-fishing.

He pushed his arms under Rock's shirt, soaking up the heat, and opened his mouth wide, inviting Rock deeper. Rock's tongue thrust into him like he was getting fucked, strong, constant strokes, in and out and in and out and in again.

Dick's fingers were still busy, inside his jeans now, touching him wherever the tight denim would allow. Wiggling against Dick's hardness, snuggled against his ass, Rig gasped and hummed in Rock's mouth. Fuck but he loved how these men touched him.

Rock's hands were pulling open his coat, but before he could protest, Dick had pulled a sleeping bag up over them. He moaned into Rock's mouth, grinding back into Dick in thanks. Warm bodies. Hot marines. Fucking good.

They worked together and in no time he was fucking naked, two hot, equally naked bodies pressed up against him.

"So fucking good." He nipped Rock's bottom lip, warm and relaxed for the first time in hours.

Rock chuckled, pressing closer. "How come I'm not surprised that the only way to make you stop complaining is to get naked with you?"

"Years of experience, asshole. Years of fucking experience." He tugged Rock even closer, tongue sliding over the salty throat.

Dick was laughing behind him, breath tickling over his neck. Rock's laughter morphed into a groan, thick cock pressing against his belly like a brand. Rig found Rock's pulse, hot and strong, with his lips, fastening on and pulling Rock's salt into his mouth. So good, so male and strong and Rock.

"Shit, yeah, Rig..." Rock's hands were moving over his skin in long, random sweeps. Dick was moving slowly behind him, cock slick along his crack.

He hummed against Rock's neck, hands cupping that fucking mind-blowing ass, and sucked harder, leaving a mark.

On his Blue. Marking his Blue. Fuck. The entire time, his hips moved, rocking between Rock's heat and the amazing temptation of Dick's sweet, long cock.

Rock rumbled, hands grabbing his hips and holding him hard, tight. "Mountains bringing out the animal in you, Rig?"

"Mountains? What mountains?" He grinned against the damp, hot, sweet throat, tongue licking the slightly swollen place where the mark was. "I don't see any fucking mountains."

"There's your problem, Rig," Dick chuckled from behind him, teeth grazing over his skin. "The mountains don't fuck—they can't move."

He and Rock groaned together. "And he says your jokes are bad, Rocketman."

"He's taught me everything I know," Dick said. "Including this." There was a pause, a sucking sound followed by a popping sound and then two wet fingers were pushed into him.

"Fuck, yes." He bucked up into Rock with a cry, cock sliding against solid heat. Then he pushed back, riding those fingers, moaning. "Dick..."

"Not yet, Rig, but give me a half a minute."

Dick continued to finger fuck him as Rock groaned. "I've created a monster."

"I expect you to beat it out of him. Later." He nibbled along Rock's collarbone, chuckling the entire time. Just had to love them both—bad jokes, hard cocks, warm skin, macho bullshit and all.

Dick's fingers curled suddenly, nailing his gland.

"Fuck! Oh, yeah, Dick, right there." Shit, the kid had good hands, clever hands, fucking stunning goddamned... Rig jerked as the lightning hit him again. "Fuck. Oh, fuck."

Dick just kept on sliding those long fingers across his gland, making him dance.

"What was that you wanted me to beat, Rig?" Rock's hand slid around his prick.

"Beat?" He thrust between those two hands and lifted his chin to take a deep, hungry taste of Rock's mouth.

Rock chuckled. "Slut." The word was whispered fond and warm into his mouth.

"Yours." He nipped Rock's lip gently, laughter making the blankets seem even warmer. He was, always had been. He was made to fuck, to touch and suck and love these men. No question. No question at all.

Dick's fingers disappeared, the blunt head of the kid's cock pushed against his hole as Rock's hand moved faster, pulling his prick just how he liked it.

"Yes. God, yes. Just like that." He held onto Rock's shoulders, taking Dick's cock in with tiny pulses of his hips, lips moving randomly against Rock's as he muttered 'good' and 'yeah' and 'sweet fuck' and a hundred other things that meant don't stop.

Dick's hands curled around his hips, fingers twisting with Rock's and the kid nudged him out of the way, taking Rock's mouth in a long, sexy as fuck to watch kiss. Rig rested his head back against Dick's shoulder, panting and moving as he watched. His hands slid down and joined his boys', holding on. Rock and Dick turned to him at that, mouths making him

a part of their kiss. Tongues and lips met and tasted, so hot and flavored with hunger and mint and strong coffee. This was almost better than the fucking, these three-way kisses. Almost.

Nothing could quite compare with being in the middle of a marine sandwich though. One of his men fucking him, the other one stroking his cock. He rocked between them.

This way he got both. Sheer fucking bliss. Rig closed his eyes, focusing on the heat and the pleasure and the cocks and tongues and lips and hands against him.

Dick broke the kiss with a cry, teeth closing over his shoulder as the kid pushed hard into him and came.

"Oh, shit, yeah." Rig pushed against Rock, their kiss growing deeper as the heat flamed, Dick's orgasm adding gasoline to the fire. Rock growled and his hand shifted and suddenly the heat of that thick cock joined his own in Rock's hand.

He wrapped his hands around Rock's ass, pulling them together, sliding his fingertips over Rock's hole. His Blue growled again, hand moving faster, kiss growing deeper.

Dick was panting against his neck, hands sliding over him and Rock, cock still buried deep. He could feel his body gripping Dick's cock, milking it as he got closer and closer to coming. He stretched, pushing against Rock's hole, not entering, but adding solid pressure, wanting another of those growls.

He got one, Rock biting his lip and growling and coming. He wasn't sure if it was the sound or the bite that pushed him over. Maybe it was Dick's fingers squeezing hard. Maybe it

was the heat. When it got right down to it, it didn't fucking matter, the orgasm was good, crashing down his spine and out through his cock.

His men stayed pressed up close, Dick nibbling along his shoulders, Rock taking command of his mouth. He relaxed, kissing Rock back with fuzzy focus. He was warm now, happy. Just fine, thanks.

Dick's cock slid from him, but Dick himself stayed close, pressed up against him.

"Warm enough, Rig?" Rock asked between kisses.

"Yes. Now. We're going to stay like this all week?" He smiled against his Blue's mouth, letting Rock feel the tease.

Dick chuckled, body moving warmly against his back.

Rock just nipped at his lower lip again. "I have a feeling you could convince me it would be a good idea."

"Perfect. I'll do my dead-level best." His fingers brushed against the dark mark on Rock's throat, stroking the skin lightly. Rock shuddered just a little.

Dick's mouth was warm beneath his ear as the kid murmured. "You marked him? He looks hot like that."

"Yeah. Fuck, yeah." He stroked the skin again and then lifted his head again, whispering. "We've got a week, no one will see but us."

Dick nodded and gave him a kiss. "No one but us ever does."

Rig gave a soft sound that he wasn't sure was caused by sorrow or pleasure and fastened his mouth on the hot skin again, focusing only on his lovers.

Dick's mouth closed over his own neck. "You should have a matching set."

He gasped, mouth leaving Rock's skin long enough to gasp, "You're next, pretty" before fastening on again.

He could fucking hear Rock roll his eyes. "Fine, if you two will shut up already." Then Rock was stretching, the skin beneath his lips growing taut as Rock's mouth closed over the skin of Dick's neck, pulling a third mark into existence.

"Romantic." He grinned, shifting away from the slap he knew was coming and fastening on Rock's throat again.

"Hey!" complained Dick as Rock's hand landed on his thigh.

They were too close to miss the chuckles shaking his body. That was his downfall and his marines gave a shout and started to tickle him.

"Fuck! Uncle! Uncle!" He cackled and gasped, rolling off Dick's warmth. Rig squealed as his body hit the cold ground and scrambled back into their arms. That had them laughing with him, Dick snuggling up against his back again, Rock solid in front of him. "Oh, better. We'll just stay right here."

He pulled Dick's arms around his waist and buried his face against Rock's chest, warming himself.

Rock chuckled, arms wrapping around him and Dick both. "You'll get hungry, Rig. Sooner or later."

"I've got two marines to fill me up." He kissed Rock's shoulder. "Besides, I'll put my cold toes on you if I get too starved."

"You put your cold toes on me and you'll be out in the cold," Rock warned him.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He held on tight, wrapping himself in marine flesh. "Oh no, or I'm letting the dog sleep in the bed from now on."

Rock snorted. "You're not that much of a slut, Rig."

Dick laughed, burying his face in Rig's neck. He lifted his face for another smiling, laugh-filled, fucking good, Rock's-happy-cause-he's-out-camping kiss. "Nap-time, Rocketman. Then more fucking. Then you and Dick can make me pancakes."

"Sounds like a plan, Rig." He was given another kiss, long and slow and all Rock.

He hummed softly, settling heavy and warm and sated. Fuck but it was good to be him. Dick's arms slid tight around his waist and one of Rock's legs lay heavily atop his own.

"So warm. So good." He didn't know if he whispered it aloud or if he just dreamed Rock's soft, fond chuckle and hug. It didn't really matter. What mattered was that he was held and warm and loved.

His marines held him into dreams of beaches and sunshine and acres of Rock and Dick to love on.

Chapter 40

Rock chowed down on his pizza, one eye on the game, the other on Rigger. The man had come home a couple of hours after he and Dick had, still wearing his scrubs and a wide, shit-eating grin. The scrubs had disappeared after a shower in favor of nothing but an old pair of cut-offs, but the shit-eating grin was still firmly in place.

Rock wondered what the fuck he had planned. Considering that it was the weekend—it could be anything.

Dick was over in the easy chair, pre-occupied with picking the green peppers off his pizza and feeding them to Grim in between bites. The kid looked good in nothing but a pair of sweats, bare feet planted firmly on the coffee table. Not as good as Rigger. Not as close as Rigger either and Rock couldn't decide if he was going to fuck Rig first or withhold that pleasure to get Rig to spill his guts.

First things first—there was at least one more piece of pizza in the box with his name on it. And he liked the peppers.

"He starts puking up peppers, you're fucking cleaning it up, kid." Rigger stretched out, grin still firmly in place. The top of his tattoo peaked from the top of his shorts, toes just barely tickling against Rock's calves.

"I bet you'd remember I don't like peppers next time though."

Rock snorted. "I remembered this time, kid."

Dick flipped him off.

Rigger snorted and reached for the last piece. "Poor abused kid, has to pick the peppers off his pizza."

Dick flipped Rigger off, too.

Rock laughed and let his hand fall on Rigger's leg, squeezing lightly.

"Mm..." Rigger scooted down, bringing that hard cock closer to his hand, still out of reach, but closer.

"You're a fucking tease, Alex Roberts. And you're up to something."

"Me?" Rig blinked. "Poor li'l ole me? Rocketman! I'm wounded!"

Laughing, he tackled Rigger, landing between the spread legs. "Yes, you, Rig, you hound dog."

Rigger laughed, arms wrapping around his neck. He was pulled down and given a deep, biting kiss, full of laughter. He gave back as good as he got, grinding against Rig's crotch. Rigger tasted like pizza and beer and, even laughing, had the best fucking mouth ever. When the kiss ended, Rig was rocking up against him, harder than fuck, pushing them both. "Fuck, Rock. Yeah."

"You like that, Rigger? Like the Rock hard and heavy on you?" He shoved back, sliding his cock against Rig's, wishing to fuck they were naked. Almost like he'd heard his thoughts, Dick was suddenly next to them, fingers tugging on Rock's shorts. He raised his hips, giving the kid a bit of space to work with, groaning as his cock flipped out.

Dick started working on Rigger's scrubs next.

"You know it." Rig shuddered as Dick's hand untied the thin scrub pants. "Careful, kid. I don't want to cream my jeans."

Dick snorted. "Wouldn't be the first time."

Rock laughed and sat back up. "There Dickie-boy, now you've got room to work on those without disturbing the meat inside."

"Bastard! Where the fuck are you going?" Rig looked up at him with frustration, hands reaching up for him. He batted the hands away with a laugh. Dick had Rigger's pants off now and was looking at him in confusion.

"You letting me have this all to myself?" the kid asked.

"Nah, go sit down, kid. This good 'ole boy is up to something and I'm fixing to find out what."

"Don't listen to him, Dick. He's a suspicious old asshole." Rigger reached down, pumped his cock a few times. "C'mere kid."

Dick looked like he was gonna take Rigger up on the offer, but he flicked a glance at Rock. Rock nodded toward the chair. "Get naked and park yourself." He winked at the kid. "Hold out for a piece of ass."

Rigger looked at Dick in disbelief as the kid backed away, sliding off the sweatpants and bouncing onto the chair with a huge grin and then back over at him. "Asshole."

Rock laughed. "And you can park yours on the kid's cock or you can come clean over what's got you wearing that shit-eating grin."

Rigger laughed and relaxed back against the cushions. "God, but you're a curious bastard. I got a present from Jenny and Lou today. Something they thought I would enjoy."

He reached out and snagged his pack, pulling out what looked like a black cigar box. When he opened it Rock saw a series of five thin metal rods, each one larger than the last.

Rock looked from the rods to Rig, over to Dick who just shrugged his shoulders and back to Rig. "Okay, I give—what the fuck?"

Rigger's face fell and he shut the box, shoving it back into his pack. "Damn! The shock's no fucking fun if you two don't know what they are."

Dick started to laugh and Rock chuckled, the sound turning into a full-blown laugh at the pout on Rigger's face.

Eyes rolling, grinning himself, Rig hauled himself off the couch. "I'm going to get a beer, you worthless assholes. You two want anything?"

"Yeah, I want to see you ride the kid's cock."

A snort sounded. "People in Hell want ice water."

"All right, if that's how you want to play it—just because we didn't know what your little surprise was. Probably some medical shit that goes up your asshole," he said to Dick, loud enough for Rigger to hear him. "Well come on, kid, if Rig's not interested, we've still got each other."

"It doesn't go in your asshole, dickcheese." Rigger came back in, leaning against the doorframe, beer in one hand. "It goes in your cock."

"No fucking shit!" The expression on Dick's face was priceless.

"No, Dickwad, he's leading you on." Rock tossed the remote at the kid.

"What do you want to bet, asshole?" Rig had that 'don't fuck with me, I know what I'm talking about' look on his face as he headed across the room for his laptop.

"You're telling me that you'd let me put those things up your fucking prick? I didn't think you were into pain, Rig."

"Did I say it was going in my cock?" Rig's grin had moved from shit eating to positively evil. "I believe my exact words were 'it goes in your cock.'"

"You and what fucking army are going to get anywhere near my cock with that thing?" He crossed his legs. "You stay over there," he added, pointing to the other side of the room. "You best try your hand at convincing the kid it's a good idea."

Dick snorted. "I so don't think so."

Rig shook his head and settled on his desk chair. "I was just looking for the shock value, assholes. Your pricks are perfectly safe. Good lord, you two are just jackasses."

"So you were just making it up." Rock shook his head and contemplated throwing the pizza box at the fucker's head. "Asshole."

"No, jerk off. The sounds are real. I just wasn't gonna use 'em on you." Rig shook his head, turning his back on them with a rumble. "Assholes."

"Oh, they've got a name now, do they?" Rock shook his head, still half convinced Rig was putting them on.

Rigger sighed and simply typed for a moment and then brought the laptop over and plopped it in his lap. "Here.

Sounds. I didn't fucking make it up. The girls were teasing me about something that happened a few years ago and I thought we'd all have a laugh."

"Shit... that's got to hurt," he said, flipping through the web page in horrified fascination.

"What were they teasing you about?" asked Dick.

"We were doing some training together and inserting those was part of the deal. I was their victim and things got a little.... interesting. No biggie."

Rock glanced up, watching as Dick shifted, cock twitching. "As in you got hard, interesting? You liked it?"

"As in it was interesting and, yeah, I got hard." Rig actually colored a little, taking a long swallow of his beer.

Rock went back to the top of the page and slowly read through the information a little more thoroughly, keeping an ear on the conversation between Rigger and Dick, letting the kid ask the hard questions.

"It didn't hurt?"

"Stung a little when it went in, sort of a burn. Nothing earth shattering."

"So why'd you get hard? The two chicks on your cock?"

"Nah. Lots of guys get hard, it's a natural reaction." Rig shrugged. "The girls weren't exactly professional and, once you get it up, you can't come 'til it's out. Girls thought it was funny as hell."

"Doesn't sound like much fun."

The website he was reading said it was though and Rock shot Rigger a look, curious to see what he'd tell the kid.

"It was..." Rig tilted his head and grinned. "...memorable."

He closed the laptop down. "You brought 'em home—I think you should show us."

Rig blinked. "What?"

Rock grinned and stood, planting himself directly in front of Rigger, letting his renewed hand rub against Rigger's belly. "I said I think you should show us."

"You're out of your goddamned mind! At least the girls had medical training." Rig was looking up at him with that disbelieving look that meant he had a chance of talking the old boy into some good trouble, if he played his cards right.

Rock smiled. Good thing he was fucking talented at poker. "All right, all right. I'd rather fuck than argue any day."

He took Rigger's mouth with his, shoving his tongue deep as he grabbed the tight ass. Rig was still for a second and then long arms wrapped around his neck, Rig's body melted against him and that fabulous-as-shit mouth got into the game. Rock rubbed their hips together enthusiastically—there was no reason he couldn't have a little fun before bringing the subject up again.

Dick murmured appreciatively next to them and he felt the kid's hands push their way between them, wrapping their cocks together. A harsh sound pushed into his mouth, Rig's lips pulling on his tongue, sucking it in time with the slide of Dick's hand.

Oh yeah, this was more like it, hot and urgent and so fucking good. Dick's mouth slid along his hip and disappeared and came back again, adding to the sensations that worked through him.

Rigger shuddered, bony hips pushing faster, tongue thrusting into his mouth with a hint of desperation. He put his hand down to stop Dick's strokes, biting at Rigger's lips as he pulled away from the kiss.

"Want to watch you ride Dick's cock."

Rig gave him one of those incredibly fucking sexy, glazed looks that stuck him square in the center of the universe and kept him there. "Now, Rock?"

"Right fucking now, Rig, my man."

Dick made some half moaning noise and settled on the chair, prick at full attention.

Rig leaned toward Rock for another kiss, muttering and frowning when Rock stepped away again, shaking his head and turning Rig towards Dick. The frown faded at the sight of the long, hard prick waiting and, in no time, Rig had pulled the lube out of the desk drawer and was spreading it generously over Dick's cock. Dick was humping up into Rig's hand, making those little porno noises he made, shit a man could come from that noise alone.

"Keep it together, Dickster."

Dick nodded at him and flipped him the bird and grinned up at Rig. "Come on, Rig, have a seat."

"Facing me, I want to watch your face as it goes in you." Rock instructed, stroking his cock—if he was going to be any good for anything other than moaning and watching and getting sucked off, he'd better come before Rig and Dick were too far into it.

Rig's eyes were focused on his cock, tongue sliding over those swollen, hot, talented, hungry, fucking lips. "Right."

Facing you so you can watch..." Rig backed in, straddling Dick's thighs. "'kay, kid. Help me out here. I'm sort of working blind."

"Wait. Dick, shift down a little and spread your legs wider and Rig, straddle the chair." He stroked his cock, eyes on the two hungry pricks that swayed as Rig and Dick moved, following his directions for fucking once. "Now fucking slide back and take it up the ass, Rig."

With Dick's hands guiding him, Rig loaded himself right on, both guys giving a harsh, needy sound that would be enough to make a dried up nun come.

"Shit, yeah." He shot his load, catching Rig on the chest, chin and across the sweet as fuck mouth.

Rig's body shook and shuddered, one hand tugging his own balls as that hot pink tongue snuck out to lap up the white cream on his lips. "Shit, Rock. Fuck..."

He chuckled, rubbing his spunk into Rigger's chest. "You are such a fucking cock hound, Rig."

Dick made a broken sound and Rock moved his hands down to help the kid bring his legs up over Rig's legs, tucking the kid's ankles under the stretched thighs. "That better, Dickie-boy?"

"Uh-huh..."

"Shit the two of you look fucking hot." Dick shifted slightly and his eyes, peered at him from over Rig's shoulder. "Hey Dick, grab his hands."

Dick did, Rigger's fingers lacing with the kid's, their knuckles white.

"I can't fucking move like this, Rock," the kid complained.

"Does it feel good though?"

"Shit yeah."

"Rig?"

Rigger's head rolled on his shoulders, bright, almost-drugged eyes looking on him. "'s good, Rocketman. Fucking good."

The widespread thighs were trembling just slightly, Rig's thick, heavy cock bobbing in the air, dark and full. The fucking tattoo around his cock showed nicely—they'd shaved Rig just last night, playing with the tattoo until Rig had screamed and come again and again.

Rock was hard again, almost hard enough to warrant coming, but he didn't know how long Rig or the kid could hold out and this was probably his only shot. He gave Rig a quick kiss, tasting his fucking self on the clinging lips and then went for Rig's pack, pulling out the cigar shaped box. He flipped it open and brought it over to Rigger. "All right, buddy, you gonna walk me through doing this?"

"Hmmm? What're you up to?" Rig's eyes were unfocused and he knew that body'd tightened by the way Dick groaned, the kid's toes curling.

He shook the sounds in their case near Rig's face. "Sounding, Rig. Now I read enough on that website to know what to do, but you'd probably be a bit happier talking me through it—up to you though."

Dick groaned again, eyes bugging out of the kid's face.

Rock laughed and grabbed the tube of lube. "Now I know I need plenty of this."

"You cheating mother-fucker." Rig's words might have been more effective if he hadn't been groaning, cock almost creating enough pre-come to make its own lube. "Yeah, lube it up good and try to hold it by the ball at the end."

"Its ball end or yours, Rigger?" he asked, grabbing a handful of balls and tugging playfully.

"I swear I am going to kick your ass, man." Rig went to move, but the kid held him tight, held him down. "Lemme loose, kid?"

"This feels too fucking good, Rig. And Rock would kick my ass if I did. Don't you trust us? I let him put his hand up my ass, Rig—on your say so." Rock would have laughed if he hadn't thought it would bugger the deal—the kid was a fucking natural.

Rig had just opened his mouth to speak when Dick started sucking that skin below Rig's ear, that spot that could derail Rock's favorite redneck in a fucking heartbeat. Rig just moaned, relaxing back against Dick's body, eyes closing. The kid's eyes met his and Dick winked.

He grinned and blew Dick a kiss. Shit, he owed the kid for this.

He took out the thinnest sound and wiped it thoroughly with an alcohol swab from Rigger's pack and then lubed it up good and then pushed some lube into the tip of Rig's cock. That got Rigger's attention and he smiled, holding the sound up by the ball at the top. "Nice and easy, it should just slide right in, right, Rig?"

"Slow, Rock. Gotta do it slow." Rigger looked at him in that rare, unnerving, careful way, searching his eyes. Then Rigger

smiled and relaxed, resting his head against Dick's shoulder. "Slow and easy, Rocketman."

He knelt in front of Rigger. "Don't you worry, I don't want to hurt you, furthest fucking thing from my mind."

He grinned up at Dick, the kid's eyes absolutely fucking huge in his face, and then turned back to Rig's cock.

He took it in one hand, holding the head tight so Rigger's slit rounded, and slipped the tip of the sound in. A soft hiss came from Rig and Rock could see those lean muscles ripple, the tattoo shifting and twitching. Rigger turned his head and nuzzled against Dick, stretching himself out.

He kept his hands as steady as possible, but still nearly managed to let go of the sound in surprise as it slid down almost by itself once he had it in. The website had said gravity would do it, but still, it didn't seem possible. But shit if there it was, going in more or less all on its own. He shifted Rigger's cock once the sound was pretty deep and then it just slipped the rest of the way in.

"Holy fucking shit." Dick's voice was soft, breathless and amazed.

"Oh..." Rigger shuddered, a flush covering his belly, balls tightening as if he were trying to shoot. "Rock. Dick. Oh, fuck." Dazed, hot eyes met Rock's as Rig lifted his head.

"So you're saying that's all right then, Rig, old man?" When Rig didn't do anything but nod, lips parted, eyes wild, Rock knew he'd struck oil. Rig was his. Leaning forward, he caught Rig's mouth and slid his tongue inside, fucking Rig hard with it.

Then he sat back and raised the sound a bit before letting it drop carefully back down again.

Dick groaned, biting down on Rig's shoulder. "Fuck, fuck, Rock. You should... you should fucking feel this, man. He's moving... moving on my goddamned cock."

Rig was whimpering softly, hard enough that a cat couldn't scratch that sweet prick. He pulled the sound part way out and let it drop back in again, Dick moaning loudly. "Oh, shit, Rig... Rock... fuck, do it again."

So he did.

He could see Rigger's body tightening, the muscles everywhere growing taut, even the tendons in the long neck tensing. Dick's hands were going to leave bruises, sure as shit, as the kid was making amazing fucking noises.

His own fucking cock was harder than diamonds and he had to breathe deeply to keep his hands steady. "You want me to try the next size up or are you gonna lose it the second this comes out?"

"Gonna come, Rock. Need to come." Rig's voice was sexy, husky and low, desperation eased into seduction as he let Rig catch his breath.

"Convince me," he murmured, closing his mouth to Rig's. If the hot, sweet magic of Rigger's tongue inside his mouth hadn't proved need and hunger, the sharp, almost pained scream that Dick gave would have.

He pulled away from that sweet mouth with reluctance and stood. When Rigger let loose his load, Rock wanted it to hit his cock. He wanted to feel that hot spunk spraying on him, had a feeling it would make him lose his own load. "Okay,

boys, the games are over, it's time to step up and show me what you've got."

With that he slowly, oh as fucking slowly as he could, pulled the sound all the way out of Rigger's slit.

Rigger didn't scream, didn't say a fucking thing. He just blinked and his lips parted and then come pumped out of his cock, hot and strong, landing right on Rock's prick.

Rock himself only groaned, eyes holding Rig's as his cock spurted, come landing on Rig's chest.

Dick though, he screamed loud enough for all of them, hips jerking awkwardly.

Rig was fucking decadent, sprawled out atop Dick, come all over him, pulsing cock inside him. Fucking, god damned decadent. Rock let the fucking sound drop and collapsed back onto the couch. He'd be damned if he wasn't the luckiest fucker going.

"You okay, kid?" he asked idly.

"Not bad." Dick's laugh was husky and fucking loose and sated and he was just lying there on the chair, not complaining for a second about Rigger all sprawled out all over him.

He waited patiently, watching Rig and the clock. Best way to gauge how good it was to see how long it took the fucker to hit the showers.

Dick grinned over. "Bet you twenty bucks it's ten minutes."

"Fifteen at least—you'll be kicking him off before he's ready to move." He sounded smug, he knew he did and he didn't give a fuck.

"No fucking way, man. He's never lasted ten." Dick shifted slightly, letting Rig's arms go. "He loves water almost as much as he likes sucking cock."

Rig was still zoning, eyes closed, spinning in his own pleasure-filled world.

"I've seen him last ten before." He gave Dick a smug grin. "Sometimes the Rocketman sends you so far into space it takes a long time to find your way home again."

Dick snorted, head tilted to nuzzle against Rig's throat, eyes mischievous. "You okay, Rig? Want more?"

Rig shifted, stretching his neck, offering it for the touch.

Rock laughed. "You keep him hyped up and he's never gonna hit them."

"I get him woke up, he'll make a run for it."

"Good lord, you two talk like I'm not even fucking here." Rig's frown lasted for maybe ten seconds, before the shit-eating, oh-yeah-I've-been-well-fucked look returned.

Rock chuckled and crawled his way over to the chair, licking at Rig's cock. He grinned up at Dick. "If you can stack the deck, so can I—he's not going anywhere if his cock is in my mouth."

"Oh, fuck. Rock. Yeah. Oh, yeah." Rigger moaned, hand sliding over his head. When his tongue slid over the slit, Rig made a sharp sound, hips pushing up. "Oh, dear God... what the fuck?"

He slid his tongue experimentally over the little hole again. Rig jerked, offering up a sobbing sound. Rig's cock throbbed, a bead of liquid meeting Rock's tongue when it touched the sensitized flesh again. "Please, Rock. Please."

Oh, Rig liked that now, did he?

He took just the head of Rigger's cock into his mouth, sucking lightly, letting his tongue play across that sensitive little hole. He pointed his tongue, pushing in just a bit.

Dick had moved over, was swallowing the amazing sounds the Rig was making with a kiss, hiding the fucking noises that were all sex and need.

He growled, letting Rig's cock fall from his mouth and batted at Dick. The kid looked down at him, confused. "Want to hear him—those are my sounds."

With that he took Rig's cock in his mouth again and started teasing the slit all over again, pressing his tongue as hard as he could into it now. Dick just shrugged and started sucking on Rigger's neck.

Rigger went wild, moans and sobs and grunts and little cries and begging in that unexpectedly sexy fucking twang. The stretched thigh shivered under his hand, the smell of come and sweat and musk everywhere. Fuck, but Rigger could make him feel like a fucking god.

He slid his free hand to Rigger's balls, tugging on the soft sacs. Rigger lifted his head, caught his eyes, dazed and hungry. His mouth moved, words silent but clear. "Please Blue. Need you."

He never could resist when Rigger started begging. He stood up, shifting Rig's ass forward and shoving in, pressing Rig tight against the kid. Dick was just gonna have to ride this one out. His mouth closed over Rig's as his hand closed over the hard cock. Arms circled his neck and legs wrapped around his waist, both holding tight. Every single thrust was

met with a groan and a push and tightening of the limbs that held him.

He thrust harder, plunging into Rig with everything he had, hand sliding up and down along the hard as nails cock, thumb stroking across the tip. Fuck, he loved it like this, loved it when he and Rig lost total control and it was just thrust and hold and feel and Fuck! he was going to come and he shoved harder into Rig, so fucking hard.

Rigger convulsed beneath him, crying into his mouth as heat poured over his fingers. That sweet body tightened on his cock, holding him, squeezing him. He let it pull him into bliss, coming hard inside Rigger's ass.

Dick slid out from beneath them, slapping Rock on the ass he walked by. "I'm getting the hot water first, assholes."

"Yeah, whatever." He lay against Rigger, panting and hot and sticky. Rigger lifted his chin, giving him a slow, deep, bone-melting kiss, world fucking tilting on its axis again.

There was no way he could fucking get it up again, but if Rigger kept kissing him like that, he was going to give it his best shot.

Rigger's lips left his for just a second and he got another of those shit-eating grins. "Don't forget to make the little shit give up his \$20, Blue."

Then he got another kiss.

He laughed into Rigger's mouth and worked on getting hard again. That fucking mouth could work miracles

Chapter 41

"Oh, cool!"

Rock looked up from the game. Dick was lounging on the couch, laptop on his... well on his lap. He made a non-committal grunting noise that Dick obviously took as interest.

"A kink site," Dick told him, waggling eyebrows at him for a moment before turning back to the computer. "With page after page of kinks."

Rock gave up the chair, but left the game on as he settled in beside Dick, leaning against the kid's shoulder.

"Done that," he said, pointing to the picture of the guy with the sound in his cock. Despite the memory of Rig's face absolutely lost in pleasure, his own balls curled up tight.

"And that and that," he added, pointing first to the ropes and then to the fisting.

Dick nodded. "Yeah, but there's a lot of stuff here—like this harness, wouldn't Rig look sexy in that?"

Rock leaned in closer and shrugged. Tying Rig up had been fun, but he didn't see the point of some of this shit. Collars, handcuffs, whips and paddles... it all seemed a bit excessive and unnecessary. "He doesn't need any of that shit to get off."

"Yeah, I know. But wouldn't it be neat to watch him sucking off this dildo? Or fucking himself with that one there?"

Rock snorted. "I'd rather watch him fucking himself on this one here." He pointed to his own cock. "Don't tell me you're getting bored in bed already, kid."

Dick shrugged. "I'm just trying to keep up—you guys were the ones who started with fisting as my introduction to kink!"

He snorted again. "So where's the page with the chandeliers?"

"The what?"

"The chandeliers—you know to swing off of." Dick was looking at him like he was crazy. "You know—the expression 'swinging from the chandeliers'... no, obviously you don't. Shit, I'm getting old."

Rig wandered through about that time, smelling of coconut oil, sunshine, fresh dirt and sweat, finishing up a beer and brushing his hands off on his cut-offs. "You're not old, Rock, and neither of you are allowed to hang chandeliers in here. Christ, it took me twelve hours to fix the wiring when y'all tried to install a ceiling fan in the weight room. The garden's put in alongside the house. Strawberries and tomatoes and lettuce."

"How do you feel about golden showers?" Dick asked.

Rig stopped short and blinked. "Honestly? I get enough people pissing all over me at work, thanks. Good lord and butter, Rock, what are you letting the kid get into?"

"Hey, a little bit of piss sounds better than the whips and chains he was looking at a few minutes ago." Rock shook his head and pressed the off button on the laptop. "You keep looking at this crap and you're going to have nightmares, kid."

"I don't know. I think the idea of home-grown strawberries might give me nightmares, Rock."

"Only if one of us suggests using them as lube."

Rig was looking at them as if they'd both lost their minds. "Whips, chains, pissing, electrical work and mishandling my strawberries? Y'all need new hobbies. When did plain ole fucking go out of style? Or darts? Y'all could have a nice friendly games of darts. Oh, wait, the fucking dartboard never recovered from the last game you two shared, did it? Never mind."

"The kid's the one looking for kink on the Internet."

It was Dick's turn to snort. "You, on the other hand, just order obscene and illegal leather goods."

"Hey, how did you know about that?" He demanded.

"I was here when he got them, asshole—he modeled them for us, we fucked the living daylights out of him—any of this ringing a bell, Rock? Maybe you are getting old."

"Oh, yeah, the shorts." He grinned. It was still a surprise.

Rig just shook his head, grimacing as he rubbed his sweaty skin. "I'm going to get cleaned up. I stink to high heaven. Y'all order something for supper?"

Rock got up and snagged Rig around the waist, pulling him in close. "You smell just right to me—all Rigger."

"Gonna get you all dirty, Rocketman." The words weren't echoed by Rig's body, arms coming up to wind around his neck, the scent of Rig strong and male—all health and hard work and sunshine.

"That's the plan, Rig—rub up against me a little more."

Rig moaned, hips sliding against him as that fucking amazing mouth opened, tongue sliding out. "This good for you, Rock?"

"It's a start."

"Yeah?" Rig brought their lips together, hot tongue playing just inside his lips. "What next?"

"We lose the clothes. Want you skin on skin."

"Got you covered," said Dick, hands sliding beneath his t-shirt, pulling it up over his head. "Or is that uncovered?" The kid chuckled and pulled Rig's tight t-shirt off.

Rig grinned, shimmying out of his cut-offs, giving Rock the chance to admire the low tan line on that tight little cowboy butt, filling cock still resting thick over the heavy balls.

Oh, his little surprise was going to look beautiful on Rig. Maybe be some fun, too. He shook his head at himself—shit, the kid was putting ideas in his head.

"We heading to the shower, Rock?" Rig reached out for his waistband, hands sliding over his skin.

"Fuck no, I want to taste you Rig, not some soap." He pulled Rig closer, lips sliding over one warm shoulder, tasting salt and sweet and sunshine. Rig's groan was fucking hot, almost as hot as the way that fine body jerked for him, moved towards him.

He looked over at Dick. "Do me a favor kid—there's a padded envelope in my drawers' drawer, bring it out."

"Rock?" Rig's eyes were already half-dazed, grey blinking at him slow and easy. "What's up?"

He chuckled hands sliding over Rig's sweat-slick skin. "You."

"Mm... yeah. You have that effect on me." Rig stretched, moved under his hands.

"I have that effect on a lot of guys," he pointed out with a grin.

"No? Really?" Rig chuckled, mouth sliding along his jaw line. "I can fucking see why."

He laughed, pulling Rig close.

Dick came back into the room, holding the envelope in one hand and bits of leather in the other. "And you were on my case about playing on the internet!"

Rig turned his head and arched an eyebrow. "What are you up to, Rocketman?"

"Just making sure you stay up, is all." He grabbed the leather bands from Dick. "You weren't supposed to open it, asshole."

Dick just shrugged unapologetically. "I'm pretty sure I know what it's supposed to be—but how the hell to do you get it on?"

"Aren't there instructions in the bag?"

"Nope."

"Shit."

Rig's eyebrows rose even higher. "Oh, I'm thinking it's definitely time for a shower..."

"No way, I want to play with you while you're still all hot and sweaty and sexy." He held the leather out to Rig. "It's a cock ring, goes around the balls too though—I don't suppose you know how it goes?"

Rig took it and tilted his head, moving the leather around on his fingers, snapping it and holding it up. "Looks like this goes up under the balls, this one separates and then this strap circles the cock. Want me to try it on you first?"

He grabbed it out of Rig's hands before anyone got any ideas. "I bought it for you."

Rig laughed, reaching for it playful, eyes dancing. "For me?"

"You're reaching for it with the wrong body part." More laughter sounded, Rig pushing close and giving him a kiss, cock rubbing against his thigh. "Oh yeah, that's the body part I was thinking of." He suddenly bent and planted his shoulder in Rigger's stomach, lifting his lover up into a fireman's carry and heading for the bedroom. "Come on, Dick—we're going to have some fun."

"Rock!" Rig squealed, sweet ass bouncing right there where he could see.

"Rig." He reached over and slid his hand over Rig's ass, skin and leather rubbing. Rig's hands matched the caress on his own ass, fingers stroking him and making his steps stutter. "You be careful what you do—I wouldn't want to drop you."

"You won't drop me." Rig sounded completely sure of himself, no worry in that drawl at all.

"No, I don't suppose I will." He tossed Rig onto the bed. "At least not by accident."

Rig bounced with a laugh. "Neanderthal."

"I try." He waved the leather at Rig. "Spread 'em, Roberts."

Rig snorted and rolled his eyes, but those thighs spread for him, easy as spring.

"All right, now this bit goes..."

"Right here," Dick supplied, fingers helping.

"Careful, don't pinch." Rig was not being helpful.

"What, I can't do this?" He slid his hand beneath Rig's ass and pinched him. The squeal he got was damned gratifying.

"Bastard!"

He chuckled and pulled the leather snugly around Rig's balls and then fastened the last part around the base of Rig's hard prick. "How's it feel?"

Rig shifted, leg spreading farther, fingers moving over the dark leather. "Tight. Not bad at all." He watched as Rig moved, the black leather standing out starkly amongst the blond curls and golden skin. "I once knew a guy who fucking loved to have his balls and cock tied up. He'd go until his prick was fucking purple before undoing it. I always worried it was going to fall off."

"I don't think I'll wait that long, Rig." Rig cupped his balls, thick cock bobbing over his belly. Dick crawled onto the bed beside him, hand stroking over the tanned skin. "I'm not the world's most patient man." He chuckled, letting his own hands slide along the insides of Rig's legs. "I'm not fixing to risk your cock either, Rig. Or your balls. Just thought..." he shrugged. "Thought you'd be sexy as fuck in this get-up. Leather's a good look on you."

Rig's cock throbbed at his words. "Oh... and now that it's on, Rock? Still think it's sexy?"

"Yep." His fingers slid up to explore the leather. It was warm from Rig's skin, but when he let his fingertips slide onto the trussed up balls, they were hotter still, as was the hard prick.

"Oh, feels good." Rig stretched out, hips pushing up against his hand, and a sweet slow shudder rocked the long body.

"Fuck, you're sexy," murmured Dick, hands sliding over Rig's chest and down to his belly before heading back up again to play with Rig's nipples. Rock grunted his agreement and continued to stroke the hot balls and cock, letting his fingers move back beyond the leather to tickle at Rig's hot, tight hole. Rig's moans were a bit more frequent, knees lifting as he tried to push himself onto Rock's finger. Dick's hands were teasing those sensitive titties, making Rig twist and shiver. "Y'all...y'all are teases."

Rock laughed, fingers going back to playing with the leather. "That's what this is all about, isn't it, Rig? This is supposed to keep you hard, make it hard for you to come while we blow your fucking mind."

"I thought... oh, fuck...I thought I was the one who did most of the... shit, Dick! Can't think when you do that. Most of the blowing around here."

He groaned. "Keep it up, Dick, we've almost got him incoherent."

Rig groaned, pulling away from their fingers with a jerk. "Fuck, you two're driving me crazy."

Rig's eyes were bright, shining. The scent of musk and sweat and sex was heavy in the air.

"And you love every second of it," Rock told him, bending to take a lick of pure Rig.

"Oh, fuck! Rock!" Rig screamed, voice raw and harsh, body convulsing. He closed his mouth over the head of Rig's cock,

sucking strongly, the salty drops keeping Rig's taste strong in his mouth. Rig sat up and curled around his head, groaning low. "Oh, God. So fucking hot."

Dick took advantage of Rig's moving and slid in behind him, so that when Rig fell back again, it was onto a Dick pillow. The kid's arms came right around him, sliding up to play with his nipples and down to caress the muscles jumping in Rig's belly.

Rock just kept on sucking, fingers stroking the bound balls. Rig was fucking babbling, arching and moving restlessly, pushing deep and then trying to pull away. He pulled away, just licking at that fine, hard prick, making like it was an ice cream or a popsicle. He let his fingers slide back, stroking over the soft, wrinkled skin around Rig's asshole. Shit, he wanted to be in there, pounding away like nobody's fucking business, but the idea was supposed to be making it last, teasing Rig until he screamed and begged for mercy.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck." Rig pushed back hard against his fingers, looking up at Dick with pleading eyes. "Dick. I need..."

Rock watched as Dick's tongue teased across Rig's lips, fingers plucking at his hard little titties. "What do you need, Rig? What do you want?"

"Please. So hot. Making me crazy, Dick. Need to suck you, need to come." Rigger was sobbing into Dick's mouth, chest visibly shuddering every time those tight nipples were touched.

Dick looked up at him, eyes pleading and Rock couldn't help but chuckle. "Yeah, kid—go ahead and let him suck you."

Dick kissed Rig hard and moved out from behind Rig to straddle his head instead. He heard Rig's harsh groan, saw Dick's ass tighten, head falling back between the strong shoulders as the sucking noises started up.

Fucking awesome.

He put two fingers into his own mouth, sucking loudly and then pushed them into Rig's body, using the movements of Dick's ass to find his rhythm. Rig's sob was strangled, audible even with Dick buried in that sweet mouth balls deep. Rig's legs parted, grinding down on his fingers, riding him hard. He went back to licking, tongue searching out the heat of balls and cock, fingers never stopping.

Dick's hips were snapping, pushing hard, Rig's hands pulling him in deep. Leaning forward, he put a kiss on each of Rig's hands and then licked at the top of Dick's crease.

Dick screamed, shuddering, pushing into Rig's throat. The kid's muscles and skin rippled beneath his tongue as Dick came and he placed a last kiss before bending back over Rig, sucking at the leather straps, making them wet with his spit.

Dick fell to the side, breathing hard, look of bliss on the kid's face. Rig's eyes were wild, dazed and he sat up, pushing Rock over and taking his lips with a hard, desperate, Dick-flavored kiss.

Fuck, it was sexy as hell. Rig was sexy as hell, all desperate and needy and tasting like another man. He broke the kiss and pushed at Rig's shoulders. "Suck me."

"Fuck, yes." Rig slid down, hot mouth swallowing him to the root in one smooth motion, sweet ass moving as Rig humped the mattress. Eyes closed, totally focused, Rigger

sucked him furiously, pulling so hard he could feel it in the base of his skull.

"Shit!" He wrapped his hands around Rig's head and planted his heels on the bed so he could fuck Rig's mouth. So fucking good. Rig took everything, making hungry, desperate noises that he could feel all around his cock. Hands were rolling his balls, hot, needy. Touching him just like he liked it.

"Oh yeah, Rig. Just like that." He moaned and encouraged Rig and then just lost it, coming down that fine throat. Rig groaned, swallowing everything, thighs parted as those slim hips rocked, fucking the air.

Oh yeah, Rig was one sexy fuck. "Turn over and lie in the middle of the bed." He wanted to watch Rig wriggle and writhe, watch that swollen cock drool and bob, black leather holding it tight.

"Rock..." Rig crawled up his body, eyes dark. "Need you."

"You'll get me." He grabbed Rig's head and kissed him, tasting himself there now, a hint of Dick still underneath and Rig's taste shot through them all. "Now go lie in the middle of the bed. You can't have me until you're good and slick and the kid and I want to watch you make that happen."

Dick made a soft sound that could only be interpreted as agreement.

Rig stretched out on the bed, all legs and arms and dark red cock. Those long hands were working the shaft with short, jerking pulls, thighs parted, balls heavy.

Dick tossed him the lube and Rock took Rig's free hand, putting lube on the thin fingers. "Get ready for me, Rig. Make that tight little hole slick and open."

"Rock... Fuck..." Rig sobbed as his hands brushed his balls, pushing back behind and into that tight hole. "Oh, God. Want to come, Rock. Need to..."

"On my cock, Rig. You can come soon on my cock."

Dick's hand was on his own hard-on, stroking as the kid provided the perfect soundtrack for them.

Rig fucked himself hard and fast, writhing on the bed. His lips were open, eyes shut as his body fought to come, fought to ease the pressure in those tight balls.

Rock grabbed his own cock, squeezing the base hard. No way was he coming without being buried balls deep inside that tight little hole. "Shit, Rig, old as I am and you still make me almost come just from watching."

The kid was whimpering now, hand working hard, fast.

"You ready for me yet, Rig? Ready for me to send you fucking flying to the moon?"

"Please. Fuck, Rock. Please." Rig's eyes opened, pleading and desperate. "Need you."

He took Rig's hand and eased the long fingers out of Rig's ass. Bending, he placed a last kiss on that red, needy cock and then he pushed inside the fucking perfect, tight heat. He groaned as Rig's body swallowed him eagerly. He'd live right here if he could. Right, fucking here.

Rig pushed up, sitting in his lap and wrapping those long arms around his neck. The old slut didn't even settle before starting to ride his cock, grey eyes fastened to his face. "Fuck me, Blue. Need to come on your cock. Need to."

Spreading his knees wide, he started to thrust up into that tight heat, hands wrapping around Rig's hips, bringing him in hard. "Dick..."

"Gotcha." The kid's fingers were trembling, fluttering against his abs as Dick undid the cock ring.

"Oh." Rig's eyes widened, the look one of sheer fucking bliss, muscles fluttering like mad around his cock. "Blue."

Right there. He would do just about fucking anything for that look right there.

Dick's hand stayed when the cock ring was gone, wrapping around Rig's prick and pumping. He could feel each stroke of Dick's hand against his belly and around his cock, Rig's muscles clenching and unclenching.

"Gonna... oh, God. Yes! Fuck, yes!" Rigger slammed down hard on his cock and came with a long scream, shuddering and sobbing in his arms as hot spunk sprayed between them.

He let go, his own come filling Rig up as the pleasure shot through his body and out his cock.

Rig slumped in his arms, mouth moving slow and lazy on his jaw. "So good. So... oh, Rock... Dick... so good."

"Yep." Rock bent and licked Rig's shoulder, picking up the taste of sweat and a hint of come. Fuck, he liked how Rig tasted. Rig just shivered, giving a soft moan. He nuzzled his way over, searching out the strong taste of Rig beneath his pit. That got him a louder moan, another shiver, a husky whisper of his name. "Love your taste, Rig. So fucking good."

"Oh, fuck. Rock." Rig's cock twitched against his belly as Rig shifted. "No more. Can't come again."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"Just want a taste, Rig." He nuzzled his man's pit, breathing in deep, holding Rig close.

His Rabbit melted against him, lips nuzzling against the top of his head. "So good."

"Yeah, you are." He nuzzled a moment longer, slowly coming down and then kissed Rig, holding his arm out for Dick to join them. The kid did, tongue sliding in to play with theirs. The kiss was good, lazy and relaxed, the tastes and smells of sex and his men and sweat all around him.

Kinks were all well and good, but at the end of the day, he wanted Rig on one side, Dick on the other, surrounded by the smells they made together.

And you couldn't buy that on the 'net.

Chapter 42

Rig was whistling when he pulled into the driveway, bag of groceries beside him. Stuff to make chicken fried steak and biscuits, plus enough clearance-priced Easter candy to make Rock grumble about needing to work out for months. He also had another cute stuffed duck for Grimmy to chew on. Silly mutt.

His smile widened when he realized the truck was in the driveway. His marines were home. Rock had offered to run out to the airport to fetch the kid in exchange for not having to go grocery shopping. It was a fair trade. Every time he sent Rock, the man came home with nothing but hot dogs, steaks, eggs and gun magazines.

He grabbed the bags and hurried in. He'd missed Dick over the holiday, missed his laugh and his hands in the dark. It had been nice, to just be with Rock, but Easter was for family and half of his had gone missing.

Grimmy's bark met him at the door. "Hey, open up! Got groceries!"

Dick came to the door, grin on his face. "Hey, Rig." The screen was opened, Dick grabbing most of the bags from him. "Let me get these."

"Hey, stranger." He smiled and closed the door behind him, tossing Grimmy the new toy and tossing Rock a bag of Milky Way bunnies. He followed Dick to the kitchen, managing to wait until the bags hit the table before taking his kiss. "Glad you're home. Missed you."

Dick gave him a quick hug and another grin and started putting away the groceries. "I missed you guys, too. You have no idea."

"How are your folks? Did you have a nice Easter?" Bumping his hip against Dick's, he grabbed the steaks and popped them into a bowl of milk before sticking them in the fridge.

Dick shrugged. "It was what it was. It's good to be home."

"Well, I'm glad you're home, too." He folded up the bags and stuck them under the sink, leaving the Easter candy out on the counter, out of Grimmy's reach. "Come here and kiss me? Let me welcome you home right and proper?"

Dick nodded and gave him a small smile, but he was moving a little stiffly, a little slowly, as if he'd forgotten how.

He frowned, moving to meet Dick halfway, hands sliding down Dick's arms. "You okay? What's up?"

Dick just shrugged. "Just been a rough few days, you know?"

"Contact Easter egg hunting? Rabid chocolate bunnies?" Rig arched an eyebrow. "Were those people you went to visit evil to my marine?"

"Am I? Your marine, I mean..."

Rig nodded. "Lock, stock and barrel." He leaned forward, kissing the corner of Dick's mouth. "Especially the barrel."

"Oh!" That corner of Dick's mouth twitched for a moment, but only for a moment.

"Is that all though—just the s... I mean." The kid shook his head. "Never mind." Dick's mouth closed over his, lips hot, tongue wet and insistent.

He opened to the kiss, but the back of his neck was itching. Something was wrong. Something was... off, weird, worried. Wrong. As soon as Dick took a breath, Rig leaned back. "You want to tell me what's up? What's eating you? Once it's out, it'll ease, you know?"

"It's nothing, just happy to be home." Dick's hands came up to cup his head, pulling him back into another long kiss.

"Mm..." He licked at Dick's lips, humming. "Glad you're home. Isn't the same without you here, especially the holiday. Wanted my family home. Selfish me."

"You've got Rock," Dick pointed out quietly, one hand sliding down to cup his ass, pull him closer. The kid's eyes closed as Dick rubbed against him, hot even through two pairs of jeans cock.

"Yes." He chuckled, hand sliding down Dick's chest. "Fuck, I'm a lucky man. I have two marines, two lovers, two. I won't do without either. Need my family, Dick."

Dick kissed him again, mouth desperate, urgent and needy. Rig groaned, pushing into the kiss, into Dick's arms. Fuck, yeah. Forget talking, their bodies knew what they needed, what they meant. He rubbed against that hard cock, his own prick full and throbbing. Dick whimpered and he could taste the need and want in the kid's mouth.

"Want you." He popped the button on Dick's jeans, wanting at that sweet cock. Those soft porno noises started, Dick's tongue fucking his mouth and feeding each one to him.

Oh, fuck. Yeah. He cried out into Dick's mouth as his hand wrapped around a throbbing cock. Hot and hard, Dick was ready for him, wanting him. Another whimper and Dick was

humping up into his hand, breathless and gasping into his mouth.

He dropped to his knees, grinning up into dazed river stone eyes and then swallowing Dick down to the root.

"Oh, fuck!" Dick shot into his mouth, hips snapping.

Oh, yeah. Five whole days since he'd tasted that flavor, sweet and strong. Rig swallowed hard, moaning around Dick's cock, taking every fucking drop.

Dick's hands stroked through his hair, fingers tangling in his short curls, thumbs tracing his cheeks.

"Welcome home." He grinned, kissing the tip of Dick's cock.

Dick nodded and smiled, a hint of sadness in his eyes.
"Thanks, Rig."

Rig stood, tucking Dick away into his jeans and then drew Dick outside, onto the hammock, into the fading sun. "Talk to me."

Dick stared up into the sky, rubbing at his knuckles absently. They looked bruised and split in the shadows thrown by sunset.

He relaxed back, waiting, watching, willing Dick to 'fess up, get the shit over with so they could cook supper and get back to their life.

"I told them I was gay." Dick shifted, wincing.

Rig nodded, forcing himself not to tense. "I take it they weren't polite about it? Somebody took offence?"

Dick snorted. "Who didn't?"

"Did you give as good as you got?" He nodded to the torn knuckles.

Dick nodded and his chin went up. "Yeah. Surprised him. Got Rock to thank for that." Dick deflated again, one hand rubbing across the split knuckles again. "At least he was up front about it."

"The sneaky bullshit is the worst. Did you get the 'you're going to hell' speech or the 'you're a sick, perverted asshole' speech?" He wished the sun would fucking set; he wanted to reach out, touch Dick.

"I'm pretty sure I got every speech known to man." Dick was curling into himself a little, looking lost and so fucking young.

"You're home now, where you belong. Fuck them if they're so stupid they don't know to be good to what they've got." Self-righteous anger flared up. Dick was a good kid, a good man, decent and funny and happy and...

Theirs.

His and Rock's.

Their family.

"Idiots. Fucking morons if they can't see the good before them."

"Yeah?" Dick looked over at him, lost and hopeful. "I'm not just some dumb kid you've conned into having sex with you?"

"There wasn't any conning going on at all." He looked over, tilted his head. "At first it was all in fun, sure. At first it always is, isn't it? Then the... the truth of it all gets built onto the fun and a year's passed and you're family. The fucking's grand, Dick, but if you couldn't or didn't, whatever, you'd still belong here."

"My mother... well she always did have a mouth sharper than any knife. My dad he... he went the hell routine and my brother did the sick perverted asshole beat the crap out of you thing, but my mother..." Dick shook his head, curling up around his legs. "She knows just where to cut, too."

"Momma says that the people that know you well enough to love you best, know you well enough to hurt you worst." It was finally dark and he reached out, touching Dick's arm.

"You're home. With your family. You know that, yeah?"

"I just keep hearing her voice. All the way home on the plane I heard it. I still hear it. 'Are they good men, Richard?'

"'Yes, ma'am'.

"'Then why would they be with you, Richard?'"

"What a bitch." He snarled, sitting up and looking at his marine. "We're with you because we want to be. We're with you because it's good and right and smart people accept the gifts they're given."

Dick nodded. "I know she's full of it, Rig. I do. She just..." Dick shrugged and looked down at his hands. "All my life her voice is the one thing that I just can't shake, like she brought me into the world so she must know."

"She didn't pick you. We did." Rig would go and kick the bitch's ass for hurting their Dick. Stupid whore.

"Cause I'm an easy mark. You see? I can still hear her voice. I know exactly what she'd say."

"Are you feeling bad because you're easy to love?" Dick's cheeks colored and he looked up at Rig, that look of hope back in the kid's eyes.

"You think I'm easy to love?"

Rig nodded. "I know it. This..." He waved his hand. "This is your home. The rest is bullshit and we got a third of our home eating all the peanut butter cups and spoiling his dinner and waiting for us to come in and visit with him. Chicken fried steak, mashed potatoes and, if you help, biscuits. Then laundry and Cops on TV and a shower and a nice long fuck and snooze before morning blowjobs and coffee. Home."

"Visit? Is that what you and Rock are calling it now?" Dick teased.

He chuckled, stretching out and wiggling his ass for Dick's amusement. "Well, we could talk with him. Chat. Commune. Blow. Suck. Fuck. Ream. Rim. Pick a term. I'm easy."

Dick's smile looked genuine now. "Maybe we should let Rock pick." The kid chuckled. "Unless you don't feel like giving another blowjob just now."

He grinned and nodded, rolling out of the hammock. "We'll see what comes up, so to speak. Come on, kid. Let's make supper and I'll get you something for those sore ribs. You bring home dirty laundry? I need to do a load."

"Yeah, I brought home my dirty laundry. It's all aired out though now."

Rig nodded. "That's part of coming home, yeah? Putting your shit back to rights? You want to peel potatoes? I'll get Rock to cut up tomatoes for a salad."

Dick got up and hesitated for a second. "You won't... you won't tell Rock what I said, will you? I just... I don't want him to think I doubted you guys."

"Nothing to tell. We're just glad you're home." He started walking towards the house. "Rock suggested camping for

Memorial Day weekend. I'm thinking the beach. Any thoughts?"

"I say we stay home and fuck."

"Fuck, you're a brilliant thing." Rig laughed and whistled up Grimmy. "You talk the Rocketman into it, I'll buy the lube and whipped cream."

Dick chuckled and headed in. "He's just gonna be happy I didn't side with you on the beach."

He couldn't be sure, but it looked like the kid wasn't so stiff, was walking a little easier in his shoes. Thing about coming home, it didn't solve any problems, but it sure as fuck was a good place to lay your burdens down.

* * * *

Rock handed Dick a beer and sat next to him. "So you had a spot of trouble back home?"

Dick sighed. "Damn it, I asked Rig not to say anything.

Rock snorted. "He didn't."

Dick looked at him. "Then how..."

He snorted again. "You think I don't have eyes in my head, kid? You think he's the only one I see?"

Dick went a little red and looked at the ground, hands curling to hide the split skin over his knuckles.

"Yeah, that's right, Dickwad. The fucking banged up knuckles, the bruised ribs and that goddamned hangdog expression you've been wearing ever since you got off the fucking plane."

"I thought I was hiding it better than that."

"Hell, no, kid. I just figured you'd either tell me on your own or Rig would worm it out of you—he's better at this talking shit than I am."

Dick gave him a wry grin. "He did."

Rock nodded. "And then you got all macho and made him promise not to tell."

"Pretty much."

"You think I wouldn't care?"

"No, Rock, not that."

"You think I'd think less of you?"

Dick shrugged. "No, that wasn't it either."

"Than what?"

Dick shrugged again.

"Well you find an answer, kid, because I want to know why I wasn't good enough to share this with—why you thought you had to leave me out of this. I was the one that found you, kid. Brought you home, took you under my fucking wing. And you weren't the first kid; I've been taking baby marines under my wing for years, even before Rig. I fucking chose you, Dick. So I give a good god damned fuck if you come home from a visit to your fucking family looking like a fucking kicked puppy."

"I'm sorry," Dick said quietly.

"Well that's not fucking enough—I want to know why."

Dick started peeling the label of his bottle. "Truth is I kind of look up to you and—"

Rock laughed.

"What?" Dick sounded just a little ticked off.

"Don't go doing that, kid."

"What?"

"Turning me into some kind of fucking hero. I'm just another fucking grunt like you—only difference is the fucking mileage."

"And you've got a great bod."

He snorted. "You don't look in the mirror much, do you kid?" He shook his head. "Look. Just because I'd rather fuck than talk doesn't mean I don't give a shit. You should fucking know by now that I do."

"I do, Rock. I just didn't want you to think I was some kid whose brother beat him up all the time."

"Just tried to by the looks of it."

Dick gave him a wolfish grin. "He's been beating the crap out of me all my life. You should have seen his face when he realized not only wasn't it going to be so easy this time, but he was gonna be lucky to avoid a trip to the hospital."

"And did you send him there?"

"Nope. Thought I was going to, but when it came down to it, just knowing I could—him knowing I could—that was enough." Dick shook his head. "A couple of years ago, I might have kept whaling on him until he was dead."

Rock nodded. "Corps' not a bad place to grow up, kid."

"Neither are you and Rig."

He brushed it off, wetting his whistle with a long drink. "So you didn't want me to know you'd managed to whip your brother's ass?"

"Nah, it was more the parental unit's crap. Lectures from Dad and crap from my mother and shit like that."

Rock nodded. "Cuts, don't it?"

"Yeah."

"And Rig—he can sympathize and make you feel better—make you forget—but he doesn't really understand because his Momma... Well if we all had one like her Oprah'd be out of a job."

Dick gave him a look. "Your folks give you grief, too?"

"You ever once heard me talk about them, Dick? Even in passing?"

Dick shook his head. "It doesn't seem to bother you."

"I've had a lot longer'n you to get used to it. Look, kid. Your Mom, your Dad, your siblings—you don't choose them and they don't choose you and sometimes the fit isn't so fucking good. Sometimes its just plain as shit lousy. Now the families you do chose—that tells the true tale of a man's character. Rig—he stuck with the family he had, a damned fine choice given who they were, and then he built himself a new one too—you and me in case you weren't following. And you, kid—the Corps, us. That's some fucking fine choices and I'm damned proud.

"So next time you come home from shit, you don't pretend I don't matter enough to tell. Got it?"

"Yeah, Rock. I got it." Dick smiled at him.

"Good." He drained the last of his beer. "All this fucking talking's dry work. What do you say we go get ourselves another one and some slightly less liquid lubrication so I can go back to being that macho prick you want to be just like?"

Dick gave him a grin. "Works for me."

Chapter 43

He put the bottle of oil in the hot water and put the oldest sheets on the bed before stripping himself down. Then he turned down the lights and turned on the lamp by the bed, turned on some soft music and called for his Blue who was probably still glowering at the television.

Something shitty had happened on post. Nothing earth shattering, but his Blue was irritated and getting growlier day by day. Dick was on CQ duty until midnight and Rig decided it was time for Sergeant South to back the fuck off and his Blue to come home.

"Rock? Come here, please?"

A moment later Rock stood in the doorway, glowering. "What the fuck is this?"

"The bed." Before Rock could snarl, Rig held up his hands. "Look, I'm not going to talk to you or anything. I just wanted to touch you, Blue. Honest."

He got another half glare and a grudging grunt and Rock stripped before lying face down on the bed.

"Thank you." He oiled up his hands and started at Rock's shoulders, touching and massaging in the way his Blue liked best. He didn't speak, didn't fuss, just touched, working those strong shoulders until they shone. Then he started on his Blue's back, humming along with the radio. The row of tight knots slowly loosened beneath his hands, Rock occasionally grunting or sighing.

Rig relaxed with Rock, losing himself in the feeling of slick, supple skin under his hands. He traveled down those thick legs, pushing the tension from Rock's calves. Then he oiled Rock's feet, thumbs working the arches.

"Oh, fuck..." Rock groaned and all but went limp.

He hummed happily. There. That's it, lover. Just feel me. He worked the heels, toes, rubbing and massaging pressure points. "Want me to do your front, Blue? Or more of your back?"

"Front," murmured Rock, shifting beneath him.

"Kay." He let his Blue turn over and started on those amazing legs again, going easy on the knee that gave Rock trouble when it was going to rain. His hands were sliding up over those amazing thighs and he leaned forward to place a soft, almost chaste kiss against the heavy, warm balls. He wasn't looking to turn Rock on, Rig just wanted to love him, smell him, breathe him in deep.

One of Rock's hands slid into his hair, fingers stroking softly.

His hands found Blue's hips, traveling in tiny circles as he nuzzled his lover's sex with his cheek.

"Fuck... Rig..." Rock shifted, flesh beginning to firm beneath him.

"Yeah, Blue." He dropped a soft kiss to the tip of the filling cock and then continued working up Blue's body, hands and lips massaging the rippled muscles of Rock's belly.

Rock's hands slid over his shoulders, working his own muscles gently as Rock murmured, the sounds quiet, calm.

Rig crawled up his Blue's body, touching the strong shoulders, the smooth skin of Rock's neck. Then he slid his hands up to rub Rock's temples as he brushed their lips together.

Rock's lips responded to his, soft kisses moving from one into another. The hands on his shoulders slid down along his spine until Rock's fingers were stroking circles in the small of his back. He hummed into Rock's mouth, hands never stopping as they moved over his lover's body. Rock was relaxed and warm beneath him, lips soft and sweet.

One of Rock's hands slid up his spine to cup the back of his head, holding him in place as Rock deepened the kiss, just a little.

Rig let Rock's actions tell what he needed, how to touch and love and care for him. How to make him happy. They kissed for a long, long time, Rock's mouth slowly opening wider and wider, inviting him in deeper and deeper.

He let himself fall into the kisses, tongue sliding deep, tasting the slow rise of Rock's passion. So strong, so male, so addictive—he'd needed the flavor of his Blue since the first time they kissed.

Eventually Rock rolled him over, fingers playing over his nipples.

"Mm... Blue." Rig nibbled at Rock's lips, sucking and licking as their bodies rubbed together. He was hard—of course he was hard, naked and hot with his Blue oiled and moving above him. Who wouldn't be?

His hands cupped Rock's ass, squeezing the muscles, pulling them close together. Rock rumbled into the kiss and

pressed him into the mattress, prick hard and hot and solid against him. He moaned, body arching, sliding against Rock's oiled skin. Fuck, they could just do this forever, touching and kissing and rocking together. For fucking ever.

"Want something, Rigger? Want some of the Rocketman?" Rock's voice was quiet and low and Rock.

"Always. Every fucking minute of every fucking day." He grinned, pleased all through, and leaned up to nuzzle and lick Rock's neck. Rock chuckled and nibbled at his ear. Rig laughed against the warm, salty skin beneath his lips. "Taste good, Blue."

"You too, Rig." Rock rolled them again, putting them side-by-side this time, mouth buried in his neck, sucking and licking and biting and soothing.

Rig reached down and began stroking Rock's prick, pumping him slow and easy, finger exploring the shaft, the ridged head, the damp slit.

"Oh Fuck, Rigger." Rock bit down on his neck and started to hump into his hand.

"Yeah, Rock. Yeah." He pushed up into Rock, his cock sliding along a warm thigh. Rock's hand slid down to circle his prick, his hand, and his own prick, taking over the rhythm.

"Oh, fuck. Blue. Yeah." He searched for Rock's lips, moaning as they moved together, heat making his balls tight.

Rock's tongue swept through his mouth, his Blue letting him see all the need and want. The kiss was hungry, fierce and needy and exactly what he wanted. Rig held on, sparks shooting through him like fucking fireworks. Rock pushed him

back over, adding the strength of his body to the slide of their flesh together.

"Blue..." He spread his legs, pushing up with a desperate need. "Want you."

Rock's hands slid down and split his legs further, hooking his knees over his lover's arms and then that thick cock was pushing at his hole. "Like this, Rigger? You want this?"

"Yes. Please, Blue." He pushed up, hungry and wanting and so damned ready to be fucked.

"Me, too." Rock slid into him, stretching and burning and filling him.

Rig gripped Rock shoulders, grunting and gasping as he let his Blue in deep. "Oh, fuck. Yes."

"Yes, Rig. Fuck." Rock chuckled and bit at his lips and started to fuck him hard. Rig rode Rock's cock, meeting each thrust, body knowing what it wanted, what it fucking needed. Rock groaned, body like a fucking machine, hard and hot, pistoning into him, driving them both hard and fast.

He leaned up, took a deep, hard kiss, shuddering hard in Rock's arms. Fuck. Fuck, it was good. This was good. They were good. Rock's tongue was fucking him as surely as that big cock was, pushing into him with determination and power. Shifting, Rock slid his legs up to the wide shoulders and pressed deeper into him.

"Oh! Oh, fuck!" Rig gasped as Rock pegged his gland, sending him fucking soaring into space. He grabbed his cock, torn between pumping it and making himself come and squeezing it so the god damned bliss lasted forever.

Rock chuckled, the sound deep and husky. "Slut," Rock whispered.

"Yours... your slut." His free hand slid over Rock's lips.

"Yep." Rock grabbed his fingers between hot lips and sucked them in, teeth scraping.

He came with a long cry, body convulsing. His eyes were fastened to Rock's as he rode out his orgasm, ass clenching that sweet, fat cock. Rock's mouth tightened on his fingers, the blue eyes glazing over. Fuck, his man was gorgeous.

Rock started fucking him again, slow and hard. "You want to come again, Rig?"

"Again?" He blinked up, head still dazed with aftershocks. He wasn't eighteen anymore, wasn't... oh, fuck that felt so fucking good...

Rock chuckled. "All right then—I'll take that as a yes."

The long slow strokes continued, Rock still hitting his fucking gland every single god damned time.

"God. Blue. Oh, fuck..." His legs were shaking, cock starting to fill with blood. "Good."

His Blue's eyes were still glazed over, hot with pleasure as one big hand wrapped around his prick, pulling in time with each slow thrust into his ass. It occurred to him that he'd started this to make his lover feel better, to ease Rock's soul, not to get himself fucked into utter oblivion. Not that he was complaining.

Not that Rock didn't look like he wasn't enjoying the hell out of himself, too.

Rig started rolling his hips, muscles tightening around Rock's cock, groaning each time his gland was hit. His fingers

slid over his own nipples, pulling and tugging as Rock watched.

"Oh, fuck..." Rock moaned and moved faster, his Blue losing control just a little.

Rig moved with him, shivering. "Yes."

He pushed up into Rock's touch, hot and swollen, hungry. Soon they were back to the hard and fast pace, Rock pushing steadily into him, sending him soaring. Again. He rode Rock until every muscle screamed, sweat beading where their skin met. "Fuck, Rock. Gonna kill me... So good."

Rock just nodded, blue eyes staring at him, mouth open with heavy panting breaths. His orgasm started in his toes, rolling up through his body in slow waves, huge and overwhelming pulses of pleasure.

"Oh fuck!" Rock called out as his ass muscles squeezed the wide prick, body shaking and pouring come into him.

Rig just nodded, too lost in the sensations inside him to speak. Loved this. Loved fucking. Loved Blue.

Rock collapsed against him, mouth finding his blindly and kissing him hard. He pressed up into the kiss, moaning and holding on tight. Rock groaned and slid out and to the side, big hand wrapping around his hip.

Rig turned, settling in close. "Mm... you feel good."

"Yeah, I do." Rock kissed his nose softly. "Thanks."

Rig smiled and took a nice, warm kiss.

Eventually Rock would want to talk about it, or he wouldn't. Either way, so long as they had this, they'd be fine.

Rock kissed back sleepily, the blue eyes drifting slowly closed.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

Rig kissed each eyelid, pulling the covers over them both. He snuggled close, letting his eyes fall closed. He needed a little nap and then he'd go shower and then... Well, then he'd go heat up the water again and set the oil to warming.

Dick would be home later.

Chapter 44

Rig wandered through the kitchen, warm and sweaty, feeling sun-drugged and relaxed. He'd done some yard work, done some playing with the pups, done a lot of napping in the hammock.

He felt good, loose-limbed and as settled as a lizard sunning on a rock. Rig grinned at his marines, both in shorts, sprawled out on the sofa and watching the TV. "Evenin', y'all. Why didn't you come fetch me? I'd have started our supper."

Dick grinned up at him and shifted, patting the space between the kid and Rock. "We just ordered pizza. Come sit."

Rig chuckled and shook his head. "I stink. Let me jump in the shower first."

The best way to gauge Rock's level of wanting was to see whether his Blue let him shower after an afternoon in the sun.

Rock grunted and shifted about as much as the kid had, the space between them growing just enough to fit him. If he squeezed in. "We can shower later. Together."

"You sure?" He grinned moved over to sit, snuggling between his men. "Mm... y'all feel good."

"Yeah, so do you," murmured Dick, nuzzling into his neck.

Rock's hands slid onto his thigh, solid and warm. He let his head fall back, thighs parting, cock starting to fill. "Mm... what kind of pizza did we order?"

"One Californian and One Greek," Dick murmured against his neck, lips tugging playfully at his skin.

"Did fucking not," replied Rock.

"Who called the fucking pizza place?" Dick asked, still working Rig's skin with gentle lips and not so gentle teeth.

"Son of a bitch!"

"Yep, she is so I guess I am." He could feel Dick's laughter against his throat.

"You better be messing with me, kid."

Dick just pulled harder on Rig's skin. Rig moaned, sliding down a little on the sofa, completely unconcerned about the pizza. Dick's mouth felt good, hot, hungry. Dick scraped his teeth along Rig's skin, soothing with his tongue and sucking a little more. He raised his head and looked down, grinning, looking pleased with himself.

"Californian and Greek, Rock." Dick looked over at the big guy. "Deal with it."

Rock grumbled.

Rigger leaned towards Rock, lips parted as he offered a hungry kiss. It was too bad about the pizza, but Rock could pick off what he didn't want. Rock's lips moved on his in a hard kiss and then slid down his neck, fastening on the skin there and pulling.

"Oh..." He moaned and shifted, rock-hard inside his shorts, neck tingling. Rock worked his skin for a long time, long enough for Dick to wriggle out of his own shorts and divest Rig of his. Rig was shivering all over, body moving against the sofa in sweet, fucking waves. Christ, he hoped the pizza man was taking the slow route.

Rock's tongue slid across his skin one last time and then his Blue was working on his own shorts, pulling them off to reveal that sweet as fuck, thick cock.

Dick was kissing the mark he'd made and then leaned over to kiss the one Rock made and then he'd be damned if the kid didn't settle in and start to pull up another mark, right above his nipple.

"Gonna make me look polka-dotted, kid." One hand slid around Rock's prick, the other holding Dick's lips to his skin. Dick chuckled against his skin, but didn't stop.

Rock pushed into his hand and rumbled, bending to make another mark of his own above Rig's other nipple.

Oh shit... He moaned, still pumping Rock's cock, fingers stroking Dick's head. His nipples were erect, throbbing, aching with wanting to be touched. Each pull made him ache, and they weren't in synch, Dick's tongue a little faster, Rock's a little harder. They made it hard for him to catch his breath, hard to focus, hard to do anything by fucking feel as they worked his skin.

Dick bit his skin and licked it and then grinned up at him, moving up for a deep kiss. The kid tasted like the kid, but with the sweet-salt of his own skin, too.

The kiss didn't last too long, only long enough for Rock to move from just above his nipple to just beside his navel, pulling another fucking mark up.

Dick kissed each mark again, his own and Rock's, pressing against them and making them ache just a little and then the kid settled between his legs and picked a spot right next to Rock's, working his skin hard.

"Y'all... oh, fuck. Fuck, you're driving me crazy. Y'all fixing to play connect-the-dots?" He was gripping the back of the couch, body rocking now, cock looking for sensation.

"He started it," murmured Dick around his patch of skin, body just far enough away that Rig's cock only brushed it occasionally on his search for something to rub against.

"I did?" Rock raised his head to give Dick a look. "What the fuck is that up there on his neck, kid?"

"A head start."

Rock snorted, mouth finding a new patch of skin to play with, this one right over his hipbone, almost but not quite tickling.

He gasped, hips scooting backwards, then pushing forward, unable to decide whether they wanted more or less.

"See you're already ahead of me," Dick murmured. The kid pulled against the skin on his navel a few more times and then once again leaned up to kiss him. The long, muscled body pressed against him, trapping his cock between their abdomens for the length of the kiss and then Dick went through the ritual of kissing each existing mark before settling at his other hip.

He groaned, hand reaching for his prick. God, they were driving him out of his fucking mind. Rock grabbed his hand and pulled it away from his cock and twined their fingers together, Dick grabbed his other hand before he could even think to use it: it might have started as a contest, hell it probably still was, but never let it be said his marines couldn't work together.

When they each bit and soothed and then left his skin to kiss over the top of his cock he thought he was going to fucking die. When they spread his legs and each closed their

mouths over the skin of his inner thighs he knew he was going to.

"Fuck!" They had him spread wide, had him burning, had him fucking aching. Balls drawn tight, ass rocking, cock so hard a fucking cat couldn't scratch it—fuck, it felt good. "Fuck! So much!"

Rock rumbled and Dick moaned and the two of them turned their heads, kissing each other, chins bumping against the marks they'd left. Then they were sucking his skin again, moving closer to his balls and then kissing and then sucking and then kissing some more.

He sobbed, arching and whimpering. "Please. God, touch me." His whole body was on fire. Needing.

Two mouths stopped pulling, two heads popping up, looking at him and then at each other.

"We weren't touching him?" Dick asked.

Rock shrugged and winked. "Rig's from Texas, they've got all sorts of weird sayings down there, god only knows what he actually meant by that."

Dick tilted his head. "We haven't touched anything below his thighs..."

Rock nodded. "Knees next?"

He groaned, pulling one hand free. God, he was going to kill them both. As soon as he pulled himself off. Really.

"He meant hands, Rock!" Dick crowed, grabbing his hand and bringing it to his mouth to work on his palm while Rock did the same with his other hand.

"Bastards." He turned, searching for a body to rub off on, or the couch—the couch would work, even the floor in an emergency...

"We try," murmured Dick against his wrist.

"We do fucking better than try," Rock growled. It made Dick laugh and the kid let go of his hand, diving for his mouth, the happy sounds spilling into him. He pushed up into the kiss, lips parting wide, taking all Dick would give him. Fucking good, fucking hot.

As good as it was, the heat that unexpectedly surrounded his cock blew Dick's kiss away, Rock's mouth closing over his cock and sucking him hard.

He screamed into Dick's mouth, hips snapping up into Blue's mouth as he came hard, entire body pulsating. Rock sucked him dry, Dick filled him with breath and then damn if the fucking doorbell didn't ring then and right fucking there.

It was Rock who pulled on his shorts, grumbling and glaring and searching for his wallet as Dick curled around Rig, mouth moving to kiss each passion mark again.

The doorbell rang against just as Rock found his wallet. "Yeah, yeah, I'm coming."

"Not yet, Rocketman, but soon," Dick murmured, chuckling.

Rig curled into Dick, rubbing gently, tongue licking the edges of that addictive smile. Dick's tongue played with his, chasing and dancing and touching and sliding.

Rock came back and grumbled. "I fucking paid for goddamned Californian and Greek pizza."

"Vegetables are good for you, Rock and with pizza you got the advantage of them being soaked in grease."

Rock just grunted and dumped the boxes onto the table, moving to straddle them both. "I sure hope your vegetables taste good reheated."

Rig reached up and slid his hand along Rock's thigh, hungry for that hard cock. "If they don't, I'll make you some hamburgers. Stop fretting, Rocketman, and fuck my mouth."

Dick chuckled some more, the sound still in Rig's ears as his Blue's thick cock pushed into his mouth, Rock's eyes closing, a look of pure pleasure crossing his face. Dick bent, mouth finding his shoulder, pulling on the skin in time with Rock's thrusts.

Rig went from sated to needing again in 5.4 seconds, the combination of cock and lips enough to start his own cock filling again. He cupped Rock's balls, fingers playing behind, pressing and caressing.

The kid's fingers followed him, first joining his own on Rock's body and then sliding down to play with his balls and the skin behind. Rig hummed, pulling harder, rocking into Dick's touches, stroking his Blue for all he was worth.

Rock's prick throbbed in his mouth and his Blue groaned loudly, shooting down his throat. Swallowing hard, he pulled Rock deep inside him, tongue sliding and licking and making his Blue shudder before Rock pulled out.

Dick bit down on his shoulder and then the kid's mouth was gone, only to slide over his cock, taking him in deep, Dick humming around his flesh, fingers still playing with his balls.

Rig groaned, turning carefully and settling them onto the floor so he could slide his lips around Dick's cock. Long and sweet and wet, he took it down to the root, moving with the motion of Dick's head. Dick moaned around him, the sound happy, sweet, sending vibrations up along his spine.

Rock's hand moved over him, the other one sliding along Dick's skin, giving them both sure, firm caresses. They rocked together beneath Rock's hands, lips and tongues moving over cocks, pushing higher, farther. Rock's fingers found the passion marks they had worked in, pushed against them, making them throb with his heartbeat.

He cried out against Dick's cock, body arching and shifting, mouth fighting to bring Dick with him, make Dick come. Dick shuddered, hips snapping, pushing that long cock deep as Dick shot. Rock's fingers slid over the marks on his throat as Dick swallowed hard and Rig tumbled, pouring himself down Dick's throat. The kid swallowed what he had and then continued to suck softly, bringing him down slowly.

Rig just sank down on Dick, bones all melted, licking the sweet cock with lazy swipes of his tongue. "All right, Rig, time for that shower and the two of you had better not make me come down there to get you."

Dick giggled around his cock letting it slip from that hot mouth.

"Shower?" He groaned, trying to make his orgasm-stupid limbs move. "Yeah. Showers are good."

Dick sat up and pulled him into a sitting position, mouth closing over his, feeding his own flavor back into him. He

wrapped himself around Dick, returning the kiss with a lazy, happy passion.

Rock grunted and threw up his hands. "Fine. But I'm not getting on the floor when there's a perfectly good sofa right here."

The big guy flopped down and reached for one of the pizza boxes, grabbing a couple of slices.

Rig chuckled into Dick's mouth, pressing close. "Guess the cold vegetables weren't too bad, yeah Dick?"

It was Rock who answered, snorting. "More malleable than the hot fruits at any rate."

Rig and Dick grinned, sharing another kiss. "You want to be strawberries or peaches, kid?"

"I think I'd better be strawberries, 'cause you're more the peaches type." Dick grinned and grabbed his ass, squeezing. "See, nice and firm, although..." The kid slid his fingers against one of the passion marks on his neck. "You're a bit bruised."

Rig groaned, cock twitching, threatening to come back to life way too quickly for an old man. "Okay, I can go for peaches, even though you're fuzzier." He rubbed his hands over Dick's stubble, massaging the scalp.

Dick laughed and even Rock chuckled. "Come eat, assholes."

Rig nodded and settled beside Rock with a bounce, grabbing a piece of pizza. They'd eat, then shower, then settle down for a nice long fuck. If he was lucky, he could return the favor and leave some marks of his own.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

If he was really, really lucky, his marines would decide to play connect the dots with the ones he already had.

Chapter 45

Rock moaned and batted at whatever was tickling him. He knew it couldn't be Rig—he'd already had his morning blowjob and had happily rolled over and gone back to sleep. The tickling came back and he batted at it again. "Go 'way. 's fucking weekend."

A voice came in his ear, low and soft. "Yeah, Blue, my last weekend home until mid-November. Come on, wake up and spend some time with this old boy?"

That woke him up and he blinked, hand going automatically to the back of Rigger's head and bringing him in for a kiss. Rigger's lips were open and ready for him, flavored with cinnamon and coffee and him and Dick.

He let his hand slide down Rigger's back and encouraged Rig to lie fully on him. "You're dressed," he complained.

"Took Grimmy for a walk. He's gonna miss me." Rigger wiggled for a minute and then it was skin on skin.

"He's not the only one," Rock informed Rigger gruffly.

"Got that right." Dick pushed up beside him, giving him a quick kiss before it turned into a three-way, the two of them sharing Rig's mouth.

Rigger held on tight, hands sliding around Rock and Dick both.

Rock pushed at Dick and the kid shifted, guessing at what he was gonna do. He rolled, putting Rigger between them.

"Well, Dickie-boy, we've got an important assignment."

"What's that, Rock?" Dick asked with a grin.

"We've gotta give Rigger the fucking of his life, so he doesn't forget what he's got waiting for him at home."

Rigger groaned and licked his lips. "Oh, that sounds like one tough fucking assignment, Marine. I've been well fucked. Think you can handle it?"

Dick laughed. "Well seeing as I'm working it with Rock, I do believe I can."

"Kid knows his stuff." Rock tried to keep the smug out of his voice, but really, it wasn't easy.

The laughter was low and warm, sexy. Rigger offered him a kiss, lips soft and open, hungry. Rock took the kiss, letting his cock drill a hole into Rigger's thigh.

Dick's hands started petting, him and Rig, flowing over their skin in soft strokes. Dick got Rig's next kiss, sexy and undulating together. Rock watched with hunger, watched their lips clinging as they parted.

"So how do you want it, Rigger? You want me to fuck your ass while the kid fucks your mouth? Or do you want to fuck me this time?"

"Want you to fuck me so deep I'll feel it until I get home, Rock." Then Rig turned to Dick, smiling. "Need to taste you, Dick."

Dick made a happy porno noise. Rock had to agree. "Hands and knees then, Rigger—you'll need to brace yourself. We're going to fuck you hard."

The full-body shiver that rocked Rigger was rewarding as fuck. Sweet little cockhound.

He and Dick helped Rigger get into position—yeah Rigger could have done it himself, but he wanted his hands on that

fucking smooth skin. Dick tossed him the lube and the two of them got into position, four hands sliding over Rig, touching and arousing.

Rigger was rocking gently, head dipped down toward the mattress. Hungry little moans, happy and soft, filled the air. "Feels good. Fucking good."

Rock shook his head. Rigger was such a fucking sensualist.

"And we haven't even started yet," said Dick as his fingers slid around beneath Rigger.

"Have too. Haven't you ever fucking heard of foreplay?" Rigger groaned and gasped, arching as Dick's fingers found his nipples.

"Foreplay? Hmmm..." Dick kept playing with Rigger's nipples, tugging and pulling and teasing. "Can't say that I have. Two-play—yep. Three-play—oh yeah! But not four-play."

Rigger chuckled, leaning to nibble on Dick's belly. "Oh, he's learning, Rocketman. He's learning."

Rock chuckled. "Yeah, but learning what?"

Leaning forward, he nibbled a line down Rigger's spine. Rigger arched and made a great rumbling sound. Whatever the fuck Rig was doing to Dick's belly was making the kid make similar noises—the kid was a porn star waiting to happen.

"Hey, Dick—suck my fingers." He held them up, groaning as the kid's mouth closed over his fingers, sucking hard. Scooting back against him, Rig's ass was rubbing him, the little cockhound's body wanting it, begging for it. He let Dick suck on his fingers for a while; the kid was being enthusiastic

and noisy about it and ripples moved through Rigger at every loud sucking noise.

At last he pulled them out and pushed two into Rigger's ass.

"Fuck, yeah." Rig whispered the words against Dick's belly, but Rock heard them. Hell, the way Rig's ass was working his fingers? He didn't even need to hear it. He slid them deep and curled them, searching for Rig's gland. Just a little more...

"Shit!" Rig convulsed, head raising, thighs parting.

Oh, yeah, that was it.

He grinned up at Dick and slid his fingers across it again and again. He put his hand against Rigger's stomach, feeling the way Rigger's muscles jumped every time he found the sweet spot.

Dick found his rhythm, matching it with tugs to Rigger's nipples. Dick was being given one of those 'oh, you're a fucking god' looks, Rock could tell because Dick was panting and groaning like he was about to come all over Rig's face. Those looks were fucking hot, only thing hotter was Rigger's mouth.

Maybe that sweet ass.

It was time to move this along before they all came without anyone getting fucked. He took out his fingers, putting the head of his cock in their place, letting the drops that were leaking from the tip, slick up Rigger's crease and hole.

He caught Dick's eyes and the kid nodded and grabbed his cock, rubbing the tip along Rigger's mouth. Hungry as always, Rigger's lips parted immediately, tongue searching for Dick's

slit. He pushed back towards Rock, wrinkled little hole needing to be fucked.

Hands sliding over Rigger's ass, pulling the firm cheeks apart, Rock teased the hole with short pushes, sliding the very tip of his cock just barely in and out again and again. "You want something, Rig?"

Rigger whimpered, pressing back into his hands. Dick was following his lead, just giving Rig a taste of the long, thin cock before pulling away again.

"Come on, Rig," he said softly, "Make us believe you want it."

A soft groan sounded and then Rigger dropped down onto his elbows, tongue sliding over Dick's balls. As the angle changed, Rigger's hips undulated, rolled in his hand. The sorry son of a bitch moved like a dream, balls swinging, asshole teasing the head of his cock.

Dick met his eyes across Rigger's back, pleading silently. Rock shook his head—the kid was all eager impatience and need. Not that there was anything wrong with that but sometimes waiting for something, drawing it out, made it better. Rig started making sweet, needy noises, a dark flush covering his ass and working up the long spine as he begged with his entire body. Dick had started whimpering, begging Rock with his eyes. "Oh, you two pups just have no patience."

"He doesn't have your fucking balls in his mouth, man."

Rig's chuckle was warm and teasing and more than a little smug.

"Two can play that game, Rig." He slid one of his hands down to cup and then grab the hanging balls. Firm and sure,

he manipulated the balls, knowing what Rig liked and what sent him to the fucking moon.

It worked like a charm, too. Rigger groaned like he was dying and crawled up Dick's body, clinging to the kid's shoulders and rocking into him, trying desperately for more sensation. Rock chuckled, feeling rather smug himself now. He grabbed Rigger's ass and hauled him back down to his hands and knees. Nodding at Dick, he lined his cock up with Rigger's eager asshole. "Now, kid."

Together they pushed in.

Rigger took them both in deep, fucking hot and tight and Dick's moan wasn't the only one that split the air. He knew Dick would keep following him until the kid lost it entirely, so he started off long and slow, pushing into the incredible heat again and again.

Every thrust was met, Rig's thighs parting, hips canting to take him deeper. Those lips were pulling hard on the kid's cock, the intensity of the sucking sounds matching the stunned, needy looks on Dick's face.

This was what made it worth getting up in the morning and hauling your ass all over the fucking place. This was why you made it home in one piece every single fucking day, because the sounds and the smells and the fucking intense sensations wrapping your cock in pleasure.

Rigger ground against him, ass working him like there was no tomorrow. The long hands were gripping the sheets, nose buried in Dick's light brown curls.

He gripped Rigger's hip hard with one hand, pulling Rig back onto his cock. His other hand slid down and curled

around the hard prick. The noise Rigger made was fucking amazing, part grunt, part swallowed cry. The thick prick throbbed in his hand, jerking as Rigger shot his load onto the sheets. The muscles around his cock milked him hard and he bellowed, shoving in to that sweet, tight heat, letting Rigger take everything he had.

Dick was right behind them, shuddering and whimpering and then shouting as Rigger's mouth worked him to climax.

Rig was still sucking Dick when they all sank to the bed in a pile of sated arms and legs.

He could feel sleep coming. It was one of the things he loved about fucking—you fucked your brains out and fell asleep all sated and boneless and wrapped in skin, but today he didn't want to go back to sleep, even for just a short nap. He breathed deeply, pulling the scent of Rigger's skin into him; he needed to stock up.

Dick's hands were moving over Rigger's shoulders, just touching, feeling the thin body. Rig was murmuring quietly, he couldn't make out the words, but the sounds were familiar, normal.

Dick answered him, and the sweep of one of the kid's hands shifted to include him. He grunted happily and rubbed his cheek against the small of Rigger's back.

Rigger hummed, stretching and rubbing against him for a second and then Rigger moved, sliding around to face him and take his mouth in a long, slow kiss. Rigger tasted like Dick's come and last night's chili and this morning's tooth paste and like Rigger: strong with just a hint of sweet.

The normal banter, the sarcasm, the endless joking were gone, Rigger was already mentally on his way to his assignment.

Rock pushed away the sleepy feeling and reached for Rigger's cock; he'd be damned if he let the asshole go before he had to.

The bed seemed empty without Rigger. Even with Rock sprawled out taking up more'n half the space. There was a body missing, it was as simple as that. He sighed and turned and turned again, trying to find a comfortable, familiar spot without disturbing Rock. It was almost enough to make him invite Grim up.

"Shit, kid, if you turn over one more time, I'm going to nail you to the bed. And I don't mean with my cock!"

"Sorry, Rock—I just can't get comfortable."

"I miss him, too. Miss the fucker stealing all the covers and trying to crowd me off the bed. Can you believe that?"

"Yeah." And he could, 'cause it was exactly what he missed. "You know what he'd do if he was here now?"

"Tell you to shut the fuck up and let us sleep."

"No... Well, yeah, probably, but then he'd give me a blow job to help the process along."

"I'm not giving you a blow job, kid."

Dick chuckled and curled up against Rock. "No?"

"No."

"You could nail me to the mattress though—with your cock."

Rock snorted. "You want me to fuck you instead of sleep when our alarm clock's not here?"

"Grim'll wake us up in plenty of time. What's the matter, Rock?" Dick slid his hand over Rock's hip. "You getting too old for a midnight fuck?"

"You little shit." Rock growled and rolled, grabbing his hands and pulling them up over his head. Dick was trapped beneath Rock's solid weight, the big guy holding both his hands within a single big one. He laughed, pushing up as best he could against Rock's hard cock. "Who're you calling old, Dickwad?"

"Well, seeing as Rigger's not here and Grim's in the kitchen, that just leaves you, Rocketman."

"I'll show you old."

"I was hoping you'd say that," he murmured as Rock's mouth closed over his, the big guy's knees spreading his legs. He spread them further, rolling his hips to put his asshole where Rock's cock was. His scream as Rock surged into him was silenced by the mouth pressed tight against his own. Rock didn't give him a chance to breathe, a chance to do anything but lie there and get fucked, hard and fast and so fucking good.

His ass was burning, Rock holding him down and splitting him open. His hard as nails prick was caught between them, rubbing between Rock's belly and his own. It wasn't quite enough and he squirmed, wriggling and searching for more.

Rock's lips left his own, the big guy chuckling. "What's the matter, Dickie-boy?" asked Rock, still pounding in. "Can't you keep up with the old man?"

"Bastard!" The insult would have been more effective if he hadn't caught his breath at the end of it, holding his moan back as long as he could.

"Want something, Dickie-boy?"

"Harder," he groaned.

"I can do harder. Faster, too. Do you want it faster, too?"

He nodded, his moans more like broken whimpers now.

Rock fucked him harder, fucked him faster, held him down with hand and cock, stretched out between the two. He couldn't move, could only feel and need. "Want something else, Dickie-boy?"

"Yes," he gasped.

"What?" Rock sounded smug. Fucking bastard had a right to be.

"My cock."

"You've already got a cock, Dickie-boy. In fact at the moment you've got two."

He groaned, bucking up ineffectually. "Please, Rock."

"What was that, Dickwad?"

"P..please, Rock. Please."

"Yeah." Rock's free hand slid around his cock, pulling in time with the hard thrusts that pushed into him.

Fuck! Oh, fuck, that was it. Perfect, just fucking perfect and he was shouting and shaking and coming, spunk spraying over Rock's hand, his own belly.

Rock continued to thrust and pull, moving fast and hard and then groaning low, filling him with hot come. The big guy fucking collapsed onto him, but he didn't complain. Rock was

heavier than Rig, but he was warm and male and smelled right. "Gonna go to sleep now, kid?"

"Yeah."

"Good." Rock's body grew heavy against him and then the familiar snores started. A few minutes later, Rock's hand loosened and Dick brought his arms down, wrapping them around his lover.

He missed Rigger. So did Rock. But they had each other and that was nothing to complain about.

* * * *

He missed Grim. He missed his bed. He missed long, hot lazy showers. He missed Saturday morning cartoons and Friday night pool and mustard potato salad and air conditioning.

He missed quiet and napping and mowing his lawn. He missed his jeep. He missed tinkering in the garage and surfing the 'net and wearing blue jeans. He missed the excitement of picking out Halloween costumes and long Labor day weekend picnics and talking to Momma every Sunday morning, whether he needed to or not. He missed blackberry jam on toast and homemade biscuits and gravy and good brisket.

He missed hugs and two sets of blue eyes—one round and mixed with greens and grey and sort of like those rocks you could buy at Stuckeys—one little bag of 'em for \$2; the other pure blue, almond shaped and fierce and warm and right. He missed listening to heartbeats because he was right there, not because he was making sure someone was alive.

He missed falling asleep safe and sated. He missed waking up and knowing someone was waiting for him...

Well, maybe he didn't miss that. Maybe he had that, waiting for him at home.

Home.

He missed home.

He missed Dick.

He missed Rock.

* * * *

Rigger was gone a long time. Four and a half months. At first it had been lonely, even though he and Rock still had each other. Then, even though they still missed him, it became normal, just being the two of them.

Dick got used to waking up and blowing Rock. Rock got used to fucking him into oblivion when he couldn't sleep. The bed stopped feeling too big and became just right for both of them. Rock would sleep sprawled out over most of the bed while he curled up with his head in the small of Rock's back. Rock was always warm—it was no wonder Rigger liked being sandwiched between the two of them.

They got used to other stuff as well. They got used to having to buy their own beer and making their own barbeque. They got used to watching TV without anyone trying to distract them. Of course Dick was rather partial to Rigger's brand of distraction.

It wasn't that he and Rock couldn't indulge without Rigger there, but Rock would be sprawled out on the couch and he'd be happily ensconced in the armchair and it wasn't always easy finding the energy to get up.

They watched a lot more television with Rigger gone. Dick usually managed to find the energy to move and start something after they'd been relaxing awhile and then he'd pounce Rock.

The place was always littered with pizza boxes and various other take-out containers, pop and beer bottles. They'd bag 'em all on garbage night once they'd realized when that was and started to remember it. Taking out the garbage had always been Dick's job, but he never had to remember when it was supposed to go out, Rigger'd always told him. One night he'd just dumped them out, pretty sure pick up was the next day or the one after. That's when he'd learned to fear Mrs. Murray. How the hell was he supposed to know there was a no garbage until the night before it was collected rule? He wasn't even sure what fucking day it got collected in the first damn place.

He missed fucking Rigger and getting blown. Not that Rock wouldn't blow him, but he had to ask and Rock's technique left a lot to be desired when you were used to Rigger's mouth. Rock wasn't nearly as enthusiastic about getting fucked as Rigger was, either. Besides, it was weird fucking Rock—it always reminded him Rigger wasn't there and that made him sad.

They settled into a routine. A sloppy, lazy-assed routine to be sure, but it worked for them.

He couldn't wait for Rigger to get back.

Once every couple of weeks a care package would arrive, Fed Exed overnight by Rigger's Momma. Dick figured if he wasn't gay he'd want to marry her. There were always

cookies and cake or pie and chili or stew or some other homemade casserole. It was reinforced that Rigger got his cooking skills from his Momma. So for a few days every couple of weeks they'd eat like men starving, putting away the homemade food like they'd never eaten before.

About two months after Rig left, Dick cleaned out the fridge. There was stuff living in there—he was sure of it—and he didn't want it to attack Momma's food. He'd thrown everything but the beer and coke out, and that's how things stayed except for the weeks they got their box from Momma.

She called, too. Once a week, regular as church. Dick had answered the phone the first time. "Ma'am, he's overseas—didn't he tell you?"

"Of course he did! But I need to check up on my other boys, don't I? And it's Momma, Dick. Don't go slipping into bad habits."

"Yes ma'—Momma." He looked forward to those calls now. Always made sure he was out of bed by noon on Sundays and wouldn't let Rock start anything. Not that the big guy usually did—he was as keen to talk to Momma as Dick was.

So they were getting on without Rigger, spreading themselves to fill the holes his absence left and not talking about him being gone. Not talking about how suddenly they were watching an awful lot of CNN and listening to Armed Forces Radio.

One time Momma called in the middle of the week and Rock had gone pale. Turned out to be she'd hit the wrong number on the speed dial, but it had shaken them both. They didn't talk about that either. They didn't talk about the way

Rock had fucked him like an animal that night. He was a fucking machine and Dick came three times and still Rock was pounding into him.

He'd walked funny for days, but they didn't talk about it. They didn't have to.

"It's 3 fucking am in the goddamned fucking morning and I'm fucking going home." Rigger glared at Chon, willing to fight about it. Fuck, he was willing to quit over it. Nurses could fucking work anywhere and get better money and less fucking shit.

"Rigger, dude. We got just a little more paperwork..."

Rigger blinked and walked out, hand going to his pocket for his cigarettes. Chon was his fucking superior, if the asshole couldn't find someone else to do his motherfucking paperwork it wasn't Rig's problem.

He lit up on the way to the phone, called himself a cab. If he'd had a clearer idea when he'd been home, he'd have had the kid bring his jeep up. He parked his ass on his duffle, dozing as he waited. He wasn't really sleepy, more jet-lagged and just fucking tired. But he was almost home. He fingered his keys idly. Gonna be able to use them soon.

The cab came before he smoked the pack, shivering in the autumn wind. Almost fucking Thanksgiving. There were houses with Christmas lights up already.

The cab driver wasn't chatty and they just drove, golden oldies blaring, the driver's nose rings catching the lights as she drove by. His house was dark and still when they pulled up front.

It looked fucking fabulous.

Rigger paid the driver and lugged his pack up to the front door, struggling to find the key. Once he found it and managed to get inside, he was greeted by a very confused and extremely excited mastiff. "Hey Grimmy. Hey boy. Sssh. How's my pup?"

He loved on his favorite mutt and then wandered down the hall. His boys were sleeping—Rock smack-dab in the middle of the bed and Dick snoozing beside, head on Blue's back. They looked good.

Damned good.

Rigger left them sleeping and headed to the shower, butt feeling like it was dragging fifteen feet behind him.

The bathroom was cleaner than he'd expected and he still had some toothpaste left over from when he'd left. He shaved and washed, brushed hair and teeth, and when he was finally clean—thank God for favors large and small—he headed to bed.

Quiet and easy, he curled up next to Rock, snuggling close. He closed his eyes and dozed off—warm and safe and home with his lovers.

Arguing woke him up.

"'s your turn."

"Fuck you. 'm not getting up."

"'s your fucking turn!"

"Will you two shut the fuck up? I let him out at four, he's fine." He rolled over and snuggled down into the pillow.

"Rigger!" Dick bounced onto him, body warm and sprawling over him.

Rock's response was a little more groggy. "Wha?"

He reached out and grabbed Dick's hand and kissed it. "Mornin' kid." He grinned, snuggling deeper into the pillow. He was home.

"Well shit." Dick slid off him and Rock was manhandling him onto his back, hard body pinning him to the mattress. "Look what the dog dragged in."

"Go figure. I was wandering around the world, saw this empty spot on the bed and took it." He couldn't stop grinning into those blue eyes.

Rock's mouth opened and then the big guy just shook his head and lowered it, kissing him hard. Oh, fuck yes. Rigger wrapped his arms and legs around Rock, lips opening wide and inviting his Blue in. Rock kissed him long and deep and hard, solid body pushing against him.

Dick's hands were busy, exploring, touching, sliding all over him from head to toe. Rig thought he might be purring, might be humming, might be moving into each wonderful fucking touch—he didn't really give a shit. He had been waiting for weeks for this, to be home where he belonged, with his Blue and his Dick and their passion.

Dick made a sound and nudged Rock, the big guy letting himself be pushed halfway off Rigger so they could both lie on him, two tongues pushing into his mouth like they were fucking starving.

He held on tight to both of them, hands running over stubble—Dick's softer and covering a smaller head, Rock's more bristly and starting farther back on the tall forehead. Dick seemed a little thinner than he remembered, Rock a little harder, muscles more cut than ever.

The two cocks drilling holes in him—they hadn't changed a fucking bit.

Rigger was arching up against them, groaning as his cock slid against somebody's hip, somebody's thigh, both cocks—one thick and fat, the other long and thin—drawing lines over his fucking skin, so hot. His marines were rubbing against him, against each other, the temperature shooting up to fucking explosive just like that.

Rough and clumsy and so fucking needy, they were all grunts and cries and grasping fingers and Rig didn't even know who shot first—it might even have been him. What he did know was when the aftershocks faded they were all still hard and his belly was slick with come.

"You're home!" crowed Dick happily, nuzzling at his neck now.

"You shoulda told us you shipped back," Rock told him, voice quiet, eyes serious but happy.

"Yeah—we woulda cleaned up!" Rock elbowed the kid.

"Got in 0200 hours yesterday. Fucking debriefing lasted forever. Finally just walked." He looked up at Rock. "Needed to come home." Then he leaned down, kissed Dick's head. "Needed my marines."

Rock chuckled, hand rubbing through his hair. "They made you do paperwork."

"They tried."

Rock laughed then, blue eyes crinkling the way they did when he was truly happy. "I'm sure they did. Can't say I blame you for ditching it—look what was waiting for you when you got back."

"No shit!" He reached down and found two hot, firm cocks, stroking gently. "'s been twenty weeks since I've tasted either one of these pieces of meat. Twenty weeks since I've been fucked." He lifted his face, pitiful look fighting the grin that wanted to come out. "Twenty weeks since I've had cable."

Dick made a sound and Rock ducked his head. "Gonna have to wait a few more days for cable. Kid forgot to pay the bill and we got cut off last week."

"At least it wasn't an essential service like electricity, Mr. forgot to deposit the damn envelope for three weeks."

"That was back on in two days."

Dick snorted. "And the cable will be back on Monday."

Rigger closed his eyes. Thank God he sent Momma the stuff to pay the taxes and insurance on the house. "Tell me y'all fed my dog, took care of my lawnmower and didn't wreck my jeep?"

"You've got a dog?" Dick asked in shocked tones about the same time Rock frowned.

"Oh shit, the jeep."

"What did you fuckers do to my jeep?" Rigger sat up. He'd seen Grimmy, knew his pup was okay, but he had been too tired to think about his jeep.

"Well... You see, I didn't know that Dick had planned to do the lawn."

"You wouldn't think just backing over something could do that much damage," Dick added. "I mean, it's not like the lawnmower was huge or anything."

They both looked pretty worried.

He was out of bed and headed towards the dresser.

"Motherfuckers. Goddamned assholes."

Laughter stopped him in his tracks. "Did you see his face?"

"How could I miss it?"

Rigger shook his head. "I fucking gave up paperwork for this?"

Rock snorted. "You've given it up for far less."

Dick was nodding. "I think the exact quote was 'I'll fucking pay you to get me out of this'."

Rigger snorted and dug out a pair of shorts. "I'm going to love on my dog and make some coffee." He looked over. "There is coffee in the fucking kitchen, right?" He was itching for a smoke and some caffeine.

The looks on their faces were identical. Disappointment and dismay and oh-fuck-we're-out-of-coffee.

"We've been picking it up at the 7-11 on the way to base," Rock told him.

"Come back to bed, Rigger," Dick pleaded. "We haven't even started to show you how happy we are you're home."

"Grocery shopping and a smoke or a nice hard fuck or three... Let me think..." He dropped the shorts and walked over to the bed, stroking a hand along Rock's ass.

"Smoke? Rigger—those things'll kill you." Rock's look of stern disapproval would have gone over better if the asshole weren't melting at his touch.

"Yeah. I know." He leaned down and left an open-mouthed kiss to the top of Rock's cleft, hands reaching to stroke Dick's belly. Dick moaned softly and shit, how long had it been since he heard those porno noises anyway?

"Who gets the first morning blow-job?" Dick asked.

Rock snorted. "Line starts behind me, kid."

He chuckled, licking the salt off Rock's spine, working up to whisper and tease, tongue sliding over the curve of an ear.

"You want me, Blue? Haven't swallowed your cock down in so fucking long."

Rock groaned, hips sliding in between Rigger and Dick.

"The kid's pretty good—but he's not you."

"Your title is safe." Dick laughed up at him, looking happy and horny and just right.

"Oh, good. I fought hard to be King Cocksucker." Rigger nibbled and licked, warming up his tongue. "How do you want it, Rock. Want me to go down on you? Want to fuck my mouth?"

"Fuck yes." Fuck, his Blue was a horny fucker and Dick came in close second, little shit already planning to take Rock's place once the big guy shot his load. Rigger grinned against Rock's clenching stomach, lips already opening to take in the wide, flared head. God, it was good to be home.

Rock gave him an honest to God whimper as his lips closed around the hard prick, big hands curling around his head.

Oh, yeah.

There wasn't anything about this he didn't like—the intimacy, the heat, the smells, the trust, the need. The taste. His tongue worked Rock's slit, hands rolling and tugging those big, heavy balls, waiting for his Blue to give him a taste.

It didn't take long before the sweet drops he was searching for began to slide out into his mouth.

Rigger hummed, body curling around one of Rock's thighs. He began to suck, pulling strong and steady. He wanted Rock to feel him in those heavy balls, deep in that tight ass. Rock's hands tightened on his head and he could feel the tension in the hard thighs, Rock trying to hold back, trying to make it last.

Dick was making those sweet porno noises for them, hands wandering over Rock, over him, light and teasing.

He started letting his lips slide down over the sweet, thick fucking cock, working Rock like a popsicle on the hottest day in August. Just barely touching, licking lightly all the way down to the wide base. Then hard, tight pulling all the way back, swallowing the whole time.

"Oh fuck!" Rock started to hump up into his mouth, hands holding his head still, hips jerking and shoving that thick cock down his throat.

Rigger opened up, took Rock down deep with a happy, vibrating groan. He could feel when Rock slid into his throat, could feel Dick's hands, Rock's hands, so fucking sweet. Rock made a noise, like something broke inside him, and then the thick cock in Rigger's mouth was spasming, filling him with Rock's hot spunk. He swallowed, greedy and needy and fuck this was good, so good and Dick was right beside him, making sweet-hot little fucking porno noises, ready for his mouth.

Rock kept fucking his mouth like the man didn't ever want to stop.

He could so live with that. His momma didn't raise no fools and he settled in for the long haul, pulling and suckling and licking, giving his Blue what he needed.

"Fuck yeah, Rig. Missed you." The words were low, almost moaned, the hands on his head never loosening their grip.

"Me too," whispered Dick, voice at his ear, the kid's heat suddenly along his back. A long, slender finger teased at his hole and then slid in, slick and warm.

Rigger groaned around Rock's prick, shuddering. Fuck, it had been so long. So fucking long.

"Shit yeah, kid. A Rigger sandwich. 's been awhile." One of Rock's hands slid along his back, big and warm and solid.

Dick was in a hurry, one finger becoming two, sliding in and out quickly and then disappearing. The blunt, hot head of that long cock pushed against him. "'s it okay?"

He whimpered, spreading his thighs and pushing back. It was going to fucking burn, but no cure for a too-tight ass but a good reaming and his cock was hard enough to cut glass.

Dick groaned and pushed in, that long cock moving in until Dick's hips were pressed tight against his ass. "Oh, shit, Rigger—you're so fucking tight."

Shuddering, body one huge burn, Rigger buried his face in Rock's crotch, sucking hard. Rock was harder than ever, pushing up into his mouth like he hadn't just come and Dick... Dick was a fucking hammer, pounding into him now, prick sliding across his prostate with every single fucking stroke.

He reached for his cock, pulling hard and steady. His balls tightened, ass gripping Dick's cock, mouth sucking... Fuck.

Fuck, yeah. Oh, so fucking good... Dick and Rock's thrusts slid into concert, fucking him hard and strong.

Dick shot his load first, crying out and ramming into him, filling him with heat. He cried out, the sound lost around the cock in his mouth, body convulsing as his balls spent themselves. Rock came again, a long, slow orgasm that shook his Blue from head to toe.

They ended in pile, Rigger's cheek on Rock's belly while Dick and Rock shared a kiss. Dick's body was heavy on him. It didn't feel bad, not bad at all.

"Grimmy's good for what—another couple hours?" asked Dick, settling heavily along his back.

"Yeah. I'll take him with me to the store later. Need coffee, smokes, beer, food."

"Well go with you," murmured Dick. "After a nap and more wake-up sex. Got months and months to make up for."

"Uh-huh." Rock's hands slid over his head, one staying, the other grabbing his hand and linking their fingers. "You're quitting though—that mouth's too good at kissing to ruin the taste like that."

"Mmm... nap and more sex is good." He just nuzzled between Rock's hand and belly, ignoring Blue steadfastly. They could fight about it later. It wouldn't be the first time.

"Sounds perfect," murmured Dick against his spine. The kid chuckled. "Maybe we'll even let you get a shower."

"Just don't bend over to pick up the soap," warned Rock.

Rigger chuckled. "I promise not to drop it until you and Dick are both in the tub with me. Make the picking it up more fun."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

"It's a deal." Rock gave his fingers a squeeze.
He squeezed back, dropping a silent kiss on Rock's belly.
Fuck but it was nice to be home.

Chapter 46

Rigger sat on the sofa, watching Dick play one of his stupid fucking shoot 'em up games with Rock. It made Dick look young, really a kid, not just some newbie asshole fresh off the fucking truck. Kid was all still knees and elbows, although a year with Rock had done him good, given him some hard muscle. Kid had probably gained forty pounds given good food and steady workouts.

Still, he looked like a kid with lights bouncing off his face and his t-shirt, white-socked feet peeking out of his jeans. Hell, the kid still preferred coke to beer. Sometimes Rig wondered if he even fucking shaved.

Rock grunted, crowing as he killed something. All dressed in sweats, his Blue was looking comfortable and settled. He was focused hard on the game, determined to prove that he could kick the kid's ass at this too. The two of them had probably spent the entire time he was gone doing just this.

"I'm going to sit outside to sit a spell." He stood and whistled up Grimmy, heading out back.

"You want company, Rig?" Rock was already stretching out on the sofa, taking his space.

"Nope." It was dusk outside, and cooling off, but it wasn't bad. November weather.

He found his stash of smokes and a lighter and hopped up on the hammock, throwing Grimmy's new purple ball out deep into the yard. The green one had gotten stolen or swallowed , as had the blue one before that.

He lit up with a sigh, throwing the ball again and again, breathing the smoke in deep. He'd smoked three and Grim'd gotten tired of playing by the time the portable phone rang.

"Hey, Momma."

His momma sounded tired and more than a little old. He figured she must really miss Daddy. "Guess Bobby called you, then, baby boy?"

He nodded his head. "Yeah, Momma."

"You wanna talk about it?"

"No, Momma. Guess just 'bout everything's been said." Everything and then some. Damned loud and ugly and Rig had been pleased that the boys had gone to get hamburgers.

"He's not trying to be ugly, Alexander. He's just... his boys are getting old enough to ask hard questions and, well..."

"I understand, Momma. He gave me his reasons." His reasons and Daddy's reasons and God's reasons and his fat whore of a wife's reasons too. Lots of fucking reasons. Not the least of which was that they had boy who was looking up to a certain marine way too fucking much for Bobby's taste.

"I just... When you brought Jim it was one thing, but now there's Richard too and the grandbabies are starting to talk and... I don't suppose you'd come alone? It wouldn't be Christmas without you."

"No, Momma, I wouldn't."

"Are you in love with them, son? Both of them?" He could hear her sniffing, knew he was hurting her. "Are they your family, Alexander?"

"Yes, Momma."

"Oh." Another long pause and Rig lit another cigarette. "I miss you. I... I'll send something soon in the mail. You need anything?"

"No, Momma." Nothing you can send by mail.

"Okay. Take care, baby. Your momma loves you."

"Love you, Momma." He turned off the phone and leaned back, smoking one after another until the pack was empty and his stomach burned. Then he just watched the flickering light of the boys playing their game, patting the hammock beside him so Grimmy'd come and ease his soul.

* * * *

Shit, he could barely see anymore. The game was just colors and shapes on the fucking television and the kid was going to beat the crap out of him. The really sad thing was he didn't even know the name of the fucking game, but it had a bunch of guys that beat up a bunch of other guys and you got points and... He was a competitive fuck and the kid had just been begging to be beaten.

He squinted at his watch, but it was too dark and he couldn't make the fucking numbers out by the flickering light of the game. "What time is it?"

"'n a minute."

"It's not rocket science—just tell me the fucking time."

"While I'm kicking the shit out of the level twelve heavy? You'd like that, wouldn't you? Just twist my wrist and have him overshoot his kick..."

He rolled his eyes and waiting, trying to decide if the kid needed to be wrestled to the floor and noogied for that.

"Yes! Ha. Beat that asshole!" Dick crowed and bounded up, doing a little victory dance. The kid was pretty fucking sexy, wiggling like that in the half-light.

"Time?" he growled. No need to let the kid know he was turned on.

"Oh, right. Shit! It's past midnight." Dick looked around. "Where the fuck did Rig go?"

"Went outside to sit. Fuck, that was hours ago though." He sighed and stood. "Guess I better go make sure the fucker's still breathing."

"I can go if you want, Rock?"

"S'okay, kid, I've got it covered. 'Sides—you've got bad guy ass to kick." Wouldn't do to let the kid know he was looking for the excuse to get out of the game.

He made his way out to the backyard, letting the screen door slam closed behind him—no reason to sneak up on the man.

Rigger was wrapped up around Grim in the hammock, empty pack of smokes on the ground, full of butts. Rig's face was buried in the dog's chest. "I'll be in in a minute."

"Shit, Rig—an entire pack? Not to mention the fucking dog on the hammock." That had to be dangerous. Unsanitary at the very least. And why the hell was the dog getting more action than he was tonight?

"Yeah. He's not hurting anything, just keeping me warm." Rig pushed Grim down and sat up, back to Rock, picking up the trash. "Getting late?"

"After fucking midnight, Roberts."

"How's the game going?" Rig stood and stretched, groaning a little. "Did the kid kick your ass?"

"No one's ahead enough to call it." He frowned and started to knead Rig's shoulders. "Couldn't see the damn TV anymore," he admitted.

Rigger sighed, muscles hard and knotted beneath his hands. "Oh fuck, Blue. That's good."

"Shit, Rig, midnight smoke-fests, turning to Grim instead of the kid and me and you're wound tighter than a fucking spring." He kept working Rigger's muscles, fingers digging in. "What's eating you?"

"I... nothing of any weight. Just thinking." Rig's voice was rough, scratchy.

Rock snorted. "You see what happens when you think? Fucking leaves you boneless and happy, thinking makes you tight and drives you to smoking."

"No shit, Blue." Rig turned to face him, grey eyes swollen. "I need a shower and then you think you're up to making this old boy boneless?"

"You know it." He took Rig's mouth in his own, ignoring the taste of smoke and tears, kissing until Rigger started to relax against him. "You gonna tell me who's ass I need to kick first?"

"Bobby's. He... I..." Rigger stopped and swallowed. "Looks like we're gonna need to buy a Christmas tree for the house this year, Blue."

"Bobby as in your brother? And why the hell aren't we going to your Momma's for Christmas?"

"Bobby as in my brother and because we're not invited, Blue." Rigger shook his head and stepped back. "I really need another smoke, man. I'm gonna run to the 7-11. Need any beer?"

"No, I don't fucking need any beer and you don't fucking need another smoke." He crossed his arms and glared at Rigger. He hated this emotional shit and there was nothing worse than having to drag it out of Rigger on top of everything else. "Are you going to tell me what the fuck is going on or am I going to have to beat it out of you?"

"Look. It's simple. Bobby doesn't want his kids around their gay uncle 'cause he reckons we're contagious and Momma doesn't want to miss out on her grandkids for Christmas. No big fucking deal." Rigger shook his head, running his hands through his hair. "I didn't want to hash this shit out, okay? I came out here so you wouldn't have to worry about it. I'll go for a drive and settle my shit. Go finish your game."

"The hell you will. You don't want to talk about it—fine, but I'm sure as shit not letting you take off a quarter after fucking midnight to go crash your jeep. You wanted a shower and sex, well just turn your ass around Roberts and get into the house so we can make it happen." And he'd just hide how relieved he was Rig didn't want a big heart to heart about the whole thing. Lord knew he loved Rig's Momma, but the woman could turn anything into a big emotional deal.

"Sure, fine, whatever. I need a fucking shower." Rigger whistled low. "Come on, Grimmy. Let's go in."

He bit back his sigh as he followed Rigger in. Shit, there was nothing worse than Rigger in a mood. Well, he knew the best way to put the smile back on that face and keep it there.

"Hey, kid," he called out as they passed the living room. "I need your help here."

Dick mumbled something distracted back at him, but by the time he and Rig made it to the bathroom, Dick was right behind them. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah." Rigger started brushing his teeth. Rock could see the tension across the thin shoulders, down the long line of back.

Dick looked like he was going to push it so Rock just shook his head and mouthed "later". Like when they were all boneless and sleepy and he could get a god damned guarantee that bringing it up wouldn't put that fucking defeated and hurt look back into his Rigger's eyes. Actually kicking Bobby's ass was starting to sound better'n better all the time.

Rig put the toothbrush down and stood, starting to unbutton his shirt. "How's the game going, kid? Worth your money?"

"Yeah it's got..." Dick pursed his lips. "Fucking shit— everything is not okay and if you two are having problems you don't want me butting my head in on, just say so, but otherwise, I deserve to know what the fuck's going on, 'cause I am a part of this... this..." Dick had finally shut up and was making hand gestures between the three of them.

Rock didn't blame him; fuck if he knew what to call it either. "Rig's problem's got nothing to do with me," he told

the kid and then thought twice about it. "Well, maybe it does at that, but not the way you mean." He rubbed his hand over his head. "Well, shit, Rig. I know you'd rather just go lick your balls, but you're gonna have to get into it now—you know what Dick's like."

"Okay, look. I had a fight with my brother, simple as that. He said some shitty things; I said some shitty things. Momma got involved and it got ugly." Rigger shrugged. "I don't like fighting with family."

Dick nodded and gave Rigger a quick hug. "Yeah, I know—unlike my family where we make it an Olympic sport."

Rigger nodded. "Yeah. I'm not gonna win any medals tonight. He calls back, I'll let you fight with him, huh kid?"

"Or we just let Rock kick his ass."

"Damn straight." Rock nodded emphatically.

Dick chuckled at him. "I think maybe that's the problem, Rock, Rigger's not." Rock nodded his head. Shit the kid was perceptive as fuck. Rigger hadn't said that's what it was—not to Dick, and here was the kid with his hammer, hitting the nail right on the head. Dick was grinning again. "Come on, Rig, what you need is some TLC—marine style."

"A pack of cigarettes and a fifth of tequila?" Rigger leaned back against Rock, still stiff, but easing.

Dick chuckled and nodded.

"Yep," Rock agreed. "And the kid there's got your tequila in that mouth of his and I've got your full pack right here." He pushed against Rigger's ass, letting Rigger feel how hard he was.

"Oh, yeah." Rigger nuzzled back against him, moaning as Dick pressed up close. "Just what I need."

"I'll bet the only thing you're missing's the shower. We've got that covered, too." Dick helped him back Rigger into the shower and in moments they were all standing under the hot spray.

Rigger moaned, eyes closing. Fuck but he looked tired. A good hard fuck and then a good night's sleep. Maybe a couple of good hard fucks.

The kid was doing his bit, sliding down Rigger's body nice and slow, licking and sucking as he went. Rigger's moans got louder as the kid lingered over Rigger's navel. His own cock was growing harder by the second and he rubbed against Rigger's ass, fingers splitting the cheeks apart. Rigger reached back with one hand, head tilting up for a kiss. He pressed their mouths together, Rigger tasting like toothpaste now and kissing him with a quiet desperation that meant Rig was trying to drown in what they were doing. Rock had no problem with that, knew how to make it happen.

He deepened the kiss as Rigger jerked hard, Dick's mouth closing over Rigger's cock. Rigger moaned into his mouth, ass cheeks clenching beneath his fingers. Long legs spread, Dick's hands came up to slide along Rig's crease, the kid's fingers brushing his.

He let his own fingers stroke over Dick's, sliding between them to tease Rigger's skin at the same time. That had Dick making his porno noises, the sounds muffled by Rigger's cock, which had Rig jerking against him, gasping into his mouth.

The water was adding caresses and sounds of its own, bringing back to mind every other time they'd made love in the shower. He never could hear the sound of the water against the shower curtain without getting hard.

Rig arched and shuddered, hands reaching for Dick's head, groaning as thin hips began to rock in shallow motions into that sweet mouth. Rock slid one of his fingers down to Rig's hole, letting the man's own motions swallow his finger up. Rig groaned, the sound fucking sweet. "Yeah. Fuck, yeah. More, Rock. I need more."

"I can do more." He replaced his finger with his cock, pushing just enough to help Rigger's body as it came back to take him in.

"Shit, yeah..." Rigger stilled, lips wide open as Rock slid in deep. Rig's muscles moved around him, pulling him in, squeezing his cock tight.

Shit, yeah, was right. There was nothing like being buried balls deep inside Rigger. He started to thrust, pushing Rigger's cock deep into Dick's mouth with every thrust. Rigger was riding him hard, rocking between them desperately, body shaking. Rock could see Rig flush dark, body clenching around his cock.

"That's it, Rig." He increased the strength of his thrusts, shifting until he found Rig's prostate and started hitting it constantly. "Let go and we'll take you there."

"Oh, fuck. Fuck! So good." Rig's eyes found his and he knew that there was nothing left in Rigger's brain but him and the kid and fucking. Just like it was supposed to be.

He brought their lips together again, arms tightening around Rigger as he thrust even harder, confident Dick would match him. Rigger wailed into his lips, jerking hard. The hot muscles milked his cock, rippling and clenching as Rig came down the kid's throat.

It pulled him into his own climax and he shot his load into Rigger's ass.

Rig's lips and ass never stopped, still moving slow and lazy after Rock shook off the buzz from his orgasm. Rig was boneless in his arms, heavy and relaxed and well fucked.

"You want the kid here or in bed?" he asked quietly, grinning as Dick's eager blue eyes turned up to them.

"Mmm... bed." Rig tightened around his cock again as Dick stood, making him groan. Those muscles kept moving as Dick took Rigger's mouth in a hard kiss. "Yeah. Bed."

Rigger wasn't exactly making him want to pull out, so he figured he'd just stay put until either Rigger or the kid made the move. He moaned softly in Rigger's ear, letting Rig know how he was enjoying himself.

Dick pressed close, Rig's head burying on the kid's shoulder. Dick's arms wrapped around to pull Rock's ass tighter into Rig's body, offering him a Rig-flavored kiss. Oh yeah. Tasted good. Felt good. Was good. And screw anyone who thought different.

Dick's lips left him, bent to whisper soft into Rig's ear, licking and nuzzling. Rig groaned, body starting to slowly ride his cock again.

"Yeah, Dick. Yeah." Rig nodded against the kid's shoulder.

Dick grinned up at him, eyes twinkling. "Come on, Rock. Let's go make us a Rigger sandwich."

"I do like the way you think, kid. Besides," he grinned and bit Rigger's shoulder. "It's one of the four food groups, isn't it?"

Rigger gasped and laughed. "Yeah, right up there with blowjob breakfasts and main course marines."

"Well then," he said as he slipped carefully out of his lover's ass. "Let's go eat!"

Dick batted at him half-heartedly and they all stumbled out of the shower together.

One of the great things about showering with two other guys was toweling off could be a great deal of fun and they all stood close together, drying themselves and each other. He and Dick fought over Rigger's prick, Dick wetting it down again every time he had it dry. It was soon pretty hard and getting wet at the tip all on its own. Rigger's husky laughter felt good, made him fucking hard and it followed them across the hall into the bedroom.

Rigger crawled up onto the bed, hands and knees, shaking that sweet, tight ass at them, hard cock and heavy nuts hanging down. Pushy bastard.

He was torn, wanting both ends at the same time and in the end he let the kid settle onto the bed first. There were no sloppy seconds in a Rigger sandwich—mouth or ass, you were getting the best there was. Dick blocked off the view of that nice, high ass and Rock nodded happily. He'd take that mouth any day.

Rigger was nuzzling and licking his stomach before he even got settled, pointed chin bumping his cock. He rumbled happily, letting Rigger know he loved it. He massaged Rigger's shoulders for a minute or two, watching as two of Dick's fingers disappeared into Rigger's ass, and then gentled his touch, aiming to arouse now. Rigger's skin was warm and soft and, shit, he loved touching the man. Rigger moaned, breath fucking hot on his shaft. Rig rocked back on Dick's fingers and then forward into Rock's hands.

He slid his hands down under Rigger so he could play with the hard little nipples that were just waiting for him, pushing into his fingers. He teased and tugged and pinched.

"Fuck, Rock!" Rigger pushed back onto Dick's fingers, lifting his chest to give Rock better access to those sensitive bits of flesh. Dick swore one day they'd get Rig off just fucking with his tits. Rock was beginning to think the kid might be right. Something told him today wasn't that day though, so he just kept playing, one hand reaching down now and then to move over the tight belly and the hard cock.

Rigger kept moving, the motions between them sharper, harder. Dick was groaning, leaning down to scrape his teeth along Rig's spine. He loved this, loved making Rigger so insane with pleasure that nothing else existed. And he loved doing it over and over again.

"Gonna come, Rock." Rigger's head fell back, body jerking as Dick's hand moved faster. "Oh, shit."

"That's all right, Rig. You do your thing and then we'll make our sandwich." Fuck the man was sex in motion. The

cry Rig gave would have done Dick proud—loud and slutty and low—and then the musky smell of spunk filled the air.

Shit yeah, this was a little slice of heaven and his mouth met Dick's over Rigger's back, kissing the kid for all he was worth. He let Dick's mouth go and bent to plant one on Rigger, grinning against the warm lips as Rigger gasped—Dick had the first half of their sandwich made.

Now it was his turn.

Rigger's lips were fucking hot and swollen, ready for his cock. Groaning, he slid his prick into that sucking heat. Rigger latched onto him and started pulling strong and steady, hard suction that didn't let him go. A hot tongue slid around his shaft, making him push deep, want more.

He slid his hands over Rigger's back, looking for purchase as his hips started pushing in. Watching the kid's cock disappearing into Rigger's ass was sweet, but not as sweet as the mouth working his own prick.

He was swallowed down to the root, Rigger's lips fastened around the base and then sliding up to pull hard at the crown before sinking down again.

"Oh fuck!" He grabbed at Rigger's hair, shoving deep as his hips started to thrust hard.

Rigger took him deep, sucking hard and moaning loud around his cock. Dick was slamming into Rig, one hand working Rig's cock furiously. "Want to make him shoot again, Rock."

Rock chuckled. Shit, but he liked the way the kid thought. He pulled himself together, trying to make his hands do more

than grasp as Rigger sucked him. He finally convinced one to slide down and start pulling at Rigger's nipples again.

His cock was engulfed, Rigger's throat swallowing around the head, vibrations from the moans continuous. Rig and Dick were grinding together, Dick's eyes rolling back in his head.

It got to the point where he didn't care if Rigger came again, he'd let Dick worry about that. He thrust a few more times and came, Rigger's mouth milking his prick or every ounce of pleasure. He heard Dick grunt, calling out triumphantly before sinking down over Rig's back, breathing hard. Rig was still sucking him, would until he pulled out, the man enjoyed sucking cock that much.

He reluctantly pulled out, Rig's arms were shaking from Dick's weight, and shifted so that he was beneath Rigger when the man collapsed. He wrapped his arms around both of them.

Rigger nuzzled close, humming softly, eyes closed. "So good, Rock."

"Yep, not bad at all," he agreed, earning himself a chuckle from Dick. "The kid helped things along nicely too."

"Why thank you, Rock," drawled Dick in a falsetto.

Rigger chuckled. "No, man. Dick gets a fucking gold medal."

"He gets a gold medal? What the fuck for?"

Rigger didn't answer, just pushed up and took a long, hard kiss, whispering against his lips. "Shut up, Blue."

He didn't have a fucking clue what was going on, but he was feeling loose and sleepy and his men were heavy on top

of him, so he supposed he could shut up if Rigger asked him to.

It wouldn't be the first time he was lost, more'n likely wouldn't be the last.

"You good?" he asked quietly.

"Yeah. Where I belong, you know? The rest is just bullshit."

"All right then." He kissed Rigger's nose and settled back, stroking his hands absently over skin, Dick's and Rigger's.

Rigger fell asleep almost immediately, one hand wrapped around his waist, the other clutching Dick's fingers.

"Hey kid."

"Yeah?" came the sleepy reply.

"Never mind."

"'K."

He let his eyes close, let his lovers keep him warm, let sleep take him. As long as they were together everything else would sort itself out.

Chapter 47

Rig groaned as Dick and Rock headed back into the kitchen.

Again.

"Good Lord and butter! Y'all can't possibly still be eating!" He stretched out on the couch, watching the game, full to bursting. "I mean, I know it's our national festival of fucking gorging, but leave enough for leftovers for the weekend! I'm not going to the store with all those psycho bargain shoppers let loose out there." He yawned and tugged over the good pillow. "And I'm not doing fucking dishes either!"

Fuck, it was good to be home.

His two marines came back a few moments later, plates fucking full. Again. They were fighting, bickering really, over who was going to get stuck doing the fucking dishes.

Rigger steadfastly ignored them. They could fucking arm wrestle over it. He didn't give a shit. He was never fucking moving again as long as he lived.

"Come on, kid—I'm almost forty fucking years old. I do not want to do the fucking dishes. A man my age wants to sit and watch the game, relax..."

"Are you admitting you're old? And what the fuck does that have to do with it? Just because I'm half your age doesn't mean I want to do the fucking clean-up I can promise you that."

"We could make a deal."

There was silence for a long moment. "What kind of deal?"

He could almost feel Rock's grin. "I'm sure there's something you want from the Rocketman."

Good lord and butter the man was trying to seduce his way out of doing the dishes. A peek at Dick's face confirmed he was going to get away with it, too.

"Actually, yeah... there is something." Dick's voice had taken on a similar tone—the kid was learning everything Rock had to teach him—they were going to be the death of each other.

"Deal."

"Deal!" crowed the kid. "And Rigger's witness."

"He sure is, kid—and now you have to do the dishes."

Rigger looked over. He'd bet dollars to donuts Rock's ass was gonna be cleaning the commode in nothing but his apron. Stupid shit should of demanded details. Rig moved his feet long enough to let Rock sit down while the kid settled down on the floor by his head. If he had any energy, he'd steal an olive off the kid's plate.

They watched the game in silence for a while, Rock was going through his plate slowly, looking like he'd finally filled that hollow leg. Dick hadn't slowed down for a minute though, turkey and stuffing disappearing just as quick as you please, the kid was probably going to go back and finish the pecan pie.

Dick's momma must not have fed him enough as a child.

He'd actually dozed off for a while when a pecan and molasses kiss was pressed to his lips. "Mm... sweet."

"Want some?" Dick asked, tilting a plate with an absolutely fucking huge piece of pie on it and a just as big piece of pumpkin pie next to it.

"One more, yeah." He took another kiss, tongue pushing deep. Dick made a sweet noise and leaned against him hard, mouth open wide for his kiss. He was pretty sure the kid didn't drop the fucking pies all over him on purpose.

"Shit!" Rig jumped, the pecan pie innards sliding over his stomach. "Dick! Eeeew!"

"Aw, shit!" Dick started to scrape the pie off his skin, looking annoyed while Rock laughed his fool head off. All of a sudden Dick's face changed. "Rigger-plate. All right."

The kid dropped down to his knees and started to eat the pie off his stomach.

Rigger started laughing as Dick's nose starting tickling. "Oh! Fuck! Tickles!"

Dick turned his head to grin up at him. "Don't want the pie to go to waste. 's your own fault anyway—you know that, right?"

"My fault?" He couldn't stop chuckling, Dick's fingers scooping up a dollop of whipped cream and rubbing it around his nipple.

"You distracted me with that mouth of yours." Dick grinned up at him again and then began to lick at his nipple with just the very tip of his tongue.

Rigger's laughter turned into a soft moan. "Tease."

"You worried I'm gonna eat all the ... pie?"

"More worried you're going to miss a piece."

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that, Rigger—I'm going to be very thorough."

Rigger grabbed the nape of Dick's neck and tugged him up for a long kiss. "Get to it then, I've got a pecan in my fucking bellybutton."

"I'm saving that for last," Dick informed him with a grin.

"That can't be sanitary," Rock noted, sending Dick into gales of laughter. He was trying hard not to laugh because every time he did, the pie slid a little farther, heading south.

"Man shoves his tongue up your ass but doesn't think I should be eating a pecan out of your navel." Dick shook his head, still chuckling as he went back to eating. Rigger lost it, laughing so hard his sides burned. Dick's tongue wasn't helping, his stomach jerking beneath the touch and then Rock's goddamned fingers found his fucking feet.

"No tag teaming! That's fucking cheating, you bastards!"

"All's fair in sex and food." Rock's tone was solemn, at odds with the fingers that were dancing lightly over his feet. He wiggled and struggled, trying to get away from the tongues and fingers. He twisted, reaching for the edge of the couch. When he got up he was gonna shove a can of cranberry sauce right up a marine's ass.

"Hey that's my nut!" Dick called out.

Rigger reached out, intending to show Dick exactly where his nuts were when he overcompensated and ended up tumbling off the couch, landing square in Dick's lap, feet still held in Rock's hands.

Rock and Dick were laughing now. The kid's smile one in a million. He leaned up for a kiss. Laughing kisses ranked right

up there with early morning kisses—not quite as mind blowing as surprise kisses or down-your throat, ‘gonna fuck Rig now’ kisses, but nothing to sneeze at.

The kid moaned into his mouth and tried to push against him, but only managed to press the remaining pie into his belly.

“Ugh. Let me get a rag, this feels nasty.” He pulled his legs out from Rock’s grip and stood, grinning down at Dick’s pout. “C’mon kid. Notice I’m delaying the shower until after dishes so you don’t miss the fucking.”

“Shit, I’d almost forgotten about those.” The kid looked crestfallen.

“Yeah. It’s not too bad. I set the pots to soaking already and Rock emptied the dishwasher for me.” He held up his hand. “Come on marine. I’ll even sit and keep your ass company, if there’s still a beer or two in the fridge.”

“Hey, that wasn’t the deal,” complained Rock.

Dick’s grin grew wicked. “No, the deal was I would do the dishes and you’d let me fist you.” With that the kid sauntered off toward the kitchen.

Rigger frowned and looked up at Rock. “What did he just say?”

“Sounded like he said I agreed to let him fist me, but I don’t remember any such thing.” Rock frowned down at his belly. “I overate, not overdrank.”

He shrugged and headed into the kitchen to find out. He wasn’t sure what the kid was up to, but it was a rare thing for Rock to take it up the ass, damned rare. And the kid’s hands were damned near as big as Rock’s.

Dick was scrubbing and washing and Rig leaned against the counter. "Okay, what was that all about? You pulling the big guy's leg?"

Dick gave him a grin. "You were there—he made the deal. I'd do the dishes in exchange for what I wanted from him. He's fisted me, you at least twice—it's his turn." Dick's eyes were glittering, and he rubbed himself against the counter. "He's gonna be so fucking hot."

Rig's frown deepened. "I don't know, kid. I'm not sure he's up for it. I mean, that's a lot to take." It wasn't that Rig thought the kid would hurt Rock, but Rock wasn't into being fucked, being touched inside. It wasn't what made him hot and, if he wasn't hot and relaxed and ready... "A whole lot to take."

Dick looked at him. "What are you talking about, Rigger?"

"I'm talking about Rock. He's tight as shit and he doesn't get off on it like we do." Rigger waved his hand. "All I'm saying is maybe this isn't the best idea."

"I'm not gonna hurt him, Rig!" Dick wiped his hands on his pants and stepped up to Rigger, taking his hands. "I've had it done to me, I've seen him do it and you're going to be there to help."

Rig took Dick's hands. "I don't think you're gonna hurt him, Dick. I don't think he'd enjoy it. Think about it—you ever seen him come from being fucked? Ever? You seen him ask for it? I mean, he'll go for it, but he's not hard for it—not asking for it."

Dick glared at him. "Actually yeah, I have seen him come from being fucked." The kid yanked his hands away and turned back to the dishes, scrubbing at the pots.

Rigger nodded, pissed off now, half because the kid didn't understand he was just worried and half because... oh fuck it! He turned and walked out of the kitchen and towards the bathroom, passing Rock on the way. "Going to take a shower."

"Sounds about right." Rock's arm looped around his shoulder as the big guy walked with him.

His shoulders felt like wires and he almost shrugged Rock's arm off, but it felt good and he'd missed it, for four and half months he'd missed it. So he didn't.

"You get what the kid was going on about?" Rock asked as they turned into the bathroom. Large hands were already stripping away his clothing.

"Yeah. I'm thinking that's gonna be between the two of you, though." Rigger looked over. "I'm not playing in this particular game."

Rock frowned. "You two have words?"

"A couple." Rock's frown deepened. Rigger shrugged. "He wants to do this fisting thing and I told him that I thought it was a crap way to set it up. That I didn't think you'd get off on it. He told me I was wrong. Simple as that."

Dick chose that moment to walk in. "We having a conference or a shower?"

Rock turned the frown on the kid. "Conference. Rig says you two were fighting over me."

Rigger sighed and turned on the shower. One way or the other he was getting this sticky shit off his belly.

"Fighting?" Dick was looking at him rather than Rock and then turned back to face the big guy. "We were disagreeing on whether or not you'd get off on the fisting."

"It's not number one on my list of things to do."

"Well that's all I want," said Dick. "You want to go back on the deal, fine—but I want to hear it from you, not Rig. It's not his decision."

Rigger lifted his head and looked over at Dick. "You're right, asshole. It's not my decision. I wasn't aware fucking had become a sport where we kept score and it didn't matter whether it felt good, so long you got what you wanted." He made sure he had Dick's eyes before continuing. "And I'll tell you something else, you hurt him because you're caught up in fucking-for-points? I will personally tear you a new asshole."

"Whoa, everybody back it up for a second." Rock had a hand on Dick's shoulder and was reaching out for him, but Dick yanked himself away, stepping back.

"Fuck you." The kid said quietly, eyes bright with unshed tears. "Fuck you!" Dick shouted it this time, turning and taking off.

Grimmy barked once and then the screen door slammed, leaving an unnatural silence in its wake.

Rigger closed his eyes, stomach roiling. "Shit."

"What the fuck was that?"

"Fuck if I know, Blue." Rigger looked over. "I just said you didn't get off on getting fucked like we did. Hell, I didn't make

any decisions. I just wanted him to think about it, think about what the fuck he was asking." He sighed. "He made a comment that pissed me off, but I didn't even say anything about it, for fuck's sake."

Rock raised an eyebrow and it was almost funny, Rock being the calm centre of this storm. "Considering what I heard you say to him it must have been quite the comment."

"It was enough." Rigger sighed, his better nature poking him. "Or maybe it wasn't. Give me my fucking sweats and I'll go talk to him. God damn it all to hell."

He'd go and apologize for losing his fucking temper. His momma'd raised him right. He wasn't going to be a part of this fucking game that Dick set Rock up with, though. It wasn't right and he didn't like it and he didn't have to play.

Rock handed over the sweats. "So what'd he say that got you all worked up?"

Rigger flushed. "I told him that I'd never seen you really wanting to be fucked, to come from just that. He informed me he had." It sounded stupid, stated bald out like that. Still pissed him off, but it sounded stupid.

Rock looked away. "You were gone a long time, Rig."

"Yeah. I know." He took his sweats from Rock and got them wet under the sink, wiping down his stomach. He needed a fucking cigarette so bad he could taste it. "Let me get some clothes on and apologize to the kid. I'll send him in and let you calm him down."

"Something tells me you're the one he wants calming him down. But I can fuck him into oblivion if you really think that's what the situation calls for." Rock gave him a bit of a leer.

Rigger forced a grin and nodded. "You can always be counted on to come through for a man in need, Rock." He was going to apologize to the kid, get Grimmy, a case of beer and a carton of cigarettes and head down to the fucking beach for a couple of days.

Grim loved the beach.

Before he could go, Rock grabbed a hold of his waist and pulled him tight against the hard body, arms wrapping around him. Warm lips slid over his skin.

"I'm glad you're back." Rock squeezed him tight. "So's the kid."

Rigger chuckled, hands running over Rock's arms. "Yeah, it would suck to have to eat Thanksgiving dinner in the barracks. I'm a much better cook."

"You better believe it." Then Rock let him go and got into the shower. Rigger wasn't sure if he'd really heard Rock say it or if it was just his imagination but it sounded like "and we weren't us without you."

He yanked on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, threw on some shoes and grabbed his wallet and shit on the way out the back door, looking for Dick. "Dick? You back here?"

He heard a sniff and a "fuck" and the soft clink of beer bottles rolling against each other.

Rigger walked over to the hammock, swallowed his pride hard. "I'm sorry, Dick. I lost my temper. You're right. This is between you and Rock and y'all will work the details. I should have just kept my mouth shut. Y'all are adults and I know better than to be an asshole."

Dick turned his face up to him, eyes huge and wet in the darkness. "I'd never hurt him, Rig. You know that?"

"Yeah, I know." Rigger nodded, feeling just sick and tired and flat-out old. Damn being a fucking good man anyway. "I trust you, Dick. I was being a prick."

"Yeah, well..." Dick sniffed and kind of shifted in the hammock, the invitation unspoken but clear. "Maybe I kinda was pushing things in your face, too."

He shrugged and sat down. He didn't want to fucking talk about how Dick had given Rock something he didn't managed to in years while he was communing with sand fleas and sleeping alone. "No big deal. Things got touchy. Hell, it's Thanksgiving. I thought having a family squabble was part of the fucking rules."

Dick shifted again and then slowly, like a dog coming in for petting but expecting a hit instead, bent his head down to Rigger's thigh and one hand slid around his knee. Rigger shook his head and sighed, hand moving to stroke down the line of the kid's spine, fingers automatically working out the knots. The motion felt good, normal, relaxing him as much as it did Dick.

He stroked for a while longer, putting his hurt and anger and general pissiness to the side. "Rock's waiting for you in the shower, you know. You're not careful, he'll come out and fetch your ass and terrify the neighbors."

The kid chuckled just a little and hugged his legs tighter for a moment before pushing himself up. Dick swiped his hand across his eyes and cheeks and then turned serious blue

eyes on him. "You coming, too? Shower's too big for just two. Kinda like the bed."

"After a while. I'm gonna sit a spell, take Grimmy for a walk, maybe." He looked over at Dick and winked. "Y'all manage pretty well, one-on-one—except for the whole grocery shopping, bill-paying, lawn mowing thing."

Dick shrugged. "We managed." The kid looked away and then looked back, eyes dark. "Managing's a pretty poor substitute for you, Rig."

He nodded. "I'm glad you think so. Go on inside now, before I kiss you in front of God and everybody."

Dick got up and his hand slid down along Rigger's arm. "If you come in with me Grimmy and Rock are the only one's who'll see."

He nodded and stood. "I suppose I can take my walk after awhile."

Dick looped a couple of fingers with his and ambled back to the house. Soon as the door closed behind him, Dick was looking for that kiss. He kissed the kid, slow and easy. He couldn't have been farther away from horny, but Dick's mouth tasted good—little bit of salt, little bit of sweet, little bit of hops—and he never had thought there was a damned thing wrong with kissing just to kiss.

The kid's hands came up to cling at his shoulders. "I'm sorry." The words were soft, pushed into his mouth.

He nodded, wrapping his arms around Dick and holding the kid close. Rig let himself stop worrying about Rock in the shower or whether the whole fight was going to come up again or what Dick and Rock were going to do about the

stupid fucking bet. He stopped worrying about getting old and whether he could lose his place in his family and whether he'd been doing right by these two. He just sort of relaxed and held Dick and enjoyed the kiss.

He had no idea how long they'd been kissing—it could have been a minute, it could have been an hour, it didn't make no never mind—when Rock's arms came around them, solid and warm, holding the three of them together. Rig eased out of the kiss with a soft sigh. "Hey, stranger. How was your shower?"

"Lonely." Rock pouted, making them all chuckle.

Dick cleared his throat. "I was thinking..."

"Oh, don't go doing that, it just fucks shit up, kid." Rig offered the kid a grin and let him go, heading for the fridge. "Either of you yahoos want a beer?"

Rock answered right away. "Yep."

"No, I've had enough," the kid laughed. "A little too much maybe." Dick waited long enough for him to grab two cold ones out of the fridge. "So I was thinking. Look, Rock, I cheated—I won't hold you to the fisting thing. But if you still want to do it I was thinking... well, I think Rigger should do it instead of me."

Rig sighed and sat his beer on the counter. He was not fucking interested in this shit right now. "Listen to me, okay? I was worried about Rock. Not about you getting some, not about you touching him, not about you two touching each other. Come on, Dick, how big of an asshole do you think I am?" He shook his head and hauled his keys out of his pockets. "I'm going for a drive before I get shit riled up again."

I should have kept my fucking mouth shut earlier and done the dishes myself. Grimmy, come on, mutt, let's go."

The kid looked like he'd been sucker punched in the gut, just standing there, mouth hanging open, tears in his eyes.

Shit. He closed his eyes for a second. "This is going directly to hell, isn't it?"

Rigger walked over to the kid and took his shoulders. "I don't want to play games and I'm not explaining myself worth a shit. The fisting thing's not important to me, Dick. Rock is. You are. We are."

Before Dick could pull away or anybody could say or do or think anything else, he gave the kid another kiss, pouring his hope and need and good feelings into it, praying to God that the kid would hear him.

Dick held himself stiff for all of a few seconds and then the kid gave a soft sob, mouth opening to his. He could taste the salt of tears and feel the fine tremors that passed beneath the kid's muscles. Dick kissed him like it was the last kiss he was ever going to get. Well, if it was, it was going to be a kiss they all fucking remembered until the end of goddamned time. He'd fucked everything else up with not making Dick understand. This he could fucking well do right. Rigger dove into the kiss, groaning as Rock's hands worked the tension out of his back, pushing him and the kid closer together.

They were both panting when Dick ended the kiss, the kid tugging on his lower lip. Dick looked at him and then looked down. "Do you want me to leave?" Dick asked, voice a hushed whisper.

Rock's hands tightened on his back.

"Oh, kid..." He tilted Dick's face up, shaking his head. He kept forgetting Dick didn't understand, didn't know about being family. "Fuck, no. Family, remember? I'm frustrated and we're not hearing each other, but that doesn't change the real shit."

"Yeah?" The kid looked hopeful and scared all at once.

"Yeah. The pissing and bitching stuff happens and shit is said that doesn't change anything and then I get over it and so do you and we end up feeling each other up on the sofa while Rock watches." He looked at Dick and nodded. "Family."

That got a little smile out of the kid. "That's not how family works where I come from. Like your version better."

"Yeah, well, Yankees never could figure anything out." He looked into the still sad blue eyes. "I wasn't ever jealous about the fisting thing, kid. Honest. Pissed off because you thought I was? Yeah, but I came in here with good intentions. I didn't mean to muck shit up."

The kid reached out and slid his hand along Rigger's cheek. "I just want things to go back to normal. I'm sorry I screwed up."

"All right. Rigger's sorry, the kid is sorry, hell I'll be sorry if you want—are we done talking? 'Cause the beer's getting warm and the couch is getting cold and where I come from there ain't nothing wrong with a nice peaceful Thanksgiving full of fucking." Rock couldn't have sounded more put upon and long-suffering if he'd tried.

Rig gave Dick a long, slow wink. "Oh, I don't know, Rocketman. I was thinking Dick and I might need to share our feelings, maybe watch "Steel Magnolias" and cry a little. If

that doesn't work, I'm afraid we're all fixing to head to counseling to work through our personal commitment crises."

"Fucking shit—you need something to cry about, I can whip your asses for you."

Dick bit his lip and then laughed, wrapping his arms around Rigger.

Rigger chuckled, stealing another one of those laughing kisses. "He's an asshole, Dick, but he's ours."

"And you wouldn't have me any other way." Rock slapped them both on the butt as he snagged his beer and headed for the living room.

"We okay?" Rig pushed close and took another kiss.

The kid gave him a quick, hard hug. "Yeah, we're okay. Right?"

He nodded, hand sliding down to cup Dick's ass. "Wanna see if Rock left us any hot water? I probably still smell like pecan pie."

"No wonder I'm feeling peckish."

Rigger nodded again, very solemnly. "I hid a fresh strawberry pie in the back of the fridge, too."

A wicked gleam entered Dick's eyes. "You know Rock got a shower all to himself—I'll bet he's clean enough to eat off."

"There any whipped cream left?"

Dick was grinning wide now, licking his lips. "Uh-huh."

"Fucking A, man." He leaned down to lick those lips for himself and then made for the fridge. "You want the pie or the spray bottle?"

Dick considered. "The pie—he'll let you get closer with the spray bottle before he realizes what's up."

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

He handed the kid the pie before tugging off his t-shirt and shimmying out of his jeans with a grin. "Damn, but it is good to be home, kid."

"Not as good as having you."

Rigger let himself believe it, cheeks heating and cock filling. "Come on, Dick. I'm hungry and there's a big, naked plate just waiting on us."

Dick grabbed and pulled him up against that lean body, kissing him hard. "I know what I'm thankful for," the kid murmured.

Then the kid was gone, halfway down the hall before he turned back to wink at Rigger, grin as wide as Grimmy's.

Rigger shook his head and grinned back. Yeah, he knew all about being thankful. He grabbed the whipped cream and went to count his fucking blessings.

Chapter 48

The jump had gone good, right up 'til the end and his fucking chute caught a draft and dragged his skinny ass across the drop zone. He was okay—couple of bruises and a couple of scrapes and a line of spine that was sore as all fuck.

Rig had hauled himself home, taken two muscle relaxants and a hot shower and gone to bed, left his marines a note to order pizza and leave him be. He curled up around Rock's pillow, pulled the blankets up over his head and went right to sleep.

Somebody was letting cold in. No, they were pulling the covers right off.

"Cold. Fuck. Cold." He reached for the blankets, wincing as he moved.

"I was wondering what was wrong," said Dick, voice soft. A warm hand slid over his skin. "Fuck, Rig, what did you do, piss off a gunnery sergeant?"

"Nah... I eat Gunney's for breakfast. I fought the DZ and it won."

Dick chuckled softly, the sound turning into something sympathetic. "Anything I can do for you? Looks... uncomfortable."

"Back's sore as fuck. Rub it a minute?" He turned onto his stomach, cuddling into the pillows again.

"Awww... poor Rig." Dick's hands slid over his back, warm and gentle. "Tell me if I hurt you."

"Mm... You won't." He hummed, eyes closing, pushing up into those touches. Dick's fingers worked his shoulders and slowly moved on down his spine. Rig groaned, gasping as he started to relax again, tight muscles shifting under Dick's hands.

"Yeah, that's it, Rig, just get nice and loose."

"Loose is good. Fuck, you've got nice hands, kid." He smiled, feeling close to okay for the first time since he'd hit the ground.

"I think I've heard that once or twice before." Dick chuckled, hands sliding down to his ass. "From you even."

"I'm observant that way." Rig let his thighs part, humming low and soft.

Dick's touch softened just a touch, became more intimate.

"Oh..." He was floating a little, the blankets and the drugs and the touches keeping him easy.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Rock's growl preceded a second set of hands on him, warm and large, pressing harder into his skin than Dick's.

He squeaked, muscles screaming for a second before they turned to jello. "Rock! Fuck, easy... Oh..."

"What did you do to yourself?" grumbled Rock, hands working his spine. "Nah, you're good," Rock told Dick as the kid's hands shifted away. Dick's hands came back, warm and soft on his ass, his thighs.

"Bad jump. Chute dragged my ass all over God's green acre. Sore as... Mmm... Right there. Sore as fuck." His body couldn't decide whether to tense or dissolve.

Rock growled a little, but didn't say anything, just kept working his back, fingers digging in, warm and sure. He groaned when his muscles stopped fighting and just melted, every single ounce of tension sliding out. He shifted as Dick's fingers teased the top of his crack, cock starting to take an interest. Okay, almost every single ounce of tension.

He heard something soft and wet, followed by Dick's soft moan and the kid's fingers stuttering against his skin.

"No fair playing where I can't see," he complained, shifting.

The kiss broke noisily and Rock chuckled. "Dragged halfway across the world by your ass and you're still a slut."

"Leopard can't change his spots, Rocketman. There's no rubbing the want away." He grinned, rubbed his cheek on Rock's pillow. "And, given I'm yours, I don't reckon you're complaining."

Rock's fingers worked his neck. "No, I don't suppose I am."

There was another noisy kiss between them and then four hands were carefully rolling him onto his back.

He settled into the mattress, smiling up into two sets of warm eyes. "Hey marines."

Dick's smile was eager, Rock's slow, but just as warm. Then the two of them kissed again, giving him a real show with teeth and tongues and low growls from Rock.

"Oh... oh, fuck, y'all are something else..." He moaned, cock throbbing, body going hard.

Their mouths broke slowly apart and Rock grinned down at him. "How much are you up to, Rig? You want to jerk off

while you're watching me fuck the kid, you want Dick to give you a blow job? What?"

His cock throbbed and he jerked up towards them, moan half-need, half-pain. "Oh, fuck... You're going to make me nuts."

Rock frowned and Dick bent, kissing him softly before curling up next to him. Nodding, Rock did the same, wrapping around his other side. "Don't go ruining all our hard work now, Rig."

"Touch me." He snuggled between them, licking first Dick's lips, then turning to his Blue. "Kiss me."

"Well aren't you just the little general," growled Rock, teasing his lips with nipping, almost not there kisses. Dick meanwhile was happily following orders, hands back on his body, stroking his arms and rubbing into his shoulders.

"Not so little. Almost as tall as y'all." He was melting again, lips and thighs parted and wanting. Their laughter was sweet, Rock licking at his lips now, lips touching light as a butterfly now and then, refusing to settle.

"Tease." He moaned, the sound soft and wanton. "Evil mean tease."

"Hey, I learned from the best."

Dick was still chuckling, fingers moving over his skin, slowly heading toward his nipples. He spared Dick a glance and a grin. "Don't tell me you're joining the 'tease your poor wounded lover' cause, kid."

Dick grinned at him, fingers reaching his nipples and starting to pluck, the touch firm and guaranteed to drive him out of his fucking mind. "Not teasing."

"Oh..." His body tried to shift, but two strong bodies kept him still, put right where he was.

"Moving hurts, remember?" said Rock just before closing their mouths together and giving him a proper kiss. Dick's mouth closed over his nipple, one hand wrapping around his prick and pulling.

He moaned—okay, it was a whimper, but Rock's mouth disguised it and he wasn't telling—into his Blue's lips, prick throbbing in Dick's hand. One of Rock's hands flicked across his other nipple and one cupped his balls, thick, warm fingers rolling them. Two hot cocks slid against his hips.

Oh. Oh, fuck. So good. So fucking good to him.

The sensations built and built until he was flying, entire body buzzing as they touched him.

They all moved together, hot and good. Dick was making those sweet noises of his and Rock was growling, the rumble of his pleasure sending vibrations along his side where Rock's chest slid against him.

When he came, it was sweet, made long and slow and bone-meltingly easy by his lovers, the entire world good and right and held between two strong bodies. They weren't that far behind him, heat splashing on either side of him seconds apart.

The smells and heat and comfort were just perfect, let him float quiet and easy in his bones.

He was cleaned and kissed and wrapped in blankets between two hot bodies, one of them always touching him through the whole process.

"So fucking lucky." His whisper was warm, mostly asleep again. Home.

He thought maybe he heard a snort and Dick definitely mumbled "oh yeah, that's why you got hurt—luck".

He grinned, shaking his head, already dreaming. "No, was the good Lord reminding me to count my blessings. Both of 'em."

"Go to sleep, asshole."

Dick chuckled at Rock's words, hand slipping into his, holding tight. He'd have made some smart-assed remark and given Rock a 'yes, sarge,' but he was already snoring softly by the time it occurred to him.

Chapter 49

Rain and sleet made the windows rattle, but Rock didn't pay it much attention. The radio was playing some stupid country shit that, though he wouldn't admit it aloud if his life depended on it, was beginning to grow on him, Rig was doing something or other with the duster and humming quietly a long and he had the latest Guns 'n Ammo and the couch to himself as Dick was off at a movie with some friends.

He was comfortable and warm and happy. Let it rain. Let it sleet. Let it snow. He wasn't budging.

Rigger dragged a footstool over towards the bookshelves, cleaning and pulling leaves off the huge fucking plant Momma'd express mailed. Humming and cleaning—Christ, Rig was an odd one, but at least Rock knew his Rabbit was in a good mood. Rig only stayed still and silent if there was something up.

Still, he was happy, Rig was happy and nobody was naked. At least with Dick you could always count on frequent and eager nakedness.

He put his magazine down and grunted.

"Yeah, Rock?" Rig didn't turn, but the dusting slowed, his redneck's head tilting, listening. He popped the top button of his jeans and undid the zipper.

Rig chuckled, shaking his head and stepping down off the stool. Right onto Grimmy. Oh, fuck. Rig slipped, turning halfway and managing to land, body mostly on the couch,

head right in his lap, feet sticking straight up in the air. "Fuck. Hey, Blue. Nice catch."

He laughed, hands moving down to slide over warm skin. "Even falling you manage to land with you head in my crotch. Slut."

The word was well-used, fond, full of things left unsaid, but understood.

"Yours." Rig shifted, settling more comfortably. "And where else would it be? It's what you were wanting."

"Yeah, it is," he agreed, pulling open the sides of his jeans and letting his cock loose. He was going commando today and it just popped out, all hard and eager for Rig's mouth.

His Rabbit hummed, rubbed a smooth cheek over his shaft, tongue just flicking the ridge around the head. "Smells so fucking good."

The words were soft, Rig hungry for him as always.

"S all for you," he murmured, hips pushing up, pushing his cock closer.

"Mm... good." Rig grinned up, lips wrapping around the head, pulling slow. That wicked, hot tongue pushed against his slit, teasing. He rumbled, legs spreading to cradle Rig a little more comfortably, give the man more room to work.

That hot mouth pushed farther, sucking him in, sliding down and down on his shaft until Rig's nose was in his pubes. Then the blond head pulled back up. He groaned. Yeah, that was what he'd been wanting. He curled his fingers in Rig's hair, stroking.

Rig hummed, head moving slow and easy. The grey eyes were closed, mouth moving in slow, sure waves, deep-

throating him again and again, letting him slide deep into that long throat.

Fuck, there was nothing like it on this earth. Not one fucking thing. He growled, hips starting to move, not speeding or pushing, just working with Rig's mouth.

Rig's fingers were trailing along his balls, warm and soft, tickling. He pushed his jeans lower down on his hips, giving Rig easier access. It wouldn't do to impede a master.

"Mmm..." The groan was sweet, vibrating all along his shaft. Those fingers cupped his balls, began to roll them slow and easy.

"Yeah, Rig. Show me what you've got." Rig hummed once more, then took him deep, suction fierce as his Rabbit pulled all the way up the to the tip. Then that mouth opened and dropped over his cock again before tightening.

"Fuck!" Just when you thought it couldn't possibly feel any better than it already did...

The thought stopped when one of Rig's fingers slid behind his balls, pressing inside his hole.

"Rig!" He groaned and shook as he came, shooting down Rig's throat. Rig drank him down, throat muscles milking him, making him jerk and ache. He could feel Rig's finger in his ass as he clamped down, orgasm making all his muscles contract. At last he relaxed back against the pillows, panting.

The finger slid away long before Rig's mouth did, those tight lips cleaning him and keeping him warm and relaxing and feeling fucking good. He rumbled as Rig finally came off his cock.

Three Day Passes
by Sean Michael

It was pretty much awful outside, rain and sleet and half-assed snow. Inside it was warm and good. Rig had seen to that.

Chapter 50

What's all this?" asked Dick as Rock piled his purchases on the table in the kitchen.

"Christmas lights."

"I thought we had Christmas lights—didn't Rig pack them up after last year? Stick 'em in the garage?"

"Yes, he did. He does every year. And every year I get to spend an entire fucking day looking for them, untangling them, replacing the bulbs that don't work and then and only then trying to hang the fuckers. I thought this year I'd just cut out the middle man and start fresh." He glowered at Dick and Rig, daring either of them to complain.

"That's our Rocketman—fucking brimming with Christmas joy." Rig grinned and rolled his eyes, going back to his coffee and newspaper, to do list sitting at his elbow.

"That's what I'm saying—the lights are usually one big fucking hassle and this year—easy."

"And next year? Eventually the garage will fill up." Rig chuckled, shook his head. "That's cool, Rock. I'll grab the other lights and add some to the tree and run the rest along the fence line for dimwit here to bark at and chase. I'm all about easy."

He snorted. "You could just throw them out. If not, in a few years you'll be that crazy nurse with the house you can see from space at night."

"Throw them out? There's not a damned thing wrong with those lights, old man." Rig started on the crossword puzzle,

eyes positively wicked. "And, if you can see the house from space, it's got nothing to do with the nurse living here because he didn't buy extra lights."

"You know, I've half a mind to go back and buy them out of their lights and cover the whole fucking house with them. What do you think about that?"

"I think you're insane, both of you," said Dick. The kid stood up and went to the back door. "Come on, Grimmy—let's play toss the chew toy."

Rig sighed and folded the paper up, tossing it in the recycle bin. "If we could float the electric bill, Rock, I'd say let's do it just to drive the old bat next door into palpitations. I'll grab the staple gun and the extension cords from the garage and come help." He nudged Rock's shoulder as he walked towards the sink. "Thanks for the lights, man. They rock." Rock got a quick wink. "Pun intended."

"You gonna help me rig them up?" He followed Rig and pressed up against the thin back, bending to whisper in Rig's ear. "Pun intended."

Rig's laugh was warm, sexy and that head tilted to give him access to more skin even as that sweet ass rubbed against his crotch. "I am. After all, I couldn't possibly give up a chance to see that amazing fucking body of yours stretched out on a ladder, could I?"

"Hey, you want to see this amazing body of mine stretched out, all you've got to do is say the word. We don't even need a ladder."

That got him another laugh, Rig turning in his arms to pull him close enough their lips were brushing. "Which word do you need to hear, Blue? Yes? Please? Now? Pick one."

"Any of those'll do," he growled. He pressed their lips together, hands sliding down Rig's back to grab his ass and pull the long, thin body up tight against him. Rig's arms wrapped around his neck, lips parting beneath his to let that hot, slick tongue press against his own, licking and playing and fucking blowing his mind.

Groaning into Rig's mouth, he shifted them and then bent Rig back over the counter, pushing their pricks together through too fucking many layers. Rig's hands disappeared for a second, then Rig settled on the countertop, legs wrapping around his waist. "Better?"

He grunted an affirmative, fingers working their way underneath Rig's t-shirt. Rig's lips covered his again, the flavors of coffee and strawberry jam and an echo of his own fucking spunk in that sweet mouth. It was enough to make his cock throb and his hands stuttered, just a bit as he pushed Rig's t-shirt up.

Their lips parted enough for him to pull the shirt off, and he tugged his own off in the process, throwing them both on the floor. Rig shivered and pressed close, little nipples already hard as rocks. They drew his fingers to them and he tugged and pinched and flicked his fingertips across the top of them, knowing he was sending Rig straight into overdrive.

"Oh, fuck. Blue. Shit!" Rig scooted to the edge of the counter, rubbing against him, chest pushing towards and moving away in that 'please don't stop, oh, fuck, slow down'

sort of way Rig had that meant he had his good old boy's toes curling.

He kept one hand busy with Rig's little titties and let the other one take a slow wander down warm skin, over the flat belly until he hit the top of Rig's jeans. Then he started playing with the button, teasing them both.

Rig's hands were cupping the back of his head, pulling him into one hungry kiss after another, Rig pushing hard and deep, fucking his mouth with that hot tongue. He'd just popped the top button of Rig's jeans when the screen door banged and Grim barked, nose coming to sniff around their legs before the mutt disappeared.

"Mm... you two look good enough to eat." Dick pressed up behind him, arms coming around his waist to hold onto Rig. One of Rig's hands left his head, Rig stretching to touch the kid. Dick made a soft noise and started to suck on his neck, one hand stroking Rig, the other helping him with Rig's zipper.

Rigger was moaning for him, sweet fucking tremors shaking the long body that Rock could feel in his balls. Dick was matching the moans with sounds of need and hunger and want, the long body behind him pushing into the one in front of him.

They'd managed to work Rig's jeans open enough that the tip of Rig's cock was rubbing against his belly, lines of shiny pre-cum filling the air with the sweet smell of his Rabbit.

"Oh fuck," murmured Dick and the heat at his back disappeared. It returned seconds later, Dick's skin pressing against his, fingers tugging open his jeans. Rig's fingers

tangled with Dick's as they freed his cock, fingers and thumbs and palms rubbing and squeezing. Then Dick was pushing down his jeans and yanking on Rig's, releasing more of that sweet cock and they were rubbing again, all cocks and asses and hands sliding over slick skin.

They were humping furiously, the entire fucking kitchen filled with grunts and groans and the smell of sex.

He slid one hand up Rig's chest, playing with a nipple, Dick fingering the other. It was fucking sexy, the way Rig reacted to their touches.

Rig arched, head leaning against the cabinet door as he gasped. "Y'all... y'all are gonna make me come."

The flush started working its way up that stretched stomach, lean muscles rippling.

"That's kind of the idea here, cowboy." He nipped at Rig's lips, taking the soft flesh between his teeth.

"Mm..." Rig looked like he had some smart-assed comment to make, but then those grey eyes widened and Rock got a bone-melting kiss, Rigger crying out as spunk sprayed on his abs.

"Oh fuck, yeah." Dick bit down on his shoulder, rubbing hard and shooting all over his ass. Oh yeah, that was it. With the smell of both of them strong in his nose, he jerked, coming too.

Rig held onto him, even as those sweet lips slid across his cheek to share a kiss with the kid, little moans and gasps loud in his ear.

That was it—now he was starting to get into the fucking Christmas spirit.

Chapter 51

It was that dead week just before Christmas when all the movies were ragged ass lame touchy-feely, girly movies. The closest thing to an exception they'd found was Lord of the Rings, the first one had been re-released a few weeks ahead of the second one coming out.

Rigger had had his heart set on a movie, the whole theatre with buttered popcorn and milk duds and jujubes experience. He'd made Rock pay for all of them. Made the big guy fork out for big tubs of popcorn and cokes, too, along with the bags of candy.

The candy was gone before the curtain rose and Rigger was bouncing, totally ignoring Rock's complaints. Rock had a lot of complaints. The movie was based on a book. The movie was three fucking hours long. Three fucking hours.

There were no car chases. There were no cars.

Rigger started pushing popcorn into Rock's mouth every time he opened it and suddenly Dick realized the wisdom of having bought three tubs of the stuff.

"There are sword fights, Rock." A handful of popcorn.

"Magic." More popcorn.

"Demons and goblins and shit." Another kernel popped into Rock's lips.

"Sweaty, well-built men."

Rock glared and grabbed Rigger's hand next time it made a pass at his mouth. The big guy chewed and swallowed.

"Three fucking hours, Rig. You owe me."

"Whatever you want, Rock." Rigger grinned, long tongue lifting one kernel after another from his hand. "Loved these books when I was a kid."

"When you were a fucking kid? It's a kids' movie?" Dick noticed that Rock was noticing that pink tongue action, the big guy shifting in his seat, spreading his legs.

"Didn't they make you asshole Yankees read in school?" Rigger picked up another piece of popcorn. He was sexy as fuck like this—playful and laughing, eyes bright and excited.

Dick was doing some leg adjustments of his own.

Shit, it was going to be a long fucking movie. And not because it was three hours either, just because at this point, spending 20 minutes in the dark next to Rigger in this mood was going to make him so fucking horny. And he could hardly fuck the man into next week in the middle of the theatre.

Even if there were only a dozen or so other people scattered throughout.

Rigger leaned over Dick and stole a milk dud with a wicked grin, popping it into his mouth and chewing with a satisfied groan. "'s good."

"Jesus, kid, don't let him have anymore god damned sugar."

He flipped Rock off and held another dud out to Rigger. Rigger leaned forward and that long tongue scooped up the candy, grey eyes twinkling at him. "Yum."

Oh shit, he was going to be taking off halfway through the movie to go jack in the toilets. He spread his legs wider and offered another chocolate. "Oh, man—the chocolate's melting all over my fingers."

The lights went down and Rig's lips surrounded his fingertips, pulling the chocolate off his fingers. He couldn't stop his groan, the sensations of Rig's mouth tugging at his fingers going straight to his cock.

A low growl came from Rock and popcorn bounced off his and Rigger's head.

Rigger sat up with a bounce and a chuckle. "Right, watching the movie."

Dick grinned and tried to pay attention to the movie, but the lights from the show played across Rigger's face, lighting it up and painting the blond hair. Rigger's eyes were huge, watching the screen with fascination, that long, pink tongue lapping up one piece of popcorn after another. Dick shifted again. Shit, he'd be lucky if he made it through the first twenty minutes if Rig was going to insist on making out with the popcorn like that.

As the fireworks were going off on the movie screen, Rig leaned over. "More chocolate?"

Dick moaned, more softly than he had before, and dug into his bag, holding out the milk dud between his forefinger and thumb. Rig leaned forward, eating the candy in tiny bites, hot lips and tongue sliding over his fingers. Dick moaned again, not caring how loud he was or who heard. Oh fuck, he forgot sometimes, just how hot Rigger could make him with that mouth.

"Yummy." Rig leaned back against Rock with a wicked grin.

Rock just shook his head and whispered. "Did you come here to watch the show or get us thrown out of the fucking theatre?"

"Sorry. I'll be good, Rock." Rigger gave him a totally unrepentant look.

"Fucking shit—you came to play." Rock shook his head. "Just don't forget how much noise the kid makes—place might not be full but you don't want to give the little blue-haired lady in the back seat a heart attack."

"Watch the movie, Rocketman." Rigger chuckled, hand sliding over Rock's thigh.

"While you do what?" The big guy asked suspiciously.

"Nothing." Rig looked like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. "I'll be good."

"Uh-huh." Rock turned back to the movie after giving Rigger a sharp look.

Dick shook his milk dud bag. "I've still got chocolate, Rig."

"We could move to the back row and share it?"

Oh fuck. He'd heard stories in high school. Tales by boys of sitting in the back seats with their girls and getting off in a crowded theatre. They said it was a real turn on to do it in public. He didn't know if it turned him on or made him nervous, but Rigger's mouth was the biggest turn on ever, and it kind of cancelled out everything else. He nodded.

Rigger gave Rock a bright, challenging grin. "We'll be in the back row—if you get bored."

Rock's mouth hung open for a moment and by the time he was settling in the back of the theatre next to Rigger, Rock was ensconced in the seat next to him. "I came along for you,

Rig, and if you're not going to watch the fucking movie, the least you can do is make sure I'm involved in whatever it is you've got planned—I know how to keep quiet when I get off."

"Quit growling, old man." Rigger leaned over and took Rock's mouth in a long, deep kiss, hand rubbing Rock's crotch.

Dick started rubbing his own cock. It took him a minute to realize those soft noises were coming from him and he shoved his arm in his mouth, trying to stay quiet.

Rock's hand was on Rigger's ass, clenching and pulling as he pushed up into Rig's hand. It was somewhat desperate and definitely illicit and Dick was so fucking turned on. Then Rigger's long duster was spread out and Rock's leather bomber was too and... Fuck! Rig just leaned over, hiding beneath the jackets, head in Rock's lap.

Oh Fuck! He bit hard on his own skin, whimpers still escaping and he could only hope the movie was loud enough to cover the sounds he was making.

Rock's lips were open, eyes wide and blinking at the screen. His hands were in his lap, holding Rig's head as he thrust into Rig's sweet mouth again and again. It was the look on Rock's face more than anything, and the knowledge of how that felt, that sent him over the edge, his pleasure like a shot traveling from his balls through his cock, little aftershocks dancing up and down his spine. Rock gave a short grunt and then his body stiffened, jerking as his eyes fell closed.

Dick reached out to stroke Rigger's back, not even making a pretense of watching the movie anymore. Rigger undulated

under his touch and then sat up, lips swollen and eyes sparkling. He was given a lazy, Rock-flavored kiss, Rig's fingers teasing his nipple. "You next?"

He was gonna say it was too late, but his cock twitched, body eager for Rigger. Like always. He nodded.

"You've got to be quiet, okay?" Rig was playing with him, nuzzling his neck and the sweet spots along his jaw. The man didn't fucking ask for much did he?

"I'll try," he whispered, biting his lip as he started to moan.

Rigger chuckled and then settled himself beneath the coats. His jeans were unfastened and Rig's hand wrapped around the sticky length of his cock. He thought he heard a soft moan as a hot tongue started sliding over his prick. Oh, fuck, he was going to be hard as fucking steel again in no time. He bit his lip harder against another moan and slid one hand beneath the coats, fingers moving over Rigger's face.

Rigger nuzzled against his fingers, lips nibbling as they passed. Rig licked once or twice more and then those lips slid over his cock, heat engulfing him down to the root. He shoved his other hand into his mouth, muffling the noises he could just not keep quiet, not when Rigger was down there, deep throating him. His cock was worked hard, Rig's head bobbing up and down, the suction almost unbearable.

He started to thrust with his hips, pushing deep. Rig's hot hand slid under his ass, encouraging his motions. Rock's hand was moving over Rigger's ass, teasing on top of the denim duster.

Oh, fuck! He wanted to scream, to shout. He bit down harder on his hand. The tip of his prick slid inside Rigger's throat—he could fucking feel it closing and opening around him as Rig swallowed. He lost it, swallowing his scream as he shot down Rigger's throat.

Rigger's heat held his cock tight until the last pulses of come were swallowed. Then long fingers tucked him back in and zipped him up, Rig's disheveled head appearing seconds later.

"What part are we on, Rocketman?" Happy laughter was just barely hidden in Rig's voice.

"The part where we leave so I can fuck your ass properly."

Dick just grinned and pushed his fingers through Rigger's hair.

"Ooooooh! My favorite part!" Rig snatched the bag of milk duds out of Dick's hand and popped two in his mouth.

Leaning over, Dick grabbed the back of Rigger's head and pulled him close. He fought Rigger for the milk duds with his tongue. Dick managed to snag one before Rock hauled Rigger up by his belt and tugged him towards the door. Dick trailed them happily, watching Rigger strutting out, Rock trying desperately not to grab that fucking perfect ass.

On their way out, someone asked Rig how the movie was. He grinned, looking like the cat who'd eaten the cream.

"Orgasmic. Fucking orgasmic."

Dick felt himself go pink to the tips of his ears and he lowered his head, hurrying out to the truck

Chapter 52

Rigger looked at the clock. 4 am. Okay, it was time. He slipped out of bed, cursing softly as his feet hit the icy cold floor. Sweatshirt, check. Sweatpants, check. Socks, check.

Grimmy went out. Coffee went on. Turkey went in. Grimmy came in.

He snuck out, drove down the silent streets. Picked up donuts. Picked up Dick's present. Drove home.

Made more coffee. Checked the turkey. Put Blue's presents under the tree, filled the stockings, and gave Grimmy his new collar and a bag of pig's feet.

Put Dick's present in a basket and checked the clock. 6:30 am.

Damn he was good.

He started a fire in the fireplace and then ran to the bedroom and jumped on the bed with a huge grin. "Merry Christmas!"

"It better not fucking be five god damned am, Jeremy Alexander Roberts." Rock was his usual cheery self.

Dick was laughing though, and an arm snaked out of the covers, wrapping around his waist and pulling him down for a sloppy, still half asleep kiss with lots of tongue. "Merry Christmas, Rig."

"Mm... merry Christmas, Dick." He snuggled for a minute, soaking up the kid's body heat before lifting his head to look at Rock. "You'd best be good, Rocketman. It's 6:30, damned near a quarter 'til and I've been up getting things settled

since 4 and if you're an asshole, Santa will not only take your toys back to the North Pole, he'll kick your sexy-as-fuck, grumpy butt."

"There's presents?" Rock asked, sounding a little more awake and a little less annoyed. "What about coffee?"

Dick was back to laughing, bounding out of bed and grabbing one of Rock's hands, tugging. "Presents! Presents! Presents! Come on, Rock, you're holding us up!"

Rig moved to straddle Rock's lap, offering a good morning kiss, whispering. "Coffee and donuts and presents. Merry Christmas, Blue."

Rock growled at him and then Rock's free arm came up, holding him close as Rock took another kiss, licking his lips and warming him right through. "Merry Christmas, Rig."

The kid was tugged over, pulled into the next kiss, Rock directing it, keeping it slow and easy and long. Rig relaxed into it, humming and happy. Then the kiss ended, two pairs of eyes were shining at him—one set excited and the other just happy as fuck. God, he was a lucky fucking redneck.

"Come on. Santa's come and gone." They stood and he started searching for the camera as Dick and Rock found their sweats. "Where'd we put the fucking camera, guys? We used it when we went to the air show a few weeks back..."

"What do we need the fucking camera for?" grumbled Rock, but a big hand grabbed his own, putting the camera into it.

"I'll meet you guys at the tree," Dick said, heading out and down the hall the wrong way. "I've just got to give Santa a hand here..."

Rigger kissed Rock and nodded as Dick disappeared. "Hey, I took care of the kid's present from us this morning. In the big basket. Don't jostle it, 'kay?"

"You sure it's not going to jostle itself?" Rock's hands slid along his back, going to his waist and searching for skin.

"I hope not. Things were nice and still earlier." He wrapped his arms around Rock's neck, snuggling close. "Fuck, you're warm. Feels fucking amazing."

Rock chuckled and pushed his hips up, rubbing the morning wood against his legs. "You know, just because its Christmas shouldn't mean we totally throw out the usual routine..."

He laughed against Rock's lips, hands sliding under the waistband of those worn grey sweats to circle that sweet, fat cock. "You think the kid and his present will wait?"

Rock rumbled, eyes closing. "I'm willing to take that chance."

Rig chuckled, sliding down that hot, hard body to wrap his lips around Rock's prick. Rock was hard, ready, salt and liquid already starting to gather at the slit, and he lapped it up, hungry.

Rock groaned for him, hands sliding over his head. "Yeah, Rig. Good."

Yeah, it was good. Always was. He closed his eyes, humming low and long, letting his tongue wrap around the tip and tug before slowly teasing the slit. He repeated the action again and again, toes curling as Rock began to move. The big guy's legs moved restlessly at first, hands pulling him in

closer and then Rock started thrusting. Slowly to start, that thick cock started humping his face.

He started working it like a popsicle—loose lips on the way in, tight, fierce suction on the pulls out. Every time the head was at his lips, he squeezed, just like Rock needed it.

"Oh, fuck, yeah!" Rock was pushing up into his mouth, hands hard on his head now, cock leaking heavily. He relaxed, opened his throat and let Rock in all the way, moaning at the feeling and flavor, hands sliding to cup the heavy balls. Rock grunted and shoved hard, coming down his throat.

Rig swallowed, the act comforting and warm. He cleaned Rock's cock with his tongue, luxuriating in the flavor and salt, before those strong hands pulled him up for a kiss.

"Merry Christmas," Rock murmured against his lips.

"Awww, isn't that sweet?" He looked up to find Dick lounging against the doorway. "Okay, you've had the morning bj—can we go do presents now?"

"Watch it, smartass, or you'll get a switch in your stocking." Rig grinned and stole another kiss before Dick hauled him up.

"Oh, kinky sex! Santa really does know what every boy wants."

Rigger laughed, "Come on, marines. Coffee. Doughnuts. Presents." He wandered down the hall, both marines tagging along behind him. "So, eating first or presents first?" Rig got the best seat in the center of the sofa, bouncing with a happy grin.

Rock chuckled. "Looks like you've already decided on presents."

"Presents!" Dick threw himself down beside Rig and proceeded to bounce, wide grin on his face.

Rig nodded. "I think you should pass out, Dick, seeing as you're the youngest." He looked over the pile, noting that the big basket in back was beginning to wiggle a bit. "Or maybe I should do it."

Rock shook his head, heading for the basket. "As senior member of this household, I claim Santa privileges." Rock put his hand on the basket and raised an eyebrow at Rig. Rig nodded, forcing himself not to bounce. He had been planning this particular present for weeks, and when Rock had agreed, it had been almost more than he could bear not to spill the beans.

Rock put the basket in front of Dick. "Merry Christmas, kid. From the both of us."

Dick looked from Rock to him to the basket. The kid reached to take the bow off when the basket wriggled. "What the..."

"Open the basket, kid." He was going to die and, as Grimmy's head peeked over the sofa, so was Grim. Dick shot him another grin, full of curiosity and anticipation and raised the lid on the basket, exclaiming as a furry head shot out. Rig grabbed Grimmy's collar as the huge mutt tried to barrel over the sofa to see too. "Rock! Help!"

"Jesus. Fuck." Rock grabbed Grim's collar and hauled him over to the easy chair, the big guy sitting, keeping Grimmy

out of the way while Dick met the newest member of the family.

"A dog! You guys got me a dog?" Dick didn't even spare them a glance, all his attention on the puppy excitedly wriggling its way out of the basket.

"Yep. She's six-weeks old, registered blue heeler. Her daddy's a grand champion. Momma's as pretty as a button." Rig leaned back, watching Dick's face. "She doesn't have a name yet. We figured that was your job, given she's your pup."

"Oh man, she's beautiful! I can't believe she's all mine." The kid helped the dog up onto his lap, petting her, laughing as she licked his hand, tail nearly wagging her right off Dick's lap.

"Yeppers." Rig chuckled. "She's been in that basket a long time, kid. You might introduce her to the back yard."

"Oh! Yeah, okay." Dick put the puppy down again and got up, headed for the kitchen. "Come on, Lucy, come on, girl, got something to show you." The kid stopped for a moment, looking back at them, all smiles. "Thanks guys, this is the best Christmas present ever."

"Good." Rig grinned and then got up, grabbing a little box and settling in Rock's lap, Grimmy bounding to whine at the backdoor. "This is from me."

Rock raised an eyebrow. "The kid got a great big basket and I get an itty bitty box?"

One of Rock's arms came around his waist, pulling him close. "What is it?" Rock asked, bringing the box up to his ear and shaking it.

"Open it and find out." He settled in the crook of Rock's arm, staying warm. He missed Momma and Sissy and the kids, but this was good, too. Being with his family, with his marines, loose and easy.

Rock's hand slid up his back to his neck, turning his head, tilting it for Rock's mouth. The kiss was long and slow and sweet. "Thanks."

"Mm... you don't even know if you like it yet, but you can thank me again." He stretched up, taking another long, sweet kiss.

"It's a present from you, don't matter if I like what it actually is or not." He got a third kiss.

A fourth was forestalled by the arrival of two dogs, chasing each other and barking, Dick's laughter following as the kid came in, rubbing his arms and his hands together. "Man it's cold out there!"

"It's nice and warm in here, kid." He chuckled as Grimmy came over and barked at him, looking over at the new pup, just to make sure they both had seen her. "Yeah, Grimmy. I know. You be good, she's only little."

Dick laughed and sat on the floor close to them, the little girl following him, tail still going ninety to nothing. "This is so great. Thanks guys!"

"Good lord and butter, she sure knows who her daddy is, yeah?" He reached down and rubbed the small of Dick's back with his foot. "There's more up under there for you, kid."

He'd told Momma about their plans and, between her and Sissy and him and Rock, the new puppy was fit for life—

collar, bowl, toys, plus some shirts and shoes and a couple of DVDs and video games for Dick himself.

"Cool!" Dick pushed back against his foot for a moment.

"I've got stuff for you guys, too."

"Sounds good, kid. I've got one right here to open first."

Rock gave him another lingering kiss, during which he could hear Dick laugh. "You mean the box or the man, Rock?"

"Hush, you." Rig chuckled, reaching down to stroke Dick's head as he took another kiss from his Blue. God, he was happy. Dick leaned against Rock's legs, nuzzling into his touch as Rock took another long, slow kiss.

The big guy gave him a warm smile and then, arm still wrapped around him, opened his present. He watched Rock's face closely. Rock had been lusting after the watch with all its bells and whistles and platinum band and alarms and stuff for two years. Rig had put it in layaway at the jeweler's months ago and finally paid the damned thing off.

"Hey, Rig..." Rock looked at the watch, running his hand over the band. Finally Rock turned to Rig, pleasure in the blue eyes. "Thanks."

The kiss he got was soft and long and said everything Rock didn't say out loud. He pressed close, hand sliding down Rock's belly. Oh, yeah, loved those kisses. Loved the heat and passion. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas." Those blue eyes smiled into his own, Rock's arm holding him tight.

"Mine next!" Dick bounded up, his puppy jumping up with him and running around his feet. Laughing, Dick managed not

to trip as he fetched two largish boxes from beneath the tree and gave them each one.

"What's this?" At Rock's chuckling, he pulled off the ribbon, laughing as Grimmy grabbed one end and paraded his prize past the puppy. Lucy went for the other end of the ribbon, but Dick grabbed it and wrapped it up into a ball, throwing it through the door and down the hall. Both dogs bounded after it.

"I hope you like them—I had them made special."

He lifted the lid, mouth falling open as he saw the boots.

"Oh! Oh, Dick! Rock! Look!"

"Wow, those are really nice, kid."

"Do you really like them?" Dick got up on his knees and pointed to the design worked into the leather along the side.

"It's a stylized monogram of sorts—see—there's two Rs and a D. I almost had him do two Js and an R, but I figured it would make more sense to use what we call each other."

"Oh! Fucking cool!" He ran his finger along the marks, admiring the leather and the fine working. "Oh, Dick. These are... did you see, Rock? So wicked!" He leaned forward, tilted Dick's chin up for a happy kiss. The boots were wonderful. Perfect. And theirs and he'd wear them dancing and it would be so fucking cool.

"I'll bet you'll look sexy as fuck in them," said Rock. He shook his own box, which was roughly the same size. "I hope these aren't boots, too, I look like an asshole in cowboy boots."

"You do not!" He leaned over and took the ball from Grimmy's mouth and threw it back down the hall. "Open it."

Rock chuckled and Dick just grinned like mad.

"Oh, fuck, Dick, you shouldn't have." Despite his words, Rock was obviously pleased as he pulled out a dark brown leather bomber jacket. "Shit, Dick, this is great. Thank you."

"Oh, that's fucking awesome and you'll look so damned hot in it!" He reached out and stroked the soft leather. "So cool."

"That's what I was thinking," Dick said, all smiles.

Rock grunted, pleasure clear. Rock reached down and tugged Dick up, the kid lying over Rig's lap as Rock said thank you with a kiss.

"There's one more to be opened before the rest—kid, get the one with the rainbow bow on it," Rock ordered. Dick picked up the little box and brought it back. "That one's for Rig."

"Oh!" He grinned over at Rock, taking the box. "For me? Can I open it?"

"No, asshole, you're just supposed to hold onto it—that's why I picked a pretty bow."

"Jackass." Rig grinned and kissed Rock hard, the boxes caught between them. "Thank you."

Then he leaned back, opening the box with a happy grin. Rock watched him open it with a smile. Inside was a brand new, top of the line, cell phone inside. "It's got a pre-paid plan that'll keep it going for a year, plus enough pre-paid long distance you can call Momma every day if you want."

"Oh!" He grinned from ear-to-ear, reaching up to draw Rock close. "Thank you. You're good to me." He gave Rock another kiss. Oh, so cool. He'd been talking about getting a

phone for ages, but it seemed such a silly expense and Rock... He was a lucky man.

The big hands slid around his waist and pulled him close as Rock deepened the kiss. Dick made a soft noise and pressed up along his back, mouth unerringly finding that spot on his neck that just made him wild.

He groaned, thighs parting so he could press against Rock, press back against Dick. He hadn't even been horny until... oh fuck, it didn't matter—he could still taste Rock's spunk in the back of his throat and Rock's tongue and oh, fuck, Dick's lips were making him ache.

Rock made a happy, rumbling sound that vibrated along his chest and Dick echoed it with a soft gasp and sweet sounds, pressing him tight against Rock's body.

He pushed his sweats down past his hips, then freed Rock's filling cock. He broke the kiss long enough to gasp, "You too, Dick. Want to feel you." Then he dove back into the kiss.

Dick unplastered from his back long enough to do as he'd been told and then that long cock was there, hot and hard, sliding along his crack. Rig moaned, moving between them, hands sliding up Rock's stomach, tongue pushing deep. Yeah, oh fuck yeah. Just what he needed. Just what he wanted. Dick's hands were stroking out along his shoulders, Rock's sliding his sweats further down and massaging his thighs. One hard cock pressed against his, slid along his pubic bone, over his belly, another moved up and down, humping his crack. He shuddered, arching into Rock with a cry. He

fastened his lips on Rock's tongue, sucking in time with their motions.

One of Rock's hands slid beneath him, cupping his balls, the other pushed two fingers up inside him.

"Oh! Fuck, yes." His own hands were framing Rock's head, gripping the leather of the chair. "More."

Rock's fingers disappeared and Dick moaned behind him. Then there was the hot pressure of Dick's cock, Rock guiding the kid to his hole.

"Yes... Yes. Oh, yeah." Rig sobbed, pushing back onto that long cock. Oh, the burn was sweet as anything, fucking perfect, with Rock's fingers right there, right fucking there. Dick just kept pushing in, going until his hips had trapped Rock's hand between them.

Rock and Dick started moving together, Rock pushing forward as Dick pulled back, and then Rock pulling back while Dick shoved forward. They worked together, filling the room with moans and gasps and need and amazing fucking passion. Rig got closer and closer, vision full of his Blue, body full with Dick's long cock.

Rock's hands slid to his ass, keeping him open, pulling him tight against that hard body, cock and muscles and bones rubbing against him. Dick's fingers dug into his arms, mouth hard on his neck, breath and soft, sweet porno noises loud in his ears.

He whimpered into Rock's lips, so fucking close to coming that he hurt, the passion and need huge.

Rock nipped at his lips. "Merry Christmas, Rig."

He came with a sigh, smiling against Rock's lips, squeezing Dick's cock. Yes. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

"Oh fuck yes!" Dick pushed in hard and came, shooting heat deep inside him. Rock kept them moving, pulling him in hard and then his Blue moaned, coming.

He slumped forward, relaxing against Rock, eyelids drooping. There were still presents to open, Christmas dinner to fix, football to watch, but he was so comfortable and relaxed and... "Dick, your dog is chewing on my sock. With my foot still in it."

Dick giggled, cock shifting inside him, making the kid's laughter morph into a soft moan. He chuckled against Rock's lips, which set Rock off and then they were all three laughing and moaning and just barely moving.

"Merry Christmas," Dick said, voice still full of laughter.

"Yeah, Merry fucking Christmas."

"Yes." Rig winced as the puppy caught him with those sharp little milk teeth. "Okay, Dick, grab your girl and let's get back to Christmassing before Momma calls wanting to know she did good."

He had a dinner to pull off and a game to watch and men to love.

God, he was a lucky, lucky man.

Chapter 53

Rock was lying on the couch clicking channels. Stupid fucking year in review on every goddamned one. He'd watch for a moment or two and then click on to the next channel and watch for another couple of minutes. Rigger and the kid were on the floor, playing with Grimmy and the new fucking puppy. The two dogs were barking and growling and it would be annoying the shit out of him if Rigger and Dick didn't sound so fucking happy.

Still, they'd been at it since supper and the dogs had been getting more attention than him ever since Christmas day. He's was starting to feel downright ignored.

"Grimmy's so fucking gentle with her, kid." Rig's head was pillowed on Dick's thigh, watching the dogs with an easy smile. "And she's smart as a whip."

"She is, isn't she? She's absolutely perfect. Aren't you Lucy, baby, oh yes you are sweet girl." Rock rolled his eyes, knowing what was coming next. "Thank you, Rigger, so much."

It was only the 854th time the kid had thanked Rig since he'd gotten the mutt on Christmas morning.

"You're more than welcome." A foot rubbed against his calf and he looked down to see Rig looking up at him, happy and lazy. "You wanting to go out partying tonight, Rock? Or stay home and ring in the new year? I put the black-eyed peas on earlier."

"I want to ring in the new year right, which means a kiss that can't be had anywhere but here. 'Sides, I'd hate to tear the two of you away from those damn mutts."

As if she knew he was talking about her, Lucy bounced up to the couch, big ears flopping, and licked him on the nose.

"Oh, she likes you, Rocketman!" The truly fucked up thing was that Rig wasn't even teasing, the happiness in that fucking voice was real.

"I suppose I shouldn't complain—at least someone is licking me."

"Oh, poor unlicked Rock." Rigger chuckled, slinking over to the couch and crawling on top of him. Rig ducked his head, nibbling at the underside of Rock's jaw. "Mm... you taste fucking good. Warm."

"Mm..." He slid his hands around Rigger's hips, tugging them down against him.

Rig straddled his hips, pushing into him, lips traveling up to his ear. "Gonna ring in the new year right, Rock? Sucking and fucking and making me scream?"

He groaned, hips jerking, pushing up into Rigger's body. "Fuck yes."

Rig hissed and rocked into him, cock hard and hot, even through the tight jeans. "You are one sexy motherfucker."

"You know it." He slid his hands around to Rigger's ass and flattened his palms, pushing Rigger into him, helping Rigger grind down onto him. Lips fastened onto his neck, Rig sucking hard. That tight ass was dancing under his hands, working their cocks together like the denim between them was going to rub away.

His mouth was suddenly covered, Dick kissing him hard and deep. When Dick pulled away, the kid was grinning down at him. "The two of you look like you could use a spare pair of hands to deal with all these clothes."

Rig murmured against his throat, tongue sliding on his skin. The horny bastard left a hickey, Rock could feel it tingling beneath Rig's lips.

He smiled lazy up at Dick, who was already buck-naked. "You think you can do something about these jeans, do you?"

Dick nodded and bent, he thought for another kiss, but Dick's mouth swerved at the last minute and now there were two tongues making his skin tingle.

"Nice work," he heard Dick murmur to Rig.

"Mm... thanks." Rig's hands slid under his shirt, sliding over his stomach. "This stud of ours is built like a brick shithouse, kid. We're two lucky assholes."

Dick laughed and started working on Rigger's sweater, hands disappearing beneath the knitted wool and tugging it up. "We surely are."

Rock grinned and pushed his hips up into Rigger by way of a thank you.

Rig chuckled and lifted his head as the kid yanked off his sweater. The frown and shiver came almost immediately, Rock's cold-natured redneck immediately pushing close.

"Damn, it's chilly in here."

"Let me just get rid of the rest of these clothes and I'll see if I can help Rock keep you warm."

Rock chuckled and raised himself up so Dick could pull off his shirt. The kid got to work on their jeans next, hands

worming their way between his and Rigger's hips. Rig was rubbing against him, warming them up, lips hungry on his collarbone.

Between's Rigger's rubbing and Dick's fingers fumbling between them, his prick was hard enough to cut diamonds. And fuck if his redneck wasn't leaving another fucking hickey on him.

Dick was cussing a blue streak about cowboys with tight fucking jeans when Rig lifted his head, rolling his eyes and grinning. "I wear tight jeans 'cause they make my ass look good, asshole. Gotta keep my marines' attention."

"Oh, I'd say you've got our attention, Rig." He slid his hands down the back of Rigger's jeans grabbing onto that sweet ass.

"Good." Rig bent his head, hot lips covering his, tongue pushing in urgently.

He wrapped his lips around Rigger's tongue and started sucking, hips moving up into Rigger's body.

"Fucking shit, guys—you want to give me a fucking chance here?"

Rig fed him hungry, needy sounds, hands going to either side of his head and holding on. Shit that mouth could make a man beg for it. Dick was working hard to get their jeans off and fuck if the kid didn't succeed; suddenly it was heat on heat. Rig groaned loud, crying into his mouth as they rocked together with frantic speed.

The kid's hands were sliding over their balls, against their asses. Rig's eyes were focused on him, wide and hungry and

focused. Fuck, he was close. The kid's fingers slid away and then a hot tongue began to lap at his balls.

"Rock, fuck. Gonna... Oh, shit..." Rig was gasping, groaning against his lips.

"Uh-huh." He was too, just... Oh shit, that was it, the kid's tongue slid over his hole and he was gone. Groaning, he arched up into Rigger and came. He shot so hard he didn't even notice when Rig blew his load. Rock only knew he was too fucking sticky and Rig too fucking relaxed to have been the only one.

"Oh you too look good enough to eat." Dick's voice was hungry and Rock felt fingers playing with his asshole. From the way Rig moaned and wriggled on him, the kid was finger fucking them both. "Which one of you is hungry for more?"

He heard the soft, needy hum seconds before Rig shifted, pushing onto Dick's fingers. He chuckled. "I think you'd better take the slut here."

Dick grinned at him from over Rigger's shoulder. "I had a hunch."

"Sticks and stones, marines." Rigger chuckled against his lips, wiggling and spreading their spunk between them. "I'll take all of you two I can get."

"Hell, Rig, you'd probably take us both at the same time if you could."

"Shit, yeah." Rig was nibbling on his bottom lip, groans filling the air.

"That even possible?" asked Dick. He sounded intrigued and horny as fucking hell.

"Don't know. Never tried." Rig's motions were slowing, Dick must be pushing his fingers deeper into that tight ass.

"Wanna?" asked Dick.

Jesus, the kid was fucking serious. His own prick jerked against Rigger's stomach.

"We'd need lube." Rig tilted his head. "Be more comfortable on the bed."

"Let me just take the edge off..." Dick started rubbing against them, that long prick rubbing over his asshole and his balls and Rigger's ass and balls.

"That's teasing. No fair." Rig's heart wasn't in the complaint, focus moving to his neck where another hickey was being raised. He was going to look like a fucking leper.

"And the two of you going at it right in front of me—that was what? Foreplay?" Dick's voice was unsteady his movements growing faster.

"Nah. Floorshow." Rigger pushed back, giving the kid some friction.

Rock chuckled, but Dick was just moaning and whimpering and then coming. The hot spunk felt good against his skin.

"Mmm... there goes one of Dick's edges." Rigger managed not to laugh for almost a whole breath. Almost. Rock laughed so hard he knocked Rigger onto the floor. Rigger grabbed their clothes and looked at the clock. "Five hours 'til midnight, marines. Let's ring in the new year right."

Then Rigger stood, stretching, skin shining with their come. He grabbed Rigger's ass and pulled him close, licking at their spunk, moaning at the flavor.

"Oh, fuck." Rig's head dipped forward, thighs spreading easy as anything. Sweet slut.

Dick chuckled, draping himself over Rigger's back, meeting Rock's eyes. "You really think we can both fit inside him?"

Rock grinned up at the kid. "I think we can try."

Rig pressed into Dick with a soft moan. "We gonna talk about it or we gonna do it?"

Rock chuckled. "You big ole slut."

"Yeah, but he's our slut, Rock. Come on, lets go see how much we can stuff up this sweet ass."

Rig turned his head to share a kiss with Dick, arms coming up to circle the kid's neck, stretching that long, tanned body up against Dick's muscles. Shit, it was enough to make even an old man like him hard as nails again. He was one lucky fucker and he knew it.

Leaning forward, he nipped at Rigger's belly, using his teeth and then his tongue. He heard Rig's moan, swallowed up by the kid's mouth, even as those stretched muscles shuddered beneath his lips. He got up and slapped two ass cheeks. "Come on you sluts. The bedroom before we try this here and someone loses a ball to the coffee table."

"I don't like the coffee table that much." Rig tugged Dick behind him, pressing close to Rock as they walked. "The dogs, maybe, but only one. Temporarily. If it was Dick's."

"Hey!"

Rigger was bumped into his back hard and Rock laughed. These two were going to keep him young for years to come. Either that or kill him. Rig's hand slid around his waist, hugging him tight, happy, playful laughter filling the dark hall.

When they got to the bedroom, Dick went straight to the side table, checking their supply of lube. The kid was almost bouncing.

He settled on his back on the bed, stroking himself lazily back to hardness. Rig crawled onto the bed between his legs, wicked smile on that long, tanned face.

Eyes fastened on his package and Rig licked his lips. "That for me?"

Chuckling he arched his back, pushed his hips toward Rig. "Every single inch."

"Fuck, but I'm a lucky redneck." That smart mouth landed on his nuts first, tongue sliding over the skin, hot as fuck.

"You know it." His words were cocky as hell, but shit there was a catch in his throat—Rigger could make him like that with that tongue, those lips.

The bed dipped as Dick joined them, kneeling behind Rigger. Giving him a wicked grin, Dick bent his head to Rigger's ass.

"Oh, fuck!" Rig raised his head to look at Rock, eyes wide and stunned. "Fuck."

Rock chuckled. "The kid making sure you're good and wet and open, Rig?"

"Yeah. Fuck." Rigger's eyes rolled and then that amazing fucking mouth dropped to cover his prick, sucking hard.

With a groan, Rock slammed his hips up, trying to get further down that talented throat. "Fuck, Rig. I'm getting too old to come three times—save it for the games."

Rig nodded, moaning around his cock, eyes passion-stoned. The old slut didn't fucking stop sucking his cock, didn't even slow down, but he got a nod.

"Oh, shit." He lay back, letting his eyes close, and let Rigger take him to bliss. Rigger's mouth worked his cock like a pro—fuck, better than any pro he'd even heard of, tongue sliding over his shaft. He was groaning, the kid was making those porno noises that were fucking muted by Rigger's ass, and Rigger was moaning away, vibrations giving him more sensation than he could handle. He was going to fucking come.

Rig's mouth left his cock with a pop and he lifted his head to see Dick pulling Rig away, Rig's face completely confused. "Come on, Rig. Enough. I need him hard if we're going to play."

Rig frowned, pouting and blinking with that fucking close to coming look. Rock chuckled lazily. Shit, he felt good. "Don't worry, kid—if you can get me back up again, I'm going to last for fucking ever. Let this old man shoot—it'll make things better."

Rig nodded. "Let me go, kid. He was fixing to come."

Rock chuckled even harder at that—he thought maybe Rig wanted him to come even more than he did.

"As long as you help get him up again," said Dick.

"I'll suck that fucking cock until it's hard again. Trust me."

Rock groaned. Rigger would, too.

Dick's hands slid down Rig's arms and Rig leaned down, lips open and hungry for his cock. His eyes closed as Rigger's mouth closed over his prick. Oh yeah, that was it. Rigger took

him all the way in and when Rig's throat muscles swallowed around him, he came, lightning shooting from his balls to his cock and to his spine.

It was fucking awesome.

Rig moaned around him, swallowing his come before the suction eased, just sucked him warm and easy, tongue sliding over the sensitive head of his cock. He jerked and shuddered again and then settled, boneless and relaxed back on the bed. His hands slid through Rigger's almost curls.

Soft vibrations moved through his cock, Rig pushing up into the touch, eyes closed as he sucked. "Fuck, Rig—you're not even going to let me go soft, are you?"

More of those soft vibrations happened—Rock wasn't sure what Rig said, but those sweet lips just kept working, Rig's hand sliding to cup his balls, tease behind. "Shit. Kid—make him come, he needs to be really loose if we're both gonna stuff him."

Dick made a happy fucking noise and put his face in Rigger's ass again. Rig groaned loud and long, rhythm hiccupping, lips going slack for a second as the kid tongue-fucked Rig, derailed him.

Rock chuckled. "Kid's got a pretty talented fucking tongue, doesn't he, Rig? Learned it all from you, you know."

Rig looked up, blinking slow. Lips swollen, cheeks flushed—Rigger couldn't have looked more fuckable. "Fuck, yeah."

Rock chuckled. "You've got him now, kid. Just finish him off and then we can have our fun with this old slut."

"I'm not that old... oh, fuck!" Rig arched, biting his lip hard. "Fuck, kid!"

"Oh, he liked that, kid—do it again." Rock shifted up and reached down beneath Rigger to find his nipples. He started tugging on them as soon as he did.

Rigger came at the first touch to his tits, back arching as spunk sprayed on the sheets.

"Sweet."

He nodded. He couldn't have agreed with the kid more.

"Still not... not old." Rig relaxed against Rock's belly, panting quick and light. "Damn, that was good."

Rock chuckled. "All right, Rigger. You're not old. You gonna prove it to us?"

"Mmm... yeah. Either that or die trying." Rig licked a long line up his belly to nibble at one nipple.

Rock groaned. "I think the only one who's likely to die during this whole thing is me."

Dick snorted. "Would the two of you quit making like you're on your fucking deathbeds?"

"Listen to the infant." Rig nipped one the marks on his collarbone, lazy and sated.

"I'm old enough to be here, aren't I?"

Rock chuckled. "Fuck, the two of you are ruining the mood here."

"Oh, I can't have that." Rig leaned up and kissed him, long and deep and slow, before leaning back and offering Dick the same. His chuckled morphed into a groan and he pushed his hips up, rubbing his prick against Rigger's skin.

He almost jumped out of his skin when Dick's hand slid over his cock, slick with lube.

"How do we want to do this, Dick? Rock on bottom?" Rig was biting on the kid's neck and jaw, playing.

"It's your ass, Rig."

Rock had to laugh at the kid for that. He got his balls squeezed for his troubles, just enough to feel.

Rigger chuckled and straightened up, straddling his waist. "What do you say, Rock? You ready to fuck my ass?"

"Hell yes. Bring it on!" Rigger laughed for him, reaching back and rubbing that hot hole over the head of his cock.

"Oh, fuck, yes, Rig, take it in, take it all." He pushed up with his hips.

"Yeah." Rig slid down with a hum, riding him slow and easy, taking him in inch by inch. His prick was slowly swallowed by that tight, hot ass, making him groan, eyes half-closing. He didn't let them close all the way though, wanted to see Rig's face as he was filled. Rig's head was back, neck stretched as he moved, riding with slow, fluid motions. Rock slid his hands around Rig's waist, helping him come down just a little bit harder, a little bit further.

"Oh! Fuck, yeah!" Grey eyes found his, wide and passion-drugged.

Oh fuck yeah was right. It was good, Rig was a sweet fuck.

"Okay, guys, slow the fuck down before someone comes again."

"You... you're no fun, Dick." Rig was chuckling, gasping as he teased the kid, thigh muscles taut as he rode.

"Oh, but see, I want to be." He could feel Dick's fingers, cooler than Rigger's ass and slick, sliding along his cock as it

slid out of Rig's body and then all of a sudden, two of them were inside Rig along with his cock.

Fuck. It felt good.

"Oh, God. Oh..." Rig's eyes widened and he shuddered.

"Oh, Rock..."

"Put in another one, kid—nice and slow." He watched Rig's face as Dick did, making sure it wasn't hurting. Or trying to. Rig was tight, but with Dick's fingers in there as well, it was really tight and it was fucking fantastic.

"Rock! Dick!" Rig groaned, shoulders hunching, lips parted as he gasped. "So full..."

"Dick."

"I got it, Rock." The kid started to rub his free hand up and down Rig's spine, softly kissing the hunched shoulders.

"We've got you, Rig."

"Oh..." Rock could see Rig relax, could feel it around his cock as those shoulders eased, breath coming slower.

"Yeah... got me..."

"That's right."

Rock nodded at Dick and the two of them started moving, slow thrusts and shit, he was fucking melting—it was a good thing he'd already come twice or it'd be all over. Rig was riding the thrusts now, leaning on him, cock sliding on his stomach. Soft sighs and sweet groans were filling the air.

"'s good, Rig?"

"Good. Good, Rock. Full." Rig focused on him. "You?"

"Fucking fantastic." He grinned and looked over at Dick. "I think the kid wants in now—you ready for that?"

"Yeah. Slow and easy." Rig leaned down fully against him, tasting his skin with a soft groan.

"Got that, kid?"

Dick rolled his eyes. "I got it, Rock." On the next slide out, Dick's fingers moved away and then he felt the heat of Dick's cock slide along his own. "I think we should stop moving and let Rig take them in together."

Rig nodded, cheek rubbing against his chest. Rig pushed back, slow and careful as Dick held that thin, long cock steady. Rock could feel it, heard Dick's gasp and Rig's whimper when the head pushed in. "Fuck. Touch me, Blue. Need you to touch me."

He slid one hand down Rig's back, fingers moving down and up and back down Rig's spine. He pushed his other hand between them, stroking across Rig's belly before circling Rig's prick.

Shit, it was tight. It was so fucking tight it didn't seem possible, but Dick just held still and Rig just kept on pushing back, taking them both. Class A slut.

"Oh, fuck, Rig! Oh yeah, fuck. Fuck." The kid was babbling, watching as Rig's ass swallowed him up.

Rock nodded. "Yeah. Fuck." The rest of his words were lost.

Rig was silent, face buried in his shoulder, body moving down onto them, slow and steady. It couldn't possibly get any tighter inside Rig, but it did and at last Rig stopped moving, full up with him and Dick at the same time. He stroked Rig's skin. "You're fucking amazing."

"Yeah," gasped Dick. "Amazing."

"So full. So fucking full of my marines." Rig's voice was low, broken by gasps. "My marines."

Dick's hands met his on Rig's back, sliding over the warm, almost trembling skin with him. "You're fucking incredible," Dick whispered into Rig's ear.

"Fucking my men." Rig's body tightened, shifted, as he lifted his head to rub against Dick. Lips parted, eyes closed, cheeks flushed dark as he panted—Rig was something else.

"At the same fucking time." Rock slid his hand around to flick across Rig's nipples, tugging them between thumb and forefinger. His other hand continued to slowly pump Rig's cock.

"Yeah." Rig's hips started to rock, just slightly, muscles tightening and then relaxing again and again.

"Oh fuck!" Dick echoed his words. Fuck, he could feel the kid's cock, solid and hot against his own, and Rig was so fucking hot and tight around them.

"Mm... yeah. Fuck me." Rig's lips fastened over his nipple, pulling and tugging as those hips rocked.

"Fuck!" His hips jerked, pushing up sharply.

Dick's gasp was bright, loud and Rock damned near lost it as he felt Dick's thrust sliding along his cock. He slid out partway and pushed back in again, pulling another gasp from Dick and then the kid thrust again and shit, it was fucking good.

They found a rhythm, Dick pulling back as he pushed in, working together inside Rig's body. Rig was burning against him, around him, eyes closed, breath coming in fucking hungry little pants.

Leaning up, he took a hot, hard kiss and then lay back again, letting his eyes close, letting the fucking sensations send him flying. Dick was making those hungry porno noises of his, Rig's name thrown in now and then.

They shifted slightly and Rig cried out when he pushed in, body spasming. "Oh! Fuck! There!"

"You're the boss," Rock told him, voice little more than a rumble. Slowly, but surely, he and the kid built the rhythm. In and out and slide, slide and fuck it was pretty fucking amazing. More hot and more tight than anything ever.

Rig was writhing against him like a fucking stripper on stage, hands opening and closing over and over as massive shudders rocked the thin body. He squeezed his hand tight around Rig's prick, letting Rig's own movements send that hot flesh sliding along his palm.

"Oh, fuck! Gonna make me come. So fucking full, Rock. Feel y'all everywhere!" Rig was babbling, hips moving faster, hands fisting into the sheets.

"That's the point, Rig."

"That's right," Dick added. "Gonna make you come, Rig. Make you come on our cocks."

"Gonna... gonna bring you with me." Rig's body tightened, muscles rippling as a flush covered the thin cheeks. "Oh, fuck, yeah."

Spunk sprayed on his belly and hand, the smell of Rig's come sharp in his nose. The kid cried out, sudden heat pushing up around his cock and Rock roared, adding his own come to the load inside Rig.

Rig collapsed down against him, completely boneless.

Dick leaned down, head on Rig's back and Rock slid his hand up to cup the kid's cheek, touching him. Dick placed a kiss in his palm and the three of them lay there, trying to find their breath

One of Dick's hands found Rig's, fingers sliding together.

"Happy New Year," he said softly, thinking that any year that started with this had to be good.

"Yeah. Happy New Year." Rig smiled and kissed his chest, squeezing Dick's fingers tight. He moaned quietly as his cock softened alongside Dick's and Rig's body loosened its grip. Rig nuzzled against him, snoring softly, body heavy and lax.

Any minute now the kid was going to join him—yep there it was, that soft, almost baby snuffle of Dick's.

Rock sighed and held them both tight. They were grown men, each one heavy in their own right. They didn't feel like any kind of burden at all. Not that he wasn't going to complain and bitch in the morning about the two of them not only falling asleep on him but snoring and keeping him up all night to boot.

Right now though, while it was quiet and dark, he was going to enjoy it and watch their New Year roll in. He couldn't think of a more perfect way to do it.

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