



Chapter One

The table was set for three, the oven turned down to warm as the pork chops and potatoes were done, and Dick rinsed the last dish he'd used making supper.

He chuckled. Rig sure had him well-trained.

Dick frowned as he heard the news come on in the living room. It couldn't possibly be six o'clock already -- it was Rig's early day and he should have been home ages ago. In fact he should have been home long before supper was finished cooking.

He dried his hands and headed out to lean against Rock's battered armchair. He and Rig had tried to replace it last Christmas. The new Lazy-boy was now in residence in Rig's office, Rock's favorite chair still taking place of pride in the living room.

Fuck, but Rock looked good, hair freshly cut into its customary high and tight, white t-shirt hugging every damned muscle, and there were plenty of them.

"Rig's late," Dick pointed out.

The bluest eyes he'd ever known turned up to him, and Rock nodded toward the TV. "Probably stuck in traffic; there was a hell of a wreck."

He frowned, nodded. Jesus, there must have been eight cars in the pileup, including a semi-truck and a...

He frowned deeper.

A white Jeep.

A smoking, crumpled, shattered white Jeep with a navy blue roll bar and white-walled tires and a really fucking familiar bumper sticker on the back that used to say "We Love You Uncle Alex" that was just visible on the Hi-Def.

His hand shot out to Rock's shoulder, holding on tight as the image of Rig's Jeep burned into his retinas. His fingers curled into Rock's muscle, his stomach dropping somewhere to the region of his toes. "Oh, fuck."

Rock was absolutely still, absolutely quiet for what felt like a long time. Hours maybe. Days. A year. The moment stretched and stretched and then Rock growled, "No."

"That was..." he couldn't say it. He hadn't felt like this since... the night they'd received a phone call in the middle of the night telling them their Rig was in the hospital.

"No." The word was repeated and Rock surged up, turning on him, eyes burning into his. "No."

"Okay. Okay, he isn't. It wasn't." Fuck.

"That's right." Rock grabbed his arm and started for the door. "Come on."

He didn't have to ask where they were going; there was only one place they could be. With Rig. No matter what.

The sky was so damned blue, just like always. The sun shone, a salty breeze coming off the ocean...

Rock opened the driver's side door of his car and Dick shook his head. "No, I'll drive."

"I don't think so."

Dick snorted. "It's my car, big guy, and we're not going to do Rig one damned bit of good if you wreck us between here and the accident, so give me the damned keys and get in on the other side."

He was almost shocked when Rock handed the keys over and got in on the passenger side without a word. It put a fist in his stomach, that easy acquiescence. Closing his eyes, he took a few deep breaths, letting the smell and the sounds ground him for a moment.

"Get in the fucking car and drive." Rock was nothing if not a man of action, and the growl got Dick moving again.

They hit traffic as soon as they got to the highway, and Dick could feel Rock growing more and more tense beside him.

Leaning over, Rock leaned on the horn, and Dick knocked his hand away. "That's not going to help."

"Go onto the shoulder."

He was about to protest, but there was a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, and it was getting stronger. He could see the images from the TV, flashing over and over again in his head. The Jeep had been totaled. Fucking totaled. Like, a miracle to walk away from totaled.

Dick turned onto the shoulder and went as fast as he dared, knuckles white as he gripped the steering wheel. They went as far as they could before ditching the car and walking toward the mess of cars snarled together. The scene was a zoo, and they made for where the big semi and the Jeep were sharing the same twisted space, easily getting past the state trooper who was busy trying to keep the traffic moving. It smelled of diesel and smoke, burned rubber and, perversely, the salt off the ocean.

"Rig!" Rock's deep voice carried, and Dick added his own shouts, starting to run as they got closer to the Jeep. They were just starting to mark the area with yellow tape.

A big patrolman stepped up in front of them, hands raised. "Whoa! Whoa! You can't come in here!"

Rock started to go around the man like he wasn't even there, still calling for Rig, the angry growl hiding a world of fear.

"The man in the Jeep -- has he been rescued yet?" Dick asked. "Is he okay?" He thought he was going to be sick as he waited for an answer. There was glass everywhere, twisted metal. It looked... devastating.

The patrolman's attention was split, and for a moment Dick thought he was going to go after Rock instead of answering. "In the Jeep? Sir, all the victims have been transported to the hospital."

Dick's phone started vibrating at his hip, startling him. His eyes found Rock, arguing with another patrolman closer to the accident, as he answered the phone. "What?"

"Dick? Pretty? I'm going to be late. I tried the house, but no one answered." Rig sounded breathless, flustered as all hell. "I'm real busy right now, but I'll call back, okay?"

"Rig? Oh, fuck, Rig!" A wave of pure shock went through him, and he sat down, sudden and hard. "Is that really you?"

"No, it's an impersonator. Dick, I've got to go, We've got an ER full of people. There was an accident and I stopped to help. Left my fucking Jeep and everything. I just wanted to tell y'all I'll be late."

"I know. We saw the accident on... You weren't in the Jeep when it got crushed. Oh fuck." He couldn't breathe, and he was shaking just a bit, relief heavy.

Oh, fuck, Rock. "Rock! He's okay! Rock!" he shouted, looking for the big guy.

The line went dead, the mangled Jeep suddenly a whole lot less horrifying, and the blue sky a hell of a lot bluer. He shoved his phone back into the holder and jumped up, ducking around the patrolman he'd been talking to and heading for Rock, almost lightheaded now. "Leave the officer alone, Rock. I just talked to Rig; he's at the hospital. He's okay. He's okay."

He got a sharp, hard look and he nodded, laughter bubbling up out of him.

"Told you." Grinning, Rock took him into a tight, hard hug, turning it into giving him a noogie before making a beeline back toward the car.

"Where are we going?" He almost had to run to keep up.

"The hospital. If he's not on death's door, I'm going to beat him to death."

"He's fine. He wasn't even in the Jeep. He got out to help. I guess the semi hit the Jeep after. He wasn't hurt at all." Dick grinned, relief still making him lightheaded. "He wasn't hurt at all. He's just... Rig. Helping."

Rock nodded, getting into the driver's seat this time. "Yep. And I'm going to kill him."

Fuck a duck, he was tired.

Tired and wet and covered in blood.

Hungry. He was really fucking hungry.

Rigger stretched up, back popping as he twisted and headed into another bay. Chastity gave him a smile and a nod as he passed. "Thanks for your help, Doc."

"Anytime, honey. I'm going to check on that little boy in Five."

"Cool. We should be caught up then. You need a ride to your Jeep?"

"Yeah, probably, but I can take a cab." He peeked in on the little boy who was waiting for surgery. His mom sat beside him, cheeks streaked with tears. Poor lady lost a husband and a brother today, but her son was going to pull through. "How're you doing, ma'am?"

A commotion interrupted her answer, noise and voices from down the hall.

"You can't go in there! Sir! You can't -- I'm calling security!"

"Rock. Come on, we'll just have someone let him know we're here." Now there was a voice he recognized, his Pretty.

"Just a second, please." He shut the door, heading out to the nurse's station. "Dick? What are y'all doing here?" Goddamn. He'd called to tell them he was going to be fucking *late*.

Rock pushed Dick out of the way, getting right up in his face. "So it's true? You stopped your fucking Jeep in the middle of the highway and got out to help the fucking injured."

"No. I stopped my Jeep on the side of the highway and got out to help the injured. It's my job." He looked over at Dick, completely fucking confused. Was Rock drunk?

Rock's mouth opened, but no sound came out. It closed again, a low growl sounding.

"He's trying to decide whether to kiss you or kill you." Dick nudged Rock. "Kiss him, big guy. Trust me on this one."

Hands wrapping in his scrubs, Rock pulled him up against the solid body, mouth descending on his in a hard, take-no-prisoners kiss. The nurses hooted and clapped and he just stood there stunned, staring into blue eyes, trying to figure out what the fuck was going on.

He was even more shocked when the kiss broke and Dick pushed Rock out of the way, taking a kiss of his own, just as hard, just as... needy.

"Don't you ever fucking do that again," growled Rock, Dick nodding along.

"Huh?" Okay, had he hit his head?

Rock just glared at him, solid and studly and obviously pissed.

"Fuck, you haven't seen the news like at all, have you?" Dick ran his hand through his hair, pushing it off his face. "Oh, man. Rig. Fuck. Your Jeep. It's right in the middle of this huge wreck. Totaled by a semi."

"My Jeep?" Well, shit. Shit. He blinked, staring at Rock, more than a little dazed. "Shit."

"We'll buy you a new fucking Jeep." Rock was just growling, bristling.

Dick was practically vibrating. "We saw it on the news, Rig. We thought..." Dick took a deep breath. "We thought you were in it."

"No. No, I was right behind it. There were kids. I was there before the ambulance." He shook his head, heart pounding. Christ, he was tired.

"Your cell phone is working just fine though." His Blue was just growling like he'd done something wrong.

Dick popped Rock in the arm. "Give him a break, Rock, he's alive, he's okay."

"Have you ever tried to make a cell call *inside* an ambulance? Inside an ER? I had to wait to slip outside and I didn't even *know*!" He was fixin' to lose his goddamn temper. He was two hours late for supper and he'd worked a fucking ten-hour day before this shit had started.

Rock's mouth opened and a growl came out, and before anything else could be said Dick stood in between them. "You need to go home and run on the beach or something? The puppies would love that."

"I'm not leaving without him." Then Rock looked over at him. "You are coming home, right? I mean you're not actually on the clock here, right? I'll be waiting in the goddamned car."

Dick sighed as Rock stomped off. Turning to him, his Pretty slid a hand along his arm. "Can you come home with us? You know what he's like, he needs to growl and paw at you until he's sure you're really in one piece and breathing and all right."

"I was just finishing up. I guess I need to go talk to the police about the Jeep and shit, but that can wait 'til the morning." Goddamn, how did he get in trouble again?

Dick nodded and then suddenly hugged him, arms tight around him, face buried in his neck. "I was so scared," whispered Dick.

"Hey, now. I'm fine. Hell, I'm too damned ornery for that shit." He patted Dick's ass, kissed one temple. "Let me get some of the muck off and borrow a scrub shirt, huh? Then you can feed my skinny ass."

And, if Rock was *lucky*, Rig wouldn't fucking kill him for throwing a fit.

By the time Rig and Dick came out of the hospital, Rock's heart was no longer working overtime. In fact he was feeling mellow enough he didn't say anything when Dick and Rig crawled into the back seat together.

He glanced in the rearview mirror as he turned onto the highway, the traffic not too bad anymore. Looked like Rig was pretty blood-free. Good.

"I thought we could stop at Señora Rosa's. Eat out on the deck, have a couple margaritas." There. He wasn't growling, he wasn't dragging Rig off to his cave to fuck the living daylights out of his Rabbit like he truly wanted to. He was being nice and civilized.

He glanced in the rearview again, searching for grey eyes.

"You know, that's possibly the best suggestion anyone's had today." He got a smile, and fuck if that didn't go a long way to relaxing him. Rig could make this just nasty between them, but it looked like his Rabbit was tired enough to let it be.

Rock grunted and turned on the radio, glancing up every now and then to watch Rig and Dick snuggle, the kid working his magic and getting Rig to start relaxing. Yeah, a couple margaritas, some good food and the beach and then they could go home and fuck their brains out. Sounded like a good end to what had been headed into a shit day.

If he never thought Rig might be in the middle of a deadly car crash again it would be too fucking soon.

Just the thought of it had him growling again and he forced himself to shake it off as he turned off the highway one exit before home, headed for Rosa's.

Which was why, once he'd pulled into the parking lot and gotten out of the car, he hauled Rig up out of the backseat onto the pavement and kissed the hell out of his Rabbit all over again. He held those grey eyes. This time, though, instead of looking half confused and half pissed, Rig just looked fine and right fucking there for him. Those long thin arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him closer and making him glad they were parked in the back and away from the streetlights.

He grabbed hold of Rig's ass, grinding their fronts together as the need rode him hard. There was nothing like the taste of his Rabbit and only one thing could make this better. And just like the kid *knew*, Dick was pushing into the kiss, his flavor joining in, making it exactly what he needed.

Rig moaned, muttered against his lips. "I'm okay. I'm right here, guys. Not a scratch on me."

"We'll see. After supper this ass is mine."

"And mine," added Dick.

"Come on, I'm hungry." Rock gave Rig one last quick, hard kiss and headed in, Rig between him and Dick. He wasn't letting his own personal cowboy out of his sight.

"Oh, God. Me too. I missed lunch with an emergency and was starved before the accident."

"You're too damned skinny to be skipping meals, Rig."

Dick laughed and Rock reached over to cuff the kid off the back of his head.

They were regulars at the restaurant and Pina, Rosa's daughter greeted them like old friends, letting them seat themselves off in a corner of the deck, promising margaritas along with chips and pico as soon as possible. They were the only ones out there, and it was nice, the breeze coming off the ocean and making the little candles in the middle of the tables dance like crazy.

Rig relaxed back in the chair, eyes closing, looking tired as hell. "So how bad's my Jeep?"

"If you'd been it you'd be dead." And that had him wanting to growl all over again. Fucking hell, they'd come close to losing Rig.

Dick's hand slid along his thigh, squeezed softly. "Yeah, it was pretty bad. That semi made minced meat of it."

"Damn. I liked that Jeep." Rig sighed, rubbed the back of his neck. "Maybe I should get a convertible since Rock's got the pickup."

Rock's "Are you crazy?" got lost in Dick's bouncing and excited "Really? Oh, fuck, Rig, that would be so damned cool!"

"We'll see. We'll have to go shopping for one, make some decisions." Grey eyes met his across the table. "You wouldn't want to zip around with the top down?"

Well there was an appealing picture, him driving, Rig in the seat next to him, laughing in the sunshine... "I'm not saying that, but you get in an accident in one of those and it'll make what happened to the Jeep look like a little fender bender."

Rig shrugged. "You said I'd be dead if I was in the Jeep. I'll go when the good Lord wants me, Rock, not a second earlier."

"He can't have you," Rock growled.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of their drinks and chips, and Rock took a couple of mouthfuls, wishing he'd ordered a beer. Or maybe a shot *and* a beer.

The waitress promised to be back in a couple minutes for their order, and Dick changed the subject once she was gone. "So you wanna get a bunch of different things and we can share?"

Rock shook his head. "You two go ahead, I'm having the Gringo Special." Which was a nice thick steak, and he was pretty sure Rosa'd put it on the damned menu just to shut his bitching up whenever they came here.

"That's fine with me, but I want to switch to beer with my food. These 'ritas are sweet as hell."

"Cool. I'll have Coke."

Rock chuckled. The kid didn't dislike beer, but he was just as happy with something else most of the time. 'Course that meant they pretty much always had a designated driver.

"We got plans for the weekend?" he asked, directing the question at Rig.

"I don't know. My stuff's..." Rig paled. "Fuck. My laptop. My bag. My stuff is in the Jeep, guys."

Dick reached out and rubbed Rig's arm. "I'll bet they towed the Jeep to the impound. We'll call the cops and see where we can pick your stuff up. The insurance people are gonna want to see it, too, I bet."

Rock met Rig's eyes. "Better your stuff than you." It was all fucking replaceable.

"Yeah, but all my notes and shit. My calendar. Shit, I hope it's okay."

Rock sighed and grabbed his cell out off his belt. "Either of you know the number to the cop shop?" It didn't take five minutes to call over to the station, talk to Ben Christian and have him do a friend a favor. There were benefits to owning a gym, and one of them was all the cops knew you by name.

He explained the situation, Ben setting him up right away. "Sure, Jim. No sweat. I'll run down there and get the Doc's stuff and put it in the cruiser. I'll drop it off tomorrow at the house."

"Thanks -- I owe you one."

"Well if that Doc of yours is having another cook-out, I think that would more than even us up."

He laughed and promised to set up a Saturday for that in the next month or so, and then closed the phone back up. "There you go. Your stuff'll be delivered tomorrow."

Dick's lips twitched and Rock raised an eyebrow at the kid as Dick said, "Mr. Fix-it."

He snorted. "I just didn't want to have to drive all over the place trying to find that damned laptop and doctor bag."

Rig sighed. "So how long are you going to be pissed that there was an accident? Because I've got a killer fucking headache and I'm ready for really fucking glad I wasn't in the Jeep."

He glared. "I'm not bitching, am I? I took you and the kid out to supper. I got them to deliver your fucking shit. I'm goddamned fucking glad you weren't in the fucking Jeep. I haven't been so fucking glad for something in a fucking long time."

"You and me both. I sewed up a kid who lost his daddy and his uncle in that wreck. I'm the one who pulled him out of truck."

Dick reached out and squeezed Rig's arm. "That sucks. At least you saved him, yeah?"

Oh, he knew that look. And as much as he needed to fuck Rig into next week, assure himself that his Rabbit was okay, Rig needed it done, needed to remember he was alive and theirs and then he needed to forget everything but the three of them.

"I think so, yeah. He'll need surgery." He could see the cracks around the edges, the adrenaline starting to fade, leaving Rig vibrating. Someone needed a fucking orgasm. Someone more than just him.

The waitress came and took their order, and once she'd gone again, Rock nudged the kid's leg, nodded at Rig, and then under the table. They still had the place to themselves.

"I'll keep watch. If she comes back we'll tell her you lost a contact and are looking for it."

"Rock?" Rig's eyes went huge, just staring at him. "Here? Are you insane?"

"You saying you don't need it? I know you -- you're not going to be able to eat." Rock shrugged. "You and I could take a leak, I suppose." He wouldn't say no to getting off as well, given how tempted he'd been to tell their waitress they wanted their food to go.

Rig's mouth just opened and closed, over and over, the look just stunned. Dick started chuckling, the sound husky as all fuck. Damn, he'd broken Rig's brain. He nudged Dick's leg again. "Quit laughing and give the man what he needs."

"You'd sure as hell better make sure we don't get caught by anyone."

"My eyes are peeled."

He grinned as the kid slipped underneath the table, looking over at Rig. "Dick's gonna take care of you."

"But. Rock. I. Uh." Rig looked stress for a second, then his eyes rolled back. "Oh."

Rock chuckled. "Yeah. Oh. Kid's almost as good as that as you are, Rig. So just sit back and let him work his magic."

"You're keeping watch." The words came from under the table, making Rock chuckle again.

"There's no one coming, Dick. Get to it."

And judging by the look on Rig's face, Dick was.

He split his attention between watching the door from inside the restaurant and Rig's face, enjoying the looks that flitted across the well-known features.

His hand drifted down to his own lap, and he rubbed his cock through his jeans, just the pleasure on Rig's face enough to make him hard. And he could imagine Rig's prick, sliding into Dick's mouth, the kid's eyes closed as he savored every fucking millimeter of skin, every drop coming out of Rig's prick.

"Still all clear." His voice was fucking husky, betraying how damned hard he was. How fucking needy.

Rig's cheeks were flushed, chair creaking as Rig started shifting. The long, thin throat worked, those needy little noises swallowed down. "Blue."

"No one's coming but you, Rig. Just let go and let the kid make you feel good." He shifted and pushed on his prick through his jeans, trying to ease the ache a little. Those wide eyes watched him, lips wet and shining as Rig jerked and bucked and shifted. "Yeah, just like fucking that." Goddamn, was there anything sexier than that? He glanced over at the door and grunted. Come on, kid, get a move on.

"Keep talking. Rock. Come on. Close." Rig started sliding, humping up, one hand under the tablecloth.

"Keep talking?" He chuckled. "You want to hear how fucking hot you look? How hard I am, knowing the kid's down there sucking you off? Fucking goddamned sexy."

"Uh. Uh-huh." Rig whimpered, mouth falling open.

"Now, Rig. I want to see you come now."

"Fuck yes..." Just like that, Rig went still, eyes fastened on him like he was the center of the fucking world.

A little shiver went through him and he nodded. "That's what it's all about. Finish up, kid, I think the waitress is headed to the door."

He grinned as Dick came up from under the table, cheeks flushed, lips swollen, and eyes bright.

"Feeling better, Rig?" he asked, shifting and spreading his legs a little wider to give his prick room.

"Uh-huh." Rig groaned as Dick slid back into his chair, grinning like a fool.

The door to the deck opened and their food came out, the smell making him remember that he was hungry.

"Hey, you think you can get us some desserts in to go boxes? We don't have time to stay, but I'd hate to miss out on the caramel cheesecake."

"Sure, honey. No sweat. You need more to drink?"

Rig shook his head, eyes on the table. "I'm good, thanks."

"I think we're all good now." He gave her a smile and grabbed his steak knife.

Yeah, they were all real good.

Dick woke with a groan. He was curled around Rig, holding tight to Rig's hand, Rock's big mitt on his hip, keeping them altogether.

Oh, perfect.

He rubbed his prick along Rig's ass, enjoying the way their skin glided together. He didn't want to think how close they'd come to losing this.

He squeezed Rig's hand and pressed closer. Rig hummed low, snuggling right in without any hesitation. He snuggled right back, rubbing his cheek against Rig's shoulder, breathing in the scent of all of them together. They'd spent half the night fucking, Rock like a fucking machine, but for Dick, this was how *he* knew that Rig was safe, was okay, this slow, warm waking up. Rig brought his hand up, kissed his knuckles, one after the other. He smiled against Rig's skin, rubbing a little, just enjoying the way their skin felt together.

"Mornin'." The words were soft, whispered, Rig not really awake yet.

"Good morning." Yeah, good. He licked at Rig's skin, the need building slowly, like a ripple through his muscles.

"You want me to make coffee?" Rig's hips shifted, ass sliding along his thighs.

He giggled, the sound hiccupping into a moan. "N...no."

His eyes closed and he rubbed a little harder, sliding his prick against the small of Rig's back and the top of his crack.

"Mmm... you sure, Pretty?" Rig chuckled and stretched, rubbing good and hard against him.

"Uh-huh. I'm sure." He gasped as his prick pushed against Rig's hole, still stretched from last night. "Really sure. Really fucking sure."

Rig bore down, tight ring of muscles just pulling him right in. "Oh, good."

Dick groaned, pushing until his hips were snug up against Rig's ass. "Better than coffee," he managed to spit out.

"Uh-huh. Better than damn near anything." Rig squeezed him tight, muscles rippling.

"Oh, fuck!" As soon as Rig's hold on his prick loosened, he started to move, sliding out until just the head of his cock was being held inside Rig's tight heat, and then pushing slowly all the way back in again.

Rock grunted and shifted closer to Rig, not quite awake yet.

"Do it again, just like that." Rig started sucking on his fingers, moaning and pulling hard.

Dick moaned, Rig's tongue like magic, mouth hot, the suction fierce. Fuck, Rig was making his cock throb just from that. Of course, having his prick buried deep wasn't hurting anything. He pulled out and pushed in again, nice and slow, just like Rig wanted, drawing it out. A shiver went up his spine, the pleasure making his balls ache.

Another grunt came from Rock. "You started without me."

Dick laughed, pushing into Rig just as deep as he could.

"Dick...oh..." Rig shuddered and stretched, reaching for Rock. "Dick's fault. Don't stop."

"Not stopping." It felt too fucking good to stop.

Rock and Rig's mouth's closed together, making him groan and move a little bit faster.

"Want my morning wake-up," muttered Rock, breaking the kiss.

"You could give while..." Dick shifted a little, pushing just a bit deeper. "While you get."

Rig was already shifting, tugging Rock up so that Rig could get to the man's cock. He could feel Rig's excitement in the tightness around his prick.

Rock was obviously feeling mellow, flipping and settling with his head at Rig's cock. Rock's thick prick nudged at Rig's lips, and Dick moaned right along with Rock as Rig pulled it right in, sucking strongly.

It took a few minutes, but Rock finally got the head of Rig's prick in his mouth, and everything ratcheted up. A shudder moved through Dick, and he thrust harder. His hand wrapped around Rock's waist, pulling them all together, Rig's muscles fluttering around him, Rock's groan audible.

He pushed into Rig, which in turn pushed Rig's cock into Rock's mouth, the three of them moving together, working together. He split his attention between Rig's mouth and Rock's, watching the eager thrust and suck. The sound slurping and the slap of flesh on flesh were joined by his noises, sounds he couldn't control, didn't want to.

So fucking good -- he didn't want it to ever end.

Rock roared first, Rig's mouth too fucking good to resist. Rig's entire body rippled as Rock came, Rig drinking the big guy down. Dick put his head on Rig's shoulder and just let go, fucking as hard as he could. The sound of sucking picked back up, Rock pulling on Rig's cock with his mouth.

He cried out, his balls drawing up tight against his body as his cock sprayed deep inside Rig's body. The pleasure made him shudder, his hand squeezing Rig's. Rig gripped him, body jerking at Rig followed along, happy cry just echoing.

Rock righted himself and they all sort of melted together, Dick moaning as he slipped out of Rig's body.

For a moment or two there was nothing but the sound of their breathing, and then Rock grunted. "Is there coffee?"

Laughing, Dick reached over to pop Rock. "No, but you could always go make some."

"We could go get pancakes." Rig snuggled in between them.

"We could even get pancakes in the Caribbean," suggested Rock.

Dick looked over at Rock, and then at Rig. "Did he just say...?"

"He's not awake yet." Rig didn't look the least bit concerned.

Dick laughed, kissed Rig's shoulder. "That must be why he blew you without bitching about it." He ducked down behind Rig, avoiding Rock's swat as he laughed some more.

"You both heard me. When was the last time we had a fucking vacation that lasted more than a long weekend?"

"The four day trip to the wine country." Rig was almost asleep again.

Rock snorted. "Four days. What? Three years ago. We need an honest to fucking God vacation. Two weeks of nothing to do but each other."

Dick met the blue eyes over Rig's shoulder. "You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"Do I sound like I'm joking?"

"Two weeks?" Rig's eyes popped open. "Shit, Blue, we haven't been gone that long since Mexico."

"And it's about fucking time we corrected that. But I tell you this -- I'm not piercing my other nipple. No matter how much rum we drink."

"Oh, there's lots of other things you can have pierced." Dick tried to decide if he was going to need to run or if Rock was mellow enough from his blow job. "You think a ring would improve the look of his cock, Rig?"

Rig actually growled, hands wrapping around Rock's prick. "No. No one's getting near it to hurt it." Oh, fuck, that was almost cute.

Dick chuckled. "I was just kidding, I swear. I like his cock just the way it is, too."

"You came about this close to never getting near it again, kid," growled Rock, but the blue eyes were twinkling at him.

Rig harrumphed, not letting go of Rock at all. "We'd have to get someone to take the dogs..."

"You make a list of all the things that need to be taken care of. I'll get the tickets. Dick, you find somewhere for us to stay. Nice and private, but with all the amenities. How long to get your schedule cleared, Rig? And I don't want to hear anything longer than three weeks."

"I... I have to deal with the Jeep. Get a new car. All that mess. Dr. Trimble's out of town at the end of the month and..."

"We'll go car shopping tomorrow. I'll take care of the Jeep crap, and you find someone to cover you while you're gone." Rock looked right at Rig. "We're going. And we're going in three weeks."

Dick's lips twitched. You could take the man out of the Marines, but you couldn't take the Marines out of the man.

"Bossy asshole." Rig couldn't quite hide the little grin.

"That's me." Rock sounded utterly unrepentant. In fact, he sounded a little smug. "Dick, when you book the place, make sure it's somewhere where someone else is making the coffee."

"So we can keep Rig otherwise occupied?"

"You know it."

He just laughed and reached over to stroke Rock's hip. They were going on vacation. "It's a great idea, Rock. Thanks."

Rock just grunted, of course he couldn't quite hide his little grin either.

Chapter Two

Lord, have mercy on an old man.

Rig sighed and pulled the little Mercedes into the driveway. Rock was still pissed, but the little 560 was fixin' to be a classic and was cute as a button. He'd already done a little work on it - repacking ball bearings and tuning up the engine.

Besides, they lived at the beach. They needed a convertible.

A pretty little white one.

Even if it did need about nine months worth of weekend work to make it cherry.

Dick came bouncing out the front door, Mutt and Trouble at his heels, barking away at the car. Silly mutts were going to take awhile to get used to it. Soon as they realized it was him, they were on him, tails just a'wagging.

"I packed for you," Dick told him, giving the dogs a minute before pushing in and taking a kiss. His Pretty looked happy, eyes shining and excited, hair trimmed so it barely curled around his ears and just kissed his collar at the back. "Rock's been packed practically since dawn, and he's got steaks marinating. And I owe him ten bucks because he said you'd get home before six, and I said there was no way you'd be in the door before eight."

He chuckled and grinned. "That's because I thought I'd come home and change before I headed to town to get the last-minute stuff done." He stopped, tilted his head. "You packed for me?"

Dick nodded. "All you needed was a fresh pair of jeans, a couple pair of underwear and your swimming trunks, right?" That shit-eating grin told the real story, Dick had packed him right. "And I'm pretty sure Rock's not going to let you head back into town for the last-minute stuff. I'm pretty sure the vacation starts the minute you walk in the door."

"Should I just head back out now?" He needed to make sure the dogs had food and enough stuff for the trip, and he needed sunscreen and reading materials and an extra battery for the laptop in case someone needed him and...

"I thought I heard you pull in," Rock's voice came from the front door, and a moment later his Blue was standing there, looking studly despite the Hawaiian shirt and shorts in red and electric lime green.

"Too late," mouthed Dick.

"Hey there, Rocketman. I was coming home to change before I did my errands. You ready to vacation?" See him, see him get on the big guy's good side.

"Errands? You're not already done? The kid packed for you -- we're all ready to go and can spend the evening practicing how to relax. You do remember what relaxing is, right Rig?"

Dick chuckled and grabbed his dry cleaning from the back seat, carrying it up for him.

"Vaguely. Maybe. I..." He followed Dick up the stairs, face lifting for a kiss. "Hey, Blue."

"Hey." Rock's hands slid around his waist, and tugged him in against the solid body. "Happy vacation, Rig." Then Rock's lips were on his, those blue eyes so close as Rock's tongue parted his lips, pushed into his mouth.

Oh.

Oh, hello.

Rig hummed and scooted closer, his bags and briefcase taken away, his focus on nothing but his Blue. One kiss slid into two and then three, Rock's tongue getting to know the inside of his mouth all over again.

They started moving, Rock slowly backing them up into the house. He went easy, lost in the kisses, in the pressure of Rock's hands on his back. Dick's warmth slid up behind him, pushing him more firmly into Rock. Soft lips slid along his neck, sweet and good. He could feel Rock's moan vibrating against his chest.

Vacation. To dos. Errands. Packing. It all disappeared, his hands sliding up to frame Rock's face, the kisses going deeper as he leaned back against Dick. Rock's knee pushed between his legs, encouraging him to spread, almost to sprawl back on his human wall. Dick's hand slid up under his shirt, headed straight for his ringed nipple, finding it just as Rock's hand wrapped around his prick through his jeans.

"Mmmhmm..." Yeah. Just like that, Marines. Rig groaned and went with it, happy as a pig in shit to stay right here, caught between Heaven and, well, Heaven.

Rock's fingers tugged at his buttons, pulling them open and baring his chest to three hands, Rock's other hand still busy below his waistband, working his prick, kneading it. He could feel Dick's cock against the small of his back, hard and hot, while Rock's prick rubbed against his hip. They didn't let up for a second, just kept touching and rubbing and loving on him. It was so fucking easy, to lean and rub, fingers sliding on Rock's face as he poured himself right into that kiss. Dick's fingers slid to push Rock's hand away from his cock, opening up his jeans and tugging down his underwear. His cock had barely hit the air when Rock's hand wrapped around it, a low, pleased rumble filling his mouth.

His Pretty's sweet noises started, Dick rubbing along his back, hands moving up his chest again to find his nipples.

Oh, hell yes. Just like that. Rig let one leg lift, rub along Rock's thigh. His men.

Rock groaned for him, hand tightening around his prick. It was Dick though, as usual, who made him let go of Rock long enough to get his shirt right off, who pushed his pants down off his hips so they could drop down to his ankles. Then his Pretty got Rock just as naked, tugging the tight t-shirt up and off and opening up his Blue's jeans. Then they were rubbing, skin on skin, and after just a moment, Dick's naked body pressed up against his back.

"Want you," growled Rock.

"I'm all yours." He couldn't stop his grin, his laugh as he leaned his head back to share a kiss with Dick. "And yours." Dick's tongue slid into his mouth, fingers back to being busy on his skin.

"That's what I like to hear," Rock said, voice husky as he started moving them again. "Couch. Wanna fuck you, and I bet the kid wants your mouth."

Dick grinned against his lips. "Or I could suck you. I'm easy."

"I've heard that about you." Rig rubbed back against Dick's cock, humming low. Man, he hadn't gotten him any of that this morning; he was ready.

"You're both sluts," muttered Rock, pushing Rig down onto the couch and spreading his legs.

Dick just grinned, looked like he was waiting for what he knew was coming.

"You got a point, Blue?" Rig licked his lips, quirked his finger at Dick. Here, Pretty Pretty Pretty.

"I've got your point right here, Rig." Rock settled between his legs and rubbed that fat, hard cock along the inside of his thighs.

Eyes bright, Dick laughed, the sound husky. Then Dick straddled his chest, knees pushing into his armpits. "I'll do you after," Dick promised.

"If there's any left to do. Rock's fairly... thorough."

"Fucking right, I am."

Dick chuckled and leaned back to give Rock a kiss, body arched as their mouths met, tongues sliding together. His Marines were fucking sexy -- apart or together.

"Just make sure he doesn't come 'til I'm finished so I can suck him off, 'k?"

A low rumble came from Rock. "I think I can manage that."

Oh, teasing bastards. He tugged Dick into position, tongue sliding on the long, thin cock, teasing it.

Dick groaned, breath hitching a little. "Oh, fuck, yeah. Rig." Dick shifted a little, cock rubbing, pushing against his lips as Dick's hands slid over his cheeks and through his hair.

Rock chuckled and one thick, slick finger pushed into Rig's ass. He spread, nice and easy, just asking Rock in, even as he took Dick deep. Dick whimpered, fingers tightening in his hair as his Pretty's husky porno noises started up again. Rock's rumbles and groans were just audible beneath them, a second finger pushing into him.

They found a sweet, steady rhythm - fingers and lips, cock and hips. This they were good at.

Rock moved slowly, taking his time. Two fingers became three, Rock stretching him, finding his gland and nudging it over and over again. As Dick's cock started to leak, flavor sparking across his tongue, Dick leaned forward, hands on the arm of the couch. The angle pushed the long prick a little deeper, Dick slowly fucking his mouth. He moaned around Dick's prick, one leg draping on the top of the sofa, entire body shaking each time Rock pegged his gland. Rock's fingers disappeared and the heat of his cock replaced them, pushing at his hole, sliding right in like inside him was exactly where that fat prick belonged.

Then Dick jerked. "Oh, fuck, Rock! Fuck, your hands."

Oh, man. That's it, Blue. Make him crazy. Rig sucked harder, giving it to Dick, wanting to make him fly. Dick's hips picked up speed, pushing the long prick into his mouth over and over again, the sweet noises just pouring from his Pretty.

"Two sweet, tight asses," muttered Rock, cock moving in him. "I'm one fucking lucky ex-Marine."

Rig's fingers slid around, one sliding in alongside Rock's, the tip spreading Dick that much more.

"Fuck!" Dick cried out, hips snapping now, pushing the long cock so deep, right into his throat.

He swallowed around it and Dick shuddered, ass going tight as hell around his and Rock's fingers as spunk pushed down his throat.

"Mmhmm." Rig closed his eyes, swallowed Dick down, the bitter salt just fine to him. Rock pushed their fingers in a little deeper, making Dick jerk and a little more come spill out, giving him one last dribble of flavor.

Then their fingers slid away and Dick groaned, pulling out. Dick's long fingers slid across his lips, those pretty eyes smiling down at him. "Love you," mouthed Dick.

He kissed Dick's fingers, winked. He knew.

Dick shifted and sort of slid onto the floor, loose and easy. Rock grunted, and picked up the pace of his thrusts, that thick prick starting to pound into him as Dick's mouth slid on his skin, starting at his collarbones and slowly heading down. Rock watched him, those blue eyes just focused like a

fucking laser and dragging over him. He could damn near feel them, just as well as he could feel Rock's prick and Dick's hot tongue.

Rock's hands cupped his ass, lifting him slightly and right there -- Rock's prick just nailed his gland. And Rock knew the moment he got it, staying there for each and every thrust. Dick upped the ante, mouth wrapping around the head of his prick and sucking.

"Fuck. Fuck, yes. Don't stop..." Everything in him stopped, focused on the sensations, the amazing fucking heat.

Rock's thrusts got harder, Dick's head started to bob, the two of them working hard to make him lose his mind, to make him explode. He reached out, fingers sliding up Rock's arm as his eyes rolled. Oh, fuck. Fuck. Yes.

"Come on now, Rabbit. Give it to me."

Dick hummed around his cock at the words, head bobbing quicker, lips so fucking tight around his skin.

"Yeah. Yeah, I..." He cried out as he shot, pushing deep into Dick's mouth and squeezing Rock's prick.

Rock's roar filled the room as Dick swallowed around him, that fat prick pushing in deep and filling him with heat. Dick kept working him, lips and tongue cleaning, making him shiver and squeeze his ass around Rock's cock again.

"Mmm..." It was real easy to melt into the cushions, hips making short, gentle motions.

They kept moving for a few moments, Dick finally pulling off and climbing up next to him, Rock settling on both of them, that amazing cock still buried deep.

"I've got steaks marinating. I'll grill 'em later."

"And I've got salad made," Dick added. Rock snorted, and his Pretty chuckled. "There's twice baked potatoes, too."

"That's better, kid."

He hummed, eyes closing on their own. He had something to do; he knew he did. It just...

It didn't matter right now.

Chapter Three

Rock grunted as the plane finally got off the fucking ground.

Good.

Now there was no way for Rig to decide he had just one more thing to do before they left.

Dick had the window; he had the aisle, Rig trying to stretch his legs out between them. Fucking seats were made for midgets. And it was a long fucking flight, too.

Still, they had two fucking weeks of nothing to do but each other once they landed. Though he was sure Rig and the kid would insist on snorkeling and horseback riding and all the other shit Dick had been looking up on the 'net.

That thing was a menace.

"Hey," Dick whispered loudly. "Either of you belong to the mile high club?"

Rig snorted, eyes rolling. "No. It's too early in the flight to be bored, now."

"Yeah, but I figure it's going to take like ten hours to convince you, so I'd better start now."

Rock chuckled. "Don't make me come over there."

"I brought crossword puzzles, books." Rig grinned and chuckled. "Some tranquilizers."

"Well those are for Rock, I'm sure."

"Hey, kid, I'm not the one suggesting lewd and lascivious behavior." Fuck, Dick couldn't be serious. He glanced over. Kid sure didn't *look* like he was joking.

Dick met his eyes. "What I want to know is how come you're not suggesting it?"

"No fucking room for fucking. You have seen the size of the latrines on these buckets, haven't you?"

"Y'all are nuts. We're going to sit here in the seats. We're going to watch shitty movies and nap." Rig winked, stretched out again.

"I haven't suggested anything different," Rock pointed out.

"No, but you thought about it the minute I suggested it. I mean, shit, you figured out the toilets were too small just like that." Dick laughed.

He grinned over. "Well, they *do* dim the lights at some point on this flight, don't they?"

Dick nodded eagerly. "It's twelve fucking hours, they'd sure as hell better."

"I just hope they didn't screw up and get Rock on the vegetarian meal plan..." Oh, he might have to kick his Rabbit's ass.

"Well if they did I'll be eating yours." Of course if Rig had ordered it for him, odds were all three of them were on it. He growled a little, let Rig know he was serious about this. A man needed his meat.

Dick just giggled madly.

"Why didn't I book us somewhere close?"

"Because you didn't want us to be able to be called home." Rig leaned in, lips close to his ear. "I didn't order you vegetarian and I have beef jerky, M&Ms, and two boxes of Oreos in my carry-on."

"Oh. You're a good man, Alex Roberts." He turned his head and brought their lips together, the kiss soft and brief and the closest he was going to get to the mile high club, but fucking beef jerky deserved *something*.

"We're on vacation, huh? We can indulge." Rig's hand brushed the outside of his thigh. "Tell me about where we're going again."

"Antigua? If it's half as good as the pictures, we're going to fucking paradise. Water's this amazing blue, the weather's perfect. And if I ever let you and the kid out of bed, there's a whole shitload of things to do. Snorkeling and boating and swimming with the fucking manta rays. Safaris, helicopter rides. All sorts of shit."

Rig hooted. "You think they'll let me jump out of the chopper and play triage nurse again?"

Rock chuckled. "Not unless I get to play patient, because you're sure as fuck not playing nurse with anyone else."

"Hey!" Dick reached past Rig to pop him in the arm.

"Aside from Dick."

"Thank you."

"You just don't want me jumping."

"I didn't say that." Not that the lack of having said it made it not true.

"You didn't? Are you sure?" Rig was laughing; he could fucking see it.

"No. I mean yes. I mean shut the fuck up and pass the M&Ms." He rolled his eyes, and tried to pout, but it was damned hard to do with Rig and Dick relaxed next to him, and the promise of two weeks in paradise stretched out before them.

The candy landed in his hand without any lecture about how bad it was for him, so he figured he was a lucky man.

Wow. Up early to help Rig do all those last minute errands. Two hours early at the airport. An hour delay in their flight leaving and then almost thirteen hours of flying.

Dick figured Antigua had to be like the best vacation ever to make up for that.

Then the little airport bus turned a corner and there was the bluest water he'd ever seen with a white, white beach and wow.

Just wow.

"Look!"

"We can see, kid," growled Rock, and Dick bit back his chuckle. Someone needed a nap and a blow job in the worst way.

"Oh, man. It's beautiful." Rig's hand was on Rock's thigh, petting nice and easy, making promises and soothing.

"The hotel better have us in a king sized."

Dick nodded. "I double checked when I made the reservation. And the beach the hotel is on is gay friendly, so we're good." He'd checked on that too, made sure they wouldn't have to hide. He wasn't sure they really knew how anymore.

The bus pulled up along a circular drive in front of the sprawling hotel. The white stone shone in the early morning sun, a door man coming to help the driver unload their luggage. Dick took care of the checking in and in no time at all they were following a porter down the hall.

"We can take it from here," Rock told the man, slipping a tip into the porter's hand, and taking over pushing the cart toward their room.

"You think you can keep it in your pants until we get to the room?" Dick asked, earning himself a snort and a smack, which he ducked.

"You want to order food, Blue Eyes? Or just get wet and in the bed for a nap?" Rig's hands were on Rock's back, already rubbing.

"You know what I want, Rig. Everything else can wait."

Dick led the way, turning a corner and finding their room. He got the door open, jaw dropping as he took it in. The floor to ceiling windows that took up the far wall drew the eye right away, or really the beach beyond the private balcony area did. The room wasn't bad either, the king sized bed taking up a large portion of it, with a dark green bedspread that matched the walls.

Rock closed the door once their luggage was in and made a beeline for the bed. Big beautiful stud - with Rock in the bed, nothing else in the room really mattered that much.

"You're something else." Rig leaned against the door frame, licking his lips. "Both of y'all are."

"Yeah, you're pretty hot yourself, you know." Some days he still felt like a green eighteen year old, unable to believe his luck, that he got to be a part of them. Most of the time he just enjoyed it.

"Both of you would look better in bed," growled Rock.

Rig's laugh rang out, eyes just dancing. "Pushy old man."

"I can show you pushy." Rock got up from the bed, eyes on Rig, and Dick felt his cock throb. Fuck, it was sexy when things got all intense.

"You think so? You still got it in you, Marine?" Oh, lord. Rig was teasing the bear and loving every second of it.

"I've got it right here, Rigger." Rock stalked toward Rig.

Dick watched as Rig stretched, hand sliding down the flat belly, holding his own. Fuck. Hot. He whimpered softly. Oh, fuck him. Please.

He must have said it out loud because Rock chuckled and said, "Wait your turn."

Rig took a step back, fingers playing with the little ring under his shirt. Teasing. Dick licked his lips, his own hand rubbing at the front of his jeans. Rock just rumbled and closed the distance between him and Rig, tugging the long body against his own as their mouths crashed together. Rig arched, plastering against Rock's muscles, hands holding Rock's head tight. Rock pushed Rig back up against the door, hips grinding into Rig's. Dick couldn't decide whether to go join them or just lie back on the bed and watch the show, so he wound up standing there, rubbing himself and breathing hard.

Rock brought Rig's arms up, holding them over Rig's head, stretching that fine body out. Groaning, Dick headed for them, touching, lips finding whatever skin he could -- Rig's neck, Rock's cheek.

"Good. Fucking hot. More." Rig's drawl was so deep, so thick when the man was needing.

"Bed," growled Rock.

Dick just made noises, fingers tugging one t-shirt out of jeans and then the other.

"Bed," Rock growled again.

"Heard you. It's way over there."

"Blue. Pretty. *Please*." Rig twisted, rubbing against them both.

Rock broke away suddenly and put Rig up over his shoulder, heading back to the bed with his prize. Dick scooted ahead of them, tugging the covers off the bed and then starting in on his clothes.

"I am not a sack of potatoes." Rig's hands were on Rock's ass.

"Nope. More like a wiener and some nuts." Rock dropped Rig down onto the bed, hands going to his own waistband, undoing the button and drawing down the zipper.

"Shake it, baby." Rig pulled his t-shirt off, belly flat and sexy.

Rock laughed, pushing his jeans down far enough for that awesome cock to push out. One big hand wrapped around it, Rock pumping.

Whimpering and groaning, Dick shimmied quickly out of his own jeans, shucked off his shoes, and tossed his t-shirt over his head. Then he crawled up onto the bed and started working Rig's boots off.

"Y'all are fucking beautiful." Rig watched, lips parted, eyes eating Rock up.

"Flattery will get you fucked."

"So will just lying there looking sexy as hell," Dick pointed out, working on Rig's jeans once he had the boots off.

"Yeah, but flattery gets him fucked harder."

"Not flattering. Just telling the truth."

Dick wrapped his lips around Rig's ankle, sucking on that sweet skin. He watched out of the corner of his eyes as Rock finished getting undressed, taking his time. Rig was right, Rock was beautiful and that was the truth. Groaning, he ran his hands up Rig's legs.

"Mmm." Rig spread, balls drawn up tight, cock bobbing.

"Oh, yeah," muttered Rock. "Get him good and ready, Dick."

Dick nodded. Yeah, he could do that. His tongue slid up along the inside of Rig's leg.

"Perv." Rig pulled one leg back, just showing him everything.

"Who me?" Dick nibbled closer and closer to the sweet little hole, to Rig's balls and cock.

"All three of us," suggested Rock, still stroking his prick.

Dick laughed, nodded. Kept licking and nibbling.

"Fuck, your tongue..." Actually, his tongue was doing the fucking. Chuckling at the thought, he breathed over Rig's balls, then dragged his tongue over them, rolling them in their sac.

He could hear the sound of Rock's hand on his prick, skin slapping as that fat cock was slowly worked. It made him groan, and shift down, start licking at Rig's hole, start making Rig ready to take it. Rig always smelled so fucking sweet, so good. The dusting of hair around the velvet soft balls tickled his cheek.

Rock's free hand wrapped around Rig's thigh, tugging that leg further up, giving Dick more room to work the little hole. Groaning, he slid his hand up, stroked Rock's prick and the flat belly. Fuck, there was nothing like this, and the place didn't matter, not for a damned second.

Rock made a low noise, hand sliding down his back. "Soon."

He nodded, pushed his tongue deep into Rig's body.

"Pretty!" Rig's shoulders lifted off the mattress, the cry sharp and sure. He stabbed his tongue into Rig's body again, wanting more of those sounds, wanting to make Rig mad with pleasure. He'd lost track of Rock, lost track of everything, but the heat and flavor of Rig, until two of Rock's fingers, slick and wide, pushed into his ass, making him cry out as loudly as Rig.

"Come on. Come on, now. We can all. Nobody left out. *Please*, y'all."

Rock chuckled, the sound low and husky. "I think he's ready, kid. How about you?" Rock's fingers pegged his gland on the last word, making him cry out and push back hard.

He nodded. "I'm good. I'm good."

"Good. Rig can do you -- his ass is mine."

Dick nodded, whimpering as Rock's fingers slid out of his ass.

"Want me hands and knees?" he asked Rig.

"Uh-uh. Need my kisses." Fuck, those eyes were hot, blazing. Loving him like no one else.

With another whimper, he crawled the rest of the way up Rig's body until he could press their lips together, tongue meeting Rig's in a hot, wet dance. As they kissed, Rock got Rig's cock lined up with his ass, and Dick bore down, taking it right in. Rig moaned into his lips, hips rolling and pushing up into him. A shudder went through him, Rig's prick spreading him nice and wide. They rocked together for a moment, bodies meeting with a smack.

"Okay, hold still a moment and let me in."

Rock's fingers slid on his spine, all the way down to feel around his hole, feel where Rig's cock spread him wide. Then they were gone and Rig moaned again, jerking a little. He could feel Rock's heat against his ass, knew the big guy was buried deep inside Rig.

"Fuck," he muttered, body squeezing around Rig's prick.

"Uh-huh." Rig nodded and Rock grunted and he could fucking feel Rig's cock jerk, throb inside him. Rock thrust hard into Rig, rocking Rig's prick up and deeper into him. Eyes rolling back in his head, he sucked on Rig's tongue, hands clutching at Rig's shoulders. One of Rock's hands landed on his ass, rolling his body, guiding him so they were all moving together, finding that rhythm that kept repeating in their lives. The perfect thrust and slap and thrust and slap again.

Rig murmured, the sound soft and happy, those grey eyes watching him close. He lost himself in them, in the way Rig's cock filled him and Rock's heat warmed his back, in the way the three of them fit together.

Rock pressed against his back and sped their movements, thrusting hard and fast. Dick gasped as Rig's cock slid past his gland, his hold on Rig's shoulders tightening. One of Rig's hands wrapped around his prick, starting to pump in time, thumb working the tip on every upstroke. He groaned and moaned, one sound after another pouring out of him.

"That's it, Dick." Rock thrust harder, deep, bone-shuddering thrusts that Dick could feel in the echo through Rig's body, in Rig's cock pushing into him.

"Fuck. Oh." Crying out, he came, body clamping down hard on Rig's cock as his own shot hot spunk between them. Rig bucked, pumping heat deep inside him. Fuck. Fuck, yes.

Their kisses got slower, sated and good and their tongues wrapping around each other, as Rock's thrusts continued to jerk Rig's body. A moment later, Rock's roar filled the room, the big body pushing into Rig hard and then stilling.

Dick managed to reach back and pat Rock's hip.

"Nap." Rig cuddled in, kissed him, eyes closing.

He chuckled, nodded, more than happy with his Rig mattress.

"Nice fucking long one," suggested Rock, groaning and then settling next to them. One big arm draped over Dick's back, hand settling to rest on Rig's hip.

Dick stayed where he was until Rig's prick softened and slipped out of him, and then he shifted over, bracketing Rig between him and Rock.

Rig's hand slipped into his as Rock's snore started, and Dick grinned, his own breathing growing heavy. Didn't matter where they were, some things never changed.

Thank God for that.

Chapter Four

Rig woke up, blinked. Okay.

Okay.

What the fuck time was it?

His entire get-together was discomboobled.

He pushed up and blinked, staring at the clock. Okay. 3:43. Must be late.

Early.

Something.

Fuck him. Coffee. Then he could see if there were Poptarts in the minibar.

Did they make tropical fucking Poptarts?

He headed over to make friends with the coffeemaker before hunting food. Oooh. Raisinets. His favorites. Better than Poptarts.

Rig got the coffee going, then wandered to the bathroom for a show... Jesus fucking Christ - the goddamn bathroom was the size of a fucking house.

Man. Shower?

Big assed bathtub?

Shower?

Tub?

Man, he had chocolate-covered raisins and coffee. He was fixin' to soak.

He'd just turned on the taps when Dick wandered in, hair all mussed up and blinking. His Pretty was cute and cuddly when he just woke up, and Rig was treated to a wide smile. "Hey. Wow, you could bathe a whole platoon in here."

"Nope. Just three of us. I'm not blowing a whole platoon." He figured at this point Rock might growl.

Dick laughed and came over to give him a hello there kiss that turned into an mmm I do like the way you taste kiss. As their lips finally parted, Dick rubbed their noses together. "It would be a shame for you to have to sit in that tub all by your lonesome..."

"It would. There's fixin' to be bubbles." He popped another raisin. God, more addictive than crack.

Dick stole one of his Raisinets and leaned over to test the water, adjusting the taps just a little to make it hotter. "Man, between that huge bed and this amazing bathroom, we might have a hard time going out. Especially if the room service is as good as they said on the internet. Apparently they have this twenty ounce steak that's the best on the island. Rock's gonna be in heaven."

"Good lord, that's damn near a whole cow." Rig slipped into the water, melting into the heat. Oh, Hell yes.

"You think he'd be happier if it *was* the whole cow?" Dick grinned and climbed in after him, lying against him, head on his shoulder, ass snuggled up nicely at his crotch. Eyes closing, Dick kissed his neck and moaned softly. "Fuck, this is decadent."

"Mmmhmm." Another raisin for him, one for Dick. "I approve."

Dick giggled, and then hummed, cheek rubbing against his shoulder. "I still can't quite believe we have two whole weeks of this. You feeling relaxed yet?"

"Right this second, I'm melted. Ask me in two days when I start worrying again."

"You're not allowed to worry, Rig -- we're on vacation and no worrying is in the rules. It's probably like number one." Dick's fingers stroked his hip.

"You think? There are rules?" Oh. That felt fucking fine. Yeah.

Dick chuckled. "Well... I bet the first rule is no worrying, the second rule is you have to relax and the last rule is there are no rules while you're on vacation. Okay. That's kind of complicated for vacation."

"It's fucking early in the morning for complicated. Have another raisin." The bubbles started up, both of them chuckling, sharing a cup of coffee.

"We should have brought more food," Dick told him once they were out of the chocolate covered raisins. "I could always munch on you instead." Dick grabbed his hand and nibbled on his fingers, eyes dancing up at him.

"Mmm. Me or bacon?" Oh. Yum. Bacon. He chuckled at himself, at his growling belly.

"Do I have to choose?" Dick asked.

His Pretty looked around, and then crowed, leaning over the side of the tub to grab the phone off the wall. Shit eating grin on his face, Dick dialed room service. "Yeah, hi, we'd like bacon and eggs and toast, please. Yeah, the fresh squeezed juice sounds good -- three please. And bacon. Lots of bacon."

"Scrambled well for Rock, Pretty, or he'll growl." Hell, Rock'd growl anyway, given that Rig didn't cook the eggs, but still...

Fuck, there was a phone in the bathroom.

That was fucking funny.

Dick passed on the well scrambled request, and then hung up, turning that grin on him. "I just ordered fucking room service from the fucking *bath*tub."

"Spoiled brat." Sexy fucking stud. Rig took advantage of the huge tub and pounced, splashing Dick, both of them laughing hard.

Dick wound up sitting up, tugging him into the sexy lap. "Fuck, this is fun." They floated in the water, mouths meeting.

Rig half-chuckled, half-moaned, leaning down and kissing good and long. "Shit, Pretty, you're something."

"Me? I'm just some green cadet the biggest stud in the Marines dragged home." Dick's eyes twinkled at him.

"Mmmhmm. My beautiful fucking Marines." Rig grinned, nipped Dick's bottom lip. "I suppose I'll keep you both."

Dick laughed and shifted to lie chest to chest with him. "Good."

Their mouths met for another kiss, this one less floaty, less lazy. Oh, fuck yeah. He tugged Dick closer, their hips settling right together.

Slow rocking slid their cocks together without sending the water over the edge of the tub, Dick moaning and groaning into their kisses. One of Dick's fingers snuck between them to tug on his nipple ring, making it just zing.

"That's cheating." They grinned at each other, teeth clicking together.

"Gonna cheat again," Dick warned. Sure enough, the tug came again, the warm fingers twisting the ring a little this time.

"Oh." His eyes closed on him, heart picking up speed.

"Mmm." Dick hummed and slid against him, fingers staying right there on the ring, tugging and twisting. "You feel so good, Rig."

"Uh-huh." Yeah. Yeah, he felt so fucking good. Just like that. So good.

Dick's hips pushed their cocks together, their bodies moving easily in the water. Each tug of the ring was accompanied by a kiss, Dick's tongue sliding against his own.

"They're going to be here with the food soon. Gonna wake Blue up..." He pushed up, rocking against Dick faster.

"We can be quick," murmured Dick, the words fading into those sweet sounds his Pretty made. The room filled with the sound of the water slapping against the edge of the tub and his very own porno soundtrack.

"We can." Rig took Dick's mouth, pushing them from wanting the needing, just like that, the water splashing around them.

Dick's noises got louder, the hard body pressing, increasing the friction between them. He bucked up, hips rocking and sliding his cock alongside Dick's. Oh. Oh, right there.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck, Rig." Dick whimpered, moving faster, mouth latching onto his. His Pretty tugged hard on his nipple ring. "Come with me."

"Uh-huh. Uh..." He cried out into the kiss, balls drawing tight.

Dick cried out, heat spraying hard enough he felt it against his belly despite the water. His orgasm left him in wave after wave of heat, his thighs shaking. Oh. Oh, fuck yes. So good. Dick lay against him, panting, nuzzling into his neck, lips moving unerringly over his sweet spot.

"Mmm..." He just moaned, melting happily right there. Oh, yeah.

"We definitely need one of these at home." Dick sounded about as melted as he felt, his Pretty just boneless and relaxed against him.

He almost missed the soft knock on the door to their room.

"You think Rock'll get it?"

Dick laughed softly. "I'm not sure anything's woken Rock up but a blow job in... years."

But sure enough, Rock's low rumble sounded, and a few moments later a tray rolled past the door, Rock appearing in the doorway, sheet wrapped around his waist.

"Uh. Hey, Rocketman." He grinned, trying his damndest not to look guilty. "We ordered breakfast!"

"Lots of bacon," Dick added. "Lots."

"It's covered. It'll stay warmish." Rock gave him a look, and the sheet dropped away.

"There's eggs, too." Rig let himself look, let himself lick his lips as his eyes dropped down that beautiful body.

Rock's prick jumped as his eyes hit it, that low, pleased rumble sounding.

"You're too far away," Dick complained. "Come on, I'm drooling, and it's not for food."

Rock chuckled, moving slowly toward them, letting them get a good long look at the studly body.

"Fuck, he's fine." Sometimes there just wasn't anything to say but the truth.

"Uh-huh." Dick's cock jerked against him, not filling, but definitely reacting. His Pretty licked his lips, making a happy little sound as Rock came up to them, fat prick right there.

"I'm willing to share with you, Pretty." He licked the tip of that pretty cock, tongue flat against the tip.

"You're so good to me," murmured Dick, nibbling at the base, tongue sliding up Rock's length to touch his.

Rock groaned for them, voice husky when he spoke. "You're lucky there's so much of me to go around."

"Uh-huh." They were. He was. "Luckiest son of a bitch on Earth."

Dick, it seemed, didn't agree. "No, that would be me."

"You're both wrong," growled Rock. "And also talking instead of sucking."

"Bear's growling." He winked at Dick, licked around the edge of Rock's cock head.

That growl turned into a low moan, and Dick grinned at him, tongue touching his and then sliding back down over Rock's length, Dick nibbling.

"That's right. My bear. My Blue." He started fucking the tip of Rock's prick.

A shudder moved through Rock's body, his Blue rumbling for him, hands dropping to his and Dick's shoulders. Dick's mouth slipped up to meet his and they kissed over the tip of that amazing prick, sharing Rock's flavor, their own flavor.

They took turns going down on Rock's cock, and then Dick left him to it with another kiss, mouth searching out the heavy balls, Rock's hips. As soon Dick started that, Rock's hands wrapped around the back of his head, hips pushing gently. Rig opened, let Rock in deep and then deeper, swallowing that cock down.

"Fuck, yes." Rock's appreciation was vocal and physical, hot, salty drops sliding on his tongue, down his throat as Rock began to fuck his mouth, going deep and pulling out before pushing in again. Dick's sweet noises flavored the air as well, his Pretty's hungry licks and slurps working Rock's skin.

He looked up and up that amazing body, into those eyes, loving his big son of a bitch with all he was. And those blue eyes loved him back, the heat between them just sizzling, burning the air up.

Rock started to move faster, fingers tightening in his hair. He started sucking hard, tongue lapping as he moved, lips sliding down that thick shaft.

"That's it, Rabbit." Then Rock's eyes rolled. "Fuck. Dick."

Rig heard his Pretty's chuckle, muffled by skin. He hadn't even noticed Dick getting out and moving around to kneel behind Rock.

"Mmm...." His head started bobbing, throat working as he swallowed hard and pulled at the base of Rock's prick.

His Blue's hips rocked between him and Dick, one of his Pretty's hands sliding to touch his, completing the circle, making it all three of them right there, together.

Rock's prick throbbed in his mouth, then pulsed, shooting come down his throat. He drank Rock down, holding onto Dick's fingers, the water rushing around him and making him light-headed.

Rock kept sliding on his tongue for a moment, then slipped out. His Blue's big hands wrapped around his arms, hauling him up out of the tub. Their mouths met, Dick right there with them, three tongues tangling together, sharing the deep and rich flavors of each other.

He swayed and hummed, dizzy as all get out. "Mmm. Happy vacation."

"Fuck, yes. Nowhere to go, just you two to do."

Dick laughed, hugged them both.

"Now come on," growled Rock. "I smell bacon."

The sun was hot. The beach was beautiful. The steaks were awesome. The hotel even had a workout room. It was fucking paradise. Best of all, Rock didn't think he'd seen Rig this relaxed in months. Hell, fucking years.

He jogged up off the beach toward their private little balcony and the chairs and umbrella he'd left his lovers at. Someone had better have ordered him a beer.

Sure enough, there was a bucket of brews and a plate of fucking nachos waiting. Rig was naked as a jaybird, sleeping on his belly, cowboy ass just pretty as you please. Fuck, he could see that ass a million times and still get fucking hard whenever it came into view.

Dick was lying next to Rig, wearing his swimming trunks, reading a book. Likely one of Rig's cast-offs or a horror novel of some sort.

He grabbed a beer, sharing a grin with Dick as he rolled it across Rig's sun-heated ass.

"Jesus!" Rig's ass and head came up, chair creaking dangerously.

He chuckled and dropped into the chair next to Rig. "Nope. You're close though."

Rig blinked over, stared at him, looking a little dazed.

He took a long drink. Oh, damn, that felt good going down. Then he gave Rig a grin. "Beer's good."

Rig was kind of cute all blinky and shit. Wasn't often he got to see his cowboy like that. "Uh-huh." Rig settled back down, stretched. "Got you nachos."

He nodded and reached for some, eyes on that long, tanned body. "I noticed."

He ate a few. "Yours are better."

Dick laughed and nodded. "Yep. I figured that out on day two. Most of the food here is good, but not quite up to Alex Roberts' standards."

Rig's cheeks heated and his Rabbit grinned. Yep. Just earned his ass another blowjob. Go him.

"You think it ever rains here?" he asked idly, eyes closing, face turning up to the sun.

"I'm sure it does. All these plants are tropical, not desert plants."

"Been perfect since we got here though." He chuckled. "Too fucking perfect. Don't get me wrong. I'm glad we came -- best idea I've had in ages -- but this place isn't *ours*."

Dick looked at him over the top of his sunglasses. "You aren't getting sentimental in your old age, are you?"

He tossed a nacho at the kid.

"I'll call the local weatherman and request a nice storm." Rig snatched the chip out of the air and ate it. Damn, Rig was still quick.

"I wouldn't mind getting stuck in our room." He grinned over, met Rig's eyes. "I can think of a thing or two to do."

"Just a thing or two? Is that all? Come on, Blue. Are we getting old or what..." Rig squeaked as he flicked cold condensation over.

The kid was laughing up a storm, too. "Want me to check out the internet?" Dick asked, closing the book he'd been reading.

"The two of you might be getting old... I'm just getting better."

Rig grinned, shook his head. "You can get better? My ass couldn't handle it."

He gave Rig a long, slow once over. "That ass? It can handle anything I can dish out."

Rig arched one eyebrow, licked his lips. "You think?"

"Hell, it can take anything I *and* Dick can dish out. And has." He was doing some lip licking of his own, his prick staring to tent his shorts out. "If you haven't sunburned it."

"Dick promised to keep an eye on it." Those grey eyes were just *dancing*.

"I'll just bet he did."

Dick nodded. "Yep. Kept it well-lathered with sun lotion, too. SPF 40 or something. Lots of protection."

"Good man." Dick knew what was important.

"You want to get in the water, Rocketman? Swim?" Rig stood, gold skin just gleaming with sweat, the black tattoo just visible above the man's cock.

Surely Rig wasn't serious. He shook his head and sat up, leaning in to lick Rig's hip bone. Oh, yeah, nothing tasted like his Rig. No fancy cologne, no smelly soap, just salt and sweat and the flavor that was his Rabbit.

Rig hummed, thighs parting a little. "Mmm... Do it again."

"You sure?" he teased. "I thought you wanted to swim..." He bit back his grin and licked down over Rig's hip, tongue grazing the blond curls. The scent of Rig was stronger here, like it was trapped by the hair and he breathed in, rumbling, pleased.

"Sure..." Rig's eyes closed, a sweet, happy fucking noise sounding. There wasn't much he wouldn't do for noises like that. He nibbled on Rig's nuts, tongue lapping at them. "Rock..." Rig went up on tiptoe, hips starting to move. Yeah. Yeah, Rabbit.

He licked at those balls, swirling his tongue around them over and over, and then slid his tongue up along Rig's cock. Wasn't something he did often, but he knew what felt good. Hell, he was blown by the master every fucking day, now wasn't he?

Rig groaned, just staring down at him with this dazed, needy look. Sexy fucking cowboy. He licked his way right up to the head and swirled his tongue around it, then lapped at the slit, tongue pushing in a moment, encouraging the sharp, bitter drops to slide out. Dick settled between his legs, started working open his trunks. He grunted happily and stole another drop from the tip of Rig's cock.

"You... Fuck, you make my knees weak." Rig groaned, fingers on his scalp, rubbing.

He wrapped his arm around Rig's legs. Wouldn't do for the man to collapse before he was done. Wrapping his lips around the head of Rig's cock, he sucked lightly, his tongue playing with that little slit over and over. He loved how sensitive Rig was, got off on the sounds, the smells that poured over him. He could remember fucking the tip of Rig's prick after he'd slid a sound in it, heard those amazing fucking noises as Rig begged for him. His own cock jerked at the thought, his mouth tightening around Rig's flesh, his suction increasing as his tongue moved faster and faster.

Dick's mouth slid on him, the kid going down on him -- enough to get him feeling good without being too distracting. He groaned, fingers digging into Rig's ass.

Rig started talking, low filthy words in that drawl, in that voice. A shudder went through him and he redoubled his efforts, going down halfway on Rig before pulling back up again, twisting his mouth as he did it so his tongue ran over different bits of skin. Like fucking silk and so damned hot... He growled, knowing the sound would vibrate through Rig's cock. And he'd be damned if Dick didn't echo the sound, setting his own skin tingling.

"Oh. Fuck, Blue. I'm gonna..." Rig jerked, pushed deep into his lips once, hands tightening on his shoulders.

He took a breath and grunted around Rig's cock, arm moving tugging Rig back in deep. Giving his Rabbit permission to take what he needed. Rig took it, fucking his lips, head thrown back as seed splashed against the back of his throat. He swallowed Rig down, that prick squeezed by his throat. He felt like a class A stud from head to toe.

He pulled off slowly, feeling every bump and vein as Rig's cock passed along his lips. Rig groaned, ass just trembling in his hands. Oh, yeah. He was good.

And the kid wasn't half bad either, that mouth getting to work in earnest now that Rig had come. Rock tightened his hold around Rig's ass, keeping the man up while he humped up into Dick's mouth.

"Fucking hot, Blue Eyes." Rig blinked down at him, grinning like a fool. He grinned back, licked his lips to let Rig know he agreed.

Dick's throat swallowed around the tip of his cock and another shudder went through him. Fuck, he was close. He tugged on Rig, wanting that mouth on his. Oh, fuck him. Yes. Rig bent down and kissed him like he was the only thing in the whole fucking world. Rumbling, he just hung there, tongue fucking Rig's mouth, cock fucking Dick's. The sun was hot, his men were hotter and it was a goddamned perfect moment.

His body went tight as his balls got ready to shoot. Almost fucking there.

Rig tilted his head, sucked his tongue and hummed, driving him that much higher. One of Dick's hands slid around his balls, cupping them as the kid swallowed hard around his cock and Rock just roared, let go and pumped deep into Dick's mouth. His hips kept moving as Dick kept swallowing and sucking, pulling every last drop out of him, just like the kid had been taught.

Rig grinned at him, lines beside those eyes deep from years and years of laughing. "Mmm... 's good."

"Fuck, yes." He sat back on his chair, stretching out, smiling down at Dick. "You need something?"

Dick smiled sheepishly and shook his head. "I kinda went just after Rig did. The two of you just..."

"Still do it for you, do we?"

"Always, Rock. Always."

Rock beamed.

Rig swayed a little, then grinned. "I'm going to get wet and then we ought to talk about supper, yeah?"

He nodded, hand sliding on Rig's ass. Getting wet was something Rig didn't need to do on his own.

Dick tucked him back into his shorts. "The guy at the front desk gave me the name of a restaurant the other day -- just called Blue. Apparently they specialize in local dishes, but it was the name that struck me."

Rig laughed, nodding and clapping. "Oh, now. That's just about perfect."

"That about sums up this vacation. Perfect."

Yep, Rig laughing and relaxed, Dick looking all loose and happy. Fucking perfect.

Good thing they were headed home soon; wouldn't be time for anything to ruin it.

Chapter Five

The table was set for three, the oven turned down to warm as the pork chops and potatoes were done, and Dick rinsed the last dish he'd used making supper.

Yep, still well-trained.

Dick wandered into the living room, grinning at the sight of Rock sitting at the end of the couch, Rig lying with his head on one muscled thigh, looking as relaxed as he had for two weeks. They'd gotten home yesterday and tomorrow everything went back to what passed for normal, but today they had one more day just... to be.

He went over and knelt between Rock's legs, moving in for a kiss. Oh, yeah, deep and hard and hot. Just right. Then he bent and licked at Rig's lips.

"Mmm. Hey pretty. Supper smells good." Rig tugged him into a good kiss, tongue sliding into his lips.

He sucked on Rig's tongue, his own sliding against it. "Thanks. It's keeping warm in the oven. It can stay there awhile."

Rock chuckled. "Smart."

He grinned. "I try."

"Pervs. You're both pervs." And Rig loved it, Dick had no doubts.

He laughed. "I try," he repeated.

Rock snorted, hand sliding through his hair.

"Wanna have a three-way?" he asked, waggling his eyebrows.

"Oooh. You think we could?" Rig played along, eyes just twinkling.

"Well there are three of us here..." He tilted his head, as if thinking about it. "I think we could."

"Freak," Rock accused.

Dick popped Rock's thigh and leaned in to ask Rig in a loud whisper. "You think you could teach me how to give a blow job?"

"Me? No... I never *ever* go down on a guy. NasTY."

Dick laughed. Oh, fuck, that was a good one.

"Okay, I'm not liking this game," Rock all but growled the words.

"No?" Rig turned his head, cheek nuzzling Rock's package. "You don't like it?"

"Blow jobs and not liking them are not something to joke about."

Dick had to laugh over how sure Rock sounded. "You know he doesn't mean it."

"I still don't like hearing it." Rock looked rather mollified though, by what Rig was doing.

Beautiful spoiled rotten stud. Fuck, there was nothing like the man. Nothing like either of them.

Rig laughed low, kissed Rock's stomach. "You are a spoiled Marine, Rocketman."

Rock stretched, t-shirt riding up to expose that stomach to Rig's lips. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

"Mmm..." Rig wasn't listening anymore, tongue sliding over Rock's skin, fingers pushing the shirt out of the way.

Dick helped, pushing the t-shirt right up over Rock's head, hands coming back to slide over Rock's pecs. His finger found the ring in Rock's nipple, and he tugged, grinning at Rock's groan.

"Mmm. Do it again, Pretty. He likes it." Rig licked his way up to Rock's nipple, tongue flicking.

"He does." Chuckling, Dick twisted and tugged on the little ring, loving the way Rock's eyelids grew heavy, the heat in those eyes strong.

He slid his hand along Rig's spine, pushed up Rig's t-shirt to get to skin. Rig's lips wrapped around Rock's ringed nipple, the big guy's deep cry making it easy to tell how fucking good it was. Dick leaned in, kissed Rock as he found Rig's nipple ring, tugging on it now. Rock grinned against his lips as Rig groaned, rippled between them. Yeah, just like that.

He tugged it again and made a grab for Rock's tongue, sucking on it as soon as he had it between his lips. His hips rubbed against Rig's back, just giving his trapped cock a little stimulation, the heat building slowly but surely. He gave a groan of his own when Rock's fingers found *his* nipple ring, the three of them working the metal together.

It lasted a good, long time -- Rig sucking, them kissing and touching. The world wasn't on fire, but it was heating up, the flames between them growing. Eventually the sounds they made got more urgent, the need for more thrumming through him.

Dick got Rig's t-shirt right off, his own following so they were both caught up to Rock. Sweats next, so nice and easy to slip down, both Rock and Rig lifting their hips for him, letting him get them all naked.

"He's really amazingly good at that." Rig tugged him around for a three-way kiss, fingers finding the small of his back.

Of course he was good at it, it was his job. He laughed into the kiss, the sound turning into a moan as Rock's fingers joined Rig's on his back. He could feel Rig's grin, feel the bare hint of stubble on Rock's face. They knew exactly where they fit -- together, here. Fuck, they tasted so good.

"Want," he muttered. It didn't matter what exactly, he just wanted to fuck and suck and feel them.

"I got what you want right here." Rock's hips pushed up. "Got what you both need."

"Mmm... our shrinking violet. He's so delicate, our Rock." Rig's hand dropped, wrapped right around Rock's prick.

Rock might have snorted, but it sounded more like a moan and Dick couldn't blame him for a moment, that talented hand working hard. Dick found Rig's cock and started stroking it, watching Rig's hand to stay in the same rhythm. "I don't know, I'm not seeing or feeling *any* shrinking."

"No? You better. Uh. Make sure." Rig reached for his prick, too, Rock supporting the skinny body.

"I can do that. Best way..." He groaned, shuddering as Rig's hand jacked him. "Best way is to feel you in me." He tightened his grip on Rig's cock. Yeah, he wanted a piece of that.

"Uh-huh. Blue, you want me?" Rig arched, mouth on his skin.

He groaned as Rock snorted. "Do I want you? When don't I?"

Dick reached around under the cushions, crowing as he came up with an old tube of lube.

"Good lord. I need to clean better..." Rig laughed as Rock pounced him, started tickling and touching and making Rig forget anything but them.

Laughing, Dick grabbed Rig's hand, spreading lube on the long fingers. Then he did the same with Rock's fingers before climbing onto the couch and leaning over the back, knees planted well apart. He sort of wiggled his ass in his best come and get me manner.

"Damn, Rocketman. He's still cute, isn't he?"

"He is."

Dick rolled his eyes and looked back. "We gonna talk or are we gonna do this?"

Rock chuckled and gave Rig a quick kiss. "And you say I'm not the romantic one."

"He learned from the best, Rocketman."

They all laughed, and Dick pushed his ass back toward them again. "Please?" He'd beg if he had to.

Rig came over and bent, lips sliding over the small of his back. "You know it."

Dick shivered and moaned, the sweet sensations going right up his spine. A thick finger pushed slowly inside him, Rock starting the stretching, getting him ready. The licks and kisses continued, then Rig's finger joined Rock's, spreading him and filling him with both of them.

He started making noises, each one dragged out of him by their touches, their fingers inside him. His started rocking, pushing back, wanting more, deeper, harder.

"I want, Blue. Lemme in." The fingers disappeared, Rig's cock taking their place and pressing deep.

Oh, fuck, yes. Yes. He pushed back, eager to take Rig even deeper, opening up just like that to the hot cock.

Rock growled a little, the sound happy and familiar, and then that big cock was right in front of him, sliding across his lips. "Get me nice and wet for Rig's ass."

He opened up happily, filled from both ends by his lovers. They moved together like a fucking dream -- Rig hot behind him, Rock huge in front of him. It was magic and real and theirs. He let them set the rhythm, let them move his body back and forth. He sucked and swallowed around Rock's prick, the sharp, salty flavor of pre-come sliding on his tongue. So fucking good. He could do this for fucking ever.

"Kiss me, Rock." Rig pushed deep, leaning over him to reach for Rock.

Dick whimpered around Rock's prick, the sound of them kissing each other while buried deep inside him sexier than anything yet. His ass tightened around Rig's cock, the pleasure already pushing him close. Rig groaned, moving faster, prick sliding over his gland, sending electricity through him.

He cried out around Rock's cock, his whole body going tight. Rock's hands slid along his back, thumbs pressing his spine. Fuck, they were going to make him come without a touch to his cock. Rig's hands pulled him, moved him, the movements inside him becoming random and graceless, Rig fucking him.

Rock pushed deep, leaking heavily, just as Rig's cock skated across his gland again, and Dick cried out around Rock's meat, heat shooting from him.

"Oh. Oh, fuck." Rig shot, jerking and going still, heat filling him.

"Fucking perfect," muttered Rock, cock pushing deep into his mouth again and again.

Dick swallowed hard each time, felt Rock's prick swell and then his throat was flooded with Rock's spunk.

Fucking perfect was right.

"Mmm." Rig settled against his back, all warm and snuggly, hands on his belly. "'s good to be home."

Rock's prick slowly slid away, the big guy petting his cheek, thumb sliding across his lips. "Sure fucking is."

Dick grinned, utterly melted, face resting on the back of the couch. "Uh-huh."

He felt Rig's smile against his back, the brush of eyelashes on his skin. Rock stretched, and touched them both, those big hands moving on his skin, on Rig's skin. Fuck, it felt good. Right.

"How long is that supper going to keep?" Rock asked.

"Long enough for some snuggling."

"I'm a fan. Do I have to move?" Rig almost hid the chuckle.

Dick giggled and Rock's warm laughter filled the air.

Rock moved around and sat back down next to him. "Only far enough to make it here, Rabbit." Rock patted his lap. "Built for two."

"Mmm." Rig pulled out, cleaning both of them up quickly before curling right into Rock's arms.

Dick joined them, finding a spot that fit him just perfectly. His spot. He kissed a bit of Rig's flesh, a bit of Rock's and settled happily.

The vacation had been awesome. They'd needed it. But this... This was where they belonged.

This was home.

end

Birthstones: All Roads Lead Home

Copyright © 2006 by Sean Michael

All rights reserved. No part of this eBook may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. For information address Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680

Printed in the United States of America.

Torquere Press electronic edition / September 2006

Torquere Press eBooks are published by Torquere Press, PO Box 2545, Round Rock, TX 78680.

www.torquerepress.com