



Scene for Three

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Mike Shade

Joe was pumped, feeling loose and high, the adrenaline just going through him.

He and Boy Rose had just finished their show and it had gotten intense, his whip laying down lash after lash, Boy just taking it like the pain slut he was. Boy was the only one of the crew who lived the life, who was a for real full time bottom, so he could take a lot more than the other guys and the shows wound up having an edge that made Joe rock hard.

After setting Boy up in the back room, lying on his stomach with aloe and antiseptic on his back, Joe headed back out to the front of the bar. He dropped onto one of the bar stools and gave Mike a wide grin. "Vodka, neat."

He drummed his fingers on the bar, just to keep himself from spinning in his seat. Maybe he'd find himself someone to get off with, maybe he'd just head out and walk and walk until the buzz faded. He hadn't decided yet.

Walton and Sammi were up on the stage now, putting on a show with a little bondage, a little whipping. Eh. They didn't have anything on him and Boy Rose.

Two men sat beside him, both quiet, both drinking soda water. Both looking at him -- dark eyes and bright, bright green. He was used to being watched, during the shows and after, but these guys... he couldn't ignore the looks, kept finding himself looking back.

They were a pair, strong and masculine -- one dark, one pale. Dressed simply, similarly, in t-shirts and jeans, they were stunning.

Mike passed him his drink and he raised his glass to them before taking a sip. The vodka burned its way down his throat, just right. He licked his lips, flirting just a little.

The redhead pinked, nodded over, the gold chain around his throat glinting in the light.

Joe smiled and took another sip.

He'd never done a threesome before, but these two were obviously together and obviously scoping him out. He couldn't help preening. He knew he looked good in his leather pants and vest, skin still shining with sweat.

Dark fingers trailed over a braided belt, feeling the leather, tracing it. God, they were so quiet.

He could hear the sound of Walton's whip, the low buzz of conversation, the gasps as the show on stage went on, but it was all kind of muted, far away, as if these two had a bubble of silence around them and had drawn him into it.

He stuck out his hand and gave them his best smile. "Hi." His own voice sounded loud.

A long pale hand slid into his. "Hello."

He kept hold of the warm hand, enjoying the sensation of skin against his, as well as the half-shiver the smooth, low voice sent along his spine.

"Did you catch my show?"

That hand left his, moving in quick signs toward the darker man, who spoke carefully. "We di'. Have you don' it lon'?"

Oh. Deaf. Interesting.

"Just over three years," he replied, holding up three fingers. Was the guy reading his lips or was the pale one going to translate?

Every word was signed, dark eyes watching the pale fingers. Bright eyes smiled over at him. "I'm Robbie. This is Vic."

"Whiplash, but you can call me Joe." He held Robbie's eyes a moment and then looked into Vic's.

"Hello, Joe." Robbie's voice sounded, but Vic's eyes held him, so dark, so strong.

His cock throbbed and that almost shiver was back. God, what a one-two punch these two were.

"Would you like to come have a seat? Somewhere more private?" Robbie signed as he spoke, but looked at Joe.

He smiled, nodded. "Sure, that'd be great." He grabbed his vodka and stood, letting them get a nice eyeful.

Vic wrapped one arm around Robbie's waist -- they were of a height -- and led them both to a quiet little booth in the back. He watched their asses, enjoying the hell out of the view. He wondered what they'd look like naked, wondered if he was going to get the chance to find out. They moved together, hips rolling as one. It was fascinating. Delectable. Vic sat, nodding Robbie into a chair.

Joe took the chair across from Vic, knees bumping Robbie's as he swung them under the table. "Sorry," he murmured.

"It's okay." It was distracting, watching Robbie's hands move, translating for both of them. It made him notice the man's fingers, hands, the length of them, the confident, sure way they moved.

"So what's brought you guys out tonight? Besides me, of course."

Robbie translated and Vic chuckled, the sound deep and raw, sexy as fuck. "We like to see the show."

Joe actually squirmed a little, his cock just hard as nails and what had these two done except walk and talk?

"So this isn't your first time here?" Lord, was that husky voice his?

Robbie shook his head. "We come when it's quiet. When there's not a huge crowd."

"Which would explain why I haven't seen you before -- it's almost never quiet when Whiplash is performing." He gave them a cocky grin. It was all part of the Whiplash persona -- the cocky attitude, the ballsy walk and the whip. Couldn't forget the whip.

Vic's eyes just danced, lips twitching. "We are no' interested in performing, Joe."

"No?" He was confused then. Wasn't that why they'd sat next to him? Asked him to join them in the corner of the bar? "What are you interested in?"

Robbie looked at Vic, who nodded. "We're interested in making friends in the lifestyle. In meeting people."

"Ah." He nodded. "So you're looking for a top. Someone with a good whip hand."

"I..." Robbie looked to Vic, signing. One square hand reached up, cupped Robbie's face. "Vic is my master."

"Oh." Wow. Okay. Something told him they weren't play-acting either.

Vic nodded, holding Robbie's eyes. The heat between them was palpable.

"So you're just looking to meet other people for what? Exchanging notes?" He was a little thrown. Most people he met were playacting as much as he was, weekend warriors so to speak. And there was a pick-up vibe still going on here, that didn't seem to fit with a committed couple like these guys very obviously were.

"Do you no' have friends? We wan' to play, but no' wi' strangers."

"I've only ever been approached as a top for scenes." The guys he screwed with for fun weren't into the lifestyle. Hell, he wasn't really; it was his job.

Robbie translated, Vic nodding and just leaning back, hands flashing. Robbie's cheeks went bright red, but the pretty eyes met his, apologetic. "We weren't trying to interfere with your work, Joe. Sorry."

"Well, no. I'm not a whore. I don't do it for money. Well. I do the stage scenes for money, but that's not the same thing. I..." God, they had him flustered, off his game.

Vic reached across the table, touched his hand. The man's hand was hard, callused, scarred. "Come ha' supper?"

It calmed him, that touch. "Yeah, okay."

"Good."

Robbie nodded, smiled. "What do you like? Chinese? Italian? Pizza?"

"Yeah, sure, I'm easy. If it's not mac'n cheese, it's good, is my motto." He'd done his share of time as a penniless student. And he kind of wanted to see what these guys would choose. The dynamic between them was fascinating.

Robbie looked to Vic, signed quickly, and Robbie nodded. "Let's go get Mexican. Nachos. Spicy."

"Oh, spicy is good." He winked, smiled. "You want me to get changed?"

"The waiters tend to require shirts." Robbie laughed as Vic whispered. "Vic says the pants are fine."

"Likes them, does he?" He stood. "Give me a minute to go get changed."

Robbie was already being turned, lips taken in a deep, forceful kiss. He watched for a moment, intrigued by the passion, the reality of what he played at on stage. It was stunning, the way Vic demanded, Robbie bending and somehow appearing stronger for it.

Shit, he was standing there drooling, but there was more here, beautiful and passionate than in any of the scenes he'd played. If nothing else, it was going to be a fascinating meal.

He pulled himself away and hurried off to the little backstage room where they got changed. It didn't take him long to take off the vest and replace it with a white t-shirt. He brushed his teeth and his hair, and threw his jeans, underwear and vest into his duffel, throwing it over his shoulder, and headed back out, all without waking Boy Rose who was curled up on the little couch.

Walton and Sammi were wrapping up their performance when he got back out, and he headed for the back corner where he'd left Vic and Robbie. They were still wrapped together, Vic's hand on Robbie's ass. Despite the performance on stage, Joe couldn't believe that Vic and Robbie weren't the center of attention. That vibe between them was palpable, heavy.

Joe cleared his throat, both to get their attention and so he could speak. "I'm back."

Vic didn't look up, of course, but Robbie did, eyes dazed and needy. "H...hi."

Shit, he'd never ever made anyone look like *that*, not even Boy Rose, and that man was a pain slut extraordinaire, and certainly not just from kisses.

Intense.

"You guys still want to do dinner?" He wanted to, more than ever now, but he didn't want to cramp their style.

"Oh, yes. We'd like to, very much." Robbie smiled at him, eyes twinkling.

"Good. I'm looking forward to this. To getting to know you both." To seeing what exactly they wanted from him, this amazing, intimate pair.

A cheer went up as Wilton and Sammi finished their performance and took their bows, but Joe ignored them in favor of keeping his attention on Vic and Robbie.

Robbie stood, fingers covering the obvious bulge in the tight jeans for about a half second before Vic tsked, carefully moved both hands behind Robbie's back, held them.

Joe thought maybe he was going to have to remember that move to lend some authenticity to his own performances. He was realizing, watching these two, that it wasn't the big gestures, it was the little things like that which demonstrated who was the top.

He swallowed, his own cock hardening at the sight.

Vic motioned toward the door and he realized that, in their way, Vic had just gagged Robbie, too, with that little motion. Vic didn't even have to hold Robbie's hands behind his back; Robbie had left them there the moment Vic had let go.

Bouncing a little on his heels, fucking jacked up again like he'd only just now finished his performance, Joe led the way out, holding the door for them as he stepped into the cool night air.

Vic nodded, offered him a smile and pointed to a big red pickup truck parked near the door. He nodded back and headed for the truck. For some reason, their silence demanded his own.

Robbie was belted into the back seat, the front passenger door unlocked for him. He nodded again, in thanks this time. He almost waited for Vic to put his belt on for him, too, but didn't, doing it himself. He really should say something. Anything. Because he could.

They pulled out of the parking lot, heading out down the street without a sound, the engine just purring. The quiet was intimate, pulling him into the dynamic between the two of them. It was a little scary, how the anticipation seemed to build, to color the air without a single sound made between them.

They pulled into a quiet little dive, Vic unlocking the doors and reaching in to unbuckle Robbie, drawing each wrist around and kissing it.

"Thank you, sir." Robbie smiled, Vic nodded and then Robbie smiled over. "Is this okay?"

Joe wasn't sure if Robbie meant the two of them or the restaurant, but it didn't matter, his answer was the same. "Yes."

"I'm glad." Vic held the door open, ushered them both in.

It surprised him to hear a happy cry, "Vic! Robbie! So glad to see you!"

He looked around. The place was one of those little restaurants that looked like a dive outside, but smelled amazing inside and was bright and cheery, and welcoming. It was full, too and Joe searched for the person who'd called out to the men he was with, almost jealous.

A round little lady bounced up into Vic's arms, hugging tight, then turning to Robbie. "We've missed you. Your table's open. Always open. I'll have Eduardo bring queso."

"You have your own table?" Joe murmured. He was impressed, little dive or no.

Robbie nodded, grinned. "Vic was a firefighter. He saved Ed and Mariposa's little girl from a building. They love him very much."

"Oh, wow, yeah, I can see why he's always got a table." And a good one it was, too, in a quiet alcove. "Is that where he lost his hearing?"

Robbie shook his head. "No. No, that was in an explosion. He's a hero. He doesn't believe it, but he is."

Vic snorted, tossed his head.

"Yeah, I think most firemen are. I mean, they go running into burning buildings to save people, what is that if not heroic?" He gave Vic a smile. Firefighting explained the awesome body. "Are you a fireman, too, Robbie?"

Robbie laughed, shook his head. "No. No, I'm a designer. Computers. I don't... I mean. I..."

Vic touched Robbie's hand. "Robbie ha' anxiety disorder. I help."

"Anxiety disorder? Like where dealing with stuff makes you nervous?"

Robbie nodded, leaned toward Vic. "Yeah. Yeah, I get twisted."

"That must be hard, man." He watched them, the way they worked together, functional now instead of just sexual.

"Vic makes it easier." Vic dealt with surprising ease, pointing at the menu, focused on Robbie.

"I can see that." He could see that Robbie was the center of Vic's universe, and that that went both ways.

"So what's good here?" he asked, focusing on his own menu.

Robbie's hands moved, then Vic pointed to two or three entrees, thick scarred fingers sure and unerring. Enchiladas. Chile rellenos. Burritos.

"We could each get one and that way try them all." He gave them a look. "Do you guys share?"

Robbie signed to Vic, who nodded. "Sharin' is good. I like the hot stuff."

Joe grinned and licked his lips. "Yeah, the hot stuff is... hot." Look at him flirt with the very committed, very intense, very sexy couple.

They both chuckled, Vic's laugh following as soon as Robbie translated. He liked Vic's laugh, it was male and rich, unselfconscious.

"So what do you do now, Vic?" he asked, wanting to know more about these intriguing men.

He waited for Robbie to help, then Vic shrugged. "Nothing. I am retired. I hel' Robbie."

"Yeah? He's kind of your total focus then?" Wow. Lucky Robbie -- that was quite the stud to have focused in on you.

"Vic helps me, I help him." Robbie nodded, smiled. "It works."

"From where I'm sitting it looks like it works *really* well." He grinned and shifted in his seat. His cock had been interested in these two, in the heat they put off, since the get go. And now that he was away from the club, had had time to come down from the show, he knew for sure it was the company and not just left-over adrenaline.

"Do you have a partner?" Robbie handed the waiter a handwritten note from Vic, presumably their order.

"Nope. Most guys seem pretty intimidated by what I do." He shrugged. There hadn't been anyone special, but he hadn't been looking hard either, so it wasn't like his heart was broken. He grabbed some nachos and dunked them into the queso the waiter had brought, making an appreciative noise.

Vic stayed away from the cheese, digging into the salsa. Robbie nibbled, a little of this, a little that.

"So you guys do more than just the whips and chains part of this? It's like, everything, yeah?"

Robbie nodded. "Vic rarely whips me. He can't hear the sounds, can't see my face easily. It's difficult for him."

Joe nodded. That hadn't occurred to him, but now that it had, he could see how it wouldn't be easy not to be able to hear a safeword. "So what do you guys do then? Is it just like master and slave stuff? Do you not do scenes at all?"

Robbie turned to Vic and they had a quick, silent conversation, fingers flying. Then Robbie turned to him. "I'm not a slave. I'm a sub. And we don't do 'scenes' because he's always my top, my lover. I need him and he needs me, you know? It's not a game, really."

"It sounds pretty different from what I do." Of course he was only playacting, wasn't he?

"Do you like it?" Vic's eyes were so dark.

"It's... interesting. Harder work than most people think." He tilted his head. "When I first started I thought I'd get off on it. And I do, but because of the adrenaline rush, not because of what I'm doing, the people I'm doing it to."

"So you like the performing?" It was disconcerting, not being sure if he was answering Robbie or Vic.

"Yeah, I do. It's a good job." Nothing like what these two had, but it sure beat slogging burgers and it let him do what he loved during the week. He wasn't the voyeur type himself, but suddenly he wanted to watch Vic and Robbie, see if that intensity that he'd seen in their kisses held. Suddenly he wanted to know if he got it even a little bit right in his show.

They both nodded and the food came, the conversation stopping as Robbie's hands were full. They didn't need to speak, really, all of them sharing easily. The food was amazing, as were the times his hands occasionally brushed against one of theirs. Once again he felt drawn into the intimacy shared between them.

The food was spicy, cheesy, filling, all three of them eating. Smiling. Enjoying each other. It was sensual and fun and he couldn't remember a meal ever being like this. He couldn't remember silence ever being like this.

Vic fed Robbie a bite, fingers stroking the man's lips. Then a bite was offered to him. Joe didn't even hesitate, he just leaned forward and opened his mouth, eyes on Vic's. Vic's purr was audible, fingers brushing his lips, warm and soft. He gasped, tongue touching Vic's fingers briefly before accepting the food.

Robbie smiled, watching, nodding before offering Vic a bite.

Joe licked his lips, swallowing his own bite. When he was done he scooped up a handful of rice and offered it to Vic. Vic's lips were hot, soft, surprisingly gentle. He found himself stroking Vic's lips, fingers then dragging over the man's cheek, feeling the light stubble.

Vic smiled, nodded, eyes dancing. He smiled back, fingers tingling. Robbie leaned over, resting against Vic, all smiles.

"Can I feed him?" Joe asked Vic.

Vic nodded, smiled. "Yes."

Joe turned to Robbie and offered him a bite from his fingers, eager to feel the differences, the similarities. Robbie was more forward, sharper, hungrier, less settled than Vic was. One of Robbie's teeth grazed his finger and it made him shiver, made him swallow.

God, if just eating with these two was this sexy...

Robbie turned to Vic, lips parted, and Vic leaned in, licked them so quickly. There was a noise, a low groan and it took Joe a moment to realize it had come from him. The whole restaurant faded, the bright colors disappearing, the sounds of the other diners and the music just sliding away as his entire focus narrowed to them.

Robbie rippled visibly, nipples hard beneath the tight t-shirt. "Vic. Love."

Joe found himself moaning again, his hands curling into fists to keep himself from reaching out to touch them.

"Eat." Vic watched every motion Robbie made, every breath the man took.

He didn't know if the order was for him or for Robbie, but he responded instinctively, picking up his fork and eating, watching the two of them almost as closely as Vic watched Robbie. Surprisingly, he tasted the food, the spice adding to the pleasure of watching the couple.

When Vic's eyes turned to him, he received a smile, warm and inclusive, something he felt deep in his belly.

"Yes," he said softly, as if Vic had asked him a question. He swallowed and put down his fork, folded his napkin and left it by his plate.

Vic put a bill on the table, stood and motioned toward the door. Robbie nodded, smiled at him. "Come with us?"

He nodded, not even needing to think about it. He was drawn to them, to what they shared together, to the vibe that seemed to draw him in. He followed them, followed those sexy asses.

That silence followed them into the truck, onto the highway, into the driveway of a neat cottages on the outskirts of town. It looked normal, well-kept, flowerbeds filled with roses. He wasn't sure what he'd been expecting. A dungeon maybe, even though they'd said that wasn't how they worked. He was curious. Both professionally and personally.

He had to admit it -- they just fascinated him.

They headed in, the inside just as normal, neat. "Would you like some coffee?" Vic turned on a lamp as Robbie faced him, green eyes shining.

"If you're having some, sure." Of course there were things he wanted more. Like to taste those soft lips.

"I'm not allowed caffeine, but Vic loves it."

"God, how do you get up in the morning?"

Robbie grinned, pinked. "Vic has me wake at six and meditate for an hour before getting our bath ready and waking him."

"Six? No matter what?" He grinned over at Vic. "That's harsh, man."

Robbie signed and Vic chuckled, shook his head. "Routine. Impo'tan for him."

"Oh yeah. I guess." He wasn't a morning person himself. Especially without caffeine. He stepped closer to them. "Is there a routine for this?" he asked.

"Not yet." Robbie's hand reached out for Vic and suddenly he could smell them both.

There he was, moaning again, the smell of them, the sudden tension in the air making him hard. Then Vic's hand was offered to him, square and solid and sure. He took a deep breath, sliding his own hand into Vic's. It was warm and holding it sent hot shivers along his arm.

Oh yeah. Yes. Yes, indeed.

Vic drew him close, lips brushing against his, then against Robbie's, the touch soft and surprisingly gentle. He wanted another kiss from Vic, but he also wanted to kiss Robbie and his eyes moved between them, his own tongue hot as he licked his lips.

Vic turned Robbie to face him, Robbie leaning close. He leaned the rest of the way, lips pressing against Robbie's, the kiss as soft and gentle, as short, as the one Vic had given him. He somehow knew he couldn't go any further without permission.

Robbie's eyes twinkled at him, then those soft lips were offered to Vic, who took them with a soft growl, tongue pressing in and in. Moaning, he leaned against Robbie's strength, breath catching in his throat as he watched up close and personal. Robbie moaned, rubbing and rocking against him as Vic kept kissing, kept the man off balance.

"Can I touch?" he asked, begged really, fingers itching to feel Robbie's muscles, Vic's. It was only as the words breathed from him that he remembered that Vic couldn't hear them.

Robbie moaned, leaned back and signed quickly, Vic nodding. "Yeah. Yeah, Joe. You can touch us. Please."

He nearly shuddered with relief, hands not waiting a second longer than it took for the words to be sounded before he reached for muscles smooth and hard beneath their t-shirts. Vic's hand cupped his ass, Robbie's slid up along his spine.

Whimpering, he pressed his lips against theirs, tongue licking at the warm, soft flesh where their mouths joined.

Robbie whimpered, eyes blinking over toward him. "Oh. Oh, God. That's..."

"Good?" Pretty fucking mind-blowing was more the way he was leaning. This whole experience was just... something else. And he was going to grab on with both hands, just like his gut was telling him to.

"Uh-huh."

Vic grumbled softly and Robbie signed, interpreting for them.

"Cool. Then I'll just keep..." He leaned in again, licking at the corners of their mouths, his hands sliding along their backs, cupping Robbie's ass in one hand and Vic's in the other. Robbie's was rounder, Vic's harder; both fit perfectly.

Vic took his mouth, ass clenching in his hand. Robbie's mouth sliding over his jaw, toward his ear. The kiss was hard, powerful, and he felt it right down to his toes. Robbie's lips were soft and warm and sending shivers through him, made him fill Vic's mouth with wanton, needy moans.

"You taste good." Robbie's voice was husky, warm. "Do you want us?"

"God, yes." He pressed his hips forward, rubbing them back and forth and dragging his cock against their thighs. Couldn't they tell how very much he wanted them?

Vic's hand gently pushed Robbie down, lips open and sliding on his leathers. So hot. So hungry.

"Oh, fuck," he muttered, the words little more than another moan and he dove back into Vic's mouth, begging for another of the man's full, hard on kisses.

Getting kissed by Vic was like being hit by a train, overwhelming and breathtaking, knocking him for a loop. He was used to leading, used to being in charge. He didn't play heavy when he did it for pleasure, but he was still the one doing the doing. To be left reeling, just from a kiss...

It made him shiver and quake. It made him want so hard.

Of course, Robbie's mouth and hands working him through the leather wasn't bad either, the hungry little noises making his toes curl. He was near exploding, just from the kisses and the rubbing through clothes. He wanted to come so badly and at the same time he didn't ever want it to end.

He kept tight hold of Vic's ass -- it was possibly the only thing keeping him standing -- and he slid his other hand down, pushing it through Robbie's red curls. He was trying to give back, but it wasn't an easy task with all his brain cells being short-circuited.

Vic's fingers found his nipples, squeezing and pinching them hard enough to make them burn, make him jerk. The most amazing sounds were coming out of him, each one begging harder than the last, each one saying just how much he wanted more.

His hand wrapped in Robbie's curls, and he tugged that mouth that was driving him crazy harder against his pants, his own mouth opening wider beneath the onslaught of Vic's kiss. Robbie's chin bumped his balls, Vic tilting his head back and deepening the kiss even further, enough to make him twist, drive him higher.

He went with it, his inhibitions just dropping away as Vic and Robbie played him like a fine instrument. Robbie grabbed his ass, pulled him toward those hungry lips, that constantly moving and licking tongue.

Oh, God, he was going to cream his leathers at this rate, his body beginning to shake, to need that release that had been slowly building all night. He began to move frantically, hips pushing, tongue meeting Vic's.

They both encouraged him, moved with him, Vic pushing, Robbie yielding, the combination stunning. There was no way he could hold back with the two of them working him and soon he was crying out, pushing the sound into Vic's mouth as his hips jerked, spunk hot against his skin. Vic swallowed his sounds, Robbie's desperate cries vibrating against him.

He leaned into Vic's strength, shivers chasing his orgasm along his spine, their sounds, their bodies making it last.

Robbie whimpered, face turning to Vic's body, the soft cries of 'please, please' filling the air.

He pulled away from Vic's kiss, mouthing the words carefully. "Please. He needs."

Vic looked down, smiled at Robbie and stroked those curls. The actions calmed Robbie immediately, those long fingers freeing Vic's cock for the swollen lips. Joe moaned, and whispered 'yes'. He watched as Vic's cock disappeared into Robbie's mouth, his fingers reaching to trace the stretched lips.

Robbie took Vic all the way down, swallowing and purring, obviously wanting what Vic was giving him. Vic stared down, eyes almost burning. Joe groaned, cock jerking. If he hadn't just come, he'd bet this would do it. These guys were a far more intense show than any he'd ever participated in at the club, even just doing something simple like this.

He kept touching Robbie's face, his other hand squeezing Vic's ass rhythmically.

Robbie's eyes opened, met Vic's and Vic smiled, the look wolfish and hungry. "Come fo' me."

Joe shuddered as his body tried to obey Vic's command as surely as Robbie's did. The scent of Robbie's come was heady, adding to the already intoxicating musk the three of them were putting off.

Vic wrapped his hand around Robbie's head, started fucking that lush mouth in earnest, loud, uninhibited grunts filling the air. Joe couldn't believe how it just got better and better, how these two just got sexier and sexier.

The muscles of Vic's ass clenched and worked beneath his hand and Joe slid his fingers into Vic's open jeans, the heat of Vic's skin just right against his palm. Vic's head snapped back, throat working. Leaning forward, Joe wrapped his lips around Vic's Adam's apple, sucking strongly as his hand squeezed the rounded flesh of Vic's ass.

Vic jerked, went still as he shot, the cry just echoing. Joe could feel the sound against his lips, and the spasms of Vic's cock in the movements of the muscles in Vic's ass.

It was fucking sexy.

He slowly let Vic's skin go, looked down at Robbie's upturned face.

Robbie looked angelic, eyes half-closed and dazed. "Oh. Oh, good. Thank you."

Joe could only nod in agreement. "Very hot. Like nothing ever." He touched Robbie's lips; swollen-mouthed was a good look on the man.

"Can you stay a while?" Robbie nibbled his fingertips, swaying.

He kind of sagged a little at that -- he hadn't even realized how badly he wanted to be invited to stay. "Yeah. I can. I want to."

Robbie kissed Vic's belly, signing and smiling as Vic nodded. "Good. Good."

"Cool." He nodded, grinning, excitement started to wing through him again. He wanted to watch Vic fuck Robbie. He wanted to fuck Robbie himself. He wanted Vic to fuck him.

It made him stop, made him catch his breath. He didn't really catch -- he was the pitcher even if he wasn't a bona fide hard core top like he played at the club, but the truth was that he wanted Vic to take him.

Vic helped Robbie up, then motioned down the hall. Oh. Bedrooms. Yeah.

Joe spared a half a second to worry that he'd been rude over not even looking around, just jumping Vic and Robbie the moment they walked in the door. It didn't last long though, one look at those asses ahead of him and it flew out of his head. The decorating would still be here in the morning and couldn't possibly hold a candle to the warm bodies.

The room he was lead into was filled with a huge, simple bed -- white sheets, black comforter, plenty of pillows. Besides that and the mirrors covering the walls? Nothing. Nothing at all. It was simple and maybe a little stark, except that the three of them filled the mirrors, reflected over and over. The intensity was back.

Robbie turned to Vic, slowly undressing the man, baring the quiet strength. Groaning, Joe reached out, sliding his fingers over Vic's skin as it was bared. It was like silk, the muscles beneath firm, strong.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Robbie moaned, moving around Vic to touch and nuzzle.

It wasn't a word he usually used for guys, but it fit well enough. Vic was one hell of a specimen. "Yeah. You're both something else. Makes me hard."

Vic watched his lips carefully, the smallest frown between those thick eyebrows.

"Sorry," he said. "I'll try to talk slower." He licked his lips, fingers reaching out to slide over the frown, moving from there to tickle over Vic's eyebrows, making himself laugh softly.

Vic laughed, the frown disappearing. "Than' you. I don' read lips so good."

"I don't sign so good," he countered, leaning in to close the gap between their lips, wondering if Vic could read his body language, if the man knew just how much he wanted.

God, those kisses just blew his mind, Vic's tongue pushing in and just taking control, demanding it.

He slid his hands up over Vic's chest, palms rubbing against Vic's nipples as they pebbled up, twin little points of hardness demanding his attention. He slid his hand back over them, pinching them between his fingers as he let Vic have his mouth. Vic's eyes widened, the kiss harder, stronger, Vic pushing back.

Groaning, he kept playing with one nipple, fingers rubbing and pinching. His other hand slid up and held on as the force of Vic's kiss began to bend him back. Every pinch, every tug, deepened the kiss, caused Vic to steal his breath. His eyes closed, harsh noises coming from his throat as he bent to Vic's will.

He barely noticed Robbie's hands, stripping him down, opening his leathers. He noticed, though, as his hardening cock rubbed against Vic's skin. It made him moan loudly into Vic's mouth, made him push close and rub harder, his need increasing.

Vic walked them toward the bed, in slow, careful steps. He followed, didn't resist even for a moment, his whole focus on the pleasure Vic was building with his mouth, his body.

Robbie's hands were warm and soft, sliding down his back, over his ass. He shivered as it intensified the sensations and his eyes opened again, staring into the dark of Vic's before catching sight of the three of them in the mirrors.

Vic and Robbie were stunning, muscled and hard and yes, beautiful, framing him.

He pushed forward, rubbing against Vic's body before moving back again into Robbie's touches. They were hard, the scent of male and need and sex strong and heady. Robbie moaned, tongue slipsliding over his shoulders, his spine. He'd never made love with more than one person before and the dueling sensations were sending him flying.

His fingers found Vic's other nipple and twisted it, wanting to give back as good as he was getting, to share the pleasure. Robbie encouraged them to keep moving toward the bed, kneeling beside it as Vic sat.

He took Vic's face in his hands and tilted it up. "Where do you want me?" he asked slowly, offering all of himself. Whatever Vic wanted.

"Wha' do you like?" He was drawn close, straddling Vic's thighs.

He rubbed against Vic, his cock sliding on the ripped belly. "I usually pitch," he admitted, unable to quite express his desire to have Vic take him.

"Usually?" Vic's fingers spread his cheeks and he felt a piece of plastic wrap cover his hole, Robbie's tongue hot as hell against him.

He nodded, sinking into the sensations. "Not tonight," he whispered, trusting Vic would see the words on his lips.

Vic nodded, hands kneading his muscles, relaxing him, spreading him.

He rolled his neck, loving the way Vic's hands took control, the way Robbie's tongue pushed into him. His fingers curled on Vic's shoulders, digging in as he held on hard. Vic's lips landed on his throat, teeth scraping, dragging on his skin. Crying out, he shuddered, ass clenching around Robbie's tongue.

Vic growled low and Robbie backed off, a condom offered to him while slick fingers pressed into his hole. He leaned forward, needing that connection, Vic's power, as he took Robbie's fingers. Vic lifted his head, those eyes meeting his, heated, warm. Focused.

He locked onto Vic's eyes, moaning softly, lips parted as he panted softly. He wasn't nervous about this with Vic looking at him like that, he couldn't possibly be.

"Condom on me." Vic's voice was a low rumble.

Oh, yeah. Yeah. He nodded, moaning as Robbie's finger hit that magic spot inside him. He looked down at the condom wrapper, fingers working it open. Vic's cock was thick, hard, the tip leaking and swollen. It leapt when his fingers touched the heated flesh, a raw groan filling the air.

He explored it carefully, feeling the heat of it, the silk of the skin that covered the hardness. He felt each bump and vein, spreading the hot drops from the tip down over Vic's cock. Then he rolled on the condom, a low moan pulled from him, the need surging through him once more.

"You're so tight. So tight, Joe. He's going to fill you up." Robbie's voice was shaky, husky.

He leaned back, hand sliding on Robbie's shoulder. "Is this okay with you?" He hoped to hell it was, because he wanted this, wanting it so badly, but not if Robbie was going to be weirded out by it.

"Yes. Yes, Vic will make you feel so good. Make you fly."

"You both do," he answered, smiling a little wildly at Robbie. Then he turned his attention back to Vic, wanting, wanting so much.

Vic lifted him up, leaning back and positioning him over the heavy cock. "Ride me."

"Oh, fuck." Groaning, he reached back and took Vic's cock, guided it until he could feel it pressing against his hole.

He swallowed and took a deep breath, trembling. It would have been easier if Vic had just turned him over and fucked him. He had a feeling Vic knew that, was making him take what he wanted, making him prove his need to all three of them.

Robbie's hands where on his spine, on his hips, Vic's on his belly. They both were petting him, stroking him, caressing him. He moaned again, the noise low and rough, he'd never heard such a sound from himself. "I want," he said, starting to sink down.

Vic's cock was hot against him. So hot and hard, stretching him. His eyes widened and met Vic's.

"Yes. Wan'." Vic nodded, thighs cradling him.

"Yes. Want. Want." He nodded, taking in more of Vic's cock. "Oh, yes." He shivered, holding those eyes.

Robbie's slick fingers slid where his body and Vic's met, oiling them, caressing them, driving him crazy. He whimpered and lifted a little before settling down again, taking more and more of the thick, amazing cock.

"Tigh!..." Vic's head rolled, throat working, a deep flush moving up the muscled belly.

"Big," he countered, raising his hands for a moment to show just how big. Then he put his hands on Vic's shoulders, holding on as he sank the rest of the way down.

He moaned, body tight as he adjusted to the girth inside him. Vic panted, giving him a chance to relax, to feel, to be ready. He shivered again, body torn between needing to move and the worry that it would be too much.

He tilted his head and pressed his lips to Vic's, begging another kiss. Vic took his mouth, tongue fucking him just as surely as that thick cock did. He sank into the kisses, into the fucking, letting Vic give him what he needed, what he wanted.

Robbie's fingers were hot on his skin, spreading the sensations over his whole body. Robbie began to whisper, soft little perversions about how sexy they were, how hot they were. Groaning, he started to ride faster, sinking down further each time. Vic's hands landed on his hips, beginning to help him, encourage his motions.

So solid, so big. So commanding. Vic was sending him flying and Robbie's touches were adding fuel to the engine. He could feel the pleasure building and building.

"That's right. You look so pretty. Riding him." Robbie's tongue slid over the small of his back.

"Feels good," he muttered, riding harder, just bouncing up and down on Vic's cock like the biggest slut ever.

Vic moaned, hands digging into his hips, pulling him down, filling him up. Something inside him lit up and he cried out, whole body going tight. Then he was bouncing even harder, wanting that again.

"Oh. Right there." Robbie squeezed Vic's wrists; Vic nodded, pegging him again and again.

He cried out, hand dropping to his prick. He jacked himself, shouting each time Vic's cock hit his gland.

Vic nodded, watching his every move. "Yeah. Good."

"Uh-huh." He nodded for emphasis. "Close."

"Come. Come fo' me." Vic bucked up, pushing into him.

His body obeyed Vic's rough voice, spunk spraying from him as his body squeezed hard around Vic's thick heat. Vic shivered, groaning, panting, fingers petting his cock and drawing the pleasure from him. He shivered and shuddered, blown away.

Robbie slid up, rubbing against Vic, needy little sounds reminding him there were two needy cocks waiting for release.

"What do you need from me?" he asked, making sure he enunciated clearly.

"Want to make Robbie fly." Vic's voice was tight, needy.

He nodded, lifting himself, moaning unhappily as Vic's heat slid from him.

"Don't go too far?" Robbie pressed toward him.

"I won't," he murmured, pleased, happy to be a part of them in any way he could. "Can I touch? Help?"

Vic sat up, stripped off the condom, as Robbie nodded. "You can. Please. You can be a part of us."

He reached, touching them both, their skin hot under his fingertips.

The intensity between them was beautiful.

Vic rolled Robbie onto one side, facing Joe, those bright eyes needy and wanton. Then Vic settled, spooning Robbie, hips already bucking, rocking against Robbie's ass. Groaning at the sight, Joe leaned in, mouth finding Robbie's as his hand reached back to slide along Vic's spine. Robbie moaned against his lips, so eager, yielding to him, opening for him.

He full on took Robbie's mouth. He knew his kisses weren't as all-consuming as Vic's, but he gave Robbie the best he had. They seemed to work, too, Robbie melting and purring, rubbing against him. Vic's eyes watched them, burning over Robbie's shoulder, so dark.

He slid his hand up to touch Vic's cheek and then Robbie's, his fingers dragging over their stubble. So male. So hot. So *there*. Vic moaned, pushing harder, pushing Robbie into him, rubbing them together.

He wouldn't have guessed he could get hard again, but they were so fucking sexy and Robbie felt so good against him. He backed off the kiss, licking at Robbie's lips before leaning past him and licking at Vic's. His fingers moved again, sliding over skin and finding Robbie's nipples, tugging and twisting the little nibs of flesh.

"More. More, please."

He slipped his tongue briefly into Vic's mouth, tasting Vic once more before sliding down a little, nipping at Robbie's hard nipple. Robbie cried out, chest pushing toward his lips, begging him. He circled the little piece of flesh with his tongue, over and over again, his fingers finding Robbie's other nipple and mimicking the motion of his tongue, teasing.

Robbie's hands were taken in Vic's and held above them all, stretching the long body for his mouth. Groaning, he kept working Robbie's nipples, biting and pinching now, interspersed with softer touches. His other hand slid down, playing with the muscles that jumped in Robbie's belly.

They smelled so good, so incredibly hot, passion pouring from them both, toward him. So sexy. He rubbed against Robbie, the man's thick cock sliding along his belly, hot and good. It all was mixing together, making him hard again, making him need again.

He sucked hard on Robbie's nipple, fingernail digging into the other one.

Robbie cried out, the sound rich and deep, desperate. "I... I need... Close. Please!"

Joe turned his head up, hand sliding to find Vic's face, get his attention. "He's begging."

"Goo'." Vic was sweating, smiling wolfishly. "He needs."

He laughed, nodded and went back to torturing Robbie with his lips and his teeth and his fingers. Robbie was beautiful all stretched out, body on display for him, begging for his touch, for what Vic was doing.

Sliding one hand along Robbie's side, Joe kept it moving down until he wrapped around Robbie's cock. Robbie bucked, fucking himself between cock and hand, the sweetest cries just pouring out of him.

Joe spared a moment to feel badly for Vic, not to be able to hear this. Then he just dove back in, working as hard as he could to pull more of the noises out of Robbie.

Vic moaned, pushing harder and he realized suddenly that Vic felt them, felt those needy sounds. A shiver went through him and he whimpered, sliding his mouth up to suck a mark up on Robbie's neck, feeling those sounds himself now, beneath his lips.

Robbie shot, hot and wet, bucking between them. Groaning, Joe kept jacking Robbie's cock, the hot come making it slick and fast.

"Fucking beautiful," he murmured, talking about the sight, the scent, the sounds of them.

"Thank you. Oh, your hands. Thank you, Joe. So sweet."

"Any time." He grinned and kissed Robbie, hand slowing and then moving to rub the come into Robbie's belly.

Vic's fingers joined his, stroking and petting, caressing Robbie's belly and his fingers. Leaning past Robbie, he licked at Vic's lips and took a kiss, their mouths and hands working together. He felt Vic moan, yield as the man came, filling Robbie's ass.

He moaned, hand slowing, stopping, resting against Robbie's belly as the kiss with Vic softened, became nothing more than lips touching, breath sharing. Vic's fingers brushed his temple, the touch sweet. Soft.

With a soft sigh he settled, sharing Robbie's pillow. "Thank you." Robbie cuddled between them, little sounds rich and warm.

Joe wondered if he could stay the night, if the invitation had extended that far. He decided if they wanted to boot him out, they would. So he let his hand roam, sliding on Robbie's skin, on Vic's, enjoying the lazy, sated feeling that held him.

Vic pulled the blanket up around them, eyes half-closed. "Stay?"

Oh. He wasn't just staying because they couldn't bother to kick him out, they wanted him there with them. He moaned softly and nodded. "Yes."

"Goo'." Vic's hand wrapped around his waist, tugged him close to Robbie. "Nigh'."

He seemed to fit perfectly, Vic's hand good holding him.

"Yeah," he murmured. "Good."

Held, warm, happy, he slept with the men who lived what he pretended.

Joe woke up warm and snuggled up close against muscles and heat and a hard cock pressing against his own. Two arms and two legs were tossed over him, keeping him in place.

Two?

Joe blinked, eyes opening.

Oh. Robbie and Vic. Right. The really hot, sexy couple who'd invited him out to dinner and then into bed. They were still sexy in the light of day. Maybe even more sexy.

He could see Vic's ass in the mirrors on the wall, not quite covered by the blankets. He hummed happily and pressed in closer, rubbing against Robbie.

Robbie hummed, stretching against him, eyes blinking open. "Oh. Oh, I overslept."

Joe found a little clock on the other side of the bed and grinned before giving Robbie a long, slow kiss. "Looks like you did, but then I kind of put a monkey wrench into your routine." Maybe they needed a monkey wrench. He certainly had, even if he hadn't known it.

Robbie smiled. "Change is good. Vic taught me that."

Joe rubbed his hips against Robbie, their cocks sliding together, making him moan a little. "Sometimes it's very good."

"Mmmhmm..." Robbie pressed closer, panting. "Don't wake Vic."

"Why not?" he asked, fingers sliding to find Robbie's nipples.

"He wakes up hard. Always does. He needs to ease into it."

"Because of his hearing?" Joe asked. He was curious, he wanted to know about these men, not just fuck them, but learn them.

"Partially, yes. The doctors say it's post-traumatic stress mixed with chronic migraines. He needs caffeine."

"Do you want to go make him his coffee now or can we do this first?" It was one thing to indulge his needs, quite another to do it if one of them was going to hurt because of it.

Robbie looked at the clock, at Vic. "We have twenty minutes. The coffee's on automatic."

"And it'll be okay if we do this without him?" He was still feeling out how things worked between them. Between them and him.

"I think so, but we should make sure." Robbie smiled, blinked slowly. "I wouldn't hurt him for the world."

"We should wait 'til after we wake him then, huh?" He tried to stop rubbing, he honestly did, but Robbie was... well, warm and sexy and special.

"Yeah, probably." Robbie hummed, nodded.

"You're making it hard," Joe moaned, still rubbing, watching Robbie's face.

"It was hard before I woke up."

Joe put his head on Robbie's shoulder and laughed, body shaking. "You know what I meant."

"I couldn't help it. You walked into it." Robbie grinned, eyes twinkling.

He chuckled, the need easing some. "Yeah, I imagine I did."

He started kissing Robbie, long, slow kisses as his fingers explored gently. They could keep busy until the coffee was ready and they woke Vic, right? Robbie smiled, tongue sliding against his, purring and humming. His back was petted, hip stroked.

"Amazing hands," he whispered, licking at Robbie's mouth. "Both of you."

"Thank you. Thank you for coming with us."

"Coming with you was my pleasure," he told Robbie, winking.

The scent of coffee wafted in, Vic moaning. "I need to get his coffee."

"I can go. You can love on him." Joe gave Robbie a last kiss, his hand reaching to slide over Vic's cheek and then he got out of bed, stretching as he watched the lovers.

Robbie turned, hands on Vic's temples, rubbing gently, easing Vic awake.

Smiling, Joe hurried out, following his nose down the hall. The kitchen was modern, efficient in black, white and chrome. Very masculine.

There was an oversized mug, red, next to the coffee maker and a quick check of the cupboards provided him with another, blue. He filled the mugs and then realized he had no clue how Vic took his coffee. He had a hunch though that Vic took it black.

Taking a chance, he left Vic's black, poured a touch of cream from the fridge into his own and carried them back to the bedroom.

Robbie held Vic's head, massaging gently, the look on Vic's face only mildly grumpy. Robbie smiled up at him. "It's a good morning."

Joe chuckled. "As good as waking up can be, huh?"

He put the mugs on the side-table. "What's the sign for good morning?" he asked. If he was going to be a part of their lives, and yeah, he did kind of want to wake up with them again, he figured he should learn how to communicate with Vic.

Robbie stroked his belly, then made a motion like the sun rising. "Good morning."

Joe tried it once and then moved closer so he was sure Vic could see him. "Good morning," he said, making the sign.

Vic smiled, nodded. "Morn."

"Oh, you got a smile. Congratulations."

He grinned and gave Robbie a wink. "Only because you softened him up for me."

Joe sat next to them on the bed and took a sip of his own coffee. It was strong, the pungent aroma rolling up his nose and down his throat. "I made Vic's, but I can go back for cream or sugar if it's needed."

"He takes it black, thanks." Robbie smiled and Vic hummed, drank deep, the dark eyes closing.

"I had a hunch that might be the case."

He reached out to slide his hand along Vic's belly, but stopped before his hand could touch the skin. "Is it okay?" he asked Robbie, not wanting to do anything that would upset Vic's morning. Man, he'd never been so careful before. He guessed he'd never really cared enough to be.

Robbie nodded. "Vic likes touching."

Joe nodded. "Touching is good. Startling isn't." He let his hand drop slowly, fingers moving over the warm muscles of Vic's belly. The man was solid, sexy, and Joe was hoping to be able to take his time to explore in a way he couldn't last night. Vic hummed, eyes closing, just relaxing against Robbie.

"We take mornings very slowly, very carefully," Robbie told him.

"I like the sound of that."

He kept touching Vic, just learning the shape of the man as he leaned toward Robbie, wanting a kiss. Robbie leaned close, lips parted, tongue flicking out to taste him. Joe let himself sink slowly

into the kiss, just their lips touching, and then pressing until their tongue began to twine as well. All the while, Joe's fingers moved on Vic's tempting skin.

Vic started moving against him, rocking carefully, muscles moving under his touch. Moaning into Robbie's mouth, Joe slid his fingers up to play with Vic's nipples. Vic had seemed pretty damned sensitive last night, so he played them carefully, stroking across them.

Robbie smiled when Vic moaned, then pulled away, turning and sliding down Vic's body, lips parted to take in the half-hard cock. Joe groaned, his own cock throbbing at the sight. He kept playing with Vic's nipples, touches a little harder now, pinching a bit. Then he bent and took a kiss from Vic, tasting coffee and Robbie and Vic himself.

Vic's eyes opened, caught his, warm and smiling, seductive and rich as dark chocolate.

Oh. Oh, not bad for a man who didn't do mornings.

Joe moaned, rubbing against Vic like a wanton. There was just something about Vic that made him want to roll over and beg to be fucked.

Robbie's head was bobbing steadily, working Vic for all he was. Groaning, Joe pinched Vic's nipples harder, tongue finding Robbie's rhythm, fucking Vic's mouth. Vic's fingers wrapped around his cock, stroking him off, bringing him along.

Fuck, the man's hands were large, solid and warm. And so fucking sure. The confidence in those hands was such a turn on. He held those brown eyes, staring into them as his hips moved, slid his cock through that amazing hand. Van's thumb slipped up along his shaft, working the tip, making him jerk.

He cried out and started moving faster, teeth sinking into Vic's bottom lip, nipping it and then tugging it between his own lips. Vic groaned, purring into his mouth. Fuck it was sexy, to see someone so fucking strong give it up for him.

He pushed harder into Vic's hand, hips just rocking him. His own hand dropped to Robbie's head, feeling around until he found Robbie's mouth, stretched around Vic's cock. Robbie was bobbing, sucking, purring as his finger was taken in.

Oh, fuck. His finger and Vic's cock, both being sucked on, loved by Robbie's mouth. He felt his orgasm coming, barreling down on him. Vic groaned, fingers squeezing tight, working him.

His cry pushed into Vic's mouth as he came, his whole body shuddering.

Robbie stilled, swallowing, drinking Vic down. Then the beautiful man crawled up between them, begging. "Please. Please, love. I need."

Joe groaned. Fuck, that was beautiful, the sound of need in Robbie's voice addictive. He wanted to fuck Robbie while Vic watched, show the top that he wasn't just a bottom. Or rather that he was just a bottom for Vic.

"Make him come." Vic leaned back, relaxing, petting Robbie's belly.

Joe leaned in to kiss Vic hard. "Thank you," he murmured against Vic's lips. "Thank you," he repeated so Vic could see his lips.

Then he grinned at Robbie. "You want it on your back or your stomach?"

"Want to be able to kiss Vic."

"Hands and knees over him then." He reached for the lube on the side table, watching Robbie get in place.

Vic's hands landed on Robbie's ass, spreading him wide, showing off the tight, wrinkled hole. Joe groaned, fingers sliding along Robbie's crack. The man was fucking hot, in both senses of the word. Vic kept giving Robbie slow, drugging kisses, Robbie's hips tilting for him.

He got his fingers slicked up and pushed two into Robbie, groaning at the heat, at the way Robbie rode them so eagerly. His cock throbbed, getting good and hard again. Robbie was eager, hungry, pushing back against him again and again. He slid his free hand along Robbie's back, feeling the man's spine move, his muscles working. It was fucking beautiful and he was a part of it.

"Ready?" he asked, leaned back up to the side table for a condom.

Robbie nodded, moaning low. "Yes. Yes, please. Want so bad."

"You and me both, Robbie."

He got the condom on and ran his hands over Robbie's ass, stroking Vic's fingers before lining his cock up with that sweet little hole. Robbie was hot, burning against him, holding him tight. Vic's fingertips stroked his shaft, petting him through the rubber all the way in.

Fuck, they were an amazing one-two punch and thank God he'd already come or it would have been all over. He sank all the way in until he was buried in deep.

Vic swallowed Robbie's cry, the kiss hard and wild, making Robbie tighten all around him. Groaning, he started to move, long, slow thrusts that slid the top of his cock over Robbie's gland. It was beautiful, the way the long spine rippled, the dull flush working its way up.

He stroked Robbie's back before curling his hands around Robbie's hips and holding on, pulling Robbie back onto his cock. Oh, man. Robbie was a beautiful fuck, hot and tight and wanton, deep sounds fed right to Vic.

He slid one hand around Robbie's middle, finding Vic's hand already on the long cock. "Oh fuck. Yeah." Robbie nodded, moaned, ass squeezing him tight.

He met Vic's eyes, the two of them working Robbie's cock together. He didn't know if Robbie would come without Vic's order, but he sped his thrusts, wanting it to drag him over as well when Robbie came.

Vic met his eyes, smiling, nodding. "Goo' Joe. Goo'."

He grinned a little wildly. "Yeah. Good." He thrust harder, faster, Robbie's body clinging to his cock.

Vic lifted Robbie's chin, their eyes meeting, silent, but communicating. A shiver went along his spine, that communication, that intensity still drawing him to them, into them.

"Close. Close, Joe. I'm gonna..." Robbie jerked, heat spraying against Vic, over their hands.

Joe cried out as Robbie's body squeezed him tight, pulling his own orgasm from him. He filled the condom, body shuddering with the strength of it.

They slumped together, all three of them, panting and humming and holding. He pressed kisses to Robbie's back, fingers searching out flesh, Robbie's, Vic's, it didn't matter, as long as he touched them.

Vic's fingers wrapped with his, squeezing tight, those dark eyes all lit up as they watched him. He squeezed back, smiling at Vic, hoping the man could read his eyes, could see his happiness at being there, being included, at being with *them*.

Robbie hummed, settling in close. "Oh. Oh, that felt so good."

He arranged himself next to them. "Yeah. Yeah. Hey, what's the sign for good?"

Robbie put his hand to his lips and moved it to his waiting hand.

"Of course -- the beginning of good morning. Thanks." He smiled and made the sign for Vic and Robbie both.

Vic nodded, Robbie leaning for a kiss. "Yeah."

He hummed, mouth meeting Robbie's, their tongues sliding lazily together. Vic's hand cupped his head, held them together. Oh yeah, approval from Vic was almost as good a feeling as the kisses.

They all just slumped against the mattress, cuddling together, breathing slow. Joe wasn't sure what was going to happen next, but he hoped he was a part of it.

For now he just enjoyed being a part of the now.

Chapter Two

Joe was on fire.

Boy Rose was bent over a leather covered sawhorse, hands and feet tied to the base while Joe worked him over with a flogger.

He was having a good night, fueled by last weekend's experience with Vic and Robbie. The guys had let him stick around until Sunday afternoon, and they'd spent most of it in bed, some of it feeding each other, Vic and Robbie teaching him signing.

He'd hated leaving, but he finally had.

So everything he'd learned and experienced and seen that weekend was going into his performance, making it real. Boy Rose was loving it, just writhing and crying out and begging for more.

And then, out of the corner of his eye, while he'd been circling Boy Rose, he'd seen them. Two well-built men sitting at the bar, wearing jeans and t-shirts that showed off all their muscles. Quietly watching him.

That had just fueled him and now he was putting on a show specifically for them.

His arm gave out before Boy Rose could safeword and he undid the buckles on the cuffs, giving Boy a wink, getting a high on endorphins smile in return. Oh yeah, he was on fire tonight.

They took their bows and he slapped Boy Rose's ass, sending him to the back.

"You not coming with?" Boy Rose asked.

Grinning, Joe shook his head. "Gonna get a drink first."

Boy looked over at the bar and then chuckled, the sound low, husky. "Good luck."

"Thanks, man. Good show tonight."

"Oh, I should be thanking *you* for that." Boy Rose gave him a wink and headed out, the welts on his back dark.

Joe headed over to the bar, sitting one stool over from the sexy pair of studs. "Vodka, neat," he told Mike.

Robbie smiled over, Vic nodding. Those eyes -- both sets -- burned through him.

He smiled back and signed. "Hello."

Fuck, they were as sexy as ever. Sexier, now that he knew them.

"You looked good tonight." Robbie smiled, fingers graceful, fine. "Hot."

He glanced over at Vic, seeing the approval in his eyes. "Thanks," he answered, signing it to include Vic as well.

Vic nodded, hand on Robbie's arm. "Are you 'ungry?" Vic's voice was low, rough, scratchy.

He loved it though, loved that Vic was making the attempt to speak to him. And he loved that they were here, picking him up again with the same lines. "Yeah. Starving."

Vic's eyes lit up, warmed, and Robbie clapped, eyes dancing. "You want enchiladas again?"

A full repeat. Fucking A. "Yeah. Sure. I'm easy." He winked. He was going to have to find out what the sign for 'I'm easy' was.

Robbie laughed, right hand circling his left. Vic grinned, nodded, repeating the sign. Joe actually blushed, but he was laughing, too and he copied the sign and then pointed to himself.

"You want me to go get changed?" He was wearing his black leather pants and a white t-shirt, and he was hot and sweaty and liked it.

Vic shook his head. "'s good."

He smiled and made the sign for good. Yeah, it was.

Mike handed him his drink and he took a couple of sips. He wasn't really interested in it though, he was high on the performance, and on the men with him. He put the glass down. "I'm ready."

Vic stood, hand on Robbie's back, turning the pretty sub to offer him a kiss. He beamed at Vic and then moved in, hand sliding along Robbie's waist as he stepped closer. Their mouths closed together and he parted Robbie's lips with his tongue. Robbie moaned, arching against him, sweet and eager.

He enjoyed the kiss, the flavors of Robbie's mouth, the way he could taste a hint of Vic in there, too. Groaning, he squeezed Robbie's waist and then backed off a bit. With the adrenaline flowing through him, it would be so easy to get carried away. Licking his lips, he took a step back, eyes flicking from Robbie's to Vic's.

Vic nodded, smiled at him, then nodded toward the door. Robbie took his hand, grinning. "Vic's not feeling great. I think he's hoping you'll keep me busy tonight."

"Oh?" Squeezing Robbie's hand, he looked at Vic and spoke carefully. "What's wrong?"

Vic touched his head, his ear, waving the question off.

"Are you sure we should go out for dinner?" He asked, letting Robbie's hand go so the man could translate. "We could pick something up on the way."

"Oh, what a grand idea! We could hit the deli, chicken soup and big sandwiches." Robbie bounced, nodded, Vic glowering a bit.

"Well, that's fine by me." Of course the big bad top didn't look like he liked the idea. Joe nudged Robbie's hip and nodded toward Vic.

Robbie's hands moved, quick and sure, Vic signing back, both of them arguing quickly.

"What's he saying?" Joe asked, frustrated at not being able to be a part of the conversation. He needed to learn more than a few signs.

"He's angry about not feeling well. He's got a terrible headache and knows I've been hoping to see you." Robbie's eyes were solemn, quiet. "He hates feeling weak."

"Then let's make him feel strong." He turned toward Vic and spoke clearly. "Could we hit the deli instead of a restaurant? I don't mean to be forward, but I'd rather be alone with you guys."

Vic searched his eyes, tension ratcheting up for a minute, then easing. "Yes. Soup."

"Thank you, Vic. I appreciate it." He smiled, looking from one to the other. "I'm hungrier for you both than for food."

Robbie beamed, fingers squeezing his in thanks. "Well, we wouldn't want you to run out of energy."

He grinned. "No, that would be bad. But I don't need to be wined and dined, tonight. Just fed. And from your fingers... that would more than fill me. If it's allowed," he added, smiling at Vic.

Vic nodded, moving them out the door, quiet, strong, sure.

He walked tall as they left together, fucking proud to be with these two, that they came back for him again. Not to mention eager. He was more than a little eager.

The truck was parked practically in the same place and he climbed up, Robbie sitting between them this time. He put a hand on Robbie's thigh. "Is this okay?"

Vic signed 'okay' and Robbie cuddled in, whispering. "I'm glad you wanted to come back."

"I'm glad you wanted me to." He squeezed Robbie's leg and reached to rub Vic's a bit, trying not to distract the man while he started up the truck and pulled out.

"Does he have the headaches often?" Joe asked quietly.

Robbie nodded. "More often than I'd like, you know?"

"That must be hard on both of you." He squeezed Robbie's thigh again, not knowing what else to say. It wasn't his place to pry too far, to ask if Vic was seeing a doctor about the headaches. Maybe one day it would be his place. He liked to think them coming for him again this weekend was a sign.

He got a smile, Robbie leaning over for a kiss. "We manage. We do okay."

Vic pulled out of the parking lot, fingers on Robbie's other leg, fingertips stroking Joe's knuckles. They were quiet on the drive over to the all-night deli, but it was a peaceful quiet, all of them connected by touch.

Vic pulled into the parking lot and Joe leaned forward so Vic could see his lips while he spoke. "Are we all going in?"

Vic shook his head. "You an' Rob. I'll wai'."

Robbie chuckled. "I know what Vic likes, Joe."

Yeah, Joe wasn't surprised to hear that. Nodding, he got out and Robbie joined him, the two of them going into the surprisingly crowded deli. "I can't believe there's so many people here this late."

"Best chicken garlic soup on Earth." Robbie grinned, waving to one random couple, then another. "And the Reuben sandwiches? To die for."

Joe chuckled. "You and Vic are here often. And those sound good. Can we get some bread and butter as well -- I haven't seen a nice multi-grain with seeds like that one in ages. It looks really fresh, too." The smell of bread baking was making him hungry.

"Sure. Anything you want. Everything's good. Well, except for the chicken salad. It has raisins."

"Oh, I like raisins. I take it you don't?" He grinned and grabbed a carton of orange juice for the morning, deciding to think positive. After all, they had him stay the whole weekend last time. "Without pulp okay?"

"I hate raisins. Vic eats raisin bran just to drive me crazy." Robbie winked, grinned. "Without pulp and I'll get danish for tomorrow."

Joe laughed and picked up a package of homemade butter tarts that were full of raisins. "You think Vic would like these?" he teased.

Robbie's nose wrinkled, the laugh sweet, warm. Fond. "He'd love them. Bitch."

Chuckling, Joe decided to keep them. It had been just a tease, but Joe found himself wanting to please Vic. To please them both. "What about some of these lemon tarts for you? Oh, are those raspberry ones?"

"Oooh. Are there? I love berries..." Robbie pressed against his side, warm and strong and sweet-smelling.

"Yeah, there are." He reached around Robbie to get the package of raspberry tarts, face pressing against Robbie's neck in the process, letting him breathe that scent in deeply.

He pressed a kiss against Robbie's skin before backing off a bit and offering a warm smile.

"Anything else we need?"

"Not that we can get here, no." Robbie was a little flushed, lips parted, eyes lit up.

"Oh." He purred, licking his own lips and swallowing. "Let's go get the sandwiches and soup and pay for this then so we can go find what we need in the truck."

"And so he can find us."

Everything was bagged up and paid for, Vic watching them as they made their way to the truck. He felt the moment Robbie saw Vic and he smiled, loving the way there was a palpable bond between them. It was sexy as anything.

He followed Robbie up into the truck, watching as they greeted each other. The kiss was deep and slow, the passion between them just burning. Joe moaned, the sound just coming up out of his throat, pulled up by their passion. He reached out, fingers sliding on Robbie's back, touching Vic's hand, making himself a part of it.

Vic's fingers twined with his, holding on. Moaning, he leaned in and kissed the man's knuckles. Vic was more spicy where Robbie'd been sweet, but still good and a perfect match to his mate's flavors.

"Le's go home." Vic brushed his lips, fingers warm, smooth. "Hungry."

"Yeah. Starving." He grinned, meeting Vic's eyes, knowing neither of them meant for food.

He settled in his seat, hand going back to Robbie's thigh. Robbie chuckled, settling between them with a happy sound. It was good, the smells of the food, of Vic and Robbie, the sound of their breathing. It felt good, going home with them.

It took a little longer to get to the house than it had taken to get to the deli, but Joe didn't mind. By the time they pulled into the driveway, Robbie's fingers were sliding up and down the seam inside his thigh. He almost didn't want to get out of the truck, except his cock was getting damned uncomfortable in the tight pants and he wanted easier access to all those muscles.

He squeezed Robbie's leg and gave them both a smile. Man, the anticipation would have been enough to make him hard, even without the sweet touches from Robbie.

They managed to get the food in, Vic snagging a raisin danish first thing, avoiding Robbie's slight swat. Joe laughed and helped Robbie put away the food, none of them making a pretence at wanting more than a quick bite to tide them over.

Joe cut them each a thick slice of the bread, spreading on the garlic and chive butter they'd picked up. He handed one each to Robbie and Vic. "That'll stick to our ribs and keep us from getting hungry."

Vic signed quickly, Robbie laughing hard. "He says we all better have the garlic or we'll offend ourselves."

"Oh, man, I didn't even think of that!" He made sure they each had a bite of theirs before eating his own -- there was no way he was going to miss out on kisses.

The food was good, the taste of anticipation even better and he ate quickly, which would have been rude if he'd been the only one. It didn't take long before Robbie pushed close, stole a bite of his bread, pretty green eyes dancing.

"Oh, do you want something?" he asked, laughing softly, fingers sliding to hold Robbie's hip.

"No. I want lots of things. I'm greedy."

Vic chuckled, nodded as Robbie signed, then went to get a beer from the refrigerator.

"I want a lot of things, too." He nodded, fingers squeezing Robbie's hip. "I guess we're both greedy."

He wanted to see them in passion again. He wanted to be a part of them again.

"All three of us are. Kiss me?"

His eyes flicked to Vic. "I want to. Am I allowed?"

Vic nodded. "Make him feel goo'."

He smiled and nodded back and then turned to Robbie. Taking Robbie's face in his hands, he tilted Robbie's head and brought their lips together, letting Robbie feel all his hunger, his need. Robbie pushed toward him, warm and wanton, close and needy

He let one hand slide down to cup Robbie's ass, pulling the man closer still as he deepened the kiss, tongue pushing into Robbie's mouth. Robbie melted against him, eyes closed, heart pounding. He rubbed their hips together, groaning into Robbie's mouth as their cocks met through too many layers of cloth.

He tried to push his hand down the back of Robbie's jeans, but they were too tight and he could only tease his fingertips in. He stroked the top of Robbie's crack, letting his fingernails scrape over the skin.

"Oh, yes. Please. Joe. I... Please." Robbie whimpered, tongue sliding against his. "More."

"Are you always this pushy?" he asked, grinning, nipping at Robbie's bottom lip. God, the man was sexy.

"Always." Robbie laughed. "Especially when I've been teased all day."

"Oh, ho." He looked over at Vic and grinned. "You dog, you."

Vic winked, leaned against the wall. "Woof."

Laughing, he pulled Robbie back to him, taking that sweet mouth again. He could feel Vic's eyes on them and that made it hotter, sexier.

Robbie rocked against him, cock hard and hot against his thigh, through both layers of denim. Joe was torn between dragging the man to the bed and continuing the teasing Vic'd started. Groaning, he started slowly sliding Robbie's t-shirt up.

"Want." Robbie's arms went up, nipples red and swollen, bruised.

"Oh. Oh, look at you." He slid the t-shirt up and over Robbie's head, letting it get caught up around Robbie's wrists. "I bet they're sensitive." Grinning, he flicked one with a fingertip.

Robbie whimpered, pulled away, heat just pouring off the strong body. Bending, Joe took one of Robbie's nipples into his mouth, sucking strongly.

"I... Oh. Oh, fuck. Please." Robbie arched, shoulders hitting the refrigerator.

He bit and licked at the nipple, fingers dragging along Robbie's sides, the skin hot and silky. Then he moved to the other one, nipping eagerly at it. He swore he could taste Vic on them.

Robbie was like a firecracker, hot and needy, burning against him. "Good. Good, Joe. Your mouth. Oh, Vic. Love."

"You're so fucking hot, so sexy." He moved from one nipple to the other, biting, licking, sucking. His hips pushed against Robbie's thigh, rubbing.

"Vic did it. Drove me crazy. All day."

"He got you all revved up for me. I'm going to have to remember to thank him later." He rubbed Robbie's nipples with his thumbs, mouth moving down to swirl around Robbie's navel.

"Yes. Promised me we'd find you. Go watch you again."

Joe groaned, pulled the t-shirt off Robbie's arms and then fumbled with the button on Robbie's jeans. He was eager to see if Vic had left him a surprise in Robbie's pants, too.

Mmm. Bound. Hard. Shaved. Leaking. Just perfect.

He groaned and looked over at Vic. "You are a true master."

Then he turned back to the feast in front of him and tried to decide where he was going to start.

Robbie stretched, arching for him. "He's glorious. Evil. Maddening."

"Look how beautiful you are. You shine for him." He nuzzled at Robbie's balls, tongue coming out to lick the soft, hairless sacs.

"Oh..." Robbie smiled, the look transforming him.

Joe groaned, and took one of Robbie's balls into his mouth, tugging and sucking. His hands moved over Robbie's skin, avoiding the bound cock in favor of stroking Robbie's belly and teasing the abused little nipples. Robbie cried out, hips pumping, balls drawing up as those nipples went tight.

Joe hummed happily, releasing Robbie's ball and taking the other one into his mouth. They were so hot, Robbie's skin like heated silk.

"Oh. Oh, Vic. Love. Please. You're so far away." Robbie's fingers were flying, Vic's chuckle deep.

Joe nodded. "Tell him it isn't the same without him. Can't have the sweet without the spice."

He peppered Robbie's hips with kisses, eyes on the strong, beautiful hands as they moved, speaking to Vic for him. Vic moaned, moved closer, Robbie's cry triumphant.

Groaning, Joe reached out to touch Vic with one hand as he started licking Robbie's cock, exploring the heat, the salt leaking from it. They'd need a condom in a minute, but for now, he took in the tip and sucked, teasing a few more drops from it.

"Oh. Oh, Joe. That... Hot. Oh." Fuck, Robbie was hot, even when the soft cries were muffled by Vic's mouth. In fact maybe that made him even hotter.

Joe went down on Robbie's cock, taking as much of it in as he could, and then wrapped his hand around the base, sucking and stroking, humming around the hot flesh. Robbie's fingers stroked through his hair, petting him, caressing him. Connecting them all. His head bobbed as he worked to make Robbie feel good. He could feel Robbie and Vic's pleasure, their need.

Whimpering, he finally pulled off and licked his lips. "Condom?" he asked. Man, there was a sign he needed to learn in a hurry.

"Vic's pocket. Please. Please, Joe." Robbie was shaking, fucking the air.

He kissed the tip of Robbie's prick and then rubbed his cheek against the bulge in Vic's pants as he reached into Vic's pocket. Bingo. He worked the condom slowly out, letting Vic feel it.

Oh, a man could live days on Vic's moan.

Days.

He opened his mouth over the head of Vic's cock, soaking the material of Vic's jeans as he worked on opening the condom wrapper.

"Joe." Oh, Vic pushed close, prick moving against his lips.

He turned and took Robbie into his mouth, head bobbing a few times, just to make sure he was still up. Then he turned back to Vic and undid the button on his pants. "Please," he asked, looking up at Vic.

Those dark met his, quiet and sure. Needy. Wanton. "Yes."

Moaning, he used his teeth to undo the zipper, nose dragging along Vic's cock as it pushed out. No underwear. "Oh, fuck."

Robbie's hand wrapped around the thick shaft, tugging once, the clear drop that formed at the tip a temptation. One he couldn't resist, just as he couldn't resist it from Robbie. His tongue flicked out, the taste of Vic sharp and spicy, so good.

Groaning, he wrapped his lips around the head of Vic's cock and sucked strongly, searching for more of that flavor. He wanted just a drop or two more before he put on the latex. Vic grunted, hips rocking, pushing into him. He opened wide, swallowing hard as Vic's cock hit the back of his throat. Humming, he pulled off a bit and then went back down again. Wanting more of those moans.

"Oh. Oh, I've never seen... Beautiful." Robbie was almost sobbing, pretty green eyes burning down.

Joe hummed, unaccountably pleased. He sucked harder, meeting Robbie's eyes, and then Vic's. Vic groaned, pushed deep, cock filling his throat. He took it, he wanted it, wanted more, wanted everything that Vic would give him.

Robbie knelt down, mouth joining his, tongue sliding on Vic's balls. Groaning, he shuddered. Oh, fuck that was sexy. He reached for Robbie, connection against the warm shoulder and stroking, holding as they worked Vic.

They shared long, deep kisses, mouths playing over Vic's skin, Vic's cock. It was so good, the sweet of Robbie's mouth joining with spice of Vic's skin, his pre-come.

Joe found himself snapping his hips, his own body on fire though he hadn't been touched. Robbie's hand found his fly, and the heel of that hand rubbed his cock. He groaned, hips pushing -- it was as if Robbie had read his mind.

He focused on Robbie's mouth for a moment, saying thank you as his fingers worked the condom down Vic's cock.

Robbie nodded, smiling against his lips, eyes warm. "It's good."

"Yeah." Yeah, it was. More than good. He licked at Robbie's lips and then turned his head again, licking at the tip of Vic's cock before opening wide and swallowing Vic down.

Vic hollered, the sound loud and shocking, arousing, delicious. It made him work harder, made him suck harder, mouth slipping and sliding along Vic's prick. Vic fucked his mouth, hips bucking, jerking furiously, just taking him.

Such confidence and need was heady and he moaned, hand sliding around Vic's hip and encouraging the movements. He wanted to make Vic come, wanted to make him feel good. His own hips were busy, pushing his cock through Robbie's hand.

They worked together, hips and mouths and hands and damn. Damn, it was good. Hot.

He held onto Vic with one hand, Robbie with the other, just working Vic's cock with everything he had. Soon, it had to be soon, he wanted Vic to come before he lost it himself.

Vic arched, bucking, pushing deep. "Oh..."

Yes, yes. Give. He swirled his tongue around the heat of Vic's cock, his eyes rolling in his skull as his orgasm barreled down on him, hard and fast. Vic's cock throbbed on his tongue, heat filling the condom, the deep cry ringing out. It was that cry that pushed him over the edge and he spilled over Robbie's hand, still sucking strongly.

Robbie nuzzled the join of his neck and throat, just humming away. "Oh. Oh, good."

He pulled slowly off Vic's cock and got rid of the condom. "Yes, very good."

He grinned, feeling good, revved up and ready to start all over again. "I bet you're wanting pretty hard by now."

"Uh-huh. Please. *Please.*" Oh, man. Wanton was a great look on Robbie.

He looked up at Vic. Oh, yeah, satisfaction didn't look so bad on Vic either. "He's begging," Joe told Vic, waiting for permission.

"Help him." Vic nodded, smiling down at Robbie with warmth, love.

"My pleasure." He found the pocket of Vic's jeans about halfway to the man's knees and fished around in it for another condom.

"Stand back up," he told Robbie.

He let his tongue drag from Robbie's collarbone down along the muscled chest to all the way to navel as Robbie slowly obeyed him. Robbie whimpered, leaning against Vic, cock swollen and dark, tip dripping. He licked it again, just to remind himself of the flavor, and then reluctantly slipped the condom on it. Humming a little, he leaned in and took Robbie in. He would suck a little bit before he undid the cock-ring.

"Oh. Oh. Oh, God. Please. You're hot. Good." The words just bubbled out, poured over him, so desperate. It made him feel good, feel strong and sexy and wanted.

Sucking harder, he worked the snap open on the cock ring and let it drop to the floor, his fingers moving to roll Robbie's balls.

"Oh. I can't. Let me. Please. Vic."

"Up to 'im, Rob."

"*Please, Joe!*" God, that sound made him feel powerful. He sucked harder, head just bobbing like mad.

Finally he let go of Rob's balls and pushed a finger in behind them, teasing it around Robbie's hole. He nodded. Now. Robbie could come now.

Robbie shot with a scream, cock throbbing, ass squeezing him so tight it almost hurt. His eyes flew to Robbie's face, watching the pleasure chase across the handsome face.

Glancing at Vic, he grinned around the prick in his mouth. Vic was watching Robbie, too. Joe had a feeling it was a habit for the man. A habit he wanted to form himself.

He kept sucking, the motion of his head slowing as he pulled out every last bit of pleasure he could.

Robbie slumped, Vic catching him, cradling the man in strong arms. "Oh, God."

Joe stood slowly and smiled at them, reaching out to touch them, fingers sliding on their skin. "You're both amazing. Thank you for coming for me again."

Robbie blinked over. "Wanted you. Bad."

He smiled, nodded. "I think I know the feeling."

Leaning in, he took a kiss from Robbie and then one from Vic, and he felt like a goof, but he couldn't stop smiling.

"You guys are... you make me feel amazing."

Vic signed, 'good' and then 'bed'.

"Oh, yes, please." He felt like he could go all night long. Or just sleep holding them. He was easy.

Hell, when it came to these two he was very easy.

Chapter Three

Joe was growing to hate Sundays.

Or at least Sunday afternoons.

This was the fourth one in a row that found him at Vic and Robbie's, making "I guess I should be going" noises.

And he did have to go -- he had to go to work tomorrow.

And the next day and the next and then on Friday he had to work at the club and if the pattern held, Vic and Robbie would be waiting for him at the bar by the time he and Baby Rose were finished their show.

All in all, the anticipation made everything finer come Friday night and the weekends rocked. But Sunday afternoons and needing to think about heading home sucked.

Of course he didn't have to go before making love some more.

He grinned and touched Vic's shoulder, pulling the man's attention away from Robbie's mouth.

"I'm still here," he signed.

Vic chuckled, nodding, signing back. "I noticed that."

He mock-pouted. "Kisses," he signed, making the motions emphatic, hoping that would seem demanding. He loved teasing Vic. Loved the way the man would rise to the challenge.

Vic fluttered his eyelashes, playing, pointing to himself. Laughing, Joe pounced, taking giving Vic a good, hard kiss. Vic's arms wrapped around him, hands landing on his ass and squeezing tight, pulling him closer.

God, he just loved how Vic made him feel sexy and safe and so fucking good. Vic's arms were one of the best places on earth to be.

Snuggled up to Robbie made a close second.

He slid his tongue into Vic's mouth, making a fucking motion with it, hips circling, rubbing his prick against Vic's thigh. Robbie came up behind him, fingers sliding up along his spine, rubbing and petting and making him feel good.

He moaned, rubbing harder as half-playing turned serious and focused. Soft lips brushed his shoulder, harder lips wrapping around his tongue and pulling hard. Whimpering, he let them have him, let them take him into pleasure. The contrast of hard and soft was intoxicating and spoke to their personalities, their needs.

Something was draped around his neck, then Robbie's hands moved down between him and Vic, opening their slacks. He tried to see what Robbie'd given him, but Vic wouldn't stop kissing, stop moving him.

He gave himself over to the kisses, to Vic's hands on him, moving him. He'd know when Vic chose for him to know.

Robbie's tongue slid down his spine, nipping his back, his hip. It made him shudder and shake, pushing back into Robbie's hot mouth. Robbie's hands spread him, Vic's hand working his cock, giving him something to push against. He whimpered, Robbie's mouth on his ass something he'd come to love, want, maybe even need.

Vic leaned back, giving him all of that broad chest, that heat to lean against. He ran his hands along Vic's skin, grinning at the way the hairs tickled against his palms. His mouth found one of Vic's nipples, tongue teasing the sensitive tip.

Oh, man, he loved Vic's cries, so deep, so incredibly raw and needy and uninhibited.

It made him work all the harder to earn more, his own hips just moving, sawing his cock against Vic's hand and pushing back insistently toward Robbie's mouth. So far he'd been denied that magic tongue and it had him whimpering around Vic's nipple. When Robbie finally gave it to him, tongue pushing deep and fucking him, it was like magic.

He cried out, eyes rolling in his skull. It felt like there was electricity flying up his spine and vibrating in his balls, in his cock. Robbie fucked him, over and over, Vic touching him, letting him fuck that huge, square hand.

He was in fucking heaven. Heaven.

He just kept rocking between them, whimpering and moaning and letting them blow his mind.

Vic nudged his face up, their eyes meeting. "Our Joe."

He froze, everything fading away but the look in Vic's eyes and the rough words still ringing in his ears. "Oh."

Then he nodded as everything came slamming back: Robbie's tongue in his ass, Vic's hand around his prick, the two bodies sandwiching him between them. "Yes. Yes, yours. Yours and Robbie's."

"Yes." Vic nodded, kissed him hard enough his eyes rolled.

Whimpering, he rocked between them, Vic's words still echoing in his head. It was all huge, the pressure, the heat, the knowledge that he was wanted there. So fucking huge.

"Oh, now! Vic, now!" He shuddered, crying out again as he came hard.

Vic held him close as he came down, Robbie warm and close against his back. He stroked Vic's skin and reached back to pet Robbie as well, just wanting to touch, to keep them all as connected as possible.

"You good, Joe?" Robbie's voice was soft, low.

He nodded. "Yeah. A little stunned. But yeah. I'm good. Really good."

"Cool." Robbie hummed softly, rubbing against him, Vic reaching around to pet Robbie.

He'd have offered to move, to let Vic and Robbie get at each other, but he felt so good where he was. And he was beginning to believe that he was truly a part of them now. Besides, Vic was never shy about saying what he wanted.

He could feel Robbie's hands moving, Vic chuckling. Then Robbie's lips nuzzled his neck, brushing against something hanging there. He blinked, then remembered Robbie slipping something on him earlier. He looked down, mouth dropping open at the sight of a house key sitting on the silver chain around his neck.

"Oh. Is this..."

Vic nodded. "Home, yeah?"

"Oh." He nodded, words failing him. He hadn't realized how much he wanted it until it was handed to him.

Finally he just signed 'thank you' and 'home'.

Robbie cuddled close. "Yeah. Yeah, home. Love you, Joe. We do."

He looked to Vic and saw the truth in Vic's eyes.

"Me, too." He nodded and carefully made the sign for 'love you'. "Me, too."

Vic smiled, touched the key, his heart. "Stay?"

He laid his hand over Vic's and reached back for Robbie's, holding it in place with his other hand. "Yes."

Robbie's happy cry was echoed in Vic's eyes. Warm. Laughing. Home.

End

Scene for Three

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